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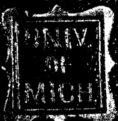

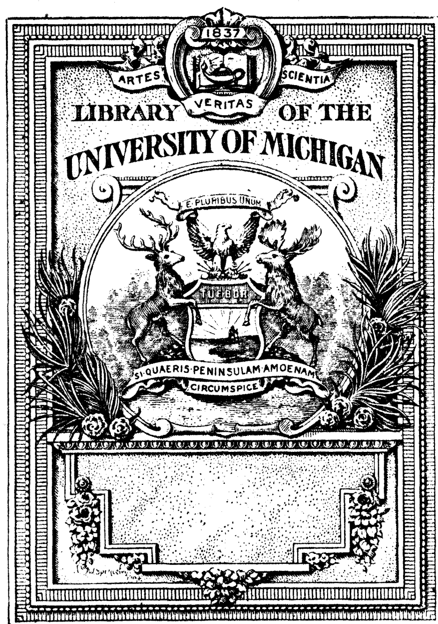
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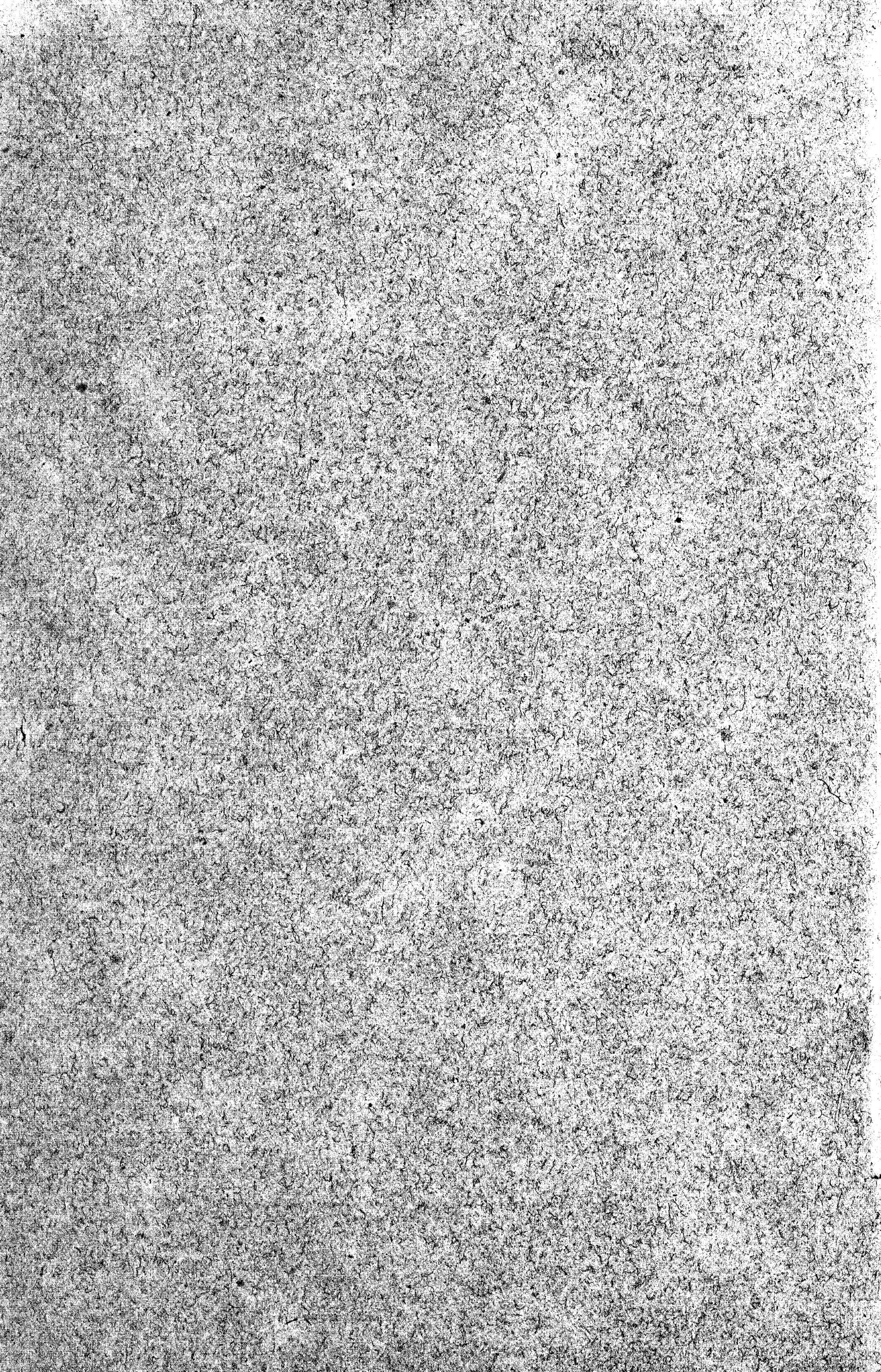

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. XL

JUNE TO NOVEMBER 1914

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED
LONDON, MELBOURNE AND TORONTO
1914

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
DUKE STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E., AND GREAT WINDMILL STREET, W.

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"TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

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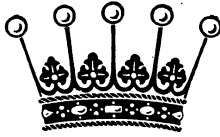

THE COUNTESS ALLA

By

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

AS the two men turned into the Avenue des Champs Élysées at the *rond-point*, a taxi-cab rounding the corner nearly ran them down, and the lady who was seated in the vehicle with a middle-aged gentleman waved her hand and laughed.

"That," said young Mr. Manners, excitedly grasping the Third Secretary's arm—"that is the beautiful lady I told you about—the beautiful lady who was on the *Augusta Victoria* crossing from New York—the beautiful lady I played deck-tennis with. Did you see her face?"

Staines, the Third Secretary, halted a moment on the farther curb to get his breath back, for he hated to run, even by way of preserving his life, and he looked after the taxi-cab with a resentful eye.

"Oh, yes," said he. "Yes, I saw her. I always see beautiful ladies. She looks like a Jewess."

The new Attaché scowled and stuck his hands into his coat-pockets.

"Well, she's not. She's half Russian and half Roumanian. It was she who got me my card to the Roumanian Minister's dance to-night. I'd asked her and the Count to dine, and we were going on together to the dance. Then when old Forrest insisted on my talking over the Chinese railway mess with you, I had to beg off. I said I'd catch them up after dinner at the party."

The elder man shook his head.

"These beautiful ladies! They're pestilential, aren't they? Especially when they're Russian or Roumanian—that sort of thing—large dark eyes that turn up at the outer corner—red mouths—secret sorrows. Don't I know?"

"The devil!"

"Who's the elderly Johnny with the eye-glass—brutal husband?"

"No," said the new Attaché, laughing. "Benignant parent. He's a very nice old chap. Deaf. Wears one of those ear things with an electrical battery in your pocket. Kind of telephone. Count Rachmanoff. He read Marcus Aurelius while the Countess Alla and I played deck-tennis; but, after she had gone to bed, he talked European politics with me in the smoke-room."

"I hope you kept off China," the Third Secretary said a little severely, and young Manners nodded.

"Far off it. We talked Macedonia, for the most part. Rachmanoff seemed to have rather naïve ideas about the outcome. He's one of those idealistic Russians, like Tolstoi,

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who think international politics ought to be conducted by the golden rule, and who have thought about it so long that they've begun to believe foreign ministers are all generous and pure at heart. Too much Marcus Aurelius!"

He laughed again suddenly, as they turned across the Place de la Concorde towards the Rue Royale.

"You know, what you said about China opened up such interesting possibilities! The Russian Government finds out that a new British Attaché is carrying valuable unwritten instructions about the Chinese railway difficulty to his chief in Paris, and sets a spy on his trail. Spy sails on same ship, with beautiful daughter as bait, worms secrets out of ingenuous youth, cables them to St. Petersburg, and the whole game is lost. That's diplomacy, isn't it?"

"No," said the Third Secretary gloomily, "it is not diplomacy; it is a work of fiction by a certain popular novelist. Diplomacy, my son, may once have been like that in the good romantic days before your time and mine, but nowadays it is a series of official receptions and speeches and reports, and very infrequent representations that one's Government will 'view with concern' if somebody doesn't stop doing something. No spies, no intrigues, no beautiful adventuresses. Tell me something. Did you come into the service because you expected to find it adventurous?"

"Well, yes," confessed Mr. Manners—"yes, I did." And the Third Secretary laughed aloud.

"Go back!" he scoffed. "You're young, you're rich, you have swarms of amusing friends. Go back to your polo ponies and your yacht and your clubs, and the pretty girl round the corner who makes eyes at you when you meet at a dancing party! Go back, I say, while the going is good!"

Young Manners turned and looked a little curiously at the Third Secretary, for it seemed to him that Mr. Staines's tone was rather more bitter than the subject seemed to warrant. He wondered just what disappointments and disillusionments and failures had combined to make a man of forty talk like that about a profession as exciting as diplomacy. He shook his head.

"You have been in the shop for ten years. You certainly ought to know what it is and what it isn't. And yet, you know, I can't help feeling—well, I want to have a try at it, anyhow. I can 'go back,' as you put it, later on."

"Can you?" the Third Secretary asked. "Can you, though?

"You see," he explained, "that is just what I thought, ten years ago, when I was a young attaché like you. I had a home and a circle of home friends and a little money, and—a pretty girl or two round the corner. Well, I've lost them all. My home doesn't know me any more, and my friends there have forgotten me. You may think people don't forget in ten years, but I tell you they do. Yes, I lost them—all the good, comfortable familiar home things. I gave them up for a life that I thought was to be a life of romance. It turned out to be about as romantic as a travelling salesman's life. I found myself a kind of itinerant clerk—a writer of reports—a messenger boy—an official dancing man under the eye of my ambassadress or the wife of the First Secretary. What looked to me from the outside like eternal gaiety I found to be eternal drudgery. I had imagined myself making friends in scores, from Shanghai to Madrid. I found myself making acquaintances who forgot me in three weeks once I'd passed on.

"And as to romance . . . Manners, in ten long years I have not had in my possession one diplomatic secret or the knowledge of one diplomatic intrigue that would so much as quicken the pulse of the cheapest writer of newspaper *feuilletons*.

"That's why I say to you: Go back home while the going is good. Don't wait until you're bored and disillusioned and spoilt for domesticity, like me. I'm a horrible example, my lad. Look at me, and run away back to the polo ponies and the pretty girl."

Mr. Manners looked up with his young brow creased by anxiety and something like dismay.

"This is all sad and terrible," said he, "and you frighten me very much; but far down in my boots, where my heart has gone, I have a faint lingering suspicion that there is more to be found in the diplomatic world than you have found—that there is romance which you were too bored to see, and excitement that you missed because it was your hour for taking a nap. Anyhow, you can't depress me just now, however hard you may try, because I am on my way to an excellent dinner in a famous restaurant; and, later, I am to meet an exceedingly beautiful lady, and dance hesitation-waltzes with her at the Roumanian Minister's, neither of which blessings would have come my way if I hadn't joined the Diplomatic Service.

"Furthermore," he cried, waving his stick in the air, at which gesture three *fiacres* and a taxi-cab charged down upon him—"furthermore — a mistake, gentlemen. Permit me to express my regret !—furthermore, this is Paris ! There is romance in the very air we breathe. The place reeks of it. You can't live three hours in Paris without either accepting or declining three distinct forms of adventure. The difference between us is that you decline because you think you'll be bored ; I accept because I know I shan't be."

Staines, the Third Secretary, looked at his companion, sighed, and shook his head.

"It's a grand thing to be young," said he. "Here we are at the Café Anglais."

Six or eight of the tables in the lower room were occupied on their arrival.

"We can't talk here," Staines said. "We shall have to go upstairs." He made an inquiry at the *caisse*, and they mounted to the historic *Seize*, the room that has made history of a sort, the room of Fould and Delahante and Demidoff, of Prince Galitzin and Salamanca and Emanuel Aréne. Monsieur Joseph came to greet them, and Staines said to him—

"Joseph, my colleague, Mr. Manners, is with me to-night, and I wish him to dine for the first time in the *Seize*. Keep other people out, if you can. I leave the dinner to you."

M. Joseph inquired courteously if this was Mr. Manners's first visit to Paris.

Manners said : "Oh, no ! I have been a great deal in Paris, but it happens that I have never before dined in the Café Anglais. I don't know why.

"My grandfather," he explained, on a sudden thought, "used to come here a great deal in the 'fifties and 'sixties."

M. Joseph shook his head reflectively.

"A M. Manners also ? Yes, that was before my time, but most of the names I know. M. Manners ? There were, to be sure, so very many foreign gentlemen who came and went."

"I think," said the new Attaché—"I think my grandfather was known among his friends in Paris as 'Pon-Pon.' It seems an odd name, doesn't it ? "

M. Joseph exclaimed, "M. Pon-Pon ! Oh, la ! la ! " suddenly covered his mouth with his hand, and rushed from the place struggling with some emotion.

Young Manners looked at the Third Secretary with an uneasy smile.

"You know," said he, "I have sometimes suspected that my grandpapa's reputation in Paris would not bear too much examination on the part of his family."

But before Staines could reply, M. Joseph was back, his habitual calm with difficulty concealing a kind of radiant joy. He said—

"Monsieur, the Café Anglais, with all it contains, is at the service of the grandson of M. Pon-Pon, a name still held by us in veneration. *Pardon*, monsieur, but may I venture to ask if monsieur's father is living ? "

"No," said young Manners, "he is not."

"Then," replied M. Joseph, "monsieur is the rightful and undisputed owner of the last seven bottles of the finest Château Yquem which the world has ever contained. They were the property of M. Pon-Pon, who desired that they should never be removed from our caves, and inadvertently perished before he had drunk the last. With monsieur's permission, I will construct a dinner round a bottle of monsieur's own Château Yquem."

"Pray do so," said young Mr. Manners. "M. Staines and I will eat it with, I hope, some shadow of my grandfather's appreciation."

They sat down laughing, when Joseph had disappeared, and congratulating themselves on the late M. Pon-Pon's premature demise ; but presently Staines, who faced the door, said in a tone of great annoyance—

"There's somebody looking in. I had hoped we were to be alone here." Then M. Joseph reappeared with many words and gestures of sorrow. An old client with a lady wished to dine in the *Seize*—insisted upon it—a client one could hardly refuse. If M. Manners and M. Staines would be so amiable—a little table for the new-comers at the far end of the room, out of hearing, all but out of sight. One regretted excessively, but the client was an old one, and distinguished.

It seemed to be a situation for which there was no help, and they gave a reluctant consent. But when the "old client with a lady" appeared, the British Attaché sprang up to greet them with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, for the new-comers were Count Rachmanoff and his daughter.

"This is too bad," the Russian said. "You and your colleague have hidden yourselves here to talk important affairs—what do you say ? 'Shop' ?—and we force ourselves upon you. *Mon cher ami*, I offer my apologies and I withdraw. We will dine below with the others."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said young Manners, speaking with careful distinctness towards the little black disk the other wore upon the front of his coat. "I should think not. You'll dine here where you meant to dine. I wish I might ask you to join M. Staines and myself, but we have, as you say, to talk 'shop,' and the talk can't very well be postponed, because my colleague leaves Paris to-morrow, and I have instructions for him. But you'll allow me to send to your table some of my grandfather's Château Yquem, which I've just inherited, and, later on, I shall catch you up in the Rue de Lille." He spoke to Count Rachmanoff, but his eyes were upon the Countess Alla, and the big, dark, oddly-shaped eyes of the Russian-Roumanian girl met his straight and did not leave them. He had always thought her very beautiful; now, as he saw her for the first time in full toilet—her low *décolletage*, the thin and clinging frock of peacock colours, green and deep blue, the evening wrap of blue and gold brocade, the jewels in her hair—he thought she made the most beautiful picture he had ever seen—a picture by Bakst come miraculously to life and looking at him out of black, unfathomable eyes.

The Count tapped him playfully upon the arm, chuckling a little, a gentle laughter of amusement and good humour.

"I thank you," said he. "We both thank you, *la petite et moi*, and we remain and we drink your Château Yquem. *Merci, mon cher! Merci mille fois!*"

So, smiling and bowing—but the Countess Alla did not smile—he passed on to his own table at the far end of the small room, and the Countess Alla looked back once and followed him.

The two Englishmen had a slice of melon, ripe all through to the skin, and after it a *bortsch* with cream in it; no wine as yet, for they did not wish to insult their palates with an inferior liquid before that ancestral vintage; then a *truite au bleu*, then a little fatty delicate rack of *agneau de lait* with *pommes Anna* and *flageolets maître d'hotel*, and the Château Yquem.

Count Rachmanoff rose in his place, inhaled the ambrosial aroma from his glass, sipped it, and cast an impassioned kiss towards heaven. The Third Secretary laughed and nodded, and young Manners bowed as well, but his companion observed that he did not smile — looked, indeed, a little depressed and worried, and he wondered why.

"Your comic old pal is right," Staines said, "and so was the late M. Pon-Pon. It's perfection, this wine. It's beyond perfection. It's a dream—a legend!" Manners nodded, but he was only half listening. He looked down the room towards where that girl sat opposite her father, leaning forward, her elbows on the table before her, her chin in her hands, her dark head, with the blue jewels in the hair, bent, as if she were day-dreaming.

And she, too, as well as M. Pon-Pon's wine, was beyond perfection—a dream, a legend.

Young Manners thought of those long, happy, active days on board ship, and of the quiet evenings when two young people had walked the boat-deck in the moonlight. He remembered words and looks, little accidental touches of hand upon hand. He saw her eyes, that seemed never to smile even when she laughed, but were dark and sombre, as if she were eternally sorrowful over something that might not be told.

He was a very young man, and the Russian-Roumanian girl, with her exotic beauty, had laid a charm upon him more potent than he had until this moment realised. He found himself possessed by a sudden and quite furious longing to run across the floor of that quiet room and catch her up in his arms and carry her away beyond sight and sound of all human life—beyond reach of everything.

"You look white," the Third Secretary said to him. "Is Grandpère Pon-Pon's wine poisoning you, by any chance?" Manners came to his senses with a start, and made a sound like laughter.

"No, I was thinking of something. I'm all right, thanks. So is Grandpère Pon-Pon's wine, too. Give me some more of it, and we'll get at the Chinese railway."

The Chih-Hsien railway dispute has been too thoroughly aired in the newspapers to need much comment here. Everybody knows how German ambition conceived the idea of gaining at a single step a strong position in Far Eastern affairs by joining German capital to Chinese in the construction of the Chih-Hsien to Pei-Ling railway, an enterprise certain not only to secure an important hold upon China, but upon Russia as well, since the new line would link the Manchurian railways with the very heart of the Middle Kingdom. This, indeed, was the most difficult and dangerous feature of the programme, this flirtation between Berlin and Petersburg, since it

"Mr. Manners gave a kind of groan and covered his face."

meant a weakening of the *entente* between Russia and France.

Briefly, then, the situation, as young Manners outlined it to Staines, the Third Secretary, was this: Russia and Germany ardently desired the construction of a railway in China, which, if carried through, would imperil the position in the Far Eastern world of all the other interested Great Powers, especially of France. The United States being without territorial ambitions, and, further, being on terms of peculiar friendship with the Pekin Government, held the deciding vote in the matter. On her decision hung the entire outcome, and so it was that young Mr. Livingstone Manners was the bearer of such important secrets from Washington to the British Embassy in Paris.

He went over the matter in great detail, but, Staines thought, a little listlessly, as if his thoughts were elsewhere, and once the Secretary said so.

"I must say you seem rather bored with this, and the reasoning doesn't hold together very well, either. All the early steps in the negotiations seem to point to the existence of a little common-sense at Washington—as if they were about to smash the whole poisonous scheme by saying 'No.' Then, seemingly, they face about and just say, 'Yes, go ahead, *we* don't care,' without any reason whatever."

"Well, that is no fault of mine," said young Manners. "The point is that Washington has given its consent. The Chih-Hsien railway is to go through." He spoke a little impatiently, and in a tone so loud that Staines scowled a warning.

"Don't bellow it, man! Do you want everybody to hear?" His eyes indicated the table at the other end of the room, but young Mr. Manners shook his head.

"Rachmanoff? Oh, he's deaf as a post. He can't hear anything four feet away even with his electrical machine."

They had finished the lamb and flageolets, and the fresh peach, too, that followed, and were drinking their coffee. Staines wished a few minor points cleared up, and the younger man answered his questions clearly, but still with that odd and puzzling listlessness. He had the air of one mourning a secret sorrow.

He roused himself presently, however, when the Rachmanoffs, having, perhaps, less to talk about, had finished their meal and were leaving. Count Rachmanoff stopped, on his way out, to express once more his thanks for a wine that had for a little time translated him to the skies, and said he must try to find some way of repaying a debt so heavy.

"You still mean to join us later?" he inquired, and young Manners said—

"In half an hour. I shall come straight on from here to the Rue de Lille." He had to repeat it, as he hadn't spoken loud enough, but, when he had heard, the Russian bowed and smiled and went on his way. Only the Countess Alla, looking back over her shoulder, said—

"You weel not fail me?" And Manners replied gravely—

"I shall come. I promise you."

"You know," the Third Secretary said, when they had dropped back into their chairs, "you know, your elderly friend's face is vaguely familiar to me. I've seen him somewhere before, and more than once."

"Here, at the Café Anglais, perhaps," the other suggested. "Joseph said he was an old patron."

"Perhaps, perhaps, but I think not. I can't help believing—you know old Sampson, the Second Secretary, has a kind of picture gallery of photographs that he keeps in a file—a rogues' gallery, if you like, only a good many of the subjects aren't rogues at all, but quite the reverse. It's old Sampson's one hobby. When anybody is of any possible importance to the diplomatic world, Sampson gets a photograph of him, writes a few facts about the fellow on the back, and files it away. It's my impression that he has your friend Rachmanoff among the others, but I won't be sure."

"I should very much like to know," young Manners said. "I should like to know now, this evening. You see," he explained lightly, "you see, I like Rachmanoff's daughter. Would it be possible for us to stop at Sampson's rooms on the way to the Rue de Lille and have a look?"

"The picture gallery is filed at the Embassy," Staines answered. "I've got to stop there, anyhow, in case of important despatches. I might be a little delayed, so you'd best go on alone, and I'll catch you up."

"That's good enough. Only—don't fail to come on to the Rue de Lille, or to send me word if you're not coming. It's very important that I should see you again before you leave Paris for Aix." (It was to the Ambassador, taking a cure at Aix, that the Third Secretary had to go, on the morrow, with his new information.)

"Why?" Staines asked. "What's so important as all that?" But young Manners wouldn't tell just then. And after an exchange of compliments with M. Joseph, the two parted down in the boulevard to go their several ways.

The Roumanian Minister to France, since dead, was at this time a charming, rich, and popular old gentleman, allied by marriage with a certain great family of the Bourbon *haute noblesse.* He possessed, on lease, an historic *hôtel* in the Rue de Lille, with a big garden, where he gave very wonderful private parties, to which everybody who could get an invitation, the Faubourg St. Germain included, came early and stayed late; also very different official parties, where there was a great deal of gold lace, a great many Orders, and the guests went home as early as they dared.

Happily, the entertainment on this particular evening was of the former description, with no official character whatever, and so young Mr. Manners, when he had been announced and had been welcomed by his host and hostess, was free from the necessity of reporting to his ambassadress—absent, indeed, at Aix—and obeying that august lady's commands.

In the big ballroom they were dancing to "*Quand l'Amour Meurt*," an old *valse lente* altered to dancing time. Young Manners stood by the wall for a bit and looked on. There were plenty of slender, round young women with black hair bound close to their little heads, but no frock of peacock blue and green, and, after a bit, he went on. He found a room beyond, where some Roumanians in native costume were performing a gipsy dance, and performing it very well, too. There were twenty or thirty people looking on, but the Countess Alla was not among them, and he turned away. Then all at once he saw her coming in through one of the long windows that gave from the ballroom upon the terrace behind the house and the great garden,

She was escorted by a tall old gentleman with a huge white beard, but she halted and stretched out her hand. The Englishman crossed to where she stood, and she said—

"I have been looking for you."

The tall old gentleman glanced from one to the other of the two young faces, twinkled, laughed, and went away; and they were alone.

"Do you want to finish this waltz," the Countess Alla asked, "or shall we go into the garden?"

"Perhaps both," said he. "I should like to dance once with you on something better than the sanded deck of a liner. Then we can talk."

"Once?"

"We may not meet again after to-night," said young Mr. Manners.

The girl looked up at him sharply, and she began a question, "What do you——" then stopped. And after a moment of silence they turned back into the ballroom.

Many young Englishmen dance rather well, but they seldom rise to any considerable heights, because it is not in the usual male Anglo-Saxon temperament to be inspired by music and intoxicated by movement. Young Mr. Manners, the new Attaché, was an exception, and danced like a Frenchman or an Italian. This may sound to the ears of his compatriots a little precious and damaging, but in his defence it may be urged that not only did he dance, as the maidens put it, "divinely," but he also played polo better than all but a very few, and, in his University days, had played football as well.

As for the Countess Alla Rachmanoff, it seems that all young women of her origin and type dance, by a kind of instinct, as naturally as they breathe. A number of the gay Parisians who were performing the *double boston* about the floor stopped to watch the two young strangers with this new and alluring step, and some of them, after careful examination, even tried the "hesitation waltz" themselves, with varying degrees of success.

But when the band had stopped, Manners and the Countess Alla, silent and, it may be, a little dazed still with the music and their abandonment to it, went out upon the terrace and down among the tall trees beyond, where the darkness was lit by paper lanterns like incandescent oranges in the night. They went far down away from the shining windows of the house, and the sound of voices and laughter, and the music of the Tzigane band that was playing for the Roumanian gipsies. They came to a little fountain that splashed and sobbed in the warm gloom, and over the high enclosing wall they heard a woman singing in the street. All about them was that aspect of an enchanted wood—that mad and swollen and glowing fruit against the darkness.

"You are not gay to-night," said the Countess Alla reproachfully. "You are *triste*—sorrowful." They generally spoke English together, because the girl liked to, and she spoke it with some fluency, but with

occasional hesitation and odd choice of words, and with a very foreign intonation.

Young Manners smiled, but not very mirthfully.

"I'm a little low in my mind. I've lost something that was precious to me."

In the half-lit gloom she sought his eyes, but they were shadowy and baffling. She could make nothing of them.

"I haven't seen Count Rachmanoff," he said, after a pause, and she answered quickly—

"My father was called away. He will be back soon—now—in a moment. Perhaps he is already in the house."

She looked up with a kind of child-like coquetry. She was at times a very child-like young woman.

"Did you weesh to see my father more than me?"

"No," said Mr. Manners, in an expressionless tone. And the girl, as if she felt repulsed, moved a little away from him, and stood with her back turned and with bent head, looking down at the margin of the little fountain that plashed and sobbed there in the warm darkness.

Then quite suddenly and very swiftly she turned back again and caught him by the arm with her two hands. Her face was upturned in that faint orange light, and it was drawn and pitiful. He felt her trembling.

"This," she said, "I think this is the end for you and me. This is the las' time, my frien'."

"I think so, Countess," said the new Attaché.

"Then tell me," she said, whispering, clinging to him, "tell me if it 'as been—if you 'ave like it! Tell me if it 'as been like—'eaven to you as well as to me—something very sweet an'—an' not to forget. *Hein?* Tell me so!"

"I never knew," said young Mr. Manners, "how sweet and unforgettable until to-night, when I saw you in the Café Anglais. All the time, all that week at sea, I knew that I was happy—happier, I think, than ever before in all my life, but I didn't know then how important it was. I had no time to think. When I saw you to-night, then I knew."

She said "Ah!" in a long sigh, and came closer to him, holding him still with her little hands.

"I am glad—oh, I am glad! You will not forget—whatever comes, you will not forget . . . And I—no, I shall not forget, me. *Ah, mon pauvre ami, comme la vie est amère!*"

"Alla!" said young Mr. Manners, in a shaking voice. "Alla! Alla!" He put his arms about her and held her, and she clung to him in the lit darkness, and it sounded as though she were weeping.

But as they stood there together, there came to them another sound, the sound of hurrying feet and a man's voice repeating a name—

"*M. Mannairs! M. Mannairs! Est-ce que M. Mannairs est là? Une dépêche pour M. Mannairs, s'il vous plait!*"

"That's for me," said the Englishman, raising his head. "It's from my colleague, Staines."

He turned to meet the servant, but the Countess Alla seemed all at once very much agitated, and clung to him, trying to hold him back.

"No, no! Eet is no-thing, no-thing! Tell heem to come aggain, later. Ah, no!" She clung to his arms, but young Mr. Manners freed himself gently.

"I'm sorry, but this may be very important. I must know what it is. It's from the Embassy." He called to the servant, took the dispatch, and read it through, standing under a cluster of that mad incandescent fruit that hung from a neighbouring tree.

And the Countess Alla watched him from a little way off, her hands clasped hard over her breast.

But, when he had finished, Mr. Manners gave a kind of groan and covered his face.

She went up to him.

"Was it—bad news, *mon ami?*"

"It was no more," said he, "than I expected, but it hurts, Countess, none the less." And he looked down at her sorrowfully.

She took a long breath.

"I do not know what it may 'ave say to you, thees *dépêche.* I do not know what—you know, but I know that I cannot go away biffore I tell you—w'at—w'at I would like to die biffore I tell. I mus' confess!"

"Thank God for that!" said young Manners.

She looked up at him piteously.

"Thees life, *mon ami,* it is hard sometimes. We cannot always—how do you say?—pick an' choose w'at we would do. Sometimes there come *la force majeure* to make us like the leetle marionettes. You understan' me?" She bent her head so that her face was hidden.

"W'en I meet you on the sheep, it was like—it was like something I 'ave never known biffore—dreams—the kin' of life *ces jeunes filles* they imagine about—I love it so! You are so—so—— An' all the time I 'ave—— Ah, no, *mon cher*, I cannot say it! It kill me!"

"You needn't," said young Mr. Manners—"I know already."

She looked up at him swiftly.

"W'at do you know?"

"Everything, I think, now that I have heard from the Embassy. Shall I read you what my friend wrote?"

"'I found the photograph; it is the same man. And here is the record: Boris Gregorovitch Rachmanoff, Russian-Austrian, otherwise known as von Plowitz, as Baron Czerny, as Comte de la Marre, and as Prince Belianin. Russian Secret Service, 1890 to 1898. Dismissed and exiled, but escaped. Commercial ventures in Hungary, 1898 to 1900. In China and Burma, 1900 to 1905. Since 1905 a spy in the employ of German Government. Seldom goes under true name of Rachmanoff. The lady is unknown.'

"That, Countess, is what my friend found to supplement what I already knew."

"An' w'at did you know?" she asked him with difficulty.

"I knew that I had been followed to the Café Anglais, and that all I said there was overheard. Count Rachmanoff was a little careless. He detached the battery from that ear machine he wears, to adjust it, leaving the ear disk still over his ear. I saw him do that, and I saw that all the while you were speaking to him in a very low tone, and that, though one of his ears was covered by a useless machine, he heard you perfectly well. So I knew he wasn't deaf, as he pretends to be, and that, with an electrical apparatus added to naturally good ears, he could doubtless hear twice as well as a normal person. Also I saw that he kept the receiving disk he wears on his coat turned in my direction. So I knew he was, for some reason, a spy. The reason wasn't far to seek. It was the German Government that wanted to know the message I had for my chief. Count Rachmanoff went, of course, from the Café Anglais to the German Embassy."

"Yes," said the girl. "Yes, he did. That was nearly an hour ago. The theeng is done now, my poor frien'. It cannot be undone. My—Count Rachmanoff himself could not undo it—the German Government could not undo it—for they have now signed the agreement with Russia, an' given w'at Russia weeshed to 'ave . . . Tell me"—she looked up with a sad and bitter curiosity—"tell me why, w'en you 'ave know that Count Rachmanoff was spying on you, w'y 'ave you let heem go weeth the secret to the Embassy?"

"Because it was the wrong secret, Countess," said young Mr. Manners gently.

"The wrong secret? I do not understan'."

"It wasn't the truth I told my colleague about the railway matter. It was a story made up to deceive Count Rachmanoff. The fact is, the American Government has decided against the railway."

She screamed and smothered the scream with her hands over her mouth. She fell back away from him, stumbling, and leant against a tree.

"It was—a lie? There will be no—railway?"

She turned as if to run towards the house, but halted and stood wringing her hands.

"Too late! Too late!"

"Yes," said he, "it's too late. The German-Russian agreement has been signed now, and to-morrow the German Government will find itself in very hot water indeed."

The girl began to sob bitterly.

"We are lost—lost—lost—ruined for ever!"

"I am sorry," young Manners said. "I hope it is not as bad as that." He went nearer to where she stood and took her hands. He raised them, and then all at once raised the left one higher still and looked at it closely. It was without jewels, but there had been a ring worn on the third finger, not a jewelled ring, but a broad plain band; and the band must have been too tight, for it had left a distinct mark.

"*That, too?*" cried the Englishman. "*That, too?* Has there been nothing but lies and trickery from the very first?"

He made a sound of bitter and mirthless laughter.

"I suppose Count Rachmanoff is your husband?"

The Countess Alla moved back. She seemed to have come beyond tears and sobbing into a kind of apathy of despair. She put her hands behind her and faced him dry-eyed.

"No, he is my father. My husband—is in Berlin. Thees railway in China, it was very much to heem—everything. Now he is ruin'—an' my father an' me—all!"

She began to tremble a little as she stood there.

"Please, now, will you go? It is finish'. There is no more to say. We 'ave tried to trick you—to steal from you. We 'ave lose and you 'ave win. Please—I cannot bear any more! Please!"

"Alla! Alla!" said young Manners sorrowfully. He watched her as she put up her hands over her face, and he seemed to wish to say something more, to do something, somehow to comfort her, though she had, as she confessed, tried to trick him and steal from him. And yet there was no word to speak. The woman was right. It was "finish."

He bent his head and turned and went away. But as he came near the brightly-lighted windows of the house, he encountered a hurrying figure that called his name, and it was Staines, fresh from the Embassy, in a high state of excitement.

"You got my note?" the Third Secretary demanded. "I hated to put it in writing, but I couldn't leave the Embassy just then. An important cablegram was just coming in from Washington in cipher, and I had to stop and transcribe it. Here's the transcription. It's that Chinese affair."

Young Manners read the dispatch and gave it back.

"Just wait for me here a moment," he said. "I won't keep you long. I've got to say a last word to a friend. Then we'll get out." He hurried down among the tall black trees, and at the *rond-point*, by the fountain, he came once more upon the Countess Alla Rachmanoff. She had found an iron bench, and was huddled in a corner of it, her hands still covering her face.

Manners spoke to her gently, and she raised her head.

"You are 'ere. I 'ave thought you go away."

"I came back," he said, "to tell you something—some good news."

"For me, monsieur," said the Countess Alla, "there shall be no news that is good." But he shook his head, smiling.

"You're wrong. Listen! I am going to tell you a diplomatic secret. I have no right to tell it to anyone, but I shall trust you with it, on condition that you keep it to yourself until to-morrow."

"*Trust me?*" she cried bitterly. And young Mr. Manners nodded.

"'Trust' was the word. Countess, the American Government has changed its mind. It has decided not to interfere in the Chinese railway matter, but to let the other Powers who are directly interested settle their own dispute. There's no doubt, I suppose, of what the settlement will be."

The Countess Alla got slowly to her feet, staring at him.

"You mean," she said, in a whisper—"you mean we are not—los', then?"

"Yes," said he, "I mean just that. The German Government will get its way—perhaps under certain conditions."

She began to cry, and Mr. Manners was embarrassed.

"Oh, I say! Look here! You mustn't do that. This isn't where you cry, you know. This is where you sing and dance. It's all right again. There's nothing to cry about. Somebody might hear you."

She took her hands away from her face, smiling through her tears. But after a moment she ceased to smile. She went where he was and touched him on the breast. She said a little timidly—

"Monsieur, I cannot call you my frien' any longer. Monsieur, w'en you theenk of me—afterwards—w'en you theenk of this bad woman who lie to you an' try to ruin you, say to yourself: 'The worl' was beeg an' she was little. Life, eet was too 'ard for her.' Say that to yourself, an' try to forgive. Ah, I have not been all bad, not all, monsieur! I 'ave never laugh at w'at I 'ave to do in those beautiful days on the sheep. Monsieur, you 'ave been the bes' gentleman, the most kin', the most noble that I 'ave ever know. I thank the good God, monsieur, to 'ave thees beautiful week to remember. An' I thank Heem, too, that you have come back jus' now, to save me w'en I suffer." She caught up one of Mr. Manners's hands and, before he realised what she was about, she kissed it and flung it from her, and went a little way off, turning her back.

"Go!" she said to him, in a shaking voice. "Go, please, now, queek—at once!"

Once more he hesitated and hung back, searching rather miserably for a word that did not exist. He looked his last upon that slender and beautiful figure, with its bowed black head, and the white shoulders rising out of peacock blue and green. Once more he tried to speak and could not. Once more he turned helplessly away into the darkness, and, as he went, he heard her break into sobbing behind him.

The second story in this series will appear in the next number.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

I.

1826-1900.

By A. F. MURISON.

THE rise and progress of the University Colleges form one of the most remarkable and significant movements in the history of the nineteenth century in England. When that century opened, not one of the later dozen of these colleges was in existence; not one of them was even thought of during the next twenty years. The old Universities held the somewhat arid field. Cambridge had its mathematical tripos, but was not to establish its classical tripos for a quarter of a century to come. Oxford was only just thinking of starting honours lists in classics and mathematics. The important modern subjects were not yet on the academic horizon, much less were they appreciated and welcomed, or even acknowledged. Both Universities were practically closed against all except moneyed men's sons—they are not yet opened even to moneyed men's daughters—and their degrees were limited to such as consented to accept particular articles of religious belief. And there was no University in the capital of the British Empire.

By the end of the nineteenth century there was a University College in many of the greater centres of population and industry, more or less endowed, manned by an able and eager professoriate, and fairly equipped with the necessaries of scientific investigation. The local men of business displayed a liberal recognition of the value of theoretical as well as of practical instruction, and cheerfully furthered the close alliance of learning with industry and commerce. The aim of each of the University Colleges was either to develop into self-contained independent Universities, or to connect themselves with some convenient University. The first stage in this development was marked by the creation of the Victoria University of Manchester, under the Charter of 1880. In this way the spirit of local

educational effort has been allowed free scope, and has been stimulated to reach towards the University ideal. The spirit of rivalry has been diverted from selfish channels into broad fertilising streams of national development. The initial opposition of Oxford and Cambridge to the scheme for the establishment of the first University College is now seen to have been quite unnecessary. In the last thirty-three years of the century, with University Colleges dotted over the Kingdom, the number of undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge more than doubled. Protection in education was thus proved to be a blunder. Freedom was justified by her children.

THE SOUTH CLOISTERS.

At the opening of the nineteenth century, the elementary basis of the higher education was very fragmentary and insecure. Thinking men, who knew something of what was doing in foreign countries, were afflicted by the backwardness of England. The first Parliamentary effort to establish, even by an indirect process, the principle of public elementary education, seems to have been Mr. Whitbread's Bill in 1807, when he proposed to create parochial schools through the agency of local vestries empowered to apply the rates to their maintenance. The Bill was thrown out by the Lords. It is pertinent to remark that Mr. Whitbread held up to his fellow-senators the excellent example of Scotland. Two centuries and a half had passed since John Knox had set up the principle of a "school in every parish and a college in every notable town," and carried it to a fairly practical realisation. It was a Scotsman who was to suggest the first attempt to reform and popularise—nay, to create—the higher education in London.

The second decade of the century resounded with the religious strifes of the private promoters of elementary education in the metropolis of England. In 1809 the Royal Lancasterian Institution, afterwards called the British and Foreign School Society, was established. In 1811 it was followed by Bell's rival institution, the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church. Then, as now, the poor children could not be taught without a pother of controversy between the supporters of the different institutions and different methods, the Church party backing Bell, and the Liberal interest in education backing Lancaster. In 1813, Bentham's scheme of a Superior or "Chrestomathic" School — a high-class school after the model of the better grammar schools in Scotland —was launched after much deliberation; but eventually it proved abortive. Still the Government calmly ignored its duty to education.

It was not till towards the end of the first quarter of the century that secondary education was practically taken up—of course, by private effort. In 1823 the London Mechanics' (now the Birkbeck) Institution was started, with Dr. Birkbeck as president. According to Mrs. Grote, Francis Place, the famous Radical tailor of Charing Cross, the staunch political ally of Bentham, Brougham, and James Mill, was "the main promoter." In 1825 there issued from the Bentham coterie a far more significant project—the revival of the centuries-dead idea of a University of London. The projector was Thomas Campbell, the poet.

Place has recorded in his MSS. (now in the British Museum), under date February 12, 1825, that Campbell had often talked to him, for three years back, on the project of a London University, and that in the previous June he had communicated to Place the results of his personal inquiries into the constitution and working of the German universities. Bentham and Mill blessed the idea; Brougham was a strong Parliamentary ally, and Joseph Hume brought zealous support. The private preliminaries arranged, Campbell addressed to Brougham a long letter on the subject in *The Times* of February 9, 1825—the first public intimation of the scheme.

What Campbell bargained for was "a great London University," "not a place for lecturing to people of both sexes—except as an appendage to the establishment—but for effectively and multifariously teaching, examining, exercising, and rewarding with honours in the liberal arts and sciences the youth of our middling rich people" (by whom he meant "all between mechanics and the enormously rich") "between the age of fifteen or sixteen and twenty, or later, if you please"—"a place worthy of our gigantic metropolis, and suited to the circumstances of the times"—"such a place of full and diversified instruction as should merit to be called an University—an establishment availing itself of all the experience and experiments that can be appealed to for facilitating the art of teaching—an University combining the advantages of public and private education, the emulative spirit produced by examination before numbers, and by honours conferred before the public, the cheapness of domestic residence, and all the moral influence that results from home." He thought "it might contain thirty professors or more, the most of whom would maintain themselves by small fees from the students, though a few professorships would require salaries." This design, Campbell concluded, "is no matter of party politics or of Church-and-State disputation. It is a point of union for all the friends of liberal views." This policy of the open educational door was afterwards expressed in the motto "Cuncti adsint." It is the greatest of the glories of the institution.

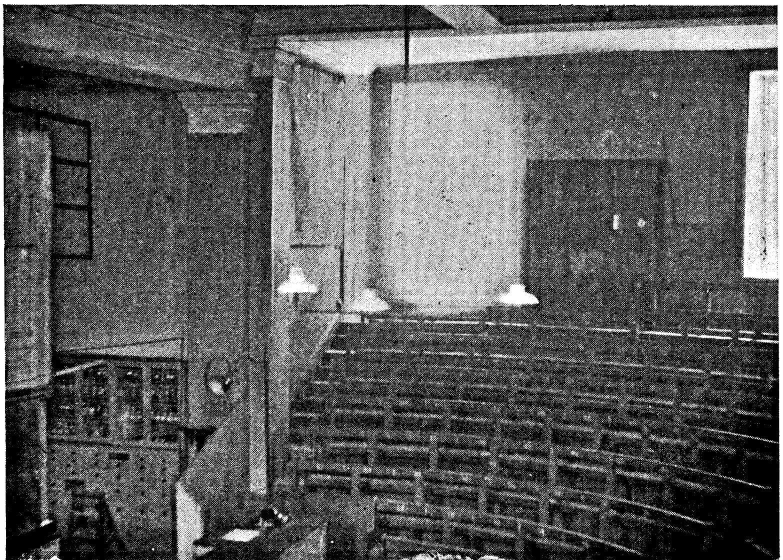
THE GENERAL LIBRARY.

The Times (February 9, 1825) pronounced Campbell's description of his plan "at once crude in conception and meagre in development." It is now seen to have been the grandest educational conception of the time,

though the development of the plan has been grievously hampered by the initial theory of self-support in detail, and by the original neglect of the degree-conferring power. Berlin had established a University in 1809, and the intelligence of the King of Prussia had housed it in a Royal palace. London now shared, with Constantinople and Madrid, alone among European capitals, the obloquy of having no University. Surely it was a great thing to start the movement for the ending of such a disgraceful pre-eminence. And if the two obstacles to development have proved a heavy drag, it is still to be remembered that they took origin in an exceptionally high estimate of the value of education and in a splendid disregard of adventitious trappings in view of the essential outcome. The chief blame really lies on the later generations for not providing more effective remedies.

The Times pronouncement in no wise damped the ardour of the promoters. Brougham sounded the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Huskisson about a Royal Charter; but, after ten days' deliberation, the Ministers replied that they would "not feel warranted in recommending it to the favourable consideration of His Majesty." They seem to have been deterred by Oxford influence, though the promoters had carefully avoided any appearance of competition with Oxford. Brougham next introduced a public Bill "to enable the inhabitants of the Cities of London and Westminster, and the Borough of Southwark, to establish a college for the education of youth in the sciences and letters"; but, learning from the Speaker that the forms of Parliament required a private, not a public Bill, he obtained leave to withdraw it, and introduced a private Bill. At a meeting of the supporters of the proposed "London College," on June 4, he stated again the objects of the promoters. "He had explained," he said, "that they had no idea of founding fellowships, or conferring degrees, or giving a theological education; that they only wanted to combine the advantages of collegiate studies with the due domestic control of children by their own parents; that the three great branches of study which their college was intended to comprehend were science, literature, and the arts; . . . that the professors were to have no sinecures, nor residences provided for them upon the establishment, nor were there to be any religious tests or doctrinal forms which would oppose a barrier to the education of any sect among His Majesty's subjects."

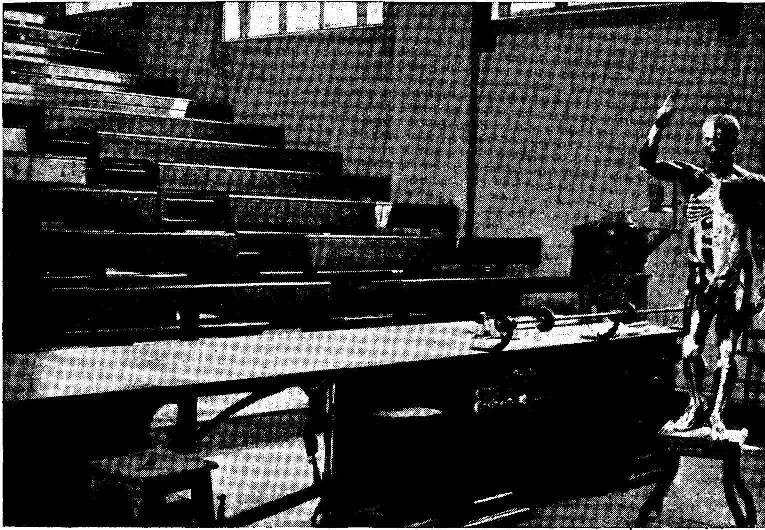
At a meeting on July 1, the Lord Mayor took the chair, and a resolution moved by Sir James Macintosh proposed that the institution be called "The London University." On July 21, *The Times* discovered that "the proposed new University is unquestionably a measure of great importance." Not all the supporters of the scheme, however, were equally sanguine with the active promoters; Henry Crabb Robinson invested in a £100 share in the spirit of a man who was sinking his money in "a debt to the cause of civil and religious liberty." Still the movement went forward steadily, and "The University of London" (now University of London, University College) was established by a Deed of Settlement dated February 11, 1826.



THE OLD CHEMICAL THEATRE DESIGNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

The site of the institution was at the

upper end of Gower Street. The foundation-stone was laid on April 30, 1827, by the Duke of Sussex; and from that day to this the Royal Family have shown much interest in the College. The nominal capital



THE PHYSIOLOGY THEATRE.

was £300,000, of which £153,600 was actually raised at the date of the Charter of 1826. The Council of Management consisted of twenty-four persons, annually elected by the proprietors. In 1832, the North London or University College Hospital was erected on the west side of Gower Street, opposite the College, and at the end of the century was rebuilt and extended through the munificence of Sir John Blundell Maple. The Boys' School, University College School, was established in 1832, and was later housed in the south wing of the College buildings—a distinct institution under the same government, intended as a feeder to the College intellectually and pecuniarily, the intellectual contribution proving the more important. Since then the College buildings have from time to time been considerably extended, notably for the provision of physical, engineering, and electrical laboratories.

In 1828, the first year of work, various classes were held in the Faculties of Arts and Law and Medicine, 557 students being admitted. The first professors worthily headed a roll of remarkable—nay, exceptional—distinction. George Long taught Greek; Thomas Hewitt Key, Latin; Augustus de Morgan, Mathematics; Antonio (afterwards Sir Antonio) Panizzi, Italian; Lindley, Botany. Among the medical professors, Sir Charles Bell was pre-eminent. Most distinguished of all, John Austin lectured on jurisprudence, laying the foundation of the science. Austin's first and second courses were attended, writes Mrs. Austin, by several of the men who were a generation later "most eminent in law, politics, or philosophy"—"perhaps," says Professor Bain, "the most distinguished attendance that ever honoured any lecturer." The cause of the promoters was already justified.

New professorships were created from time to time, and presently efforts were commenced to obtain a charter of incorporation empowering the University to confer degrees. A strong opposition was offered by corporations already chartered. The rejection by the House of Lords of the Bill for the admission of Dissenters to Oxford and Cambridge degrees, in 1834, stimulated the energy of the promoters, and next year the question of a charter was referred to the Privy Council. It is interesting to recall (with Sir George Young) that the arguments of Sir Charles Wetherall on behalf of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge before the Privy Council in opposition to the charter "led to the famous articles of Sir William Hamilton, republished in his 'Dissertations,' which revived the historical idea of a university, and have been the seeds of university reform in a succeeding generation upon lines to a certain extent laid down by himself." The result was (August 19, 1835) that charters were offered to "London University College" and to the "University of London," the latter "to act as a body of examiners," and "pupils from University and King's Colleges to be admitted on certificates of having gone through a course of study at those establishments." The offer was accepted, and the charters were both granted on the same date, November 28, 1836. King's College had been opened in October, 1831,

to give secular instruction in association with the principles of the Church of England.

By an Act of Parliament, dated June 24, 1869, the Deed of Settlement of 1826 and the Charter of 1836 were revoked, and the College was reincorporated. The government was placed in the general meeting of members. These were (1) "Governors" (about 130), who represented the old proprietors, the proprietary character of the College being swept away by the Act of 1869; (2) "Fellows," who are former students of distinguished University careers, not more than nine of whom may be elected every second year; and (3) "Life Governors," persons of distinction in some walk of life, or persons who have conferred benefits upon or done service to the College. The general meeting assembled at least once a year. The Council was the chief executive body, which later received a most useful infusion of half a dozen professors from the Senate. The Senate, which consisted of the professors (with the headmaster of the school), presided over by a member of the Council, exercised generally the functions of the *Senatus Academicus* of a Scotch or German university.

Until 1900, the number of students fluctuated about 1,000, though in some years it stood higher. In 1898–99 there were 723 (395 men, 328 women) in the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science, and 275 in the Faculty of Medicine—total, 998. In the roll of former students are to be found the names of many of the most distinguished persons of the time.

The first President of the College was Lord Brougham; the second, George Grote, the historian; the third, Lord Belper; the fourth, Lord Kimberley; the fifth, Sir John Erichsen; and the sixth, Lord Reay.

In the year 1900, the Professors in the Faculty of Arts and Laws numbered twenty-six; in the Faculty of Science, nineteen (six of whom were also included in the former Faculty); and in the Faculty of Medicine, eighteen (seven of whom were also included in the Faculty of Science)—total, 50. But the number was not constant, for it was a principle of the Council to make prompt provision for fresh studies as their importance was recognised. The whole staff, including professors and assistant-professors, physicians and surgeons in the Hospital, lecturers and demonstrators, numbered about 100. The peculiar system of election was a powerful bar against the intrusion of undistinguished or incompetent men into the professoriate. A special committee of the Senate sifted each set of applications and reported; on this report the Senate deliberated and reported to the Council; and the Council appointed. Very occasionally the Council saw special reason for rejecting the recommendation of the Senate, or for making the appointment out of hand. But it may be doubted whether any such exceptional action was ever justified by exceptional results. The professorial jealousy for the distinction of the College operated as an effectual extinguisher on any germs of favouritism.

The quality of the professoriate may be inferred not only from isolated names, but from long lines of succession. For example, in English Literature: Alexander Blair, Henry Rogers, R. G. Latham, Tom Taylor, A. J. Scott, Arthur H. Clough, David Masson, and Henry Morley. In Political Economy: McCulloch, Cairnes, Courtney, Jevons. Among Mathematicians: Sylvester and Clifford. Sanskritists: Eggeling and Goldstücker. Medical men: Carpenter, Erichsen (late President), Jenner, Liston, Parker, Quain, Sharpey, Reynolds, Thompson, Watson, Williams—at a venture. Naturally it was Arts, Science, and Medicine that attracted the large attendance. The Law department was small enough to be constituted a sort of annex to the Arts. Since Austin's first or second course, it had, until 1900, never been numerously attended. "As jurisprudence formed no part of the necessary or ordinary studies of a barrister," writes Mrs. Austin, "his professorship became nearly an empty title"—"the real and irremediable calamity of his life, the blow from which he never recovered." Nor did his successors effect any lasting or even marked improvement; and in later years the greater activity and liberality of the Inns of Court tended to dry up the department. In a despondent mood, I once asked Dr. Hunter, a predecessor of mine in the chair of Roman Law, whether he thought that old Papinianus himself, if he were to rise and come down from York, could manage to keep body and soul together on the proceeds of his lectures. "Papinianus," he replied, "would be a three days' wonder, and he would be carried back to York by the end of the session." The Slade School of Fine Art has exercised a considerable collateral influence.

The College has sent some of its best men to other Universities. To name some conspicuous examples only, Oxford carried off

Robinson Ellis, Pollock, Burdon-Sanderson, Ray Lankester, and Weldon. Cambridge carried off Seeley, Michael Foster, and Wyse. Edinburgh took Masson, Eggeling, Schäfer, and Hudson Beare. All these Universities have ample endowments; University College, up to the end of the century, had but few. The endowment of the Yates Archæological chair saved it from extinction; the Grote endowment of the chair of Philosophy produced a bare "living wage," and the same might be said of the Jodrell endowment of Physiology and the Quain endowment of the chairs of English Literature and Comparative Law. During the period 1828–1900, the Professors depended largely upon the fees received from the students of their classes. Probably not a single scholar accepted a chair at University College for the sake of the loaves and fishes appurtenant. There was a noble aspect of the position, no doubt; but it did not seem worthy of the Imperial City, and it limited the effective value of some scholars, or compelled them to keep up the reputation of their chairs at a personal sacrifice that ought not to have been required of them.

THE PHYSIOLOGY STUDENTS' LABORATORY.

Connected with all the scientific chairs are museums and laboratories. Among these may be mentioned the remarkable museum of Egyptology, founded by Miss Amelia Edwards, and built up under Professor Flinders Petrie, and the Chemical Laboratory in which Professor Ramsay discovered argon, neon, and other elusive constituents of the atmosphere. These achievements strike the popular imagination; but, after all, they are but a sort of flaming advertisement, from which the thoughtful man will infer something of the solid, everyday work of plodding professor and student. The libraries, general and departmental, up to the year 1900, contained somewhere about 80,000 volumes and over 15,000 pamphlets. From time to time special collections of much value have been bequeathed or given: there are Bentham's MSS. and much of his library, the late Mr. Justice Quain's law books, the late Dr. Morrison's Chinese library, the Ricardo collection (kept well up to date by a special fund), the Barlow Dante library, and several others. The Flaxman Gallery occupies the hall under the dome of the College, and overflows to adjacent apartments and the staircase; Grote's "Marmor Homericum" (by Baron Triqueti) is a conspicuous decoration of the south cloister; and memorials of eminent men connected with the College

meet one at every turn, in statues, busts, or portraits. Most remarkable of all is the veritable skeleton of Jeremy Bentham—his face a portrait in wax, by Dr. Talrych—contentedly sitting there in a suit of the sage's own clothes.

University College is a great place for social functions, whereby it proclaims its existence conspicuously, even in the multifarious distractions of London. The students are also active in association for both intellectual and physical purposes. The Union Society, founded in 1893, has proved an increasingly strong social force. It branches off into a dozen "clubs," for chess, debating, athletics, football, cricket, lawn-tennis, boxing and gymnastics, swimming, cycling, etc.; and it boasts an "official organ," the College "Gazette." It is strictly a men's society. But the women have their own flourishing "Women's Union Society," founded in 1897.

The services of University College to education may, as Sir George Young has well said, "be considered to be of historic importance, especially in the promotion of scientific study, in the introduction of the teaching of English and other modern languages into the work of a university, and generally in reviving the tradition that a university should give the best teaching available in all subjects of study which are pursued by men for the sake of study. But," Sir George continues, "the work of the College has not been confined to such subjects; it has also largely promoted the study of subjects which are pursued by men by way of special preparation for professional, commercial, and manufacturing work. It may be considered, I think, to have solved the question of the common education of persons possessing different religious views in a way which has since been accepted practically by all new foundations, and to some extent by Oxford and Cambridge, under the Abolition of Universities Tests Acts." In 1870 it opened its doors—the first academical doors opened in England—to women. "On the medical side," says Sir George, "it was the first school—at all events, in England—to institute the great extension of clinical teaching which has revolutionised medical education." It made the great stand for the freedom of intellectual training which vitalised, if it did not actually revive, the whole body of learning in England during the nineteenth century. It is the first and the greatest—may it not fairly be called the parent?—of the whole family of our University Colleges. It remains the historical monument of the far-seeing men who projected and established it, and it has spread its work and its influence far beyond the limits of their expectations and their hopes.

II.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, 1900-1907.

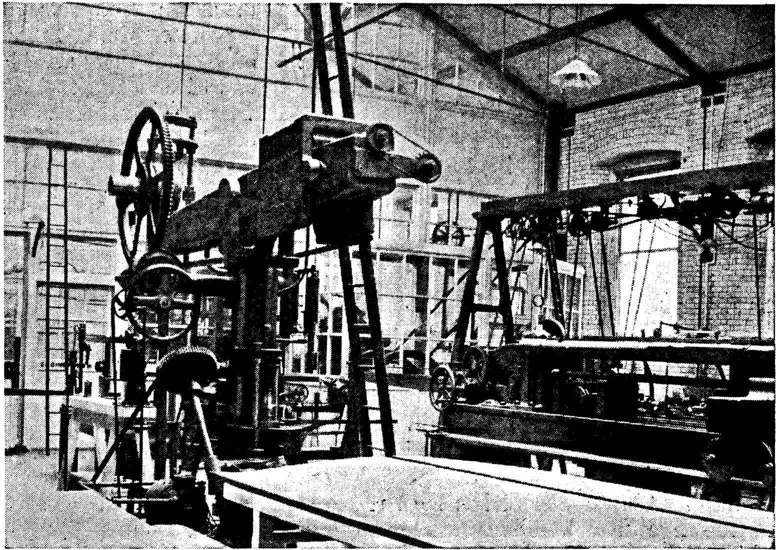
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, 1907 ONWARDS.

By T. GREGORY FOSTER, Provost of the College

The first part of this article breaks off with the year 1900. In that year the reconstitution of the University of London, under the Act of 1898, took effect, and under that Act University College became a "School" of the University. In this connection, it must be remembered that from 1858 until 1900 there had been no constitutional or official connection between the Examining Body known as "The University of London" and University College. University education and research in the capital of the Empire had been hindered and delayed. The movement for the reform of the University, and for the creation of some close connection between it and the London colleges, had been begun in the early 'eighties, but it took twenty years to bring about the reconstitution of the University achieved in 1900. Even then the constitution obtained was a compromise, and those who had the widest experience of University organisation saw clearly that it could not be a lasting one.

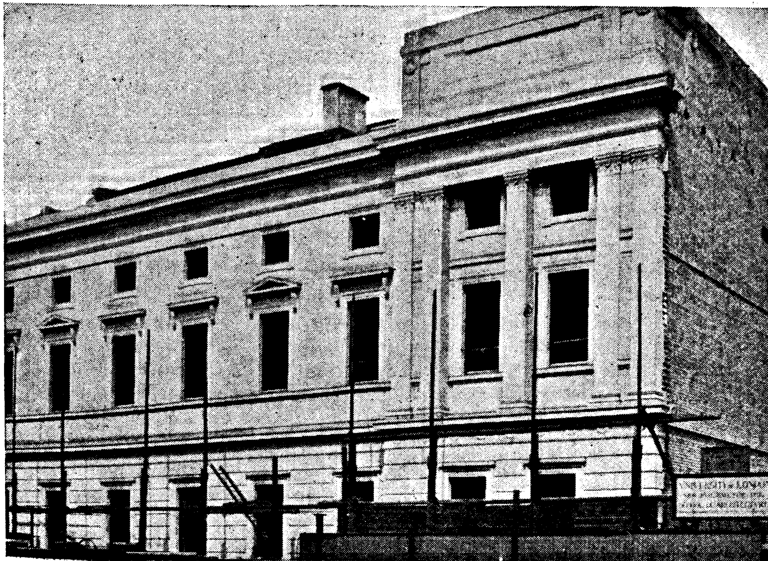
The Council, Senate, and members of University College determined to make the best use of the new constitution that could be made under the circumstances. They

resolved that, inasmuch as University College, London, was founded with the object of providing a complete University education in London of the highest type, and that, inasmuch as the intention of the founders and benefactors of the College could only be carried out by the incorporation of the College in the University, so that its resources should still be utilised for the furtherance of the highest educational work and for research, they were prepared, subject to the necessary Parliamentary sanction, to agree to the incorporation of the College in the University of London, as reconstituted by the Act of 1900. After consultation with the University Senate, steps were taken to obtain Parliamentary sanction for the incorporation. Many problems were involved. The Boys' School, University College School, owing to the nature of its work, could not be incorporated in the University. There were difficulties in incorporating the whole of the Faculty of Medicine and the Hospital.



THE MECHANICAL ENGINEERING LABORATORY.

Accordingly, two new corporations were set up, one for the future government of University College School, and the other for the future government of University College Hospital and the School of Advanced Medical Studies that it was decided to attach to it. The whole of the remainder of University College was incorporated in the University of London.



THE NEW SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE.

The changes thus involved, and the general needs of the College for its development, necessitated the raising of considerable funds. An Equipment and Endowment Committee was formed, under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. Lord Brassey, with the late Sir Richard Farrant as treasurer. The whole movement received a great

impetus from two generous gifts, each of £30,000. The first was from the Drapers' Company, and the second from an old student of the College. The scheme of development was thus fairly launched. Our present King, then Prince of Wales, became the patron of the Equipment and Endowment Fund.

As a result of the labours of the Committee, the Act incorporating the College in the University was passed in 1905, and took effect on January 1, 1907. The policy of incorporation thus embarked upon was carried further by the incorporation of the greater part of King's College in the University, and has been approved by Lord Haldane's Commission as the basis of the further development of the University of London.

It is hardly possible, in the short space of this article, to set out the many developments that have taken place at University College since this policy was determined on. University College School has been removed to the fine new buildings at Hampstead, which were opened by his late Majesty King Edward VII. in 1907. The School of Advanced Medical Studies has been provided with entirely new buildings by the generosity of the late Sir Donald Currie. Nearly every one of the departments of University College has been enlarged or rehoused. Entirely new buildings have been provided for the Departments of Physiology and Pharmacology. The south wing of the College buildings, formerly occupied by the School, has been adapted for College purposes, to the great advantage of the Faculties of Arts and Engineering. A new building has been erected by a generous donor for the combined Architectural Schools, formerly carried on separately at University and King's Colleges. New buildings are in progress for the Department of Chemistry, on a site specially acquired for that purpose, and immediately adjoining the College buildings in Gower Place. New buildings are also in progress for the housing of the Department of Applied Statistics and Eugenics, including the Biometric and Galton Laboratories.

During the same period many chairs that were previously unendowed have been either partially or wholly endowed, the most conspicuous benefactor in this respect being Mr. W. W. Astor, who gave the sum of £20,000, which was utilised for one of the Mathematical Chairs and one of the Chairs of History.

In place of the three Faculties that formerly existed, there are now five Faculties, namely, Arts, Laws, Science, Engineering, and Medical Sciences. In the Faculty of Arts there are 25 professors, 9 readers, and 51 assistant teachers; in the Faculty of Laws there are 6 professors and 1 reader; in the Faculty of Science there are 11 professors, 4 readers, and 31 assistant teachers; in the Faculty of Engineering there are 4 professors, 1 reader, and 13 assistant teachers; and in the Faculty of Medical Sciences there are 11 professors, 4 readers, and 15 assistant teachers.

The report issued by the Equipment and Endowment Committee, at the end of the first ten years of their work, shows that the sum of £259,000 was raised in connection with the scheme for incorporation, and that, in addition, a sum of upwards of £159,000 has been raised for the equipment and endowment of the College, in the form of gifts of capital or gifts in kind. In the same period the Parliamentary grant has been increased from £10,000 to £16,000. The University utilises £3,600 a year out of the County Council grant for work at the College, and the Drapers' Company make a grant of £400 a year towards the work of the Department of Applied Statistics and Eugenics.

By these means many of the defects, justly deplored by Professor Murison in the first part of this article, have been remedied. The growth in material resources and in buildings during the last ten years has led to a steady growth in the number of students and in the general University activities connected with the College. The number of students last year (1912–1913) was 2,083, distributed as follows: Faculty of Arts, 219 men, 205 women; Department of Fine Arts, 83 men, 190 women; Faculty of Science, 147 men, 35 women; Faculty of Medical Sciences, 137 men; Faculty of Engineering, 128 men; Faculty of Laws, 34 men; Post-graduate and Research, 294 men, 117 women. Evening Students: Faculty of Arts, 159 men, 294 women; Faculty of Science, 9 men, 32 women. In addition, there were 196 students from other colleges attending intercollegiate lectures; there were 495 teachers attending the courses specially organised for teachers; and upwards of 3,000 persons attended the public lectures. The number of graduates was 144, of whom 113 took honours, and 10 gained University scholarships. The amount of original research work has not only been maintained, but has increased, as is indicated by the list of original papers published at the end of the annual report.

THE UNION READING ROOM.

THE BOTANICAL THEATRE.

The libraries have grown, and the number of books and pamphlets is now estimated at 153,000. The use to which these are put is indicated by the fact that last year over 100,000 books were issued. Many important additions to the libraries have been made within the last ten years; the most noteworthy among these is the gift of the Mocatta Library.

The two residential halls, one at Ealing for men, and the other at Byng Place for women, have both been continuously full. They each accommodate 40 students. A movement is on foot to extend the amount of residential accommodation.

The University Officers' Training Corps is one of the newer developments that the organisation of the War Office in recent years has made possible. On December 31, 1913, the whole University contingent numbered 27 officers and 733 cadets. Of the total number, 2 officers and 21 cadets of the artillery, 5 officers and 134 cadets of the infantry, 1 officer and one cadet of the Army Service Corps, and 2 officers and 51 cadets of the medical unit, were connected with the College. During 1913, 5 cadets belonging to the College have taken commissions in the Special Reserve, 6 have taken commissions in the Territorial Force, and 3 have taken commissions in the General Reserve of Officers; 37 cadets obtained Certificate A and 17 Certificate B.

In the period under review, the men's first athletic ground, only five acres in extent, has been replaced by a larger one of over fifteen acres, and an athletic ground of over five acres has been obtained for the women students. The corporate spirit and life of the students is strong, as indicated by their daily activities as well as by the recent celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of their Union Society. The connection between past and present is well maintained by the Old Students' Association and by the formation of a Guild of Graduates.

In short, there is every indication that the demand for, and the need for, extended opportunities of obtaining a University education in the capital of the Empire are much greater than the existing conditions can offer. The need for developing and extending the University of London, and each of its constituent elements, is a national and imperial one.

The next article in this series will deal with King's College, London, and will be followed by a general survey of the later developments of the reconstituted University of London.

JUNE.

A PLAIN of daisies, a piebald sky—
Blue with ripples of white and grey—
A zephyr breathing a languid sigh,
And scattering down, as it wanders by,
A snowdrift of falling may.

A whitethroat flitting from hedge to hedge,
Piping his trill, now near, now far;
The drone of frogs in the emerald sedge,
A rabbit drumming the sandy ledge
Of the shallow gorse-clad scar.

The whir of a hay cutter down the hill,
A fragrant load in the lane,
And over the drone and the whir and the trill,
Cuck-oo—Cuck-oo, and Cuck-oo still,
And Cuck-oo—Cuck-oo again.

JESSIE POPE.

THE·HOLY·FLOWER

BY·H·RIDER·HAGGARD

ILLUSTRATED·BY MAURICE·GREIFFENHAGEN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—This is the story of the strange adventure of the famous hunter and explorer, Allan Quatermain, on a perilous expedition into an unknown region of Africa. Hunter Quatermain, while shooting big game, met an American doctor, who for some years had wandered about South and Eastern Africa collecting butterflies and flowers. To the natives he was known as "Dogeetah," but white people called him "Brother John." From him Allan Quatermain heard of a wonderful plant with blooms of extraordinary size and marvellous beauty, with a monkey's head outlined on every bloom. A healthy root of this plant, he maintained, would be worth twenty thousand pounds; but all he could show was a single bloom, without any root. This had come into his possession in the country of the Mazitu, a warlike race, beyond the western boundary of whose territory was a large and fertile land, supposed to be an island in the midst of a great lake. The name of both this territory and its inhabitants was Pongo, which was also the native name for a gorilla, and the god of the Pongo people was said to be a gorilla, whose worship was combined with that of the wonderful orchid. One night, while camping near the Pongo border, the Doctor was awakened by a solitary visitor, Kalubi, the Chief of the Pongo, who had come to the famous master of medicine to have his hand cured of a wound made by the bite of a terrible monkey, of which he declared they all went in fear in his native land. He suggested that he would help the white man to riches if he would go and kill the monstrous gorilla with his magic weapons. In a later conversation with Brother John, the explorer's curiosity was further kindled by the American's addition to his earlier narrative of the report that "a white goddess" was said to preside over the Holy Flower. The famous hunter returned to England for the purpose of ascertaining whether rich orchid collectors would be willing to finance an expedition in search of the unique flower, and enlisted the enthusiasm of a young man named Somers. Arrived in South Africa, the two men organised their expedition, but without learning the whereabouts of Brother John. Having bargained with a Portuguese trader to take them and their native attendants up the coast to Kilwa, for their start inland, they found that he was leagued with Bey Hassan, a half-breed of Kilwa, in the slave trade. Hassan gave them accommodation in a deserted mission house beside a ruined church, and they began to suspect that the former occupants must have met with foul play, but could learn nothing from Hassan. On its journey up country, the expedition was some weeks later confronted by a large army of Mazitu, and the Englishmen were conducted to King Bausi's head town of Beza, where a witch-doctor inflamed the king's mind against them by declaring them to be slave-traders. Urging that they were "brethren of the white lord called Dogeetah," who had doctored the king and been adopted as his blood-brother, they found that their only hope of safety turned on the arrival of Brother John, yet could not place much faith in the prophecy of their own expert in native magic, Mavovo, who maintained that Brother John would arrive within two days. Bausi was sufficiently impressed to postpone their death until sunset of the second day, but, as that hour approached, had the Englishmen and their attendants lashed to posts in the market-place, with their graves dug at their feet, and stationed archers in readiness to shoot them at the appointed hour. Just as the signal was to be given for the archers to shoot, Brother John came riding into the town on an ox. The Englishmen were released and treated with the utmost honour, and on the arrival of an embassy from the Pongo country to propose a treaty with the Mazitu, they arranged to journey into that unknown land as King Bausi's ambassadors, despite the stipulation that they should go without firearms. Meantime they had learned that Brother John was the missionary whose ruined house they had seen at Kilwa, and that for the past twenty years he had explored the land in the hope that his wife, carried off by slave-traders, might still be alive.

CHAPTER XIII.

RICA TOWN.

As a matter of fact, we did not leave Beza Town till twenty-four hours later than had been arranged, since it took some time for old Babemba, who was to be in charge of it, to collect and provision our escort of five hundred men.

Here I may mention that, when we got back to our huts, we found the two Mazitu bearers, Tom and Jerry, eating a hearty meal, but looking rather tired. It appeared that in order to get rid of their favourable evidence, the deceased witch-doctor, Imbozwi, who for some reason or other had feared to kill them, caused them to be marched off to a distant part of the land, where they were imprisoned. On the arrival of the news of the fall and death of Imbozwi and his subordinates, they were set at liberty, and at once returned to us at Beza Town.

Of course it became necessary to explain to our servants what we were about to do. When they understood the nature of our proposed expedition, they shook their heads,

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and when they learned that we had promised to leave our guns behind us, they were speechless with amazement.

"*Kransick! Kransick!*"—which means "ill in the skull" or "mad"—exclaimed Hans to the others, as he tapped his forehead significantly. "They have caught it from Dogeetah, one who lives on insects which he entangles in a net, and carries no gun to kill game. Well, I knew they would."

The hunters nodded in assent, and Sammy lifted his arms to heaven as though in prayer. Only Mavovo seemed indifferent. Then came the question which of them was to accompany us.

"So far as I am concerned, that is soon settled," said Mavovo. "I go with my father, Macumazahn, seeing that even without a gun I am still strong and can fight as my male ancestors fought, with a spear."

"And I, too, go with the Baas Quatermain," grunted Hans, "seeing that even without a gun I am cunning, as *my* female ancestors were before me."

"Except when you take medicine, Spotted Snake, and lose yourself in the mist of sleep," mocked one of the Zulus. "Does that fine bedstead which the king sent you go with you?"

"No, son of a fool!" answered Hans. "I'll lend it to you, who do not understand that there is more wisdom within me when I am asleep than there is in you when you are awake."

It remained to be decided who the third man should be. As neither of Brother John's two servants, who had accompanied him on his cross-country journey, was suitable, one being ill and the other afraid, Stephen suggested Sammy as the man, chiefly because he could cook.

"No, Mr. Somers, no," said Sammy with earnestness. "At this proposal I draw the thick rope. To ask one who can cook to visit a land where he will be cooked, is to seethe the offspring in its parent's milk."

So we gave him up, and, after some discussion, fixed upon Jerry, a smart and plucky fellow, who was quite willing to accompany us. The rest of that day we spent in making our preparations, which, if simple, required a good deal of thought. To my annoyance, at the time I wanted to find Hans to help me, he was not forthcoming. When at length he appeared, I asked him where he had been. He answered, to cut himself a stick in the forest, as he understood we should have to walk a long way. Also he showed me the stick, a long, thick staff of a hard and beautiful kind of bamboo which grows in Mazituland.

"What do you want that clumsy thing for," I said, "when there are plenty of sticks about?"

"New journey, new stick, Baas! Also, this kind of wood is full of air, and might help me to float if we are upset into the water."

"What an idea!" I exclaimed, and dismissed the matter from my mind.

At dawn on the following day we started, Stephen and I riding on the two donkeys, which were now fat and lusty, and Brother John upon his white ox, a most docile beast that was quite attached to him. All the hunters, fully armed, came with us to the borders of the Mazitu country, where they were to await our return in company with the Mazitu regiment. The king himself went with us to the west gate of the town, where he bade us all, and especially Brother John, an affectionate farewell. Moreover, he sent for Komba and his attendants, and again swore to him that if any harm happened to us, he would not rest till he had found a way to destroy the Pongo, root and branch.

"Have no fear," answered the cold Komba. "In our holy town of Rica we do not tie innocent guests to stakes to be shot to death with arrows."

The repartee, which was undoubtedly neat, irritated Bausi, who was not fond of allusions to this subject.

"If the white men are so safe, why do you not let them take their guns with them?" he asked somewhat illogically.

"If we meant evil, king, would their guns help them, they being but few among so many? For instance, could we not steal them, as you did when you plotted the murder of these white lords? It is a law among the Pongo that no such magic weapon shall be allowed to enter their land."

"Why?" I asked, to change the conversation, for I saw that Bausi was growing very wrath, and feared complications.

"Because, my lord Macumazahn, there is a prophecy among us that when a gun is fired in Pongoland, its gods will desert us, and the Motombo, who is their priest, will die. That saying is very old, but until a little while ago none knew what it meant, since it spoke of 'a hollow spear that smoked,' and such a weapon was not known to us."

"Indeed," I said, mourning within myself that we should not be in a position to bring about the fulfilment of that prophecy, which, as Hans said, shaking his head sadly, "was a great pity—a very great pity."

Three days' march over country that gradually sloped downwards from the high tableland on which stood Beza Town, brought us to the lake called Kirua, a word which I believe means the Place of the Island. Of the lake itself we could see nothing, because of the dense brake of tall reeds which grew out into the shallow water for quite a mile from the shore, and was only pierced here and there with paths made by the hippopotami when they came to the mainland at night to feed. From a high mound, which looked exactly like a tumulus and, for aught I know, may have been one, however, the blue waters beyond were visible, and in the far distance what, looked at through glasses, appeared to be a tree-clad mountain top. I asked Komba what this might be, and he answered that it was the home of the gods in Pongoland.

"What gods?" I asked again, whereon he replied, like a black Herodotus, that of these it was not lawful to speak.

I have rarely met anyone more difficult to pump than that frigid and un-African Komba.

On the top of this mound we planted the Union Jack, fixed to the tallest pole that we could find. Komba asked suspiciously why we did so, and as I was determined to show this unsympathetic person that there were others as unpumpable as himself, I replied that it was the god of our tribe, which we set up there to be worshipped, and that anyone who tried to insult or injure it would certainly die, as the witch-doctor Imbozwi and his children had found out. For once Komba seemed a little impressed, and even bowed to the bunting as he passed by.

What I did not inform him was that we had set the flag there to be a sign and a beacon to us in case we should ever be forced to find our way back to this place unguided and in a hurry. As a matter of fact, this piece of forethought, which, oddly enough, originated with the most reckless of our party, Stephen, proved our salvation, as I shall tell later on. At the foot of the mound we set our camp for the night, the Mazitu soldiers under Babemba, who did not mind mosquitoes, making theirs nearer to the lake, just opposite to where a wide hippopotamus lane pierced the reeds, leaving a little canal of clear water.

I asked Komba when and how we were to cross the lake. He said that we must start at dawn on the following morning, when, at this time of the year, the wind generally blew off shore, and that if the weather were favourable, we should reach the Pongo town of Rica by nightfall. As to how we were to do this, he would show me if I cared to follow him. I nodded, and he led me four or five hundred yards along the edge of the reeds in a southerly direction.

As we went, two things happened. The first of these was that a very large black rhinoceros, which was sleeping in some bushes, suddenly got our wind, and, after the fashion of these beasts, charged down on us from about sixty yards away. Now, I was carrying a heavy single-barrelled rifle, for as yet we and our weapons were not parted. On came the rhinoceros, and Komba, small blame to him, for he only had a spear, started to run. I cocked the rifle and waited my chance.

When it was not more than fifteen paces away, the rhinoceros threw up its head, at which, of course, it was useless to fire because of the horn, and I let drive at the throat. The bullet hit it fair and, I suppose, penetrated to the heart. At any rate, it rolled over and over like a shot rabbit, and, with a single stretch of its limbs, expired almost at my feet.

Komba was much impressed. He returned; he stared at the dead rhinoceros and at the hole in its throat; he stared at me; he stared at the still smoking rifle.

"The great beast of the plains killed with a noise!" he muttered. "Killed in an instant by this little monkey of a white man"—I thanked him for that, and made a note of it—"and his magic! Oh, the Motombo was wise when he commanded——" And, with an effort, he stopped.

"Well, friend, what is the matter?" I asked. "You see there was no need for you to run. If you had stepped behind me, you would have been as safe as you are now—after running."

"It is so, lord Macumazana, but the thing is strange to me. Forgive me if I do not understand."

"Oh, I forgive you, my lord Kalubi-that-is-to-be. It is clear that you have a good deal to learn in Pongoland."

"Yes, my lord Macumazana, and so, perhaps, have you," he replied drily, having by this time recovered his nerve and sarcastic powers.

Then, after telling Mavovo, who appeared mysteriously at the sound of the shot—I think he was stalking us in case of accidents—to fetch men to cut up the rhinoceros, Komba and I proceeded on our walk.

A little further on, just by the edge of the reeds, I caught sight of a narrow oblong trench dug in a patch of stony soil, and of

a rusted mustard tin half hidden by some scanty vegetation.

"What is that?" I asked in seeming astonishment, though I knew well what it must be.

"Oh," replied Komba, who evidently was not yet quite himself, "that is where the white lord Dogeetah, Bausi's blood-brother, set his little canvas house when he was here over twelve moons ago."

"Really!" I exclaimed. "He never told me he was here." This was a lie, but somehow I was not afraid of lying to Komba. "How do you know that he was here?"

"One of our people who was fishing in the reeds saw him."

"Oh, that explains, Komba. But what an odd place for him to fish in, so far from home. And I wonder what he was fishing for? When you have time, Komba, you must explain to me what it is that you catch amidst the roots of thick reeds in such shallow water."

Komba replied that he would do so with pleasure, when he had time. Then, as though to avoid further conversation, he ran forward and, thrusting the reeds apart, showed me a great canoe, big enough to hold thirty or forty men, which with infinite labour had been hollowed out of the trunk of a single huge tree. This canoe differed from the majority of those that personally I have seen used on African lakes and rivers, in that it was fitted for a mast, now unshipped. I looked at it and said it was a fine boat, whereon Komba replied that there were a hundred such at Rica Town, though not all of them were so large.

Ah! thought I to myself, as we walked back to the camp. Then, allowing an average of twenty to a canoe, the Pongo tribe number about two thousand males old enough to paddle—an estimate which turned out to be singularly correct.

Next morning, at the dawn, we started with some difficulty. To begin with, in the middle of the night, old Babemba came to the canvas shelter under which I was sleeping, woke me up and, in a long speech, implored me not to go. He said he was convinced that the Pongo intended foul play of some sort, and that all this talk of peace was a mere trick to entrap us white men into the country, probably in order to sacrifice us to its gods for a religious reason.

I answered that I quite agreed with him, but that, as my companions insisted upon making this journey, I could not desert them. All that I could do was to beg him to keep a sharp look-out, so that he might be able to help us in case we got into trouble.

"Here I will stay and watch for you, lord Macumazana," he answered; "but if you fall into a snare, am I able to swim through the water like a fish, or to fly through the air like a bird, to free you?"

After he had gone, one of the Zulu hunters arrived—a man named Ganza, a sort of lieutenant of Mavovo's—and sang the same song. He said that it was not right that I should go without guns to die among devils, and leave him and his companions wandering alone in a strange land.

I answered that I was much of the same opinion, but that Dogeetah insisted upon going, and that I had no choice.

"Then let us kill Dogeetah, or, at any rate, tie him up, so that he can do no more mischief in his madness," Ganza suggested blandly, whereon I turned him out.

Lastly, Sammy arrived and said—

"Mr. Quatermain, before you plunge into this deep well of foolishness, I beg that you will consider your responsibilities to God and man, and especially to us, your household, who are now but lost sheep, far from home, and further, that you will remember that if anything disagreeable should overtake you, you are indebted to me to the extent of two months' wages, which will probably prove unrecoverable."

I produced a little leather bag from a tin box and counted out to Sammy the wages due to him, also those for three months in advance.

To my astonishment, he began to weep. "Sir," he said, "I do not seek filthy lucre. What I mean is that I am afraid you will be killed by these Pongo, and, alas, although I love you, sir, I am too great a coward to come and be killed with you, for God made me like that. I pray you not to go, Mr. Quatermain, because, I repeat, I love you, sir."

"I believe you do, my good fellow," I answered, "and I also am afraid of being killed, who only seem to be brave because I must. However, I hope we shall come through all right. Meanwhile, I am going to give this box and all the gold in it, of which there is a great deal, into your charge, Sammy, trusting to you, if anything happens to us, to get it safe back to Durban if you can."

"Oh, Mr. Quatermain," he exclaimed, "I am indeed honoured, especially as you know that once I was in gaol for—embezzlement—with extenuating circumstances, Mr.

"The king himself went with us to the west gate of the town."

Quatermain. I tell you that, although I am a coward, I will die before anyone gets his fingers into that box!"

"I am sure that you will, Sammy, my boy," I said. "But I hope, although things look queer, that none of us will be called upon to die just yet."

The morning came at last, and the six of us marched down to the canoe, which had been brought round to the open waterway. Here we had to undergo a kind of Customs House examination at the hands of Komba and his companions, who seemed terrified lest we should be smuggling firearms.

"You know what rifles are like," I said indignantly. "Can you see any in our hands? Moreover, I give you my word that we have none."

Komba bowed politely, but suggested that perhaps some "little guns," by which he meant pistols, remained in our baggage, by accident. Komba was a most suspicious person.

"Undo all the loads," I said to Hans, who obeyed with an enthusiasm which I confess struck me as suspicious.

Knowing his secretive and tortuous nature, this sudden zeal for openness seemed almost unnatural. He began by unrolling his own blanket, inside of which appeared a miscellaneous collection of articles. I remember among them a spare pair of very dirty trousers, a battered tin cup, a wooden spoon such as Kaffirs use to eat their *scoff* with, a bottle full of some doubtful compound, sundry roots and other native medicines, an old pipe I had given him, and last, but not least, a huge head of yellow tobacco in the leaf, of a kind that the Mazitu, like the Pongo, cultivate to some extent.

"What on earth do you want so much tobacco for, Hans?" I asked.

"For us three black people to smoke, Baas, or to take as snuff, or to chew. Perhaps where we are going we may find little to eat, and then tobacco is a food on which one can live for days. Also, it brings sleep at nights."

"Oh, that will do," I said, fearing lest Hans, like a second Sir Walter Raleigh, was about to deliver a long lecture upon the virtues of tobacco.

"There is no need for the yellow man to take this weed to our land," interrupted Komba, "for there we have plenty. Why does he cumber himself with the stuff?" And he stretched out his hand idly as though to take hold of and examine it closely.

At this moment, however, Mavovo called attention to his bundle, which he had undone, whether on purpose or by accident, I do not know, and, forgetting the tobacco, Komba turned to attend to him. With a marvellous celerity Hans rolled up his blanket again. In less than a minute the lashings were fast and it was hanging on his back. Again suspicion took me, but an argument which had sprung up between Brother John and Komba about the former's butterfly net, which Komba suspected of being a new kind of gun, or at least a magical instrument of a dangerous sort, attracted my notice. After this dispute, another arose over a common garden trowel that Stephen had thought fit to bring with him. Komba asked what it was for. Stephen replied through Brother John that it was to dig up flowers.

"Flowers!" said Komba. "One of our gods is a flower. Does the white lord wish to dig up our god?"

Of course, this was exactly what Stephen did desire to do, but not unnaturally he kept the fact to himself. The squabble grew so hot that finally I announced that if our little belongings were treated with so much suspicion, it might be better that we should give up the journey altogether.

"We have passed our word that we have no firearms," I said in the most dignified manner that I could command, "and that should be enough for you, O Komba."

Then Komba, after consultation with his companions, gave way. Evidently he was anxious that we should visit Pongoland.

So at last we started. We three white men and our servants seated ourselves in the stern of the canoe on grass cushions that had been provided. Komba went to the bows, and his people, taking the broad paddles, rowed and pushed the boat along the waterway made by the hippopotami through the tall and matted reeds, from which ducks and other fowl rose in multitudes with a sound like thunder. A quarter of an hour or so of paddling through these weed-encumbered shallows brought us to the deep and open lake. Here, on the edge of the reeds, a tall pole that served as a mast was shipped, and a square sail, made of closely-woven mats, run up. It filled with the morning off-land breeze, and presently we were bowling along at a rate of quite eight miles an hour. The shore grew dim behind us, but for a long while above the clinging mists I could see the flag that we had planted on the mound. By degrees it dwindled till it became a mere speck and

vanished. As it grew smaller, my spirits sank, and when it was quite gone, I felt very low indeed.

"Another of your fool's errands, Allan, my boy!" I said to myself. "I wonder how many more you are destined to survive?"

The others, too, did not seem in the best of hearts. Brother John stared at the horizon, his lips moving as though he were engaged in prayer, and even Stephen was temporarily depressed. Jerry had fallen asleep, as a native generally does when it is warm and he has nothing to do. Mavovo looked very thoughtful. I wondered whether he had been consulting his Snake again, but did not ask him. Since the episode of our escape from execution by bow and arrow, I had grown somewhat afraid of that unholy reptile. Next time it might foretell our immediate doom, and, if it did, I knew that I should believe.

As for Hans, he looked much disturbed, and was engaged in wildly hunting for something in the flap pockets of an antique corduroy waistcoat which, from its general appearance, must, I imagine, years ago, have adorned the person of a British gamekeeper.

"Three!" I heard him mutter. "By my great-grandfather's spirit, only three left!"

"Three what?" I asked in Dutch.

"Three charms, Baas, and there ought to have been quite twenty-four. The rest have fallen out through a hole that the devil himself made in this rotten stuff. Now, we shall not die of hunger, and we shall not be shot, and we shall not be drowned—at least, none of those things will happen to me—but there are twenty-one other things that may finish us, as I have lost the charms to ward them off. Thus——"

"Oh, stop your rubbish!" I said, and fell again into the depths of my uncomfortable reflections. After this I, too, went to sleep. When I woke again, it was past midday and the wind was falling. However, it held while we ate some food we had brought with us, after which it died away altogether, and the Pongo people took to their paddles. At my suggestion we offered to help them, for it occurred to me that we might just as well learn how to manage these paddles. So six were given to us, and Komba, who now, I noted, was beginning to speak in a somewhat imperious tone, instructed us in their use. At first we made but a poor hand at the business, but three or four hours' steady practice taught us a good deal. Indeed, before our journey's end, I felt that we should be quite capable of managing a canoe, if ever it became necessary for us to do so.

By three in the afternoon the shores of the island we were approaching—if it really was an island, a point that I never cleared up—were well in sight, the mountain top that stood some miles inland having been visible for hours. In fact, through my glasses I had been able to make out its configuration almost from the beginning of the voyage. About five we entered the mouth of a deep bay fringed on either side with forests, in which were cultivated clearings with small villages of the ordinary African stamp. I observed from the smaller size of the trees adjacent to these clearings, that much more land had once been under cultivation here, probably within the last half century, and asked Komba why this was so.

He answered in an enigmatic sentence which impressed me so much that I find I entered it verbatim in my notebook.

"When man dies, corn dies. Man is corn, and corn is man."

Under this entry I see that I wrote "Compare the saying, 'Bread is the staff of life.'"

I could not get any more out of him. Evidently he referred, however, to a condition of shrinkage in the population, a circumstance which he did not care to discuss.

After the first few miles the bay narrowed sharply, and at its end came to a point where a stream of no great breadth fell into it. On either side of this stream, that was roughly bridged in many places, stood the town of Rica. It consisted of a great number of large huts roofed with palm leaves and constructed apparently of whitewashed clay, or, rather, as we discovered afterwards, of lake mud mixed with chopped straw or grass.

Reaching a kind of wharf, which was protected from erosion by piles formed of small trees driven into the mud, to which were tied a fleet of canoes, we landed just as the sun was beginning to sink. Our approach had doubtless been observed, for, as we drew near the wharf, a horn was blown by someone on the shore, whereon a considerable number of men appeared, I suppose, out of the huts, and assisted to make the canoe fast. I noted that these all resembled Komba and his companions in build and features; they were so like each other that, except for the difference of their ages, it was difficult to tell them apart. They might all have been members of one family; indeed, this was

practically the case, owing to constant intermarriage carried on for generations.

There was something in the appearance of these tall, cold, sharp-featured, white-robed men that chilled my blood, something unnatural and almost inhuman. Here was nothing of the usual African jollity. No one shouted, no one laughed or chattered. No one crowded on us, trying to handle our persons or clothes. No one appeared afraid or even astonished. Except for a word or two they were silent, merely contemplating us in a chilling and distant fashion, as though the arrival of three white men in a country where before no white man had ever set foot were an everyday occurrence.

Moreover, our personal appearance did not seem to impress them, for they smiled faintly at Brother John's long beard and at my stubbly hair, pointing these out to each other with their slender fingers or with the handles of their big spears. I remarked that they never used the blade of the spear for this purpose, perhaps because they thought that we might take this for a hostile or even a warlike demonstration. It is humiliating to have to add that the only one of our company who seemed to move them to wonder or interest was Hans. His extremely ugly and wrinkled countenance, it was clear, did appeal to them to some extent, perhaps because they had never seen anything in the least like it before, or perhaps for another reason which the reader may guess in due course.

At any rate, I heard one of them, pointing to Hans, ask Komba whether the ape-man was our god or only our captain. The compliment seemed to please Hans, who hitherto had never been looked on either as a god or a captain. But the rest of us were not flattered ; indeed, Mavovo was indignant, and told Hans outright that if he heard any more such talk, he would beat him before these people, to show them that he was neither a captain nor a god.

"Wait till I claim to be either, O butcher of a Zulu, before you threaten to treat me thus!" ejaculated Hans indignantly. Then he added with his peculiar Hottentot snigger: "Still, it is true that before all the meat is eaten (*i.e.*, before all is done) you may think me both!"—a dark saying which at the time we did not understand.

When we had landed and collected our belongings, Komba told us to follow him, and led us up a wide street that was very tidily kept and bordered on either side by the large huts whereof I have spoken. Each of these huts stood in a fenced garden of its own, a thing I have rarely seen elsewhere in Africa. The result of this arrangement was that although, as a matter of fact, it had but a comparatively small population, the area covered by Rica was very great. The town, by the way, was not surrounded with any wall or other fortification, which showed that the inhabitants feared no attack. The waters of the lake were their defence.

For the rest, the chief characteristic of this strange place was the silence that brooded there. Apparently they kept no dogs, for none barked, and no poultry, for I never heard a cock crow in Pongoland. Cattle and native sheep they had in abundance, but as they did not fear any enemy, these were pastured outside the town, their milk and meat being brought in as required. A considerable number of people were gathered to observe us, not in a crowd, but in little family groups which collected separately at the gates of the gardens.

For the most part, these consisted of a man and one or more wives, finely-formed and handsome women. Sometimes they had children with them, but these were very few; the most I saw with any one family was three, and many seemed to possess none at all. Both the women and the children, like the men, were decently clothed in long white garments, another peculiarity which showed that these natives were no ordinary African savages.

Oh, I can see Rica Town now after all these many years—the wide street swept and garnished, the brown-roofed, white-walled huts in their fertile, irrigated gardens, the tall, silent folk, the smoke from the cooking fires rising straight as a line in the still air, the graceful palms and other tropical trees, and at the head of the street, far away to the north, the rounded, towering shape of the forest-clad mountain that was called the House of the Gods. Often that vision comes back to me in my sleep, or at times in my waking hours, when some heavy odour reminds me of the overpowering scent of the great trumpet-like blooms which hung in profusion upon broad-leaved bushes that were planted in almost every garden.

On we marched till at last we reached a tall line fence that was covered with brilliant scarlet flowers, arriving at its gate just as the last red glow of day faded from the sky and night began to fall. Komba pushed open the gate, revealing a scene that none

of us are likely to forget. The fence enclosed about an acre of ground, of which the back part was occupied by two large huts standing in the usual gardens.

In front of these, not more than fifteen paces from the gate, stood another building of a totally different character. It was about fifty feet in length by thirty broad, and consisted only of a roof supported upon carved pillars of wood, the spaces between the pillars being filled with grass mats or blinds. Most of these blinds were pulled down, but four exactly opposite the gate were open. Inside the shed forty or fifty men, who wore white robes and peculiar caps, and who were engaged in chanting a dreadful melancholy song, were gathered on three sides of a huge fire that burned in a pit in the ground. On the fourth side, that facing the gate, a man stood alone with his arms outstretched and his back towards us.

Of a sudden he heard our footsteps and turned round, springing to the left, so that the light might fall on us. Now we saw by the glow of the great fire that over it was an iron grid not unlike a small bedstead, and that on this grid lay some fearful object. Stephen, who was a little ahead, stared, then exclaimed in a horrified voice—

"My God, it is a woman!"

In another second the blinds fell down, hiding everything, and the singing ceased.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KALUBI'S OATH.

"Be silent!" I whispered, and all understood my tone if they did not catch the words. Then, steadying myself with an effort, for this hideous vision, which might have been a picture from hell, made me feel faint, I glanced at Komba, who was a pace or two in front of us. Evidently he was much disturbed—the motions of his back told me this—by the sense of some terrible mistake that he had made. For a moment he stood still, then wheeled round and asked me if we had seen anything.

"Yes," I answered indifferently, "we saw a number of men gathered round a fire, nothing more."

He tried to search our faces, but luckily the great moon, now almost at her full, was hidden behind a thick cloud, so that he could not read them well. I heard him sigh in relief as he said—

"The Kalubi and the headmen are cooking a sheep, on which it is their custom to feast together on those nights when the moon is about to change. Follow me, white lords."

Then he led us round the end of the long shed, at which we did not even look, and through the garden on its farther side to the two fine huts I have mentioned. Here he clapped his hands, and a woman appeared, I know not whence. To her he whispered something. She went away and presently returned with four or five other women, who carried clay lamps filled with oil, in which floated a wick of palm fibre. These lamps were set down in the huts, that proved to be very clean and comfortable places, furnished after a fashion with wooden stools and a kind of low table of which the legs were carved to the shape of antelope's feet. Also there was a wooden platform at the end of the hut, whereon lay beds covered with mats and stuffed with some soft fibre.

"Here you may rest safe," he said, "for, white lords, are you not the honoured guests of the Pongo people? Presently food"—I shuddered at the word—"will be brought to you, and after you have eaten well, if it is your pleasure, the Kalubi and his councillors will receive you in yonder feast-house, and you can talk with him before you sleep. If you need aught, strike upon that jar with a stick"—and he pointed to what looked like a copper cauldron that stood in the garden of the hut near the place where the women were already lighting a fire—"and some will wait on you. Look, here are your goods—none are missing—and here comes water in which you may wash. Now I must go to make report to the Kalubi." And, with a courteous bow, he departed. So after a while did the silent, handsome women—to fetch our meal, I understood one of them to say—and at length we are alone.

"My aunt!" said Stephen, fanning himself with his pocket-handkerchief. "Did you see that lady toasting? I have often heard of cannibals—those slaves, for instance—but the actual business! Oh, my aunt!"

"It is no use addressing your absent aunt, if you have got one. What did you expect if you would insist on coming to a hell like this?" I asked gloomily.

"Can't say, old fellow. Don't trouble myself much with expectations, as a rule. That's why I and my poor old father never could get on. I always quoted the text 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof' to him, until at length he sent for the family Bible and ruled it out with red ink in a rage. But, I say, do you think that we shall be

called upon to understudy St. Lawrence on that grid ?"

"Certainly I do," I replied, "and, as old Babemba warned you, you can't complain."

"Oh, but I will and I can ! And so will you, won't you, Brother John ?"

Brother John woke up from a reverie and stroked his long beard.

"Since you ask me, Mr. Somers," he said reflectively, "if it were a case of martyrdom for the Faith, like that of the saint to whom you have alluded, I should not object—at any rate, in theory. But I confess that, speaking from a secular point of view, I have the strongest dislike to being cooked and eaten by these very disagreeable savages. Still, I see no reason to suppose that we shall fall victims to their domestic customs."

I, being in a depressed mood, was about to argue to the contrary, when Hans poked his head into the hut and said—

"Dinner coming, Baas, very fine dinner !"

So we went out into the garden, where the tall, impassive ladies were arranging many wooden dishes on the ground. Now, the moon was clear of clouds, and by its brilliant light we examined their contents. Some were cooked meat covered with a kind of sauce that made its nature indistinguishable. As a matter of fact, I believe it was mutton, but who could say ? Others were evidently of a vegetable nature. For instance, there was a whole platter full of roasted mealie cobs and a great boiled pumpkin, to say nothing of some bowls of curdled milk. Regarding this feast, I became aware of a sudden and complete conversion to those principles of vegetarianism which Brother John was always preaching to me.

"I am sure you are quite right," I said to him nervously, "in holding that vegetables are the best diet in a hot climate. At any rate, I have made up my mind to try the experiment for a few days." And, throwing manners to the winds, I grabbed four of the upper mealie cobs and the top of the pumpkin, which I cut off with a knife. Somehow I did not seem to fancy that portion of it which touched the platter, for who knew what those dishes might have contained and how often they were washed ?

Stephen also appeared to have found salvation on this point, for he, too, patronised the mealie cobs and the pumpkin ; so did Mavovo, and so did even that inveterate meat-eater, Hans. Only the simple Jerry tackled the fleshpots of Egypt, or, rather, of Pongoland, with appetite, and declared that they were good. I think that he, being the last of us through the gateway, had not realised what it was which lay upon the grid.

At length we finished our simple meal—when you are very hungry, it takes a long time to fill oneself with squashy pumpkin, which is why I suppose ruminants and other grazing animals always seem to be eating—and washed it down with water in preference to the sticky-looking milk, which we left to the natives.

"Allan," said Brother John to me in a low voice, as we lit our pipes, "that man who stood with his back to us in front of the gridiron was the Kalubi. Against the firelight I saw the gap in his hand where I cut away the finger."

"Well, if we want to get any further, you must cultivate him," I answered. "But the question is, shall we get further than—that grid ? I believe we have been trapped here to be eaten."

Before Brother John could reply, Komba arrived, and, after inquiring whether our appetities had been good, intimated that the Kalubi and headmen were ready to receive us. So off we went, with the exception of Jerry, whom we left to watch our things, taking with us the presents we had prepared.

Komba led us to the feast-house, where the fire in the pit was out, or had been covered over, and the grid and its horrible burden had disappeared. Also now all the mats were rolled up, so that the clear moonlight flowed into and illuminated the place. Seated in a semicircle on wooden stools, with their faces towards the gateway, were the Kalubi, who occupied the centre, and eight councillors, all of them grey-haired men. This Kalubi was a tall, thin individual of middle age, with, I think, the most nervous countenance that I ever saw. His features twitched continually and his hands were never still. The eyes, too, so far as I could see them in that light, were full of terrors.

He rose and bowed, but the councillors remained seated, greeting us with a long-continued and soft clapping of the hands, which, it seemed, was the Pongo method of salute.

We bowed in answer, then seated ourselves on three stools that had been placed for us, Brother John occupying the middle stool. Mavovo and Hans stood behind us, the latter supporting himself with his large bamboo stick. As soon as these preliminaries were over, the Kalubi called upon Komba, whom he addressed in formal language as "You-who-have-passed-the-god" and "You-the-Kalubi-to-be"—I thought I saw him

wince as he said these words—to give an account of his mission and of how it came about that they had the honour of seeing the white lords there.

Komba obeyed. After addressing the Kalubi with every possible title of honour, such as "Absolute monarch," "Master whose feet I kiss," "He whose eyes are fire, and whose tongue is a sword," "He at whose nod people die," "Lord of the sacrifice, first taster of the sacred meat," "Beloved of the gods"—here the Kalubi shrank as though he had been pricked with a spear—"Second to none on earth save the Motombo, the most holy, the most ancient, who comes from heaven and speaks with the voice of heaven," etc., etc., he gave a clear but brief account of all that had happened in the course of his mission to Beza Town.

Especially did he narrate how, in obedience to a message which he had received from the Motombo, he had invited the white lords to Pongoland, and even accepted them as envoys from the Mazitu when none would respond to King Bausi's invitation to fill that office. Only he had stipulated that they should bring with them none of their magic weapons which vomited out smoke and death, as the Motombo had commanded. At this information the expressive countenance of the Kalubi once more betrayed mental disturbance, that I think Komba noted as much as we did. However, he said nothing, and, after a pause, Komba went on to explain that no such weapons had been brought, since, not satisfied with our word that this was so, he and his companions had searched our baggage before we left Mazituland.

Therefore, he added, there was no cause to fear that we should bring about the fulfilment of the old prophecy that, when a gun was fired among the Pongo, the gods would desert the land and the people cease to be a people.

Having finished his speech, he sat down in a humble place behind us. Then the Kalubi, after formally accepting us as ambassadors from Bausi, King of the Mazitu, discoursed at length upon the advantages which would result to both peoples from a lasting peace between them. Finally he propounded the articles of such a peace. These, it was clear, had been carefully prepared, but to set them out would be useless, since they never came to anything, and I doubt whether it was intended that they should. Suffice it to say that they provided for intermarrriage, free trade between the countries, blood-brotherhood, and other things that I have forgotten, all of which was to be ratified by Bausi taking a daughter of the Kalubi to wife, and the Kalubi taking a daughter of Bausi.

We listened in silence, and when he had finished, after a pretended consultation between us, I spoke as the Mouth of Brother John, who, I explained, was too grand a person to talk himself, saying that the proposals seemed fair and reasonable, and that we should be happy to submit them to Bausi and his council on our return.

The Kalubi expressed great satisfaction at this statement, but remarked incidentally that, first of all, the whole matter must be laid before the Motombo for his opinion, without which no State transaction had legal weight among the Pongo. He added that, with our approval, he proposed that we should visit his Holiness on the morrow, starting when the sun was three hours old, as he lived at a distance of a day's journey from Rica. After further consultation, we replied that although we had little time to spare, as we understood that the Motombo was old and could not visit us, we, the white lords, would stretch a point and call on him. Meanwhile we were tired and wished to go to bed. Then we presented our gifts, which were gracefully accepted with an intimation that return presents would be made to us before we left Pongoland.

After this the Kalubi took a little stick and broke it, to intimate that the conference was at an end, and, having bade him and his councillors "Good night," we retired to our huts.

I should add, because it has a bearing on subsequent events, that on this occasion we were escorted, not by Komba, but by two of the councillors. Komba, as I noted for the first time when we rose to say good-bye, was no longer present at the council. When he left it I cannot say, since it will be remembered that his seat was behind us in the shadow, and none of us saw him go.

* * * * *

"What do you make of all that?" I asked the others, when the door was shut.

Brother John merely shook his head and said nothing, for in those days he seemed to be living in a kind of dreamland.

Stephen answered: "Bosh! Tommy rot! All my eye and my elbow! Those man-eating Johnnies have some game up their wide sleeves, and, whatever it may be, it isn't peace with the Mazitu."

"I agree," I said. "If the real object were peace, they would have haggled more,

stood out for better terms, or hostages, or something. Also they would have got the consent of this Motombo beforehand. Clearly he is the master of the situation, not the Kalubi, who is only his tool. If business were meant, he should have spoken first, always supposing that he exists and isn't a myth. However, if we live, we shall learn, and if we don't, it doesn't matter, though, personally, I think we should be wise to leave the Motombo alone and to clear out to Mazituland by the first canoe to-morrow morning."

"I intend to visit this Motombo," broke in Brother John with decision.

"Ditto, ditto," exclaimed Stephen, "but it's no use arguing that all over again."

"No," I replied with irritation. "It is, as you remark, of no use arguing with lunatics. So let's go to bed and, as it will probably be our last, have a good night's sleep."

"Hear, hear!" said Stephen, taking off his coat and placing it doubled up on the bed to serve as a pillow. "I say," he added, "stand clear a minute while I shake this blanket. It's covered with bits of something." And he suited the action to the word.

"Bits of something?" I said suspiciously. "Why didn't you wait a minute to let me see them. I didn't notice any bits before."

"Rats running about the roof, I expect," said Stephen carelessly.

Not being satisfied, I began to examine the roof and the clay walls—which I forgot to mention were painted over in a kind of pattern with whorls in it—by the feeble light of the primitive lamps. While I was thus engaged, there was a knock on the door. Forgetting all about the dust, I opened it, and Hans appeared.

"One of these man-eating devils wants to speak to you, Baas. Mavovo keeps him without."

"Let him in," I answered, since in this place fearlessness seemed our best game, "but watch well while he is with us."

Hans whispered a word over his shoulder, and next moment a tall man wrapped from head to foot in white cloth, so that he looked like a ghost, came or, rather, shot into the hut and closed the door behind him.

"Who are you?" I asked.

By way of answer he lifted or unwrapped the cloth from about his face, and I saw that the Kalubi himself stood before us.

"I wish to speak alone with the white lord Dogeetah," he said in a hoarse voice, "and it must be now, since afterwards it will be impossible."

Brother John rose and looked at him.

"How are you, Kalubi, my friend?" he asked. "I see that your wound has healed well."

"Yes, yes, but I would speak with you alone."

"Not so," replied Brother John. "If you have anything to say, you must say it to all of us, or leave it unsaid, since these lords and I are one, and that which I hear, they hear."

"Can I trust them?" muttered the Kalubi.

"As you can trust me. Therefore speak, or go. Yet, first, can we be overheard in this hut?"

"No, Dogeetah. The walls are thick. There is no one on the roof, for I have looked all round, and if any strove to climb there, we should hear. Also your men who watch the door would see him. None can hear us save, perhaps, the gods."

"Then we will risk the gods, Kalubi. Go on; my brothers know your story."

"My lords," he began, rolling his eyes about him like a hunted creature, "I am in a terrible pass. Once since I saw you, Dogeetah, I should have visited the White God that dwells in the forest on the mountain yonder, to scatter the sacred seed. But I feigned to be sick, and Komba, the Kalubi-to-be, 'who has passed the god,' went in my place and returned unharmed. Now, to-morrow, the night of the full moon, as Kalubi, I must visit the god again and once more scatter the seed, and, Dogeetah, he will kill me, whom he has once bitten. He will certainly kill me unless I can kill him. Then Komba will rule as Kalubi in my stead, and he will kill you in a way you can guess, by the 'Hot Death,' as a sacrifice to the gods, that the women of the Pongo may once more become the mothers of many children. Yes, yes, unless we can kill the god who dwells in the forest, we all must die!" And he paused, trembling, while the sweat dropped from him to the floor.

"That's pleasant," said Brother John; "but supposing that we kill the god, how would that help us or you to escape from the Motombo and these murdering people of yours? Surely they would slay us for the sacrilege."

"Not so, Dogeetah. If the god dies, the Motombo dies. It is known from of old, and therefore the Motombo watches over the god as a mother over her child. Then, until

a new god is found, the Mother of the Holy Flower rules, she who is merciful and will harm none, and I rule under her and will certainly put my enemies to death, especially that wizard Komba."

Here I thought I heard a faint sound in the air, like the hiss of a snake, but, as it was not repeated and I could see nothing, concluded that I was mistaken.

"Moreover," he went on, "I will load you with gold dust and any gifts you may desire, and set you safe across the water among your friends, the Mazitu."

"Look here," I broke in, "let us understand matters clearly, and, John, do you translate to Stephen. Now, friend Kalubi, first of all, who and what is this god you talk of?"

"Lord Macumazana, he is a huge ape, white with age, or born white, I know not which. He is twice as big as any man, and stronger than twenty men, whom he can break in his hands as I break a reed, or whose heads he can bite off in his mouth, as he bit off my finger for a warning. For that is how he treats the Kalubis when he wearies of them. First he bites off a finger, then he lets them go, and next he breaks them like a reed, as also he breaks those who are doomed to sacrifice before the fire."

"Ah," I said, "a great ape! I thought as much. Well, and how long has this brute been a god among you?"

"I do not know how long. From the beginning. He was always there, as the Motombo was always there, for they are one."

"That's a lie, anyway," I said in English, then went on, "And who is this Mother of the Holy Flower? Is she also always there, and does she live in the same place as the ape god?"

"Not so, lord Macumazana. She dies like other mortals, and is succeeded by one who takes her place. Thus the present Mother is a white woman of your race, now of middle age. When she dies, she will be succeeded by her daughter, who also is a white woman and very beautiful. After she dies, another who is white will be found, perhaps one who is of black parents, but born white."

"How old is this daughter," interrupted Brother John in a curiously intent voice, "and who is her father?"

"The daughter was born over twenty years ago, Dogeetah, after the Mother of the Flower was captured and brought here. She says that the father was a white man to whom she was married, but who is dead."

Brother John's head dropped upon his chest, and his eyes shut as though he had gone to sleep.

"As for where the Mother lives," went on the Kalubi, "it is on the island in the lake at the top of the mountain that is surrounded by water. She has nothing to do with the White God, but those women who serve her go across the lake at times to tend the fields where grows the seed that the Kalubi sows, of which the corn is the White God's food."

"Good!" I said. "Now we understand—not much, but a little. Tell us next what is your plan? How are we to come into the place where this great ape lives? And, if we come there, how are we to kill the beast, seeing that your successor, Komba, was careful to prevent us from bringing our firearms to your land?"

"Aye, lord Macumazana, may the teeth of the god meet in his brain for that trick! Yes, may he die as I know how to make him die! That prophecy of which he told you is no prophecy from of old. It arose in the land within the last moon only, though whether it came from Komba or from the Motombo, I know not. None, save myself, or, at least, very few here, had heard of the iron tubes that throw out death, so how should there be a prophecy concerning them?"

"I am sure I don't know, Kalubi, but answer the rest of the question."

"As to your coming to the forest—for the White God lives in a forest on the slopes of the mountain, lords—that will be easy, since the Motombo and the people will believe that I am trapping you there to be a sacrifice, such as they desire for sundry reasons." And he looked at the plump Stephen in a very suggestive way. "As to how you are to kill the god without your tubes of iron, that I do not know. But you are very brave and great magicians. Surely you can find a way."

Here Brother John seemed to wake up again.

"Yes," he said, "we shall find a way. Have no fear of that, O Kalubi. We are not afraid of the big ape whom you call a god. Yet it must be at a price. We will not kill this beast and try to save your life, save at a price."

"What price?" asked the Kalubi nervously. "There are wives and cattle—no, you do not want the wives, and the cattle cannot be taken across the lake. There are

gold dust and ivory. I have already promised these, and there is nothing more that I can give."

"The price is, O Kalubi, that you hand over to us, to be taken away, the white woman who is called Mother of the Holy Flower, with her daughter——"

"And," interrupted Stephen, to whom I had been interpreting, "the Holy Flower itself, all of it, dug up by the roots."

When he heard these modest requests, the poor Kalubi became like one upon the verge of madness.

"Do you understand," he gasped, "do you understand that you are asking for the gods of my country?"

"Quite," replied Brother John with calmness; "for the gods of your country—nothing more nor less."

The Kalubi made as though he would fly from the hut, but I caught him by the arm and said—

"See, friend, things are thus. You ask us, at great danger to ourselves, to kill one of the gods of your country, the highest of them, in order to save your life. Well, in payment, we ask you to make us a present of the remaining gods of your country, and to see us and them safe across the lake. Do you accept or refuse?"

"I refuse," answered the Kalubi sullenly. "To accept would mean the last curse upon my spirit; that is too horrible to tell."

"And to refuse means the first curse upon your body—namely, that in a few hours it must be broken and chewed by a great monkey which you call a god. Yes, broken and chewed, and afterwards, I think, cooked and eaten as a sacrifice. Is it not so?"

The Kalubi nodded his head and groaned.

"Yet," I went on, "for our part, we are glad that you have refused, since now we shall be rid of a troublesome and dangerous business and return in safety to Mazitu-land."

"How will you return in safety, O lord Macumazana, you who are doomed to the 'Hot Death' if you escape the fangs of the god?"

"Very easily, O Kalubi, by telling Komba, the Kalubi-to-be, of your plots against this god of yours, and how we have refused to listen to your wickedness. In fact, I think this may be done at once while you are here with us, O Kalubi, where, perhaps, you do not expect to be found. I will go and strike upon the pot without the door; doubtless, though it is late, some will hear. Nay, man, stand you still; we have knives, and our servants have spears." And I made as though to pass him.

Then the poor creature flung himself down at my feet.

"Lord," he said, "I will give you the Mother of the Holy Flower and her daughter; aye, and the Holy Flower itself, dug up by the roots, and I swear that, if I can, I will set you and them safe across the lake, only asking that I may come with you, since here I dare not stay. Yet the curse will come, too, but, if so, it is better to die of the curse in a day to be than to-morrow at the fangs of the god. Oh, why was I born? Why was I born?" And he began to weep.

"That is a question many have asked and none have been able to answer, O friend Kalubi, though, mayhap, there is an answer somewhere," I replied in a kind voice.

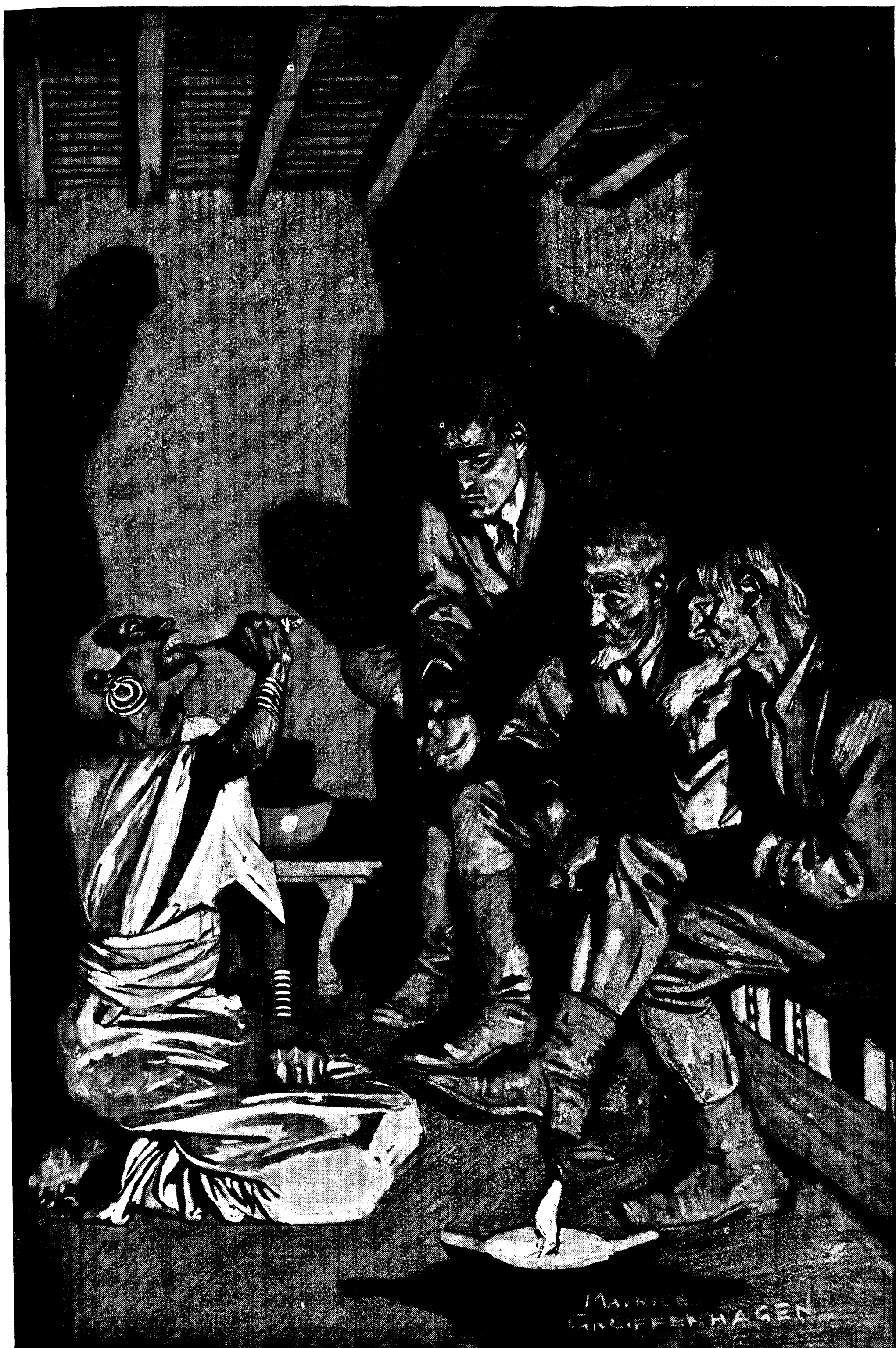
For my heart was stirred with pity of this poor wretch, mazed and lost in his hell of superstition, this potentate who could not escape from the trappings of a hateful power, save by the door of a death too horrible to contemplate; this priest whose doom it was to be slain by the very hands of his god, as those who went before him had been slain, and as those who came after him would be slain.

"Yet," I went on, "I think you have chosen wisely, and we hold you to your word. While you are faithful to us, we will say nothing. But of this be sure—that if you attempt to betray us, we, who are not so helpless as we seem, will betray you, and it shall be you who die, not us. Is it a bargain?"

"It is a bargain, white lord, though blame me not if things go wrong, since the gods know all, and they are devils who delight in human woe and mock at bargains, and torment those who would injure them. Yet, come what will, I swear to keep faith with you thus, by the oath that may not be broken." And, drawing a knife from his girdle, he thrust out the tip of his tongue and pricked it. From the puncture a drop of blood fell to the floor.

"If I break my oath," he said, "may my flesh grow cold as that blood grows cold, and may it rot as that blood rots! Aye, and may my spirit waste and be lost in the world of ghosts, as that blood wastes into the air and is lost in the dust of the world!"

It was a horrible scene, and one that impressed me very much, especially as even then there fell upon me a conviction that this unfortunate man was doomed, that a



"Drawing a knife from his girdle, he thrust out the tip of his tongue and pricked it."

fate from which he could not escape was upon him.

We said nothing, and in another moment he had thrown his white wrappings over his face and slipped through the door.

"I am afraid we are playing it rather low down on that jumpy old boy," said Stephen remorsefully.

"The white woman—the white woman and her daughter!" muttered Brother John.

"Yes," reflected Stephen aloud. "One is justified in doing anything to get two white women out of this hell, if they exist. So one may as well have the orchid also, for they'd be lonely without it, poor things, wouldn't they? Glad I thought of that; it's soothing to the conscience."

"I hope you'll find it so when we are all on that iron grid, which I noticed is wide enough for three," I remarked sarcastically. "Now be quiet; I want to go to sleep."

I am sorry to have to add that, for the most of that night, "want" remained my master. But if I couldn't sleep, I could, or, rather, was obliged, to think, and I thought very hard indeed.

First I reflected on the Pongo and their gods. What were these and why did they worship them? Soon I gave it up, remembering that the problem was one which applied equally to dozens of the dark religions of this vast African continent, to which none could give an answer, and least of all their votaries. That answer, indeed, must be sought in the horrible fears of the unenlightened human heart, which sees death and terror and evil around it everywhere, and, in this grotesque form or in that, personifies them in gods or, rather, in devils who must be propitiated. For always the fetish or the beast, or whatever it may be, is not the real object of worship. It is only the thing or creature which is inhabited by the spirit of the god or devil, the temple, as it were, that furnishes it with a home, which temple is therefore holy. And these spirits are diverse, representing sundry attributes or qualities.

Thus the great ape might be Satan, a prince of evil and blood. The Holy Flower might symbolise fertility and the growth of the food of man from the bosom of the earth. The Mother of the Flower might represent mercy and goodness, for which reason it was necessary that she should be white in colour, and dwell, not in the shadowed forest, but on a soaring mountain, a figure of light, in short, as opposed to darkness. Or she might be a kind of African Ceres, a goddess of the corn and harvest which were symbolised in the beauteous bloom she tended. Who could tell? Not I, either then or afterwards, for I never found out.

As for the Pongo themselves, their case was obvious. They were a dying tribe, the last descendants of some higher race, grown barren from intermarriage. Probably, too, they were at first only cannibals occasionally and from religious reasons. Then, in some time of dearth, they became very religious in that respect, and the habit overpowered them. Among cannibals—at any rate, in Africa, as I knew—this dreadful food is much preferred to any other meat. I had not the slightest doubt that although the Kalubi himself had brought us here in the wild hope that we might save him from a terrible death at the hands of the Beelzebub he served, Komba and the councillors, inspired thereto by the prophet called Motombo, designed that we should be murdered and eaten as an offering to the gods. How we were to escape this fate, being unarmed, I could not imagine, unless some special protection were vouchsafed to us. Meanwhile, we must go on to the end, whatever it might be.

Brother John, or, to give him his right name, the Reverend John Eversley, was convinced that the white woman imprisoned in the mountain was none other than the lost wife for whom he had searched for twenty weary years, and that the second white woman of whom we had heard that night was, strange as it might seem, her daugher and his own. Perhaps he was right and perhaps he was wrong. But even in the latter case, if two white persons were really languishing in this dreadful land, our path was clear. We must go on in faith until we saved them or until we died.

> Our life is granted, not in Pleasure's round,
> Or even Love's sweet dream, to lapse, content:
> Duty and Faith are words of solemn sound,
> And to their echoes must the soul be bent,

as someone or other once wrote, very nobly, I think. Well, there was but little of "Pleasure's round" about the present entertainment, and any hope of "Love's sweet dream" seemed to be limited to Brother John. (Here I was quite mistaken, as I so often am.) Probably the "echoes" would be my share; indeed, already I seemed to hear their ominous thunder.

At last I did go to sleep, and dreamed a very curious dream. It seemed to me that I was disembodied, although I retained all my powers of thought and observation—in fact, dead and yet alive. In this state I hovered over the people of the Pongo, who were gathered

together on a great plain under an inky sky. They were going about their business, as usual, and very unpleasant business it often was. Some of them were worshipping a dim form that I knew was the Devil; some were committing murders; some were feasting—at that on which they feasted I would not look—some were labouring or engaged in barter; some were thinking. But I, who had the power of looking into them, saw within the breast of each a tiny likeness of the man or woman or child, as it might be, humbly bent upon its knees with hands together in an attitude of prayer, and with imploring, tear-stained face looking upwards to the black heaven.

Then in that heaven there appeared a single star of light, and from this star flowed lines of gentle fire that spread and widened till all the immense arc was one flame of glory. And now from the pulsing heart of the Glory, which somehow reminded me of moving lips, fell countless flakes of snow, each of which followed an appointed path till it lit upon the forehead of one of the tiny imploring figures hidden within those savage breasts, and made it white and clean.

Then the Glory shrank and faded till there remained of it only the similitude of two transparent hands stretched out as though in blessing, and I woke up wondering how on earth I found the fancy to invent such a vision, and whether it meant anything or nothing.

Afterwards I repeated it to Brother John, who was a very spiritually-minded as well as a good man—the two things are often quite different—and asked him to be kind enough to explain. At the time he shook his head, but some days later he said to me—

"I think I have read your riddle, Allan; the answer came to me quite of a sudden. In all those sin-stained hearts there is a seed of good and an aspiration towards the right. For every one of them also there is at last mercy and forgiveness, since how could they learn who never had a teacher? Your dream, Allan, was one of the ultimate redemption of even the most evil of mankind, by gift of the Grace that shall one day glow through the blackness of the night in which they wander."

That is what he said, and I only hope that he was right, since at present there is something very wrong with the world, especially in Africa.

Also we blame the blind savage for many things, but, on the balance, are we so much better, considering our lights and opportunities? Oh, the truth is that the Devil—a very convenient word that—is a good fisherman. He has a large book full of flies of different sizes and colours, and well he knows how to suit them to each particular fish. But, white or black, every fish takes one fly or the other, and then comes the question: Is the fish that has swallowed the big gaudy lure so much worse or more foolish than that which has fallen to the delicate white moth with the same sharp barb in its tail?

In short, are we not all miserable sinners, as the Prayer Book says, and in the eye of any judge who can average up the elemental differences of those waters wherein we were bred and are called upon to swim, is there so much to choose between us? Do we not all need those outstretched hands of mercy which I saw in my dream?

But there, there! What right has a poor old hunter to discuss things that are too high for him?

(*To be continued.*)

MISS MARSDEN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

By M. M. OYLER

Illustrated by Howard Somerville

ARNES had just brought up the letters.

"I wonder what it is?" said Miss Marsden speculatively. "It must be a birthday present, don't you think?"

"It certainly looks like it," I agreed.

"But it feels so funny," she went on, turning it over as she spoke—"awfully soft and squashy. I can't imagine what it is, can you?"

"Not in the least."

"I wonder—— Do you think it could be—— No, I don't think it is. What *do* you think it can be?" she asked.

"I should, perhaps, have more idea if you were to open it," I suggested.

Miss Marsden surveyed the parcel with a puzzled expression. "It's too big for handkerchiefs," she asserted, "and not big enough for the fur coat Aunt Theodora promised me. I can't *think* what it can be."

"What about a hat?" I suggested feebly, as some remark seemed expected of me, and I had no ideas. "I should quite think that it might be a hat."

A look of contempt overspread her charming features.

"A hat!" she said disdainfully. "A hat! Did you really think a hat could possibly come in a parcel of that description, or were you simply making a bad joke?"

"It was not intended for a joke," I answered with dignity. "And why it shouldn't be a hat, I am at a loss to understand. Hats must have to go in parcels sometimes, I know, to get from the shops to people's houses. If they didn't, I should have met them in the streets before now, and very often in this particular street, judging by the amount of new hats you appear in," I added nastily.

Miss Marsden was fidgeting with the string.

"I don't recognise the writing," she said, "and the postmark is a London one. I can't think whom it is from."

"Supposing you open it," I said, "and settle the question once and for ever. Here's my knife to cut the string with." And I held it out to her.

She surveyed it with a little shudder.

"I shouldn't dream of cutting string," she said. "Don't you know it's awfully unlucky to cut string? Something horrid would be sure to happen, if I did. I shouldn't like my present, probably."

"But you don't even know that it is a present yet," I said, and I replaced my knife in my pocket and watched her efforts to undo a particularly obstinate-looking knot.

"It's very stiff," she sighed.

"It appears to be," I agreed, taking out a cigarette. "May I smoke?"

"Do," she replied, but there was no enthusiasm in her voice.

I walked over to the window and looked out. It was a dull, grey winter's afternoon, without a ray of brightness to relieve the monotony. Few people were about, and those who were seemed all to be garbed in greys and drabs.

"I think I shall leave this knot and try the one on the other side," came Miss Marsden's voice. "It looks easier."

"Then I should certainly try it," I agreed cheerily. A girl in a red dress and pretty hat had turned the corner, and was coming down the street. She looked a pretty girl, and made a charming splash of colour on that dull afternoon. I watched her as she came nearer. She was certainly uncommonly pretty.

"I can't do this one, either," said Miss Marsden.

"Why not leave it, then?" I asked absently. The girl had stopped at the house opposite, and was whistling for her dog.

"As if I should do *that!*"—with great scorn. "I want to know what is inside. What are you looking at so intently, Martin? You seem to have found something very interesting out there"—coming over to the window as she spoke.

"There's an awfully pretty girl just going into the house opposite," I replied. "Who is she? Do you know?"

"Oh, that is Irene Fellows," she said carelessly. "But you surely don't call *her* pretty. It's only because you saw her in the distance that she looked pretty. I call her positively plain, and she's got a horrid temper, too," she added.

"She looked nice," I said obstinately.

"Well, she isn't," said Miss Marsden conclusively, and went back to her parcel.

The girl in the house opposite had come to the window of what was obviously the drawing-room, and was reading a letter.

"I can't undo either of these horrid knots," came a plaintive voice, "and I *do* want my parcel undone."

I made no answer. The girl was still apparently absorbed in her letter.

"Don't you think," came a pleading voice at my elbow, "that it is rather selfish of you to leave me to undo these horrible, difficult knots alone, while you amuse yourself looking out of the window at other girls who, I dare say, *are* much prettier than I am? And I've bent back one of my thumb-nails, and it does hurt so!"—with a little catch in her voice.

I melted at once.

"Poor little soul!" I said sympathetically. "Does it hurt much? Here, where's the parcel? Let's get it undone and see what's in it. You light the gas, and I'll pull down the blinds and shut out this beastly dark afternoon—also the girl in red," I mentally added.

It was manifestly impossible to undo the knots of the parcel—they were plainly never intended to be untied—it was equally impossible to slip the string off.

"'You *can't* mean that *you* made that shawl for me?'"

"I'm afraid it will have to be cut, after all," sighed Miss Marsden. "I dare say it won't bring bad luck this time; it doesn't always." So we cut the string and opened the parcel.

"What on earth is it?" she asked.

"It looks like a shawl," I replied.

"It's too small for a shawl," she objected. "Oh, now I see what it is! It's one of those terrible woollen things that ladies in the suburbs wear over their heads when they go out in the evening. What an appalling arrangement!"

"It looks nice and warm," I said lamely.

"Warm!" she scoffed. "As if one wants a great thick thing like this over one's head in the evening! I can't imagine who can have sent it."

"Isn't there a card or something inside?"

She picked up the wrappings and examined them carefully, also the shawl.

"Not a word," she said. "I wonder if it's a joke?"

"Why a joke?" I asked. "I call it a nice sensible sort of a present, much more useful than those sort of gauzy scarves people wear in the evening; there can't be any warmth in them, I know."

"But I tell you they aren't supposed to be warm," she insisted. "And what an appalling colour! Did you ever see such a colour?"

I hesitated. "To be quite truthful," I replied, "I rather like the colour; it's what I call cheerful."

"It's certainly loud and staring, if that's what you mean by 'cheerful,'" she retorted.

"Anyhow, it was very kind of the unknown person to send it to you. I expect whoever chose it thought it was nice," I went on.

"I expect so," she agreed, examining it as she spoke. "And it's done by hand, too. What terrible waste of time!"

"Why waste of time?"

"To waste hours and hours on a thing that is absolutely useless. I *wish* I knew who sent it."

"I should think it's a good thing he or she was not present when it was unpacked. I don't think they would have been much gratified," I remarked.

"You sound almost huffy about it, as if you knew who sent it," she said suspiciously.

"Perhaps I can guess," I hinted darkly.

"Of course it was a woman; a man couldn't have made it," she asserted.

"I don't know about that," I said; "a lot of men knit."

"Not the men I know," she said.

"One man you know does," I argued.

"Whom do you mean?" she demanded.

"I am not prepared to say whom I mean, but I know he does, and finds it confoundedly difficult, too," I added warmly.

"You seem to know a good deal about it," she said.

"I do—more than you think," I said. "Well, good-bye; I really must be off."

An idea seemed to strike her suddenly, and she jumped up.

"Martin," she cried, as I reached the door, "you don't mean to say—you *can't* mean that *you* made that shawl for me?"

I nodded gravely.

"Then what an utter wretch—what an ungrateful *pig* you must think me! Of course, I didn't really mean what I said about it. Of course, I was only in fun. I think honestly that it is very, very pretty."

"For ladies living in the suburbs," I agreed.

"And others, too," she protested warmly. "And I love pink."

"When it is not loud and staring."

"And it will be beautifully warm."

"Only that you don't want anything warm over your head in the evening," I reminded her.

"But it's so beautifully done," she almost wailed. "It must have taken you ages and ages to do."

"Utter waste of time," I said brutally, "to spend it in making such a hideous arrangement." And I opened the door.

"But, Martin," she pleaded, "don't go like that. I didn't mean it a bit. Oh, *please*, don't be cross!"

"I am not in the least cross," I assured her sadly. "Why should I be?"

"Well, if you're not cross, you are hurt," she said, "and I'm sure I'm not surprised. What a little beast I've been!"

"You have, rather," I agreed, "because, after all, it is the thought, not the gift, that matters."

"Of course it is. I quite realise that. In fact, I shall simply *love* that shawl! I did rather like it all the time."

"One would never have guessed it," I said briefly.

"But I did—I really and truly did," she protested.

"And shall you wear it?" I asked.

"Of course I shall."

"Promise!"

"Promise!"—with great solemnity.

We were back on the hearthrug by now.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to a little white card which had partly slipped under the edge of the fender. Miss Marsden pounced on it, picked it up, and read aloud: "To dear Miss Marcia, with old Nurse's love and birthday wishes."

"It must have dropped out of the shawl," I said.

"Then you didn't—— Oh, Martin, how could you pre——" began Miss Marsden, but by that time I had shut the door and was part of the way downstairs.

MILOR

By W. L. GEORGE

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

HEN, some years later, Thomas Kavanagh was asked by a friend why he did it, he replied, "I don't know," and spoke truthfully enough. He had never intended to do such a thing—never thought of it even. We must therefore put it down to a blind instinct. One fine Friday, Thomas Kavanagh, aged about thirty, neither good-looking nor ill-favoured, a trusted servant of Labonde & Co., wine importers, landed at Dieppe to look for a hotel where he might spend a happy fortnight. As he walked down the Grande Rue, through the throng of young Englishmen and women and of French folk dressed in aggressively British clothes, avoided motor-cars, listened to the gay cries of the street-merchants, he was overwhelmed by the lightness, the irresponsibilty of the town; he felt younger even than his thirty years, exuberant, ready for any adventure.

The adventure came swiftly. The man who was carrying his trunk turned into one of the little streets which unite the Grande Rue and the sea, arrived in front of a large white-faced hotel called the Kamchatka. It was a pleasant-looking place, with red-and-white blinds and green window-boxes. Besides, it advertised a three franc lunch and a four franc dinner. Kavanagh made up his mind on the spot.

"Stop!" he cried.

Within five minutes he had been shown a delightful room overlooking the sea—one of those rooms whose wall-paper of white and roses is always young. He looked out over the green water, the broad, grassy front all bathed in brilliant French sunshine; his spirits rose higher still than their early maximum. Then there was a knock at the door. "Monsieur will kindly write his name," said a waiter, holding out the large book inflicted by the law on French hotels.

And then the thing happened. Kavanagh took up the pencil, gaily surveyed the names of the earlier arrivals—the Browns, the Duponts, the Comtesse de Baldaquin—then entered, not the modest "T. Kavanagh," but two flamboyant words, "Lord Kearsney." The waiter had bowed, vanished, descended to the office before Kavanagh, who smiled broadly as he played his practical joke, realised that the sudden impulse might have placed him in an uncomfortable position. Of course, nobody knew him, and, by great good fortune, his mad idea had led him to choose a title beginning with his own initial; also his trunk was marked, not "T. K.," but merely "K." Still, he was by now a real live English lord, known to the amazed staff as such. Within five minutes it would be all over the hotel, within a day all over the town. Kavanagh sat down on the edge of the bed, a little worried, for he had pitched on a real title. Lord Kearsney had recently drawn attention to his name by reappearing from a small shop in the suburbs of Johannesburg, where he had eked out a poor living behind the counter, until his haughty and resentful uncle died. He had been mentioned and biographed in a good many papers—Kavanagh wondered with horror whether he had been photographed. On second thoughts it struck him that he had seen no portrait of him; probably there had been none, for the young peer had been but recently discovered, and, by the time he reached England, would no longer be sensational enough to photograph. So Kavanagh laughed and sighed, swearing to play the part, and rang his bell for the piece of soap which is never by any chance found on the French hotel washstand.

"*Oui*, Milor," said the exceedingly trim maid.

Yes, it had happened. Now he knew what

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it felt like. It was faintly agreeable, if a little disturbing.

II.

It remained agreeable, but became much more disturbing in the course of four hours. At the Kamchatka separate tables are the rule, and Kavanagh, on entering the dining-room, found that he was not allowed to slink into an unobtrusive corner. The manager, head-waiter, and two subordinates made a simultaneous dive for him, headed him off from the desired corner, and, surrounding him as if with a guard of honour, deposited him at the central table. He was the set piece, and already the guests of the Kamchatka were gloating over him. The Browns, five in number, watched every mouthful he swallowed with so amazed an air that it was clear they thought lords lived on some special food—nectar, perhaps, or nuts. A little further, M. Dupont, an exceedingly red Frenchman, with a thick black moustache, eyed him ferociously, while talking excitedly to his dark-faced, white-bloused wife; he was clearly animated by memories of Waterloo. Indeed, there were no eyes for anybody but the unfortunate Kavanagh. It made him so nervous that his table manners forsook him; he dropped his fork, and there was a general shudder of surprise. The head waiter leaned over him, solemn as an ancestral butler.

"Champagne, Milor," he whispered, in a tone of command rather than interrogation.

Kavanagh looked at him with horror, then realised that everybody was listening for the order. Crushed by public opinion, he waved a feeble hand and nodded in assent.

"Garsong," said Mr. Brown in a loud tone, "a bottle of Mumm."

Within two minutes three orders for Clicquot and Perrier-Jouet were placed; M. Dupont demanded sparkling Burgundy with an air of defiance. Kavanagh had set the fashion. The unfortunate young man hurried through his meal and, by deftly refusing dessert, managed to escape the other guests. He left the dining-room of the Kamchatka as slowly as he could, assuming a great air of aloofness. By keeping his head well in the air, he succeeded in giving an impression of fine aristocratic detachment, but it was unfortunate that in so doing he collided with a tall palm tree near the door. The head waiter pursued him into the hall and forced upon him an expensive Cabanas; he had the greatest difficulty in preventing the porter from procuring a fly to drive him the four hundred yards which separated the Kamchatka from the Casino.

If it had not been for a trifling but agreeable fact, Kavanagh would have had a very miserable time during the next two days. He had guessed rightly that within twenty-four hours Dieppe would know that it harboured a real English lord; as soon as Dieppe knew, Dieppe became unmanageable. It is not that lords never go to Dieppe; many pass through on the way to Paris—such lords, at least, as are good sailors—but they do not, as a rule, stay there. That a peer should break his journey at Dieppe was an important event, and the three local papers recorded it in heavy type. Kavanagh became a celebrity; he was given a bathing-machine while hundreds waited their turn; the croupier in the "little horses" room signed him to a special seat. Unfortunately, the bathing man subsequently brought him a form of subscription to the Boatmen's Widows' Relief Fund, decorated with imposing names and still more imposing amounts, while the evening in the "little horses" room proved so disastrous an affair that Kavanagh had cause to reflect on the wickedness of gambling. Both in and out of the hotel the pseudo-nobleman was mobbed. After the first morning he decided to have breakfast in his bedroom so as to avoid universal bows and bobs and smiles. In the Casino he was accosted by a half-pay English Colonel who wished to show him the sights, and talked at great length of Johannesburg.

"By Jove, m'lord," said the Colonel, "that's a town for you! When I was there, in '81, Majuba, you know——"

"Yes, yes," said Kavanagh, who had a vague idea that there was no Johannesburg in '81.

"Staying at the Ritz, yes—oh, yes, great place; I go to friends in Parktown when I'm over there. You know Parktown, of course, m'lord?"

"Yes, yes," said Kavanagh, who thought the Colonel had said "friends called Parktown."

It took twenty minutes to shake off the Colonel, during which Kavanagh told more lies than he used in an average year, and committed himself to geographical statements which would have led to exposure if the untruthful Colonel had ever set foot in the Golden City. Fortunately he hadn't. Kavanagh escaped him only to be captured by the Comtesse de Baldaquin, who had

been walking up and down while he talked to the Colonel, bowing like clockwork. He was introduced to her daughters and to her poodle, begged to be at that evening's dance at the Casino, asked whether he could take the noble daughters to bathe.

"We aristocrats," said the Comtesse, "cannot mix with everybody." It was then, and very rudely, that Kavanagh suddenly left her, for his attention had been drawn to a recent arrival at the Hotel Kamchatka. It was an English family comprising three persons, all answering to the name of Bunce. Mr. Bunce was a tall and very stout man, bald, blue-eyed, and choleric; he was known to fame as "Bunce's Bullseyes," and to Clapham, where he lived in a large detached house, as a very comfortable citizen. With him was Mrs. Bunce, a faded lady dressed in tablecloths—or, perhaps, curtains—who might have been pretty round about 1890. Lastly, there was Miss Enid Bunce. It is enough to say that Miss Bunce was the trifling but agreeable fact which was making such a difference in the hunted life of the miserable impostor; but for her he would already have fled the town. It was not, however, easy to fly after having looked a while into the very blue eyes of Enid Bunce, still less easy after having, as had Kavanagh, observed that her hair was of that fine gold colour which so beautifully skirts red; that every one of her serious features was perfect, small nose, red pouting lips; that she stood erect and slim when, the sea-breeze proving strong, she leant gracefully towards it. Kavanagh had to speak to Miss Bunce; indeed, she and, incidentally, her parents were the only persons whom it did not trouble him to talk with, even though Mr. Bunce said "My lord" every ten words. For to talk with Mr. Bunce meant looking at Miss Bunce all the time, a far from disagreeable occupation, given especially that she did not seem to resent it.

"'Day, my lord," said Mr. Bunce; "fine weather again, my lord. We're thinking of a little excursion this afternoon—eh, Maria?" Maria had smiled feebly; then, as her daughter threw her a meaning glance and her husband violently nudged her, she faltered—

"We thought, my lord—perhaps you'd care—that is, if you wouldn't mind—the fly will hold four——"

"In short," said Mr. Bunce, with a great outburst of frankness, "we'd be delighted to 'ave the pleasure—have the pleasure," he repeated, for he had dropped an aitch in his excitement, "of your company."

Kavanagh deliriously accepted, forgetting all about aristocratic aloofness. He even shut his eyes to Mr. Bunce's exterior, for already love was so blind as not to see an aitch as it dropped in front of him. And things were travelling at so terrific a rate. Twelve hours only had elapsed since Mr. Bunce introduced himself in the smoking-room to the pseudo Lord Kearsney by offering him a match. Kavanagh had been compelled to accept it, and was wondering how to get rid of this new tormentor, when Miss Enid Bunce came in to fetch her father away. Then life became a very different kind of affair.

III.

Life became a more and more wonderful affair after the excursion, which was a great success. Mr. Bunce had made jokes all the afternoon, and told every story he had ever heard, regardless of its antiquity. Mrs. Bunce had given "Lord Kearsney" a circumstantial account of the grandeur of her mother's family, a member of which was distantly related to a K.C.B. As for Kavanagh, he had not said much, for to gaze at Enid and to go on talking connectedly was rather difficult; but he had so dutifully laughed at Mr. Bunce's stories that he returned a great favourite, and dubbed "a real gentleman, with no side about him." As for Enid, she had not said anything, to speak of, but she had often looked at the impostor in the most thrillingly significant way. This, however, was but the prelude. The week that ensued saw a complete capture by the Bunce family, and especially Enid, of the great catch "Lord Kearsney." It is no exaggeration to say that he spent with Enid sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. He bathed with her, played tennis with her under the admiring eyes of the populace, danced with her two dances out of every three. It was the talk of Dieppe, given especially that he resolutely refused to be introduced to anybody else. So great was the fury of the British colony that they took to ignoring him. One morning even, as he walked on the front, past a group of English visitors who were drinking red-currant syrup outside the *café*, he heard the words—

"Well, lord or no lord, he's been behind the counter, and he looks it."

But Kavanagh did not mind. For the evening before he had, in the Casino gardens, sat out three dances with Enid

Bunce, and was her accepted suitor. In his madness he had not had the courage to tell her the truth. Though she was undoubtedly in love with him, she appeared to relish the idea of becoming Lady Kearsney, and this was producing so complicated a situation that Kavanagh was concerned with anything but what was said about his appearance. Beyond a doubt, given that he was engaged to the only girl he had ever loved, Kavanagh's state of mind was not the happy one usually associated with that condition. He felt an intolerable fraud; it made him almost blush when Mr. Bunce alluded, as he often did, to the fact that they both knew what trade was; worse still, it made him feel an appalling villain when Enid innocently referred to the days to come, when she would receive the great world in the ancestral home of the Kearsneys. And the awful part of it was that he was compelled to go on lying, for it was too late to stop; he had to keep it up, and trust to luck to enable him to escape and to mend his broken heart after Enid drove him away. Drive him away she must, when she found how heartlessly she had been deceived.

All Kavanagh could do to postpone the fatal moment was to bind Enid to secrecy "until he had seen the solicitors to the entail." What he meant by this sentence he did not know, but it sounded well, and impressed Enid sufficiently to ensure her silence. It must not, however, be inferred that he had no other hold upon her. During those ten days Kavanagh had made her realise that she was capable of falling in love. She liked to look at his square but well-dressed frame, at his pleasant face; she liked his rather hesitating manner; indeed, she seemed to feel that she had found, not only a nobleman, but also the man she wanted.

"I wonder," said Kavanagh one day, "whether you really love me?"

"Thomas!" she had cried, and there was a look of horror in her eyes.

"Yes, of course, I know you do," he replied quickly. "Still, I wonder what you would say if you knew—well, all sorts of things—I may seem to you—men are not perfect," he added, in utter confusion.

"You're quite perfect enough for me," said Enid softly.

And then, though he felt guiltier than ever, he realised his impotence.

Events, however, had to take their course. The Bunces were cautious enough to refrain from questioning Enid, and were delighted with the turn of events. The rise of Mr. Bunce, from the carrying of groceries in a basket to the control of "Bunce's Bullseyes," was to be crowned by a connection with the peerage; that was clear to the Bunces and to everybody. Thus they kept wisely aloof, and favoured by every action the meetings of the young couple. If danger were ahead, it would not come from them; it could come only from circumstance. And, swift as Fate, circumstance dealt its blow. As Kavanagh opened the paper posted him every day from London, the following paragraph photographed itself upon his brain as if it had been printed in letters a foot high—

"Lord Kearsney, who recently inherited the title under romantic circumstances, arrived yesterday at Southampton on board the *Armadale Castle*. His lordship is to-day proceeding to Dieppe to recuperate before dealing with his heavy family responsibilities."

Kavanagh read the horrible thing several times, though he had at once taken in its significance: it had for him the fascination the snake has for the rabbit. It meant exposure, disgrace; it meant that he was to be a laughing-stock, to be denounced as an impostor, cut, pointed out to the police as a suspicious character; above all, it meant that his beautiful dream lay broken, that Enid would know him to be a liar—unless she already knew. Unless she already knew! Kavanagh realised that, the newspaper having come by the afternoon boat, it was almost certain that Lord Kearsney would be on board. He was in Dieppe; within a few minutes—one hour at most—she would hear the truth. Kavanagh, forgetting that he was on the front, and that he represented the British peerage, buried his head in his hands in an attempt to collect thought. His first impulse, after discarding the solution of a leap into the sea, was flight. He longed for freedom, for a place where he was merely Tom Kavanagh, not a play-actor among real people; he longed to be what he really was. But Enid? Could he leave her without an explanation? Could he leave her looking upon him as an impostor? And had he the strength to leave her at all?

Kavanagh raised his head, still miserably uncertain, when he saw coming towards him three familiar figures—Mr. Bunce, very large and red; Mrs. Bunce, gorgeously clad in a cross between a Persian rug and a chintz settee cover; Enid, lovely, gold-crowned, smiling. His mind suddenly regained control of his impulses. He stood up and walked towards them.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Bunce," he said in a strained voice, "may I speak to Enid for a moment?"

"Why—oh, yes—certainly, my lord," faltered Mrs. Bunce, horribly agitated by the sudden use of her daughter's Christian name.

As the young couple went together towards the far end of the Casino gardens, Mr. Bunce playfully remarked that "the trick was done, or he was a Dutchman." Meanwhile, behind high bushes, Kavanagh was confessing.

"I ought to have told you—I never ought to have let it come to this. I only did it as a joke the first day, and then it stuck to me, and I couldn't get rid of it. I would have left the town after a day of it, only I met you. And then I lost my head. I only wanted it all to go on as it was; I hadn't the strength to tell you, because I was afraid of losing you. I knew I should have to tell at last, but I put it off until to-day, when I have to, because the real Lord Kearsney is in the town. I dared not tell you because——"

"Furious Mr. Bunce hurled himself upon the couple."

"Because?" asked Enid, and, strange to say, her blue eyes were not very hard.

"Because I loved you," said Kavanagh in a low voice. "That's all I've got to say. Let me beg your pardon and—say good-bye to you. Perhaps you can forgive me when I'm gone."

There was a long silence, during which Kavanagh dared not look up from the pebbles. At last he heard Enid say incredible words—

"You needn't go, for I knew."

"You knew?" cried the man. "Do you mean to say that you knew all the time, and that you—that you let me—— But then, do you mean that you knew when you answered that you would be my wife?"

"Yes," Enid interrupted, with a wonderful glow in her eyes, "I knew. As soon as I saw you, I knew you weren't Lord Kearsney, though nobody else did. I'd seen a photo of him."

"A photo! Was there a photo? Where?"

"Not in a London paper; but the day before I came here, I happened to be in the reading-room of a big hotel where Colonials go to, and I saw a picture of him in a South African paper. He has a beard," she added, with a laugh. The laugh stopped suddenly as she saw the misery in Kavanagh's eyes. "Yes, I knew. Nobody else did. Then, when I met you, I thought I'd see what you did; I thought I'd play with you—encourage you. It was cruel. I'm sorry. Oh, don't shake your head; it was wrong of me."

"So you played with me," said the man bitterly. "It's what I deserved."

"I did," said Enid softly, "but—I was punished. When you asked me to marry you, and I said 'Yes,' I did not say it to Lord Kearsney—I said it to you."

* * * * *

Furious Mr. Bunce hurled himself upon the couple, who had forgotten the world in one another's arms.

"Lord Kearsney, Lord Kearsney," he shouted, "what is this I hear? What is this mad business? I am told a Lord Kearsney has just arrived at the Royal. What does this mean?"

"It means," said Kavanagh almost proudly, without relinquishing his hold on Enid's hand, "that I am not Lord Kearsney; that my name is Thomas Kavanagh; that I earn three hundred and fifty a year with Labonde & Co., and that your daughter has just promised, in spite of all this, to make me the happiest man in the world."

Mr. Bunce, at all times red, went a fine shade of mauve. When he regained control of himself, he gasped—

"Ah, indeed! So you think—— Deceit, blackguardism! I tell you there's going to be trouble——"

"Then, father," said Enid, with splendid resolution in her eyes, "I'm going to be in it."

SPRING.

SPRING, thou art young and splendid, tarry yet!
Cease not the glad sweet wonder of thy reign;
For youth's own sake, some little time refrain,
Nor leave the earth to memory and regret;
See, where the moon, a silver mirror set
Upon still clouds, entreats thy face again;
Lo, on the meadow where thy limbs have lain,
The misted cuckoo-flower, thine amulet.

Surely the old may, each one in his day,
Untouched by care, nor hedged about with fears,
As grave still shadows fade and pass away,
Faint with old ills, and weary with their years;
Winter shall go, and no man say him nay;
But shall not Spring entreated be with tears?

"CHARLES SURFACE SELLING HIS ANCESTORS: THE SCENE IN SHERIDAN'S PLAY, 'THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.'" BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

From the original in the Winterstoke Collection at the Public Art Gallery, Bristol.

THE ART OF JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

By AUSTIN CHESTER.

The pictures reproduced from photographs published by L. Caswall Smith.

JOHN PETTIE was born at Edinburgh in the year 1839, and the first ten years of his boyhood were passed in that city. When he was ten years old, however, his parents left the Scottish capital for East Linton, Haddingtonshire, where his father, Alexander Pettie, supplied the district with those various goods which come under the heading of general merchandise. There are extant sketches, done by the young John during the six years he lived with his family at East Linton, in which are visible technical qualities that show the extraordinary capacity for art of the untaught lad, and show, too, full justification for his mother's action in taking him, at the age of seventeen, to interview Mr. James Drummond, of the Royal Scottish Academy. To this step she was probably advised by her own brother, Robert Frier, who was a teacher of drawing in Edinburgh, and may therefore be assumed to have had some say in this critical moment of decision upon his youthful nephew's future career.

Some demur and some discouragement met the aspirant for fame, at the opening of the interview, from the successful painter, who had in his time interviewed not a few colour-blind Wilkies and Raeburns; but, on being shown young Pettie's sketches, says Mr. W. Matthews Gilbert, Pettie's earliest biographer, in *The Art Journal*, he said to the mother: "Well, whatever you or I may say won't matter much; your boy will die an artist."

There is a tendency to-day somewhat to exaggerate the importance of the special school in which men learn the A B C of their art. "Trained in the French School"

was, a few years since, much as "trained in the Glasgow School" is to-day, held to be a very distinguishing definition of both style and ability.

Art, however, is no compass or measuring-wand; it is the power to see, for with sight comes the capacity for that sight's expression. The artist stands between the ordinary man and some scene of history or Nature or emotion—whichever he may attempt to delineate—and through his realisation of either of these he guides our sight to the beauty which therein lies hid.

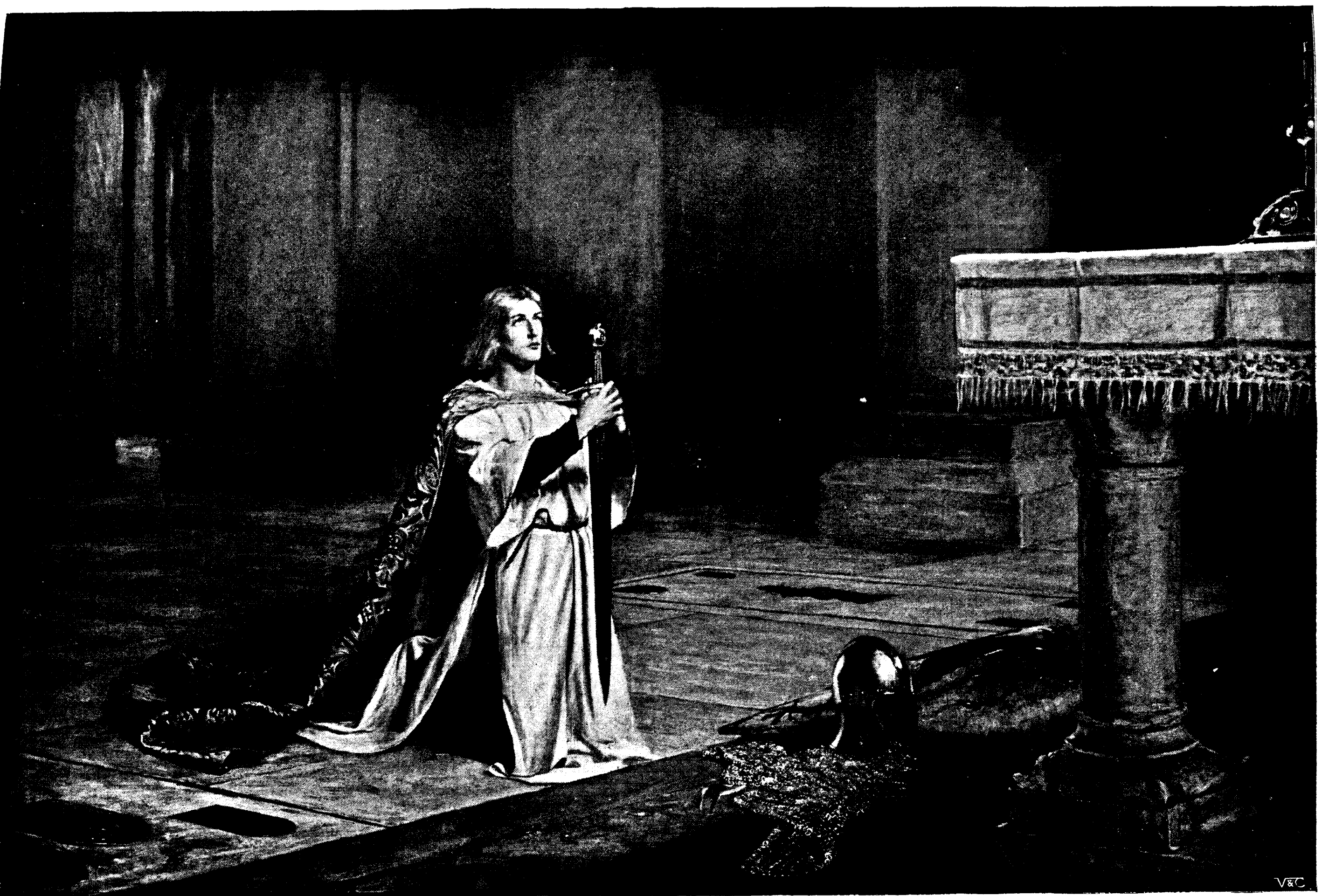
Even Robert Scott Lauder, with all his talent as a teacher, could not perform miracles and confer genius upon his pupils; but he could both recognise and help talent—more so, perhaps, than could any teacher of modern times. And when John Pettie commenced to work as a pupil under him, at the Trustees' Academy, he found himself one of the young enthusiasts who were presently to evolve to admirable ends under Lauder's guidance. The group already included W. Quiller Orchardson, John and Alexander Burr, John Hutchison, John MacWhirter, W. McTaggart, Peter Graham, Tom Graham, and G. Paul Chalmers, and did, indeed, sooner or later between the years 1852 and that of Lauder's retirement in 1861, include also men of such distinguished attainments as Colin Hunter, Hamilton Macallum, D. Cameron, John B. Macdonald, and others afterwards almost equally well known.

Writing of the nine years of Lauder's superintending at the Life and Antique Departments of the Trustees' Academy, Mr. William D. McKay, R.S.A., says in his valuable book "The Scottish School of Painting":—

"A STATE SECRET." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

From the original at the Royal Holloway College, Egham.

"No more fortunate choice was ever made, for, by a certain enthusiasm and the charm of an unique personality, more than by direct teaching, he influenced Scottish art in a way no individual painter before or since has done. His reverence for traditional art, both in its spirit and methods, was inherited by most of his pupils, and though he was opposed to the extreme developments of the contemporary realistic movement south of the Tweed, he was not blind, as his own



"THE VIGIL." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A

From the original purchased for the Nation by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, and now in the National Gallery of British Art. Reproduced from the plate published by the Autotype Fine Art Company.

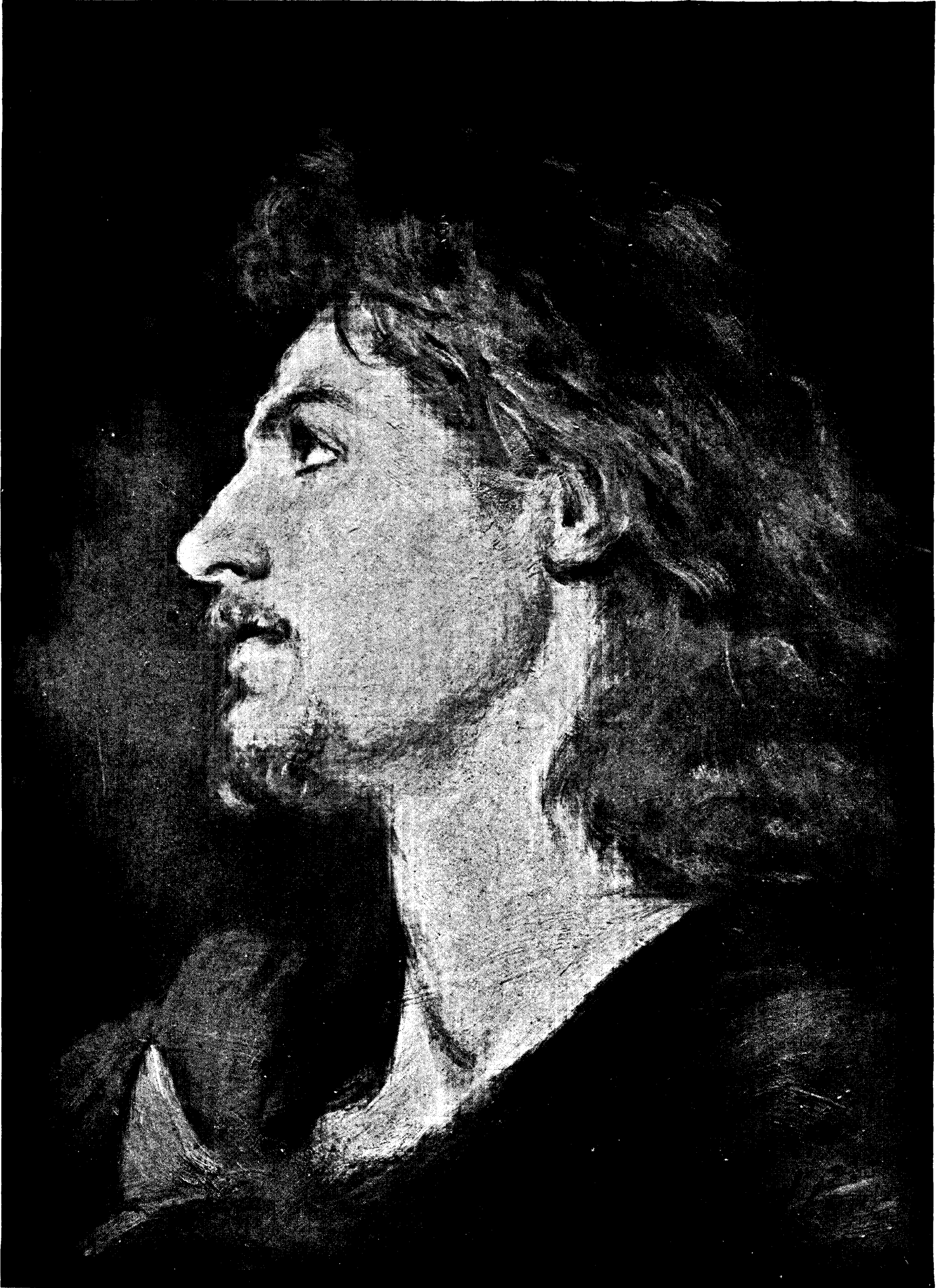
practice shows, to the necessity of each succeeding age adding some new element to the art of the past. So that the naturalism of the distinguished artists trained under Lauder—and none of them escaped the trend of the times—was never a violent rupture with the past, as it was in England, but a something added to and absorbed into the body of orthodoxy, as one might say. Most of his pupils are colourists, yet none of them even in this show any marked resemblance to their master, whose influence tended rather to help the faculty of each along its individual line than to assimilate them to himself—surely the true function of a teacher."

For eight years after his admission to the Trustees' Academy, John Pettie remained in Edinburgh, and from his studio there gradually, after his days of pupilage were past, issued the brilliant promise of his early work. He had his first picture in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1858, when he was nineteen years old. His second picture exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy was called "The Prison Pet," and having been bought by the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, for thirty-five pounds, was given away as a prize to one of the Society's competitors of that year (1859). Then he returned to Sir Walter Scott's pages (his first exhibit had been an episode from "The Fortunes of Nigel") with a scene from "The Monastery." This was in 1859, in which year he also produced two works notable for their dignified emotion, "Morning Prayer" and "Evening Prayer." The following year he sent to the Royal Academy, in London, a picture called "The Armourers," and the Scottish Academy of that same year held four other pictures. By 1863, after showing several further subjects at the Royal Academy, as well as at the Scottish Academy, he established himself in a studio in London.

"THE PALMER." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

From the original in Sir John Aird's collection.

In 1864 the twenty-five-years-old artist surprised even those who already believed in him by the vigour and brilliancy of his Academy exhibit, "A Drumhead Court-Martial," a vivid scene of an impromptu condemnation of a captive Cavalier by a group of military Roundheads. To this day this work of Pettie's early youth bears comparison with the strongest of his later achievements.



A STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF CHRIST. BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

The black-and-white illustrative work of the day was at this time delighting the world by its ability. In 1857, Moxon, the publisher, was the first to see the great advantage which would accrue to book production by employing as illustrators such men as Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, and Ford Madox Brown. Other publishers followed suit, and sought out distinguished talent for black-and-white work. "It was, however, Millais," says Mr. Edward Farebrother Strange, in his interesting account of the movement, "who, by the sheer weight of his personality, carried English illustration along with him from Pre-Raphaelitism to the freer romanticism and naturalistic tendencies of the 'sixties. From his twelve drawings of the Parables, which first appeared in *Good Words*, he emerged, in his illustrations of Trollope's novels, the master of a new school." Fred Walker, Pinwell, Houghton, Keene, Lawless, and Sandys, had already attached themselves to it when John Pettie joined his name to the list, in 1861,

"THE FLAG OF TRUCE." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
From the original in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

"THE YOUNG PRETENDER, BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

From the original in the collection of Charles Stewart, Esq.

in the pages of *Good Words.* He had, however, been already responsible for the illustration of several books, one of which, a selection from Wordsworth's poems, was done in collaboration with MacWhirter, Pettie supplying the figure subjects, and his former fellow-pupil at the Trustees' Academy being responsible for landscapes in the manner which was later to endear his work to the British public. "An Arrest for Witchcraft," in 1866, brought to him the honour of admission as an Associate of the Academy.

"A Clash of Steel," Elizabethan in period; "Jacobites, 1745," is remarkable to this day for forceful virility.

His friend, H. Stacy Marks, in his pleasant, gossipy book, "Pen and Pencil Sketches," tells of the evening of this occasion being made memorable by a speech from the newly-elected R.A., in which he said: "When I first came to London, I had some vague idea of avenging Flodden, but I soon found everybody was so kind, so hearty, and so hospitable, that the idea grew fainter and fainter every day, and after a while it disappeared, and I had no wish to avenge Flodden at all."

"YORK AND LANCASTER: A SCENE IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

The tradition goes that Richard, Duke of York, plucked a white rose in the Temple Gardens, to be the symbol of his party's strife against the Lancastrians, on whose behalf the Duke of Somerset then gathered a red rose. From the picture in the collection of J. G. Fenwick, Esq.

"The Step" and "The Solo," companion pictures in companion years, and belonging in period of costume to "A Clash of Steel"; "The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey," "Terms to the Besieged," "The Flag of Truce," and "Hal o' the Wynd's Smithy," were each pictures of such admirable draughtsmanship, such masterly technique and such triumphant colour, as to place their artist in the front rank of contemporary painters, and in 1873 he was made a full Academician, and his Diploma work,

A very notable series of pictures followed on Pettie's election to the Academy's full membership. "A State Secret," bought by the Governors of the Royal Holloway College, shows a dignitary of the Church burning a paper, the value of which is read in the appalled expression of the Brother who looks on; "The Laird," a man in eighteenth-century dress stands in the foreground of a field of growing corn, surveying his people harvesting on a distant hill; "Ho! Ho! Old Noll!" in which an impertinent youth

"THE THREAT." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

Reproduced from an etching published by Virtue & Co.

is making a sketch of the Protector, at which two onlooking Cavaliers are amused; "A Sword and Dagger Fight," now belonging to the city of Aberdeen, and "A Death Warrant." In the 'eighties, Pettie's work may be said to have been at its height. To this period belongs "The Vigil," purchased for the nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. Here we see "a newly-created knight in the robes of his election, who kneels at the high altar of the church, keeping his vigil preparatory to a life of knight-errantry."

To read this picture aright we must go back in spirit to the Middle Ages. The knight whom John Pettie painted, even if he never actually lived in a material body, lives securely, beyond time, an inhabitant of those regions of idealism of which Camelot was the capital. Mayhap it is Galahad himself who, in Pettie's picture, kneels before the altar, and whose prayers are mixed with thoughts of the Holy Grail—that vessel over the idea of which so awesome a solemnity hung, that shallow bowl from which Christ was said to have eaten the Paschal food on the evening of His Last Supper with His disciples, and into which Joseph of Arimathea, having obtained leave from Pilate to take from the Cross the body of the Saviour, received a few drops of the sacred blood. In "The Vigil" John Pettie incorporated the magic which makes the glamour of chivalry.

In his picture of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" we get romance of a different character, for round the personality of Charles Edward it is so closely interwoven with history that it is difficult to keep the two apart. We hear of him at first, not as a confirmed profligate, nor anything of his imperious, fretful temper, and as showing no suspicion of that brutality which, in his later years, made him maltreat his wife, alienate his friends, and turn his adherents into enemies; but we see him handsome and accomplished, fascinating all with whom he came in contact by the frankness of his manner, the grace of his bearing, touring the Continent and receiving on his journeys royal honours and, from Catholic Powers, a respect which, at any rate, may well have raised his hopes to the highest pitch. Romance and success went hand-in-hand with him for the first six months of his landing in Scotland, in 1745, and it is there, in his own country, amongst his own people and in his country's picturesque dress, that Pettie's fine painting presents him.

To the 'eighties belong two out of the three violin pictures Pettie painted. One was

"THE GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS IN COVENANTING TIMES." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

Reproduced from a photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

"A SWORD AND DAGGER FIGHT." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

From the original in the Corporation Art Gallery, Glasgow. Reproduced from a photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

"SILVIA." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A. "Is she kind as she is fair?"

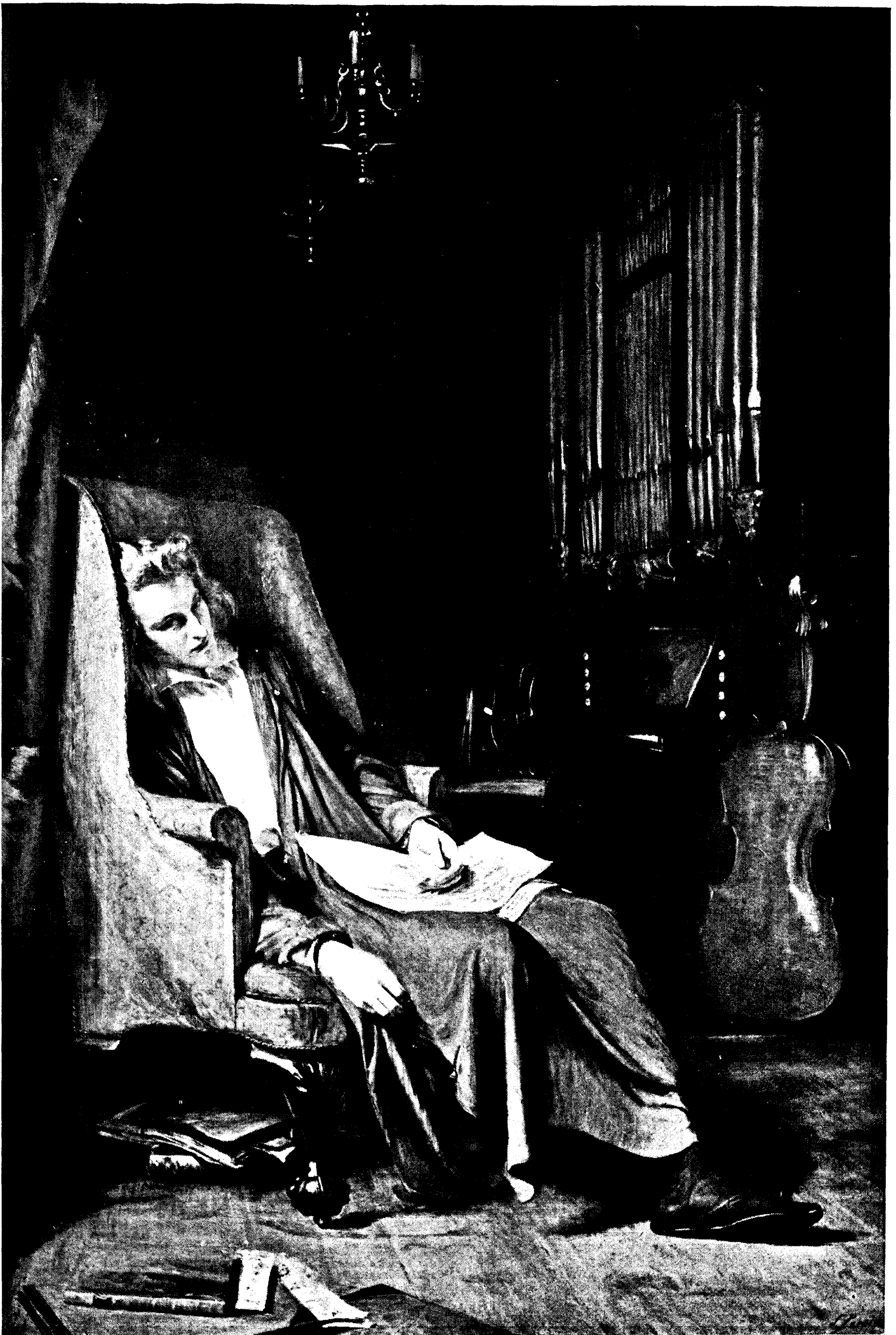
"The Sick Musician," to which he appended the lines—

> Alas! for those that never sing,
> But die with all their music in them,

and the other "The Violinist," who, with strung muscles and tense attitude, is drawing, we can see, some exquisite melody from his instrument.

"Charles Surface Selling His Ancestors," the scene in Sheridan's play "The School for Scandal," belongs to this decade of the artist's work, and is painted with that large, facile brushwork which is a characteristic mark of his later pictures.

The theatre had great attractions for Pettie. His portrait of Sir Charles



"THE SICK MUSICIAN." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

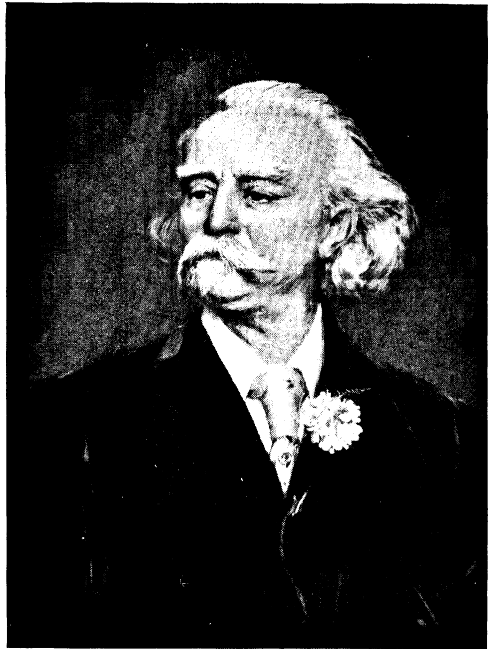
From the original in the Aberdeen Art Gallery.

Alas! for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!
—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Wyndham as David Garrick is not only a picture of our popular actor, but a wonderful study of those complex sentiments of battling honour and passion which David Garrick in the play reveals. This power to visualise character is one Pettie to a very great degree possessed. To understanding of his subject he brought an extraordinarily intelligent apprehension, and, as a result, he reached, in portraiture, not only to distinction, but to a very high level of excellence. One of the last pictures he exhibited, which was in 1892, called "The Ultimatum," shows his career to have been cut short at the very zenith of his power. There was then removed from the further development of his strongly individual art a most brilliant and conspicuous figure, a man whose work was invariably touched with much distinction of style.

John Pettie had a power of vivid characterisation and a facility for seizing, as it were, the very essentials of drama. All the stories he elected to represent are curiously complete; for he had a certain clearness of vision which led him to depict, as in "The Vigil," the inner character of his themes.

Meissonier said that painters have in them



SIR AUGUST MANNS. BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD. BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
A portrait exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1889.

something of the actor, with whom they share the instinct for attitude and gesture. Pettie had this quality to a very large extent, and in "The Appearance of the Countess of Derby in the Golden Room," a subject which he took from Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," in "A State Secret," in "The Chieftain's Candlesticks," and in "George Fox Refusing to Take the Oath at Houlker Hall," we note his dramatic power of treating pictorial art. In the single figure of the fop Osric, the dramatic quality is singularly apparent—there is the exaggerated courtliness of attitude, the studied naturalness of pose. Pettie put a cap on Osric's head—maybe he did this with the idea of advertising the appearance of antennæ—but after his first words, "Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmark," and the answer by a peculiarly sane Prince, who turns with amusement to Horatio to inquire: "Dost know this waterfly?" Hamlet orders him to put his cap on, saying: "Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head."

John Pettie had, besides this dramatic quality, native products, a strain of imagination, a vein of poetry, an acute faculty of observation, and quite an inspired feeling for the technique of paint. He was, indeed, a very prince of historical *genre* painting.

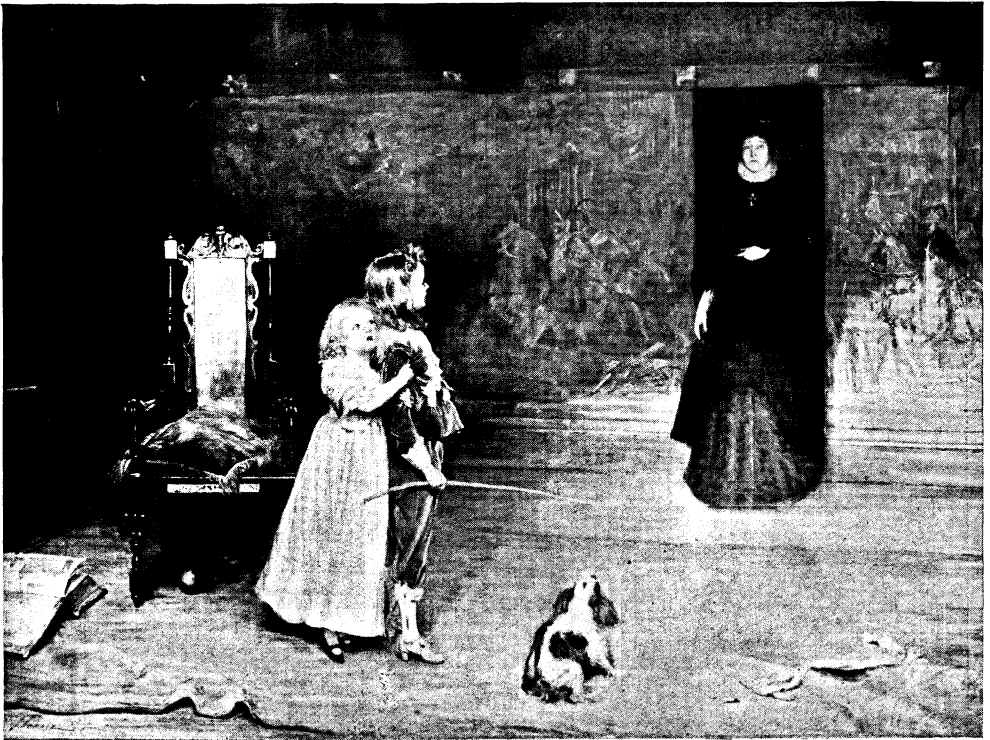
The same happy qualifications accompanied

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS "DAVID GARRICK." BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

From the original in the collection of Sir Charles Wyndham.

his various excursions into the realm of comedy, but with some difference in choice of period and costume. For whereas his more strenuous themes kept him mostly to dates mediæval, Tudor, Elizabethan, or Jacobean in period, when most successfully in holiday mood he passed on to the Georgian years more completely associated with the themes of his lifelong friend Orchardson. From this branch of his work we get the dainty comedy of "Two Strings to Her Bow," now in the City Art Gallery of Glasgow, the delightful wooing of "The World Went Very Well Then," and that charming pastoral "To the Fields I Carried Her Milking Pails." To somewhat the same later period of modishness belong several of his most successful renderings of scenes from famous plays, such as "Sir Peter and Lady Teazle" and "Charles Surface Selling His Ancestors," although the drama had also provided him with good situations of earlier date in his choice of themes from Shakespeare. The humour of certain of his quasi-historical subjects, such as "The Jester's Merry Thought," or the two earlier works, "Who Leads a Good Life is Sure to Live Well" and "What d'ye Lack?" (a study of Jenkin Vincent in "The Fortunes of Nigel") is cleverly suggested without achieving the spontaneous gaiety of his little comedies of eighteenth-century life.

Pettie died at the comparatively early age of fifty-four, greatly esteemed and deeply lamented, for, as Stacy Marks wrote of him in his reminiscences, "a kinder heart, a more generous nature, a friend more loyal and true, it would be hard to find."



"THE COUNTESS OF DERBY IN THE GOLDEN ROOM: A SCENE FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT'S 'PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.'" BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

THE HOTEL HESTER

By ALBERT KINROSS

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills

IT really began when Hester lost the sovereign. She had been in a hurry at Charing Cross, and perhaps she had lost it there. The train went at 2·7, and the office only closed at 2, so she had raced from Bedford Street and taken her ticket breathless, and next raced down the platform and jumped into her train. She was only just in time.

On the journey she counted her money, and it was a sovereign short. The cashier had handed her the two pounds ten as usual. He hadn't been at fault. She emptied her purse and turned it upside down; she looked in her pocket, where she had thrust the ticket and the change. The money was gone, and there was no help for it; and, as she had just bought herself a new dress and paid the rent of the tiny flat, she felt like returning by the next train, instead of starting out from Elmsford and tramping through the week-end, as was her custom.

She leant back and ruminated. No, she wouldn't go back to London. It was so hot—so deadly hot. All the week, as she had stooped over her typewriter, or made her translations, and taken down pages of shorthand, she had looked forward to these hours of respite—counted the days till they had narrowed to a brief "to-morrow," and then at last had come "to-day." It would have to be a cheap week-end, she concluded—the cheapest week-end there ever was or could be, sustained on fresh air, water, and generous chunks of bread and cheese. Hester Ling, you will observe, lacked neither determination nor courage.

Her luggage consisted of a light handbag, and she was dressed to match her programme. First of all she was going to Elmsford, and then across countrylike, wind-blown down. Elmsford is less than a two hours' run from Charing Cross; and, though the ticket may cost a little, you make up for it by escaping clean away from London. Hester had never visited that country, except upon the map. Her week-end tramps were always started on the map; and, when a place looked nice, she went to it. She had kept an eye on Elmsford for some time past. It proved to be a small market-town of no great interest; yet round about, as she had foreseen, were mile-long woods and old-world parks and drowsy villages, and downs with hidden valleys.

By seven o'clock she was far away from Elmsford, and London was forgotten, and its heat. The clean air, the springy turf, those all-embracing skies, had made a new creature of her, a being who sang and leapt and capered when she felt sure that nobody was looking, and who certainly never bothered about sovereigns. She seemed to have grown suddenly ten years younger, which would have made her exactly eleven, instead of twenty-one.

She came to a village with village children. She was always amused by the friendly little things, with their queer "Hallo's!" their bright curiosity, and rosy faces. An old man on two sticks leant over a gate. He smoked his pipe and ruminated. And then the stillness of the evening air was broken by a far-away hum. It sounded overhead; it came from up above, instead of from the ground. Hester stopped and listened.

"It's too early for a threshing-machine," said the old man; "mebbe it's one o' they traction-ingins."

The children saw it first. They came scampering with the news. "A airship," they cried, "a flyin' machine!" And they were right. In the blue it rode, a huge golden bag with two dark patches. A little boat with moving figures was slung from it.

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The children shouted. Hester looked and looked till it disappeared. It was the first time she had seen one.

"I wouldn't go up in one o' they things for ten thousand poun'," said the old cottager.

"I'd go for nothing," answered Hester; but age shook its head, and the children agreed with it. "Little cowards!" she cried, and then went on. The episode had lifted her and somehow made her happy.

Next there arrived a very brown young man who had stepped off a motor-bicycle that came whirring down the road. Straight he had ridden towards her and dismounted at her side.

"Do you mind?" he asked. "I've got a large fly in my eye. It's as big as a bird." And he produced a pocket handkerchief.

He was a masterful young man, and Hester obeyed him. The eye was red and inflamed. "It's been in quite a long time," she said, and, while he held the lids open, she manipulated the pocket handkerchief. She found the insect and secured its corpse.

The nut-brown patient thanked her.

"You ought to have got it out before," she remarked.

"I said I wouldn't bother till I met a really pretty girl," he answered with a smile. "You ought to have come earlier." And then he mounted his motor-bicycle, saluted, and was off.

Again she was amused. This would never have happened in London; quite different things happened in London. It made her laugh as she sat out in a meadow of uncut hay, discussing her bread and cheese. And now she began to wonder where she was going to sleep. A bed, and a bed of the cheapest, that was the next question.

She gained what looked like a main road, and the problem solved itself. She had felt it would. For, only a hundred yards beyond the stile, she discovered a lodge and a broad white gate that led to a private carriage-way bordered with silver birch, and fronting the road was an announcement which indicated that at the end of the carriage-way was a large and imposing modern mansion, and that said residence was standing empty, and would be let or sold to anyone who could pay the price. And with it went an enclosure of seven-and-twenty acres, and more could be had if wanted, and there were thirteen bedrooms and five reception-rooms, et-cetera, et-cetera, et-cetera.

Now, an empty house away from the road, as has already been broadly hinted, had suggested things to Hester. Why not sleep there, to begin with? It was the very place. No one would be a penny the worse, would they? And if you have lost a sovereign, and ought by rights to have stopped at home—— Perhaps, after all, she mightn't be able to get in, but she would try it. And, thinking these thoughts and several others, she entered at the broad white gate and strolled down the carriage-way which led to a winding avenue, whereon she disappeared.

From one of the lodge windows a little man was watching her. He was a tough and wiry little man with hard grey eyes and a greyish beard. "H'm!" he grunted. "So she've come, have she?" And with that he summoned his wife and daughter, and sat down to what they would have called their "tea." Most of it was pudding and tinned salmon and ale.

Hester continued down the drive. It opened at last into a wide and well-kept garden, with lawns and gravel paths and pergolas with roses. And in the background stood a huge and hideous modern mansion, built of dark red brick, and with heaps of windows and "glass," and a block of stabling and what the advertisements call "offices." Not a soul was about. There was only Hester Ling.

She began by stuffing herself with strawberries and raspberries. It was very wrong of her, and she didn't mean to. But who could resist, and here they were, all handy? She had only intended to take one, or at most a couple. They shouldn't have put a kitchen-garden in between her and the house. And here was a yellow gooseberry bush and a dark red one. If anybody came and caught her, it would serve her jolly well right.

She stole out at last from behind the shrubbery which screened these treasures. It was time to get to actual grips with her problem. Here was the house. She peered in through windows and saw the empty rooms fast darkening. The windows were fastened and some were even shuttered. She could smash a pane of glass and so let herself in; but that would hardly be decent, would it? There was a summer-house in the garden. They were always full of insects. Three times she made the tour of that empty house before discovering a window that was actually open.

She had looked at the ground-floor windows, and this one was on the first floor. There was nearly a foot of space between its framework and the sill. And here stood a ladder.

One had only to climb and push the window quite open.

Hester climbed the ladder and found that the sash rested on a good red brick. Someone had placed it there, perhaps, to make sure that the window wouldn't close. Perhaps they wanted to give the room an airing. The motive did not matter. Hester lifted the window wide open. She stepped inside. She took the brick and laid it on the floor, and next she shut the window behind her and fastened the catch. In the morning she would put everything back in its place, just as she had found it.

She was in the empty house, and outside the dark was gathering. She went through room after room. The water was actually laid on in the bath, and that was a delightful surprise for her. There was a great hall down below, and a room—it had evidently been a billiard-room—with fixed settees down one side of it, good, padded, springy settees. They were built into the wall, and, no doubt, had been left there and would be sold to the next tenant if he would take them. They solved the question of where to sleep. And, better still, they had covers that fastened and unfastened. These would serve admirably for sheets and blankets. "Now, I'm quite all right!" she chuckled gaily. "Here's my hotel. The Hotel Hester; moderate tariff; fixed charges; no tips—I can't think of any more, but it's all just right and simply spiffing!"

II.

THE door had opened, and there was someone with a light. She had meant to lock the door, but it was only a moment ago that she had selected her room and made up her bed. It seemed as though she were not the only guest in the Hotel Hester.

The door stood wide open, and, framed by it, she saw a group of three persons. First and foremost was a little man carrying a lantern—a tough and wiry little man with hard grey eyes and a greyish beard. Behind him came a middle-aged woman with a large flat face, and, staring over his other shoulder, a girl with small features and tow-coloured hair. They stood and gazed, till the little man broke the silence.

"I give you a fair start," he said. "So you ain't begun yet?"

Hester's puzzled countenance was a sight for gods and men.

"Begun what?" she stammered.

The three had stepped inside, and were now quite close to her.

"Here's the bag!" cried the little man, pouncing on that receptacle.

Hester was too astonished to protest. She could only sit open-mouthed as the new-comers seized her luggage and went through it in a fever.

"A night-gownd," cried the little man, "an' a brush an' comb an' slippers, an' a pair o' stockings—an' wot's this 'ere?" he added, displaying each article and holding it up to the light.

"That's what they cleans their finger-nails with," explained the girl with tow-coloured hair, indicating the manicure set which had perplexed their leader.

A fit of disappointment seized on them.

"Where's the paraffin an' matches, an' the other things?" yelped the little man, sidling up to Hester.

"What paraffin?" she asked, finding her voice, and more amazed than ever.

"Do you mean to tell me you ain't a Suffragette?" snapped the little man.

"Yes, an' come to burn the house down?" asked his wife.

"We been warned against them," added the daughter.

"Oh, I see!" cried Hester. It had dawned upon her at last. Of course she had read all about the "militants," and how they went round burning empty houses in the country. These people were mistaking her for one of them.

"An' didn't you put the brick in the window, an' the ladder just right to climb in? I spotted it! I'm responsible," pursued the little man. "I've been left in charge of this house and garden. An' aren't you one o' them two ladies that come here yesterday to see the house, an' wot my wife showed over?"

"No, she ain't one o' them, George," interposed the wife.

"They was quite different," added the daughter.

"Then 'oo are you?"

Hester tried to explain, while the caretaker scowled at her. "If you scowl at me like that," she broke off, "I won't tell you."

"Go easy, George," whispered the wife.

"I'm sure she don't mean no harm," put in the daughter.

"I ain't scowlin' at you like that," replied the little man, and reverted to his own story.

The day before, it appeared, two ladies had come to look over the house. They said they might be taking it. But they hadn't looked very hard, and, when they

were gone, he found that one of them must have unfastened a window-catch on the first floor and left the window slightly open. He had been warned to keep a sharp look-out for Suffragettes, and that had settled it. He knew now who they were and what they wanted. And to-day he had found the same window quite open and with a brick there, so that it couldn't close, and one of the garden ladders in position. They must have sneaked back and done it, so as to have everything ready when the time came. But he hadn't been idle neither. He'd turned on all the water in the house, in case there was a fire, and he hadn't interfered with any of their little plans, and he'd kept his eyes wide open, and as soon as he had seen Hester Ling——

"But why didn't they burn the house down when they came back?" she asked, interrupting.

"I don't know. Perhaps they hadn't got the things wi' them; perhaps they wasn't quite ready. I can't tell you, but as soon as I see the window unlatched and the ladder——" This truce was suddenly broken; for—"What business is it o' yourn?" he ended. "You no business in here! I can't allow tramps in this house, no matter who they is."

He looked a pig-headed little man, hard and obdurate; but perhaps his bark was worse than his bite.

"You're not really going to turn me out at this time of night?" replied Hester, addressing the two women as much as the little man.

"Can't she stay here? She ain't doing no harm as I can see," interposed the wife.

"I'm willing to pay something," observed Hester, feeling that she might at least make the offer.

"You've no right to be here. Blest if I don't give yer in charge! Sleeping' in empty houses!"

The little man, disappointed in the Suffragettes, now seemed inclined to take it out of Hester.

"She ain't done nothing," remarked the daughter.

"She'll stay here in this house!" roared the little man. "I'll lock her in!"

Miss Ling smiled over his shoulder at mother and daughter.

"An' ter-morrow mornin' I'll hand you over to the police!" he cried. "They'll see if wot you tole me's true. They'll a-punish you for trespassin'——"

"Lock her in and be done with it," the wife had interposed.

"I don't see what there is to fuss about—it ain't *our* house," added the daughter.

"Either we looks after this here house an' garden, or we doesn't," answered the little man. "That's wot we're paid to do. First thing ter-morrow mornin' I fetches the police!"

"Maybe I'll be out by the window then," put in Hester, feeling that she had been bullied sufficiently.

The daughter giggled.

"We'll see about that," barked the little man. "Now I'm a-goin' to lock you in." And he took the key out of the keyhole and seized his lantern; and what next would have happened to Hester and all of them there is no telling, for a tinkle of broken glass rang suddenly through the empty house, and after that they heard a sound of footsteps and of voices.

"They've come!" whispered the little man, husky with emotion. "I'd best put out my lantern!"

III.

THEY waited in the dark. The Suffragettes, apparently, had mounted the ladder, to find the window fast and the brick removed. But evidently, though this might mean detection, or, at least, suspicion, they had decided to go forward with their enterprise. The billiard-room windows were shuttered, so they had not seen the caretaker's light, and while he and his party had come in by the front door, now standing unlatched, it had not occurred to them to attempt this usual method of entry. They had broken a pane of glass on the ground floor, unfastened the catch, flung up the window, and now were safely in the house.

Hester could hear them.

"It's so risky. I feel sure somebody noticed that window," urged one voice, obviously a woman's.

"Then we're in a trap, and shall have to fight our way out again," replied another voice, obviously a man's.

"Oh, do let's go on, whatever happens!" added a third voice. She sounded like a very enthusiastic girl. "There's no one nearer than the people in the lodge—the woman said so."

"We're going on," answered the man. "After all the trouble you've taken—you and Miss Bulteel!"

"I don't believe in running unnecessary

risks." That was Miss Bulteel, Hester felt sure.

"Oh, don't let's argue! Let's go ahead and chance it." That was the enthusiast.

"You'd like to be sent to prison—for nothing?" asked Miss Bulteel severely.

"I'd love it! Oh, do let's go ahead!"

And ahead they went; and now Hester and the others could see them by the light of the two electric torches which they carried.

"It's the same ones," whispered the caretaker's wife.

"Them wot come here," added the daughter.

Most probably they had a car outside. It was just like one of the outrages Hester had read of in the newspapers, except that here was she with the little gardener-caretaker and the two women.

First of all she saw a lean and intellectual-looking man, with a long, white neck and hair all over his face. It was the kind of matted hair that grows on a face that has never been shaved. He was fearfully tall, but thin-shouldered and lanky, and he carried a large faggot of brushwood, which filled up both his arms. Behind him came a delightful girl with a tin can and one of the electric torches. She was very pretty and very young, and her eyes blazed and her cheeks were full of colour. With these marched a tough-looking lady loaded with papers. She peered nervously around. She flashed her torch everywhere. She wore thick boots, a tailor-made suit, and her face was puffy, especially the lower half of it.

"The dining-room's the place!" cried the young girl. "It's all bad panelling, with a

"He started to pull the caretaker's head off. This was Hester's opportunity."

low ceiling and varnished beams. It would burn like fury if the faggot and the petrol gave it a start."

They were terribly excited, and moved as though embarked upon the wildest enterprise in all the world.

"We ought to light it on the ground floor," said the man, "and let it work upwards."

"Oh, Mr. Farmer, this is really thrilling!" cried the girl.

"I don't think there's anybody about," said the tough lady. "It would go more quickly if we chose a smaller room. There was one I saw yesterday with quite a lot of wood in it."

"Do you think you could find it?" asked Mr. Farmer.

"It was on the first or second floor—I'm not sure which it was."

"I vote the dining-room!" cried the young girl.

"Lead on, Macduff!" replied Mr. Farmer. And across the hall they went into the dining-room. "Good!" exclaimed Mr. Farmer, apparently delighted with the girl's selection.

He laid down and cut his bundle, which the girl started to sprinkle with petrol out of the can. The tough lady commenced to spread her papers.

"I got yer—in the very act!" The caretaker had rushed in out of the darkness and sprung upon Mr. Farmer's shoulders and borne him down. They were struggling on the floor amid the faggot-wood, when the caretaker's wife approached the tough lady, and the caretaker's daughter advanced upon the very young girl. If Hester joined in with the home side, they would win. If she kept aloof, things might go differently. She held what statesmen call "the balance of power."

The tough lady had struck a light and was holding a box of matches. "Would you?" cried the caretaker's wife, and seized her. The tough lady, it seemed, wasn't half as tough as she looked. The caretaker's wife was far and away the tougher. And Hester, who had no wish to be burnt alive, had stepped hastily forward and secured the box of matches. It occurred to her that if she could secure all the matches these people had brought with them, the Hotel Hester would be safe for the night, if for no longer. To that end she investigated Mr. Farmer.

He had shaken off most of the caretaker, who now had to content himself with clinging desperately to the enemy's long legs. Mr. Farmer kicked and squirmed amid the faggot wood, and the caretaker clung as a drowning man clings to a surging, storm-tossed piece of wreckage. Mr. Farmer waved enormous hands and writhed like a serpent, and at last he started to pull the caretaker's head off. This was Hester's opportunity. Deftly she went through his pockets, and two further boxes of matches were her reward.

Now there remained but the young girl.

"I'm on your side—give *me* the matches!" cried Hester.

The caretaker's wife and daughter turned reproachfully.

"Here they are."

The girl had managed to fling them over. Hester caught them. Her stratagem had succeeded. Next she gathered all four boxes, seized the tough lady's electric torch, and fled upstairs.

Up and up she raced and down two passages, till she came to the bathroom discovered on her preliminary tour. She turned the tap and dropped all the matches in the water. She watched them soak, then turned the water off again. The Hotel Hester was safe.

Below, when she came back, a single electric torch illuminated the scene, and you couldn't set anything on fire with that. The tough lady's hat and clothes were in sad disorder, Mr. Farmer's long white neck was a bright and ham-like pink, and he was accusing the caretaker of having bitten him in the calf. "It isn't fair fighting," said Mr. Farmer.

"You ain't a fair fighter yerself," answered the caretaker—"twistin' the livin' head off me!"

The caretaker and all his family looked as though they had been mauled or shaken. Only the young girl seemed to have escaped. "Traitor!" she cried, with flashing eyes, as she caught sight of Hester; and then, to the tough lady: "If Mr. Farmer hadn't been rolling in that faggot-wood, I could have set it alight a dozen times. Why didn't we drag them out of it?"

"Men always spoil things!" shouted the tough lady.

The caretaker shot suddenly across the floor, and Mr. Farmer sat up, looked round the room, congratulated himself, assumed a standing position, and made an announcement.

"We can't do it to-night," he said; "I'm sorry."

"I told you what would happen," cried Miss Bulteel.

"And after all the trouble we've taken!" added the young girl.

"Anyhow, it will be a lesson to them," pursued Miss Bulteel, scattering the last of her papers, every one of which was calculated to remove all doubts as to the nature and the object of this raid. "Brute beasts!" she ended. "Worse than savages!"

"We're doing it for your good—you who took our matches away," cried the young girl, addressing Hester, "and all you women!"

"She did get their matches away from them!" exclaimed the caretaker.

"What have you done with them?" cried the young girl. "Let's search her?"

But Mr. Farmer had had enough.

"We'd better be going," he concluded. "They may get help." And he himself led the retreat to their starting-point, and took up a defiant position beside the open window.

The tough lady went first before anyone could stop her.

The young girl followed.

"Now we got him!" cried the caretaker. But he had only got the back part of Mr. Farmer's tweed coat, which had ripped right up to the shoulders. The rest was gone. And then the remaining electric torch was put out, and they only had Hester's. They could hear a sound of running, and, after that, the starting of an automobile upon the gravel.

"They've gone back to their car. They come in by the lane," observed the caretaker.

"Anyhow, we beat 'em."

"An' we got the faggot and the oil-can to show," added the daughter.

"Farmer — Bulteel — Macduff—that was the names of 'em," pursued the caretaker.

"And without this lady's steppin' in as she did, we'd all ha' been burnt alive," remarked his wife.

"Yes, that we would!" echoed the daughter.

"I'm glad you come," admitted the caretaker. "If you hadn't come an' we seen you, they might ha' nipped in on the quiet, an' then I might ha' missed 'em."

"And after that," said Hester, telling her story at the office on the Monday morning, "after that we all became quite friendly. The caretaker didn't want to hand me over to the police—I asked him. And the daughter offered me a share of her bed, and the wife asked me to come to the lodge and have a bite of something and a cup of tea, and, of course, I *did* prefer it to sleeping in an empty house. I had to leave my address in case they catch the people, but I gave a wrong one—I liked that Suffragette girl. And all yesterday I was out of doors and enjoying myself till it was time to race to the station. I found the sovereign; it had slipped down——" The chief had interrupted them, and Hester was now required to turn her thoughts in the direction of a long and hideously uninteresting translation from the French.

THE LAST MAY NIGHT.

It is the last May night
In a world of green and white,
And at six o' the year
The summer is here.
O happy blossoms of the May,
Is it for this you're showering
To make a bridal path for June,
Or have you done with flowering?
For at six o' the year
The summer is here.

It is the last May night
In a world of green and white.
Then at six o' the year
The summer is here.
O little song birds, do not break
Your tiny hearts with singing,
And tender bluebells do not lose
Your lovely bells with ringing
At six o' the year,
When summer is here.

O last sweet night in May,
One little moment stay,
For at six o' the year
The summer is here.
I had not thought so soon to feel
The moving of Time's finger.
Listen! for I will love you more
If only you will linger.
But 'tis six o' the year,
And summer is here.

ELIZABETH CLEMENT.

A BASKET OF FISH

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "Hoof and Claw," "The Feet of the Furtive," "Neighbours Unknown," "Kings in Exile," "More Kindred of the Wild," etc.

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

RESH and tender, the light of the mild spring afternoon caressed the little abandoned clearing in the wilderness. At the back of the clearing, beneath a solitary white birch tree just bursting into green, stood a squatter's log cabin, long deserted, its door and window gone, its roof of poles and bark half fallen in. Past the foot of the clearing, with dancing sparkle and a crisp, musical clamour, ran a shallow stream some dozen yards in width, its clear waters amber-tawny from the far-off cedar-swamps in which it took its rise. Along one side came the deeply rutted backwoods road, skirting the clearing and making its precarious way across the stream by a rude bridge not lightly to be ventured after dark. Over all the face of the lonely backwoods world was washed the high, thin green of the New Brunswick May-time, under a sky of crystal cobalt dotted with dense white fleeces.

Before the ruined cabin stood a light wagon, its wheels and polished body bespattered with mud. In the open back of the wagon, thrust well under the seat to be in the shade, lay a large wicker fishing-basket, with a tuft of grass sticking out through the square hole in the cover. Some ten or a dozen paces distant, tethered beneath the birch tree, a sorrel horse munched the last remnants of a bundle of hay, and whisked his long tail industriously to keep off the flies.

From behind a corner of the ruined cabin peered craftily a red fox. He eyed the wagon, he eyed the horse beneath the birch tree, he scrutinised the whole clearing, the road, and the open stretch of the stream. Then his narrowed, searching gaze returned to the wagon and to the fat basket in the back of the wagon. At length he stepped forth mincingly into full view, trotted up, and sniffed inquisitively. As if in doubt, he raised himself on his hind legs, with his fore-paws on the tyre of the nearest wheel, and took a long, satisfying sniff. Yes, undoubtedly there were fish in the basket, fresh fish—trout, in fact.

He wanted those fish exceedingly. It seemed easy enough to get them. He shifted his fore-paws to the back of the wagon and studied the situation. Why should he not climb up and help himself? The sorrel horse, catching a whiff of his pungent scent, looked around at him suddenly and snorted. But what did he care for the disapproval of the sorrel horse? All horses, submissive and enslaved, he held in profoundest scorn. He would have those trout, whether the horse liked it or not. And, anyhow, he saw that the horse was tethered to the tree. He settled himself back upon his haunches to spring into the wagon.

Then a new idea flashed into his cunning red head. No one who valued fresh-caught trout at their full worth would leave them thus unguarded unless for a sinister purpose. They were surely left there as a trap. The fox wrinkled his nose with mingled regret and disdain. He knew something of traps. He had once been nipped. He was not to be caught again, not he. What fools these men were, after all! His satisfaction at having seen through their schemes almost compensated him for the loss of the expected meal. He drew back, sat down on his tail, and eyed the wagon minutely for a while. Then he trotted away into the forest again to hunt wood-mice.

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But it was just here that the red prowler's cunning overreached itself. The basket in the wagon was full of trout, and there was no trap to be feared. He might have feasted to his heart's content, and incurred no penalty more serious than the disapproval of the tethered horse, had he not been quite so amazingly clever. For even among the wild kindreds the prize is not always to him of nimble wit.

The trout were there in the basket simply because the fishing had been so good. The two fishermen who had driven out from town, in the grey of dawn, over those fifteen miles of bad backwoods road, had fished the stream upwards from the bridge throughout the morning. At this season the trout—fine, vivid fish, of good pan size—were lying in the open, dancing runs and about the tails of the rapids; and they were rising freely to almost any bright fly, though with a preference for a red hackle. Toward noon the fishermen had returned to the clearing to lunch beneath the birch tree and to feed and water the horse. They had emptied all their catch into one basket, stowed the basket under the wagon seat, then started off again to fish the finer reaches of the stream, with its wide pools and long, sunlit rapids, below the bridge. Good fishermen, but not expert woodsmen, they had no idea that, here in the solitude, they ran any risk of being robbed of their morning's spoils.

* * * * *

Soon after the departure of the over-crafty fox, a backwoods tramp came by, with a ragged little bundle slung from the stick on his shoulder. His eyes lighted up at sight of the unguarded wagon from town, and he understood the situation at a glance. In the front of the wagon, by the dashboard, he found a lunch-basket, still half full, as the fishermen had provided themselves for another substantial meal. He hurriedly devoured about half the contents of the lunch-basket, transferred the rest to his dirty bundle, and with huge satisfaction lighted a half-burned cigar which one of the fishermen had left lying on a log. Next he investigated the fishing-basket. Half a dozen of the finest fish he took out and strung upon a forked twig. This he did not regard as stealing, but merely as the exaction of a small and reasonable tribute from a Society which had of late neglected to feed him any too well. Puffing his cigar butt in high good humour, he went over and made friends with the horse, feeding it with a few handfuls of fresh grass. Then, with the string of fish dangling beside his bundle and flapping against it as he walked, he resumed his solitary journey, picked his way over the dilapidated bridge, and vanished into the fir forest beyond. The horse, feeling rather lonely, neighed after him as he disappeared.

An abandoned clearing or a deserted log cabin, something to which man has set his hand and then withdrawn it, seems always a place of peculiar fascination to the creatures of the wilderness. They have some sense, perhaps, of having regained a lost dominion. Or possibly they think, from these his leavings, to learn something significant of man's mysterious over-lordship. In any case, the attraction seldom fails.

The tramp had not been long gone, when a new visitor arrived. Up from the fringing bushes along the stream's edge came furtively a little, low, long-bodied beast, in shape much like an exaggerated weasel, but almost black in colour. Its head was almost triangular; its eyes, set near together, were bright and cruel. It came half-way across the meadow, then stopped, and eyed for some time the tethered horse and the deserted wagon. Seeing nothing to take alarm at, it made a wide circuit, ran behind the cabin, and reappeared, as the fox had done, at the corner nearest the wagon. From this point of vantage it surveyed the situation anew, a little spark of blood-red fire alternately glowing and fading in its eyes as its keen nostrils caught the scent of the fish.

Satisfied at length that there was no danger within range, the mink glided up to the wagon. The horse it paid no heed to. It circled the wagon a couple of times in a nervous, jerky run, its head darting this way and that, till its nose assured it beyond question that the fish it scented were in the wagon itself. Thereupon—for the mink lacks the fox's hair-splitting astuteness, and does not take long to make up its mind—it clambered nimbly up through one of the wheels and fell straightway upon the fish-basket.

Now, the tramp, courteous in his depredations, had taken thought to refasten the basket. The mink was puzzled. The hole in the top of the basket, though he might have squeezed his head through it, was not large enough to let him reach the fish. He began jerking the basket and pulling it about savagely. The back of the wagon consisted of a hinged flap, and the fishermen had left it hanging down. The basket, dragged this way and that, came presently to

the edge, toppled over, and fell heavily to the ground on its bulging side. The fastening came undone, and the cover flopped half open. The mink dropped down beside it, flung himself upon it furiously, and began jerking forth and scattering the contents, tearing mouthfuls out of one fish after another in a paroxysm of greed, as if he feared they were still alive and might get away from him.

The basket emptied and his first rage glutted, the mink now fell to the business of making a serious meal. Selecting a fish to his taste, he ate it at great leisure, leaving the head and the tail upon the grass. Then he picked out a larger one, as if he regarded the first as merely an appetiser.

As he gnawed luxuriously at the silver-and-buff, vermilion-spotted tit-bit, an immense shadow floated between him and the sun. He did not take time to look up and see what it was. It was as if the touch of that shadow had loosed a powerful spring. He simply shot from his place, at such speed that the eye could not distinguish how he did it, and in the minutest fraction of a second was curled within the empty fishing-basket, which still lay on its side, half open. A pair of long, black, sickle-curved talons, surmounted by thickly-feathered grey shanks, clutched at the place where he had stood.

Furious at having missed her strike, the great horned owl, that tigress of the air, flapped up again on her soundless, downy wings, and swooped suddenly at the basket, as if trying to turn it over. As her talons clawed at the wickerwork, feeling for a hold, the head of the mink, on its long, snaky neck, darted forth, reached up, and struck its fine white fangs into her thigh.

But the great owl's armour of feathers, though it looked so soft and fluffy, was in fact amazingly resistant. The mink's long teeth reached the flesh and drew blood, but he gained no grip. That steel-muscled thigh was wrenched from his jaws, leaving him with an embarrassing mouthful of down. He jerked his head into cover again, just as the bird made another lightning clutch at him.

For all his rage, the mink kept his wits about him. He knew the owl for one of his most dangerous rivals and adversaries. He knew that he could kill her if once he could reach her throat or get his grip fixed on one of her mighty wings close to the base. But that *if* kept him prudent. He was too well aware that in an open combat he was more than likely to get his neck or his back into the clutch of those inexorable talons, and that would be the end of him. Discreetly, therefore, he kept himself well within the basket, which was large enough to hold him comfortably. He snarled shrilly through the little square hole in the cover, while his assailant, baulked of her prey and furious with the smart of her wound, pounced once more upon the basket and strove to claw an entrance. A chance blow of one of her pounding wings drove the lid—the basket being still on its side—completely to. The sorrel horse under the birch-tree swung round on his tether and rolled his eyes and snorted, deeply scandalised at such goings-on about his familiar wagon.

It was just at this point in the mink's adventure that the fox returned to the clearing. He had had rather poor luck with the wood-mice, and his chaps watered with the memory of those trout in the wagon. Something of an expert in dealing with traps, he made up his mind that he would try to circumvent this one.

The sight that met his shrewd eyes, as he emerged warily from the cover of the fir woods, amazed him. He halted to take it in thoroughly. He saw the basket lying on the ground, and the angry owl clawing at it. The fish he did not see. He concluded that they were still in the basket, and that the owl was trying to get at them. This particular kind of owl, as he knew, was a most formidable antagonist; but with his substantial weight and his long, punishing jaws, he felt himself much more than a match for her. His eyes flamed green with indignation as he watched her trying to steal the prize which he had already marked down for his own. He darted forward on tip-toe—noiselessly, as he thought—and made a long leap at the flapping, dusky wings.

But the ears of an owl are a very miracle of sensitiveness. They can catch the squeak of a mouse at a distance which, for ordinary ears, would make the sharp clucking of a chipmunk inaudible. To the bird on the basket the coming of those velvet footsteps were like the scamper of a frightened sheep. She sprang into the air without an effort, hung for a moment to glare down upon the fox with her hard, round, moon-pale eyes, and then sailed off without a sound, having no mind to try conclusions with the long-jawed red stranger.

The fox was surprised to find the trout lying scattered about the grass, some of them bitten and mangled. What, then, was in the basket? What was the great owl trying to

"She sprang into the air without an effort."

get at, when the precious fish were all spread out before her? Curiosity dominating his hunger, he stepped up to the basket and sniffed at the hole in the lid. Instantly there was a shrill, vicious snarl from within, and a wide-open, triangular mouth, set with white teeth, darted at his nose. He drew back hastily and sat down on his tail, ears cocked and head tilted to one side, to consider.

It puzzled him greatly that there should be a mink in the basket. Tip-toeing cautiously around it, he saw that the lid was slightly open, so that the mink could come out if he wished. But the fox did not want him to come out. What the fox wanted was fish, not a fight with an adversary who would give him a lot of trouble. By all means, let the mink stay in there.

Keeping a sharp watch on the lid of the basket, the fox backed away cautiously several feet, lay down, and fell to devouring the trout. But never for an instant did he take his eyes off that slightly moving lid. He lay with his feet gathered under him, every muscle ready for action, expecting each moment to find himself involved in a desperate battle for the prize he was enjoying. He could not imagine a fiery-tempered personage like the mink tamely submitting to the rape of his banquet. He felt sure that in the next second or two a snaky black shape, all teeth and springs and venom, would dart from the basket and be at his throat. He was ready for it, but he was not hankering after it.

Meanwhile, there behind the basket lid, the mink was raging irresolutely. It galled him to the marrow to watch his big, arrogant, bush-tailed rival complacently gulping down those fine fat trout. But—well, he had himself already eaten one of the trout and a good part of another. His hunger was blunted. He could rage within reason, and his reason admonished him to keep out of this fight if it could be managed. He knew the whipcord muscle underlying that soft red fur, the deadly grip of those long, narrow jaws. There is no peace counsellor like a contented belly. So he snarled softly to himself and waited.

The fox, having swallowed as much as he could hold, stood up, stretched himself, and licked his chaps. The look which he kept upon the basket was no less vigilant than before, but there was now a tinge of scorn in it. There were still some trout left, but he wanted to get away. He snatched up the two biggest fish in his jaws and trotted off with them to the woods, glancing back over his shoulder as he went.

Before he had gained the cover of the fir trees, the mink glided forth, planted his fore-paws on the remaining fish, and stood staring after him in an attitude of challenge. Had the fox returned, the mink would now have fought. But the fox had no thought of returning. There was nothing to fight about. He had got what he wanted. He had no rooted objection to the mink having what was left. He trotted away nonchalantly toward his burrow under the roots of an old birch tree on the hill.

The mink stuffed himself till he could not get another mouthful down. There were still a couple of trout untouched. He eyed them regretfully, but he had not the fox's wit or providence to carry them off and hide them for future use. He left them, therefore, with a collection of neatly severed heads and tails, to mock the fishermen when they should return at sunset. He was feeling very drowsy. At a deliberate pace, quite unlike his usual eager and darting movements, he made off down the clearing toward the water. Beneath the bank was an old musquash hole which he was well acquainted with. Only the other day, indeed, he had cleared out its inhabitants, devouring their litter of young. He crawled into the hole, curled up on the soft, dead grass of the devastated nest, and cosily went to sleep.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

By DORNFORD YATES

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst

" SUPPOSE," said Daphne, "I suppose you think you're funny?"

Her husband regarded his cigarette with a frown.

"Not at all," he replied. "Only, there's nothing doing. That's all. My mind is made up. This correspondence must now cease. For myself, as breadwinner and——"

"Never did a day's work in your life," said Jonah.

"And one of the world's workers (so you're wrong, you see)——"

"Of course he's going," said I, looking up. "Only what as?"

"Why not himself?" said Jill.

"'M, no," said I. "We must find something out of the common. A mountebank's too ordinary. I want our party to be one of the features of the ball."

"Would it be asking you too much to shut your face?" said Berry. "Nobody spoke to you. Nobody wants to speak to you. I will go further. Nobody——"

"Could he go as a cook, d'you think?" said Daphne. "A *chef* thing, I mean. They had cooks, of course. Or a wine butler? They must have had——"

"Or a birthright?" said Berry. "We know they had birthrights. And I'd sooner be a birthright than a wine-cooler any day. Besides, Jonah could go as a mess of pottage. There's an idea for you. Talk about originality."

"Originality," said his wife contemptuously. "Studied imbecility, you mean. Anyone can originate drivel."

"It's in the blood," said Jonah. "One of his uncles was a Master in Lunacy."

I laid down my pen and leaned back in my chair.

"It comes to this," said I. "Whatever he goes as, he'll play the fool. Am I right, sir?"

"Yes!" said everyone.

"(A voice, 'Shame!')" said Berry.

"Consequently, he must be given a part which he can clown without queering the whole scene."

"Exactly," said Daphne.

"What d'you mean, talking about parts and scenes?" said Berry. "I thought it was going to be a ball."

"So it is," said his wife. "But people are taking parties, and every party's going to represent some tale, or picture, or play, or a bit of it. I've told you all this once."

"Twice," corrected her husband. "Once last night, with *éclat*, and once this morning, with your mouth full. Jilly's told me three times, and the others once each. That's seven altogether. Eight, with this. I'm beginning to get the hang of the thing. Tell me again." His voice subsided into the incoherent muttering which immediately precedes slumber.

This was too much. In silence Jonah handed Daphne his cigarette. By stretching out an arm as she lay on the sofa, my sister was just able to apply the burning tobacco to the lobe of her husband's ear. With a yell, the latter flung his feet from the club-kerb and sat up in his chair. When he turned, Jonah was placidly smoking in the distance, while Daphne met her victim's accusing eye with a disdainful stare, her hands empty in her lap. The table at which I was writing shook with Jill's suppressed merriment.

"The stake's upstairs," said Berry bitterly.

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"Or would you rather gouge out my eyes? Will you flay me alive? Because, if so, I'll go and get the knives and things. What about after tea? Or would you rather get it over?"

"You shouldn't be so tiresome," said Daphne.

Berry shook his head sorrowfully.

"Listen," he said. "The noise you hear is not the bath running away. No, no. My heart is bleeding, sister."

"Better sear that, too," said his wife, reaching for Jonah's cigarette.

It was just then that my eyes, wandering round the library, lighted on a copy of "Don Quixote."

"The very thing," said I suddenly.

"What?" said Jill.

"Berry can go as Sancho Panza."

The others stared at me. Berry turned to his wife.

"You and Jill run along, dear, and pad the box-room. Jonah and I'll humour him till you're ready."

"Sancho Panza?" said Daphne. "But we're going to do 'The Caliph's Wedding,' out of 'The Arabian Nights.'"

"Let's drop the Eastern touch," I said, getting up from the table. "It's sure to be overdone. Give them a page of Cervantes instead. Jonah can be Don Quixote. You'll make a priceless Dorothea in boy's clothes, with your hair down your back. Jilly can be—— Wait a minute."

I stepped to the shelf and picked out the old quarto. After a moment's search—

"Here you are," said I. "Daughter of Don Diego. Sancho Panza strikes her when he's going the rounds at night. 'She was beautiful as a thousand pearls, with her hair enclosed under a net of gold and green silk.' And I can be the Squire of the Wood, complete with false nose."

"I rather like the idea," said Daphne, "only——"

"Wait till I find the description of Dorothea," said I, turning over the pages. "Here it is. Read that, my dear." And I handed her the book.

In silence my sister read the famous lines. Then she laid the book down and slipped an arm round my neck.

"Boy," she said, "you flatter me, but I can sit on my hair."

Then and there it was decided to illustrate Cervantes.

"And Sancho can wear his Governor's dress," said Jill.

"Quarter of an hour back," said Berry, "I told you that it was no good ordering the wild horses, because nothing would induce me to go. Since then my left ear has been burned, as with a hot iron. Under the circumstances it is hardly likely that——"

"Oh, dear," said Daphne wearily.

I reached for the telephone and picked up the receiver.

"Number, please."

"Exchange," I said, "there is here a fat swab."

"What?"

"Swab," said I. "I'll spell it. S for soldier, W, A for apple, B for Baldwin."

"Have you a complaint to make?"

"That's it," said I. "About this swab. You see, he won't go to the ball. His ticket has been bought, his *rôle* chosen, his face passed over. And yet——"

"Mayfair supervisor," said a voice.

"That's done it," said I. "I mean—er—Supervisor."

"Speaking."

"I want to complain about our swab here?"

"Oh, yes. Can you tell me what's wrong with it?"

"I think its liver must be out of order."

"Very well. I'll report it to the engineers. They'll send a man down to-morrow."

"Thanks awfully."

"Good-bye."

I replaced the receiver and crossed to where Berry was sitting, nursing his wounded ear.

"They're going to report you to the engineers," I said shortly. "A man will be down to-morrow."

"As for you," said my brother-in-law, "I take it your solicitors will accept service. For the others, what shall I say? Just because I hesitate to put off my mantle of dignity, and abase this noble intellect by associating with a herd of revellers and—er—"

"Libertines?" said Jonah.

"—toss-pots, my ears are to be burned and foul aspersions cast upon a liver till then spotless. Am I discouraged? No. Emboldened, rather. In short, I will attend the rout."

"At last," sighed Daphne.

"My dear, I ordered the supper yesterday. We're sharing a table with the Scarlets. But you needn't have burned my ear."

"Only means someone was talking about you," said Daphne. "Why did you say you weren't going?"

"A passion for perversity," said I.

Berry stole a cautious glance at the time. The hands stood at a quarter past three. A slow grin spread over his countenance.

"Didn't you say something about a sacred concert?" he said.

"Good Heavens!" cried Daphne, jumping up. "I forgot all about it. It begins at thr——"

Arrested by her husband's seraphic smile, she swung round and looked at the clock. . .

Berry apostrophised the carpet.

"Sweet are the uses of perversity," he said, with inimitable inflection.

For a moment his wife eyed him, speechless with indignation. Then—

"I hope you've got ear-ache," she said.

Berry settled himself among the cushions.

"I have," he said. "But back-ache would have been worse."

* * * * *

I sank back in my seat with an injured air. The coach swayed slightly, as it rattled over the points. The train was gathering speed. In the far corner of the compartment the plume of a velvet hat nodded over the top of *The Daily Glass*.

"That's a nice thing," said I.

"What?" said the girl, laying down her paper.

"Oh, nothing. Only the train's run through the station I was going to get out at. That's all."

"How tiresome for you!"

"There are consolations. You would never have opened your small red mouth but for my exclamation. And I should never have exclaimed but for——"

"It's very rude to make personal remarks." This severely.

"Only when the person's plain or the remark rude. Note the alliteration."

"What are you going to do?"

"Obey orders, I suppose," said I, pointing to the door.

"'Wait until the train stops'?"

"I think so," said I, looking at the flashing hedgerows. "You see, I've given up acting for the pictures. Otherwise, I should adjust my handcuffs, run along the footboard, and dive in the direction of the nearest pond."

"While I——"

"Lay perfectly still. You see, I should be carrying you in my teeth."

"Thanks, awfully."

"Not at all. It's a great life."

"It's a rotten death."

"Possibly. Otherwise, you emerge from the infirmary to find that 'A Jump for Life' has already left the Edgware Road for Reading, and is eagerly expected at Stockton-on-Tees, that the company for which you work is paying twenty-seven per cent., and that rehearsals for 'Kicked to Death' begin on Monday. However."

I stopped. The girl was leaning back in her corner, laughing helplessly.

"It's all very fine to laugh," said I. "How would you like to be carried a county and a half beyond your station?"

"You should have asked before you got in."

"Asked?" said I. "The only person I didn't ask was the traffic superintendent himself. They said he was away on his holiday."

"They can't have understood what you said."

"I admit my articulation is defective; has been ever since a fellow backed into my car at Brooklands, did it twenty pounds' worth of damage, and then sent in a bill for a new tail lamp. At the same time——"

Here another station roared by. I was too late to see the name.

"I shall swear in a minute," said I. "I can feel it coming. I suppose we do stop somewhere, if only to coal, don't we?"

"Well, we may stop before, but I know we stop at Friars Rory, because that's where I get out."

I turned to her open-mouthed. She was consulting a wrist-watch and did not see the look on my face. Friars Rory was where I was bound for. We had run through the station ten minutes ago. I knew the place well. I had just time to recover when she looked up.

"We're late now," she said. "I expect that's why we're going so fast."

"You know," I said, "I don't believe you asked, either."

"If this was the right train? Well, I've used it, going down to hunt, for two seasons. Besides, I told a porter——"

"Can't have understood what you said," said I, producing my cigarette-case. "Will you smoke? There's plenty of time."

"What d'you mean?"

"I was going to Rory, too. My dear, if this train really stops there, there must be the very deuce of a hairpin corner coming, or else we're on the Inner Circle. We've passed it once, you know, about nine miles back, I should think. No, twelve. This is Shy Junction." We roared between the platforms. "Wonderful how they put these engines along, isn't it?"

But my companion was staring out of the window. The next moment she swung round and looked at me wildly. Gravely I offered her a cigarette. She waved me away impatiently.

"Have we really passed Rory?" she said.

"Ages ago," said I. "Your porter can't possibly have under——"

She stamped a small foot, bright in its patent-leather shoe.

"Aren't you going to do anything?" she demanded.

"I am already composing a letter to the absent traffic superintendent which will spoil his holiday. I shall say that, in spite of the fact that the dark lady with the eyes and the musquash coat asked the porter with the nose——"

"Idiot! Can't you do anything now?"

"I can wave to the engine-driver as we go round a bend, if you think it's any good, or, of course, there's always the communication cord, only——"

I broke off and looked at her. There was trouble in her great eyes. The small foot tapped the floor nervously. One gloved hand gripped the arm of her seat. I could have sworn the red lips quivered a moment ago. I leaned forward.

"Lass," I said, "is it important that you should be at Friars Rory this morning?"

She looked up quickly. Then, with a half-laugh—

"I did want to, rather," she said. "But it can't be helped. You see, my mare, 'Dear One,' she's been taken ill, and—and—— Oh, I am a fool," she said, turning away, her big eyes full of tears.

"No, you're not," said I sturdily, patting her hand. "I know what it is to have a sick horse. Buck up, lass. We'll be there within the hour."

"What d'you mean?" she said, feeling in her bag for a handkerchief.

"I have a plan," said I mysteriously. "Can't you find it?"

She felt in the pocket of her coat, and turned to the bag again.

"I'm afraid my maid must have——"

I took a spare handkerchief from my breast-pocket.

"Would you care to honour me by using this to—er—"

"Go on," she said, taking it with a smile.

"—to brush away some of the prettiest tears——"

She laughed exquisitely, put the handkerchief to her eyes, and then smiled her thanks over the white cambric.

I let down the window nearest me and put out my head. A long look assured me that we were nearing Ringley. My idea was to pull the cord, stop the train in the station, pay the fine, and raise a car in the town, which should bring us to Rory in forty minutes by road.

"But what are you going to do?" said the girl.

"Wait," said I over my shoulder.

Again I put out my head. In the distance I could see red houses—Ringley. I put up my right hand and felt for the chain. As I did so, there seemed to be less way on the train—a strange feeling. I hesitated, the wind flying in my face. We were not going so fast, so evenly. Yet, if we had run through Shy Junction, surely we were not going to stop at—— The next moment I saw what it was. We were the last coach, and there was a gap, widening slowly, between us and the rest of the train. We had been slipped.

I took in my head to find my companion clasping my arm and crying—

"No, no. You mustn't, you mustn't. You're awfully good, but——"

"It's all right," I said. "I didn't have to. We're in the Ringley slip."

"And we're going to stop there?"

"Probably with an unconscionable jerk—a proper full stop. None of your commas for a slip. But there! I might have known. It's a long train that breaks no journey, and there's many a slip 'twixt Town and the North of England. However, if there isn't a train back soon, I'm going to charter a car. May I have the honour of driving you back to Rory and the mare? I'm sure the sight of her mistress will put her on her legs again quicker than all the slings and mashes of outrageous surgeons. I take it you know your 'Macbeth'?"

She laughed merrily. I looked at her appreciatively, sitting opposite and perched, as I was, on one of the compartment's dividing arms.

"Sunshine after rain," I murmured.

Priceless she looked in her plumed hat and her long musquash coat. Beneath this, two inches of skirt showed blue above silk stockings and the bright shoes. Muff and bag on the seat by her side. The face was eager, clear-cut, its features regular. But only the great eyes mattered. Perhaps, also, the mouth.

"You're a kind man," she said slowly. "And it was sweet of you to think of pulling the cord. But I should have been awfully upset if you had."

"'Give me good judgment. I shall call him Paris.'"

G

The coach ran alongside of the platform, and stopped with a jerk that flung me backwards and my lady on to my chest. I sat up with my arms full of fur coat, while its owner struggled to regain her feet.

"Infants in arms need not be paid for," said I, setting her upright with a smile. "I hope the station-master saw you, or he mightn't believe—— Where were we? Oh, I know. You'd have been upset, would you? More upset than this?"

"Oh, much," she said, her eyebrows raised above a faint smile. "You see, then I should have been upset properly."

As she spoke, she laid a hand on my shoulder to steady herself, while she peered into the mirror above my head. I looked round and up at the smiling face, six inches away.

"Then I wish I had," said I.

One hand was settling her plumed hat. Without looking down, she set the other firmly upon my chin and turned my face round and away.

"Open the door and hand me out nicely," she said.

I rose and put on my hat.

"Do you ever play the piano?" I said suddenly.

"Why?"

"I was thinking of the fingers. You have such an exquisite touch."

* * * * *

The evident pleasure the chestnut mare evinced at her mistress's arrival was a real tribute to personality. Also the vet.'s morning report was more satisfactory. It seemed that "Dear One" was mending.

Greatly comforted, my lady let me give her lunch at The Duck Inn. Afterwards—there being no train till four o'clock—she came with me to choose a spaniel pup. It was to purchase him that I had started for Friars Rory that sunshiny day.

"What shall you call him?" she said, as we made our way to the kennels.

"I really don't know," said I. "What about Musquash? Must be something in memory of to-day."

She laughed merrily. Then—

"Why not Non-Stop?"

"I know," I said. "I'll call him Upset."

Three black-and-white urchins gambolled about us, flapping ears, wagging ridiculous tails, uncertainly stumbling about upon baby legs.

"Oh, you darlings!" said the girl, stooping among them, caressing, in turned caressed. She raised a radiant face to me. "However will you choose which you'll have?"

I leaned against the wall and regarded the scene before me.

"I like the big one best," I said.

"The big one?" she said, standing up. "Aren't they all the same——"

"The one on its hind legs," said I, "with the big eyes."

"Ah," she said, smiling. "But that's not for sale, I'm afraid. Besides, its temper's very uncertain, as you know."

"I'd risk that. The spaniel is renowned for its affectionate disposition. And what dog wouldn't turn if it was put in the wrong train? Besides, your coat's so silky."

"But I'm sure my ears don't droop, and I've never had distemper. Then there's my pedigree. You don't know——"

"Don't I? By A Long Chalk out of The Common's good enough for most people."

"Oh, you are hopeless," she said, laughing. She turned to the scrambling pups. "Who's for a mad master?" she said.

Suddenly a bulldog appeared. She stood regarding us for a moment, her massive head a little on one side. Then a great smile spread over her countenance, and she started to sway in our direction, wagging a greeting with her hindquarters, as bulldogs do. Two of the puppies loped off to meet her. The long-suffering way in which she permitted them to mouth her, argued that she was accustomed to being the kindly butt of their exuberance. The third turned to follow his fellows, hesitated, caught my lady's eye, and rushed back to his new-found friend.

"That's the one for me," said I. "Give me good judgment. I shall call him Paris."

"Appropriately. Off with the old love and on with the new. I'm sure he's faithless, and I expect the bulldog's been awfully kind to him, haven't you, dear?" She patted the snuffling beauty. "Besides, I gave him the glad eye, which wasn't fair."

"I bet that's how Venus got the apple, if the truth were known. Anyway, I'm going to choose him for choosing you. You see. We shall get on well."

"Juno, Juno!" cried a woman's voice from the house. Immediately the bulldog started and turned towards the doorway.

"What did I say?" said I. "Something seemed to tell me you were a goddess, when——"

"When?"

"When you were upset this morning. I saw you very close then, you see. Well,

what sort of weather have you been having in Olympus lately? And how's Vulcan? I suppose Cupid must be getting quite a big boy?"

She laughed.

"You wouldn't know him if you saw him," she said.

"Don't be too sure. When does he go to the 'Varsity, or shan't you send him?"

"He's there now. Doing awfully well, too."

"Taken a first in the Honour School of Love, I suppose. Is he as good a shot as ever?"

"He's a very good son."

"Ought to be," said I.

"Yes," she said steadily, gazing with eyes half closed over the fields and hedgerows, away to the distant hills, the faintest smile hung on her parted lips. "He's never given me a day's trouble since he was born. I don't think he will, either—not for a long time, anyway."

Thoughtfully I pulled on my gloves. Then—

"My dear," said I, "for that boast you may shortly expect a judgment."

"More judgments?" she cried with a laugh, turning to look at me, the straight brows raised in mockery.

"Which will cost you more, my fair Olympian, than a glad eye."

* * * * *

A quarter past five. The train was passing through the outskirts of London. A bare ten minutes more and we should arrive. I looked anxiously at the girl, wondering where, when, how I should see her again. For the last half-hour we had spoken but little. She had seemed sleepy, and I had begged her to rest. Dreamily she had thanked me, saying that she had had little sleep the night before. Then the eyes had smiled gently and disappeared . . .

It was almost dark now, so swift had been the passing of the winter's day. Lights shone and blinked out of the darkness. Another train roared by, and we slackened speed. Slowly we crawled over a bridge spanning mean streets. One could not but mark the bustling scene below. The sudden din compelled attention. I looked down upon the writhing traffic, the glistening roadway, the pavement crowded with hurrying, jostling forms. An over-lighted public-house made the cheap shops seem ill-lit, poorer still. Its dirty splendour dominated everything; even the tall trams took on a lesser light. The lumbering roar of wheels, the insistent clamour of an obstructed tram, the hoarse shouts of hawkers crying their wares—all this rose up above the rumble of the slow-moving train. I was glad when we had left the spot behind. It would not do after the countryside. It occurred to me that, but a little space back, some seventy rolling years, here also had stretched fair green fields. Perchance the very ones poor dying Falstaff had babbled of. We slunk past an asylum—a long mass, dark, sinister. By this even the trams seemed to hasten. I could just hear their thin song as they slid forward . . .

Enough! Already I was half-way to depression. Resolutely I turned, giving the window my shoulder. My lady had not stirred. Wistfully I regarded her closed eyes. In five minutes we should be in, and there were things I wanted to say . . .

A smile crept into the gentle face.

"Go on," she said quietly. "I'm listening."

"I was wondering, goddess, if I should ever see you again."

"Oh, probably; the world's awfully small. Not for some time, though. I leave for Cannes to-morrow to join my people."

"Cannes!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; you must have heard of it. Where the weather comes from."

"Where it stays, you mean," I growled, as the rising wind flung a handful of raindrops against the windows.

For a moment I sat silent, looking out into the night, thinking. Except for a luncheon, to-morrow was free. And I could cut that. A network of shining rails showed that the terminus was at hand. I turned to my lady.

"Then we shall meet again to-morrow," I said gravely. "I have to go down to Dover, too."

"What for?" This suspiciously.

I rose and took up my hat.

"Another dog," I said shortly.

She broke into silvery merriment. At length—

"Nonsense," she said, rising.

"Not at all," said I. "The Dover dogs are famous."

"Sea-dogs, perhaps," she murmured, setting one knee on the cushions to look into the glass. "Well, you've been awfully kind, and I'm very grateful. And now"—she swung round—"good-bye!" She held out a slim hand.

The train drew up to the platform.

"Good-bye?" said I, taking the cool fingers.

She nodded.

"And I hope you'll get a good dog at Dover," she said, smiling. "I shall think of you. You see, I'm going by Folkestone and Boulogne."

In silence I bent over the slight fingers. Slowly they slipped away . . .

I opened the door. Then I turned to the girl.

"You know," I said, "the Folkestone dogs . . . ."

* * * * *

"At last," said Berry, as the car swung into line in Kensington Gore, about a furlong from the doors of the Albert Hall. "A short hour and a quarter, and we shall be there. Can anyone tell me why I consented to come?"

"To please yourself," said Daphne shortly.

"Wrong," said her husband. "The correct answer will appear in our next issue. Five million consolation prizes will be awarded to those who in the opinion of——"

"Have you got the tickets?" said his wife.

"Tickets?" said Berry contemptuously. "I've had to put my handkerchief in my shoe, and my cigarette case has lodged slightly to the right and six inches below my heart. You'll have to make a ring round me, if I want to smoke."

"Have you got the tickets?" said Daphne.

"My dear, I distinctly remember giving them to——"

A perfect shriek went up from Daphne and Jill. The footman slipped on to the step and opened the door.

"Did you call, madam?"

"Yes," said Berry. "Give Mrs. Pleydel the tickets."

Our party was an undoubted success. Jonah looked wonderful, Daphne and Jill priceless. With her magnificent hair unbound, her simple boy's dress, her little rough shoes at the foot of legs bare to the knee, my sister was a glorious sight. And an exquisite Jill, in green and white and gold, ruffled it with the daintiest air and a light in her grey eyes that shamed her jewellery. Berry was simply immense. A brilliant make-up, coupled with the riotous extravagance of his dress, carried him half-way. But the pomp of carriage, the circumstance of gait which he assumed, the manner of the man, beggar description. Cervantes would have wept with delight, could he have witnessed it. The Squire of the Wood passed.

And did little else. And that somewhat listlessly, till he saw my lady. That was just after supper, and she was sitting on the edge of a box, scanning her programme. All lovely—dressed as Potpourri.

"You were right," said I. "The world is small." We floated into the music. "So is your waist. But then I learned that this morning. So. When you were upset."

"Do you like my dress?"

"Love it! Where did it come from?"

She mentioned a French firm.

"Ah," said I, "give me the judgment of Paris!"

Another story in this series will appear in the next number.

THE ORCHARD.

THERE'S an orchard and an apple tree
And blossoms of the spring,
There's a seat beneath the branches
Where you used to sit and sing.
A little tune and light you sang
And sweet and fancy free,
And it seemed the apple-orchard
Gave back all your tune to me.

Sway the branches in the orchard;
White the blossoms of the trees,
And the little tune you sang me
Comes again upon the breeze.
And your voice, as now I hear it,
Is as sweet and light and fond,
To guide me from the orchard
Through the fields and far beyond.

H. W. WESTBROOK.

THE WHITE HORSES

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

ILLUSTRATED BY
A J GOUGH

VII. LATHOM HOUSE

OXFORD was keeping holiday. The Queen, sure that her husband was facing trouble at too short a range, persuaded him—for her own pleasure, she asserted—to hold a pageant in a field on the outskirts of the city. It was good, she said, that well-looking Cavaliers should have a chance of preening their feathers until this dull waiting-time was over—good that tired ladies of the Court should get away from men's jealousies and wrangles, and air their graces. So a masque had been written and arranged within a week, the zest in it running side by side with the constant expectation of the Metcalfes' coming.

The masque was fixed for twelve o'clock; and, an hour before noon, the company of players began to ride up the High Street on their way to the playing-field. Mary of Scots passed badinage with a Franciscan friar as they rode in company; a jester went by, tickling Cardinal Wolsey in the ribs until the great crowd lining either side the street laughed uproariously. The day was in keeping with it all—sunlight on the storied houses, lush fragrance of the lilac, the song of birds from every branch of every tree.

From up the street there came, sudden as a thunder-clap, the clash of horses' feet. The masqueraders drew aside, to right and left, with little heed for wayfarers. And down the lane, bordered thick with faces, there came a band of men who did not ride for pageantry.

In front of them—he had been thrust into leadership by the Squire of Nappa, who had guessed his ambition and his dream—rode a little man on a little, wiry mare. Blood was dripping from a wound on his cheek; his right arm hung limp. He did not seem to be aware of all this disarray, but rode as a conqueror might do. The dream sufficed him.

A draper in the crowd, whose heart was bigger than the trade that hemmed him in, raised a strident cry: "Why, it's little Blake! Wounds over him, from head to foot—but it's little Blake!"

And then Blake's dream came true. To the full he tasted the incense of men's praise, long worked for, yet unsought. All down the High Street the running murmur went that Blake was here; and the people saw his wounds, the gay, courageous smile in answer to their greeting, and their cheers redoubled.

The pageant-makers, thrust aside by the steady, uncompromising trot of the Metcalfes, lost their first irritation—forgot the boredom that had settled on them during these idle days—and raised a cheer as lusty as the townfolks'. The street was one sunlit length of white horses moving forward briskly, four by four; the big men on them were white with dust, and ruddier splashes of the warfare at Banbury showed here and there. It was as if the days of old were back again, and Northmen riding, with a single heart and purpose, to a second Flodden. They moved, not as six-score men, but as one; and when the old Squire drew rein presently, they, too, pulled up, answering the sharp command as a sword answers to the master's hand.

"By your leave, sir," said the Squire,

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"we come in search of Prince Rupert. Can you direct us to his lodging?"

It happened that it was Digby he addressed —Digby of the soft voice, the face like a cherub's and the tongue of an old, soured woman. "I could not say," he answered. Of all the Cavaliers there, he only was unmoved by the strength and fine simplicity of these riders into Oxford. "If I were aware where the Duchess of Richmond is to be found, I could direct you."

A stormy light came into the Squire's grey eyes. "We have heard of the Duchess. Her name is fragrant in the North, sir, save where ostlers gather at the tavern and pass gossip on for gaping yokels."

"Countered, you dandy!" laughed Digby's neighbour. "Grooms in Oxford and grooms in the North—hey, where's the difference?"

"We shall prove it, sir, at dawn to-morrow," said Digby, his hand slipping to his sword-hilt.

"Oh, content. I always liked to slit a lie in two and see the two halves writhe and quiver."

The Squire of Nappa, looking at these two, guessed where the danger of the King's cause lay. Men see clearly when heart and soul and purpose are as one. If two of his own company had offered and accepted such a duel openly, he would have taken them, one in either hand, and knocked their heads together, in the interests of discipline. In Oxford, it seemed usual that private differences should take precedence of the King's service, and the Squire felt chilled for the first time since he rode out from Yoredale.

Prince Rupert had shared a late breakfast with the Duke of Richmond and the Duchess, who was, in heart and soul, a great lady beyond the reach of paltry malice. Rupert was moody, irritable. He was sick for pageantry in the doing—gallop of his cavalry with swords glancing on Roundhead skulls—blows given for the health of the reigning King, instead of play-acting to the memory of buried monarchs. He was passionately disdainful of this pageant in which he was to play a part, though at the moment he was donning mediæval armour.

"I should have held aloof from it all," he protested.

"No," said the Duchess. "There could have been no pageantry without you. Believe me, it is good for us to have action, if only in the playing—it lights dull days for us."

Rupert strode up and down the floor with his restless, long-legged stride. "I'm to figure as Richard the Crusader," he said, tired of himself and all things. "I ask you, friends, do I show like a Crusader?"

"Your temper of the moment does not, but a man's past goes with him," she broke in, with her soft, infectious laugh. "Of all the King's gentlemen I know, my husband here, and you, stand nearest to the fine Crusading days. To please us both you will play your part?"

Rupert was beyond reach of blandishment. There was a fire from the over-world about him; men and women grew small in the perspective, and only the vigour and abiding zeal he had for the King's service remained to guide him, like a taper shining through a night of trouble.

"Friends," he said, simply as a child, "I had a dream last night. I dreamed that prayers were answered at long last, and that the sea rode into Oxford—a gallant sea, creamed with white horses riding fast."

"How should that be?" laughed the Duke. "It was a tired man's dream."

"It was more," said Rupert sharply. "It was a true vision of the days to come. I tell you, the white horses rode into Oxford like a crested sea. I knew they came to help me, and I grew tired of pageantry." He smiled at his own gravity, reached out for his Crusader's sword. "Come," he broke off, "Cœur de Lion should be punctual to the tryst."

They came into the High Street, the three of them; and Rupert checked his horse with a thrill of wonderment. Not until now had he guessed what the strain of these last idle days had been. He saw the gallant sea ride into Oxford, as in his dream —saw it ride down to meet him, creamed with white horses moving at the trot. He was a free man again.

And then the crowd's uproar ceased. They saw Rupert, their idol, spur forward sharply, saw the company of Metcalfes halt as one man when their Squire drew rein.

"You are the Metcalfes, come from York, I think," said Rupert. Ten years seemed lifted from him in a moment. "Gentlemen, we've waited for you. The King will make you very welcome."

"We came to find Prince Rupert," said the Squire of Nappa, uncovering, "and, God be thanked, I think we've found him. You are like my picture of you."

The Squire's errand was accomplished. By hard stages, wakefulness o' nights, banter or the whip-lash of his tongue by day, he had

brought these high-mettled thoroughbreds into Oxford. It was a relief to take orders now, instead of giving them.

"Sir, they're asking for pageantry in Oxford," said the Prince, "and, by Richard Cœur de Lion, they shall have their fill. Permit me to command your troop."

The Duchess, not for the first time, was surprised by the right-to-be-obeyed that Rupert carried with him. Instinctively the Metcalfes made a lane between their sweating horses. She found herself riding through the pleasant reek of horseflesh until they came to the end of this long line of Metcalfes.

Rupert was himself again—no longer an idler, exchanging growls with enemies in Council, but a man, at the head of the finest cavalry even his proved judgment had encountered so far. When they came to the pageant field, he bade them dismount and do as they pleased for an hour; at the hour's end they were to be ready and alert.

The King arrived by and by with his Queen, and a great wave of loyalty went out to greet them. However it fared with his shifting fortunes, he was here among friends, and knew it. The knowledge was heartening; for none but a king, perhaps, understands the bitter struggle to keep an unmoved face when all he loves seems racing to disaster.

The pageant moved forward; but the crowd was lukewarm until Richard the Crusader came, and then they went mad about the business.

"How they love him!" said the King, his face flushed with pleasure.

The Queen touched him on the arm as only wives do who have proved their men. "And you—how the good city loves you! To have captured Oxford's heart—ah, will you not understand how big your kingdom is? In London—oh, they are shopkeepers. In Oxford there is the great heart beating. Gain or loss, it does not matter here."

When the Crusading scene was ended, and while some affair of royalty granting a Charter to dull-witted burgesses was in the playing, Rupert came to the King's side. "There's a modern episode to follow, sir, if you are pleased to watch it."

"Ah, no!" pleaded the Queen, with her pretty blandishment. "It would be a pity, Rupert, to be less than Cœur de Lion. The armour fits you like a glove."

"I think you lived once in those days, Rupert of the fiery heart," laughed the King, "but no man thrives on looking back. Go, bring your modern pageant in."

Rupert brought his pageant in. He doffed his mediæval armour somewhere in the background of the field, and donned the raiment he liked better.

"Are you ready, Metcalfes?" he asked, with a sudden, heedless laugh.

With the punctilio that was part of the man, he insisted that the Squire of Nappa should ride beside him at the head of this good company. They thundered over the field, wheeled and galloped back. It was all oddly out of keeping with the pageantry that had gone before. In playing scenes of bygone centuries men gloss over much of the mud and trouble of the times; but here were six-score men who had the stain of present traffic on them.

The King himself, grave and reticent since the troubled days came, clapped hands as he watched the sweeping gallop, the turn-about, the precision of the troop when they reined in and saluted as if one man had six-score hands obeying the one ready loyalty. But the Queen grew pitiful; for she saw that most of these well-looking fellows carried wounds and a great tiredness.

"What is this scene you play?" asked the King.

"Sir, it is the Riding Metcalfes, come to help me raise recruits for the relief of York. Cœur de Lion died long ago, but these Northmen are alive for your service."

"My thanks, gentlemen," said Charles. "By the look of you, I think you could relieve York without other help."

Rupert pressed home his point. "Grant us leave, sir, to go wide through Lancashire and raise the siege of Lathom first. My Lord Derby was here only yesterday, after long travel from the Isle of Man."

The Queen, knowing how persistently Lord Derby had been maligned, how men had poisoned the King's mind against him, caught Rupert's eye and frowned at him. His nimble wit caught the challenge and answered it.

"Sir," he said, with the swiftness and assurance of a cavalry attack, "remember Lady Derby there at Lathom. She has held out for weary months—a woman, with a slender garrison to help her—has held out for the honour of the Stuart. Give me my Metcalfes, and other troops to raise, and grant us leave to go wide by way of Lathom House."

The King smiled. "I thought you a fighter only, Rupert. Now you're an orator, it seems. Go, rescue Lady Derby; but, as you love me, save York. There are only two cities on the map to me these days—

York and Oxford. The other towns count loss and gain, as tradesmen do."

Long stress of misunderstanding, futile gossip of courtiers unemployed, dripping poison into the King's mind, were swept away. "As God sees me, sir, I ride only for your honour. The Metcalfes ride only for your honour."

"Ah, Cœur de Lion," laughed the King, "have your own way of it, and prosper."

At Lathom House, three days ago, there had been a welcome addition to the garrison. Kit Metcalfe—he of the sunny smile, because he loved a maid and was not wedded to her whimsies yet—had ridden to the outskirts of the house, had dismounted, left his horse to roam at large, and had crept warily through the moonlight that shone on sleeping men and wakeful sentries. On the left of the moat, near the rounded clump of sedge that fringed its turning, he saw two sentries chatting idly between their yawns.

"It's a poor affair, Giles, this of keeping awake to besiege one woman."

"A poor affair; but, then, what could you look for from an officer of Rigby's breed? Sir Thomas Fairfax had no liking for the business. We've no liking for it."

Kit ran forward through the moonlight, gripped them with his right hand and his left—neither hand knowing just what the other was doing—and knocked their skulls together with the strength given him by Providence. They tumbled forward over the brink of the moat, and Kit himself dived in.

When he came to the water's top again, he swam quietly to the further bank. He went in great tranquillity up the grassy slope that led him to the postern gate, and was surprised when he was challenged sharply. Remembering what he had gone through for the Stuart, he thought, in his simple, country way, that comrades of the same breed would know him, as dog knows brother-dog, without further parley. When he was asked who went there, his temper fired, though the wet of his crossing should have damped its powder.

"A Mecca for the King, you wastrel! Have you not heard of us?"

"By your leave, yes," said the sentry, with sudden change of front. "All Lancashire has heard of you. What is your business here?"

"To see Lady Derby instantly."

He was passed forward into the Castle, and a grey-headed man-servant came to meet him. Again he said curtly what his business was.

"It is out of question, sir," the man protested. "My lady has had three sleepless nights. She gave orders that she should not be roused till dawn, unless, indeed, there was danger from the enemy."

Kit was headstrong to fulfil his errand to the letter. "Go, rouse her," he said sharply. "I come from the King at Oxford, and my news cannot wait."

All folk, even grey and pampered servants, obey the ring of true command in a man's voice; and after Kit had waited for what seemed a week to his impatience, a great lady came down the stair and halted at a little distance from him, and looked him up and down. Her face was lined with trouble; there were crows'-feet about her eyes; but she was dressed fastidiously, and her head was erect with challenge.

"Well, sir?" she asked sharply. "You rob me of sleep for some good reason, doubtless. Sleep? You could have asked no dearer gift. But the King himself commands, you say."

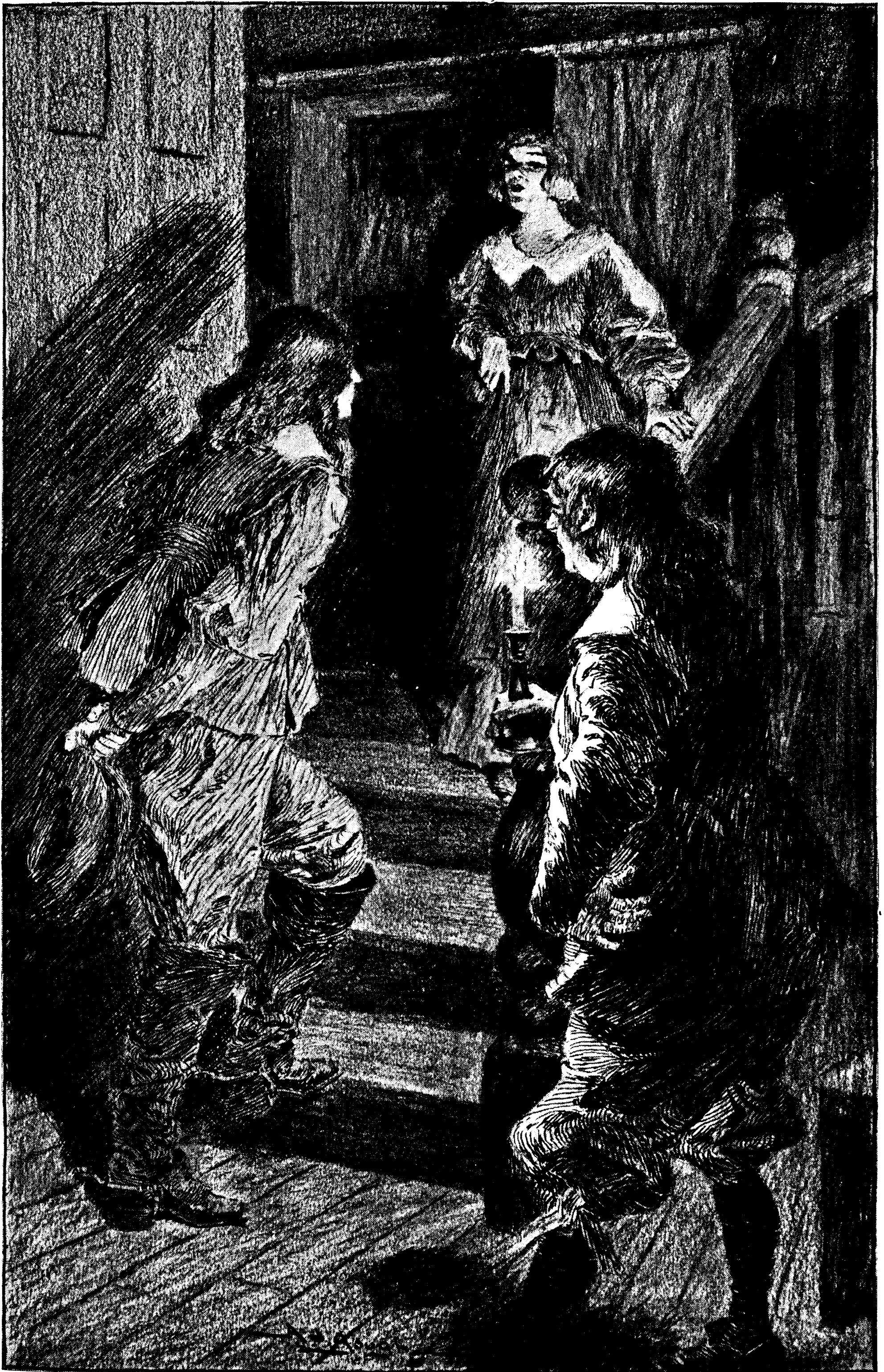
Kit faced her ill-temper, and she liked him for it. "My lady," he said sharply, "Prince Rupert bids me tell you that he comes your way, for the relief of Lathom. He bids me tell you that Lathom House has lit a fire of loyalty from one end to the other of your county."

"So Rupert comes at last?" she asked eagerly.

"As soon as he can gather forces. Meanwhile, he sends me as his deputy, and that's one more sword-arm at your service."

Again she looked him up and down, and smiled. "I like big men. They help to fill this roomy house I'm defending for my husband and the King—for the King and my husband, I should say, if I were not a better wife than courtier."

Kit, for his part, could not take his eyes away from her. Two women of the breed he had seen before, and two only—the Queen, with courage gloved by French disarming courtesy, and the downright mistress of Ripley Castle. As Lady Derby stood there, the traces of her twelve months' Calvary were apparent, because she had been roused suddenly from sleep, and pride had not asserted full control as yet. Under her tired eyes the crows'-feet showed like spiders' webs; her face was thin and drawn; and yet there was a splendour about her, as if each day of each week of hardship had haloed her with grace. She was, in deed as in name, the great lady—so great that Kit felt dwarfed for a moment. Then his manhood



"'Well, sir?' she asked sharply. 'You rob me of sleep for some good reason, doubtless.'"

returned, in a storm of pity to protect this woman.

"Go, sleep again," he said. "I was wrong to rouse you with my news."

She laughed, low and pleasantly, like a breeze blowing through a rose-garden. "I slept with nightmares. You are forgiven for rousing me with news that Rupert comes."

Then she, too, saw how weary this Riding Metcalfe was, and touched him on the arm with motherly admission of his tiredness. "You need food and wine, sir. I was thoughtless."

The grey old servant, standing like a watch-dog on the threshold, caught her glance, and came in by and by with a well-filled tray.

"Admit that we are well provisioned, Mr. Metcalfe. The siege has left some niceties of the table lacking, but we do well enough."

She nibbled at her food, intent on keeping his riotous appetite in countenance. By the lines in his face, by the temperate haste with which he ate and drank, she knew him for a soldier older than his years.

"Tell me how it sped with your riding from the North?" she asked.

"It went bonnily—a fight down Skipton Raikes, and into the market-place. Then to Ripley, and running skirmishes; and, after that, the ride to Oxford. I saw the King and Rupert, and all the prayers I ever said were answered."

"Oh, I'm tired here, waiting at home with gunshots interrupting every meal. Tell me how the King looked."

"Tired, as you are—resolute, as if he went to battle—and he bade me give you the frankest acknowledgment of his regard."

"Ah, he knows, then—knows a little of what we've done at Lathom?"

"He knows all, and Rupert knows."

On the sudden Lady Derby lost herself. Knowledge that the King praised her, sheer relief that the Prince was marching to her aid, came like rain about her, breaking up the long time of drought. Then she dried her eyes.

"I, too, have fought," she explained, "and have carried wounds. Now, sir, by your leave, are you rested sufficiently? Well, then, I need you for a sortie by and by."

From the boy's laughter, his sharp call to attention, she knew again that he was of the soldier's breed.

"Weeks ago—it seems years by now—this Colonel Rigby who besieges us planted a mortar outside our gates. Our men sallied and killed many, and brought the mortar in."

"Good," said Kit. "I saw it as I came through the courtyard, and wondered whether you or they had put it out of action."

"*My* folk put it out of action. And now they've brought up another mortar. We dare not let it play even for a day on crumbling walls. There's to be a sortie within the hour. One of my officers is dead, and two are wounded. Sir, will you lead a company for me?"

"Luck always comes my way," assented Kit.

"But you do not ask what strength you have to follow you?"

"What strength you can give me. I am at your service."

When Lady Derby mustered all she could spare from her slender garrison, Kit found himself the leader of twenty men, some hale enough, others stained with the red-rust that attends on wounds.

"Friends," he said, "the moon is up, and there's light enough to guide us in the open."

They liked him. He wasted no speech. He was mired with travel of wet roads, and tiredness was spinning cobwebs round his eyes, but they knew him, for they had seen other leaders spur them to the hazard.

Some went out through the main gate of Lathom, and waited under shadow of the walls. Others joined them by way of little doors, unknown to the adversary. They gathered, a battered company, led by officers half drunk with weariness, and ahead they saw the moonlight shining on the mortar, reared on its hillock.

Beyond the hillock a besieging army of three thousand men slept in security, save for the hundred who kept guard about the mortar. These five-score men were wakeful; for Colonel Rigby—a lath painted to the semblance of a man—had blustered round them an hour ago, had assured them that Lady Derby was the Scarlet Woman, known otherwise as Rome, and with quick invective had threatened them with torture and the hangman if they allowed this second mortar to go the way its predecessor had taken weeks ago. He had sent an invitation broadcast through the countryside, he explained, bidding folk come to see the mortar play on Lathom House.

Through the dusk of the moonlight Kit

and the rest crept forward. Quick as the sentry shouted the alarm, they were on their feet. They poured in a broadside of musketry at close range, then pressed forward, with swords, or clubbed guns, or any weapon that they carried. It was not a battle, but a rout. In ten minutes by the clock they found themselves masters of the field. The mortar was theirs, and for the moment they did not know what to do with it. From behind, there came the roar of soldiery, new-roused from sleep by the retreating guardians of the mortar, and there was no time to waste.

One Corporal Bywater, a big, lean-bodied man, laughed as he touched Kit on the arm. "Had a wife once," he said. "She had her tantrums, like yond mortar—spat fire and venom with her tongue. I cured her with the help of a rope's end."

Bywater, remembering the previous escapade, had lashed two strong ropes about his body, in readiness for this second victory. The cordage, as it happened, had saved him from a death-wound, struck hurriedly by a Parliament man. He unwrapped it now with a speed that seemed leisurely. Rigby's soldiery, from the moonlit slopes behind, buzzed like a hornet's nest. There was no time to waste.

Christopher Metcalfe was not tired now, because this hazard of the Lathom siege had captured his imagination. His soul was alert, and the travel-stained body of him was forgotten. Captain Chisenhall detached fourteen of the sortie party to drag the mortar into Lathom House. The rest he sent forward, raised a sudden shout of "For God and the King!" and went pell-mell into the first of Rigby's oncoming men. Though on foot, there was something of the dash of cavalry in this impetuous assault, and for a while they drove back the enemy; then weight of numbers prevailed, and Kit, his brain nimble, his heart singing some old pibroch of the hills his forefathers had tilled, entrenched his men on the near side of the earthworks Rigby had built to protect his mortar. There was some stark, in-an-out fighting here, until the Roundheads began to deploy in a half circle, with intent to surround Kit's little company. Then he drew back his men for a score yards, led a last charge, and retreated to the Lathom gateway in time to see the mortar dragged safely into the main courtyard.

When the gate was closed, and Kit came out of the berserk madness known as war, he saw the Lady of Lathom in the courtyard.

"But, indeed, sir, you've done very well," said she, moving through the press of men to give him instant greeting.

"It was pastime." Kit's voice was unsteady yet, his head swimming with the wine that drips, not from red grapes, but from the sword that has taken toll of human life. "We brought the mortar in."

"You did, friends. Permit me to say good-night. I have need to get to my knees, thanking God that He sends so many gentlemen my way."

After she was gone, and the men were gathered round the peat fire in the hall, Kit was aware that he was at home. All were united here, as the Metcalfes were united. Private jealousies were lost in this need to defend Lathom for the King. Captain Chisenhall was here, stifling a yawn as he kicked the fire into a glow, Fox and Worrall and Rawstorn, and others, whose faces were grey and old with long service to this defence of Lathom—the defence that shone like the Pole Star over the descending night that was to cover kingship for a while.

They asked news of the Riding Metcalfes; and that, in turn, drew them to talk of Lathom's siege. They told him of Captain Radcliffe, who had led twelve sorties from the house, and had spread dismay among the enemy until they feared even the whisper of his name.

"I was never one for my Lady Derby's prayerful view of life," said Rawstorn, his gruff voice softening, "but Radcliffe was on her side. He'd slip away before a sortie, and we knew he was praying at the altar of the little chapel here. Then he would come among us, cracking a jest; but there was a light about his face as if the man were glamoured."

"I know that glamour, too," said Kit, with his unconquerable simplicity. "There's a cracked bell rings me in on Sabbath mornings to our kirk in Yoredale."

"What do you find there, lad?" asked a rough elder of the company.

"Strength undeserved, and the silver sheen of wings."

So then they were silent; for they knew that he could fight and pray—two qualities that men respect.

It was the big-jowled elder who broke the silence. "Say, laddie, can you drink?" he growled.

"A bucketful, if I'm not needed on this side of the dawn."

Comfort of the usual kind might be lacking here at Lathom, but the cellar was well filled. And Kit, as the wine passed round, learned

the truth that comes from unlocked tongues. They talked of the siege, these gallants who had kept watch and ward; they told how Lady Derby had trained her children not to whimper when cannon-shot broke roughly into the dining-hall; they told how Captain Radcliffe, his head erect, had gone out for the thirteenth sortie, how they had warned him of the ill-omen.

"Oh, he was great that day," said Rawstorn. "'If I were Judas, I should fear thirteen,' said he. 'As the affair stands, I'm stalwart for the King.' He was killed in an attack on the east fort; and when we sortied and brought his body in, there was God's smile about his lips."

Little by little Christopher pieced together the fragments of that long siege. Lady Derby's single-mindedness, her courage and sheer charm, were apparent from every word spoken by these gentlemen who drank their liquor. The hazards of the men, too—the persistent sorties, the give-and-take and pathos and laughter of their life within doors—were plain for Kit to understand. At Oxford and elsewhere there had been spite and rancour, jealousy of one King's soldier against another. Here at Lathom there was none of that; day by day of every month of siege, they had found a closer amity, and their strength had been adamant against an overpowering force outside their gates.

Kit learned much, too, of Colonel Rigby, who commanded the attack. A hedge-lawyer by training—one who had defended night-birds and skulkers of all kinds—he had found himself lifted to command of three thousand men because Sir Thomas Fairfax, a man of sound heart and chivalry, grew tired of making war upon a lady. Rigby enjoyed the game. He cared never a stiver for the Parliament, but it was rapture to him to claim some sort of intimacy with the titled great by throwing cannon-balls and insults against my Lady Derby's walls.

"As for Rigby," said the man with the big jowl, "I wish him only one thing—to know, to the marrow of him, what place he has in the thoughts of honest folk. Mate a weasel with a rat, and you'll get his breed."

Captain Chisenhall, who had been pacing restlessly up and down the hall, halted in front of Kit. "It was a fine device of yours, to entrench on this side of their own earth-works. I never had much head myself, or might have thought of it. But, man, you're spent with this night's work."

"Spent?" laughed Kit. A sudden dizziness took him unawares, and their faces danced in a grey mist before his eyes. "I was never more wide-awake. D'ye want another sortie, gentlemen? Command me."

With that his head lolled back against the ingle-nook. He roused himself once to murmur "A Mecca for the King!" then slept as he had done on far-off nights after harvesting of hay or corn in Yoredale.

"There's a game-pup from over the Yorkshire borders among us," laughed Chisenhall. "Let him sleep. Let me get up to bed, too, and sleep. Of all the toasts I ever drank—save that of the King's Majesty—I like this last bumper best. Here's to the kind maid, slumber, and good-night to you, my friends."

The next morning, soon after dawn, Kit stirred in sleep. Through the narrow mullions great, crimson shafts of light were stealing. A thrush outside was recalling bygone litanies of mating-time. Sparrows were busy in the ivy. It was so like Yoredale and old days that he roused himself, got to his feet, and remembered what had chanced last night. He had slept hard and truly, and had profited thereby. His bones were aching, and there was a nagging cut across his face; for the rest, he was ready for the day's adventure.

Last night, when he returned from battle, the moonlight had shown him only a littered courtyard, full of men and captured cannonry. He could not guess where the most valiant of cock-throstles found anchor for his feet; and, to settle the question, he went out. The song greeted him with fine rapture as he set foot across the doorway; and in the middle of the yard he saw the trunk of a big, upstanding walnut tree. Three-quarters of the branches had been shot away, but one big limb remained. At the top of the highest branch a slim, full-throated gentleman was singing to his mate.

"Good Royalist!" said Kit. "Go singing while your branch is left you."

His mood was so tense and alert, his sympathy with the throstle so eager, that he started when a laugh sounded at his elbow. "I knew last night a soldier came to Lathom. He is a poet, too, it seems."

The wild, red dawn—sign of the rainiest summer known in England for fifty years—showed him Lady Derby. The lines were gone from her face, her eyes were soft and trustful, as a maid's eyes are; it did not seem possible that she had withstood a year of siege.

"I was just thanking God," she explained, "that picked men come my way so often.

There are so many Rigbys in this world, and minorities need all their strength."

She was so soft of voice, so full of the fragrance which a woman here and there gives out to hearten roughened men, that Kit began to walk in fairyland. So had Captain Chisenhall walked long since, Rawstorn and the other officers, the private soldiery, because the Lady of Lathom was strong, courageous, and secure.

"How have you kept heart so long?" asked Kit, his boy's heedless pity roused afresh.

"And you, sir—how have you kept heart so long?" she laughed.

"Oh, I was astride a horse, plying a sword or what not. It was all easy-going; but for you here——"

"For me there was the bigger venture. You have only one right hand for the spear. I have control of scores. My dear soldiery are pleased to love me—I know not why—and power is sweet. You will believe me, sir, that all this is pastime to me."

Yet her voice broke. Tired folk know tired folk when they are climbing the same hill of sadness; and Kit touched her on the arm. "Rough pastime, I should call it," he said, "and you a woman."

She gathered her courage again. Laughter played about her charitable, wide mouth.

"You're in love, Mr. Metcalfe—finely in love, I think, with some chit of a girl who may or may not deserve it. There was a reverence in your voice when you spoke of women."

Kit's face was dyed like a crimson sunset with confession of his guilt. "There's none else for me," he said.

"Ah, then, I'm disappointed. This zeal last night—it was not for the King, after all. It was because some woman tempted you to do great deeds for her own pretty sake."

"We've been King's men at Nappa since time began," said Kit stubbornly. "My father has sounded a trumpet from Whernside down to Oxford. All England knows the Metcalfes—stalwart for the King, no more, no less."

Lady Derby allowed herself a moment's happiness. Here was a man who had no shams, no glance forward or behind to see where his loyalty would take him. There was nothing mercantile about him, and, in these muddled times, that was so much to be thankful for.

"Believe me," she said very gently, "I know your breed. Believe me, too, when I say that I am older than you are—some of the keen, blue dawn-lights lost to me, but other beauties staying on—and I ask you, when you meet your wide-eyed maid again, to put it to the question."

"I've done that already."

Again laughter crept round Lady Derby's mouth. "I meant a deeper question, sir. Ask her whether she had rather wed you and live at ease, or see you die because the King commands."

"She would choose death for me—I should not love her else."

"One does not know. There are men and women who have that view of life. They are few. Put it to the question. Now I must go indoors, sir, to see that breakfast is readying for these good men of mine. Pluck is a fine gift, but it needs ample rations."

Kit watched her go. He was amazed by her many-sidedness. One moment tranquil, fresh from her dawn-prayers; the next, a woman of the world, giving him motherly advice; and then the busy housewife, attentive to the needs of hungry men. Like Strafford, whose head was in the losing, she was in all things thorough.

He went up to the ramparts by and by. The sentry, recognising him as one who had shared the sortie overnight, saluted with a pleasant grin. Kit, as he looked down on the trenches, the many tokens of a siege that was no child's play, thought again of Lady Derby, her incredible, suave courage. Then he fell to thinking of Joan, yonder in the North. She, too, was firm for the cause; it was absurd to suggest doubt of that. Whether she cared for him or no, she would be glad to see him die in the King's service.

He was in the middle of a high dream—all made up of gallop, and a death-wound, and Joan weeping pleasant tears above his prostrate body—when there came a sharp, smoky uproar from the trenches, and a bullet plucked his hat away.

"Comes of rearing your head against the sky," said the sentry impassively; "but then they're no marksmen, these whelps of Rigby's."

Another bullet passed wide of Kit, a third whistled past his left cheek; so that he yielded to common-sense at last, and stooped under shelter of the parapet. The besiegers then brought other artillery to bear. A harsh, resonant voice came down-wind to them.

"Hear the news, you dandies of Lady Derby's. Sir Thomas Fairfax has routed your men at Selby. Cromwell is busy in the

east. Three of our armies have surrounded your Duke of Newcastle in York. Is that enough for my lady to breakfast on, or would you have further news?"

The sentry—old, taciturn, and accustomed through long months to this warfare of the tongue—bided his time. He knew the habits of these spokesmen of Rigby's. When no answer came from the ramparts, further taunts and foul abuse swept upward from below. Still there was no reply, till the man, in a fierce rage of his own making, got up and showed head and shoulders above the trench. The sentry fired, without haste.

"One less," he growled. "It's queer to see a man go round and round like a spinning-top before he tumbles out of sight."

"Was his news true?" asked Kit, dismayed by the tidings.

"Ah, that's to prove. Liars speak truth now and then. Stands to reason they must break into truth, just time and time, by chance."

Kit left the rampart presently, and found a hungry company of men at breakfast.

"Why so grave, Mr. Metcalfe?" laughed Lady Derby, who was serving porridge from a great bowl of earthenware. "You are hungry, doubtless. There's nothing else brings such gravity as yours to a man's face."

"I was thinking of last night's sortie," said Kit.

"So that hunger, too, grows on you as on my other gentlemen? But, indeed, we propose to rest to-day. Even we have had enough, I think."

He told them the news shouted from the trenches. Rough-riding, zeal, and youth had given him a persuasiveness of his own. "The news may be true or false," he said, looking down at them from his full height; "but, either way, it will put heart into the enemy. By your leave, we must harass them."

He had his way, and, knowing it, sat down to a breakfast that astonished all onlookers.

"I find many kinds of admiration for you, sir," drawled Captain Chisenhall, "but especially, I think, for your gift of feeding that fine bulk of yours."

"I'm just like my own homeland in Yoredale," assented Kit; "it needs feeding if strong crops are to follow."

That night they made three sorties on the trenches, five on the next, and for a week they kept the pace. A few of the garrison were killed, more were wounded, but speed and fury made up for loss of numbers, and Colonel Rigby sent a messenger galloping to Manchester for help in need. The besiegers, he explained, were so harassed that they were dropping in the trenches, not from gunfire, but from lack of sleep.

The sentries on the walls had no chance nowadays to pick off orators who rose from cover of the trenches to shout ill tidings at them. From their vantage-ground on the ramparts they could hear, instead, the oaths and uproar of a disaffected soldiery who voiced their grievances.

On the seventh morning, an hour before noon, a man came into Lathom, wet from the moat, as Kit had been on his arrival here. He told them that Prince Rupert, the Earl of Derby with him, had crossed the Cheshire border, marching to the relief of Lathom.

"So," said Captain Chisenhall. "We'll give them one last sortie before the frolic ends."

Lady Derby smiled pleasantly. "That is your work, gentlemen. Mine is to get to my knees, to thank God that my husband is so near to me."

When they sortied that night, they found empty trenches. The moonlight showed them only the disorder—a disorder unsavoury to the nostrils—that attended a forsaken camp. One man they found with a broken leg, who had been left in the rear of a sharp retreat. He had been bullied by Rigby, it appeared, and the rancour bit deeper than the trouble of his broken limb. He told them that Rigby, and what were left of his three thousand, had pushed down to Bolton, and he expressed a hope—not pious—that all the Cavaliers in England would light a bonfire round him there.

When they gathered for the return to Lathom, the futility about them of hunters who have found no red fox to chase, Kit saluted Captain Chisenhall. "My regards to Lady Derby," he explained. "Tell her I'm not needed here at Lathom. Tell her that kin calls to kin, and where Rupert is, the Metcalfes are. I go to warn them that Rigby lies in Bolton."

"Good," said Chisenhall. "Rigby has lied in most parts of the country. Go hunt the weasel, you young hot-head."

When they returned, Lady Derby asked where Kit Metcalfe was, and they told her. "Gentlemen," she said, with that odd, infectious laugh of hers, "I have no favourites, but, if I had, it is Kit Metcalfe I would choose to bring Prince Rupert here. There's the light of youth about him."

"There is," said Chisenhall. "I lost it years ago, and nothing else in life makes up for it."

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

By EDGAR WALLACE

Author of "Sanders of the River," "Private Selby," "The Council of Justice," "Grey Timothy," "The People of the River," etc.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy

ONLY Carfew knows whether he was ever truly abashed in his short but vivid life. He himself has never given evidence of his abashment, nor, in his recitals of his career, which are not infrequent, has he ever admitted that he has been found wanting in self-possession in a moment of crisis.

A man owed Carfew a lot of money once, an amazing circumstance, only modified by the fact that the man stoutly denied that he owed anything at all. Carfew had not lent money, of course; that was an unthinkable possibility. What he had done was to force upon a reluctant speculator advice which he could very well have done without. Having tendered advice, Carfew had outlined a breathless scheme for the division of such profits as might accrue from the deal. He had—without waiting for the indignant repudiation of any agreement which trembled on the speculator's lips—hurried away, leaving a speechless jobber in the African Market with a horrible sense of having committed himself to an arrangement of which he heartily disapproved.

Now it happened that the line of action Carfew suggested proved to be a very wise one, and the jobber cleared twenty thousand pounds profit. Carfew claimed two thousand pounds, which, as you may learn from the perusal of any popular educator, represents a ten per cent. commission on the deal. The workings of Carfew's mind were peculiarly in the direction of Carfew's pocket.

He was an honourable young man; outrage that honour of his, and you invited trouble of a cyclonic and destructive character. He made it a point of honour never to forego any monetary advantage that was due to him.

So he wrote to Zolomon, the fortunate speculator in question, congratulating him upon the success of the deal, wishing him every happiness in the future, inquiring tenderly after his family, and ending with a P.S. which ran—

"Regarding commission due on the Sloenfontein Goldfarm, will you send a cheque straight away to my bank, as I shall be out of town for a week or so."

Mr. Zolomon, taking upon himself the disguise of Zolomon and Davon, Ltd., wrote back, expressing no solicitude for Carfew's family, offering no hope for Carfew's corporeal welfare, and congratulating him only upon the nerve which inspired a demand for a ten per cent. commission, "of which," so the letter ran, "our Mr. Zolomon has no knowledge and has certainly never contemplated paying."

So Carfew wrote again.

On this occasion he was as oblivious of Mr. Zolomon's domestic affairs as though Mr. Zolomon was no more than a name on a brass plate.

"I really cannot understand yours of the fourth," wrote Carfew, in stilted perplexity. "I am loth to believe that your Mr. Zolomon would repudiate a solemn obligation entered into when in full possession of his faculties."

If Carfew was loth to believe any evil of Mr. Zolomon, that gentleman himself had no such compunction. Indeed, he seemed prepared to flaunt his shame to the world, even going so far as to say he would mention the matter—doubtless in a spirit of boastfulness—to his solicitors, Messrs. Dewit, Ambling, and Browne. Whereupon Carfew mentioned his own solicitors, Messrs. Breyley,

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Fenning, Thompson, Cubitt, and Sanderson—a triumphant rejoinder, since they outnumbered the others by five to three.

Here, then, began the great feud of Zolomon and Carfew. Carfew's solicitors were unimaginative people, and saw no reason in the world why Mr. Zolomon should pay anything. Carfew changed his solicitors. He sought his broker, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Parker was equally unsympathetic.

"So far as I can see," said Parker carefully, "you are trying to bluff an unfortunate man out of two thousand pounds, and when you are arrested, as you will be——"

"Parker," said Carfew, with some emotion, "you are supposed to be a friend of mine."

"Am I?" said the alarmed Parker.

"You are supposed to be," persisted Carfew solemnly, "and you take the side of people who have robbed me."

Parker nodded.

"I should be glad," he said, "not only to take the side of people who were clever enough to rob you, but to take them into partnership."

A week later, Carfew, in the bitterness of his soul, openly dined in a Wardour Street *café* with a well-known Anarchist, suspected of inciting an anti-Semitic programme.

He was in no wise reconciled to the Zolomon family by an encounter he had later with a cadet of that house—an American importation, and offensive.

By unhappy chance, or by the design of a young and indignant Zolomon, eager to come to grips with one who had dared to attempt to deplete the family surplus, Carfew found himself seated opposite young Zolomon on three occasions at lunch. Twice he had endeavoured to get into conversation with the enemy—young Zolomon's uncle—and twice he was repulsed. On the third occasion young Mr. Zolomon broke the ice with a coke hammer.

"You British priddy wild about der Banama Treaty, I guess."

"Go on guessing," said Carfew, who was in no mood for high politics.

There was a pause.

"Ve don' stan' no nonsense, ve Americans."

Carfew preserved a stony silence.

"Ve licked you vonce," dared Zolomon.

"I am not aware that we were engaged in any war with you," said Carfew coldly.

"Vat!" said shocked Zolomon. "You never hear abote our var?"

"Never," replied Carfew. "I think you are mistaken. The British were not engaged in the affair."

Zolomon put down his napkin and fixed his gold-rimmed glasses more firmly on his thick nose.

"You have tell me," he said, "you neffer hear of der battle of der Bunker's 'Ill?"

Carfew raised his eyebrows.

"Bunker's Hill?" he said, in insolent wonder. "I beg your pardon! I thought you were talking about the siege of Jerusalem."

That was the beginning of an enmity which was pursued with bitter malignity on both sides. Carfew at this time had an office in the heart of the City. It was situated in a great block of buildings, and the office was only big enough to live in because the builder had made all the doors of the building one size, and no cubicle, in consequence, could be smaller than the door which gave admittance to it.

Carfew was in a condition of prosperity at the moment, being "in" concrete. In other words, with his usual acumen he had come in on the crest of the ferro-concrete boom which created a mild sensation in the building trade a few years ago. He had bought out the Shamstone patents and was lord of a little factory at Erith, which did a fairly good trade, and would have done more if Carfew could have found someone to put capital into the concern.

He could have put money into it himself, but Carfew had learnt that the important law of finance was: "Never put your hand into your own pocket."

When Gray's came on to the market, Carfew thought he saw a chance of amalgamation. Gray's was a big concern, with three high chimney stacks, and somehow this fact had always been a subject for Carfew's envy.

He might have cast an envious glance and let it go at that, for Gray's was an expensive proposition, and none the less expensive because it was in the hands of receivers appointed by unforgiving debenture-holders.

Unfortunately, Carfew was acquainted with a number of rich men, all of whom, upon convivial occasions, had pressed his arm and told him to "come to me if you ever want money for a legitimate speculation."

Carfew had discovered that a "legitimate speculation," in the eyes of most of them, meant something where the money was secured by a banker's guarantee of a twenty per cent. return.

But it happened that Carfew had received

a note on the very morning of the appointment of the receiver—a note which promised well, since it embodied an invitation to lunch with a man who was so rich that he could afford to be friendly to everybody.

Carfew was preparing for the momentous meal when there came into his office no less a person than the Right Hon. Lord Tupping.

Tuppy, as everybody knows, was a bright young man of no particular financial stability, but with an unfortunate capacity for thinking out schemes upon which he could "draw."

Carfew, who judged humanity by uncomplimentary standards, was satisfied in his mind that Tuppy invented all his schemes between the front door of Langwood House and the fifth floor. Possibly Carfew was right, but certain it is that Tuppy was plausible. On this occasion Tuppy came on a most unselfish errand. It was to make Carfew's fortune. Midway between Middelkerke and Westende-Bains, on the Belgian coast, there is an expanse of sand dune, a perfect beach, and a lot of sea, and Tuppy had an idea that if some person or persons built a casino, erected a magnificent kursaal, laid out a racecourse and put up a few thousand pounds for prizes, laid out a golf course and erected a swagger club-house, those persons would make a fortune.

"In fact, my dear old bird," said his lordship, with unwonted enthusiasm, "there's a million in it."

He was a small man, beautifully dressed. He wore the shiniest of silk hats on the back of the glossiest of heads, and the fact that he kept it on in Carfew's office—in Carfew's private office—revealed the measure of his friendship.

"I've just come back," he went on, stretching his snowy-spatted shoes to Carfew's wastepaper basket. "I've given the matter a most tremendous amount of thought—I get positively sick with thinking — I do, upon my word. Surveyed the ground most thoroughly——"

"What happened, Tuppy," interrupted Carfew, tapping the desk with an ivory ruler, "was something like this. You surveyed the ground from a motor-car travelling at sixty miles an hour along the road to Nieupoort, and your immense idea jumped at you whilst you were fastening your collar at the Belle Vue."

Tuppy eyed him with a look of injury.

"My charmin' lad!" he expostulated. "My cynical old dear! You didn't imagine I was going to get out amongst all those beastly dunes and things, gettin' my shoes filled with sand and muck of that sort, did you?"

"I didn't," admitted Carfew. He paused and frowned thoughtfully. "Your scheme is quite a good one," he said. "I should say that all we want is about five millions."

"Float a company," said Tuppy eagerly; "it's as easy as eatin' pie. Call the place Tuppyville-sur-Mer—good name, eh? I thought it out comin' over on the boat. Make the company the Tuppy Development and Land Company. Capital, five million, divided into fifty thousand shares of one hundred pounds. You give me a few thousand in cash and a few thousand in shares for the idea, and make whatever you can out of the business."

"It seems simple," said Carfew. "The only objection I can see to the scheme is the absence of necessary capital."

"Float it, my dear feller!" said the exasperated Tuppy. "British public, my old bird—dear old silly B. P., my lad. Get it out of 'em; issue a prospectus, and all that sort of rot."

"Five millions is a lot of money," said Carfew, and he spoke in the tone of one who could lay his hand on the amount, but was disinclined to make the effort.

"It is nothing." Tuppy brushed aside the suggestion airily, as being too preposterous for consideration.

Carfew sat on the edge of his desk and thought, and Tuppy occupied the only other seat which the dimensions of the office allowed. Carfew was thinking of his lunch, and he was very anxious to get rid of his visitor; but Tuppy, scanning his face expectantly, thought he saw a great scheme taking shape, which shows——

"Dear lad," Tuppy broke in upon the other's meditation excitedly, "you've a chance that another feller would jump at! There's a Johnny in the City, Kenneth Macnam——"

"Eh? Kenneth Macnam?" repeated Carfew.

"Kenneth Macnam," said Tuppy.

"Ugly devil, big nose, big glasses, coppery face?"

"That's the cove," said Tuppy. "Well, this Kenneth Macnam——"

"Zolomon!" said Carfew, with unpleasant brusqueness. "I know the blight—the gentleman."

Tuppy looked at him suspiciously, and in a weak moment became diplomatic, adopting a variety of diplomacy which has made his name as Machiavelli a byword in Fleet Street.

"Of course," he said carelessly, "if you don't want to take up my little affair, I'll see Zolomon. I thought of seeing him. He bombards me — positively, old lad, bombards me—with letters askin' me to see him. I wonder if he's a relation of old Zolomon?" he asked.

"Of course he is. The young 'un's a moneylender," said Carfew impatiently, for he really had a most important engagement. "He writes to everybody, you silly ass. Why don't you go along and see him?" he questioned suddenly. "I'm going past his office, and I'll drop you there."

* * * * *

A good scheme from every point of view. Carfew was only five minutes late for lunch.

It was rather an unfortunate lunch, as it turned out, for Carfew engaged himself in the almost heartbreaking task of inducing a Northern ironmaster to take an uncommercial risk.

Yet Gray's made the finest artificial paving the world has seen, and there was no reason why, under vigorous management, the firm should not succeed. Gray's briquettes were fireproof; they were dustproof; they deteriorated to the action neither of sun, moon, star, nor of any other solar manifestation; rain they laughed at; frost they ignored; "wear and tear" were words unknown in their vocabulary. Gray was dead; young Gray—whose name was Smith—was broke; the business could be bought from the receiver for a song. Would Carfew's *vis-à-vis* furnish the melody?

Mr. Jasper Grittlewood, the gentleman under persuasion, was a typical Midland magnate. He was a young man of thirty, with an Oxford accent, a pretty taste in shirts, and a flat in Piccadilly. He shook his sleek head sorrowfully over Carfew's proposal.

"I'd awfully like to go into it with you," he said, "but my idea, when I heard of it, was that you, being in the same line, might like to take it up on your own. You're in Shamstone's, aren't you?"

Carfew nodded, and his host took a dainty little engagement-book from his waistcoat pocket. "I am going to Ascot for a week," he said, "and afterwards to my villa on Lake Como. Just let me know how matters develop. I might be able to assist you later."

Mr. Grittlewood folded up his serviette carefully and neatly, after the manner of very rich men who have come by their money honestly, and shook his head again.

There is the mournful shake, the admonitory shake, the doubtful shake, the amused but mildly disapproving, the denying shake, and the puzzled shake, and Jasper included them all, with the exception of that which might indicate any amusement.

"It is a speculation," he said with some emphasis, "which a young man like yourself might take up with profit—that is why I wrote to you. I thought, perhaps——"

Carfew "thought, perhaps," too, but in a different direction.

Gray's did not strike him as a proposition to tackle alone. It had "gone down" the wrong way. There is a right and a wrong way in these matters, and Gray's had deteriorated in a manner which was distinctly wrong.

It was probably true that young Mr. Smith looked upon the wine when it was red, but it is certainly true that he looked upon the horse when it was last. To back bad horses is bad; to back bad bills is very bad. Combine the two pursuits, and you reach Carey Street by the most rapid form of transit yet invented.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Jasper, as he bit his cigar in the vestibule of the hotel. "If you can get anybody to get Gray's an order—a real big order, don't you know—I'll take up the option which you have, and you can make your profit."

"A real big order?" repeated Carfew. "And what do you call a real big order?"

The ironmaster looked at his cigar critically.

"Say a twenty thousand pound order," he said. "You can have commission on that, too. Anyway, you give a moribund business a certain vitality which at present it does not possess."

"If I could get a twenty thousand pound order," said Carfew, "it would pay me to buy the business myself."

Jasper nodded. "I think you would make a fortune," he said seriously.

Carfew returned to his office in the philosophical condition of mind which comes alike to those who have loved and lost, and to those who have hoped for the best and got an inferior brand.

He himself had no use either for Gray's cement bricks, or Gray's ferro-concrete drainpipes, nor for Gray's asbestos flooring. If he had, he would have taken it to Shamstone's.

His office was empty save for the scent of bad cigars, and he opened the window and unlocked his desk. Then it was that

he saw, pushed into the space between the top of the desk and the desk itself, a folded note. It was written in pencil, and the fact that there were two "t's" in "waiting" showed him it had been written by a peer of the realm.

"Dear Carfew," it ran, "just seen—seen" —Tuppy had a trick of stammering in his epistles—"old Zolomon, young Zolomon's uncle, the chap you tried to swindle. Think Tuppyville idea will be taken up—up. Come over to Graham Street Hotel; waitting for you. TUPPY."

"'I'll write you a cheque for it now.'"

Carfew frowned, and his frown was justifiable. It was preposterous to suppose that anybody would take old Tuppy seriously. It was more than preposterous that the person to commit so insane an indiscretion

should be the Zolomon of whom Tuppy wrote in terms offensive to his friend.

Carfew sat down to think the matter over.

It was wrong, all wrong. Such things do not happen. People do not finance the wild-cat schemes of impecunious peers—at least, people named Zolomon, who lived in the City of London, did not.

It was all Carfew's "eye and maiden aunt." He had a wild hope that Tuppy, in his very innocence and child-like confidence, had beguiled the enemy to his undoing, but it was a spark of hope upon which Carfew immediately turned a cold and sparkling stream of reason. People like Zolomon were not convinced by the child-like, nor the bland, since they themselves were dealers in similar quantities. Tuppy was lying.

Carfew rose and put on his hat. Graham Street Hotel was a stone's throw distant. He found Tuppy and his companions entirely surrounding an ash-tray and three coffee cups in a smoke-room of the hotel.

Mr. Zolomon smiled gravely as Carfew entered.

The eminent financier was stout and bald, and somewhat pallid by the dispensation of Providence rather than from any misgivings as to Carfew's possible attitude.

He offered his grave hand, and in his gravest tone expressed his desire that Carfew should find a seat somewhere.

"We meet under happier conditions, I trust," he said, and that was all the reference he made to the black past.

"You know my nephew?"

The two young gentlemen exchanged poisonous smiles.

"And you know Lord Tupping?"

"I should say he did," said Tuppy, with a chuckle. "Old Carfew and I are——" He interrupted himself full of good tidings. "Old Zolomon thinks Tuppyville is a cinch—the company is as good as formed. Carfew, my lad, we're on a million to nothing!"

Mr. Zolomon, more coherent, was also more informative.

"You understand, Mr. Carfew," he said, "Lord Tupping has only anticipated a desire I have often expressed to found a new Ostend to the west of the great *plage*. He has a concession——"

"You never told me that," said Carfew reproachfully.

"Didn't give me time, dear old bird," said Tuppy. "Got a concession from a Johnny named—forget his beastly name—owner of land, and all that sort of thing—gave me the option on an enormous lump of sand."

"In fact," Mr. Zolomon, senior, broke in, "the thing is virtually accomplished. Now"—he laid a large and plump hand on Carfew's sensitive knee—"I bear no malice, Mr. Carfew, none whatever. You tried to get the better of me; I got away with it. I can't ask you to accept a commission on this transaction, because it is obvious you have had nothing to do with it, but what I *will* do"—he gripped Carfew impressively—"what I will do—I'll let you stand in in any way possible."

Carfew looked at him thoughtfully and then turned his eyes swiftly in the direction of Zolomon, junior.

In that brief second of time he caught a glint of excitement in the young man's eyes disproportionate to the matter at issue. Only for a second he saw it, and then the fire died down, and the eyes took on their usual dull and expressionless stare.

"We naturally want to create this new resort as cheaply as possible," old Mr. Zolomon went on, "though we are not short of money." He smiled. "I am betraying no secret when I tell you that here, in this place, not more than an hour ago, I called up ten men, each of whom has guaranteed a hundred thousand pounds for construction purposes."

Carfew nodded. Such things had been done before, but why should Tuppy have secured an option if it was worth anything? Was it possible for an ass like Tuppy to flounder into a fortune which patient schemers like Zolomon had worked steadily towards? The thought was revolting to a man of intelligence.

"Now," continued the older man—and his tone was friendly to a point of compassion—"if you have any line of business that can be helpful to us—why, I'll give you all the work you can do."

Gray's!

The thought leapt into Carfew's mind, and all his leisurely suspicions vanished in the contemplation of a new and magnificent opportunity.

What was it obsessed his mind at that moment?

Was it Gray's briquettes, unmoved and unworn by tread of foot or vagary of atmosphere? Gray's ferro-concrete drain-pipes, designed to last for eternity, and to carry off surplus drainage from a new and promising *plage?* Gray's asbestos fire-proof flooring, such as no high-class modern hotel can afford to dispense with?

It was none of these. Still——

"I am interested in a patent concrete concern," he said, with an effort to appear unconcerned.

Mr. Zolomon held up his large hand in delight.

"The very thing," he said. "You remember, Lord Tupping, I was saying——"

Tuppy nodded vigorously.

"By Jove, old Carfew, you're made! Old Zolomon was remarking just before you came in——"

"I was saying," said Mr. Zolomon, in his gravest manner, "concrete or nothing; ferro-concrete or nothing. If you can execute a fifty thousand pound order, Mr. Carfew—why, you can have it!"

Carfew said nothing.

Again he had intercepted the eager gleam in young Zolomon's eyes.

Carfew looked at Tuppy. That happy man was beaming largely on the world, doubtless already spending the big and immediate profit which would be his.

"I'll tell you what I'll do." It was Zolomon, senior, again. "I'll get an architect friend of mine to submit me a rough idea of the quantities we shall want, and you can send me an estimate in the morning."

Carfew thought. He thought, and he thought, did Carfew. He had never thought so rapidly or so profoundly in his life.

"I want to telephone," he said, and went out. He was away for about ten minutes.

"I am going to be frank with you," he said, when he returned. "I can arrange to carry out such a contract if I can borrow three thousand pounds. Will you lend me three thousand, taking the business as a security? I shall want the money for twelve months at six per cent."

Mr. Zolomon was a quicker thinker than Carfew.

"You have the remainder of the money?" he asked.

Carfew nodded.

"You understand," said Mr. Zolomon, "I cannot absolutely guarantee you shall have any order from me in respect to this scheme of Lord Tupping's. I say this as a business man, desiring only to take every precaution for my own protection."

"I understand that," said Carfew.

"You can have the money now," said Mr. Zolomon, and produced his cheque-book. Carfew took the oblong slip and wrote a receipt in his vile hand.

It was an agreement, sufficiently binding, to repay the sum within twelve months, together with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. It undertook, further, that the sum should constitute a first charge upon the assets of a business in which Carfew undertook the money should be invested.

"You would like the cheque open?" asked Mr. Zolomon.

Carfew nodded. He had an eye to the clock. It wanted ten minutes to four. At four o'clock precisely he issued from the Merchant Jobber's Bank with thirty notes, each of a hundred pounds value.

* * * * *

Two days later Messrs. Zolomon, senior and junior, came to Carfew's office. They were both perturbed, or so Carfew imagined, but he greeted them with a seraphic smile.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Zolomon, by no means grave.

"Of which?" asked the innocent Carfew.

"You have not purchased Gray's at all. You undertook to do so," stormed the other. "You shall return the three thousand pounds unless you complete the purchase to-day."

Carfew shook his head.

"Pardon me," he said gently, "you have made a slight mistake. I never intended purchasing Gray's at all."

"What!"

"You see," explained Carfew, "when you and young Jasper Grittlewood—an admirable name—were appointed receivers for Gray's, and you looked round for what is known in the higher financial circles for a 'mug' to whom you could sell the old iron which constituted your assets, you did not realise that there were other cement properties in the market of greater promise—the Shamstone Company, for example. And when you sent old Tuppy prowling along the Belgian coast looking for a site for Tuppyville, you did not appreciate my extreme suspicion of Tuppy and his business qualities."

"Do you suggest," asked Mr. Zolomon, "that I have engaged in a conspiracy to rob myself of three thousand pounds?"

"I suggest," said Carfew carefully, "that you were engaged in a conspiracy with Jasper Grittlewood to rob me of thirty thousand pounds. If I paid for your poor old moth-eaten concrete works, you would have divided anything up to ten thousand pounds between you—you could afford to lend me three thousand pounds. You see," Carfew went on, "as soon as I tumbled to the business, I got on the 'phone to my broker to discover who the receivers were, and

I found they were the Midland Commercial Trust. Then we discovered that the Midland Trust were Grittlewood and Zolomon. It was very clever."

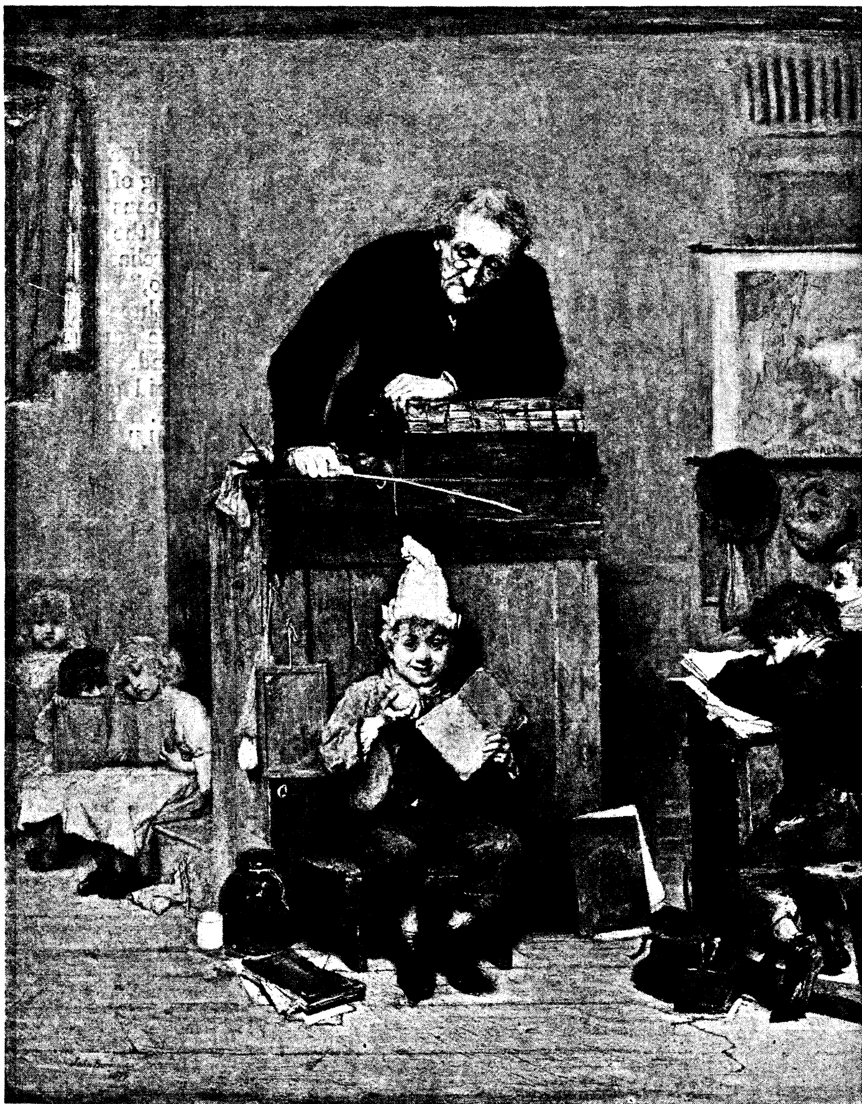
"What have you done with my money?" roared Mr. Zolomon, pink with anger.

"Invested it," said Carfew, "in a business, as per agreement."

"What business?" demanded the other, in a choking voice.

"That," said Carfew conventionally but with truth, "is *my* business."

A further episode in the career of Carfew will appear in the next number.



"THE INCORRIGIBLE." BY J. BURR.

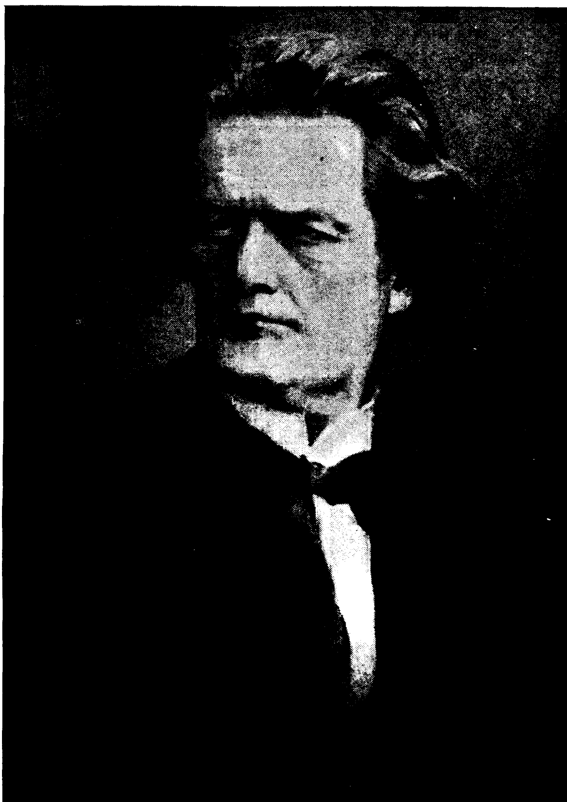
From the original in the City Art Gallery, Manchester, reproduced, by permission of the Corporation, from a photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

THE RUSSIAN MOVEMENT IN MODERN MUSIC

By S. L. BENSUSAN

IT is only of late that the lover of music has realised the full extent of his debt to the Russian composers. He meets their work in concert hall and opera house, and finds in it an expression of new thoughts and moods of which he knows nothing. At the same time, the veil that hid all save the worst side of Russian life is being lifted, and we are catching glimpses of the forces that find expression in music.

The Italian, the German, and the Frenchman have dominated in turn the opera, the musical festival, the recital, and the salon of the wealthy amateur. Now, while they may still find a place there, they are asked to share it with men whose names, only a few years ago, were known only to a very limited English circle.



ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

The Russian triumph is the ripe fruit of Russian accomplishment; the composers have found an audience here on their merits, just as their compatriots, the singers, the players, and the dancers, have done. We find students of Russian music rising upon all sides and endeavouring to satisfy themselves about the history of the movement. At what moment did Russia give birth to the great composers who are exercising so large a measure of influence in the world to-day?

Perhaps it is well to remember that the Russians have always been a musical people, and that their wealth of folk-song is apparently inexhaustible. Here you have the only sure foundation of national music. The father of modern Russian music was Michael Ivanovich Glinka, born in the Government of Smolensk in 1803. From the serfs on his father's estate he learned to love the national airs, and though, when he came of age, he took a Government appointment in St. Petersburg, his spare time was given to composition. He was delicate and in comfortable circumstances, and when his medical advisers sent him to Italy, he entered musical circles there at a time when Bellini and Donizetti were the idols of a music-loving people.

Glinka was stirred to write an opera. He took a course of serious study; hitherto his knowledge of harmony, counterpoint, and scoring for orchestra had been of the slightest. But he was not beaten by difficulties, and his opera "A Life for the Tsar," produced with immediate success nearly eighty years ago, is the first notable work

of its kind from a Russian pen. Another opera, "Russlan and Lioudmilla," was not well received—it was in advance of its time—and Glinka, greatly disappointed, went to Paris, where he came under the influence of Berlioz, and thence to Madrid, where he assimilated enough of the mood of the country to enable him to write some interesting orchestral numbers. He died young—he was little more than fifty—but he had shown his countrymen what could be done with the uncut diamonds of national folk-song, and he had started the weaving of brilliant colour in the orchestra that has been developed, apparently to perfection, by some who have followed. Compared with his influence, his output is insignificant.

"A Life for the Tsar" was produced in the fourth decade of the last century, and in that decade were born some of the most remarkable musicians Russia has produced—Anton Rubinstein (1830), Borodin (1834), Nicholas Rubinstein (1835), Moussorgsky and César Cui in the same year, Balakirev (1836), Tschaikovsky (1840). All these men, like Rimsky-Korsakoff, born only a few years later (1844), came directly or indirectly under the influence of Glinka; some of them were composing in the light that he had kindled when he passed away.

MILI BALAKIREV.

M. P. MOUSSORGSKY.

There is a remarkable man who was a contemporary of Glinka, and was, in fact, only ten years his junior. Alexander Dargomijsky was born in the province of Toula and educated in St. Petersburg. At a most impressionable age he met Glinka, who took a great interest in him. Dargomijsky wrote half a dozen operas, one of which, being left incomplete, was scored by Rimsky-Korsakoff. This work, "The Stone Guest," founded on the Don Juan story, still keeps its composer's name prominently before at least one school of Russian music. It was written to advance and support certain theories, and round these theories all modern Russian composers of the first class have fluttered like moths round a lamp. Dargomijsky died five-and-forty years ago, and his music has not found its way to England, though it has influenced much that is admired to-day.

Anton Rubinstein and his younger brother Nicholas must find their place under the head of Russian composers, but they were, of course, of the Jewish and not the Slav race. Anton was a "wonder child," who gave his first concerts at the age of nine, and came under the influence of Liszt in Paris a year later. By the time he was twenty-one he was known as a composer as well as a pianist, and he became in later years the founder and head of the Conservatorium in St. Petersburg. He was also the head of the Viennese Philharmonic and Choral Society, and he was known throughout

Europe and in America. So great was his fame as a pianist that it overshadowed his remarkable achievement as a composer who handled with complete mastery every form of composition, who wrote symphonies, concertos for the piano and for the violin, chamber-music, oratorios and grand opera. His life was one long triumph, familiar to some of us who are only now approaching middle age, for it is not yet twenty years since he died. Just as his piano-playing put his compositions in the shade, so his personality over-powered that of his younger brother Nicholas, who founded the Russian Musical Society and Conservatorium in Moscow, was the friend and patron of Tschaikovsky, and brought Russian music to Paris to receive what was perhaps its first hearty welcome outside its native land. Tschaikovsky wrote his well-known and stupendously difficult pianoforte concerto for Nicholas Rubinstein, and dedicated it to von Bulow instead because of the younger Rubinstein's harsh criticisms. Unfortunately, Nicholas Rubinstein was a very delicate man, and died of consumption in his forty-sixth year. Neither Anton nor Nicholas Rubinstein composed music that is heard often to-day; it is hard to say why, and many good judges think that the elder brother's symphonies and concerti stand a good chance of revival.

PETER TSCHAIKOVSKY.

M. Alexevitch Balakirev, who was born in Nijni-Novgorod in 1836, is the legitimate successor of Glinka, whose friend and disciple he was for a few short years. Round the standard of a national Russian music that Glinka unfurled, and Balakirev upheld, all the other composers with whom this paper has to deal grouped themselves. They came as pupils to Balakirev, and he grounded them in his theories, leaving them, when their powers matured, to develop in their own individual fashion along the lines he had laid down. At the age of twenty-six Balakirev founded, in St. Petersburg, the Free School of Music, and conducted, in connection with it, concerts at which the young composers he had gathered round him could obtain a hearing. Later in life, when his great work and serious purpose were recognised in the highest quarters, he was appointed director of the Imperial Chapel and conductor of the Imperial Russian Musical Society. As a pianist he might have achieved fame, and as a song-writer he is popular in Russia; but his true work in the development of musical taste in Russia has been to guide men younger than himself into the unexplored fields of national music.

César Cui, who was one of the disciples of Balakirev, was hardly more Russian than the Rubinsteins, though he, like them, must be reckoned in the list. He was the son of a French officer left behind on the retreat from Moscow, and was born at Wilna in 1835. He was intended for the army, and achieved some distinction at the School of Military Engineering in St. Petersburg. But his taste and talent for music could not be restrained, and in his early twenties

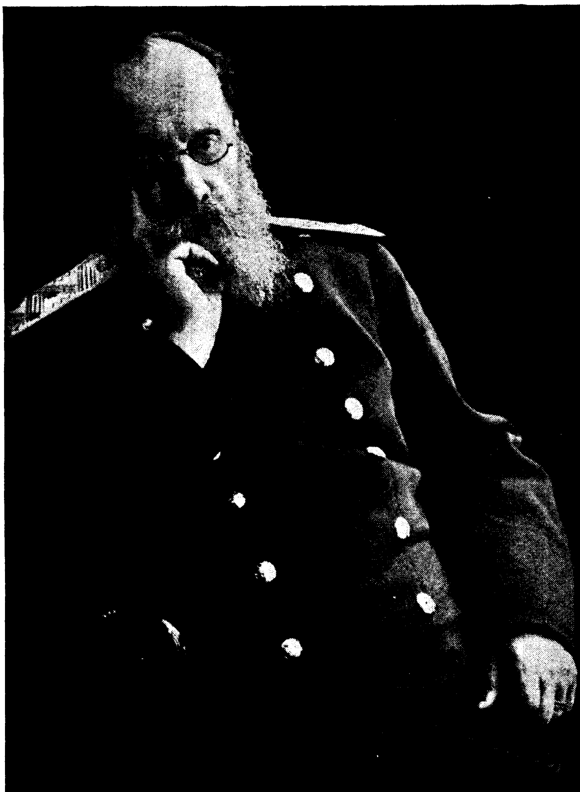
ALEXANDER DARGOMIJSKY.

he came under the influence of Balakirev and succumbed to it right away without giving up his own individuality. César Cui became at once a General of Engineers and the President of the Imperial Russian Musical Society. He has written several operas, some big choral works, and many charming songs, and he has served the school to which he belongs by his scholarly contributions to the press, not only of his own country, but of France. He is more cosmopolitan than his contemporaries, and the influence of France has not been without effect upon much of his work, giving it, by comparison with that of Moussorgsky or Rimsky-Korsakoff, an almost feminine quality. Some of his songs might have been written by Massenet.

Alexander Borodin, whose opera "Prince Igor" is being played at Drury Lane this season, was born eighty years ago, and died in 1887. He was brought up by his mother and educated for the medical profession, and it was while he was working in the St. Petersburg Academy of Medicine that he met Balakirev, and endeavoured to serve music in his scanty leisure while working hard at his profession. His was a most progressive mind. Russia is largely indebted to him for its School of Medicine for Women, and he had a fully developed sense of nationality. Under the stimulus that Balakirev gave to those who were received in his circle, Borodin began to write truly national music. His symphonic sketch "In the Steppes," his Polovtsian dances from the opera "Prince Igor," and some of his exquisite songs, have been greatly admired in London. Borodin's early death was a loss to his country and to music the world over.

Modeste Moussorgsky, born in 1835 in the Government of Pskov, was one of the gifted musicians with whom the Immortals love to sport. He could play the piano brilliantly while yet a boy, he had a fine voice, and was intended for the army. But Fate and Balakirev, with whom he was brought into contact by Dargomijsky, decided otherwise, and Moussorgsky left the army, to try and live on the pay of a small Government appointment while he wrote the music that was to take the world by storm.

In the midst of constant struggles and



CÉSAR CUI.

reverses that his temperament and mode of life did nothing to improve, he wrote two operas that have been heard and greatly admired in London—"Boris Godounov" and "The Khovanstchina." These operas, which were scored by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and his songs, or some of them, will keep Moussorgsky's name before the lovers of fine music. The composer himself died at the age of forty-two.

Peter Ilich Tschaikovsky, born in the Government of Viatka in 1840, is undoubtedly the Russian composer who has done most to popularise his country's music in England. He was not apparently a born musician. At the age of twenty he had composed nothing more serious than dance music, and three years passed before he decided to abandon his official appointment and take his chance as a composer. It was Nicholas Rubinstein who gave Tschaikovsky a post at the Moscow Conservatoire after his brother Anton had previously helped the young musician by finding him a few pupils. At Moscow much of Tschaikovsky's earlier work found a first hearing. He was for some years musical critic of a Russian newspaper. He supplemented this by teaching, for his compositions, of whatever kind, were not too well received at home or abroad. Then his circumstances were entirely altered by the kindness of a wealthy widow, Nadejda von Meck, who, being a keen admirer of his gifts, settled an annual allowance of six hundred pounds upon him that he might do creative work. Later on, in a season of comparative ease, he wrote his world-famous opera "Eugene Onegin," which was badly received at first, as so many popular works have been. In Austria, Germany, and France he was a failure until the 'eighties; in England he was almost unknown. The success of "Eugene Onegin" in St. Petersburg was the turning-point of his artistic career, for recognition proved invaluable to him; it was a new stimulus. In the late 'eighties he appeared frequently as a conductor of his own music. He visited London in 1888, was received with enthusiasm, and returned in 1889. On each occasion he was engaged by the Royal Philharmonic Society. In 1890 he completed his opera "The Queen of Spades," and it met with instant success, and in the following year he went to America and conducted concerts in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. In 1893 he was again in London, and went to Cambridge, where the University Musical Society was celebrating its jubilee, and his symphonic poem "Francesca da Rimini" was included in a programme on which the names of Boito, Max Bruch, Grieg, and Saint-Saëns appeared. Like Tschaikovsky, all these composers had been granted a degree by the University—*de honoris causa*. Back in St. Petersburg, in

NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN.

November of the same year, he died from the effects of drinking impure water.

Of all the great Russian composers, Tschaikovsky is commonly associated in the smallest degree with the national movement in music, but that he, too, was influenced by Balakirev is clear to all students of his biography. His great output, the popularity of his symphonies and programme music in England, and the success of his operas on the Continent, have rather tended to obscure some of the forces that went to his making. He was a singularly unhappy man, and it may be said of him that he learned in suffering what he taught in song.

ALEXANDER SCRIABINE.

Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff was, perhaps, the greatest of the national musicians of his country. He has carried the Glinka ideal and tradition to the farthest limit of its proper territory; he was a poet, a dreamer of exquisite fancies. At present he is not well known to the general public in England, save as a man who has scored operas of Moussorgsky and Borodin, and has written the symphonic suite "Scheherezade" and the opera "The Maid of Pskov," called at Drury Lane "Ivan the Terrible." But it is safe to prophesy that in years to come he will challenge the hegemony of Tschaikovsky on our concert programmes, and that his operas and ballets will have a very wide acceptance. He, more than any of his contemporaries, has wrapt in his music the spirit of Russian mood and melody. Born in the Government of Novgorod in 1844, he came of noble family and was brought up for the navy. But he was a musician at heart, and when, as a naval cadet seventeen years of age, he met Balakirev in St. Petersburg, it was inevitable that his proper gift should declare itself. Then he was sent to sea, and wrote his first symphony during a very extended cruise. Balakirev revised and produced it. In 1873, having produced a symphony, symphonic poem, and opera—"The Maid of Pskov"—he followed his own inclination and left the navy. For ten years he was inspector of naval bands, and from 1886 for fourteen following years he conducted the Russian Symphony Concerts in St. Petersburg. He was a successful teacher as well as composer. Whether his mood be dramatic or lyrical, it is deeply touched by the desire to express the national idiom. His songs—nearly a hundred in number—are, for the most part, happily inspired. In brief, Rimsky-Korsakoff was not only a great musician; he is the greatest exponent of music that owes most of its quality to the land that gave it birth, and, in addition, he stood for enlightened and progressive ideas. Indeed, he did not hesitate in 1905 to advocate more freedom for Russian musical students and autonomy for the St. Petersburg Conservatoire. His outspoken declarations on the subjects cost him for a time, in

GLAZOUNOV.

MICHAEL GLINKA.

1905, his professorship of composition and instrumentation. He was the supreme master of the latter art.

Alexander Glazounov, who was a sometime pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff, was born in St. Petersburg in 1865, and was fourteen years old when he met Balakirev, who placed him in Rimsky-Korsakoff's care. Glazounov wrote his first symphony at the ripe age of sixteen. He seems to have had no difficulty in composing, and to enjoy a gift of melody that never fails to respond to his mood. His music is popular in France and Germany. Certain of his symphonies have been heard in London. He has conducted in St. Petersburg and Paris, and was appointed to a

A. BORODIN.

N. A. RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF.

professorship at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire in 1900. Though he has written ballets, he has not entered the operatic arena. In Glazounov the national idea is not as strongly marked as it is in his teachers and friends.

Alexander Scriabine is one of those men whose music is about as intelligible as a Chinese puzzle to those who seek to refer it to classical models. His appearances in London this spring created considerable interest, but he was more discussed than understood. Born in 1872, he was intended for the army, but his success as a pianist turned him to music. At the age of twenty, when he was a pupil of Safonoff at Moscow, he took the Conservatoire's gold medal for piano-playing. Thereafter he toured extensively, winning fame as a pianist; but it is as a composer with new and startling theories that he is known throughout Europe to-day. He has embraced theosophy, and has developed a relationship between sound and colour. As a composer and player of slight pianoforte studies, he has been fairly compared to Chopin, but his present work interests more than it convinces.

It was, of course, inevitable that strong men like those whose lives have been so briefly outlined here should have had more points of difference than agreement. They differed among themselves profoundly, but it is possible to say they had certain gifts in common, and that they were all, or nearly all, animated by the idea of making Russian music a living force instead of a feeble imitation of Germany and Italy. The success of their labours has at last brought them a considerable British audience. It has been stimulated to a remarkable extent by the seasons of Russian opera and ballet at Drury Lane.

AFTER YEARS.

I GIVE God glory and grace
  I am come home again
To the delightsome ways
  And the wild soft rain.
Lights on the hill and plain
  As in remembered days.
Now I am home again,
  I give great praise.

When I awake at dawn,
  I hear the birdies sing;
Deep dews in field and lawn,
  The mountains in a ring.
Life an enchanted thing,
  The hour grey as a fawn;
I whisper thanksgiving
  When I awake at dawn.

I will seek no more the town,
  Ah, wherefore should I go?
Hills to the sea look down,
  The rivers softly flow.
With friends of long ago
  Life has a golden crown,
In fields I used to know,
  And meadows grey and brown.

And if the night be chill,
  Of fuel I have great store.
We shall heap the fire until
  The faggots leap and roar,
All my beloveds of yore
  Of talk shall take their fill
Till the grey dawn's at the door
  And the grey wind at the sill.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

DAVIE-DEAR HAS A VISITOR

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON

Illustrated by Charles Pears

ILLICENT really is an unpleasant child.

When I ask myself why, I find that my reasons put not Millicent, but myself to shame. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why I find her unpleasant; she makes one uncomfortable, fills one with remorse, self-reproach, and all that kind of thing. If she retains the characteristic as a woman, she'll be done for.

Then she is always in a scrape.

So is my nephew Davie-Dear. But Davie-Dear's scrapes are pretty invariably of his own begetting; they are brought about cheerfully and pleasantly by Davie-Dear. Millicent's scrapes are the work of a Fate that dogs her; they are hers, not of her own volition, but because—well, because she is Millicent.

Of course, if one were logical, one would be anxious to pity Millicent and spank Davie-Dear. My desire invariably is to reverse the proposition.

I was at work on a map that rather mattered, having reached an advanced stage without mishap, and Davie-Dear was playing quietly enough on the study floor, when the door was thrust open and Millicent was shot in. "Do look after her for a moment, there's a dear. She will be company for Davie-Dear. I want to go out with her mother," said Maud's voice.

Maud has no consideration, none.

Before I had time to voice a protest, the door closed.

I looked round, to discover Millicent.

Her cloak had been taken off, and betrayed her in an immaculate white frock hung about with lace. Most unsuitable for a child. There were pale blue bows somewhere, and Millicent's blue, childish, and innocent eyes seemed to match the costume in some way. I mean they were blue and innocent. She was looking at me with an air of expecting to be slapped, not because she deserved to be, but because I was incapable of appreciating her at her true worth.

That air irritated me.

However, I drove away my irritation and said cheerfully: "Hullo, Millicent! Where did *you* come from?"

The remark was silly, and didn't call out for a rational answer; but Millicent said limpidly: "I came with mother." She added, looking across at Davie-Dear, who was unflatteringly engrossed in his own mischief: "We've got a new motor-car. The man brought it yesterday. We came in it."

I like Millicent best when she yields to a desire to brag; she seems more human and get-at-able. Almost genially I turned from her to Davie-Dear.

"Davie-Dear, here's Millicent. You'd best look after her. She's *your* visitor," I said.

Davie-Dear was sitting on the floor, his back braced against the wall by the window. A torn book was open on his knees, and he was smearing the pictures in it with paint—from my paint-box.

He looked up with a wandering artist's eye.

"Say, 'How d'ye do?'" I said severely to the small boy. Millicent seemed to demand it.

Davie-Dear's eye fixed the visitor. "How d'ye do?" he said obediently. "You'd better not sit on that cane stool. There's a little wee splash of paint on it."

"Davie-Dear, you've got my paints again. Didn't I tell you you were not to touch them? The box in the cupboard is quite good enough for you."

Davie-Dear sighed and looked at his painting. "This is a cheerful kind of house I've painted—with red paint. It's got—it's got *five* chimneys, red chimneys. There ain't no red paint in that box in the cupboard, Uncle Edward."

"Perhaps I'll give you some red paint,"

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I promised. "But not now. You shouldn't have touched my paint-box without leave, Davie-Dear."

"He didn't mean to, did you, Davie-Dear?" asked Millicent, with a beautiful pleading air.

Davie-Dear nodded his head vigorously and scrambled to his feet. "Yes, I did. I'm—I'm naughty, Uncle Edward."

"You are indeed," I agreed. "However, we'll say no more about it this time, though, if I catch you at my box again, you young rascal——" I took the paint-box away and set it on a shelf.

"If it wasn't so low down, Davie-Dear couldn't reach it," remarked Millicent.

I must say I felt nettled. The idea of a child in pinafores—no, I beg her pardon, in immaculate white frocks—apportioning blame to her elders! It was too much.

I knew it was absurd to notice the remark, but "Davie-Dear must learn not to touch things he has been told not to touch," I said rather sharply.

Davie-Dear didn't understand what was in the air. "I'm naughty," he remarked again, not penitently, but in an "olive branch" kind of tone.

I quitted the subject with haste. Millicent was a mere child. To fall into the habit of treating her as a grown-up was silly and unfair. I felt annoyed with myself. (Millicent always leads you there.) "We're not saying any more about it, Davie-Dear," I said carefully. "Take Millicent and—and—er—play with her."

With an effort after playfulness, I patted the visitor's shoulder and returned to my table.

"I'll get that paint-box—the one what's in the cupboard," said Davie-Dear.

But common-sense urged me, in the shape of Millicent, and I interfered. "Not now, Davie-Dear. Play with something else—not paint. Millicent—Millicent has a white frock on."

Davie-Dear halted, stodgily miserable. "The garden isn't done yet, nor—nor the *cows*. There's a teeny-weeny cow, too—a baby cow. There's——"

"But you'd like to do what Millicent would like, wouldn't you?" I suggested. "Millicent is *your* visitor, Davie-Dear."

Davie-Dear is nothing if not direct. He turned to Millicent. "You'd like to paint, wouldn't you?" he asked a trifle belligerently.

Millicent blinked. "I'd like to paint, but—but mummy is rather particular. This is almost my best one," she said.

Davie-Dear turned away with bitterness.

"There are your soldiers," I reminded him.

"She doesn't like soldiers," said Davie-Dear.

"Oh, Davie-Dear, I never said so! I do like soldiers," said Millicent in that polite little voice of hers.

I have never seen Davie-Dear nearer losing his naturally sunny temper. "You—you don't like soldiers," he persisted. "You're *not to!*"

It seemed time to intervene.

I gave him several sheets of paper and two good pencils. "Take these, old man. You can both draw — that won't damage Millicent's frock," I remarked. "And what you draw to-day, you can paint to-morrow, you know."

"Millicent won't be here *to-morrow*," remarked Davie-Dear, in the sing-song voice in which he talks to himself.

I suppose the remark sounded complacent, if not pleased. Millicent burst into tears.

A considerable amount of time was spent in clearing up that commotion. At length I succeeded in calming Millicent and imbuing Davie-Dear with some idea that tears in a visitor do not signify success in a host.

"She's better now," said Davie-Dear.

Millicent took the hint, and they sat down to draw, Davie-Dear on the floor, Millicent on the stool which was not painty, between them the glass jar which once upon a time had held goldfish and now held odd rulers, pencils, and pieces of india-rubber.

I went back to my table and my work.

"Uncle Edward draws *maps*," I heard Davie-Dear tell his visitor in a confidential tone. "The wriggly-wrigglies he makes is *roads*. He puts churches in, too. People look at 'em on the map, then they go an' find 'em. You can find all the places Uncle Edward has in his maps, 'cause he tells you where they are. P'raps he is puttin' in a wee house by a—a forest——"

"What shall we draw?" asked Millicent.

Davie-Dear paused. I wondered if he felt—well, as I have often felt with Millicent's childish innocent eyes upon me.

Perhaps not. After a moment, "An 'mense lion," suggested my nephew.

"A—a lion?" faltered Millicent.

I was meanly glad that Davie-Dear, all unconsciously, was getting even.

"Yes, one what eats people," said Davie-Dear. I knew that he nodded his emphasis.

Millicent was apparently unequal to further objection, and there was silence for some

moments. In time I forgot to listen to the scratching pencils. I wanted to do some colouring, and, taking up my paint-box in search of blue paint, proceeded to become acquainted with Davie-Dear's depredations.

I had been painting for some time when I turned, to find Millicent's childish blue eyes, thick with tears, staring at me ludicrously through the glass of the goldfish jar.

"My *dear* child!" I cried. Throwing down my brush, I pushed my chair aside.

"There was silence for some moments. In time I forgot to listen to the scratching pencils."

I heard Millicent's voice, pipingly triumphant. "I can draw a *circle*. Daddy says that's very difficult. Daddy says——"

I heard no more, but it was a few minutes after that that a shout from Davie-Dear and a most extraordinary noise, unlike anything earthly, from his visitor brought me hastily to my feet.

Davie-Dear stood with round mouth and eyes wide with consternation. I advanced upon the petrified Millicent, whose sobs were smothered by the jar which encased her head. The rim was upon her shoulders. I laid my hands firmly about it.

"I tried two time—twice, an'—an' it *wouldn't* take off!" wailed Davie-Dear.

Millicent's shoulders heaved with fresh grief, and I silenced my nephew with a glance. "It's all right, Millicent," I said, with loud cheerfulness. "It went on, so it *must* come off. Don't cry; it's only a joke, you know. Now, then!"

But the jar stuck at her nose and refused to budge.

"It's bin on my head—*on purpose*—lots an' lots of times, an' it come off easy's easy," Davie-Dear assured me strongly.

I dare say! But Millicent is Millicent, born to be the sport of evil chance.

"How did it get *on*, you young wretches?" I muttered, as I strove with beating heart and perspiring brow to coerce the unwieldy affair. (Were Millicent's features swelling?) "That is the main point."

Millicent couldn't hear or explain, but a rather frightened Davie-Dear could.

"I was standin' up, an' I shaked it to get them things what was in it out, 'cause we was going to draw it, an' you *must* draw a circler 'cause it's a thing that's difficult to draw, an'—an' Millicent's head poked up, an'—an' it slipped——"

Poor kid! What a surprise for her!

"Easy, now," I said, coaxing the stubborn rim. "Mind her curls, mind her funny little nose, mind her——"

"It's comin'!" bawled an excited Davie-Dear.

It was. The jar slipped upward and came off, revealing a tear-stained and dishevelled Millicent.

"Now, then, Davie-Dear, let us look and see if any bits are knocked off," I said playfully, putting a finger under a chin that for the moment was a child's.

I ought to have known better. The chin steadied in a flash.

"I am quite all right, thank you. I know you didn't *mean* to pull my hair. If someone could put it straight—mummy is rather particular," said Millicent.

I rang the bell for Jane, Davie-Dear's nurse.

Also I opened the far window a little; I thought the child, in spite of her queer composure and prim ways, might be feeling a little faint.

Millicent understood. "Thank you," she said politely.

Davie-Dear was suddenly struggling with tears. I saw him seize the glass jar, carry it to its place, and, with his back turned to us, begin to give it its old contents.

The door opened, Jane entered, and with her—I suppose the fault of the newly-opened window—a gust of boisterous air.

Davie-Dear's drawings went helter-skelter, a picture flapped on the wall, and the map on my table rose, hesitated, then slithered across the room.

I made a snatch, missed it, and said something under my breath. "Catch it, Davie-Dear!" I cried. He turned.

Of course the map missed him and made a bee-line for Millicent. I saw it wrap itself round the little forlorn, dignified figure, flutter, then fall away.

"The painted side against her, *of course!*" I muttered.

Jane and I made an examination together. There were two large painty smudges on the immaculate white frock—blue, to match the blue bows and the childish innocent blue eyes.

Millicent said nothing, but her glance was full of reproach—whether against me or an unkind Fate, I could not discover. She moved silently toward the door.

"Take her away, Jane, and—and see what you can do," I said in desperation.

"Yes, sir," Jane said quietly, but without enthusiasm.

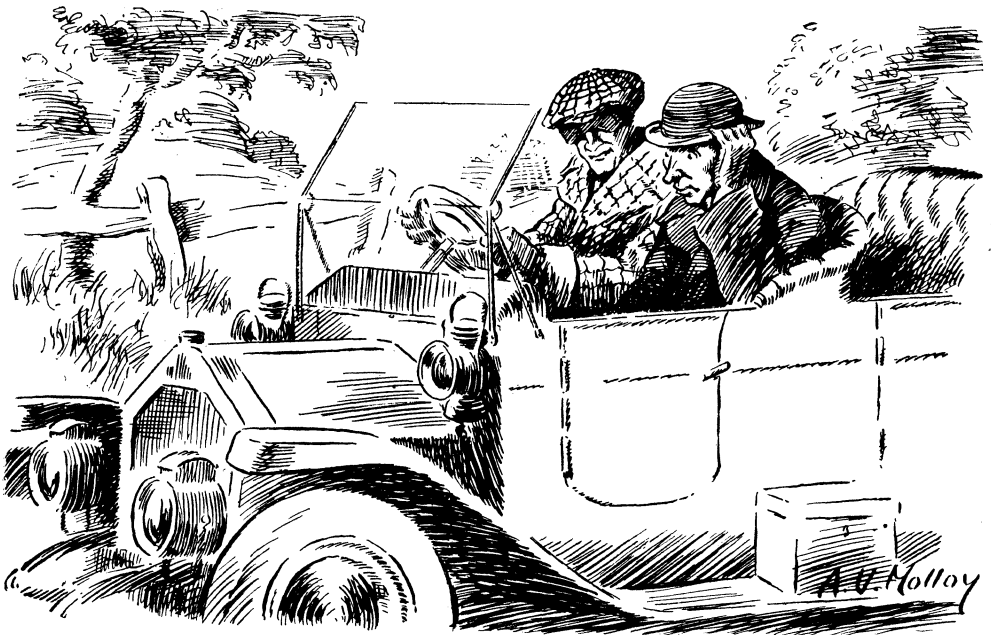
(I have an idea that Jane shares my feeling about Millicent.)

When the door had closed after them, I rolled up the map and cast it into a corner. Then I sat down and leant my head on my hands.

A little husky whisper stole into my silence.

"I'm naughty, Uncle Edward, I'm naughty," said Davie-Dear.

"We both are," said I.



COLD COMFORT.

NERVOUS PASSENGER (as car approaches very steep descent): Are you sure this hill is safe? You told me last week it was very dangerous.
MOTORIST: Oh, it's all right now. I insured the car yesterday.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

CUPID—STRATEGIST.

Love is knocking at the door—
Noisy little lad!
'Tis a trick he's played before,
Tho' I've told him not to bore;
Really, it's too bad,
Making such a senseless din—
I will never let him in!

Love was knocking at the door—
Cunning little lad!
So I went there, I deplore,
Opened it a crack—no more—
Cried to him, "Skedad!"
Mocking me, he wriggled through;
Now, *whatever* shall I do?

Arthur Compton-Rickett.

"WHAT kind of beef have you this morning?" asked the husband.

"The best steak we have ever had, sir," replied the butcher. "Here you are, sir—as smooth as velvet and as tender as a woman's heart."

The husband looked up and said: "Ah, then I'll take mutton."

"IT is the duty of everyone to make at least one person happy during the week," said a Sunday-school teacher. "Now, have you done so, Johnny?"

"Yes," said Johnny promptly,

"That's right. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she was happy when I went home."

THE Irish citizen came into the office of the famous lawyer and related his grievance.

"Why," said the lawyer, "you surely have the best case I ever handled. You could not help winning if tried in any court on the face of the earth. I am glad to assist you, and my charges will be very reasonable."

The prospective client put on his hat and made a speedy exit from the office.

The solicitor looked up in surprise and said: "Where are you going?"

"I am going out to hunt up my adversary and try to settle the case out of court."

"There's no use in that. I told you that you couldn't help but win. This is one of the best cases I ever heard."

"Not for me," was the reply, "I gave you the other fellow's side of the story."

A lady of ample dimensions was sitting beside a small youth in a tramcar recently. All the other seats were occupied. At a certain stopping-place four other women entered and took up positions in the well-known strap-hanging attitude.

Said the stout lady to the youth: "Why don't you get up and let one of these ladies sit down?"

"Why don't you get up and let all four sit down?" was the instant retort.

She had refused him, and he was unhappy.

"Reconsider, Annie," he begged. "If you don't, I shall blow my brains out."

"Oh," said Annie, "that would be a good joke on father, for he thinks you haven't any."

Tommy's father had been giving him lessons in politeness, but hardly dared hope that the seeds of his teaching had taken root.

UP TO THEM.

Aunt: Are you still thinking of taking up the stage as a profession?

Nephew: Oh, yes. I've sent my address and photographs to the principal managers, so now it's up to them.

Whistler was once taken by a friend to the home of a newly rich millionaire who had been gathering a collection of dubious paintings supposedly by old masters. After Whistler had viewed the collection, his friend said—

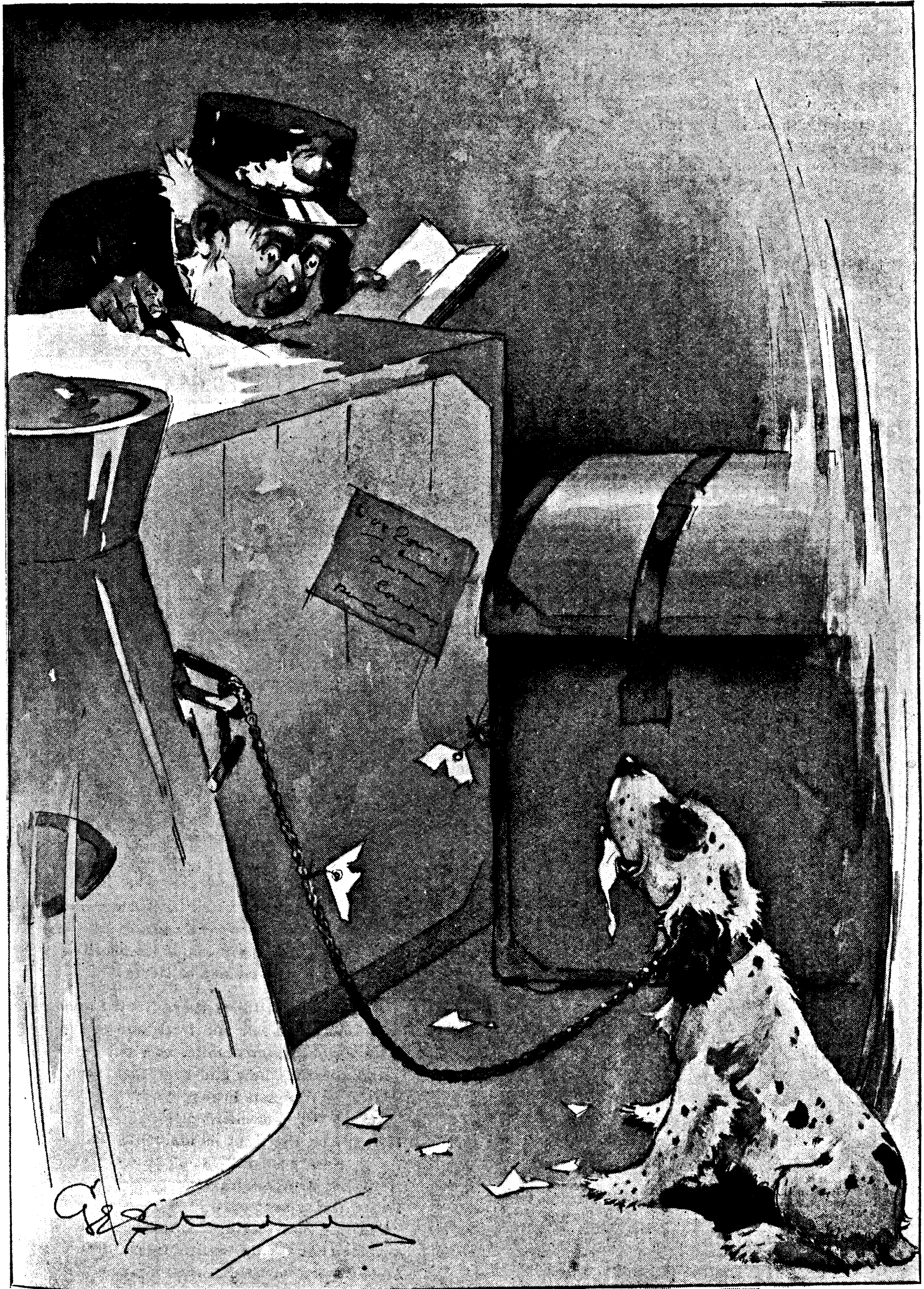
"Now, Whistler, Mr. Blank wants to make provision in his will to bequeath these paintings, and he would like a suggestion from you as to which institution to give them."

Promptly came the answer; "The East End Institution for the Blind."

One day, hearing noise coming from the nursery, he investigated, and found Tommy pounding his little brother.

"I'm surprised, Tommy," said his father sternly, "that you should hurt your little brother. Don't you know that it is very cowardly to strike one who is smaller than yourself?"

"Yes," replied the lprit meekly, "but when you punished me yesterday, I was too polite to mention it."



A LITTLE GAME OF JIG-SAW.

SMALL BOY: What were those quills they used to write with?

PARENT: Things they took from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

FIRST COUNTRY COUSIN: I forget which restaurant it is in town that is famous for its chandeliers?

SECOND DITTO: I don't remember eating a chandelier the whole time we were there.

SHOPPER: Are you quite sure this suit won't shrink if it gets wet?

SHOPMAN: Mine frendt, every fire brigade in London but two has squirted water on that suit.

PROVINCIAL MOTHER: What are "the three R's" in the education of a débutante?

METROPOLITAN FRIEND: Well, I should say raiment, ragtime, and repartee.

THE visitor had just finished his fourth cup of coffee when the proprietress of the boarding-house remarked on his liking for that beverage. "Well, I certainly must be fond of coffee to drink such a lot of water to get a little," was the retort.

A WHOLE HOGGER.

BROWN: I hear Herbert is a gentleman farmer now.

JONES: Yes, rather, right up to the hilt, too. Puts evening-dress on all his scarecrows at dusk.

THE BETTER WAY.

"A TIN of sardines, please, an' mother says will yo open it, as our sissors are blunt?"

THE HEART OF HERTS.

The county of Herts is fair and green,
  With fields of grass and sprouting corn,
And thick little woods set down between,
  And bramble brakes and hedges of thorn,
    And bosky nooks
    And chattering brooks,
And many a cot and clustering farm
    Of mellow bricks,
    With yellow ricks
And moss-grown barns and chirruping chicks,
  And ducks that quack at the least alarm,
And straining horses and lumbering carts,
And gossiping folk at the country marts—
  Oh, the humdrum life and its brooding charm
    In the county of Herts!

In the county of Herts there lives a maid,
  So young and fair and fresh and sweet,
With a mischievous smile, now pert, now staid,
  And chestnut hair and dear little feet,
    And soft brown eyes
    Of marvellous size,
That prison the light as diamonds do,
    A rose-leaf face,
    And jonquil grace,
To set the tamest pulse in a race,
  Red lips that bud in a witching *moue*,
A voice that thrills with innocent arts,
And—a mark for the lad with his bow and darts—
  Oh, a heart of gold, none so brave and true
    In the county of Herts.

C. F. Austin.

"CARDINAL WOLSEY ON HIS WAY TO WESTMINSTER HALL." BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

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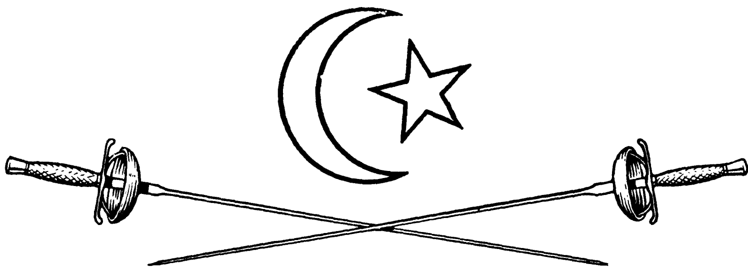

THE·DUEL·BY·THE BOSPHORUS

By JUSTUS·MILES·FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED·BY·G C·WILMSHURST

OUNG Mr. Manners, the new American Attaché, stood on the quay at Therapia with a tennis bat under his arm, an excellent cigarette between his lips, and a great bitterness in his soul. He looked out over the busy little landing-place upon the Bosphorus and the rugged hills of Asia beyond, and the spectacle that had delighted his eye every hour of the day for the past three weeks filled him with a vast loathing and a sudden desire to be out of it all—away at Deauville, or at Aix, or at Baden, or at any one of fifty other pleasant places which would be swarming at this time of the year with friends who would jump with joy at the very sight of him—far away from improbable and preposterous people who left you at the end of an evening with every demonstration of affection, and the next morning picked a quarrel with you in the street.

It had all been so pleasant until de Mirande's inexplicable act. He had told himself daily that he had been sent to the most delightful spot in all the world, that he had fallen among the most charming people now alive, that the ceaseless round of polo and tennis, and motor-boat racing and garden parties, and dinners and dances, all set against this picturesque Turkish background, made the best fun he had ever known.

And now it was all spoilt.

The late July sun beat upon his head, but that north wind which is eternally blowing down out of the Black Sea so tempered it that it wasn't hot at all—not half so hot as the sun at Deauville or Aix, or any of the other places. Beside their boats at the little landing-place the comic opera boatmen slept sprawling on their faces, or chattered together, or sang quavery Oriental songs in a high falsetto. Hammals staggered past with perfectly incredible burdens upon their bent shoulders. Turkish women in rags, or Turkish ladies in the shapeless silk coat and face-veil that the law requires, slipped by in twos and threes. Greeks, Armenians, Russians, Kurds, Persians in tall black lamb's-wool caps, foreign sailor-men, wild and shy Lazis and Tzans from Black Sea ports, all covered with knives—they lounged or hurried along the Therapia quay like the fantastically dressed "supers"

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in a play, young Mr. Manners always thought. It seemed to him, save for the slight Western admixture, not unlike the street scene in "Kismet," and he continually found himself looking for the principal characters to detach themselves from the crowd and get on with their story. It was an endless delight to him to realise that this wasn't a play at all, that these extravagant people were actual people pursuing the concerns of their various daily lives, that the broad stretch of water at his feet was truly the Bosphorus, that the rather grim-looking hills beyond were in Asia, and that the lovely wooded slopes at his back, with their ravine-like valleys and their cypresses and villas and terraced garden walls, were the shores of Thrace, and his temporary home.

That is, it had, up to half an hour before, been an endless delight to him. He looked upon it all now with an eye of hatred, turned away and climbed to the tiny pavilion in a hill-side garden that he had secured from an agreeable Fanariote gentleman called away suddenly to parts unknown.

He looked at his watch, found he had an hour before he must dress to lunch with a party at the Russian Embassy, across the way at Buyukdere, and sat down at his writing-table, where there was a little heap of letters waiting for him. He observed with an absent surprise that the top letter was in the angular handwriting of an aunt of his who lived in Washington. This good lady was not in the way of sharing her thoughts with Mr. Manners, and he wondered what had made her write to him now, after a silence of two years.

The letter began as if in conscious reply to his perplexity—

"My Dear Nephew,—I do not often, in these days, harass you with communications of any sort, and I should not now venture to inflict upon you any concerns of my own; but I feel it my duty to let you know of the deep trouble of another, especially since you alone are near enough to that one to be of comfort and, I hope, of assistance to her.

"You will remember, I feel sure, little Alice Farnsworth. You must have played in the park with her when you were a little boy and she was a littler girl, and I seem to remember hearing that you paid her some attention later on, during her first season 'out.' Perhaps you were abroad three years ago, when she married a French marquis with a highly improbable name—de Castelnaudary. I had fears of the match from the beginning. I felt that no man with that name could be worthy of Alice Farnsworth, and I said so to her and to her mother, my old friend. They were, however, deaf to my arguments and appeals, as I find people are apt to be. Now, alas, my warning turns out to have been a wise one! It seems that, after nearly three years of at least a pretence of exemplary conduct, the Marquis de Castelnaudary has begun to behave towards his wife with the utmost brutality, and that her existence has become quite intolerable. I read only yesterday a most piteous letter which poor Alice had recently addressed to her mother.

"Her mother would, of course, go to her at once, with or without M. de Castelnaudary's consent, but she is ill in bed with sciatica, and has been unable to put her foot to the ground for some months. Furthermore, as you know, Alice has no father, no brothers, no sisters. She is worse than alone in the world.

"And now I come to my reason for communicating this sad story to you. Alice said in her letter that she expected to go, at the end of this month, to Constantinople, where her husband was being sent on a special diplomatic mission, and Constantinople at this time of the year means, I gather, the summer capital on the Bosphorus, where you are residing.

"I do not ask you to do anything in the matter I am bringing to your attention. I am writing to your Ambassador, my old friend, to request him to use what official influence he may be able to bring to bear. I merely tell you the facts—that your old playmate and friend is in the power of an unscrupulous man in a foreign country, and that by someone she must be rescued and sent back to her home.

"Trusting, my dear nephew, that you are well and successful in your new career, I remain, as always,

"Y'r affectionate aunt,

"C. T. ten Eyck."

Young Mr. Manners read this letter through with concern and sorrow. He had, indeed, played with Alice Farnsworth in the park when he was a little boy and she a much littler girl, and he had, indeed, paid her some attention the year of her *début*. There had, indeed, arisen between them at one period the faint suggestion of an "atmosphere"—the slightest possible colour of a sentiment that might well have deepened into something more serious, but somehow

never did. And then he went away for a long voyage to the Far East, and during his absence she married.

He shook his head pityingly as he sat holding "C. T. ten Eyck's" letter. What a wretched mess for that poor child to have got herself into! And she wasn't the sort to cope with it successfully, either. She never had had very much backbone, poor little soul!

As he thought of the girl's sad and painful state, his indignation grew until he was quite red and angry over it, and entirely forgetful of his own troubles. But all the while he was tormented by something just beyond the borders of his consciousness. This trouble of Alice Farnsworth's was somehow linked to him more closely than by a mere previous acquaintance. There was something further. He read his aunt's letter through again, frowning over it anxiously, and all at once leapt to his feet with a loud exclamation.

His hat was on a chair near at hand. He caught it up, dashed out of the door, and ran rather than walked to the Embassy, which was no more than five minutes distant from his garden.

The Ambassador was at leisure, having finished a hard morning's work and dismissed his secretary and typist. Young Manners was admitted at once to the inner sanctum, and found his chief sprawled comfortably in a deep chair, smoking a very long black cigar. He said—

"A personal matter, sir, if you'll permit it. I should like you to read this letter from my aunt, who knows you, I think, and then I should like to tell you something." He passed over the letter, and the Ambassador took it without comment and read it through.

"Yes," he said at last. "Yes, I have one like it. Your good aunt—I know her well—ought to be aware that I can't officially do anything in such a case as this. It's preposterous. I'm surprised at your aunt. Oh, you had something to tell me. Well?"

"Well, sir," said the new Attaché, "what I wish to say won't seem to have much bearing on this case, but it has, as you'll see presently. There is a man, whom you may have met, spending the summer here at Therapia, quite unofficially—René de Mirande. He's a very attractive chap, with the pleasantest manner—very generous, very good-hearted—never says an ill word of anybody. Everyone here is very fond of him. He's far and away the most popular man in the colony, both with men and women. I—I liked him. I liked him enormously. He took me up at the beginning, when I arrived a month ago. He took me under his wing and saw that I met the nicest people in the nicest and most informal fashion at once; he lent me his polo ponies; he did everything anyone could do. I thought him about the best sort I had ever met. I'd have backed him anywhere for any amount.

"Well, this fellow Mirande, whom I left, late last night, after a dinner-party at the Austrian Embassy and a sail up and down the Bosphorus in the Langenthals' motor-boat, this fellow, who told me a funny story at the landing-place as we parted, met me on the quay this morning—an hour ago—and took off his hat and told me I was a scoundrel and a coward. I thought it was his idea of a joke, and I laughed, but he wouldn't laugh. He wouldn't meet my eye, either. He looked at my belt buckle, and kept on insisting that I was a scoundrel. Of course, I hadn't the least idea what it was all about. I told him so, and said he'd got to explain, but he wouldn't explain. In other words, he was determined to pick a quarrel, and he wouldn't tell why. At last he hit me, and I had to hit him back. Then he took off his hat again, said he would send his friends, and went off."

The Ambassador eyed young Mr. Manners through the smoke of the long black cigar, but he did not utter the question which must have been upon his tongue. He waited. He was good at waiting.

"Of course," the Attaché said, "I was very much puzzled and taken aback and rather sick, because I had liked the man so much. Then I got this letter from my aunt and read it, and all at once I remembered that René de Mirande had a brother whom he expected in Therapia about this time, and that the brother was the Marquis de Castelnaudary. Then at last I understood."

The Ambassador nodded his grey head at the window.

"I see. The Castelnaudarys must have arrived. Lady has letter from her mother, telling her you are here. Defiant attitude towards husband . . . 'Old friend near me, at last. Someone to get me out of your clutches.' Panic-stricken husband calls in brother . . . Man by name of Manners must be got rid of . . . How? . . . Pick a quarrel with him . . . It won't do for de Castelnaudary to get into a quarrel, as he's here

"'You did not kill him, monsieur,' she said so unexpectedly that young Manners jumped."

"He bowed and laughed. 'No. I tried to kill him, but, you see, he killed me first, and so I couldn't.'"

on an official mission, so it's left to the unofficial brother, and there you are.

"And it was a good plan, too," the old gentleman said approvingly. "It had, you see, two chances of success—one chance that you wouldn't dare accept a challenge, on account of your official position, and another that, if you did accept the challenge and fight, your chief would send you packing. They're a clever pair, those brothers."

Young Mr. Manners sighed.

"I shall have to fight," he said. "It's preposterous, of course, but it wouldn't do to decline a challenge here among these people. They would think I was afraid." He looked about him sadly. "And so, I suppose, it means the end of—all this. I'm sorry. I liked it, this diplomatic life. I'd hoped to remain in it for many years. I was happy. I'll just go home now, sir, and write my resignation."

The Ambassador sat up and regarded his Attaché sharply.

"Do you mean that?" he asked. "Do you mean that you are ready to give up your entire career in the Diplomatic Service for a young woman whom you haven't seen for three years, and whom, I take it, you care nothing about?"

"It seems to me that I have no choice," said Mr. Manners simply, and the elder man smiled and sank back again into the depths of his easy-chair.

"I suppose," said he, "I suppose my *confrères* hereabouts—the gentlemen with the gold lace and the orders on their coats—would be very indignant, very much shocked if one of their young men got himself into a duel. I suppose they would rise in their wrath and throw the young man out, eh? Well, I'm not a real diplomatist. This is only my second post. I guess I am what they call a shirt-sleeve diplomatist. I know more about manufacturing boots and shoes, and about how to keep my home State in line, politically speaking, than I do about the order of precedence in going in to dinner.

"But," said the American Ambassador, wagging a long forefinger, "but, rough-neck and outsider though I am, I know that taking a hand in the protection of a girl who is helpless in the power of a scoundrel, far from her home and friends, is not going to hurt your usefulness to your country, and I know that if I saw you dodging your plain duty in the matter, I should call you in here and tell you to your face that you were all the things this fellow de Mirande, or whatever his name may be, said you were, and then I should ask to have you transferred to another post.

"Now, you just run along and do—unofficially, mind you—all you can for that unhappy lady, and don't talk to me about duels. I never saw a duel. I know nothing about them, and I don't want to. Do you know anything about them yourself?"

"I do not," said the Attaché, grinning happily. "But I have read about them in books, and I have seen them on the stage. I think that, as the about-to-be-challenged party, I shall have the choice of weapons. That is the one rule I remember. I am fairly good with either a shot-gun or a rifle, but I feel almost sure that I shall not be allowed to choose either of those excellent weapons. However, I am not alarmed. I don't think René de Mirande wants to kill me. I think he wants to get me out of the way."

He rose, shook hands with his chief, said, "I'm very grateful to you, sir, for taking it in this way," and went back to his villa to dress for lunch.

And that evening he received a call.

He was sitting in his garden and smoking, quite alone. He had had a busy afternoon, and had dined at the Therapia Palace with the two men who were to be his seconds. He had excused himself early, on the pretence of letters to write, and, indeed, there were letters that ought to have been written, but he wasn't in the mood for them. He felt very slack and down and disheartened. Everything had been going so well with him, and then this unfortunate mess!

The worst of it, he confessed to himself—the worst of it all, by far—was that it should have come through René de Mirande. From anybody else he wouldn't so much have minded, but it hurt him to lose Mirande.

"I liked the chap," he said aloud in the candle-lit darkness of his little garden. And his voice had a sound of mourning, as if de Mirande had died that day.

Just then he heard a sound of carriage wheels on the road below, and presently voices, and his man came to say that a lady wished to speak with him.

He was terrified. He thought instantly that it was Alice Castelnaudary—that she had fled from home to take shelter with him, a new and dreadful complication. His mind dashed from corner to corner like a chased rat. What in the world could he do? He felt at the moment no pity at all for his old playmate, only a towering rage at her hysterical folly.

His man, a gigantic Armenian with fierce moustaches, stirred and coughed, and Manners wrung his hands.

"Oh, bring her in! Bring her in!" he said irritably. "What are you standing there for?" The Armenian went away, and presently a woman came into the light of the shaded candles and stood beside the cane table, where the papers and magazines and smoking things were laid out. She was a young woman with very large dark eyes that looked as if she had been weeping. She wore a long coat of some dark-coloured silk—a kind of motoring coat—but her head was bare, and under the long coat one saw that she was in evening-dress with a low décolletage.

Manners stared at his unexpected guest in complete bewilderment, for she looked no more like Alice Farnsworth than like the Queen of Spain. He was quite certain that he had never seen her before. One couldn't possibly have forgotten her. She was too beautiful for that. In a faint, vague fashion she recalled to the man a certain Roumanian-Russian girl who had once come briefly into his life, but it was only a hint, a general kinship of type.

He stared at her, too much surprised, in that first moment, to speak. And then he saw that she was trembling violently, and he motioned to the Armenian servant, who stood waiting, and the man went away.

He took a step forward. It was a kind of involuntary protest—a voiceless appeal, for that extraordinary young woman seemed to have brought with her into his quiet garden an atmosphere of still and tremendous grief too poignant to be borne. It was as if the night and the stars and the trees round about her trembled, too, and were wrung with pain. He couldn't endure it. He came forward another step, saying—

"Please! Please!" And at last the young woman spoke. She said to him, in French that was fluent but a little odd—

"I had to see you. You must forgive me, monsieur, for coming here. I had to come—to plead with you—to beg you not to do it."

"Not to do what?" asked the American. And she said in a whisper, clasping her hands—

"Not to kill him, monsieur."

"Not to kill—— Oh, you mean Mirande. Good Heavens, I haven't the slightest intention of killing him! I should think not! If there's any killing done, de Mirande will have to kill me. So you may be quite at rest about that."

She came close to where he was, looking up at him out of her enormous eyes. There was a scent about her—perhaps in her hair—a scent young Manners had never before encountered—the fragrance of a flower unknown to him. It mounted to his head like a slight intoxication, or perhaps it was the sense of passion and of dread and of tragedy that surrounded her, and was taking hold upon him also.

"If he fights with you," she said in her whispering voice, "he will be killed. I know—I feel it!" She began to sob, but checked herself at once.

"I cannot lose him! I should die, too—a thousand deaths in one! Monsieur, monsieur, do not fight with him, I beg you! I have come all the way from Constantinople to-night to beg you to go away, not to fight."

Young Manners shook his head.

"I've already told you," said he, "that I have not the slightest intention of trying to kill M. de Mirande. Why don't you beg *him* not to fight with *me?* I didn't seek this row. He sought it. It's a silly row. It isn't necessary from any point of view, and, whichever way it comes out, it will settle nothing. Do you know what it's about?"

"No," she said.

"Well, if you did, you'd say it was silly, too. But he forced me into it, and I can't withdraw now. It's impossible."

"Nothing is impossible, monsieur," the woman said, touching him with her hand. But he shook his head.

"I'm afraid that is not true. I'm sorry, you know. I wish the thing could be avoided even now, but I can't be the one to move."

"I see him," that beautiful young woman said, "I see him lying dead!" And she covered her face.

"Can I say nothing—do nothing to stop you?" she asked presently, and she was trembling still very violently, and holding Mr. Manners by the front of his coat, looking up into his face. And the scent of that unknown flower was in his head like wine. He tried not to meet her pleading eyes.

"I will trade with you," she said. "I will give you something. You have a quarrel with M. de Mirande. You would like to hurt him. Yes? Very well! You shall hurt him through me. I—I am more to him than anything except his honour. See!" She pointed with one arm towards the gulf beneath, where the Bosphorus flowed under the stars, down between Europe and Asia,

with little twinkling yellow lights of fishing-boats on its dark surface.

"See, there is the Bosphorus! If you will promise me on your honour not to fight with him, I will go down there and drown myself now quite quietly in the dark!"

The American gave a low exclamation.

"For Heaven's sake, don't say such things! You make me shiver!" He had somehow to pull himself together. He said—

"Did M. de Mirande send you here to do this?" And then he was sorry, for the woman didn't even resent his insult. She said simply—

"No. If he knew I was here, he would die of shame!"

Young Mr. Manners took the woman's hands and held them.

"I have," said he, "one great wish, and that is that, some day before I die, someone may love me as much as you love René de Mirande.

"Go back to your home, madame, and be at peace. This duel must go on, but it will be a farce so far as I am concerned. M. de Mirande is much more likely to break his neck at polo than he is to suffer any harm from me."

He led her towards the garden gate, and she went with him obediently enough, but she went weeping.

"He will be killed!" she said again. "I have seen him lying dead!"

Manners tried to reassure her, but it was no good. She seemed to pay no attention whatever to his words. It was as if from the very beginning he had spoken a language she did not understand. He gave it up. He clapped his hands for the servant, and, when the man had come, said—

"The lady is going." He asked her if she would have more wraps for the long drive back over the hills, but she shook her head mutely, pulled the thin silk coat closer about her shoulders, looked back at him, and went away.

He heard presently the sound of her carriage wheels, but he stood there a long time by the low wall of his garden under the stone pine that overlooked the Bosphorus, and that unknown young woman's beautiful face was clear and close to him upon the warm darkness, and he heard her voice sobbing and pleading together.

She had come to him out of the unknown, and she had gone back whence she had come, having accomplished nothing—a swift and astonishing vision upon the night, as vivid as a flame and as unforgettable as an angel. He reflected that he didn't even know her name, and that probably he never would know it, nor see her face again. She had come and gone like a troubled dream, and he was left shaken and wondering.

* * * * *

Late the next afternoon he stood once more looking down from a height upon the Bosphorus, but it was another, greater height, an unfrequented garden on the brow of a bluff not far from Roumeli Hissar. He stood alone beside the low stone wall at the garden's edge, and he looked as if he were going to play tennis, for he had on a soft shirt open at the throat and white flannel trousers and tennis shoes. Behind him a little group of gentlemen, with solemn faces and very elaborate manners, discussed together and measured a space on the ground and unwrapped a long parcel.

Young Mr. Manners's eyes were upon the coast of Asia, which is lovely and smiling just here, and from the green hills they dropped to the strait and to a motor-boat which was skimming by under him down-stream towards the Golden Horn. One of the two white figures in the stern held a bright green parasol, and Manners thought it must be Nini von Langenthal taking young Jackson, the newly-arrived King's Messenger, out for an airing. He reflected that he himself had had the first offer of young Jackson's place, and had had to plead a previous engagement. It was rather a pity, for he liked Nini von Langenthal very much. She was the best tango dancer in the summer colony.

His seconds spoke to him from behind, and he turned with a start. All that little group of people—a quite unnecessary number, he thought—seemed to be waiting for him with fixed and critical eyes. He had a moment of stage fright—simple stage fright, not fear of what he was to experience. Then he was given a sword, or, rather, a sharpened foil, and shown where to stand. He was a little dazed and moved most awkwardly. He heard someone speak, and the voices of the seconds murmuring he knew not what in reply, and quite suddenly the two blades were engaged, the seconds had stepped back, and René de Mirande, who had up to that moment stood as motionless as himself, with eyes on the ground—quite suddenly this impassive Frenchman became a crouching, alert, cat-like creature with glittering eyes and a weapon that felt and prodded and retired like a pointing finger of steel.

It woke him with a shock like the shock of cold water, this astonishing transformation. He felt himself tingling all over with a not unpleasant excitement and with a keen desire to acquit himself well. He remembered what Archer Holden had told him about how to stand and about "hand high and point low." He tried to imagine a little circle upon his opponent's breast the size of a medjidie, and to keep his point within that circle, and he tried to keep his left hand up behind him, though he was afraid he forgot it now and then, and let it drop. He held his eyes upon the other man's eyes, as Holden had told him to do, and when he saw them brighten, he more or less instinctively parried the thrust he knew to be coming.

Of course, it was all very crude and primitive, but it answered well enough for what seemed to young Manners a very, very long time; and then all at once it didn't answer at all, for M. de Mirande, as if tired of playing about with a man who would not fight back, suddenly appeared to do three or four things at the same instant, there was a great clatter of blades, and the American felt a slight stinging sensation down across his breast, as if he had tried to put on a shirt with one of the laundry pins left in it.

He laughed and shook his head as if to confess that he certainly had been caught asleep that time, and once more fell into his private conception of the fencing attitude. But, to his great surprise, there was a general chorus of exclamations, the seconds sprang in between him and his opponent, striking up their blades, and a gentleman came running from one side and opening a little bag as he ran.

"What's the matter now?" Mr. Manners demanded. But no one answered him, only his seconds took him by the arms, and the man with the black bag began tearing at his shirt. He looked down and was astonished to find a long streak of crimson drawn diagonally down the white linen.

"Do you want to lie down?" one of his seconds asked him. Young Manners laughed once more, and he took the little Italian doctor, who was still burrowing at him like a squirrel, gently by the shoulders and set him aside.

"I'm quite all right, thanks very much," said he. "Let's get on with it!"

The gentleman who seemed to be acting as something like stage-manager of the proceedings addressed young Manners's seconds with great dignity.

"Do I understand," he asked, "that your principal wishes to continue in spite of his wound?"

"Wound!" cried young Manners scoffingly. "Good Heavens, I've scratched myself worse than that with a bath brush! Of course I want to go on. Here, who's got my sword?"

They gave him his foil, murmuring among themselves and shaking their heads. He gathered that his conduct was quite irregular and that they were dreadfully shocked. They took their places, holding his blade and de Mirande's together. The stage-manager gentleman gave the word and stepped aside, and young Manners, determined to do better this time, dropped into position.

But René de Mirande stood upright, his foil trailing from his hand, his eyes fixed upon the other man's breast, which was by now looking rather red and damp.

"I—can't," he said, in a strangling tone. His face was white and drawn. "I can't do it!" He dropped his foil upon the ground and covered his face with his hands.

"I refuse to go on!"

His seconds ran to him, exclaiming loudly, but he pushed them aside and raised his voice. He said—

"I refuse to go on with this unjust combat. I desire to apologise before you all to M. Manners. I wish it to be understood that this affair ends in a free and voluntary apology from me, and I wish to make it plain that I forced a quarrel upon M. Manners without proper cause. If he still feels injured and wishes satisfaction, I shall always be at his disposition; but I hope he will accept my public apology now, and let this be the end of an encounter that should never have been begun."

They stared at him, all the little solemn company, without a word. They didn't in the least understand, but they knew the man, and they knew that somehow, in some extraordinary fashion that they probably never would comprehend, everything was all right. He said—

"Will you leave me alone for a few moments with M. Manners?" And again silently, eyeing one another with shocked glances, they trooped away among the trees and left the two together.

De Mirande went where young Manners stood and took him by the shoulders.

"*Mon cher ami!*" he said unsteadily, and his eyes were bright. "I might have—I might have killed you! When I saw your

blood red on your shirt, and knew that I had drawn it, it was too much. I came then to the end of what I could do. My brother must guard his own treasures. There are some things I cannot do. Are you sure you are not badly hurt?"

"It's the slightest scratch," Manners said. "It scarcely burns." He shook his head. "But I don't understand—I don't understand at all."

"If you can forgive, that is enough," René de Mirande said. "The rest——" He broke off suddenly, and the two men turned at the same instant, for there had come from among the trees beyond the sound of raised voices and something like a woman's scream.

"What in the world is that?" de Mirande asked, and, as if in answer, the woman's voice came again, screaming his name—

"René! René! René!"

Even before she appeared, hurrying among the tall tree-trunks, Manners knew who the woman was, and in a moment she was there, stumbling into sight, tottering upon her feet as if she had come a very long way and was at the end of her strength. But when she saw him standing upright and well, the man she had seen dead in her fearful vision, she screamed once more and dropped to the ground in a kind of sobbing heap.

De Mirande ran to her and caught her up in his arms, and, as he did so, young Manners turned his back and walked to the stone wall at the edge of the bank. He stood there some little time waiting, and turned only at the Frenchman's hail.

The unknown woman had stopped her sobbing, though her cheeks were still wet with tears, and she clung with both hands to René de Mirande's arm, leaning a little against him, her eyes half closed.

"This lady," de Mirande said, "was alarmed, having discovered that I meant to meet you in a duel. She wishes to offer her apologies for making what you English call a 'scene.'" He spoke rather stiffly and with an evident embarrassment, but when he had finished, he looked down once more at that white and beautiful face that lay against his arm, and something came into the expression of his whole body that made the American sigh and feel all at once very lonely and friendless and a little ill-used.

They turned to go, but the woman raised her head once and looked back.

"You did not kill him, monsieur," she said so unexpectedly that young Manners jumped. He bowed and laughed.

"No. I tried to. I tried to kill him, but, you see, he killed me first, and so I couldn't." He laughed again, but the lady with the white face did not smile in answer; she only drew a little closer to René de Mirande's arm, and the two went away together among the trees.

An hour later the Frenchman came to his friend in the little villa on the hill behind Therapia. He said—

"*Mon vieux*, my brother is not a tyrant, he has not behaved badly, he is the best man I know anywhere in the world, and he loves his wife dearly. You are not a man of family; still, you must know that there are times when even the most amiable ladies are a little difficult—imagine absurd things—all that. My sister-in-law is—she is not a patient woman, and before her marriage she was, perhaps, a bit spoilt. No? Also she has been in not so good health for the past two or three months.

"When my brother found that his wife had written to her mother, and that her mother had communicated with you, he was terrified. There have been so many disastrous international marriages. He was sure you would not understand that this one was not unhappy—only passing through a difficult stage. And Alice had threatened to leave him—to take refuge with you. He lost his head. I think we all lost our heads. It seemed to him—to us both—that something desperate must be done. You must, at any cost, be put out of poor Alice's way. And so . . ."

"You might have trusted me to use a little common-sense, a little judgment," said the American. And de Mirande nodded sadly.

"I know. But my brother was frightened. He saw all his happiness in danger—and hers, too. For in her right senses she loves him dearly. *Mon vieux*, will you do something? Will you dine with us to-night? I think, if you will do that, you will understand."

Young Manners hesitated, scowling, but in the end he said—

"Yes, I will. I think both you and your brother have behaved like maniacs, and I think I ought to refuse to have anything more to do with you; but I'll take a look, anyhow."

Well, he had his look, and the situation in the Castelnaudary family turned out to be very much as de Mirande had described it. He passed an uncomfortable and exasperating two hours, slightly leavened at the last by a brief *tête-à-tête* with his old playmate, in which he told her some home truths and

made her cry. And, as early as was decent, he and René de Mirande got away together.

They parted near the path that led upwards to the tiny villa.

"Will you come up and smoke?" the American asked; but de Mirande shook his head, and his eyes were turned southwards towards Constantinople.

"Another time, my friend. I have a carriage waiting. I must do a long drive to-night."

Young Manners sighed. He felt once more very much alone. But he caught at the other's hand and wrung it.

"I wish I'd a motor to offer you—or a monoplane! A carriage is a slow thing. Well, it has ended all right, hasn't it—all this absurd row? Get along with you! We shall meet to-morrow."

He climbed the hill to his garden and stood there for a bit alone under his pine tree. In imagination he saw through the darkness the long road over the hills to Péra, and a carriage speeding along it. And far away he saw a figure beside an open window, waiting, listening for the sound of carriage wheels along the road.

There came to him—or seemed to come—the ghost of the faint fragrance of an unknown flower, but he took a long breath and turned into his solitary abode and clapped his hands for lights.

He had a letter to write to his aunt in Washington.

The third story in this series will appear in the next number

THE HERB-GARDEN.

IT seems the place where dreams abide all day,
'Mong the sweet scents of lavender and dill,
'Twixt balm and borage, all soft green and grey,
By thyme and rosemary and tormentil.

Beyond clipp'd yews the other gardens lie,
All gay with flow'rs, with butterflies agleam,
With larkspurs blue as bits of summer sky,
With roses swinging o'er a silver stream.

But past the archway in the hedge of yew,
Only soft tints, but pale cool shadows reign,
But frequent mists of blossoms mauve and blue
Stir in the soft wind, then are still again.

While o'er flagg'd pathways skim the swallows low,
While golden-fleck'd the bee-folk take their way
O'er the quaint spot where old-world simples grow—
The place, meseems, where dreams abide all day.

AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON

By FRANK W. WALTON

LIBRARIAN OF THE COLLEGE

Photographs by Edgar Payne

KING'S COLLEGE does not obtrude itself on notice as a prominent landmark among the great public edifices of the metropolis. The wayfarer, wending Citywards from Charing Cross, will probably be more attracted by the central obstruction of the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, and fail to observe on his right the gateway surmounted by the legend "University of London, King's College." If the wayfarer be passing along the Thames Embankment between the Temple Station of the Metropolitan District Railway and Waterloo Bridge, he may chance to notice a modest signboard indicating an unpretentious entrance to the overhanging mass of buildings and the College precincts. The two approaches have appropriate characteristics—the one is narrow, the other is steep: Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά. Like truth in the well of Kashan, the College is hidden away from common view, and exacts a special effort of discovery. When at last found, the building is seen to form the stately eastern wing of Somerset House.

THE EXTERIOR: VIEW FROM WITHIN THE ENTRANCE FROM THE STRAND.

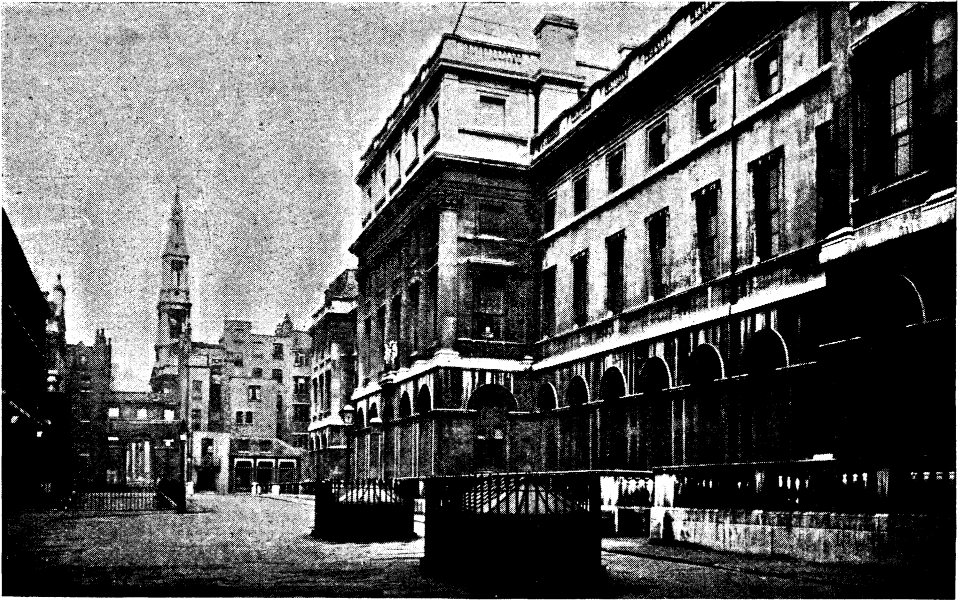
Unlike most other colleges, King's College cannot boast of a long existence, nor does it owe its foundation to some great churchman, prince, or noble. It has not yet celebrated its centenary, for its origin may be traced to a public meeting held in London in 1828. In the Continental countries the more important towns nearly all possess a university or college of university rank, and it is a curious thing that, until the first quarter of the nineteenth century, London—the most important town of England for centuries—was without any such college.

In 1825, University College was founded

on purely secular lines, and it was known at first as "The University of London." There were, however, many people who felt that a university curriculum was not complete without the inclusion of Divinity, and more still who were strongly of opinion that a sound education must go hand-in-hand with sound religious teaching. Prominent among the latter was the Rev. Dr. D'Oyly, Rector of Lambeth, whose energies contributed largely towards the summoning of an important public meeting on June 21, 1828, at the Freemasons' Tavern. The Duke of Wellington was in the chair, and "the meeting," according to *The Times*, "though not quite so numerous as might have been anticipated, was very respectable, appearing to consist chiefly of clergymen." The two archbishops, seven bishops, the Speaker, the Lord Mayor, and many other well-known people were present.

Resolutions were passed expressing the desire that a college should be founded in London, in which a good general education should be combined with religious teaching according to the doctrines of the Church of England. It was also decided to request the King to allow the college to be called "King's College, London."

Public subscriptions were invited, and at a second meeting, held in May, 1829, it was announced that £127,000 had been received. Subsequently, however, a good many of the subscriptions were withdrawn. Lord Winchelsea was at the head of these seceders, and their action was due to dislike of the Duke of Wellington's policy in supporting Catholic emancipation. The Duke was regarded by the old Tories as a deserter, and so strong was the feeling in the matter that Lord Winchelsea published a letter in which he accused Wellington of exhibiting "a show of zeal for the Protestant religion" whilst all the time working for the furtherance of the Roman Catholic cause. This was an insult that the Duke could not tolerate, and, failing to obtain the reparation that he required, he sent a challenge to Lord Winchelsea. The provocation was felt by Wellington to be extreme, for this was the first occasion in his whole life on which he demanded "satisfaction." The meeting took place in March, 1829, in Battersea Fields. The Duke fired to one side, Lord Winchelsea in the air; an apology in writing was given on the spot, and so the duel ended. Thus the financial prospects of the College were none too bright at the outset.



THE EXTERIOR: VIEW TOWARDS THE STRAND FROM THE EMBANKMENT END.

The next question was the position. An application was made to the Government for the grant of the vacant site at the east end of Somerset House. This met with success, the sole condition being that the College

buildings should fall in with the original design of Sir William Chambers for the completion of the river-front of Somerset House. The site was selected because "it seemed desirable, since it held a central position and had facilities of access from every quarter." Sir Robert Smirke, who designed the British Museum, was entrusted with the work, and the College was sufficiently advanced to be ready for opening in October, 1831.

Meanwhile a charter of incorporation had been obtained, in which King's was established "as a College in which instruction in the doctrines and duties of Christianity as taught by the Church of England should be for ever combined with other branches of useful education." And in the inaugural sermon (October 8, 1831), the Bishop of London dwelt specially on the advantages and the necessity of combining religious instruction with general education. "This combination," said *The Times*, "he spoke of as the chief characteristic of the institution—as the principle upon which its usefulness depended, and without which neither those persons who were to be entrusted with the care of the pupils could venture to discharge their important duties, nor the public be secure that the object for which it was established could be attained." The purpose of the founders of the College was thus strongly emphasised at the beginning of its career.

THE GREAT HALL.

At first there were but three Departments—the Department of General Literature and Science, the Medical Department, and the School. Seven years later, in 1838, the Engineering Department, or Department of Applied Sciences, was established, under the fresh stimulus of the growth of the railway system. Next year (1839) the Hospital was added—the necessary complement to the Medical School. It was established at first in Portugal Street, in what had been at one time a workhouse. Enough funds were, however, collected by 1852 to enable the building of a regular hospital to begin, and in 1861 the work was finished. The new institution was also in Portugal Street, and soon became of great importance. It was close to Holborn and the Strand, it supplied the needs of a densely crowded locality, and it was built in accordance with the latest theories of hospital construction. No one could foresee that in fifty years' time the slums of Clare Market and Drury Lane would practically disappear, and that the district would become so depopulated as to render the presence of a hospital almost unnecessary. And yet all this has happened, and a second new hospital, again built with the latest improvements, has just been opened in Camberwell. In its new locality the Hospital,

still bearing its old name, supplies a need that had for a long time been very pressing. There was no large general hospital nearer than St. Thomas's or Guy's, and the district is a poor and thickly populated one. The Hospital will probably in the future become one of the largest in London, and the Medical School is bound to keep up its brilliant reputation for teaching and research, Sir Watson Cheyne and Sir David Ferrier are still members of its staff.

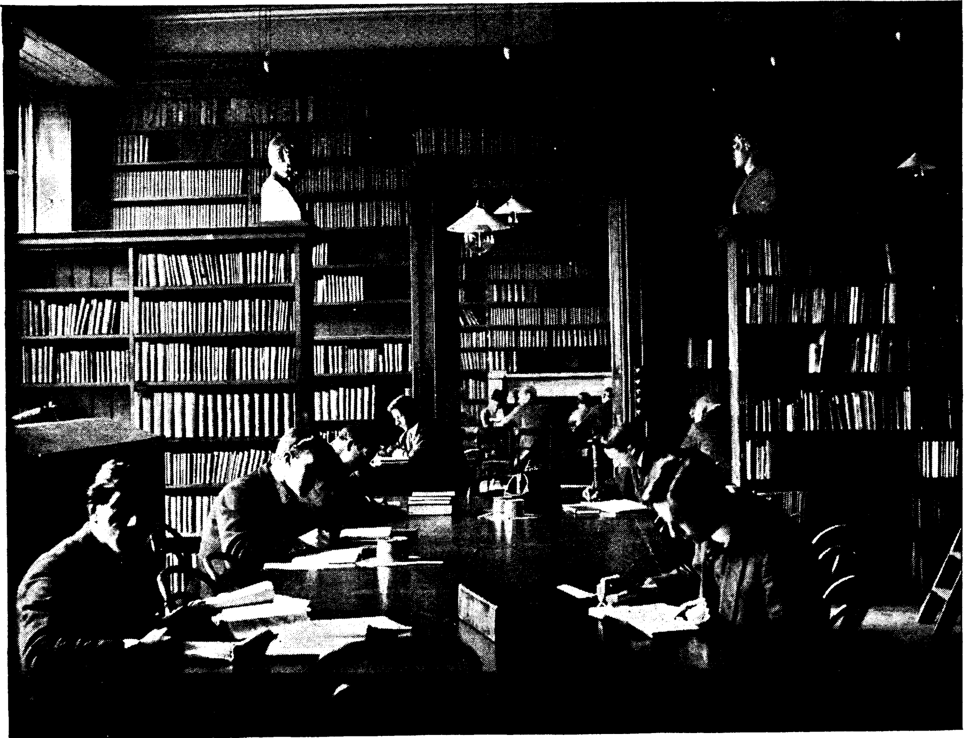
Strangely enough, it was not until 1847—sixteen years after the opening of the College, and more than twenty years after its projection—that the Theological Department was established. There had always been theological teaching to all the students, but it had been restricted to the simple weekly Divinity lectures of the Principal. The Theological Department took higher ground, offering systematic training for Holy orders by professors, and opening its doors to non-graduates as well as to graduates. In 1856 the College recognised the intellectual wants of young people engaged through the day, and able to attend instruction only in the evening. To meet their case, the Council established a system of evening classes, which was really the first attempt made in London to provide university teaching for students of this type. These classes met with great success, and continued to be a dominant department of the College for many years. Though they suffered to some extent from the competition of the Polytechnics, they still do first-rate work, especially in German and Psychology, and in the great evening school for Diplomas in English Literature. About the same time, owing to the reorganisation of the Civil Service, special classes for the preparation of candidates were instituted. These formed eventually a very flourishing part of the College, and from the day classes was evolved the Strand School, which came to occupy the rooms vacated by King's College School on its removal to Wimbledon Common.

THE CHAPEL.

It was in 1877 that the College proposed to establish a system of education for women, though not directly in connection with the institution. At that time its constitution did not authorise it to set up branch colleges, nor yet to admit women as students. The lectures to women, accordingly, were given at Kensington by members of the College staff, acting under the sanction of the Council. They proved eminently successful, and the Act of 1882 brought the courses within the ordinary operations of the College. These classes were developed into what was known at first as the Ladies' Department, and later the Women's Department. It is now called King's College for Women, and has been for long an important and successful

women's college. Owing, however, to the recommendations of the Royal Commission, the Women's College is shortly to undergo very drastic changes. The Household and Social Science Department, which has recently been so successfully developed, is to be moved to new buildings on Campden Hill, and will become a special department of the University. The Arts and Science Faculties will be transferred to King's College in the Strand. The present house in Kensington Square will be vacated, and Kensington will, of course, lose its women's college. These are formidable changes indeed, but it is certain that the Arts Faculty, which has been steadily increasing during the last few years, will continue its progressive course in the Strand, where it will, moreover, have many advantages unattainable in its old quarters in Kensington. In 1887 the Department of General Literature and Science was divided up, a special Department of Science, as distinct from Applied Science, being then founded. The pressure towards this step came from the expansion of the study of natural science, and its increasing importance at the Universities.

The reconstitution of the University in 1900 led to numerous changes in the College. In the past the work had not been directed particularly towards the University of London: the College had mapped out its own courses of study—at any rate, for those students who formally matriculated—and had conferred its diploma of Associate of the College on the completion of the three years' course (two years in the Theological Department). Many students took the College course, and then proceeded to Oxford or Cambridge to take their degrees. But now that the College became a constituent member of the University, the nature of the teaching was necessarily altered, and was arranged mainly with a view to the students taking the London degrees. Then, in 1903, the compulsory declaration of membership of the Church of England, required till then of all members of the Council and of all the College staff, was abolished by Act of Parliament, an exception being, of course, made in the case of Professors and Lecturers in the Theological Faculty. Finally, in 1910, following the example of University



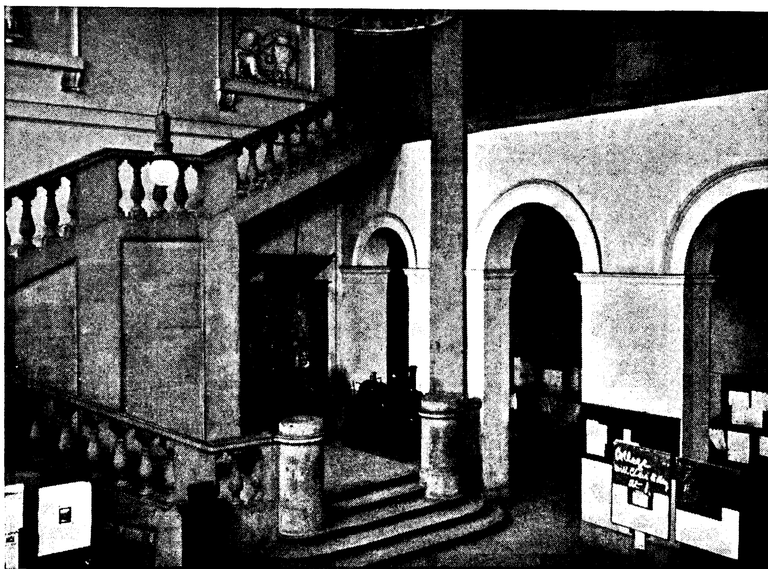
THE LIBRARY.

THE UPPER CORRIDOR.

College, King's was incorporated in the University, the Theological Faculty naturally excepted. The new Hospital, with its school for advanced medical studies, became a separate institution; the School on Wimbledon Common, which was removed from the Strand in 1897, and which has educated so many famous men, received a governing body of its own; the Civil Service Department moved into quarters of its own in Kingsway; whilst the Strand School, taken over by the London County Council, began its new life at Brixton in the autumn of last year.

There thus remain under the same roof the Faculties of Arts, Science (including Medical Science), Law, and Engineering, which have been transferred to the University, and the Theological Department, which still belongs to the old governing body of the College. This arrangement works very well. On the one hand, all the students can, if they wish, attend the daily service in the chapel and the weekly theological lecture, the original purpose of the College being thus preserved. On the other hand, the theological students, by their daily intercourse with those of the other Faculties in common-room debates, social unions, and games, gain a broader outlook than they would be likely to obtain in one of the purely theological colleges.

The professional staff of King's have always been very distinguished. Of the many eminent names of the past may be mentioned F. D. Maurice, J. S. Brewer, C. H. Pearson, S. R. Gardiner, Sir Charles Wheatstone, Clerk Maxwell, Sir Charles Lyell, Archbishop Trench, Thorold Rogers, Sir W. Fergusson, Sir W. Bowman, Sir W. O. Priestley, and Lord Lister. The Principals of the College have, for the most part, obtained high preferment in the Church: four have become bishops, and one a dean. And the present staff fully maintain the high standard of the past. Professor Halliburton, who holds the chair of Physiology, Professor Gollancz that of English, and the veteran Sir John Laughton that of Modern History, are eminent and widely known men, whilst the new Principal, Dr. Burrows, occupies a distinguished position in the field of Classical Archæology.



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

The College has, moreover, just lost Professor Barkla, who has been elected to the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, perhaps the most important professorship in that subject in the British Islands. His brilliant research work at King's carried on the traditions of Wheatstone and Clerk Maxwell.

King's possesses valuable libraries, museums, and laboratories. In addition to the general library, there are the Marsden Library of Oriental books, and the collection formed by Sir Charles Wheatstone, formerly Professor of Physics in the College. Quite recently the greater part of the libraries of the late Professor Skeat and Dr. F. T. Furnivall have been presented to the English Department, and form a separate collection.

Attached to the Physical Department is the George III. Museum, containing the collection of models and instruments formed by that Sovereign and presented to the College by her late Majesty Queen Victoria. The Wheatstone Laboratory for Science, established in 1868 mainly by the efforts of Professor Grylls Adams, is said to have been "the first founded in England for the special use of students"; and, indeed, according to the belief of Dr. Wace, a former Principal, "the only one existing at that date was at the Sorbonne in Paris." Sir Charles Wheatstone's own work at the College is of great historical interest. Tradition has it that the first electric message ever sent in England was sent from the laboratory at King's across the Thames; and, though this has been doubted, the fact remains that King's College was the scene of some of Wheatstone's most important work. Many of the laboratories have been recently enlarged and refitted, and only a year ago the Departments of Bacteriology and Public Health were transferred to larger and more convenient quarters at Charing Cross Hospital Medical School.

THE GEORGE III. MUSEUM: PHYSICS.

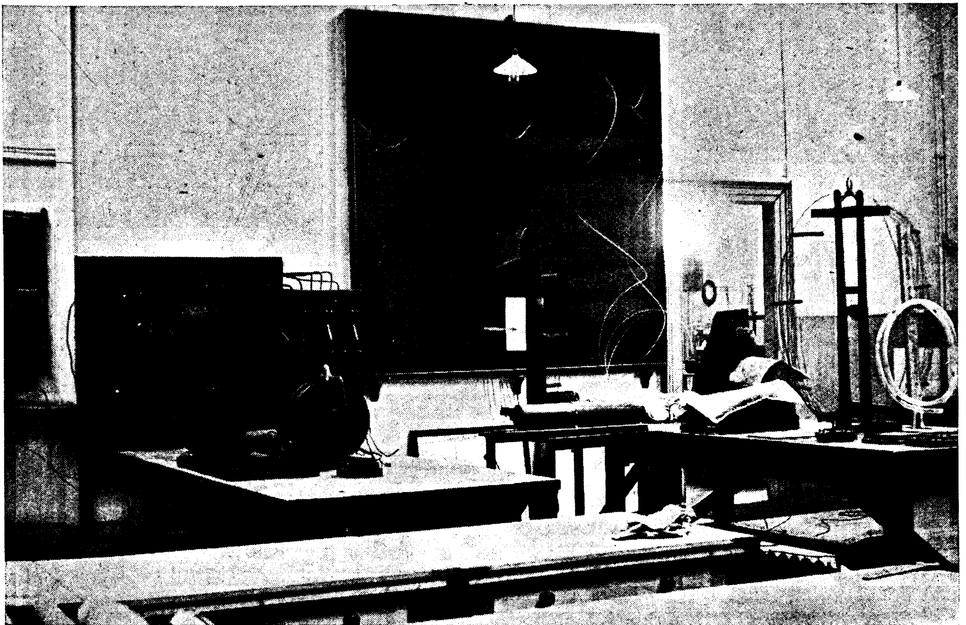
The Medical Science Faculty has increased considerably within the last few years. A large number of students come to King's to complete their preliminary and intermediate studies, and then pass on to one or other of the hospitals to do their clinical work: in the last session more than 160 of such students were being trained at the College.

The Engineering Department is a large

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

and prosperous one, and it is of interest to remember that it is one of the oldest in the Kingdom. The Siemens Electrical Engineering Laboratory was also one of the first of its kind to be opened in London. Owing to the recent removal of the Strand School, the Engineering Faculty has been enabled to extend its quarters, and it has now a large and well-fitted drawing office on the ground floor; the workshops and engine-rooms are in the basement.

A hall of residence has recently been opened in South London for medical and engineering students. It is known as "The Platanes," and is situated on Champion Hill, close to King's College Hospital. It is a



THE SIEMENS ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING LABORATORY.

large house, standing in its own grounds of about one and a half acres, providing very comfortable quarters at a reasonable charge, and it will certainly be appreciated by many students, who enjoy a common life with all its attendant advantages.

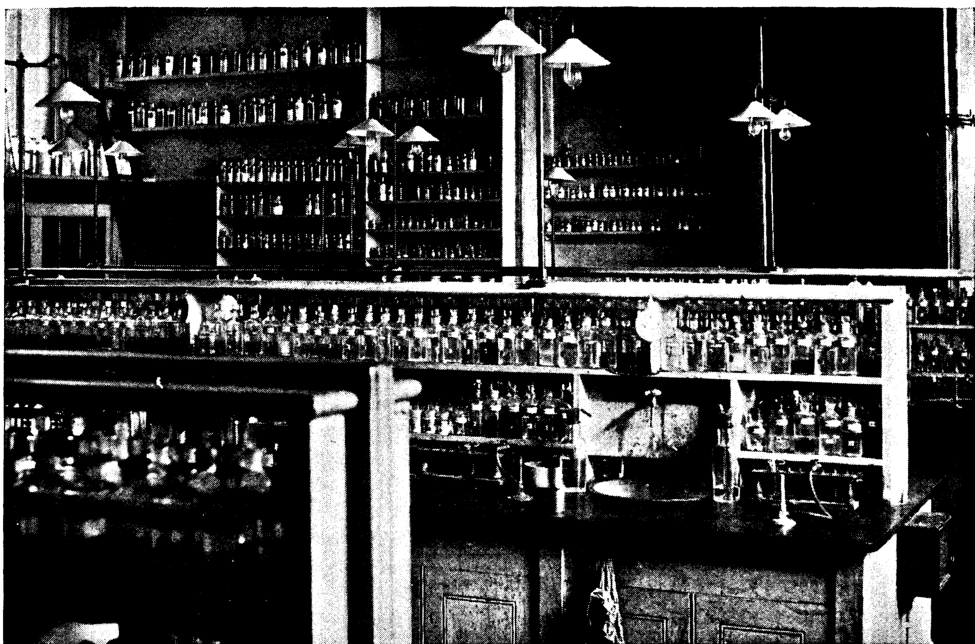
The Faculty of Arts includes a Day Training Department for Teachers, which was started in 1890, and was at that time one of the first so-called "Day Colleges" instituted by the Education Authority. The College receives about fifty King's Scholars, who first of all go through a general course preparing them for a university degree, and then undergo the necessary technical training. There is also a post-graduate course, directed to the Teacher's Diploma of the University of London, and intended for those who propose to work in secondary schools.

The teaching of Oriental and Colonial languages is at present shared by University College and King's College. University College provides the classes for all Oriental languages especially required by students qualifying for examinations for the Indian Civil Service. King's College provides the classes for modern Oriental languages other than the Indian languages — classes of a practical rather than academic character, having "particular reference to commercial and official requirements and to the facilitation of colloquial intercourse of Oriental countries." The combined organisation is analogous to the schools of living Oriental languages in France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, only these are supported by the State and offer instruction gratuitously, and the State thinks itself amply repaid in commercial returns. It is probable that before long the newly-projected London School of Oriental Studies will relieve the two colleges of these duties.

The law teaching is also shared by University College, King's College, and the School of Economics. Under this inter-collegiate scheme lectures are given at all three colleges, and the students attending them are allowed the use of the three libraries.

THE UNITED COMMON ROOM.

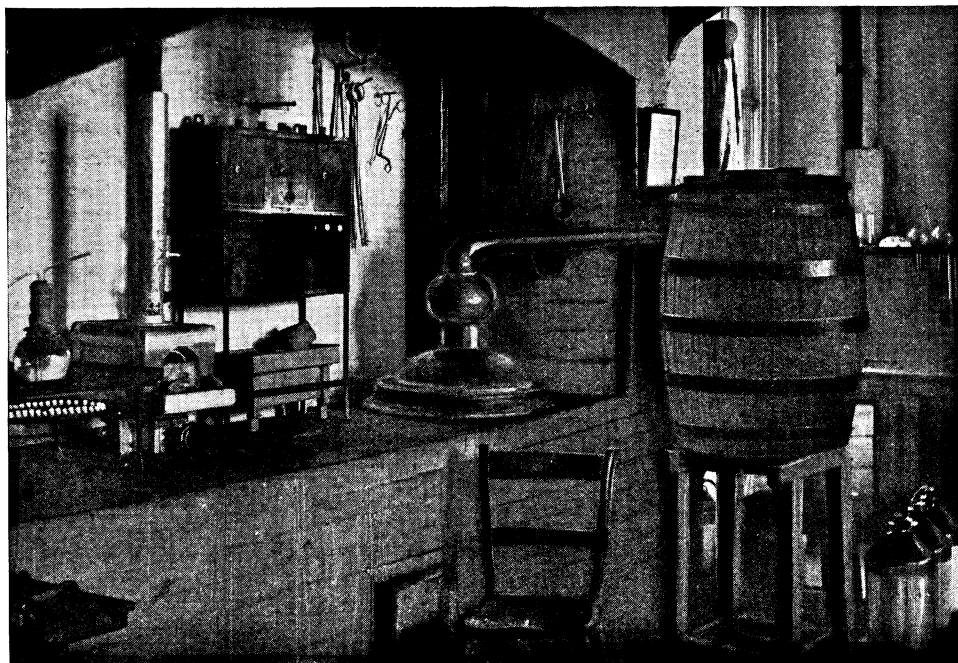
The Theological Faculty, still under the rule of the old Council, but ranking as a school of the University, is in a very flourishing condition. It contains more than 200 students, and a fair number take the B.D. degree of the University as well as the Associateship of the College. Last autumn a new Theological Hostel was opened in Vincent Square, which at present accommodates about fifty students. As the building progresses, there will be room for more. This



THE UPPER CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

hostel replaces the old one in Mecklenburgh Square, which had existed since 1902, but had become quite unable to meet the increasing demand for community life.

The number of students who take the degree or diploma courses is steadily growing. At the beginning of the present academic year there was a rise of 95 in the number of new students so entering, and there is every prospect of the increase continuing. Then, in addition to the students following the regular courses of the various Faculties,



THE LOWER CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

there are a large number of occasional students, who attend one or more special courses. Last year, in the Faculty of Arts, there were 213 occasional students; the teachers' classes, organised by the London County Council, were attended by 346 men and women; the Gilbart Lectures on Banking, by 800 clerks from the various banks.

An important feature of late has been the establishment of public lectures that are delivered at the College. These are quite free, and are advertised in the daily papers; detailed lists are posted in the College hall, and can also be obtained in the Secretary's office. Quite recently an important series was given on Colonial and Imperial problems; all the lecturers were distinguished men, and on each occasion the chair was taken by some statesman or other public person.

There are various College societies, all of which are well supported by the students. The most important is the Union Society, which has for its objects: "To promote social intercourse amongst its members and throughout the College, the success of students' clubs, and the interests of students generally." The various athletic clubs are affiliated to it and are controlled by it; it arranges also for the holding of the annual athletic sports, and provides debates from time to time. The Engineering Society has flourished ever since 1847, when it was founded for the purpose of reading papers on scientific and engineering subjects. There are also Theological, Educational, and Sociological Societies. The "King's College Review," which comes out every term, and has now been in existence for many years, seems likely to continue its successful career.

King's provides two companies of the Infantry Battalion of the London University Contingent of the Officers' Training Corps: "B" Company is recruited from the Engineering Faculty, "E" Company from the other Faculties. The officer commanding the University contingent is, moreover, a Professor of the College.

The work of the College has always been carried on under disadvantageous financial conditions. The College started without an endowment, and it has never been able to acquire anything approaching an adequate one. From time to time sums of money have been given for definite purposes, and sums have also been raised for improvements in the College and for the repayment of debt. Grants are, of course, received from the Government and from the County Council; but the fact remains that the College has persistently carried out excellent work under circumstances which have always been difficult and have at times become acute.

King's will probably, within the next few years, undergo further important and far-reaching changes. The recently issued Final Report of the Royal Commission on University Education in London favours the formation of a university quarter, and recommends that the Central University buildings and King's College should be moved to sites in that quarter. The College may then be compelled to leave its old home and its old associations of eighty-five years, and to start afresh in new surroundings. But it is quite certain that King's College, including its Theological Faculty, whatever the future may have in store for it, will continue to carry on its old traditions of sound learning and high principle, and will take its share in the further development of the University, so that the latter may at length become worthy of London, the greatest city of the Empire.

A further article in this series will deal with the later developments of the reconstituted University of London.

THE·HOLY·FLOWER
BY·H·RIDER·HAGGARD

ILLUSTRATED·BY MAURICE·GREIFFENHAGEN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—This is the story of the strange adventures of the famous hunter and explorer, Allan Quatermain, on a perilous expedition into an unknown region of Africa. Hunter Quatermain, while shooting big game, met an American doctor, who for some years had wandered about South and Eastern Africa collecting butterflies and flowers. To the natives he was known as "Dogeetah," but white people called him "Brother John." From him Allan Quatermain heard of a wonderful plant with blooms of extraordinary size and marvellous beauty, with a monkey's head outlined on every bloom. A healthy root of this plant, he maintained, would be worth twenty thousand pounds; but all he could show was a single bloom, without any root. This had come into his possession in the country of the Mazitu, a warlike race, beyond the western boundary of whose territory was a large and fertile land, supposed to be an island in the midst of a great lake. The name of both this territory and its inhabitants was Pongo, which was also the native name for a gorilla, and the god of the Pongo people was said to be a gorilla, whose worship was combined with that of the wonderful orchid. One night, while camping near the Pongo border, the Doctor was awakened by a solitary visitor, Kalubi, the Chief of the Pongo, who had come to the famous master of medicine to have his hand cured of a wound made by the bite of a terrible monkey, of which he declared they all went in fear in his native land. He suggested that he would help the white man to riches if he would go and kill the monstrous gorilla with his magic weapons. In a later conversation with Brother John, the explorer's curiosity was further kindled by the American's addition to his earlier narrative of the report that "a white goddess" was said to preside over the Holy Flower. The famous hunter returned to England for the purpose of ascertaining whether rich orchid collectors would be willing to finance an expedition in search of the unique flower, and enlisted the enthusiasm of a young man named Somers. Arrived in South Africa, the two men organised their expedition, but without learning the whereabouts of Brother John. Having bargained with a Portuguese trader to take them and their native attendants up the coast to Kilwa, for their start inland, they found that he was leagued with Bey Hassan, a half-breed of Kilwa, in the slave trade. Hassan gave them accommodation in a deserted mission house beside a ruined church, and they began to suspect that the former occupants must have met with foul play, but could learn nothing from Hassan. On its journey up country, the expedition was some weeks later confronted by a large army of Mazitu, and the Englishmen were conducted to King Bausi's head town of Beza, where a witch-doctor inflamed the king's mind against them by declaring them to be slave-traders. Urging that they were "brethren of the white lord called Dogeetah," who had doctored the king and been adopted as his blood-brother, they found that their only hope of safety turned on the arrival of Brother John, yet could not place much faith in the prophecy of their own expert in native magic, Mavovo, who maintained that Brother John would arrive within two days. Just as the signal for their death was to be given, Brother John came riding into the town. The Englishmen were released and treated with the utmost honour, and on the arrival of an embassy from the Pongo country to propose a treaty with the Mazitu, they arranged to journey into that unknown land as King Bausi's ambassadors, despite the stipulation that they should go without firearms. Meantime they had learned that Brother John was the missionary whose ruined house they had seen at Kilwa, and that for the past twenty years he had explored the land in the hope that his wife, carried off by slave-traders, might still be alive. In that hope Brother John gladly joined them for their further journey into Pongoland, under the escort of Komba, the ambassador to King Bausi's court, who conveyed them across a great lake in native canoes and brought them to Rica Town, the Pongo capital. There they began to suspect that the embassy to the Mazitu had been merely a device to get them into the country in fulfilment of a prophecy requiring the sacrifice of white people's lives to the god. After empty formalities they were visited secretly by the Kalubi, who told them of the monstrous ape revered as a god, and his own fear that he himself would be the creature's next human victim unless the Englishmen would help him to outwit the high priest Motombo and kill the great ape.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MOTOMBO.

After my dream I went to sleep again, till I was finally aroused by a strong ray of light hitting me straight in the eye.

"Where the dickens does that come from?" thought I to myself, for these huts had no windows.

Then I followed the ray to its source, which I perceived was a small hole in the mud wall some five feet above the floor. I rose and examined the said hole, and noted that it appeared to have been freshly made, for the clay at the sides of it was in no way discoloured. I reflected that if anyone wanted to eavesdrop, such an aperture would be convenient, and went outside the hut to pursue my investigations. Its wall, I found, was situated about four feet from the eastern part of the encircling reed fence, which showed no signs of disturbance, although there, in the outer face of the wall, was the hole, and beneath it on the lime flooring lay

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some broken fragments of plaster. I called Hans and asked him if he had kept watch round the hut when the wrapped-up man visited us during the night. He answered "Yes," and that he could swear that no one had come near it, since several times he had walked to the back and looked.

Somewhat comforted, though not satisfied, I went in to wake up the others, to whom I said nothing of this matter, since it seemed foolish to alarm them for no good purpose. A few minutes later the tall silent women arrived with our hot water. It seemed curious to have hot water brought to us in such a place by these very queer kind of housemaids, but so it was. The Pongo, I may add, were, like the Zulus, very clean in their persons, though whether they all used hot water, I cannot say. At any rate, it was provided for us.

Half an hour later they returned with breakfast, consisting chiefly of a roasted kid, of which, as it was whole, and therefore unmistakable, we partook thankfully. A little later the majestic Komba appeared. After many compliments and inquiries as to our general health, he asked whether we were ready to start on our visit to the Motombo, who, he added, was expecting us with much eagerness. I inquired how he knew that, since we had only arranged to call on him late on the previous night, and I understood that he lived a day's journey away. But Komba put the matter by with a smile and a wave of his hand.

So in due course off we went, taking with us all our baggage, which, now that it had been lightened by the delivery of the presents, was of no great weight.

Five minutes' walk along the wide main street led us to the northern gate of Rica Town. Here we found the Kalubi himself with an escort of thirty men armed with spears. I noted that, unlike the Mazitu, they had no bows and arrows. He announced in a loud voice that he proposed to do us the special honour of conducting us to the sanctuary of the Holy One, by which we understood him to mean the Motombo. When we politely begged him not to trouble, being in an irritable mood, or assuming it, he told us rudely to mind our own business. Indeed, I think this irritability was real enough, which, in the circumstances known to the reader, was not strange. At any rate, an hour or so later it declared itself in an act of great cruelty, which showed us how absolute was this man's power in all temporal matters.

Passing through a little clump of bush, we came to some gardens surrounded by a slight fence, through which a number of cattle of a small and delicate breed—they were not unlike Jerseys in appearance—had broken to enjoy themselves by devouring the crops. This garden, it appeared, belonged to the Kalubi for the time being, who was furious at the destruction of its produce by the cattle, which also belonged to him.

"Where is the herd?" he shouted.

A hunt began, and presently the poor fellow—he was no more than a lad—was discovered asleep behind a bush. When he was dragged before him, the Kalubi pointed first to the cattle, then to the broken fence and the devastated garden. The lad began to mutter excuses and pray for mercy.

"Kill him!" said the Kalubi, whereon the herd flung himself to the ground and, clutching him by the ankles, began to kiss his feet, crying out that he was afraid to die. The Kalubi tried to kick himself free, and, failing in this, lifted his big spear and made an end of the poor boy's prayers and life at a single stroke.

The escort clapped their hands in salute or approval, after which four of them, at a sign, took up the body and started with it at a trot for Rica Town, where probably that night it appeared upon the grid. Brother John saw, and his big white beard bristled with indignation, like the hair on the back of an angry cat, while Stephen spluttered something beginning with "You brute!" and lifted his fist as though to knock the Kalubi down. This, had I not caught hold of him, I have no doubt he would have done.

"O Kalubi," gasped Brother John, "do you not know that blood calls for blood? In the hour of your own death, remember this death."

"Would you bewitch me, white man?" said the Kalubi, glaring at him angrily. "If so——" And once more he lifted the spear, but, as John never stirred, held it poised irresolutely. Komba thrust himself between them, crying—

"Back, Dogeetah, who dare to meddle with our customs! Is not the Kalubi lord of life and death?"

Brother John was about to answer, but I called to him in English—

"For Heaven's sake, be silent, unless you want to follow the boy! We are in these men's power."

Then he remembered and walked away, and presently we marched forward as though

nothing had happened. Only from that moment I do not think that any of us worried ourselves about the Kalubi and what might befall him. Still, looking back on the thing, I think that there was this excuse to be made for the man: he was mad with the fear of death, and knew not what he did.

All that day we travelled on through a rich, flat country that, as we could tell from various indications, had once been widely cultivated. Now the fields were few and far between, and bush—for the most part, a kind of bamboo scrub—was occupying the land. About midday we halted by a water-pool to eat and rest, for the sun was hot, and here the four men who had carried off the boy's body rejoined us and made some report. Then we went forward once more towards what seemed to be a curious and precipitous wall of black cliff, beyond which the volcanic-looking mountain towered in stately grandeur. By three o'clock we were near enough to this cliff, which ran east and west as far as the eye could reach, to see a hole in it, apparently where the road terminated, that appeared to be the mouth of a cave.

The Kalubi came up to us and in a shy kind of way tried to make conversation. I think that the sight of this mountain, drawing ever nearer, vividly recalled his terrors and caused him to desire to efface the bad impression he knew he had made on us, to whom he looked for safety. Among other things, he told us that the hole we saw was the door of the house of the Motombo.

I nodded my head, but did not answer, for the presence of this murderous king made me feel sick. So he went away again, looking at us in a humble and deprecatory manner.

Nothing further happened until we reached the remarkable wall of rock that I have mentioned, which, I suppose, is composed of some very hard stone that remained when the softer rock in which it lay was disintegrated by millions of years of weather or washings by the water of the lake. Or perhaps its substance was thrown out of the bowels of the volcano when this was active. I am no geologist, and cannot say, especially as I lacked time to examine the place. At any rate, there it was, and there in it appeared the mouth of a great cave that, I presume, was natural, having once formed a kind of drain through which the lake overflowed when Pongoland was under water

We halted, staring dubiously at this darksome hole, which, no doubt, was the same that Babemba had explored in his youth. Then the Kalubi gave an order, and some of the soldiers went to huts that were built near to the mouth of the cave, where I suppose guardians or attendants lived, though of these we saw nothing. Presently they returned with a number of lighted torches, that were distributed among us. This done, we plunged, shivering—at least, I shivered—into the gloomy recesses of that great cavern, the Kalubi going before us with half of our escort, and Komba following behind us with the remainder.

The floor of the place was made quite smooth, doubtless by the action of water, as were the walls and roof, so far as we could see them, for it was very wide and lofty. It did not run straight, but curved about in the thickness of the cliff. At the first turn the Pongo soldiers set up a low and eerie chant, which they continued during its whole length, that, according to my pacings, was something over three hundred yards. On we wound, the torches making stars of light in the intense blackness, till at length we rounded a last corner, where a great curtain of woven grass, now drawn, was stretched across the cave. Here we saw a very strange sight.

On either side of it, near to the walls, burned a large wood fire that gave light to the place. Also more light flowed into it from its further mouth, that was not more than twenty paces from the fires. Beyond the mouth was water, which seemed to be about two hundred yards wide, and beyond the water rose the slopes of the mountain, that was covered with huge trees. Moreover, a little bay penetrated into the cavern, the point of which bay ended between the two fires. Here the water, which was not more than six or eight feet wide and shallow, formed the berthing-place of a good-sized canoe that lay there. The walls of the cavern, from the turn to the point of the tongue of water, were pierced with four doorways, two on either side, which led, I presume, to chambers hewn in the rock. At each of these doorways stood a tall woman clothed in white, who held in her hand a burning torch. I concluded that these were attendants set there to guide and welcome us, for, after we had passed, they vanished into the chambers.

But this was not all. Set across the little bay of water, just above the canoe that

floated there, was a wooden platform, eight feet or so square, on either side of which stood an enormous elephant's tusk, bigger, indeed, than any I have seen in all my experience, which tusks seemed to be black with age. Between the tusks, squatted upon rugs of some kind of rich fur, was what, from its shape and attitude, I at first took to be a huge toad. In truth, it had all the appearance of a very bloated toad. There was the rough corrugated skin, there the prominent backbone—for its back was towards us—and there were the thin, splayed-out legs.

We stared at this strange object for quite a long while, unable to make it out in that uncertain light, for so long, indeed, that I grew nervous and was about to ask the Kalubi what it might be. As my lips opened, however, it stirred, and with a slow, groping, circular movement turned itself towards us very slowly. At length it was round, and as the head came in view, all the Pongo from the Kalubi down ceased their low, weird chant and flung themselves upon their faces, those who had torches still holding them up in their right hands.

Oh, what a thing appeared! It was not a toad, but a man that moved upon all fours. The large bald head was sunk deep between the shoulders, either through deformity or from age, for this creature was undoubtedly very old. Looking at it, I wondered how old, but could form no answer in my mind. The great broad face was sunken and withered, like to leather dried in the sun; the lower lip hung pendulously upon the prominent and bony jaw. Two yellow, tusk-like teeth projected one at each corner of the great mouth; all the rest were gone, and from time to time it licked the white gums with a red-pointed tongue as a snake might do. But the chief wonder of the Thing lay in its eyes, that were large and round, perhaps because the flesh had shrunk away from them, which gave them the appearance of being set in the hollow orbits of a skull. These eyes literally shone like fire; indeed, at times they seemed positively to blaze, as I have seen a lion's eyes do in the dark. I confess that the aspect of the creature terrified and for a while paralysed me: to think that it was human, was awful.

I glanced at the others, and saw that they, too, were frightened. Stephen turned very white. I thought that he was going to be sick again, as he was after he drank the coffee out of the wrong bowl on the day we entered Mazituland. Brother John stroked his white beard and muttered some invocation to Heaven to protect him. Hans exclaimed in his abominable Dutch—

"*Oh, keek, Baas, da is je lelicher oud deel!*" ("Oh, look, Baas, there is the ugly old Devil himself!")

Jerry went flat on his face among the Pongo, muttering that he saw Death before him. Only Mavovo stood firm, perhaps because, as a witch-doctor of repute, he felt that it did not become him to show the white feather in the presence of an evil spirit.

The toad-like creature on the platform swayed its great head slowly, as a tortoise does, and contemplated us with its flaming eyes. At length it spoke in a thick, guttural voice, using the tongue that seemed to be common to this part of Africa and, indeed, to that branch of the Bantu people to which the Zulus belong, but, as I thought, with a foreign accent.

"So *you* are the white men come back," it said slowly. "Let me count!" And, lifting one skinny hand from the ground, it pointed with the forefinger and counted. "One. Tall, with a white beard. Yes, that is right. Two. Short, nimble like a monkey, with hair that wants no comb; clever, too, like a father of monkeys. Yes, that is right. Three. Smooth-faced, young, and stupid, like a fat baby that laughs at the sky because he is full of milk, and thinks that the sky is laughing at him. Yes, that is right. All three of you are just the same as you used to be. Do you remember, White Beard, how, while we killed you, you said prayers to One Who sits above the world, and held up a cross of bone to which a man was tied who wore a cap of thorns? Do you remember how you kissed the man with the cap of thorns as the spear went into you? You shake your head. Oh, you are a clever liar, but I will show you that you are a liar, for I have the thing yet." And, snatching up a horn which lay on the kaross beneath him, he blew.

As the peculiar, wailing note that the horn made died away, a woman dashed out of one of the doorways that I have described, and flung herself upon her knees before him. He muttered something to her, and she dashed back again, to reappear in an instant holding in her hand a yellow ivory crucifix.

"Here it is, here it is," he said. "Take it, White Beard, and kiss it once more, perhaps for the last time." And he threw the crucifix to Brother John, who caught it and stared at it amazed. "And do you remember, Fat Baby, how we caught you?

The Motombo.

You fought well, very well, but we killed you at last, and you were good, very good; we got much strength from you.

"And do you remember, Father of Monkeys, how you escaped from us by your cleverness? I wonder where you went to and how you died? I shall not forget you, for you gave me this." And he pointed to a big white scar upon his shoulder. "You would have killed me, but the stuff in that iron tube of yours burned slowly when you held the fire to it, so that I had time to jump aside, and the iron ball did not strike me in the heart, as you meant that it should. Yet it is still here. Oh, yes, I carry it with me to this day, and now that I have grown thin, I can feel it with my finger."

I listened astonished to this harangue, which, if it meant anything, meant that we had all met before in Africa at some time when men used matchlocks that were fired with a fuse—that is to say, about the year 1700, or earlier. Reflection, however, showed me the interpretation of this nonsense. Obviously this old priest's forefather, or, if one put him at a hundred and twenty years of age, and I am sure that he was not a day less, perhaps his father, as a young man, was mixed up with some of the first Europeans who penetrated to the interior of Africa. Probably these were Portuguese, of whom one may have been a priest and the other two an elderly man and his son or young brother or companion. The manner of the deaths of these people, and of what happened to them generally, would, of course, be remembered by the descendants of the chief or head medicine-man of the tribe.

"Where did we meet, and when, O Motombo?" I asked.

"Not in this land, not in this land, Father of Monkeys," he replied in his low, rumbling voice, "but far, far away towards the west, where the sun sinks in the water, and not in this day, but long, long ago. Twenty Kalubis have ruled the Pongo since that day. Some have ruled for many years, and some have ruled for few years; that depends upon the will of my brother, the god yonder." And he chuckled horribly and jerked his thumb backwards over his shoulder towards the forest on the mountain.

"Yes, twenty have ruled, some for thirty years, and none for less than four."

"Well, you *are* a large old liar," I thought to myself, for, taking the average rule of the Kalubis at ten years, this would mean that we met him two centuries ago at least.

"You were clothed otherwise then," he went on, "and two of you wore hats of iron on the head, but that of White Beard was shaven. I caused a picture of you to be beaten by the master-smith upon a plate of copper. I have it yet."

Again he blew upon his horn; again a woman darted out, to whom he whispered; again she went to one of the chambers and returned bearing an object which he cast to us.

We looked at it. It was a copper or bronze plaque, black, apparently with age, which once had been nailed on something, for there were the holes. It represented a tall man with a long beard and a tonsured head, who held a cross in his hand, and two other men, both short, who wore round metal caps, and were dressed in queer-looking garments and boots with square toes. These men carried big and heavy matchlocks, and in the hand of one of them was a smoking fuse. That was all we could make out of the thing.

"Why did you leave the far country and come to this land, O Motombo?" I asked.

"Because we were afraid that other white men would follow on your steps and avenge you. The Kalubi of that day ordered it, though I said 'No,' who knew that none can escape by flight from what must come when it must come. So we travelled and travelled till we found this place, and here we have dwelt from generation to generation. The gods came with us also; my brother that dwells in the forest came. Though we never saw him on the journey, yet he was here before us. The Holy Flower came, too, and the white Mother of the Flower. She was the wife of one of you—I know not which."

"Your brother, the god?" I said. "If the god is an ape, as we have heard, how can he be the brother of a man?"

"Oh, you white men do not understand, but we black people understand. In the beginning the ape killed my brother, who was Kalubi, and his spirit entered into the ape, making him as a god, and so he kills every other Kalubi, and their spirits also enter into him. Is it not so, O Kalubi-of-to-day, you without a finger?" And he laughed mockingly.

The Kalubi, who was lying on his stomach, groaned and trembled, but made no other answer.

"So all has come about as I foresaw," went on the toad-like creature. "You have returned, as I knew you would, and now we shall learn whether White Beard yonder spoke true words when he said that his God would be avenged upon our god. You shall

go to be avenged on him, if you can, and then we shall learn. But this time you have none of your iron tubes, which alone we fear. For did not the god declare to us through me that when the white men came back with an iron tube, then he, the god, would die, and I, the Motombo, the god's Mouth, would die, and the Holy Flower would be torn up, and the Mother of the Flower would pass away, and the people of the Pongo would be dispersed and become wanderers and slaves? And did he not declare that if the white men came again without their iron tubes, then certain secret things would happen—oh, ask them not; in time they shall be known to you—and the people of the Pongo, who were dwindling, would again become fruitful and very great? And that is why we welcome you, white men, who arise again from the land of ghosts, because through you we, the Pongo, shall become fruitful and very great."

Of a sudden he ceased his rumbling talk, his head sank back between his shoulders, and he sat silent for a long while, his fierce, sparkling eyes playing on us as though he would read our very thoughts. If he succeeded, I hope that mine pleased him. To tell the truth, I was filled with mixed fear, fury, and loathing. Although, of course, I did not believe a word of all the rubbish he had been saying, which was akin to much that is evolved by these black-hearted African wizards, I hated the creature, whom I felt to be only half human. My whole nature sickened at his aspect and talk. And yet I was dreadfully afraid of him. I felt as a man might feel who wakes up to find himself alone with some peculiarly disgusting and Christmas-story kind of ghost. Moreover, I was sure that he meant us ill, fearful and imminent ill. Suddenly he spoke again.

"Who is that little yellow one," he said, "that old one with a face like a skull"—and he pointed to Hans, who had kept as much out of sight as possible behind Mavovo—"that wizened, snub-nosed one who might be a child of my brother, the god, if ever he had a child? And why, being so small, does he need so large a staff?" Here he pointed again to Hans's big bamboo stick. "I think he is as full of guile as a new-filled gourd with water. The big black one"—and he looked at Mavovo—"I do not fear, for his magic is less than my magic"—he seemed to recognise a brother-doctor in Mavovo—"but the little yellow one, with the big stick and the pack upon his back, I fear him. I think he should be killed."

He paused and we trembled, for if he chose to kill the poor Hottentot, how could we prevent him? But Hans, who saw the great danger, called his cunning to his aid.

"O Motombo," he squeaked, "you must not kill me, for I am the servant of an ambassador. You know well that all the gods of every land hate and will be revenged upon those who touch ambassadors or their servants, whom they, the gods, alone may harm. If you kill me, I shall haunt you. Yes, I shall sit on your shoulder at night and jibber into your ear so that you cannot sleep, until you die. For though you are old, you must die at last, Motombo."

"It is true," said the Motombo. "Did I not tell you that he was full of cunning? All the gods will be avenged upon those who kill ambassadors or their servants. That"—here he laughed again in his dreadful way—"is the right of the gods alone. Let the gods of the Pongo settle it."

I uttered a sigh of relief, and he went on in a new voice, a dull, business-like voice, if I may so describe it—

"Say, O Kalubi, on what matter have you brought these white men to speak with me, the Mouth of the god? Did I dream that it was a matter of a treaty with the King of the Mazitu? Rise and speak."

So the Kalubi rose and with a humble air set out briefly and clearly the reason of our visit to Pongoland as the envoys of Bausi, and the heads of the treaty that had been arranged subject to the approval of the Motombo and Bausi. We noted that the affair did not seem to interest the Motombo at all. Indeed, he appeared to go to sleep while the speech was being delivered, perhaps because he was exhausted with the invention of his outrageous falsehoods, or perhaps for other reasons. When it was finished, he opened his eyes and pointed to Komba, saying—

"Arise, Kalubi-that-is-to-be."

So Komba rose, and in his cold, precise voice narrated his share in the transaction, telling how he had visited Bausi and all that had happened in connection with the embassy. Again the Motombo appeared to go to sleep, only opening his eyes once as Komba described how we had been searched for firearms, whereon he nodded his great head in approval and licked his lips with his thin red tongue. When Komba had done, he said—

"The god tells me that the plan is wise

and good, since without new blood the people of the Pongo will die; but of the end of the matter the god knows alone, if even he can read the future."

He paused, then asked sharply—

"Have you anything more to say, O Kalubi-that-is-to-be? Now of a sudden the god puts it into my mouth to ask if you have anything more to say."

"Something, O Motombo. Many moons ago the god bit off the finger of our High Lord, the Kalubi. The Kalubi, having heard that a white man skilled in medicine, who could cut off limbs with knives, was in the country of the Mazitu and camped on the borders of the great lake, took a canoe and rowed to where the white man was camped, he with the beard, who is named Dogeetah, and who stands before you. I followed him in another canoe, because I wished to know what he was doing, also to see a white man. I hid my canoe and those who went with me in the reeds far from the Kalubi's canoe. I waded through the shallow water and concealed myself in some thick reeds quite near to the white man's linen house. I saw the white man cut off the Kalubi's finger, and I heard the Kalubi pray the white man to come to our country with the iron tubes that smoke, and to kill the god, of whom he was afraid."

Now from all the company went up a great gasp, and the Kalubi fell down upon his face again and lay still. Only the Motombo seemed to show no surprise, perhaps because he already knew the story.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"No, O Mouth of the god. Last night, after the council of which you have heard, the Kalubi wrapped himself up like a corpse and visited the white men in their hut. I thought that he would do so, and had made ready. With a sharp spear I bored a hole in the wall of the hut, working from outside the fence. Then I thrust a reed through from the fence across the passage between the fence and the wall and through the hole in the hut, and, setting my ear to the end of the reed, I listened."

"Oh, clever!" muttered Hans in involuntary admiration. "And to think that I looked, and looked too low, beneath the reed!"

"Among much else I heard this," went on Komba, in sentences so clear and cold that they reminded me of the tinkle of falling ice, "which, I think, is enough, though I can tell you the rest, if you wish, O Mouth. I heard," he said, in the midst of a silence that was positively awful, "our lord, the Kalubi, whose name is Child of the god, agree with the white men that they should kill the god, and that in return they should receive the persons of the Mother of the Holy Flower and of her daughter, the Mother-that-is-to-be, and should dig up the Holy Flower itself by the roots and take it away across the water, together with the Mother and the Mother-that-is-to-be. That is all, O Motombo."

Still in the midst of an intense silence, the Motombo glared at the prostrate figure of the Kalubi. Then the silence was broken, for the wretched Kalubi sprang from the floor, seized a spear, and tried to kill himself. Before the blade touched him, it was snatched from his hand.

Again there was silence, and again it was broken, this time by the Motombo, who rose from his seat and roared aloud in his rage. For fully a minute his furious bellowings echoed down the cave, while all the Pongo soldiers, rising from their recumbent position, pointed their hands, in some of which torches still burned, at the miserable Kalubi, on whom their wrath seemed to be concentrated, rather than on us, and hissed like snakes.

At length the Motombo picked up his fantastically-shaped horn and blew. Thereon the women darted from the various doorways, but, seeing that they were not wanted, checked themselves and remained standing so, in the very attitude of runners about to start upon a race. As the blast of the horn died away, the turmoil was suddenly succeeded by an utter stillness, broken only by the crackling of the fires, whose flames, of all the living things in that place, alone seemed heedless of the tragedy which was being played.

"All up now, old fellow!" whispered Stephen to me in a shaky voice.

"Yes," I answered, "all up high as Heaven, where I hope we are going. Now, back to back, and let's make the best fight we can. We've got the spears."

While we were closing in, the Motombo began to speak.

"So you plotted to kill the god, Kalubi-who-*was*," he screamed, "with these white ones, whom you would pay with the Holy Flower and her who guards it. Good! You shall go, all of you, and talk with the god. And I, watching here, will learn who dies—you or the god. Away with them!"

(*To be continued.*)

DAVIE-DEAR MAKES A WILL

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON

Illustrated by Charles Pears

"HE has taken a decided turn for the better," said Elizabeth.

Elizabeth is Davie-Dear's mother.

I said: "I'm glad to hear it. I felt sure he would pull round."

Elizabeth seemed to find in the speech something to resent. "Doctor Druce says he has been really dangerously ill," she said indignantly.

"I suppose a one and only child always is dangerously ill, if he is ill at all," I said reflectively. Elizabeth's face recalled me from my reflections; it spelt "Heartless!" in plain letters.

"Well, he's getting on now, isn't he? He has turned the corner," I said in a hopeful tone.

"I'm so glad I came home in time. I don't know *what* I should have done had he been ill, and I away. Of course, you would have done all you could, Edward, and so, no doubt, would Maud."

"I consider your return simply providential," said I. And indeed I did. The care of a one and only in the absence of his mother is no joke, and when he falls ill——

Elizabeth regarded the remark with suspicion, but could make nothing of it. "He is asking for you; he wants to see you," she said grudgingly.

That did touch me. "I have been his constant playmate for a month," said I.

Elizabeth's lip trembled. "You won't tire the child or excite him, Edward?"

"Heavens, no!" said I. Women will fuss; they like doing it. I went upstairs.

Davie-Dear heard me enter the room.

"Uncle Edward!" he whispered.

The small boy did look rather pale, and his bed seemed a trifle big for him.

"Hullo!" said I. "What's all this, Davie?"

"I'm ill," said Davie-Dear importantly.

"So your mother says, but you're beginning to pick up a bit, aren't you? Hurry up and get well, old chap."

"Are you tired of playin' by yourself?"

"Very," said I. "It's a game you soon tire of."

Davie-Dear peeped over the edge of the sheet. There was a glint of mischief in his eyes. "Father's gived me the engine he said he wouldn't give me—the one with the grey funnel. There it is, near the chair."

"He must have forgotten that he didn't mean to give it you; I wouldn't remind him, old man. You see, he's got rather fogged lately, worrying over your being ill, you know."

"I've been *very* ill," said Davie-Dear. He sighed contentedly. "Uncle Edward, did *you* forget?"

"Did I forget what?"

My nephew gurgled. "You've gived me a boat an' bricks an' the blue duck. And you said at Chrismis: 'That boy's got more toys than any child oughter have.'"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm especially sorry about the blue duck. I shouldn't have given it to you, had I noticed the colour."

"I like it blue," said Davie-Dear. "It's a nice kind of colour for a duck. Uncle Edward, why doesn't God make blue ducks?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose yellow or white is prettier."

"Blue makes a nice change," said Davie-Dear. He paused. "Isn't God clever'n the people in the shop?"

"Ever so much. Davie-Dear, you mustn't talk so; your mother would say——"

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"It's the talk in my head that hurts," said Davie-Dear. "I wonder why He doesn't make blue ducks?"

"Perhaps ducks—live ones—don't like being blue." I thought the idea brilliant.

"My duck is *nearly* alive," said the small boy, "an' she likes—Uncle Edward, will you wind her up, please?—she likes to run where there isn't any carpet."

I wound up the blue duck, and she ran with a dissipated roll along the strip of polished floor beyond the matting.

"She's a very happy little duck," said Davie-Dear, leaning back.

"She does seem a bit giddyish," said I.

Davie-Dear was silent for a moment; and the blue duck, after a skittish slide, rocked and toppled over.

"Uncle Edward, what's newmonyar?"

"Pneumonia? It's a way of being ill."

Davie-Dear paused. "How many ways can you be ill, Uncle Edward?"

"I don't know. There are lots of ways—a jolly sight too many!"

"About a hundred an'—an' seven, an' two?"

"I dare say."

"I choosed that way—newmonyar."

"The deuce, you did! What did you do it for, eh? I say, old chap, when are you going to be better, and play trains, and all that?"

Davie-Dear shut his eyes and calculated.

"P'r'aps to-morrer." He hesitated. "P'r'aps nearly twenty days. Uncle Edward——"

"Yes?" I prompted.. I added: "I'm going away in a minute."

Davie-Dear wriggled his chin over the counterpane. "How long's a minute?"

I sighed. "What is it? What do you want?"

He looked at me with eager eyes. Yes, the little chap had grown thin. Still, plainly enough, he was well on the mend.

"Make me a will, Uncle Edward," he said coaxingly.

"A *what?*" I rose in my chair.

Davie-Dear nodded. "A will—what you make when you're ill in bed."

"Good Heavens!" I said.

"Grandpa gotted a man to make one. He kep' it in a box, Aunt Dolly said."

"You don't know what a will is, Davie-Dear," said I.

He nodded again. "Father told me when I asked him. You write it on paper, an' keep it till you're dead. When you're dead, they do what you said in the will, an' give away all your toys to the people what you said."

I was silent.

After a moment: "Little boys don't need wills," I told him.

"Everybody what's ill in bed," said Davie-Dear. "*I'm* ill in bed. Make me a will, Uncle Edward."

I found a loose page in my note-book, and a pencil, and hoped fervently that Elizabeth would not appear at this juncture.

My nephew's face lighted. "Shall *I* say, Uncle Edward?"

"Yes, you say. It's your will, you know."

He laughed delightedly.

"When I'm dead, give Jimmy Sanders my old bat what's too heavy, an' the soldiers in the *red* box, an' my twenty wooden soldiers," he recited in a breath, then paused.

"There are only nineteen wooden soldiers now, Davie-Dear. You lost one, you know."

"P'r'aps he'll find it; that'll make twenty."

"I don't think it's likely. We had a jolly good hunt for that soldier, I remember, wasting the better part of an afternoon."

"It might have gone an' rolled under the cupboard."

I gave up the point. "Well, what next? Is Jimmy Sanders to have any further bequests?"

Davie-Dear paused. "What's bequests, Uncle Edward?"

I replied promptly: "Toys, my son."

"No, that's enough for Jimmy Sanders," Davie-Dear said decisively. He ran on: "When I'm dead, give Tartar an' Joe, an' my pigeons, an' the rabbits, an' my white mice, to Cousin Daisy." He halted, then added: "She'll never forget about feedin' them, will she, Uncle Edward?"

Daisy is a dull child, but conscientious. I thought Davie-Dear had done well by his pets. "What about Tito?" I asked.

Tito is the canary. His cage hangs in the nursery window.

"Tito doesn't like eatin' from anyone but me," said Davie-Dear in a troubled tone.

I was prompted to ask: "Well, what is to be done with him?"

The small boy's brow suddenly cleared. "I'll keep Tito," he said happily. "I'll *have to* keep him, case he starves."

I reflected upon this gravely, but Davie-Dear ran on with tranquillity. "When I'm dead, give Gus Woods all the toys in the nursery cupboard, an' the ones on the shelf, an'"—he hesitated—"an' the ones in the drawer."

The toys in the drawer were the new toys.

My glance wandered. "What about the engine with the grey funnel ?" I asked.

Davie-Dear peeped at it. It was there all right, lying upon the bed on the other side

"'That's enough for Jimmy Sanders,' Davie-Dear said decisively."

of him, a brave thing, full of enterprise and the promise of romance. The small boy was silent.

"It does seem a pity to give it away," I remarked, "'specially when it's quite new."

"When I'm dead, give the engine with the grey funnel to—to Cook," said Davie-Dear unwillingly. He closed his eyes.

"You're sleepy," I said.

But he opened them quickly. "That's everything. Have you made the will now, Uncle Edward ?"

"It's nearly finished." I rose, and a glimmer of painted metal caught my eye. "The blue duck, Davie-Dear—what about the blue duck ?"

"She's gone to sleep," said Davie-Dear. He turned his head to cast at the dejected bird a long and loving glance.

"You'll have to leave her to somebody," I said practically. "She must have *someone* to play with, you know."

"*I* know how to wind her up. She can run—she can run a'most the length of this room. I'm goin' to——"

"But in the will, Davie-Dear? Who is to have her in the will, and take care of her?"

Davie-Dear shut his eyes, and this time he kept them shut. "Uncle Edward, I—I'm goin' asleep in a wee minute. I'm tired, 'cause I'm ill in bed. I don't think—I don't think I want a will now."

I thrust the paper into my pocket. "To-morrow we'll play at trains," I murmured.

As I stole across to the door, a board creaked, and a soft whirring sound smote my ear—the last vibration of the machinery of the blue duck.

Davie-Dear called after me. "She's beginnin' to snore. You wait an' hear her snore, Uncle Edward."

"I hear her. You had better follow her example, old man," I said.

"She'd like to lie on the bed," Davie-Dear said thoughtfully.

I returned and placed the blue duck where she fain would be.

"Do you s'pose she can swim, Uncle Edward?" A warm hand crept over the blue duck.

"I don't know," I said.

"I s'pect she'll have to try," said Davie-Dear.

"I thought you were going to sleep?" I said.

Davie-Dear gurgled. "I *was* sleepin' when she waked me with that snore."

I was again at the door when a sleepy voice sounded.

"Uncle Edward!"

"Yes?"

"I'm ill in bed."

"Yes, I know, old chap. Hurry up and get better," I said.

I slipped out of the room and downstairs.

Elizabeth had fallen asleep in the arm-chair near the clock. "Well?" she said, yawning and rubbing her eyes.

"You'll have him out and about in no time," I said reassuringly.

"Do you think so?" she asked coldly.

"You'd have been jolly glad to have had that said to you a week ago," said I.

Elizabeth shaded her eyes. Her voice grew gentler. "Yes, I should," she said.

"He's very thin, poor little chap."

"He grows stouter every day!" said Elizabeth, with indignation.

"Humph!" said I.

Elizabeth laid a hand on my arm. "You didn't think him *very* thin, Edward?"

"Heavens, no! Nothing to speak of. He'll merely need some feeding up."

"My little Davie!" murmured Elizabeth. Her voice shook, and she let her curls droop round her face. I bent to poke the fire.

As I poked, something dropped from my coat-pocket, a scrap of paper, and slid over the hearth to Elizabeth's feet.

"What's that?" she asked suspiciously, as I made a snatch at it. She snatched, too, and got there first.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Well, as you have it there in your hand to look at——" said I.

"Would you rather that I didn't look at it, really?" asked Elizabeth, looking across at me. Elizabeth is like that. When the game is in her own hands, she will demur about playing, until you end by entreating her to do precisely what you intended she should not do and what she intended to do all along.

"Is it a bill?" she asked.

"It is what you might call a premature statement of effects," I said reflectively. "And really I don't see why you shouldn't look at it, since the little chap is almost himself again."

"It's about—Davie?" She began to read. I watched her.

"Edward!" she exclaimed. Her voice sounded like tears, but it ended in a little gurgle that had more to do with laughter.

"Davie-Dear's will, as he dictated it," I explained. She nodded.

I smiled, following her thoughts as she read.

Suddenly she turned to me. There were tears in her eyes, but a dancing light behind the tears.

She said proudly, tenderly: "Edward, did you ever know such a boy as Davie-Dear?"

"Never," said I.

She began to fold the paper; she would have slid it into the slit she calls her pocket.

"No, you don't!" said I. "That document was entrusted to my charge; it belongs to me."

She handed it across with such unexpected meekness that I was surprised. "Hullo, Elizabeth!" I said.

"I have Davie-Dear," said Elizabeth.

THE LEOPARD CUB

By KATHARINE TYNAN

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo

LITTLE Mrs. Seymour was rather proud of her power over wild animals. Her husband was the Superintendent of the Gardens at Haynesham, where, as all the world knows, there is a particularly fine collection of wild beasts, reptiles, and birds. Haynesham, in fact, is extremely proud of its Zoological Gardens.

Mrs. Seymour was a little wisp of a woman, and it was certainly rather startling to see her slip her little white hand into a lions' cage to caress the lions, while the great creatures turned over on their backs with an absurd air of satisfaction and half-closed eyes, like well-pleased cats. " They are my babies," Mrs. Seymour would explain to the spectators ; " I nursed this one from a cub till the time when a cruel convention took him from me."

All the animals in the Gardens knew Mrs. Seymour. It used to terrify nervous people to see the liberties she took with them ; but Tom Seymour, although he adored his wife, only laughed at their fears.

" Lois knows exactly what she can do," he said. " She knows the few who are dangerous. I wish I could find a few keepers like her."

Lois Seymour and Agatha Moyes were bosom friends. Miss Moyes, who was pretty, rich, and charming, had plenty of friends and plenty to do. She used to say that there was nothing she liked so well as to escape from the world and rest a while in the Garden of Eden, as she called the Haynesham Gardens, with a double reference to their beauty and to the terms on which the Seymours lived with their animals.

She had stayed at the Gardens, on and off, ever since Lois's marriage to Tom Seymour, and she was nearly as much at home with the animals as Lois herself. Both were agreed that the animals were quite safe as long as one was not afraid of them. The sight of fear roused some ancient wrong, some suspicion, and the pact of peace was at an end. Agatha's hardihood with the animals caused Tom Seymour a qualm where his wife's did not. He was not so sure that Agatha knew exactly what she could do.

Miss Moyes had been away for a couple of months. She came to Haynesham to find, as usual, one of Lois's pets on the hearthrug in the drawing-room. It was a young leopard, beautifully marked, with magnificent yellow eyes and a skin like satin. He and Agatha were old friends. She had given him his name, Sultan. He seemed to remember her, for he purred and turned on his side when she bent down to pat him.

" Isn't he a darling ? " asked Mrs. Seymour, with maternal pride. " He has quite fulfilled our expectations. Tom says he is the finest leopard cub he has ever seen. I shan't be able to keep him much longer. He is growing a bit too strong. Not that he would hurt any of us, I am sure, but he doesn't know his strength."

While they admired Sultan, someone crossed the velvety lawn outside the window.

" You haven't heard of Tom's new acquisition," Lois said. " Oh, no, not an animal this time. It is Mr. Verney. There he goes. You can't see his face, but hasn't he a nice head and such fine shoulders ? He wants such a job as Tom's, and he's qualifying by acting as a sort of head-keeper—assistant superintendent, as they call it. He has a magical way with the animals. He has quite put my nose out of joint."

The tall figure in the grey clothes moved in and out through the trees, showing in the sun, disappearing in the shadow of the leaves.

" It is a very nice back," said Miss Moyes, with an air of experience, " and I like that

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brown hair with just a suggestion of a curl in it. I hate a curly-haired man, but that crisp wave is just right. What is the face like?"

"You shall see. He dines with us this evening. Tom already begins to anticipate trouble with the animals when he goes. He won't go for some time. But they are so dreadful when anyone they really love leaves them. You remember poor Seward, and the pandemonium there was when he came no more?"

Agatha nodded. She remembered Seward, Tom's prize keeper, who had died because, with pneumonia upon him, he would make the customary round of the Gardens at night, since the animals would not sleep unless he made it. She remembered, too, the terrible trouble there was when he came no more.

"Tom thinks Mr. Verney has something of Seward's gift—the gift of God, he calls it. But we need not anticipate his leaving us for a long time. There are not many positions like Tom's going, and it isn't always the practical men who get them. He simply loves his work. His father intended him for the Army. It is a good family, but very poor—Verneys of Pryde, in Suffolk. Dick—we call him Dick—preferred the Veterinary Department, to his father's intense indignation. He came to us through Mr. Forbes, who was painting here, and brought him one day. He and Tom forgathered at once, and he chucked the Army Veterinary Department. He says that any number of good fellows can be trusted with a horse or a dog, but not so many with wild beasts. He is quite right. It is a great gift."

Somewhat to Mrs. Seymour's disappointment, her two friends did not seem to hit it off particularly well. They disagreed about a burning question almost on the threshold of their acquaintance, and they seemed to disagree about everything afterwards. Not that they wrangled—they were much too pleasant and well-behaved young people for that—but they were cold to each other. They were cold on the subject of each other—or, at least, Miss Moyes was very cold when Dick Verney was talked about.

Lois Seymour gave it up with a sigh. She supposed it was too much to hope for that one's swans should always take to each other, but she had looked forward to such pleasant times with those two she was so fond of. She had even secretly been planning a match-making. Agatha was well off in this world's goods, and Dick Verney was very poor. It would have been an ideal arrangement. She had hoped Dick would not be too proud to marry Agatha because of her money. That misgiving of hers seemed particularly futile to look back upon, now that the two had proved antipathetic.

It was full summer, and there were a good many gaieties going on about Haynesham. Haynesham society had taken up the assistant superintendent of the Gardens warmly. Other girls seemed to like Dick Verney if Agatha did not. Lois sighed again. What a delightful quartet they would have made for river excursions and other outings, if only Dick Verney and Agatha could have hit it off better! Perhaps Dick Verney's masculinity was a bit too pronounced. He had had a masterful way with Agatha that first day when they disagreed on the burning question. He had certainly old-fashioned ideas on the relative positions of the sexes. And Agatha only just missed being too assertive. Lois said to Tom, with a sigh of resignation, that she supposed it was inevitable they should quarrel.

"Or like each other too well," Tom rejoined.

"Ah, well, they are not very likely to do that," Lois said sadly.

She was feeling a little melancholy these days, for it had come to the time when she must lose Sultan and give him up to the barred cage and the keepers. She always fretted when she must lose the animals, so much so that Tom had often declared that she must give up nursing and making pets of them if she took it so hardly when it came to parting. Certainly no one could have thought of Sultan as in any way dangerous who saw him lying on the hearthrug in the Seymours' drawing-room, sticking out a languid paw to play with the Persian cat, or deal playful strokes at Tom's fox-terrier, Rags.

Sultan's going was to be hastened because of what even Lois was wont to call Mr. Verney's interference. Otherwise the golden-eyed, tawny, velvet-skinned pet might have been allowed the run of the house for a good while longer. Dick Verney had remarked casually that the cub was growing nearly full-sized. "Look at his claws," he had said. "Imagine them tearing a woman's soft skin!"

The shudder with which he said it had had its effect on Tom Seymour.

"Sultan goes to-day," he said. "I'll get it over while you're at Mrs. Urquhart's garden-party. There'll be a litter of lion cubs in a few days. You shall have your pick of them."

"I don't want another cub," said Lois tearfully. "I'd only be growing fond of it, as I am of Sultan, and then have to lose it. You might have left me Sultan a little longer, Tom. He's just a baby still, and as loving as a big dog. You'd never have taken him so soon if it hadn't been for Mr. Verney. I do wish he wouldn't interfere."

Lois was not often unjust, being a sweet-tempered, reasonable little woman. But she was not very well; the heat, or something, was trying her. She said quite sharp things about Dick Verney's meddlesomeness to Agatha Moyes, and would not be comforted for the loss of her pet.

Then a quite unexpected thing happened. Agatha took Dick Verney's part against her friend—very quietly, but with a rigid air. Of course, she was quite right, but Mrs. Seymour was staggered.

"I think we're all funny together," she said, after staring at Agatha for several seconds. "Here am I behaving like a little fool when I know perfectly well that Sultan, although he is so sweet with me, might get beyond control any day. And here are you, who never had a good word for Dick Verney, championing him against me, with cold heat, too, as if you were desperately in earnest. It is no wonder that men say women are odd creatures."

She had another surprise in the way Agatha took her speech, for she turned very red and then quite pale, and, muttering something indistinguishable, she went out of the room.

She had one or two commissions to do for Lois in the town. As she went through the Gardens, she met Dick Verney, who lifted his hat to her and, with a shyly propitiatory air, asked if she would come to see the ocelot.

"I've quite won over that particularly vicious little beast," he said. "They all said we couldn't win him, but I knew I could in time. Come and see him. He's like a pet squirrel with me."

She was about to go, and he began to look uncommonly cheerful—he sometimes wore an air of boyish radiance which was extremely becoming to him—when, she did not know what had come to her, she stiffened suddenly. She hated herself for it, for she knew he was right about the leopard cub.

"Thank you," she said; "I cannot come this morning. I've something to do in the town for Mrs. Seymour. She is very much upset about Sultan. It is so hard for her to lose him when she is so fond of him."

"He ought to have gone sooner," he answered gently. "There is a time with them all when they remember the jungle. Sultan's time has come. I don't say there's any danger yet—certainly, I should think, not for Mrs. Seymour—but there might be for others."

"You need not have interfered," she said sharply. "Tom Seymour ought to know as well as anyone——"

A certain rage flashed in his face. She remembered how they had differed on the burning question, each saying more than was felt. Hurriedly she went away. He had put her in the wrong. She tried nursing her wrath to keep it warm, but she could not persuade herself that it was a righteous indignation she felt, and she had a sensation of having behaved badly, which made her very uncomfortable and angry.

When she came back from the town, she had another cause for grievance. Dick Verney had asked for ten days of his holiday in advance.

"I can't see what he wants it for just now," Tom Seymour grumbled. "I'm sure you couldn't find a jollier place to be in than Haynesham at this moment; and everyone so civil to the fellow, too. I can't spare him just when we are going to transfer the bears to their new houses. Upon my word, that's the worst of getting a chap like Verney; it's so hard to do without him."

Agatha knew well enough why he wanted to go. She looked down at her plate miserably, fearing to meet Mrs. Seymour's eyes. In ten days she would be gone. Dick Verney could come back and find no shadow upon the place. He could return to his old easy intimacy with the Seymours, which had been growing less and less since she had quarrelled with him.

She did not feel the least bit in the world equal to Mrs. Urquhart's garden-party. Nevertheless, she dressed herself as carefully as though she were not fretted and galled beyond bearing.

She put on her new pink muslin and big feathered hat. Her shoes, her stockings, her gloves, her parasol, were in keeping. When she looked at herself in the long glass of the wardrobe, she was satisfied with her appearance. She knew that Dick Verney had accepted an invitation to the garden-party. She wondered if he would go, or if her hateful presence would keep him away. She wondered if by any chance he would come and speak to her at a moment when she could say she was sorry for what had happened this morning. She wondered if

she would say it, should the blessed opportunity be given her, or would she feel horrid and bitter and sharp, as she seemed to have a dreadful way of feeling when she and Dick were together.

A verse of poetry came into her mind, filling her eyes with tears. A man brings roses to the grave of the woman he has loved, with whom he has always quarrelled :

> You will not answer me. There, that is fitter.
> Death and the darkness give you unto me.
> Here we that loved so, were so cold and bitter,
> Scarcely can disagree.

As she went down the stairs, she saw, from the staircase window, Dick Verney's tall figure crossing the lawn. He was in his old, well-worn suit of homespuns, not in the smart clothes which became him almost as well. So he was not going. The tears dried in her eyes, and she felt as though something had jarred her from head to foot. She wished she could go away—now, this minute. How was she going to go through with this garden-party ? She wished she might have pleaded a headache—anything—to stay at home in the seclusion of her own quiet room. But she must go through with it, and hasten her departure as quickly as possible.

In this mood of a jarred vexation, she entered the drawing-room, where Sultan, lying on his side in the sun, turned one yellow eye upon her sleepily. The French window of the drawing-room stood open. Outside were the velvety lawns, with their brilliant flower-plots, the long shadows of the trees in full leafage, the singing of the birds. The room, with its chintzes and pretty furniture, was cool and full of refreshment.

She stood drawing on her gloves. Sultan had curled himself round like a big cat. Lois's canary was singing. Her Persian, Tim, purred in a chair in the window-seat. It was all as pretty and peaceful as could be imagined, and she could see herself reflected in a mirror, looking just the ideal girl for a garden-party on a beautiful June day.

Tom's fox-terrier came creeping across the lawn with the air of a guilty dog, and in at the open window. In another mood she would have been amused. Rags had got a very fine bone with a quantity of raw flesh adhering to it—stolen, of course. Rags knew as well as anyone that he had no business to be prowling about the meat supply for the carnivorous animals, still less to steal it, as though he were not a civilised dog, with cooked meat to eat at home. He was taking a fearful joy out of his forbidden fruit, as he crept with it under cover of Lois's tea-table.

Suddenly Sultan awoke and got up with a curiously stealthy air. Out went one of the long, golden-feathered claws. There was a shriek from Rags, a growl. Half the yellow body was buried under the overhanging cloth, and Rags was screaming like a thing possessed.

Agatha snatched up her parasol, the nearest thing to her hand, and struck at as much of Sultan's body as revealed itself below the cloth. She struck once or twice as sharply as she could. Rags was moaning by this time. The sound of the moaning made Agatha furious against Sultan. She struck again and again.

Suddenly she realised what she had done. Sultan had dropped the bone. She did not notice that Rags, looking rather mauled and desperately frightened, had shot out by the open window. Sultan was crouching, looking up at her with eyes like magnificent topazes. She turned sick with fear.

She had barely time to leap back behind the projecting end of Lois's grand piano, when the leopard sprang. He fell back. She could hear the claws scraping the smooth edge of the piano. She smelt the jungle. A hot breath seemed to come in her face. All the time she was aware, with a strange quietness, of the beauty and peace of the scene without—of the green spaces beyond the open window, where safety lay if she could but reach it.

She had seized a chair, but she knew, while she held it, that Sultan's next spring would bring her down. He was crouched watching her, his tail moving gently from side to side. She tried to speak—to call the leopard by his name—but nothing came. Her tongue was helpless in her dry mouth. She closed her eyes.

Then a voice spoke near her very quietly.

"Do not stir till I have distracted him. Then go very gently and quietly and bring help. I think he is safe enough for the present with me, not with you."

Dick Verney crossed the room from the window, speaking as he came. He had picked up the bone with the raw meat upon it, the *casus belli*, which he had just noticed on the ground at his feet. In the easiest, most unconcerned way, as one feeds a pet dog, he threw the bone to the leopard, and Sultan smelt it, seized it as it lay between his claws, and began to worry it with sounds expressive of mingled rage and satisfaction.

Agatha had escaped. She did not know

till later that Dick Verney had waited to close the drawing-room window before joining her in the hall, where he found her in such a state of terror that the only thing to do was to take her in his arms and soothe her. And so Mrs. Seymour found them when she came floating down the stairs in her dress of leaf-green.

A little later Sultan was transferred to his place in the Gardens, and Tom Seymour was overwhelming his assistant with praises and thanksgivings for his prompt action.

"I don't believe there was really any danger to me," Dick Verney said modestly. "I know my own power with the animals, and, after all, he had been used to us all. Not that you can ever trust a leopard. Miss Moyes had roused his temper evidently by her attack in defence of Rags. It was the row Rags made that attracted my attention. He has a nasty scratch, poor little brute, but not so bad as it would have been if Sultan had been on ordinary diet."

"She tried to speak—to call the leopard by his name—but nothing came."

"Even I," Tom Seymour confessed, "thought Sultan was quite safe, although I yielded to you. You were wiser than I.

I could not have forgiven myself if he had hurt a hair of Agatha's head, the brute. Even Lois, I dare say, was not safe with him. I shall be more careful for the future, especially in the case of leopards."

"I don't believe Sultan would have turned on me," Mrs. Seymour protested tearfully. "Still, he had growled lately when I tried to take things from him. And I don't mind telling you, Dick, that I was awfully angry with you, like the little fool I was, for what I called your interference."

"So was Agatha," said Dick Verney, looking proudly and happily at Miss Moyes, who, still wearing her garden-party gown, stood beside him, rather pale but quite radiant. "You don't know how she spoke to me this morning, Mrs. Seymour. She nearly drove me out of the place without any permission from the Chief. If I had gone——"

"If you had gone!" said Mrs. Seymour and Miss Moyes in the same breath.

"Something else might have happened," he said, with a pretence of easiness. "Sultan might have been reduced to obedience by you, Mrs. Seymour, if you had come—in time."

His voice shook and he turned pale. Then he looked at Agatha.

"Sultan brought us together, at all events," he said. "We might have taken a long time to do it, pretending hatred as we were. I only hope, Mrs. Seymour, that it won't turn Agatha against this kind of life, for, though I could have strangled Sultan with my two hands, and was prepared, at least, to attempt it if it were necessary, I shouldn't be happy in any other life."

"It won't turn me," said Agatha, looking bewilderingly pretty, "with you beside me. After all, Sultan only acted after his nature. I ought to have remembered he was a leopard cub and not a big puppy."

Lois looked at her gratefully.

"You must always listen to Dick," she said, "and give up the cubs when he says it is time. Then you will run no risks."

In her own mind Agatha made one reservation. She said to herself that she would never make a pet of a leopard cub, even with Dick beside her to help her to forget Sultan's yellow eyes and the breath of the jungle in her face.

THE LITTLE GREY WILLOW.

THERE'S a mist of rose-purple across the gold withy,
There's a glimmer of gilcups below in the grass,
But the little grey willow waits down in the dingle,
Watching for that which will ne'er come to pass!

I would throw all my gold to the furze blossom's treasury,
I would cast all my silver 'fore yonder birch tree,
I would fling every jewel to the bog black and cruel,
If that which she waits for could happen, perdie!

All under the withies, red, russet, and tawny,
The dark water laughs as it slips away fast,
While the little grey willow grows green in the dingle,
Hoping for footsteps which never come past!

When the gilcups have spilled all their wealth in the marshes,
And the stream it has taken the dust o' red gold,
Will you, little willow, hide lone in the dingle,
List'ning for secrets which never are told?

I will ask of the water a hush-song to soothe me,
My tears I will beg the deep gilcups to keep,
I will pray of the willow grey down for my pillow,
While she spins that lost story all into my sleep!

SPIDER'S CASTLE

By ALBERT KINROSS

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills

SHE worked in a London office amid a maddening rattle of typewriters, and because she knew French and shorthand as well as the ways of her machine, her weekly wage was two pounds ten, which is high for a shorthand typist. Hester Ling was her name, and any ordinary day, if you stood on the kerb of Bedford Street and looked up to a first-floor window, there you might see her stooping over her machine, and, when she paused, as pretty a face as was ever immured within an office. This is a picture of Hester on week-days and at her work. Towards six o'clock it ended, and out she would come, marching with that long stride of hers into the Strand, and if you followed her—which I hope you wouldn't—you might see her pass under the new Admiralty Arch, and so through St. James's Park and past Victoria to Chelsea. St. James's Park always attracted her, because of its lake, its waterfowl, and its sunsets. There she could forget all about typewriting, and be the self that came back to her over the week-end. In spite of her urban occupations, it was a country self. Her father had been a doctor in rural Norfolk. Years ago he had died, leaving very little money, so Hester had to turn to and earn her living. Yet, though tied to the little Chelsea flat and the big office in Bedford Street, she never forgot the country, and gave it every week-end she could spare; and if a Bank Holiday were attached to that week-end, she had Saturday afternoon and Sunday *and* Monday—long enough to forget London, and the feel of pavements, and the loss of her beloved stars.

It was the Saturday afternoon before Whit Monday, and Hester had indulged herself, perhaps because the tickets were cheaper over the Whitsuntide, or perhaps because there was the extra day. She had gone some sixty odd miles out of London this time, with no luggage but her hand-bag. She did not quite know where she was going to sleep, nor did she care. Everything must be clean and simple and cheap; that was the one rule she obeyed. The rest she left to chance and her own good fortune. Usually she hit on some remote farmhouse where the woman was only too glad to have her. A new face was a new face, and eighteenpence for bed and breakfast was money found. And Hester gave no trouble, and was quite ready to help with the extra work she made. She knew farmhouses and farm-wives all round London, and especially a Mrs. Fukes, of Cherry Corner, where she had already stayed more than a dozen times. From Cherry Corner you could reach woodland, downland, and most other kind of land afoot, and even the sea, if you borrowed Mrs. Fukes's bicycle, which she was always willing to lend Hester, and make no extra charge.

To-day, however, Miss Ling had gone far beyond the radius of Mrs. Fukes and Cherry Corner. At four o'clock she had stepped out of the train and found herself in a cathedral city she had long meant to explore. She loved these old places as much as the open country; like natural objects, they had grown and spread, and might pass into decay. Delightful to the eye was this old city, and Hester asked no more. She could people it and give it life; the natives did not matter, nor even the Dean and Chapter. She had dreamt the late afternoon away in a delicious solitude. And then she had marched off into the sunset, watching the silhouettes of trees against the glow—the firs were wonderful—and a sky of which the edge was one long rhapsody of colour. It had moved her more than evensong heard in the cathedral, though the screen had dimmed

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from stone to silver, a carven masterwork that left her breathless, though the organ had brooded and become a voice, and through clerestory and nave the broken lights had joined with the stained glass to make a miracle.

"The cathedral is the greatest thing in the world, and yet the world is greater far than the cathedral; and I suppose I'm a heathen, anyhow," soliloquised Hester. And then she stopped, for here was a board that said "Apartments," and a lesser board that said "Milk: 1*d.* a glass." They were nailed to a tree, and the tree stood in a little garden fronting the high-road. Back of it lay the house, a red-brick structure, mellow and with lichened roof. It was possibly a small farmhouse. Hester gathered this from its outbuildings, which were more extensive than would have been the case with an ordinary dwelling; and, of course, "Milk: 1*d.* a glass," meant cows, or, at least, a cow. It was the very place she wanted—cheap and simple, plain and rural. She would stay here overnight.

A bustling woman answered her knock.

"Bed and supper and breakfast?" said she. "That's what we're here for." She was as cheery as a farmwife in a play.

"And the price?"

"Don't you trouble, miss—that'll be all right. We get lots of visitors, and they never complain."

Hester let it go at that. She knew the usual charge for similar accommodation—next to nothing at all. And, besides, it was the dead season of the year, before the summer holidays, and Whitsun never made much difference except in the towns. These people would be only too glad to have her. She followed the other indoors and up to her room.

"Real farmhouse quarters!" she laughed, punching the feather bed and examining the china ornaments on the dressing-table, which was fitted with skirts and frills and ribbons, just like a Victorian *débutante.* And the walls of the room were decorated with real farmhouse texts, all of a pious and exalted character, though rather depressing if met on a wet day.

Hester learnt that her hostess was a Miss Hammon, and that Carrie Hammon was her name in full.

Miss Hammon lingered by the door, and a cat came out of one of the two closets. "We've heaps of cats," said Miss Hammon; "you mustn't mind them."

"I like cats," replied Hester. "We used to have two at home—Fluffles and Toots, such dears."

"You'll be down for supper; mother's getting it ready. We're plain folk here, Miss Ling; it's what you'd expect."

Hester was plain herself, she answered, and then was left to go her way alone.

She peered into the two closets. They were almost as big as rooms, with shelves against the walls and hooks to hang up clothes. Outside her window spread the vast level of Oxney Marsh. She had walked towards it, and this house overlooked its nearer dykes and pasturages. She had often heard about it and read about it, and wanted to see it, and there it was. Endlessly, beyond her vision, it reached, and she knew that it swept on to the sea—indeed, had once been sea-bed, and the stranded inland towns its flourishing ports. Distant, or, seeming distant, in the growing dusk, she made out humps upon its surface, islands and promontories—they rose out of that level. On one of these stood Oxney Town, a city untouched for close upon four centuries. To-morrow she would visit it. Just now she must go down and have her supper.

She met a cat on the stairway, and three more were in the parlour, a room rather overcrowded with solid farmhouse furniture—horsehair sofas, massive sideboard, table, chairs, and battered oak bureau. The assembled company consisted of Carrie Hammon, old Mrs. Hammon, and a bald-headed permanent guest, who was deaf and dumb, Mr. Taylor by name, and very quick with his hands and fingers. Hester was properly introduced, and the bald-headed gentleman at once started a digital conversation; but Hester being unable to follow him or answer, he deftly produced a block of scribbling paper and a pencil. "Fine day," he wrote, and Hester nodded.

Mrs. Hammon was white-haired, thin, and dignified. She stood very straight in her black dress and long gold chain, and looked her visitor up and down as though deciding that here had arrived a person of no consequence, and that Mrs. Hammon was the proper party to keep such an individual in her place. "Not know the Marsh?" she cackled. A person who had never seen the Marsh before was self-confessed an ignoramus and a dunce. To old Mrs. Hammon her own little corner was the whole wide world. "But I've seen lots of other places," protested Hester; and the old lady repeated "other places" as though there weren't any other places, and, if there were, they didn't

matter. Miss Carrie was less distant, and served the victuals. These consisted mainly of a mysterious stew which suggested game; but the month being a summer month, and game therefore out of season—— Well, Hester thought it best to ask no questions. "Perhaps it's one of those old cats," was her inward comment, though it certainly didn't taste like cat, or, at least, like what Hester fancied would be the taste. It was more like a bird or birds.

She replied to the bald-headed gentleman's remarks. He kept up a constant fire with his pad and pencil. She was patronised and kept in her proper place by old Mrs. Hammon, who, it turned out, had once been a prosperous farmer's wife and on easy terms with all the neighbouring gentry. Her husband, however, had over-speculated in turnip-seed, for which in those days the Marsh was famous, and they had come down to this place—Spider's Castle, it was called, for some queer, old, forgotten reason. The times were not what they used to be, she quavered, implying that it was a humiliation for the likes of her to have to house and entertain so poor a creature as Hester Ling.

Carrie Hammon, a more practical and modern character, accepted the situation and cheerfully inaugurated a discussion of the near-by show places and the cathedral. Many tourists came that way in the summer, she said, especially artists and such folk. She called them "Radicals"—it seemed to be her term for anything wild—but what beat her was that there were people who gave them a lot of money for their pictures. She couldn't understand it—no, not she! She might go as far as ten shillings, if it was a big one and had a good gilt frame to it, but they asked pounds and pounds. Well, it was a queer world, concluded Miss Carrie Hammon, and certainly Hester agreed with her.

The bald-headed gentleman eyed the new-comer hungrily the while, as though he had heaps and heaps to say for himself, and would have given anything to speak; but all he could do was to jot down some obvious remark upon his pad and hand it and the pencil over to poor Hester.

"Making a long stay?" he asked.

"Only a day or two," she wrote.

Mr. Taylor seemed bitterly disappointed.

Hester said good-night to them all as soon as was anyway decent. She had rarely been so thoroughly bored by people in her life before. She read for an hour upstairs by candle-light, and turned in early and lay awake in the dark.

It was not so very dark, for a big moon silvered the Marsh and all its waters. Presently she heard somebody leave the house and step into the garden. And then, "My lamb, my blessing," said a voice, "run out and find her." It was a new voice, a quite different voice from any she had heard at table.

She sat upright and listened.

"My lamb, my little lamb, Carrie's own little blessing!" mewed the voice.

Hester could resist no longer. She stole out of bed and tip-toed to the window; she raised a tiny corner of the blind and peeped outdoors. There, in the moonlight—yes, it was Miss Hammon talking to and caressing one of her band of cats.

"My lamb, Carrie's own little lambkin," she mewed, "go out and find her." Her voice was quite changed from the cheery note she had struck at table. She whined now, she miaued, she nasalled. "Her own little blessing!" she crooned; then let the cat go off and picked up another one. There was something cat-like in Miss Hammon herself.

The same thing occurred with the next cat. It, too, was Miss Hammon's lambkin and her blessing, and it, too, was told to "go out and find her." And presently away it stole, disappearing into the night.

"Find whom?" wondered Hester. Those two women were like two witches, she thought, and, years ago, people would have burnt them. The old one had been very proud and stuck-up with her, treating her like a stray, although she would take her money. "Pooh!" she ended. "To-morrow I'm going to Oxney." She crept back to her bed again, and very soon was sound asleep.

II.

It was dawn, and her room neither in light nor in darkness, when Hester was awakened by someone tapping at her door, and she was thankful that she had slid the bolt and turned the key.

The tapping continued.

"Who is it?" she cried; but there came no answer.

The tapping began anew.

"I'm not going to open unless you tell me who you are," she called out. Yet all the response she met was the ghostly tapping that had first disturbed her.

She lay quite still in her bed with beating heart, and the room grew gradually lighter.

There was someone breathing up against

her door—it sounded like a large animal. Hester was wide awake now. There was no more sleep for her. And, to add to her perplexity, she heard a gentle miauing in the garden, and then a window opening and a something happening—she could not quite tell what.

Again she crept out of bed and raised a corner of the blind. There was a cat in the garden, and it was standing over a dead bird the size and colour of a partridge. Perhaps it was a partridge. A basket on a string had descended from the house. The cat picked up its bird and stepped into the basket. It was hoisted up and up and up. Then an arm reached out of a window and drew cat, basket, and bird indoors.

Hester stole back to bed, forming her own conclusions, and next she heard a groping and a rustling. The mysterious creature outside her door was trying to push something underneath it—a piece of paper. And then a light broke on Hester. She found a pencil, drew out the piece of paper, and, as she had guessed, "It's me, John Taylor. Can I speak to you ?" was scribbled at the top of it. "GO AWAY," she answered in capitals, and pushed the paper back whence it had come. A moment later she heard someone creeping silently down the passage, and then the stealthy closing of a door.

She was prepared to renew her interrupted slumbers when a second cat started miauing below. It was a little cry, almost like a signal, and the first cat had struck up just the same—hardly loud enough to wake a sound sleeper. But Hester was thoroughly awake. Unable to resist, and very curious, she returned once more to her post.

The second cat, a tabby, had brought back a rabbit. Again a basket was lowered. The cat jumped in, carrying its prey, and was duly hoisted up to the window where someone was waiting to draw it indoors and pet it.

"I'm sure it's Carrie Hammon !" now laughed Hester. "That accounts for the stew ! She's trained those cats of hers to get her a living."

After that nothing more happened to disturb the visitor. The deaf and dumb man's incursion she put down to the eccentricity of an individual who appeared to be half-witted. That could be the only explanation. She didn't feel at all frightened. This was a peculiar household, she concluded ; and now, with the room all light and the day come, it made her smile.

She stayed to watch the sun rising over the Marsh before attempting further slumbers. As soon as she had breakfasted, she would tramp it to Oxney Town and bask in the sixteenth century.

Miss Carrie was downstairs before her.

"Had a good night ?" asked Miss Carrie, with just an undernote of anxiety behind her invariable cheeriness.

"Never slept better," replied Miss Ling, who had resolved not to say anything, but to mind her own business and let these people do as they pleased. Another day and she would be quit of them, and never see them in her life again. They would prove a laughable memory. "You old poacher," she thought inwardly—"you and your cats !"

"Nobody disturbed you ?" Miss Carrie's narrow eyes were fixed upon Hester's.

"Well, somebody does go sleep-walking," Hester confessed. "I believe it's Mr. Taylor."

"So he's been at it again ?" And Miss Carrie sucked at a hollow tooth. She put her forefinger to her lined forehead. "He's not quite right," she said ; "you mustn't mind him."

"I don't," replied Hester. And then they breakfasted, and she set out for Oxney Town.

The ancient city was a delightful experience of cobbled streets, grass-grown and narrow, with strange little houses, each one differing from its neighbour. Everything seemed to have been made by hand, instead of by machinery, as was, of course, the case, and, in Hester's eyes, a great improvement. And there were two stone gateways by which one could enter or depart, with towers and portcullis and a platform for archers. These belonged to an earlier period still, or, at least, so the man said who was there to sweep and cherish them. He was like an old poll parrot, and knew his story off by heart. He told her that it was his birthday, and, though she suspected him, she gave him what he called "a birthday present." And later she discovered that he was an old soldier, who had fought in the Mutiny and in the American Civil War, and still drew an American pension, which was paid him by a Consul, and Lawyer Knight had got it for him. He showed her the way to the tavern where she took her luncheon. It was a sixteenth-century house, dark with ancient panelling, or light with clear-washed plaster. It was low-ceilinged, yet somehow spacious, with two hidden little gardens, enclosed and almost secret, and on top was a dormer window, with a wonderful look-out over the

Marsh. The afternoon lengthened, and she had seen the inside of six houses, as well as revelled in those grass-grown, cobbled streets.

On the road home she came face to face with Mr. Taylor. He had been sitting on a milestone, evidently awaiting her return. When she appeared, he left his seat and intimated that he wanted to have a word with her.

Hester was willing. It was different from coming and rapping at her door in the grey of early morning. He produced his pad excitedly and showed her a long statement. She read it through. Mr. Taylor, so it seemed, wanted to escape.

"But why can't you? Aren't you free?" inquired Hester, who had drawn out her fountain pen and was ready for the worst.

"Those two women," he replied, "they'd never let me. That's why I knocked at your door. I never get a chance of seeing anybody—not with them about." He was quite coherent and rational, and seemed to know the quickest and most effective way of stating his business.

"I gave them the slip this afternoon," he explained. "They think I've gone fishing. I knew you'd be coming back from Oxney. I've tried to get at other lodgers, but they all come at once, and nobody would listen."

"'You've been poaching,' she said."

"Why can't you go in the usual way?" replied Hester.

"Where?" he wrote, and indicated his infirmities. And then he produced a single guttural sound that made Hester jump. She gathered that even if he had the courage and the will-power—and he hadn't very much of either—it would be difficult for a deaf and dumb man to find a new home unaided.

"Have you any money?" she asked.

"Two pounds a week regular. It comes from house property. Miss Hammon takes it, though it's sent by post to me."

He was, it appeared, one of those weak and afflicted mortals, without friends or near relations, who are dependent on people outside, and almost at their mercy. The two Hammon women had got hold of him—Heaven alone knew how—and were resolved to keep him. No doubt they bullied him, bled him, and terrorised him. Still, it was no concern of Hester's, unless—— "I know what," she thought. "Perhaps——" And she hesitated.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," she wrote. "If you behave yourself until to-morrow morning, perhaps I'll do something."

"Thank you," he answered. "We must go back separately; they mustn't know."

III.

To-morrow came. There had been another mysterious stew at supper, and Hester had again been aware of Miss Carrie's goings on overnight. But it was Miss Carrie in the morning who directly affected Hester. She had asked for her bill. When it came, she looked up aghast. The charges were terrible, about three times what they ought to have been, with all sorts of extras, such as light, cruet, and attendance. If she had gone to the most seasonal and sophisticated of hotels, it could not have been worse.

Miss Carrie had delivered her bombshell and promptly disappeared, leaving the victim alone with Mrs. Hammon; and it looked as though the two women had arranged it thus, with a view to making matters harder for Hester. For how could a young person from nowhere accuse this dignified old party of being a cheat?

Mrs. Hammon hovered about expectant, a cold light in her grey eye.

"I'm not afraid of you, and I'm not going to be," whispered Hester; and then aloud and holding up that preposterous bill: "You don't expect me to pay all this?"

"These are our charges," responded the old lady. "If you come here, you have to pay."

"But Miss Hammon said hers were the usual rates, and she looked honest."

"These are our charges. If you come here, you've got to pay." And no other answer could be extracted from that obstinate old woman, except that all her air and manner indicated she had conferred an undeserved honour on Hester, who was behaving just as she had expected she would behave, and not at all like a lady bred and born.

"But I've had nothing, and this is just a plain farmhouse," expostulated Hester.

"These are our charges. If you come here, you have to pay. We didn't ask you," cackled the old lady. "If you come here, you've got to pay."

"Humph!" replied Hester. "Where's Miss Hammon?"

"Oh, you can't see her—she's busy."

"I will see her. She's not too busy to overcharge me. This bill's in her handwriting, isn't it?" And before the old lady could interpose, Hester had flown out in quest of Carrie Hammon.

She found her feeding cats in the wash-house, which was practically an outbuilding attached to the kitchen, and entered by a further door and three stone steps. From the roof dangled four red-legged partridges, one plover, and a brace of rabbits.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," remarked Hester, "but I'm not going to pay more than a third part of this bill."

Miss Hammon looked up in sheer ingenuous astonishment. If ever a woman seemed innocent, it was surely she.

"Why, if you go into any hotel," she began, "it's half-a-crown for breakfast, and then there's tips and the waiter, and it's five shillings for a bedroom, and three-and-six for dinner."

She mentioned the charges at the Swan Hotel in the county town. She knew, and all about the extras, and what the chambermaid expected, and then there was the boots. When she was done, Hester repeated that she wasn't going to pay more than a third.

"Come, now," persisted Carrie Hammon, "I'll take a shilling off, if that will suit you."

A voice cackled in the doorway—

"I've laid hold of her hand-bag and her boots." It was old Mrs. Hammon, flourishing a key. "I knew what would come of taking in anybody like her."

"Then you'll be had up for stealing as well

as for cheating. That's all there is to it." Hester had faced round and delivered this counter-thrust.

"Hear her!" returned the old lady, undaunted. And then Hester's eyes again fell on the four partridges, the plover, and the brace of rabbits.

"I know all about them," she said, indicating the birds, "and about the cats, and 'Go out and find her.'" She mimicked Miss Carrie's caterwauling in the night, and added, "My lamb, my little blessing!"

Carrie Hammon's sun-tanned face had turned a bilious yellow; and, as for Mrs. Hammon, that old lady had swung from pink to a furious purple. "I told you what it would be, taking in the likes of her," she quavered. And then Hester smiled, for she knew that she had won, and that these two women, with all their cunning, lay at her mercy.

"You've been poaching," she said, "and you've been taking birds in the close season. You've broken the law both ways, and, if the right people heard of it, you'd go to prison. Now let me have my bag." She waited, and would not say another word till Carrie herself released the bag and boots, returning abjectly with both hands full.

"You're not going to give us away?" pleaded innocent Carrie.

"'Tain't true!" cried old Mrs. Hammon. "She can't prove it; and who'd believe her?"

"We're two to one," added Carrie, plucking up a bit.

"Now take two-thirds off the bill and receipt it properly. I'll pay that much," replied Hester.

Carrie Hammon flashed a wordless signal over to her mother, then did as she was told.

"I won't give you away this time," Hester pursued, "though you deserve it, both of you. I dare say you are poor, but that's no reason why you should cheat people and steal."

"Now you get out of my house!" It was the old lady again, quite impenitent and quite undaunted. Hester could not help smiling at the perverted pride which burnt within that frail and stubborn personality.

"Oh, leave her alone and let her go!" protested Carrie Hammon. "You know, mother, we've been warned." And whether that peculiar woman was really sick of it all or only pretending, Hester never discovered, nor ever will. She retired upstairs, packed her bag properly, and laced the captured boots.

Once outside the house, she breathed relief. A hundred yards or so further on she discovered the deaf and dumb man, watching for her and preternaturally excited. Hester stopped and would have said good-bye. But "You told me to wait till to-day," he wrote eagerly on his pad. "Are you going to help me?"

She remembered now. She burst out laughing; but Mr. Taylor looked very serious, and wasn't at all amused. And then Hester's forehead wrinkled. Yes, those two women deserved some punishment.

"Come along with me," she wrote, producing her fountain pen.

"Where?" answered the pencil.

"I'll find you a new home if you promise to obey me."

The poor fellow smiled and nodded and stuck out his thumb—he always did that when he was very pleased.

She took him as far as Oxney Town, and, arrived there, he had to sit quite still while she composed a letter for honest Mrs. Fukes of Cherry Corner.

"I'm sending you a permanent lodger," she wrote—"one who will pay and stay instead of a poor week-ender. He's deaf and dumb, and most people would take advantage of him; but I know you won't, so here he goes. He'll pay you a pound a week for everything. He's got more than that coming in quite regularly, only the people here take it away from him and cheat him. Please make your Vicar see to the money part of the business, and also about getting the poor man's things away from his present quarters. The Vicar is a Christian—you've often told me so—and I know that he'll enjoy it. I'm sending him —I mean John Taylor, and not the Vicar— I'm sending him to your station by rail. There will be two luggage labels with full particulars attached to his coat, so he can't go far astray. He will bring this letter with him, so you will know what it all means. In great haste and with greetings to all of you, including Mr. Fukes and Polly,

"HESTER LING."

"P.S.—Do be kind to this poor man. I'm sure he'll be grateful."

Hester made out an envelope and handed her letter across to the expectant Mr. Taylor. He read it joyously and nodded and stuck out his thumb, and behaved altogether like the chief character in a cinema play. He had been docile and trustful as a child.

Her next step was to procure the luggage labels. She addressed them, she tied them

on, and led Mr. Taylor to Oxney station. She bought him his ticket and waited for the train that was to take him inland to Mrs. Fukes and his new home. She spoke to the guard about him when the train came in, and she watched him go in safety as the train drew out of the little station.

Next morning she sat as usual over her machine at the window which opens on Bedford Street.

"What *are* you chuckling about?" asked the next young lady, who had stopped in London, and spent her Bank Holiday at the White City, and half her Sunday lying in bed. But Hester couldn't explain—it was too long a story. She was back with the two Hammon women and Mr. Taylor, and, instead of Bedford Street, she saw a golden sun rising above the grey and gold of Oxney Marsh.

WANDERING FIRES.

I CANNOT stay. I follow wandering fires
That burn the day and blaze upon the night:
The thousand restless flames of man's desires,
Eluding eager hands, but luring sight.
And still I follow on, denied, yet daring,
Over the hot sand or the barren earth,
And all Life's passions and its pains I'm sharing,
And all I win is dead before its birth.

I turn where sweet lips lean to me with kisses;
I turn where steadfast stern-eyed Duty goes;
I pull the string—my arrow slants and misses,
I lose the mountain-peak amid the snows.
And still I turn, and still I seek and wander—
Here is a fire that will not fade nor die;
But surely that is brighter over yonder—
And there a new one flares against the sky.

I may not stay! I follow wandering fires,
That light the dawn and redden in the west;
The thousand vagrant flames of man's desires,
That cannot find a goal and cannot rest.

G. B. LANCASTER.

"THE EMPRESS MATILDA AND THE QUEEN OF STEPHEN, 1141." BY JOHN FRANCIS RIGAUD, R.A.

PICTURES OF HISTORIC MOMENTS

AND TRADITIONAL THEMES.

THE arrangement of our recent series of pictures representing moments and incidents in the past history of Great Britain did not at the time allow of the inclusion of many pictures which we had obtained permission to reproduce from both public galleries and private collections. Some were necessarily omitted for reasons of space, as representing side issues of their period rather than main incidents in what was planned to form a consecutive narrative; others were ruled out by the presence of some more important rendering of the same theme. Into the latter class fell sundry versions of certain episodes which have more frequently than others inspired the painter's vision, such as the moving scene of Queen Philippa's intercession for the citizens of Calais, of which two further renderings are here reproduced to supplement the interest of the more famous pictures of that moment previously included in this series. The interest attached to such further pictures from our country's story has seemed to justify their inclusion in a supplementary group such as is here presented, despite the absence of continuity in their themes which formed the more valuable interest of the earlier series.

Most remote of this further group in chronological order stands Townsend's vigorous picture of a typical scene from the days when England's shores were never long free from the attack of the seafaring raider, whether merely for plunder or for more ambitious conquest. Even before the long series of marauding incursions by the Danes, such a scene must have been a more or less familiar sight, and "every schoolboy," of Macaulay's phrase, will readily recall the vivid moment of the beacons' answering flare of signal-fires, which Macaulay himself describes so stirringly in his verses on the spread of the news of the Armada's approach. Such beacons were not, however, limited to

"THE FIGHT FOR THE BEACON." BY HENRY J. TOWNSEND.

the coast-line, but occupied many lofty points of inland country for the purpose of giving warning of approaching peril, as we have been reminded in our own more peaceful time when many such heights have been illuminated as part of some public rejoicing or celebration. Townsend's picture is assigned to no actual episode or definite date; but though some of the protagonists in its action are in the scanty attire of almost barbaric times, others, who are presumably the invaders, wear garments and armour of a more advanced civilisation, and the contrast seems to suggest the period of the Roman invasion of Britain more nearly than any later time. Lacking the interest of an

"'DIEU LE VEULT': PETER THE HERMIT PREACHING THE DUTY OF THE CRUSADE." BY JAMES ARCHER, R.S.A.

Reproduced, by permission, from the large plate published by the Autotype Fine Art Company, New Oxford Street, W.

exact moment already remembered in the mind's eye, the picture remains a good specimen of its artist's vigorous work in historical *genre*.

Next in chronological order, after a long interval, comes the dramatic picture of Peter the Hermit preaching the First Crusade, which that accomplished Scottish Academician, the late James Archer, painted under the title of "Dieu le Veult"—the motto of the Crusaders—"God wishes it." This, one of the most elaborate and dramatic of its artist's works, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1883, when its painter was sixty years old, but it showed no diminution in his powers as a painter of historical and literary themes. In the former class, perhaps, his best rendered works are "The King Over the Water," now in the collection of Lady Macnee, and his several pictures with the vaguely historical atmosphere of "The Morte d'Arthur." But his picture here reproduced has the drama of the real episode which it represents, as distinct from the more poetical inspiration of the artist's literary themes.

"PILLAGING A JEW'S HOUSE." BY CHARLES LANDSEER.

From the original in the City Art Gallery, Bradford.

The idea that the Christian races of the world should combine against the Mohammedans was first put forward by Pope Gregory VII., but it was not given to him to see it carried into effect. The First Crusade had its origin in the reign of William II. (Rufus) of England, and by that time Urban II. had become Pope.

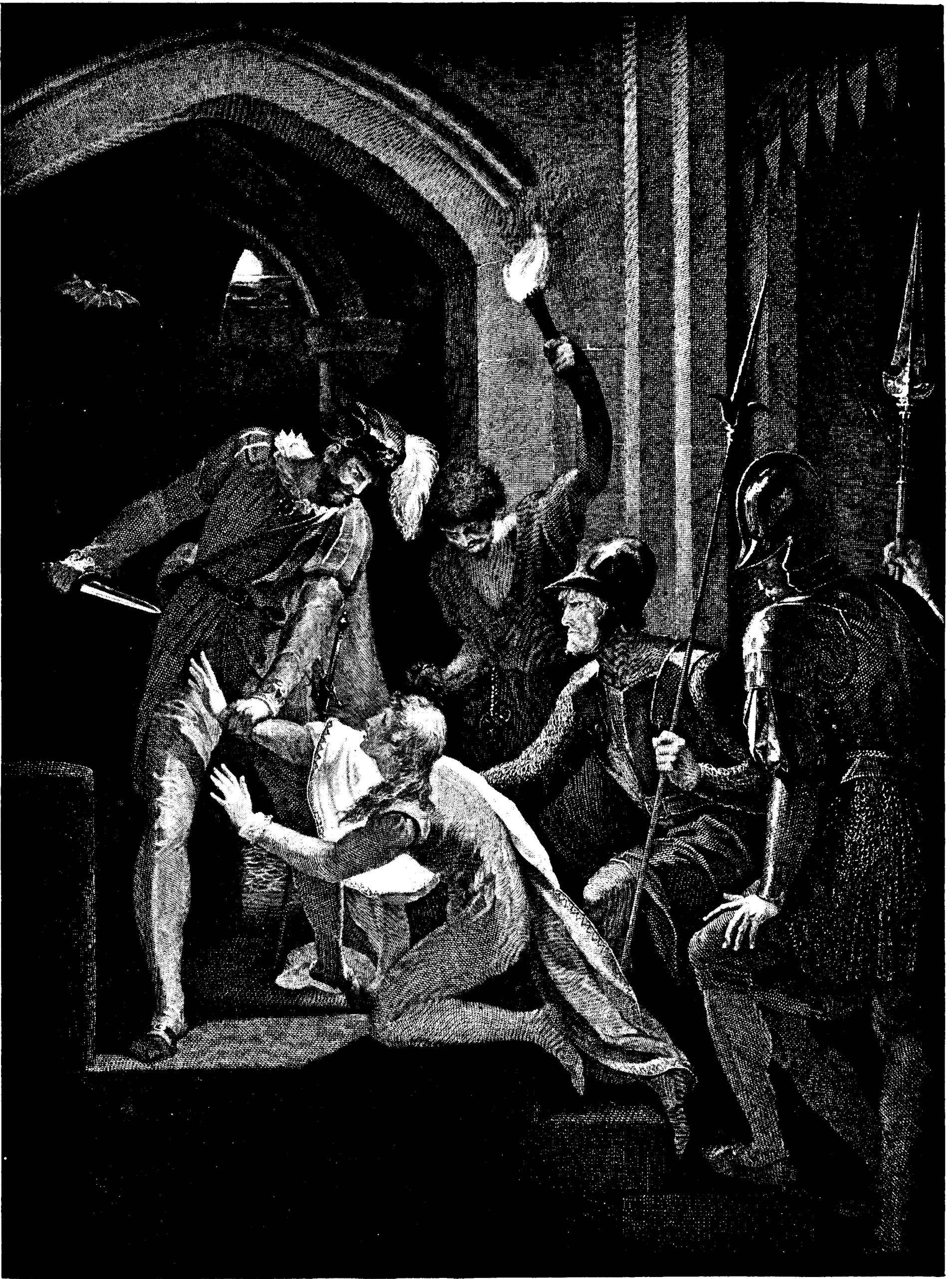
The Holy Land, held since the middle of the sixth century by the Mussulmans, had been one of the first victories of the disciples of Mohammed; and thenceforward the subjugation of the country had been a theme of indignation to Christendom.

Such was the public feeling when an enthusiast, known as Peter the Hermit, quitted the town of Amiens, his native place, to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On his return he repaired to Italy and appealed to Pope Urban II. to place himself at the head of the nations of Europe, conjoined for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre and the rescue of the bones of the saints from the hands of the Mussulmans. He received from Urban letters to all the Christian princes, with the mission of stimulating them to this

"THE MARRIAGE OF STRONGBOW AND EVA AFTER THE SIEGE OF WATERFORD, 1169." BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

From the original in the National Gallery of Ireland.

"RICHARD I. IN PALESTINE." BY P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A.



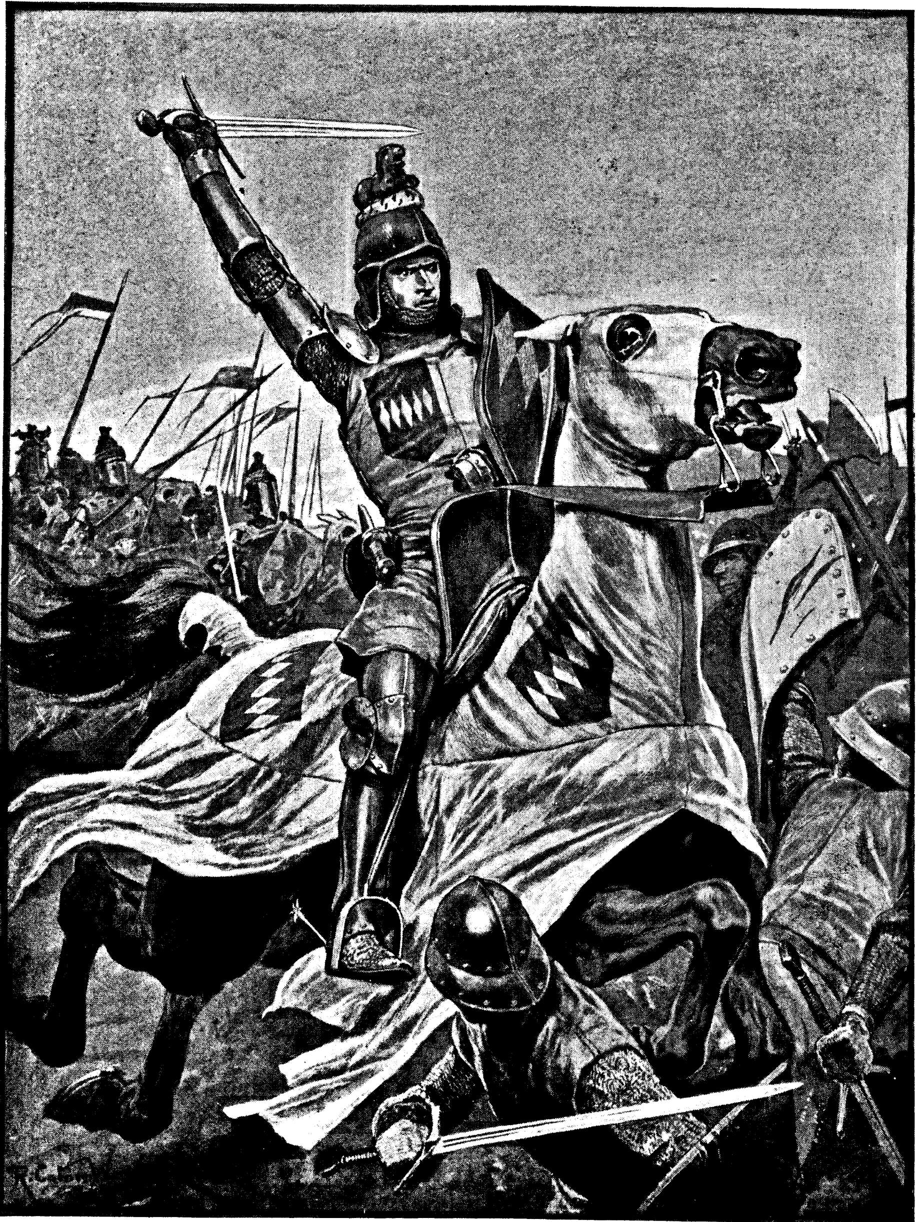
"THE DEATH OF PRINCE ARTHUR, 1203." BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, R.A.

holy enterprise. Peter the Hermit then travelled through Europe, inspiring the imagination of the nobles and the people.

Two years later, in 1095, a council convoked by the Pope assembled at Clermont, in Auvergne. A great number of princes and nobles of all ranks flocked thither, and over three hundred bishops supported Urban himself, who urged his hearers to enrol themselves in a righteous cause, and doubt not that the Cross would ever be victorious for the Crusaders, who would, incidentally, make themselves masters of those fertile lands which infidels had usurped.

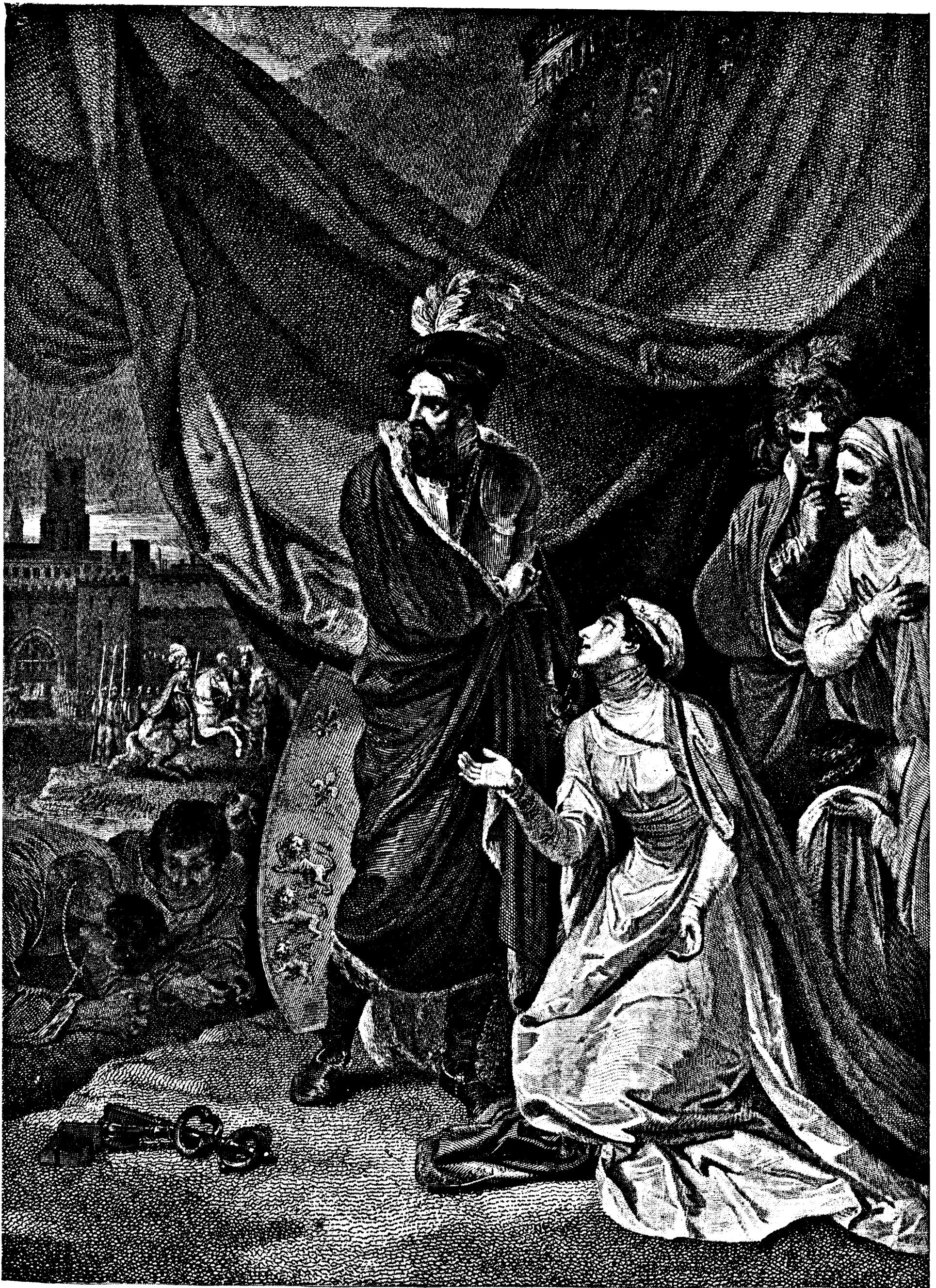
The general meeting of the ardent host was fixed for the spring of the following year. The enthusiasm meanwhile extended to every class in Christendom. Each one

desired to merit salvation by devoting himself to a desperate undertaking—by essaying an adventurous life in unknown lands. The flower of European chivalry took up arms bands, led the one by Peter the Hermit, the other by a knight called Walter the Moneyless. They devastated, for their support, the countries through which they passed, raising



"HENRY PERCY AT THE BATTLE OF NEVILLE'S CROSS, 1346." BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

for the Cross, and the nobles pawned their property to defray the expenses of the enterprise. An immense number of wanderers of humbler rank assembled and divided into two up in arms against themselves the outraged population; and vast numbers perished of famine, fatigue, and misery before they reached Palestine.

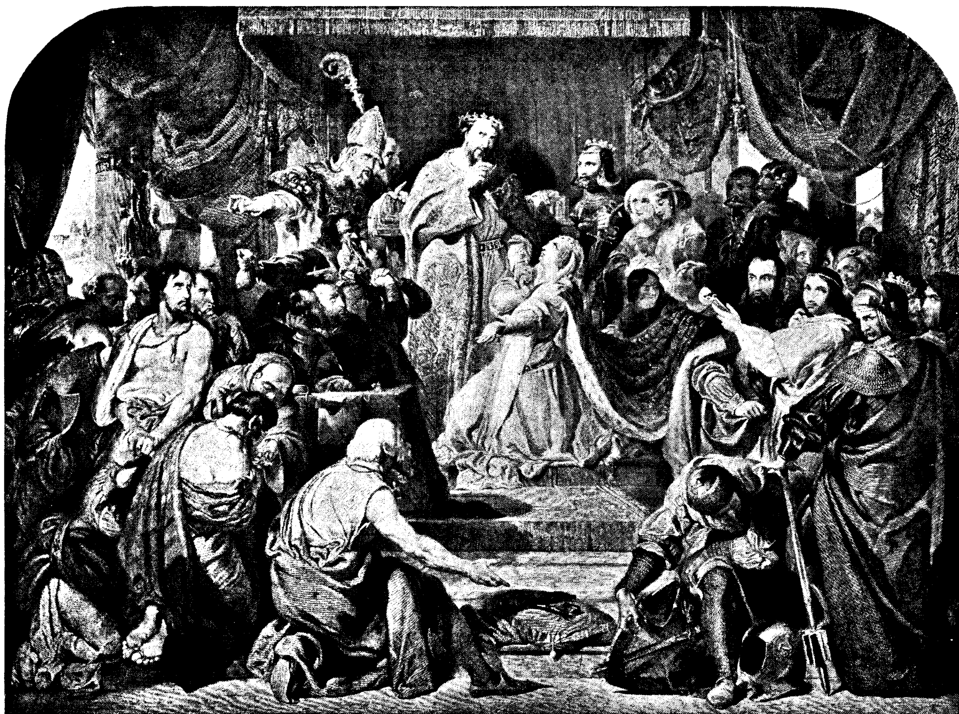


"QUEEN PHILIPPA INTERCEDING FOR THE CITIZENS OF CALAIS, 1347." BY R. SMIRKE, R.A.

Such was the extraordinary movement, religious and political, of which the first phase is illustrated in Archer's dramatic picture. But fewer facts are necessary for the interpretation of the next episode here represented in picture, "The Empress Matilda and the Queen of Stephen," by John Francis Rigaud, an industrious painter of historical themes in the last half of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth. Here it is necessary only to recall how Henry I., after the death of his only son at sea—a loss which tradition says so saddened him that he was never seen to smile again—made all his nobles and vassals and David I. of

Scotland (for Cumberland) swear fealty to his daughter Matilda, widow of the Emperor Henry V. of Germany, as his heiress and successor to the throne.

Thereafter Henry "Beauclerk" ruled England for another ten years; but on his death, his nephew, Stephen of Blois, son of William the Conqueror's daughter Adela and Stephen, Count of Blois, then thirty years of age, frustrated all the designs of his uncle for the transmission of the English crown to his own direct line. Taking advantage of the general dislike to the rule of a woman, Stephen hastened over from Normandy to England, and, after being welcomed by the people of London, received the Royal Treasury from his brother Henry, Bishop of Winchester, and on St. Stephen's Day, 1135, was crowned in Westminster Abbey.



"QUEEN PHILIPPA PLEADING FOR THE BURGESSES OF CALAIS, 1347." BY H. C. SELOUS.

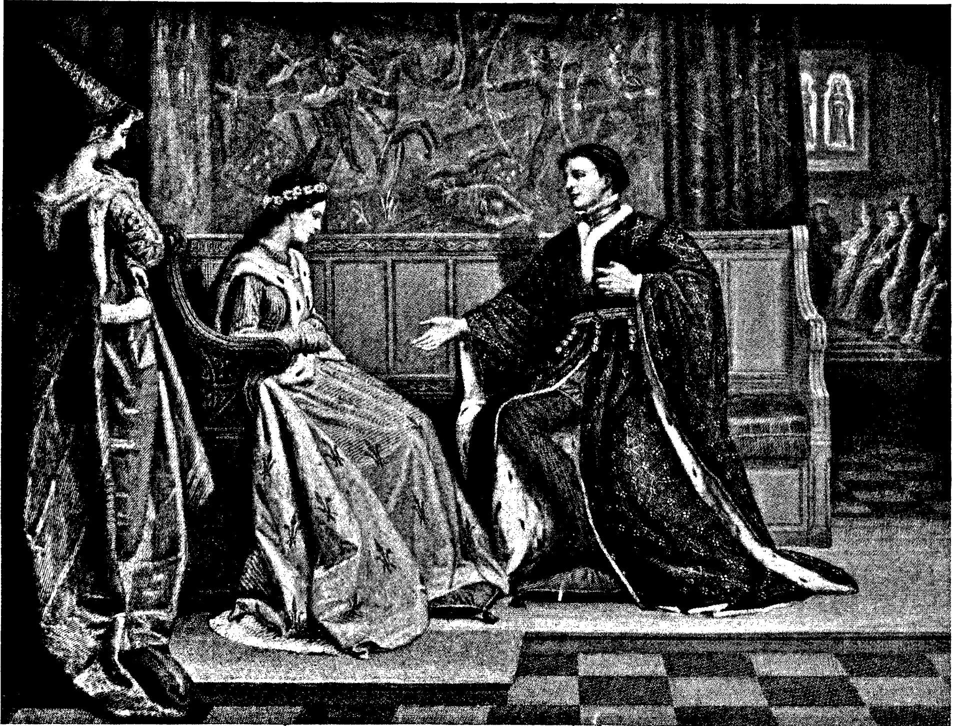
The obviously superior claim to the throne of the Empress Matilda, however, raised up supporters to her cause, firstly in the King of Scotland, her uncle, who twice invaded the North of England on her behalf, but was routed at the Battle of the Standard at Northallerton. Stephen subsequently patched up a peace with Scotland; but his own misdirection of State affairs raised up new champions for the Empress among the very barons who had supported his own usurpation of the crown, and his encouragement of the feudal system among his greater barons had so strengthened their position that when he started to curtail their privileges, the malcontents among them transferred their allegiance to Matilda, who arrived in England at their invitation. Then followed the disastrous civil war, in the course of which Stephen himself was taken prisoner, and the incident of Rigaud's picture occurred, Queen Maud, the wife of Stephen, petitioning for the release of her husband on the condition that he should abdicate. To these solicitations the Empress, too secure in her momentary success, replied only in terms of violent insult, as she did also to the suggestions of the Papal Legate and the petitions of the citizens of London.

Matilda soon had occasion to repent her scornful treatment of Queen Maud, which forms the theme of Rigaud's picture, for the desperate Queen rallied a strong force of troops, and the Empress was compelled to abandon the metropolis for Oxford, and was subsequently obliged to release the King in exchange for her half-brother and principal

"RICHARD II. RESIGNING THE CROWN TO BOLINGBROKE, 1399." BY MATHER BROWN.

supporter, Robert, Earl of Gloucester. Then followed the further struggle of civil war, which ended in the abandonment of her claims by Matilda, though their justice was eventually acknowledged in the succession of her son to the throne of England as Henry II., upon the death of Stephen, by mutual agreement of the rival factions, despite the fact that Stephen had a son and a daughter.

One of the largest and most ambitious of Daniel Maclise's pictures, treated in the manner of a mural decoration rather than of a painting on canvas, which that artist frequently affected, represents an incident in the history of Ireland at the time when the country was divided into five states—Munster, Leinster, Meath, Ulster, and Connaught—each under the rule of a chieftain or "Riagh." O'Ruarc, or Roderic, the Chief of Leitrim, rebelled against the marauding arrogance of Dermot McMorrogh, the Riagh of Leinster, with such success that Dermot was expelled from the island in 1167. The exiled Riagh proceeded to Aquitaine, where Henry II. then was engaged in his war with France; and on offering to do homage for his kingdom, he received letters patent for enlisting in England and Henry's French provinces a force to restore him to his kingdom. Dermot obtained the assistance of several adventurers, prominent among whom were Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, who was surnamed "Strongbow." Strongbow took Wexford and Dublin, and married Dermot's daughter Eva, the wedding ceremony being held in the very moment of Strongbow's subjugation of the town of Waterford, while the massacre of its inhabitants was still in its ruthless progress—a moment which called forth all Maclise's love of the bizarre in his grim picture of the barbaric scene.



"THE WOOING OF KATHARINE OF FRANCE BY HENRY V., 1420." BY W. F. YEAMES, R.A.

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On the death of Dermot, the English Strongbow was allowed by Henry II. to hold his domain as a fief of the Crown, and was appointed Seneschal of Ireland.

Charles Landseer's dramatic picture "Pillaging a Jew's House" represents a scene of repeated occurrence from soon after the days of the Norman Conquest, when the Jews first established themselves in England, to the time chosen by the

painter of this picture, in period of costume, as the reign of Richard I. or John. Probably the artist intended it for the earlier of those reigns, for on the day of Richard's coronation a fierce massacre of Jews took place, as the result of their venturing to present a petition at Westminster Hall, courtiers and multitude combining in an attack which spread throughout the metropolis and to various centres in the provinces, the destruction of the bonds of Christian debtors to Jewish

"THE TWO ROSES ADOPTED AS BADGES FOR THE YORK AND LANCASTER FACTIONS."
BY J. D. WATSON.

moneylenders being accompanied by fierce massacre of Jews.

The picture of the heroic exploits of Richard Cœur de Lion as a warrior in the Holy Land, by that diligent painter of battles by land and sea, Philip de Loutherbourg, does not profess to represent any one action more than another, and therefore may be taken as typical either of the English King's defeat of Saladin at Arsoof or his victory at Acre, or his relief of Joppa, or Jaffa, in the very hour of its surrender to the fierce siege of Saladin.

"THE DIVORCE OF KATHARINE OF ARAGON, 1528." BY FRANK O. SALISBURY.

From the panel in the series in the Houses of Parliament. Reproduced by permission of the Fine Arts Publishing Company, Charing Cross Road, publishers of the large plate.

Passing into the next reign, with William Hamilton's picture of "The Death of Prince Arthur," we quit the realm of fact for that of tradition only, for there is no authentic record of the exact mode of death incurred by the hapless boy, whom Shakespeare presents with a pathos probably enhanced by the fact that, when he rewrote the older play of "King John," he had but lately lost his only son, Hanmet, who died in his twelfth year, as we know from the parish registers of Stratford-on-Avon. Arthur of Brittany, son of the elder brother of John, was repeatedly declared heir to the throne by Richard I.; but John, by swift action and a craft which enlisted the support of the prelates and barons, contrived to usurp the throne under a semblance of election, and only the zeal of the boy-prince's mother,

Constance, and the fitful support of Philip Augustus of France gave any real strength to his claim to the crown. John, however, could know no peace of mind while his barons could at any moment coerce him by transferring their support to a rival cause, and presently the captive boy disappeared, in exactly what manner is unknown. The general belief was that he had been assassinated by John's hirelings or by the King himself. One account says that John went by night to the Tower of Rouen, and, after vainly striving to make him cede to him his rights, stabbed him with his sword, fastened a heavy stone to the body, and himself threw it into the water. Another account declares Arthur to have been drowned by his uncle from a boat on the Seine.

After the victory of Edward III. at Crecy, King Philip of France, probably for the purpose of forcing the English King to hasten home, opened up negotiations with Scotland; and David Bruce, taking advantage of Edward's absence, as ally of France, invaded England, to be met at Neville's Cross, near Durham, by Queen Philippa, where his army was defeated and he himself was taken prisoner and carried to London. Mr. Caton Woodville's rendering of this action, in his spirited series "Battles of the British Army," illustrates the vigour with which the youthful Henry Percy led the attack of the Northern militia hastily rallied to meet the invaders.

Edward's plucky Queen, Philippa, is the protagonist in the two ensuing pictures by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., and H. C. Selous, which show her womanly pleading on behalf of the people of Calais, when, after a stubborn resistance of over eleven months, that town succumbed to the English siege. In response to negotiations, Edward III. undertook that if six of the principal burgesses came into the camp bareheaded and barefoot, with halters round their necks and the keys of the town in their hands, he would punish them as victims and spare the remainder of the population; but on the arrival of the self-sacrificing volunteers, Queen Philippa interceded on their behalf and turned the King's punitive vengeance into mercy, and their lives were spared.

Our next three pictures speak for themselves as renderings of moments far more

"SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER IN PRISON IN THE TOWER, 1535." BY J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

familiar than the incidents already recalled, thanks to the genius of Shakespeare, which has illumined with a wealth of poetic detail the pathetic scene of the abdication of Richard II., and with delightful comedy the wooing of Princess Katharine of France by the victor of Agincourt, and has given dramatic form to the traditional choice of the symbols which came to represent the rival factions of the long Wars of the Roses. The picture by J. D. Watson illustrates the scene in the Temple Gardens, as given in Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," when Richard, Duke of York, plucked a white rose to be the emblem of his party's strife against the Lancastrians, in response for whom the Duke of Somerset then gathered a red rose.

Of Shakespearian origin, too, is our close sympathy with the pathetic pleading of Katharine of Aragon to Henry VIII. before the Papal commission of the two cardinals, Wolsey and Campeggio; and though the actual scene of Wolsey's pomp presented in Sir John Gilbert's picture is based on the biographical words of Cavendish, it is Shakespeare's characterisation that to-day maintains our interest in the great cardinal. Next comes Herbert's picture from the last moments of the statesman who rose upon the fall of Wolsey, only to go to the block himself but six years later, for refusing to subscribe to the legality of Katharine's divorce or to the Acts of Succession and Supremacy. Herbert's picture shows the deposed Chancellor watching four monks led to the block for the very steadfastness which was to take him the same way, but commenting with approval to his devoted daughter on their cheerful courage.

The event represented in Sir David Wilkie's elaborate picture "The Preaching of Knox Before the Lords of the Congregation, June 10th, 1559," took place during the regency of Mary of Guise, the mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, whom Knox was later to denounce, in the parish church of St. Andrews, in Fifeshire. John Knox, having just arrived from Geneva, after an exile of thirteen years, discoursed with such effect that the provost, bailies, and inhabitants harmoniously agreed to set up the reformed worship in the town.

"JOHN KNOX PREACHING BEFORE THE LORDS OF THE CONGREGATION, 1559."
BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

From the original in the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, S.W.

A DAY'S SHOPPING

By R. S. WARREN BELL

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon

THEY called them "MacCullums, Limited." There were three in the company—Sir James MacCullum, the fashionable physician, who had a house in Wimpole Street; the Rev. John MacCullum, minister of the Scottish Church, about three hundred yards away; and their nephew Donald, the ear and throat specialist, whose brass plate was one of fourteen or so at 500, Harley Street.

Members of his flock who complained of feeling unwell, Pastor MacCullum would recommend to see "Sir James," and if their throats and ears were wrong, Sir James would send them on to Donald—if he could manage it. He couldn't always manage it, because Donald was unknown, and many of these patients thought nothing of a specialist unless he had a name. However, Donald picked up a living, though he couldn't afford yet to marry Nurse Maggie M'Adam, of the Home for Incurables at Glasgow. He longed for the day, though, for she was bonny.

Sir James, clean-shaven except for his side-whiskers, though close on seventy, was as active as a boy. His brisk gait shamed his white locks, and his genial smile did more for his patients than any of his blue pills.

Pastor MacCullum was fifty-nine, gloomy in appearance, with a heavy black beard liberally flecked with grey. His income, being derived from pew rents, fluctuated, and he housed his numerous family in a bleak villa at Highgate.

Donald was thirty-four, clean-shaven like Uncle James, and sandy. His father was a Writer to the Signet at Edinburgh.

Now you know all that is necessary to be known about them.

It was on a fine summer day that the Duchess of Blairgowrie, taking it all in the course of a morning's tour of the shops, got out of a motor-bus in Oxford Street, and, accompanied by a faded maiden lady, her companion, hobbled afoot to Wimpole Street, where she rang the bell at Sir James's residence. She was shown into the waiting-room, and had to linger there twenty minutes, two aged peers having priority of audience.

At last her turn came.

"Ah, my dear Duchess, and what can I do for you?" beamed Sir James, who spoke English except when he was excited or after dinner.

"Will you please examine my ears, Sir James?" said the Duchess, sitting down. "It may be fancy, but the last three Sabbaths I've missed a deal of your excellent brother's discourses."

"Indeed so! He would be flattered by your concern."

"I always like to hear the sairmon, whatever its quality," retorted the Duchess disagreeably. She spoke English or Scotch, according to her mood.

Bland and gentle, the physician made his examination.

"Well, now, Duchess," he said at length, "none of us grow younger, may I tell you——"

"Get to it, man. It's old age."

"Called by a number of polite Latin names," said Sir James, "but that's what it is in plain English."

"Nothing else?"

"Not so far as I can see. Still, most people like to have the opinion of an authority on such matters, and I don't blame them."

"A specialist? I'd like to have the best advice. Tell me who to see."

Sir James could hardly name his nephew straight off. He had far too much tact for that.

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"There's Lumley Crane, William Cocks, Ernest Power-Goole, and — well, I've a nephew who is making his way, Duchess."

"He's not going to make it through *my* ear-drums! Give me their addresses, will ye?"

"All?"

"All. I'll choose. Ye've no particular fancy ye'self?"

"Sir Lumley Crane attends Royalty."

"And puts the bill on to humbler folk."

Sir James laughed. "I've no preference. They're all sound." And he wrote down their addresses.

"Ye've omitted the boy," observed the old lady, as she surveyed the paper.

"What? Shall I put *him* down on the list? Very well."

And Sir James added to the names that of Donald MacCullum, 500, Harley Street.

Specialists cannot be seen in any odd offhand way, except you care to take your chance of an endless wait in a room full of people, among periodicals almost as varied in age as the patients themselves, and so the Duchess wrote for appointments. To all, that is, except Donald. A boy like that, she told herself, wasn't worth making an appointment with. If she called, he'd have to be ready to see her—or go without her.

The Duchess was a notable shopper. Her sharp tongue had cleft the air of many a great West End emporium. Shop-girls fled at her bidding like scared pullets. And a shrewd, canny shopper. No one, she flattered herself, had ever got the better of her by a sixpence. Indeed, it was the other way about. She had fixed her morning with the specialists. It was the time only that they were allowed to establish. And on the morning in question she went shopping in Harley Street. She took notes and gold in her satchel, which was somewhat lighter when she had done with Ernest Power-Goole, the third on her list.

She went to lunch in a tea-shop after seeing Power-Goole. Her companion, poor woman, was glad of the respite. It had been hers to linger among the patients and periodicals of varied ages while the Duchess enjoyed the comparative bustle of seeing the specialists in their sanctums. The healthy smell of the coffee urns in the tea-shop was a pleasant change; she ate her small plate of ham and tongue with a relish. The Duchess was fabulously rich, but her tastes in eating were aggravatingly simple, even to a companion.

"And now, before we try the lad, we'll go see about those linens," said the old lady, handing her companion one and eightpence to pay the bill with.

The companion sighed. The Duchess had a castle in the Highlands about fifteen miles from a railway station. She was replenishing its stock of linen, and it was a considerable undertaking. To-day she was in her most hectoring mood. One of the young lady assistants at the shop honoured with her Grace's patronage went into hysterics before the ordeal was ended.

Meanwhile Donald MacCullum was indulging in unwonted extravagance. Being Maggie's birthday, he was telephoning his congratulations to her at Glasgow. Not without much searching of soul had he augmented the bulging coffers of the Postmaster-General to the extent of four shillings and eightpence. For Donald had to be careful. Though he never saw anybody under two guineas—except members of the Decayed Authors' Association, to which he acted as honorary aurist—he subscribed to one or two learned societies, belonged to a good club, had to dress well, and shared a white-capped, swift-moving maid with an oculist on the same landing. Specialists generally have maids, though some have footmen as well. All very expensive, you see, and Uncle James hadn't been sending many members of the kirk along lately.

"It seems to be a long time coming, that fortune," he was saying to Maggie, in his musical, purling voice. "Do you not feel the waiting, dearie?"

"I feel it sair, Donald. But I'll wait till I'm fifty, if need be. Be patient, darling boy."

"I will be that. I wish you were here, dearie, but the next best thing is to listen to your sweet voice!"

"Oh, Donald, love!"

"Are you taking another three minutes?" inquired a practical voice at the Exchange.

"Indeed, no!" exclaimed Donald hastily. "Good-bye, Maggie, darling!"

"Good-bye, Donald, my lover. You are a bad, sweet boy to waste your siller like this."

"I wish I could talk to you all day——" Donald was saying, when the Exchange cut him off, and—

"*The Duchess of Blairgowrie*, sir!" said the maid in attendance.

Donald put up the receiver quickly and rose to his feet just as the Duchess swept in. She looked him up and down. Yes, a Scotsman, every inch of him—tall, gaunt, with a

touch of the wild northern winds about his pale blue eyes.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. MacCullum," said the Duchess. "Your uncle, Sir James, recommended me to consult you about my hearing."

"I shall be most happy to do all I can, your Grace," said Donald courteously.

She did not trouble to mention she had been shopping elsewhere. She had not, indeed, mentioned the fact either to William Cocks or Power-Goole.

The examination lasted a full twenty minutes.

"Well, young man, anything to be done?"

Donald thought of Maggie, and for a moment felt inclined to compromise. But he knew that Maggie, his bonny Maggie, honest as the day herself, would never have loved him as she did unless he had been honest, too.

"Your Grace is suffering from no disease that can be cured."

"It's ma age?" she demanded harshly.

Donald bowed.

The Duchess rose, looking very much older.

"That was what your Uncle James said," she told the young man.

"Ah, he told you so, too?"

"He did. But those others—that Sir Lumley and the rest of 'em—twaddled about treatment, and I'm to go again, and what not."

Donald made no remark about "those others." He was far too modest, indeed, to imagine himself the first to be consulted.

"A certain amount of treatment may prove beneficial," allowed the young specialist.

"Then why didn't ye say so?"

"I was implying that there was no actual complaint, and, consequently, that there could be no cure."

"Man, you'll never succeed!" sneered the old woman. "Where's your living to come from if ye send everybody who's well away? Your Uncle James don't. He's no such fule." And she smirked. Then she proceeded: "Now, look here, Mr. MacCullum, if there's any treatment to be followed, I'll follow it under your directions—I'll have nought to do with those others—and if ye effect any improvement, I'll make your fortune, my lad. Every member of my family," she added with vehemence, "has something wrong with his ears, his throat, or his nose—except in the shape of the latter, which is the family pride—and I'll send 'em to ye. I'll have ye to see my grandson, Dinnoul, who's at Eton, and——"

She went through the entire list, Donald bowing an accompaniment.

"*If*," concluded the Duchess, eyeing the young Scotsman keenly, "*ye effect an improvement!* Myself, I think with you, it's ma years—I'm seventy-three, Mr. MacCullum."

"Your Grace surprises me—so much?"

"As much as I admit to," she answered drily. "Well, now," she continued not unkindly, "I'll give ye a chance. I'll come and see ye every Tuesday till I go North, and if I can hear your Uncle MacCullum's sairmons any better by that time, ye shall attend the family. I'm indeeferent about hearing maist folk, but it hurts me sore to miss the sairmon."

"Your Grace is too good."

"Don't say that till I've paid my last visit. And I'll promise yet another thing. There's a fund being raised to augment the Pastor's income. Well, he needs it with all those freckled brats! If ye can make me hear the sairmons *properly*, I'll give a thousand pounds towards it."

She laid two sovereigns and two shillings on the table, Donald held the door open, and with a bow whose old-time courtesy made ample amends for her sharpness of speech, the Duchess departed.

"Maggie," cried Donald, when he heard the lift-door clang-to, "Maggie, you've wafted me luck!" And he pocketed the money.

Then he sat down and thought over the case, and, after thinking it over, he shook his head. Who can cure Nature of growing tired? He shook his head. Small likelihood was there of the suffering Blairgowrie clan ever coming *his* way! And the test! There were, he reckoned, a good few folk with hearing unimpaired who experienced a difficulty in following his Uncle John's muffled discourses. It wasn't a fair test at all! If his uncle's articulation had been normally clear, the test would have been a sufficiently onerous one, but as it was——

Donald sighed. Then, of a sudden, a light came into his face. He jumped up and cracked his fingers. There *was* a chance! A forlorn one, but he'd try it.

There would be no more patients to-day. Putting on his hat, Donald seized his stick and gloves, and strode away in the direction of his Uncle James's house in Wimpole Street. Somewhat to his surprise, he found Sir James disengaged. To him he divulged

his idea, and when the sturdy old physician had left off laughing—it was a considerable time before this happened—uncle and nephew left the house together, their destination being the bleak villa which housed Pastor MacCullum and all his freckled brats. The Duchess's hearing may have been affected by the weight of years, but her eyesight was apparently as keen as ever.

II.

Pastor MacCullum sat in his dining-room, which also had to serve as his study, deep in the preparation of a sermon.

He was a good, sincere, old-fashioned sort of man, who, owing to the shortness of his income, had constantly to bring himself down from the clouds in order to grapple with everyday materialism in the shape of *bills*.

To him every now and again came sounds of revelry and strife from the boys' play-room, and he sighed. Those who knew him best were sure he ought to have remained a bachelor, for he had all the neatness, particularity, and love of being by himself that one associates with bachelordom.

A famous archbishop once said that it is better to be good than to teach goodness, better to live a blameless life than to preach brilliant sermons and fail in one's own example. In spite of domestic anxieties and irritations, John MacCullum lived a pattern life, and was a shining beacon to the members of his kirk, some of whom, realising his pecuniary difficulties, were making efforts to improve the living. The Pastor knew of these exertions, and secretly hoped they would be successful, but he never asked anything for himself. He was a proud man, and murmured not.

There was an awkward task before Sir James and his nephew as they mounted the hill to the Pastor's house. But they were both men of purpose, and hoped to accomplish it successfully.

"Ah, James!" exclaimed the Pastor. "And Donald, too! I'm glad to see ye both."

They sat down. He wondered what they had come about. That important man, Sir James, on the occasions of his rare visits, heralded his approach by postcard. Donald would drop in casually at intervals to have a game with his cousins. Never before had they called together. There was a little preliminary conversation concerning the weather, politics, and the kirk. The weather being perfect, little could be said about it. Bad weather can be reviled at length, but it is absurd to go on declaring that the weather is perfect. Politics, conducted rather mechanically just now, in light suits and white waistcoats, with the breeze on the Terrace calling even the Labour members to tea, did not prove inspiring. And even the kirk failed to hold them long, though Sir James, not without a reason, remarked that the congregations did not seem to have been so large of late.

This was not the happiest remark to make in the Pastor's house, and the talk became forced. John MacCullum was still wondering why they had both called.

A sudden uproar rose in the playroom, and a few moments later the door was flung open, and Mrs. MacCullum appeared, holding a refractory male MacCullum by the arm.

"John, *will* you speak to Angus? Oh, good day, James—good day to you, Donald!"

Angus was let go, and fled. Mrs. MacCullum shook hands with the visitors. Then, full of hospitable intentions towards her two distinguished relatives, she retired to the kitchen to superintend the preparation of supper.

The object of her abrupt entrance gave Sir James a much-needed cue.

"You've not overmuch house-room, John," he remarked.

"No, not overmuch," sighed John.

"Disturbing!" exclaimed Sir James. "And a study—you ought to have a study."

"I should prize one," said the Pastor patiently. "As it is, I must go on with what I have. You'll stay to supper, of course?" he added, putting his papers away.

"Thank you, we should like to."

It was now Donald's turn.

"In a study, with felt on the door and a *portière* over it, you'd be more at ease, Uncle John?"

"I should so, nephew Donald."

"You'd write a great theological work, maybe?"

"I could pursue my literary work with less interruption," allowed the poor man in his modest way.

"Then," said Donald, rising suddenly, "you must have your beard off!"

And he pointed dramatically at the thick, grizzled mass covering the lower part of the Pastor's face.

"Eh?" demanded John MacCullum. "What is the lad saying?"

"That you must have your beard off,"

Sir James informed him. "And a few new teeth in wouldn't hurt," he added.

The Pastor gazed from one to the other. "Are ye two joking?" he asked, with a touch of anger. "If so, ye've chosen a poor person to play your wit on."

"Uncle," said Donald, "we're not joking. We've come on a mission. By having your beard off and some new teeth in, you'll be helping me as well as yourself."

"I guessed you hadn't come all this long way up the hill without a pairpose," observed the Pastor ironically. "A MacCullum's boot-leather is precious."

"The boy is impetuous," said Sir James soothingly. "Let me explain. Some of your congregation, John, are not so young as they used to be, and can't hear so well——"

"No one has ever found fault with my enunciation in all my life," asserted the Pastor.

"'D'ye mean this, both of ye?' demanded the Pastor."

"Not to your face. And as time has gone on, John, and your teeth have dropped out and your beard has grown, your delivery——"

"It's your fancy! I give every accent its true value!" stormed the Pastor.

"Hear me," protested Sir James. "We are stating facts. People whose ears are not so sharp as they used to be may soon be going to where a younger man officiates—"

The Pastor turned a shade paler.

"—which is only natural, and so we, suspecting that dissatisfaction exists—"

"Ye've no certainty to go on!"

"—counsel you to take measures. How does the Latin tag go? A word is enough to a wise man!"

And Sir James sat back and took a pinch of snuff.

Involuntarily the Pastor caressed his abundant beard.

"The teeth will cost siller!"

"So will a new house," countered Donald. "A bare face is womanish, to my thinking."

"Ye can keep your whiskers all round your chin," Sir James suggested.

"I'll look like an ape then."

"They'll tolerate your appearance if they can hear your sermons, uncle," said Donald, not too kindly. He was wondering whether Maggie regarded *his* clean-shaven face as "womanish."

"D'ye mean this, both of ye?" demanded the Pastor, gazing from brother to nephew. "And"—as his gaze rested on the latter—"how can it help *you*, Donald? Tell me that."

"As you have said, brother John," quoth Sir James, "a MacCullum's boot-leather is precious. We two did not climb Highgate Hill just to run down it again!" And he told the Pastor of the Duchess, her infirmity, and the bond she had entered into.

From the playroom came blood-curdling whoops. The Clan MacCullum, divided into rival parties, was joined in mortal combat.

"So—so!" muttered the Pastor. And he relapsed into deep thought.

* * * * *

And six weeks later the manse at Highgate was desolate and forlorn, its well-trod garden a playground for cats and pieces of newspaper, while down in the vale where the heart of London lies, a young ear and throat specialist, in view of his steadily increasing business—especially among the Scottish nobility—was moving two landings lower to more commodious premises.

A RONDEL OF ROSES.

GLOIRE de Dijon roses,
Born of sun and rain,
June in her joy discloses
Year and year again.

Triumphantly they reign
While summer dreams and dozes,
Gloire de Dijon roses
Born of sun and rain.

Until the time of snows is,
They oft to bloom are fain,
When death-like earth reposes,
A gift to ease hearts' pain—
Gloire de Dijon roses.

C. M. PAINE.

THE BLACK BOAR OF LONESOME WATER

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "Hoof and Claw," "The Feet of the Furtive," "Neighbours Unknown," "Kings in Exile," "More Kindred of the Wild," etc.

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

THE population of Lonesome Water—some fourscore families in all—acknowledged one sole fly in the ointment of its self-satisfaction. Slowly, reluctantly, it had been brought to confess that the breed of its pigs was not the best on earth. They were small, wiry pigs, over-leisurely of growth, great feeders, yet hard to fatten; and in the end they brought but an inferior price in the far-off market town by the sea, to which their frozen, stiff-legged carcases were hauled on sleds over the winter's snow. It was decided by the village council that the breed must be severely improved.

They were a peculiar people, the dwellers about the remote and lovely shores of Lonesome Water. They were the descendants of a company of Welsh sectarians who, having invented a little creed of their own which was the sole repository of truth and righteousness, had emigrated to escape the contamination of their neighbours. They had come to Canada because Canada was not crowded; and they had chosen the lovely valley of Lonesome Water, not for its loveliness, but for its lonesomeness and its fertility, and for the fact that it was surrounded by tracts of barren land which might keep off the defilements of the world. Here they devoted themselves to farming and to the contemplation of their own superiority; and having a national appreciation of the value of a halfpenny, they prospered.

As may easily be understood, it was no small thing for the people of Lonesome Water to be forced, by the unanswerable logic of the market price, to acknowledge that their pigs were inferior to the pigs of the ungodly. Of course, there were many in the Settlement who refused flatly to believe that this could be so. Providence could not be so short-sighted as to permit it. But the majority faced the truth with solemn resolution. And Morgan Fluellyn, the hog-reeve of Lonesome Water, was sent to K-ville, to interview the secretary of the provincial agricultural society, and to purchase—if it could be done at a bargain—some pigs of a pedigree worthy the end in view.

In the eyes of Morgan Fluellyn—small, deep-set, choleric eyes—the town of K-ville, with its almost two thousand inhabitants, its busy picture show, its three pubs, its cheerful, friendly girls, who adorned their hats with lavish flowers and feathers, was a place upon which the fires of an outraged heaven might some day fall. He had no mind to be caught in K-ville at the moment of this merited catastrophe. He lost no time in putting through his business.

When he found the secretary, and learned the price of pedigree pigs, his indignation nearly choked him. With righteous sternness he denounced the secretary, the society, and the Government, and stalked from the office. But an hour in the air brought him to a clearer understanding, and his ambitions on behalf of his community revived. Lonesome Water had the truth. She had a monopoly of the virtues. She should also have pigs that would command these outrageous prices. Why should the ungodly triumph?

And they did not—at least, not altogether. Morgan Fluellyn was allowed to achieve a

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bargain. The mollified secretary consented to sell him, at a reduced figure, a big black Berkshire boar, of unimpeachable breeding, but small success in the show-pen, and in temper not to be relied on. The great boar had a steel ring through his snout, and Fluellyn set out with him proudly. Fluellyn was delighted with his prize, but it appeared that his prize was not equally delighted with Fluellyn. In fact, the great grunting beast was surly and cantankerous from the first. He would look at his purchaser with a malign cunning in his eyes, and sometimes make a slash at his leg with gnashing jaws. But Fluellyn was by no means lacking in the valour and pugnacity of his race, and his patience was of the shortest. By means of that rope through his captive's snout, he had an advantage which he knew how to make the most of. The fringe of fiery whisker, which haloed his red, clean-shaven cheeks and chin like a ruff, fairly curled with wrath at the beast's presumption, and he administered such discipline with his cudgel as he felt sure would not soon be forgotten.

After this, for mile upon mile of the lonely backwoods trail, there was peace, and even an apparent unanimity of purpose, between Fluellyn and his sullenly grunting charge. But the great black boar was not really subdued. He was merely biding his time. And because he bided it cunningly, his time came.

The trail was bad, the going hard, for there was no unnecessary travel either way between Lonesome Water and her neighbour settlements. Fluellyn was tired. It was getting along in the afternoon. He sat down on a log which lay invitingly by the side of the trail. From the bag of feed which he carried on his back, he poured out a goodly allowance for the black boar, being not unwilling to keep the brute amiable. Then he seated himself on the log, in the caressing spring sunshine, and pulled out his pipe. For Fluellyn smoked. It was his one concession to human weakness, and it had almost lost him his election as hog-reeve. Nevertheless, he smoked. The air was bland, and he, too, became almost bland. His choleric eyes grew visionary. He forgot to distrust the black boar.

The perfidious beast devoured its feed with noisy enthusiasm, at the same time watching Fluellyn out of the corner of its wicked little eye. When the feed was finished, it flashed about without a ghost of a warning and charged full upon Fluellyn.

Behind the log on which Fluellyn sat the ground fell away almost perpendicularly, perhaps twelve or fifteen feet, to the edge of a foaming brown-trout brook fringed with alders. As the boar charged, Fluellyn sprang to his feet. At the same time he tried to spring backwards. His heels failed to clear the log; and in this his luck was with him, for the boar this time meant murder. He plunged headlong, with a yell of indignation, over the steep. And the animal, checking itself at the brink, glared down upon him savagely, gnashing its tusks.

Fluellyn was quite seriously damaged by his fall. His head and forehead were badly cut, so that his face was bathed in blood and dirt, through which his eyes glared upward no less fiercely than those of his adversary. His left arm was broken and stabbing at him with keen anguish, but he was too enraged to notice his hurts, and if it had been suggested to him that his fall had saved his life, he would have blown up with fury. He flew at the face of the steep like a wild-cat, struggling to scramble up it and get at the foe. But in this purpose, luckily for him, he was foiled by his broken arm. The boar, too, though eager to follow up his triumph, durst not venture the descent.

For some minutes, therefore, the antagonists faced each other, the boar leaning over as far as he could, with vicious squeals and grunts and slaverings and gnashings, while the indomitable Fluellyn, with language which he had never guessed himself capable of, and which would have caused his instant expulsion from Lonesome Water, defied and reviled him, and strove to claw up to him. At last the boar, who, being the victor, could best afford it, grew tired of the game. Tossing his armed snout in the air, he drew back from the brink and trotted off into the fir-woods on the other side of the trail. Delighted with his first taste of freedom, he kept on for some miles without a halt, till at last he came to a pond full of lily leaves, with soft black mud about its edges. Here he lay down and wallowed till his wrath cooled. Then he stretched himself in the grass and went to sleep.

As for Fluellyn, his wrath had no excuse for cooling, but the anguish of his hurts at last diverted his attention from it, more or less. He stumbled on down the stream till he reached a spot where he could get up the bank. By this time he was feeling faint, and his angry eyes were half blinded with the blood which he kept wiping from them with his

sleeve. Nevertheless, he returned to the scene of his overthrow, and from that point, without a thought of prudence, took up the trail of the boar through the fir thickets. But he was no expert in woodcraft at the best of times, and the trail soon eluded him. Forced at last to confess himself worsted for the moment, he made his way back to the log, snatched up the bag of feed, that his enemy might not return and enjoy it, and with dogged resolution set his face once more toward Lonesome Water.

When he arrived there, he was babbling in a fever. His appearance was a scandal, and his language cleared the village street. There were many who held that he had gone astray under the wicked influence of K-ville—which was no more than they had always said would happen to a man who smoked tobacco. But the majority were for not condemning him when he was unable to defend himself. For three weeks he lay helpless. And by the time he was well enough to tell his story, which was convincing to all but the sternest of his censors, the black boar had wandered so far into the wilderness that he was safe from pursuit. There were no woodsmen in Lonesome Water cunning enough to follow up his obscure and devious trail.

II.

In spite of the allurements of the lily pool, the black boar forsook it after a couple of blissful days' wallowing. The *wanderlust*, choked back for generations, had awakened in his veins. He pushed on, not caring in what direction, for perhaps a fortnight. Though food was everywhere abundant, he had always to work for it, so he grew lean and hard and swift. The memory of a thousand years of servitude slipped from him, as it were, in a night, and at the touch of the wilderness many of the instincts and aptitudes of a wild thing sprang up in him. Only the instinct of concealment, of stealth, was lacking to this new equipment of his. He feared nothing, and he hunted nothing more elusive than lily-roots ; so he took no care to disguise his movements.

At first, because of the noise he made, the forest seemed to him to be empty of all living things but birds. Then one day, as he lay basking in the sun, he saw a wild-cat pounce upon a rabbit. At first he stared curiously. But when he saw the wild-cat feasting on her prey, he decided that he wanted the banquet for himself. As he burst through the bushes, the great cat stared for an instant in utter amazement, never having seen or dreamed of such an apparition. Then, her eyes like moons, her six-inch bob-tail fluffed to a bottle-brush, and every hair stiffly on end, she bounced into the nearest tree. There in a crotch she crouched, spitting and yowling, while her enemy tranquilly devoured the rabbit. The tit-bit was not altogether to his taste, but he chose to eat it rather than let the great cat have it. And, after all, it was something of a change from roots and fungi.

Having thus discovered that rabbits were more or less edible, the black boar thenceforward chased them whenever they crossed his path. He never came anywhere near the catching of them, but, in spite of that, he was not discouraged. Some day, perhaps, he would meet a rabbit that could not run so fast as the others.

Fond as the boar was of wallowing in the cool mud of the lily ponds, he was, in reality, a stickler for personal cleanliness. When the mud was dry, he would roll in the moss, and scratch himself till it was all rubbed off, leaving his black bristles in perfect condition. His habits were as dainty as a cat's, and his bed of dead leaves, in the heart of some dense thicket, was always kept dry and fastidiously clean.

One day, as he lay asleep in one of these shadowy lairs, a bear came by, moving noiselessly in the hope of surprising a rabbit or a brooding partridge. A breath of air brought to the great prowler's nostrils a scent which seemed to him strongly out of place there in the depths of the forest. He stopped, lifted his muzzle, and sniffed critically. Yes, that smell was unquestionably pig. Once he had captured a fat young pig on the outskirts of a settler's farm, and his jaws watered at the delicious remembrance.

Crouching low, he crept up toward the thicket, led by his discriminating nose. His huge paws made no more sound than the gliding of a shadow. Peering in through the tangle of twigs and leafage, he was able to make out some black creature asleep. He paused suspiciously. The pig of his remembrance was white and much smaller than the animal he saw before him. Still, his nose assured him that this was pig all right. His appetite hushed his prudence, and, crashing into the thicket, he hurled himself upon the slumbering form.

And then a strange thing—a most disconcerting thing—happened to him. That slumbering form heaved up beneath him,

grunting, and shot out between his hind legs with a violence which pitched him forward on his nose. Before he could recover himself, it wheeled about, looking many times larger than he had imagined it to be, and charged upon him with an ear-splitting squeal of rage. The shock bowled him clean over, so that he rolled out of the thicket, and at the same time he got a tearing slash down his flank. Startled quite out of his customary pugnacious courage, he bawled like a yearling cub, scrambled to his feet, and took to flight ignominiously. But the unknown fury behind him could run as fast as he, and it clung to his heels, squealing horribly and rooting at his rump with murderous tusks. In a panic he clawed his way up the nearest tree.

Finding himself no longer pursued, he turned and stared down from among the branches. He saw that his victorious adversary was indeed a pig, but such a pig! He felt himself most treacherously ill-used—betrayed, in fact. It was out of all fitness that a pig should be so big, so black, and so abrupt in manners. Had he dared to put the matter again to the test, he might have avenged his defeat, for he was much the heavier of the two, and immeasurably the better armed for battle. But he had no stomach to face that squealing fury again. He crawled on up to a convenient crotch, and lay there licking his scars and whimpering softly to himself, his appetite for pork entirely spoiled.

The boar, after ramping about beneath the tree for a matter of perhaps a half hour, at last trotted off in disgust, confirmed in his arrogance. This easy victory over so large and formidable a foe convinced him, had he needed any convincing, that he was lord of the wilderness. Had he chanced, about that time, to meet another bear, of sturdier resolution than the first, he would have had a rude disillusionment.

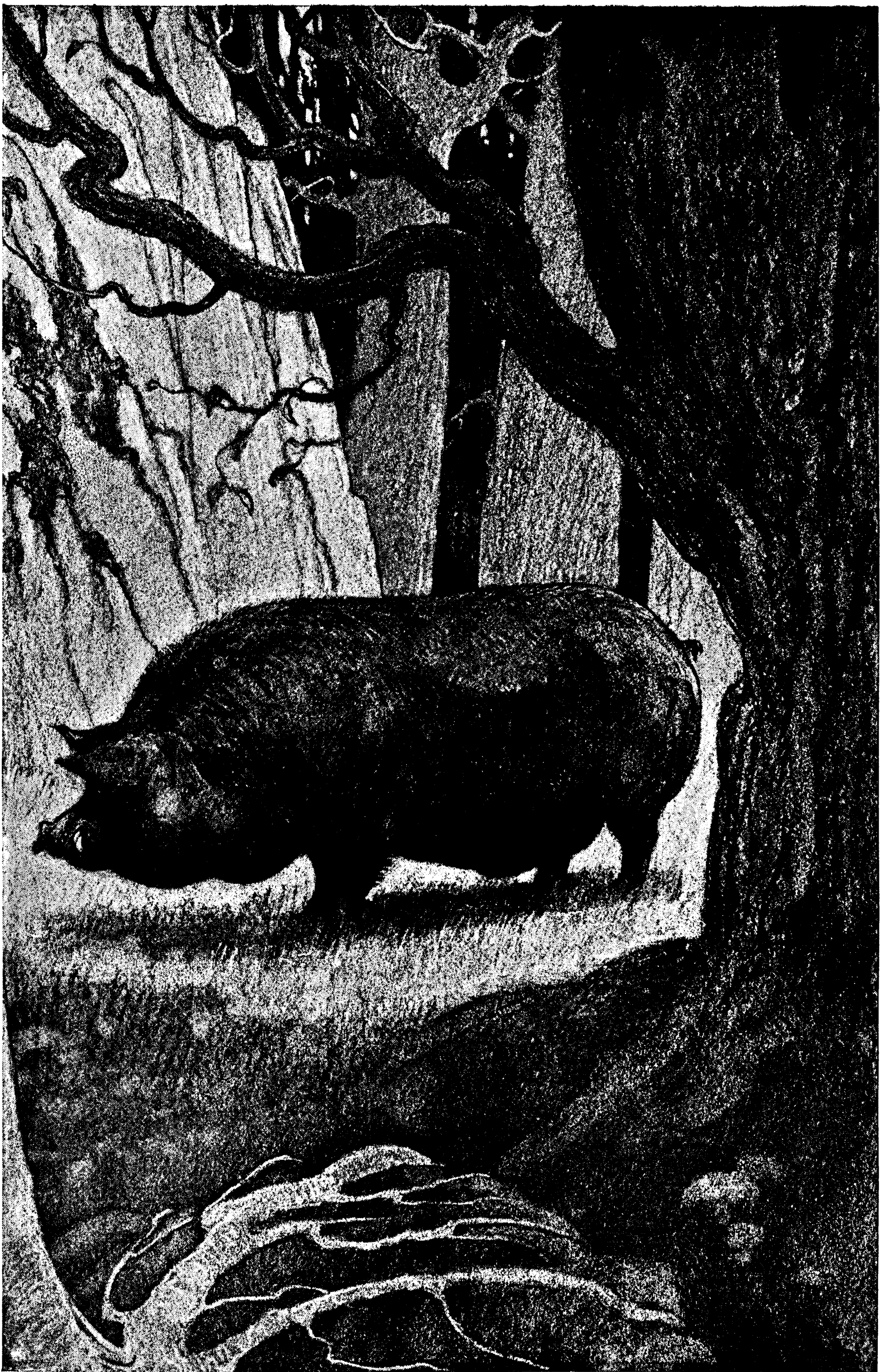
As it was, however, no later than the following day he had an adventure which jarred his complacence. It taught him not exactly prudence, but, at least, a certain measure of circumspection, which was afterwards to profit him. It was just on the edge of evening, when the wilderness world was growing vague with violet shadows, and new, delicate scents were breathing from leaf and bush at the touch of the dew, that the confident wanderer caught sight of a little black-and-white striped animal. It was hardly as large as a rabbit. It was not the colour of a rabbit. It had by no means the watchful, timorous air of a rabbit. As a matter of fact, it was a skunk; but his far-off ancestors had neglected to hand down to him any informatory instinct about skunks. He jumped to the conclusion that it was a rabbit, all the same—perhaps the fat, slow rabbit which he had been hoping to come across. He hurled himself upon it with his utmost dash, determined that this time the elusive little beast should not escape him.

And it didn't. In fact, it hardly tried to. When he was within a few feet of it, it jerked its long tail into the air, and at the same time something dreadful and incomprehensible struck him in the face. It struck him in the eyes, the nose, the mouth, all at the same time. It scalded him, it blinded him, it suffocated him, it sickened him. He tried to stop himself, but he was too late. His impetus carried him on so that he trod down and killed the little animal without being aware of it.

In fact, he paid no attention whatever to his victory. All he cared about, for the moment, was breath. His outraged lungs had shut up tight to keep out the intolerable invader. At last they opened, with a hoarse gasp of protest at being forced to. Having regained his breath, such as it was, he wanted to see. But his eyes were closed with a burning, clinging, oily stuff, which also clung foully in his nostrils and in his mouth. He strove clumsily to rub them clear with his fore-hooves, and, failing in this, he flung himself on his back with head outstretched, and rolled frantically in the moss. Achieving thus a measure of vision out of one inflamed and blurred eye, he caught sight of a marshy pool gleaming through the trees. Gasping, coughing, blundering into tree and bush as he went, he rushed to the water's edge and plunged his outraged features as deep as he could into the cool slime. There he rooted and champed and wallowed till the torment grew less intolerable to all his senses, and his lungs once more performed their office without a spasm.

But still that deadly taint clung nauseatingly to his nostrils and his palate; and at last, quite beside himself with the torment, he emerged from the water and started on a mad gallop through the woods, trying to run away from it. He ran till he sank exhausted and fell into a heavy sleep. When he woke up, there was the smell with him, and for days he could scarcely eat for the loathing of it.

Gradually, however, the clean air and the deodorising forest scents made him once more



"The black boar had wandered so far into the wilderness that he was safe from pursuit."

tolerable to himself. But the lesson was not forgotten. When, one bright and wind-swept morning, he came face to face with a young porcupine, he stopped politely. The porcupine also stopped and slowly erected its quills till its size was almost doubled. The boar was much surprised. This sudden enlargement, indeed, was so incomprehensible that it angered him. The strange absence of fear in the nonchalant little creature also angered him. He was inclined to rush upon it at once and chew it up. But the fact that its colour was more or less black-and-white gave him a painful reminder of his late experience. Perhaps this was another of those slow rabbits! He checked himself and sniffed suspiciously. The stranger, with a little grumbling squeak, came straight at him—not swiftly, or, indeed, angrily, but with a confident deliberation that was most upsetting. The boar was big enough to have stamped the porcupine's life out with one stroke of his hoof. But instead of standing up to his tiny challenger, he turned tail and bolted off squealing through the undergrowth as if nothing less than a troop of lions were after him.

III.

THE course of the black boar's wanderings brought him out at last upon the desolate northern shores of Lonesome Water. At night he could sometimes see, miles away across the lake, a gleam of the discreet lights of the Settlement—perhaps, indeed, from the windows of Morgan Fluellyn himself, whose cottage was close down on the waterside. This northern shore, being mostly swamp and barren, was entirely ignored by the dwellers in Lonesome Water Settlement, who were satisfied with their own fertile fields, and not of an inquiring temperament. But it offered the black boar just the retreat he was now in search of. Tired of wandering, he found himself a lair in a dense and well-drained thicket near the bank of a lilied stream which here wound slowly through reeds and willows to the lake.

Here, with food abundant, and never skunk or smell of skunk to challenge his content, he wallowed and rooted the gold-and-green summer away and found life good. He was not troubled by forebodings of the winter, because he had never known anything of winter beyond the warmth of a well-provided pen.

One dreamy and windless afternoon in late September, when a delicate bluish haze lay over the yellowing landscape, a birch canoe was pushed in among the reeds, and a woodsman in grey homespun stepped ashore. He was gaunt and rugged of feature, with quiet, keen, humorous eyes, and he moved in his soft hide "larrigans" as lightly as a cat. He knew of a little ice-cold spring in this neighbourhood not far from the river bank, and he never passed the spot without stopping to drink deep at its preternaturally crystal flow.

He had not gone more than fifty yards up the shore when his eye was caught by a most unusual trail. He stopped to examine it. As he did so, a sudden crash in the bushes made him turn his head sharply. A massive black shape, unlike anything he had ever seen before, was charging down upon him. Whatever it was—and he remembered a picture he had once seen of a wild boar charging a party of hunters—he knew it meant mischief of the worst kind. And he had left his gun in the canoe. Under the circumstances, he was not too proud to run. He ran well, which was lucky for him. As he swung up his long legs into the branches, the black boar reared himself against the trunk, gnashing his tusks and squealing furiously. The man, from his safe perch, looked down upon him thoughtfully for perhaps a whole minute.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he ejaculated at last, getting out his pipe and slowly filling it. "Ef t'aint Fluellyn's pig! To think Jo Peddler 'ld ever have to run from a pig!"

For perhaps a half hour Peddler sat there and smoked contentedly enough, with the patience which the wilderness teaches to all its children. He expected his gaoler to go away and let him make a dash for the canoe. But presently he concluded that the boar had no intention of going away. If so, it was time to do something if he wanted to get across the lake before dark.

He cleaned the ashes out of his pipe and saved them carefully. Then he refilled the pipe very loosely and smoked it violently half through, which yielded him another collection of pungent ash. He repeated the process several times, till he judged he had enough of the mixture—ash and dry, powdered tobacco. Then, grinning, he let himself down till he was barely out of reach, and began to tease and taunt his gaoler till the surly beast was beside itself with rage, snorting and squealing and rearing itself against the trunk in its efforts to get at him. At length, with infinite pains and precision, he sifted the biting mixture into his adversary's eyes and wide, snorting nostrils.

By great good luck he managed to hit the mark exactly. How he wished the stuff had been pepper!

At the result he nearly fell out of the tree with ecstasy. The boar's squeal was cut short by a paroxysm of choking and coughing. The great animal nearly fell over backwards. Then, remembering his ancient experience with the skunk, he rushed blindly for the water, his eyes, for the most part, screwed up tight, so that he crashed straight through everything that stood in his path. Peddler dropped from his refuge and ran for his canoe, laughing delightedly as he ran. What little grudge he owed the animal for his temporary imprisonment, he felt to have been amply repaid, and he was glad he had not yielded to his first impulse and emptied the hot coals from his pipe into its nostrils.

"I'll be givin' yer compliments to Fluellyn," he shouted, as he paddled away, "an' likely he'll be over to call on ye afore long!"

IV.

Jo Peddler had small love for the peculiar community of Lonesome Water. He never visited it except under the necessity of buying supplies for his camp. He used to swear that its very molasses was sour, that its tea was so self-righteous that it puckered his mouth. He never slept under one of its roofs, choosing, rather, to pitch his tent in the patch of dishevelled common on the outskirts of the village.

On the morning after his interview with the black boar, he was making his purchases at the village grocery—a "general" shop which sold also hardware, dry goods, and patent medicines, and gave a sort of disapproving harbourage to the worldly post-office—when Morgan Fluellyn dropped in, nodded non-committally, and sat down on a keg of nails. To Peddler the bad-tempered little Welshman was less obnoxious than most of his fellow-villagers, both because he was so far human as to smoke tobacco, and because his reputation and self-satisfaction had been damaged by the episode of the pedigree boar. There was little tenderness toward damaged goods, or anything else, in Lonesome Water, so the woodsman felt almost friendly toward Fluellyn.

"What'll ye be givin' me," he inquired, proffering his plug of choice tobacco, "ef I git yer pig back fer ye?"

Fluellyn so far forgot himself as to spring eagerly to his feet. His fringe of red whisker fairly curled forward to meet Peddler's suggestion. If he could restore the precious animal to the community, his prestige would be re-established. Moreover, his own sore shaken self-esteem would lift its head and flourish once again.

"I'd pay ye right well, Jo Peddler," he declared, forgetting his native prudence in a bargain. "Can ye do it, man?"

"I can that," replied Peddler. And the storekeeper, with a half-filled kerosene tin in his hand, came forward to listen.

"I'm a poor man," went on Fluellyn, recollecting himself with a jerk and sitting down again on the nail keg. "I'm a poor man, as Mr. Perley here'll tell ye, an I've already had to pay for the pig out o' my own pocket. An' it's cost me a fearful sum for the doctor. But I've said I want the pig back, and I'd pay ye well. An' I won't go back on my word. What'll ye take now?"

"I know ye've been playing in hard luck, Fluellyn," said the woodsman genially, "an' I ain't a-drivin' no bargain. I know what that there pig cost ye down to K-ville. But he ain't no manner o' use to me. He ain't what ye'd call a household pet, as ye'll agree. I'll find him and ketch him an' deliver him to ye, sound in wind an' limb, down here at the landin', if ye'll promise to pay me four pound fer my trouble when the job's rightly done. An' Mr. Perley here's my witness."

Fluellyn drew a sigh of relief. He thought the woodsman a fool to be so moderate, but he was not without an inkling of the truth that this moderation was due to generosity and kindness rather than to folly. To his amazement, he felt a prompting to be generous himself.

"Tell ye what I'll do," said he, springing up again and grasping Pedler's hand. "If ye'll take me along an' let me help ye fix him, I'll make it five pound instead o' four. He done me bad, an' I'd like to git square."

"All right," said Peddler, with an understanding grin.

On the following morning Peddler and Fluellyn set out for the north shore of the lake. They went in a roomy row-boat, and they carried with them an assortment of ropes and straps. They started very early, just on the edge of dawn; for even here, in Lonesome Water, were to be found certain spirits so imperfectly regenerate as to be not above curiosity, not above a worldly itching to see the outcome of the venture; and Peddler would have no marplots about to risk the upsetting of his plans.

When they set out, the unruffled surface of the lake lay gleaming in vast, irregular breadths and patches of polished steel-grey and ethereal ice-blue and miraculous violet-silver, so beautiful that Peddler almost shrank from breaking the charmed stillness with his oars, and even Fluellyn felt strange stirrings within him of a long-atrophied sense of beauty. The village of Lonesome Water slumbered heavily, with windows and hearts alike close shut.

The sun was high in the hot blue when the boat, with stealthy oars, crept in among the reeds and made a noiseless landing.

"If ye stir a foot outside the boat till I call to ye, Fluellyn, the bargain's off, an' ye kin ketch the pig yerself," admonished Peddler in a whisper, as he stole up the shore with a coil of ropes over his left arm and a steel-shod canoe-pole in his right hand.

He kept a wary eye on the thicket which he judged to be the black boar's lair, until he was close to the foot of the tree in which he had previously taken refuge. Then he coughed loudly, announcing his presence. But there was no response from the thicket.

"Come out o' that, ye black divil, an' I'll truss ye up like a bale o' hay!" he shouted.

As if this inducement was something quite irresistible, came a sudden crashing, not in the thicket he was watching, but in the bushes directly behind him, not a dozen paces away. Without stopping to look round, he dropped his pole and jumped for the tree.

"Bad luck to ye," he growled, as he gained his perch just in time, "taking a feller by surprise that way!"

As the beast squealed and ramped below, Peddler leaned down from his perch and flicked it smartly with one of his lengths of rope, till it was jumping up and down and almost bursting with rage. Then, securing the rope to a stout branch, he made a slip-knot in the end of it and tried to throw it over the boar's foreleg. After half a dozen failures, he made a lucky cast and instantly drew the noose tight.

Instead of being daunted at this, the boar again rushed furiously at the tree, rearing himself against it in a repetition of his former tactics. This gave Peddler just the chance he wanted.

"That's where ye've made the mistake, now," said he sympathetically, and dropped another noose well over the beast's snout, beyond the tusks. As he drew it tight, he took up the slack of both ropes in a deft hitch over the branch; and the boar found itself strung up against the trunk, dancing frantically on its hind legs, and no longer able even to squeal effectively.

"Maybe ye'll be a mite more civil now," mocked Peddler, and dropped lightly from his branch to the ground.

In half a minute he had whipped the frantic boar's two front legs together, also its two hind legs, run a sliding rope from the one pair to the other, and muzzled the formidable jaws more securely with a leather skate-strap. Then he freed the ropes from above and lowered his prisoner carefully to the ground, where it struggled madly till he drew its fore legs and hind legs close together by means of the sliding rope. Thus trussed up, it seemed at last to realise its defeat, and lay still upon its side, breathing heavily, which, indeed, was about the only form of activity left to it. Peddler stood off and surveyed his captive benignantly as he filled his pipe. "Fluellyn," he called, "ye kin come now an' have a talk with yer pig!"

With a bound, Fluellyn came up the bank, burning to avenge his humiliations, his cheeks glowing in their halo of crisp red whisker. But at sight of the great boar lying trussed up so ignobly his face fell.

"Why didn't ye let me have a hand in the job?" he demanded resentfully.

"Sorry," said Peddler, "but it couldn't be done nohow. Ye'd hev spiled the whole game, an' like as not got yer gizzard ripped. Now ye've got him, I allow ye hain't got nawthin' to grumble at." And he waited curiously to see what the little Welshman would do to relieve his feelings.

But Fluellyn, with all his faults, was not the man to kick a fallen foe. For some moments he eyed the helpless black monster with so sinister a gaze that Peddler thought he was devising some cruel vengeance, and made ready to interfere, if necessary. But all Fluellyn did, in the end, was to go over and seat himself comfortably on the great beast's panting flank and proceed to fill his pipe.

"It's goin' to be a hefty job a-gittin' him into the boat," said he at length, sternly repressing the note of exultation that *would* creep into his voice.

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

By DORNFORD YATES

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst

HE front door banged. Followed quick steps on the steep, uncarpeted stairs and a knock on the studio's door.

"Come in," said I.

The door opened, and a girl in a lilac dress swept into the room.

"I'm afraid I'm awfully la—— O-o-oh!" she said.

"If it isn't her!" said I.

For a moment we stood looking at one another with big eyes. Then—

"Where's Mr. Larel?" she demanded.

"He'll be here in a moment. Won't you sit down? He and I are old friends."

She smiled.

"I know," she said. "He's told me——"

"The devil he has!" said I.

A little peal of laughter.

"As I feared," said I. "My dear, you've been misled. Yes. That over there is a chair. It cost three-and-ninepence in the King's Road. Local colour, you know. He's putting it in his new picture, 'Luxury.'"

Still smiling, she took her seat. Then—

"He said you were awful," she said.

Till a fortnight ago, I had not seen George Larel for quite five years. Not since we had been at Oxford together. When he went down, he left England, to study, I understood. He always drew rather well. Then one spring morning I struck him in Piccadilly, by the railings of the Green Park. He was standing still, a large blue air-ball in his hand, steadfastly regarding the Porters' Rest. Our greeting was characteristic.

"Well, George," said I.

He looked round.

"Hullo, old chap!" He pointed to the Rest. "Rather nice, that. Pity there aren't more. Why didn't they keep the Pike at Hyde Park Corner?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I begged them to," said I. "But you know what they are."

George looked at me critically. Then—

"That's a good hat," he said. "I'd like to paint you just as you are." He stepped back and half closed his eyes. "Yes, that'll do. When can you come? I always said I would, you know," he added.

"You're very good, George. Come to th Club and——"

He shook his head.

"We'll talk when you come. I've got to go to Richmond now." He pointed to the air-ball. "There was a child there yesterday, playing in the Park, with eyes—I've only seen their like once before. That was in Oporto." He sighed. "Will you come to-morrow at eleven? Cheyne Row. I forget the number, but it's got a green door."

"I'd love to."

He hailed a taxi.

"That's right, then." He turned to the driver. "Go to Richmond," he said, opening the door.

As it moved, he put his head out of the window.

"Mind you wear that hat, old boy."

The next morning I had my first sitting. It was a great success. There was much to say, and we talked furiously for three hours. And all the time I sat still upon the throne, and George painted. About his work he said little, but I gathered that he had begun to do well. He mentioned that he had had two or three commissions.

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"I'm on that now," he said carelessly, during one of my rests.

He was pointing to a canvas which leaned, face inwards, against the wall. I walked across the studio and turned it round. A girl's picture. A girl in a feathered hat and a lilac frock, long white gloves wrinkling away up to her elbows. Sitting there so naturally he was painting her, the fall of her frock very graceful, very simple the pose of her little hands. The face was most of all unfinished.

"You've got those gloves well," said I. "And I like the clothes. She looks rather priceless, as far as one can tell without seeing the face."

George laughed.

"She's all right," he said.

At the end of my second sitting, George picked up a knife and began deliberately to scrape out all the work he had done that morning. I watched him, petrified with horror.

"Sorry, old chap," he said, smiling.

"Stop!" I cried. "I like that curve of the nostril. It denotes the force of character which has made me what I am."

George went on ruthlessly.

"I want it to be good of you," he said simply.

Half-way through my third sitting, George gave a cry and flung off his coat.

"What's the matter?" said I. "Something biting——"

"Talk, man," he said, seizing his palette. "Just talk. Don't mind how I answer. I'm going to paint. By Jove, how I'm going to paint!"

Clearly the fit was upon him. These artists.

Not daring to disobey, I talked and talked. Heaven knows what I said. After an hour my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, but I talked on. And all the time George alternately bent his brows upon me and flung himself at the canvas, uttering strange smothered cries and oaths, but painting, painting . . . At a quarter past two he laid down his palette and cried to me to descend. Stiffly I did so.

For a long moment I looked at the portrait. Then I turned to George and clapped him on the back.

"I think you're going to make a name," said I.

"That's right," he said. "And now give me a cigarette."

Before we went to lunch, he showed me the picture of the girl. It was almost finished. Such a fine, brave face. Not a bit pretty — just beautiful. Dark hair showing under the rake of the hat, steady brown eyes, the mouth exquisite. . .

That was three days ago. And now—pleasingly I regarded the original.

"May I offer you a cigarette?" I said.

When I had lighted it for her—

"To-day is Thursday, isn't it?" she said.

"That's just what I was going to say."

"Yes, I'm sure it is, because last night brother left——"

"The light on in the kitchen garden, with the result that this morning all the cocks were two hours fast. I know. But of course it is. Hasn't Thursday always been my lucky day?"

She blew out a little cloud of smoke and smiled at it. Then—

"I don't know you at all, you know," she said gravely. "And Aunt Prudence always used to say——"

"I know. 'Beware of pickpockets. No smoking.' They quote her in the lifts on the Tube. But then I'm not a pickpocket, and you are smoking. Besides, your picture knows mine very well. They've seen quite a lot of each other lately."

"Yes, but——"

"And then you know my picture a little, and I know yours by heart."

"You're quick to learn."

"Perhaps. But I do. I know every eyelash, long as they are. I believe I could say them. But then I was always good at poetry." This with a bow.

She rose and made me the daintiest curtsey.

"Would have been better," she said, resuming her seat in the depths of "Luxury." "But the skirts of to-day don't help."

"And my bow would have been deeper; but the braces I bought yesterday afternoon——"

"That'll do," she said, laughing. "Seriously, where is Mr. Larel, and why are you here?"

"George is probably scouring Battersea for a child he saw there last autumn, with ears such as he has never beheld outside Khartoum. I am here, as you are, in the interest of Posterity."

"Did he tell you Thursday, too?"

"Certainly. I remember it perfectly. We were standing in St. James's Square, near where I get my shirts. Nobody recognised us. George had a cigar in his mouth, and his exact words were, 'Wottabow Hursday?' I had some of the wood pavement in my

eye, and my exact words were therefore excusable."

"And now he's forgotten us both."

"On the contrary, he's probably remembered."

"And is consequently afraid to come himself?"

"Exactly. Well, we couldn't very well overlook the insult, could we?"

"It might be wiped out in paint."

I shook my head. Then—

"French polish might do," I said. "But then he hasn't got any of that. However. To tell you the truth, I don't know that I'm very angry with him. I shall pretend to be, of course. But now that from admiring the imitation I find myself face to face with the real thing, I——"

"And the rest. I like these cigarettes rather."

"Dear sir or madam," said I, "what is it about our cigarettes that so appeals to your palate?"

She laughed.

"I don't know anything about cigarettes really, but these seem so fresh."

"My dear," said I, "you could have said nothing more calculated to warm the cockles of my heart. You are a connoisseuse (very good indeed). These cigarettes are actually straight from the stable—I mean the Ottoman Empire. I shall send you a box this afternoon by Carter Paterson."

"You're very kind; but tell me, why is their paper brown?"

"Berry says it's swank. But then he would. As a matter of fact, it's maize. I like it myself; it's so nourishing. Besides, it goes so well with a blue suit. Talking of which, with a lilac dress and dark hair it's absolutely it."

She stretched out a shapely arm, reflectively smoothing the wrinkled glove.

"White ones would match my gloves, though."

"They would. And the whites of your eggs—I mean eyes. I know. Oh, and your soft throat. But—"

"He said you were awful."

"—you see, my dear, we live in an age of contrast. Women no longer play for safety in dress. They have begun to dare. And contrasts show imagination. Sometimes they're actually striking."

"While matches have to be struck."

"Like bargains. Exactly. They're passive, while contrasts are active. We're rather clever this morning, aren't you?"

"It's the coming of summer in my case. I was in the Row at half-past seven this morning, and the air——"

"I know. It was like hock-cup out of a stone jar, while the others are on the bank looking for a place to tie the punt up. I noticed it, too. I was in the bathroom—"

"Lazy."

"—taking off my riding boots. You see, you don't give me time."

"I don't believe you."

"Hush! I feel that my tie is not straight. This must be rectified. Is there a mirror in the room? No, there is not a mirror in the room. The room is mirrorless. Very well, then. Either I must use the patent-leather of your little shoes, or perhaps you will lend me one of your large eyes. Of the two, I'd rather have the eye. There's more room."

"Sorry the line's engaged. Shall I call you?"

"If you please. My pet name is Birdie, short for Bolingbroke. Meanwhile, may I have a nail? Only one little nail?"

"You'll have a whole palm in a minute."

"Which will be quite in order. I have frequently borne the palm."

"How many biscuits have you taken?"

"Seven, and two buns. My sister's awfully proud of them. But about this tie."

"You shouldn't wear made-up ties," she said severely.

I sat up and looked at her. Mischievously she regarded the ceiling. Presently—

"Note the awful silence," I said.

"And dickeys are going out, too."

"Look here," said I, "I shall undress in a minute. Just to show you. These are matters touching the reputation."

With that I gravely untied my tie.

To my indignation she clapped her small hands with delight and gave way to quiet laughter. I nodded solemnly.

"Very good," I said. "Now I shall simply have to have an eye. No mere nail will suffice."

"You will have nothing of the kind."

I rose and walked to the window in some dudgeon. After considerable focussing, I managed to locate the environs of my collar in a dusty pane. While the work of reconstruction was proceeding—

"Once upon a time," said I, "there was a queen. She was very beautiful, from the crown of her little head, which the dark hair kept always, to the soles of her shining feet. And people loved to look at her and hear the music of her laughing. Only

it was no good going on Thursday, because that was early closing day in her realm, and she and The Mint and The Dogs' Cemetery and all the other places of interest were closed. You weren't allowed to see the crown jewels, which she wore in her eyes..."

Outside, a taxi slowed down and stopped. Cautiously I peered out of the window. George.

I turned to the girl.

"Here he is," I said.

As I spoke, an idea came to me. Hurriedly I glanced round the studio. Then—

"Quick," I said, pointing to a little recess which was curtained off. "You go in there. We'll punish him."

A smile, and she whipped behind the curtain.

"Are you all right?" I whispered.

"Yes."

"Put your hand out a second. Quick, lass." I spoke excitedly.

"What for?" she said, thrusting it between the curtains.

"Homage," said I, kissing the slight fingers.

The next moment George burst into the room.

"Thank Heaven," he said, as soon as he saw me.

"What d'you mean?" I said stiffly.

"I'm so thankful," he said, with a sigh of relief. "I knew it was you. I was a fool to worry. But, you know, I suddenly got an idea that I'd fixed Thursday for Margery Cicester."

"That would have been awful," I said bitterly.

"Yes," said George. "It would, wouldn't it?"

I could have sworn I heard smothered laughter in the recess.

"But, George," I said, "how did you know I liked waiting?"

George laughed and clapped me on the back.

"I forgot," he said. "I'm so sorry, old man. But, you see——"

"One hour and ten minutes," said I, looking at my watch.

George took off his coat and began to draw a blind over the skylight.

"I was very late last night," he said.

I gasped.

"D'you mean to say you've only just got up?" I roared.

"Oh, I've had breakfast."

I picked up my hat and turned to the door.

"Where are you going?" said George.

"There are limits," I said over my shoulder. "If it had been Miss Cicester, you would have crawled about the room, muttering abject apologies and asking her to kick you. But as it's me——"

"No, I shouldn't. I should have said that my housekeeper had been taken ill suddenly, or——"

"Go on," said I.

This was better.

"Or that the Tube had stuck, or something."

"Why not tell her the truth and fling yourself——"

"You know what women are."

"George, you surprise me. Would you deceive an innocent girl?"

"Women are so narrow-minded. They can't understand... Nice kid, though, this."

This was splendid.

"You mean Margery—er—What's-her-name?"

"Yes. She's taken rather a fancy to you—your picture, I mean."

I laughed deprecatingly. Then—

"What's she like?" I said carelessly. "To look at, I mean."

"Like!" roared George. "What d'you mean?"

"Like," I replied coolly. "You know. Similar to."

"Well, she's like that, you fool," said George heatedly, pointing to the picture.

"Ah, of course. Is she really?"

"Look here," said George, "if you can't——"

"Wait a bit," said I. "When was she due here? I mean to say, supposing you had fixed to-day for her to come?"

"Eleven o'clock. Why?"

"There now," I said musingly. "It must have been just about then."

George seized me by the arm.

"Has she been and gone?" he cried.

"Well, I don't know. But about an hour ago a girl did come here. Now I come to think, she was something like the picture. I thought she was a model, and——"

George flung up his hands with a cry. I stopped and looked at him.

"Go on," he said excitedly. "What did she say?"

"Yes, I know it was about then, because a van had just gone up the street. You know, one of those big vans with——"

"Blight the van!" said George. "What did she say?"

"She didn't say anything. I tell you, I

"Margery broke into long laughter."

thought she was a model. I just said you didn't want one this morning."

George literally recoiled.

"What's the matter?" said I. "Aren't you well?"

"Had she a lilac dress on?" he cried, with the air of one hoping against hope.

"Er—yes," said I.

At that, George uttered a terrible cry, snatched up his coat, and, before I could stop him, rushed out of the studio. I put my head out of the window. As he dashed hatless out of the front door—

"Where are you going?" I said.

He threw me a black look. Then—

"To wire an apology," he said.

I turned to find my lady at my shoulder.

"He's gone to wire you an apology," I said.

"You are wicked," she said. "Poor Mr. Larel. I feel quite——"

I put my head on one side and regarded her.

"Nice kid, though," I said.

"I know," she said severely. "But the poor man——"

"She's taken quite a fancy to me," said I.

She drew back, biting a red lip and trying hard not to smile.

"He'll soon be back," I went on, "and then you're going to have your show. Kindly ascend the throne. All queens do sooner or later."

"Really, I think he's had enough," she said, settling herself in her proper seat.

After a little argument—

"All you've got to remember," I said, "is that you're awfully sorry you're so late, and that the truth is, you forgot all about the sitting, and that, by the way, when you got here, you met a man going out, and that you don't know who he was, but you suppose it was all right. Only you thought Mr. Larel ought to know."

"I've never met anyone like you before."

"My dear, you never will. I am unique. And remember you've taken rather a fancy—— Here he is. Yes, queens always have their hands kissed. All real queens."

I seized my hat, stick, and gloves, and faded behind the curtains.

She was really wonderful.

"Mr. Larel, will you ever forgive me? I'm most awfully sorry. D'you know, I quite forgot. I suppose you'd given me up. And now it's too late. Oh, yes. I only came to apologise. I can't think——"

George couldn't get a word in edgeways. I watched him through the crack of the curtains. His face was a study. Of course, he was mentally cursing himself for sending the wire so precipitately, and wondering how the deuce he could explain its arrival without revealing the true state of affairs. Apparently in the end he decided for the moment, at any rate, to say nothing about it, for, as soon as she let him speak, he assured her it didn't matter at all, and passed, somewhat uneasily, direct to the weather.

"By the way," said Margery suddenly, "there was a man here when I came. I suppose it was all right."

George started.

"You mean him?" he said, pointing to my portrait.

"*That?*" cried Margery. "The man you're painting? Oh, no, it wasn't him. At least," she added, leaning forward and looking carefully at the picture, "I don't think so."

"But it must have been," cried George. "He was here five minutes ago, and no other man—it must have been him."

"But the one I saw was clean-shaven," said Margery.

George pointed to my portrait with a shaking finger.

"Isn't that one clean-shaven?" he wailed.

"So it is," said Margery. "For the moment, the shadow——"

"I'll never paint again," said George fiercely. "They've hung over each other's portraits for a week—"

"Oh!" cried Margery.

"—and the first time they see one another, they don't know one another from Adam."

"Did you find the post-office all right?" said I.

Then I came out.

"One thing," said Margery. "Did the Tube stick?"

George stared at her.

"Then you were here?" he gasped.

"All the time," said I.

Margery broke into long laughter.

George regarded us darkly.

"You two," he said.

"One hour and ten minutes," said I. "To say nothing of asking us both on the same day."

"You two," said George.

"We two give you five minutes," I said. "Of these, three may be conveniently occupied by your full and abject apology, and two by the arranging of our next sittings. Then we two are going to lunch. It is—ah, some time since we two breakfasted."

I made a careful note of Margery's sittings-to-be, as well as of my own.

As we were going—

"You know, old chap," said I, "you've never apologised."

"Miss Cicester knows that I am her humble servant."

"At any rate," said I, "there'll be the telegram."

Half-way down the stairs Margery turned and ran back to the studio. When she came back, she was smiling.

"What new mischief——" I began.

She turned to me with a maddening smile and opened her mouth. Then she changed her mind and raised her eyebrows instead.

"This isn't fair," I said. "You can't ride with the herring and run with the beagles, too."

But she would not tell me. Neither would she let me give her lunch.

"But the telegram," said I desperately. "You might let me——"

"I don't suppose you have tea, but if you do happen to be in St. James's Street about a quarter to five. . ."

* * * * *

That afternoon she showed me the wire. It was as follows :—

"Thousand apologies housekeeper's sudden illness detained me just learned my fool of servant misunderstood hasty instructions and refused you admission another thousand apologies two thousand in all writing."

We thought it was rather good.

* * * * *

The next morning I glanced at the clock and pushed back my chair.

"I must be off," I murmured.

Jonah raised his eyes and then looked at Berry. The latter's eyes were already raised. He had begun to sigh.

"What's the matter with you ?" said I defiantly.

"One moment," said Berry. "My flesh is creeping . . . Now, then. How many more of these sittings ?"

"Wednesday'll be the last, I think."

"Which means that she's leaving Town on Thursday."

I looked at him sharply. Then—

"What d'you mean, 'she' ?" I said shortly.

"I have known you for——"

"Less of it," said I. "Much less."

"You know, old chap," said Daphne lazily, "you do seem suspiciously keen about this portrait business, don't you ?"

I looked at her. She returned my indignant gaze with a steady smile, her chin propped on her white hands, her elbows upon the table.

"Yes," said Jonah. "Afraid of being a minute late, and all that sort of bilge."

"This is an outrage," I gasped. This was nothing but the truth. It really was. They were simply drawing a bow at a venture.

"Don't tell me——" Berry began.

"I shan't," said I.

"Naughty temper," said my brother-in-law. "Has she shell-like ears ?"

"Look here," I said, "all of you."

"Must we ?" said Berry. "We've only just finished a heavy meal, and——"

"I have been five times to George's studio, each time solely with the object of affording him an opportunity, if possible, of perpetuating upon canvas my gripping personality." This was the whole truth.

"Guilty, upon your own confession, of felony," said Jonah. "Have you anything to say why the Court——"

"With the same object, I am going to-day." This was the truth. George was going to give me an hour before Margery came.

"Perhaps we're wronging Boy," said Jill.

"Thank you, dear," said I.

"You can't wrong outlaws," said Berry. "Never mind. Some day we shall know the ter-ruth."

"I believe you're jealous," said I. "Just because you can't find an artist sufficiently dauntless to reproduce your brutal physiognomy——"

"He means to be rude," Berry explained.

I walked to the door.

"Don't forget our lunch, old chap," said my sister.

"You've taken away my appetite," said I.

"Oh, Boy, you know we love you !"

I opened the door.

"I say," said Berry.

"What ?" said I, pausing.

"Tell George to put in the warts."

* * * *

Six weeks had hurried away. And then one morning I got a note from George, saying that he had had my picture framed and was sending it along. I broke the news to the others after breakfast.

"Oh, Boy !" cried Jill excitedly.

"I want to see it awfully," said Daphne.

"Why rush upon your fate ?" said her husband.

"I hope you'll like it," said I nervously.

"Where are we going to bury—I mean hang it?" said Jonah.

"What about the potting-shed?" said Berry. "We can easily move the more sensitive bulbs."

"If it's good," said Daphne, "we'll have it in the library."

"I object," said her husband. "I don't want to be alone with it after dark."

I smiled upon him. Then—

"Bur-rother," said I, "I like *to think* that I shall be always with you. Though in reality harsh leagues may lie between us, yet from the east wall of the library, just above the typewriter, I shall smile down upon your misshapen head a peaceful, forgiving smile. . . . What a thought! And you will look up and ——"

"Don't," said Berry, emitting a hollow groan. "I am unworthy — unworthy!" He covered his face with his hands. "Where is the Indian club?" he added brokenly. "I don't mean the one in Whitehall Court. The jagged one with nails in it. I would beat my breast. Unworthy!"

"Conundrum," said Jonah. "Where were the worthy worthies worthy?"

"I know," said I. "They were worthy where they were."

"Where the blaze is," said Berry.

"The right answer," said Jonah, "is Eastbourne."

Daphne turned to Jill.

"Is the trick cycle ready, dear? We're on next, you know."

Here a servant came in and announced that a picture had come for me.

We poured into the hall. Yes, it had come—in the charge of two messenger-boys and a taxi, carefully shrouded in sacking.

Berry touched the latter and nodded approval. Then he turned to the boys.

"Are there no ashes?" he said.

We bore it into the dining-room and set it upon a chair by the side of a window. I took out my knife and proceeded to cut the string.

"Wait a moment," said Jonah. "Where's the police-whistle?"

"It's all right," said Berry. "James has gone for the divisional surgeon."

I pulled off the veil.

It was really a speaking likeness of Margery.

* * * * *

Two hours later the telephone went.

I picked up the receiver.

"Is that six-o-four-o-six Mayfair?"—excitedly.

Margery's voice.

"It is," said I.

"Oh, is that you?"

"It is."

"Oh, d'you know, the most awful thing has happened."

"I know," I said heavily.

"Then you have got mine?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you've guessed I've got yours?"

"Yes."

"You don't sound very sympathetic"—aggrievedly.

"My dear, I'm——"

"You don't know what I've been through." This tearfully.

"Don't I?" I said wearily.

PEACH ORCHARD, NIAGARA, ONTARIO.

ENTERPRISE AND OPPORTUNITY

IN A YOUNG COUNTRY

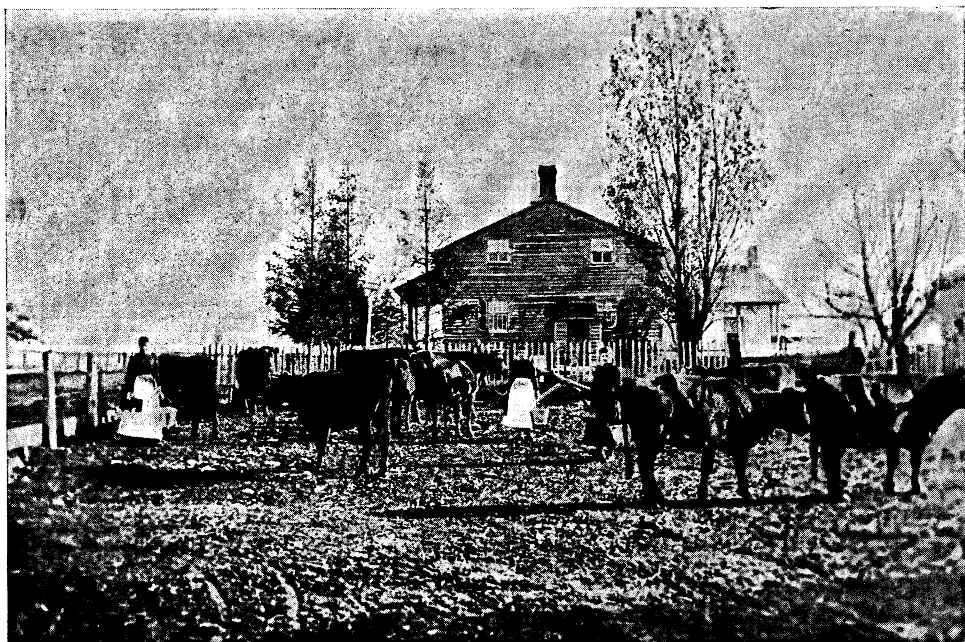
BY A. B. TUCKER

"WHAT can they know of England that only England know?" Kipling's words borrow an added significance from every passing year, and they may serviceably remind us that Empire has its benefits as well as its responsibilities. It offers the young Briton great vistas, enormous fields in which to labour and to live, half-awakened worlds that await no more than the sunrise of human activity to direct their unexploited wealth into channels serviceable to mankind. The old reproach of insularity is passing away from us, but the Imperial conception of Great Britain has not yet been fully grasped. Every healthy young Englishman who has received the necessary education and training may say with Ancient Pistol: "The world's my oyster." If he has been fairly endowed with the national characteristics—pluck, perseverance, honesty—the world wants him, and he may choose his own corner of it. If the home prospects are exceptional, he will not, perhaps, feel anxious to stray; but in the vast majority of cases a man must shape his own career and must look to the lands where he will be regarded, not as a superfluous human being, but as a national asset.

Canada, whose vast territory, far flung from the Atlantic to the Pacific, boasts every variety of soil and climate and every manner of occupation known to women and men, wants the young blood of England. She has a population that is not a fifth of Great Britain's, and she could lose Great Britain and Ireland in any one of her great provinces—in some of them she could lose them half a dozen times over. The Dominion of Canada offers opportunities without parallel in the history of the Empire, not only to the lad of to-day, but to his children and his children's children after him. The generations to come will look upon Canada's story as something that provided the closing years of the nineteenth and the opening years of the twentieth centuries with the most startling chapters in the great romance of Imperialism.

The tale has been told, but it will bear retelling, for each year finds fresh conditions, new advantages, additional attractions. Canada may be regarded as a world in itself, so varied is its equipment, and there are few, if any, aspects of human activity for which it does not provide a favourable opening. The present article is intended to be the first of a series dealing with

the very important questions that all who look to take advantage of the resources of the Empire must needs ask themselves. But it is well to bear in mind that hard facts and reliable figures, valuable though they be, leave out of question the immense stimulus that a new and partially developed country brings to those who settle in it. The settlers are the pioneers, not only of their own fortunes, but of the prosperity of a new land—they belong, in a sense, to that country's earliest history. There is in Canada yet another attraction—the keen competition of province with province, city with city, town with town. Each is convinced that it is leading the way, and in friendliest fashion this rivalry stimulates life. There is nothing in the Old World that has not been well-nigh completely developed; there is very little in the New that has yet revealed its full possibilities. And, above all things, there is the charm of the unexpected in a land where the air has the quality of wine and the spirit of good fellowship is everywhere.



AN ONTARIO FARM.

It is some years ago now since a daily paper started a correspondence on the subject, "What to do with our boys." This is a problem which, as years go on, becomes more and more difficult to tackle. Professions are crowded, and to a father who can lay out only a small amount of capital on each of his sons, the cost of training a boy for the Law or for medicine, and subsequently purchasing a practice, is more than he can afford. In many cases, through lack of means to start their sons in some profession, fathers are obliged to send their boys into the City. Some boys may be suited for the life, and may succeed in attaining a good position; but the prizes are few and the competitors are many, and the bulk of the young men in the City have little or no prospect before them of ever earning a good salary. Moreover, there are many young fellows who are sent into the City to whom the life in an office is irksome and distasteful. They take no interest in their work, and consequently they do not do it well. They lose all ambition, and settle down hopelessly to what is a life of drudgery, and then can we wonder that they do not succeed and often come to grief? Strong, sturdy young fellows, fresh from public schools, and physically fitted for an outdoor life, are wasted in this great city of London, where the labour market is overcrowded. Can anything be done for them?

One object of the series of articles, of which this is the first, is to endeavour to show the right kind of boy, whose father can expend a little money on him—and it will not be much—what Canada can offer him.

DRAFT-HORSES AT CANADA'S GREAT EASTERN EXHIBITION, SHERBROOKE.

The Dominion Government, by an extensive system of advertising, makes widely known its need for farmers, farm labourers, and domestic servants. In these articles we will look at things from the other point of view. We will not discuss what Canada wants, but rather whether Canada can supply what we want.

A Word of Warning.

I think there is no doubt about the answer. But it will be as well, before we examine the opportunities which await a young fellow in Canada, if I say a few words about the type of lad who is fitted for life in the Dominion. It is hardly necessary to say that he must be physically fit, and he must also be morally fit. He must be ready to turn his hand to any job that may turn up—that is, if he does not go out to a berth ready found for him. It is the hard-working and willing man who succeeds in Canada. Many people even to-day think that if they have a ne'er-do-well son who is doing no good here, the proper place for him is in one of the Dominions overseas. The boy who is no good here will be no good in Canada, and Canada does not want this class at all. Very rightly Canada resents our shooting rubbish on her shores, but she welcomes our strong, sturdy lads, who have some "sand" in them, as Canadians say. And these young fellows, when they go to Canada, must first learn to be adaptable. Too many an Englishman goes to Canada with an air of superiority which galls the Canadian, whose

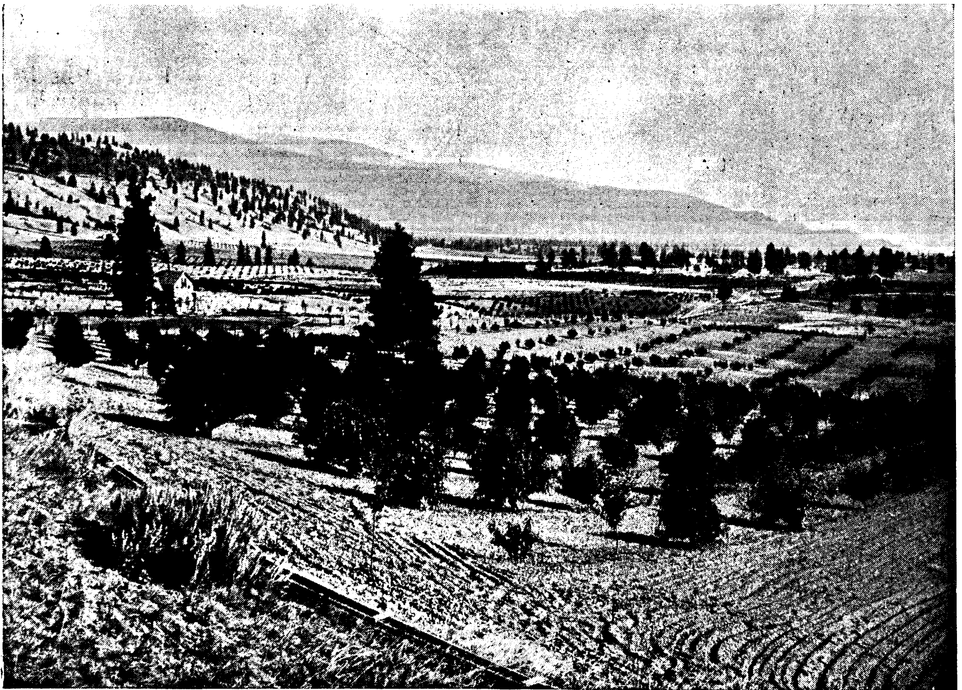
TOBACCO PLANTING NEAR FARNHAM, QUEBEC

welcome to the new-comer is killed by the latter's swagger. The Bishop of Fredericton, himself an Old Countryman, when discussing immigration problems the other day, said: "There has always been a tendency upon the part of Canadians, I think, to assume that the Englishman coming in will prove himself to be incompetent. It may be that the responsibility for this lies in part, at least, with the Englishman, in that he is not seldom a little inclined to think that 'old ways are best,' and to be a trifle stubborn about taking advice. This, together with a certain lack of adaptability, has something to do, no doubt, with the critical attitude of the Canadian. My own experience, however, leads me to believe that the Englishman will do very well if people are reasonably patient with him."

It is well to see ourselves sometimes as others see us, and to be reminded where we fail, in order that we may try to avoid the fault that is found with us.

The Right Type.

I have laid stress on the absolute necessity for the young fellow who thinks of going to Canada being of the right sort. Perhaps I can best exemplify what I mean by giving an example or two of my own experience. When travelling in Canada, I heard a good deal about "dashed rotten Englishmen," and I am sorry to say that in many cases the epitheted adjective was deserved. But, on the other hand, I met a large number of Old Countrymen who were a credit both to Canada and to England. One day I was in a tram-car in Toronto, when a well-spoken young fellow came to me for my fare. I knew at once that he was an Old Countryman, and I asked him how he came to be a tram conductor. He told me that he came from London to Canada to work in some dye works, as his father had lost nearly all his money. The dye works had had a bad effect on his health, and his doctor had ordered him to live for a time in the open air. Sooner than ask for help from home, the young fellow had taken to tram conducting. "I can obey the doctor and earn a bit, too," he said to me. Another young Englishman, whose pluck won my admiration, I met on the Okanagan Lake in British Columbia. As I got off the steamer, I heard an unmistakably educated English voice, and, turning round, I found that it was that of the baggage master. Clad in overalls and with black sleeves, the young man was busily



AN ORCHARD OF TWO-YEAR-OLD TREES, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A TEN-ACRE STRAWBERRY FIELD AT BURLINGTON.

handling the baggage at the landing-stage. When the bustle was over, I asked where he came from, and he said, "Hampstead." He told me that he had found himself unfitted for a previous post. "So," he said, "I came across the lake, and asked if there were any jobs going. They told me they wanted a baggage master, and I took the job at once. I like the work, and am perfectly happy." He left me to go to speak to some ladies who were passing in a motor-car. You do not lose caste by working with your hands in Canada, and no one will think the worse of you for so doing. On the Okanagan Lake, again, I met a splendid specimen of a Lancashire man, obviously well educated, who was doing duty as ferryman, and he told me that he liked the open-air life he was leading, and I must say, to judge by his bronzed, happy face, the life liked him. Now, I have not cited these cases as openings for young Englishmen, but rather to show what men of the right stamp will do, and be happy in doing, if circumstances throw them on their own resources.

Farming: A Few Hints on Starting.

Most English boys who think of going to one of the Dominions overseas, because they long for an open-air life, naturally turn to

AN APIARY, ONTARIO.

farming. Having made up his mind to go to Canada and to take up farming, how is the lad to start? I would advise such a boy, if possible, to go out with the knowledge how to manage a team of horses and how to milk a cow. Such initial knowledge will save him a world of trouble. Moreover, it will make him more welcome to the farmer to whom he goes to learn Canadian methods. Before we inquire further as to the best way of starting a boy in Canada, it may not be out of the way to quote what Mr. W. E. Scott, Deputy Minister of Agriculture of British Columbia, said when he was in London a few months ago. He enumerated a list of "don'ts," and among them were the following:—

"Don't put money into anything without a careful investigation.

"Don't buy agricultural lands without first seeing them and satisfying yourself that they are as represented.

"Don't expect to get the best results from farming or fruit-growing if you have no knowledge of the business.

"Don't rush in and buy land; spend some time looking round.

"Don't think that money can be made out of a farm without hard work.

"Don't attempt to farm more land than your capital will allow.

"Don't send your boy to the Colonies just because you don't know what to do with him.

"Don't pay a premium."

These "don'ts" are worth remembering. Especially important is it that you should not buy a Canadian farm from people on this side of the Atlantic. Not only do you run the risk of paying more than you ought to pay, but you do not even know whether you can adapt yourself to conditions in Canada. The best way to begin is to go to a farmer and to be taken on as a hired man, and to keep such capital as he has in a bank. It will be hard work, to begin with, but he will learn his way about. After a year with a farmer, during which time he will not only have not touched his capital, but will have saved some money, he will be in a position to buy his farm with some judgment. Mr. Scott emphasised that the paying a premium was not wise. Some farmers take pupils, but among those who know best, the advice is always not to go as a pupil, but as a hired hand. If you are worth anything at all, you are worth paying for your labour.

In subsequent articles we will examine what the various Provinces have to offer young settlers. Canada is a vast country, and conditions vary very much in the various Provinces. The remarks above will hold good for any part of Canada, but further advice as to the capital needed and so forth will largely depend on the Province chosen. As it is perhaps desirable for a young man who wishes to learn farming, to learn in the older and more settled Provinces rather than in the newer Western country, where wheat-growing predominates, we will in the coming months first treat of the prospects offered by Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and British Columbia.

Any questions that readers of these articles would like to raise will be readily answered.

OAT FIELDS AT NORTH BATTLEFORD.

THE WHITE HORSES
BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

ILLUSTRATED BY
A J GOUGH

VIII. TWO JOLLY PURITANS.

HRISTOPHER METCALFE had learned the way of hazard, the need to say little and hear all. As he rode from Lathom House through the summer's dawn, the land was full of blandishment. Last night's heavy rain had brought keen scents to birth—of primroses and leafage in the lanes, of wallflowers in the homestead gardens that he passed. Scents tempt a man to retrospect, and he wondered how it was faring with Joan—remembered the nearness of her and the fragrance, as they roamed the Yoredale hills together in other springs.

He put blandishment aside. There was no before or after for him—simply the plain road ahead. Wherever he found a countryman to greet, he drew rein and passed the time of day, and got into talk with him. Before he had covered six miles, he learned that Rigby, with the three thousand men withdrawn from the siege of Lathom, had in fact retreated behind the walls of Bolton, and that the town was strongly fortified. A mile further on his horse cast a shoe, and, while he waited at the door of a wayside smithy, he joined a company of gossips seated on the bench outside.

"Thanks be, the Lady o' Lathom is safe," said a grey old shepherd.

"A rare game-bird, she," assented the jolly yeoman on his left.

"Ay. She's plucked a few fine feathers from Rigby. Rigby? I mind the time when he was skulking in and out—trying to find wastrel men who'd pay him to prove black was white in court. And now he calls himself a Captain."

"Well, he's as he was made, and of small account at that," said the yeoman. "The man I blame is Colonel Shuttleworth. One o' the gentry, he, and likeable. There's no good comes, say I, when the gentry forget duty to their King. They go to kirk each Sabbath and pray for the King's health—well, they mean it, or they don't mean it, and there's no middle way."

Kit felt at home. These men were of the country stock he knew by heart. "Friends," he said, "I'm a stranger here in Lancashire. Who is Colonel Shuttleworth?"

"Oh, just a backslider." The yeoman's face was cheery by long habit, even when he condemned a man. "He's sent fifteen hundred men to help Rigby garrison the town of Bolton. The likes of him to help the likes of Rigby—it makes us fancy the times are upside down."

Kit Metcalfe, when his horse was shod, rode forward swiftly. A league this side of Bolton, where the track climbed steep between banks of ling and bilberry, he saw a man striding a white horse. Man and horse were so big that they blotted out a good part of the sky-line; so he knew that there was a kinsman waiting for him.

"Yoi-hoi!" yelled Kit. "A Mecca for the King!"

The horseman shielded his eyes against the sun as he watched the up-coming rider. Then a laugh that Kit remembered floated down-wind to him.

"Why, Michael, what are you doing here?" he asked, as he drew near.

"To be frank, I was yawning just before you came. I've been waiting since daybreak

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for some messenger from Lathom. And at the end of it you come, white brother of the Metcalfe flock—you, who have the luck at every turn."

"I had the luck this time—fifteen sorties since I saw you last. Michael, you should have been there with us. We brought their mortar in——"

"Good," drawled Michael. "You had the luck. For my part, I've been sitting on a horse as thirsty as myself for more hours than I remember. Let's get down to camp and a brew of ale there."

"And afterwards we sortied—sortied till we drove them into hiding, like rabbits. The Lady of Lathom welcomed us home each night, her eyes on fire."

"No doubt, brother. The tale will warm me by and by. Meanwhile, I don't care a stiver what fire shone in my lady's eyes—blue, or grey, or black. Give me honest ale, of the true nut-brown colour."

"You're a wastrel, Michael," laughed the younger brother, glad to pass badinage again with one of his own folk.

"I am, my lad, and know it. There's luck in being a wastrel—folk expect nothing from a man. He goes free, while such as you—babe Kit, if you guessed how prisoned up you are! They look for sorties, gallops against odds, moonshine of all sorts every day you live. You've a nickname already in Oxford. They name you the White Knight."

"Oh, be done with teasing," snapped Christopher. "There's little knighthood about me. Let's get down to camp and see the colour of that ale of yours."

When they came to the heathery, rising land wide of Bolton, and the sentry had passed them forward, Kit found himself face to face with Prince Rupert once again.

"The White Knight brings news," Michael explained, in his off-handed way.

"Pleasant news?" the Prince asked. "Is Rigby dead, or the siege raised?"

"By your leave," said Kit, "the siege is raised. Rigby has gone to Bolton-le-Moors, to hide there. He has what are left of his three thousand men, and fifteen hundred others. The town is strong."

"Good, sir!" Fire—deep, glowing fire—showed in Rupert's eyes. "Lady Derby is a kinswoman of mine; and if Rigby is in Bolton, I know where to find the fox she loathes."

A big, tired figure of a man pushed his way through the soldiery. "I heard someone speak of Lady Derby?" he said.

Prince Rupert touched him on the shoulder. "*I* did, friend," he said, with a quiet laugh. "There's none so touchy as a husband who chances to be his wife's lover, too. My Lord Derby, this is Mr. Metcalfe, known otherwise as the White Knight. He brings news that Rigby the fox has slunk into Bolton. Best put our hounds in and drive him out of cover."

"Give me the assault," said Lord Derby drily.

"I cannot. Your name glamours Lancashire. I will not have you risk all in driving a red fox into the open."

Derby yielded to the discipline engrained in him, but with a bad grace. The Prince, himself eager for the assault, but ashamed to take a leadership which on grounds of prudence he had refused the other, asked for volunteers. When these were gathered, the whole force marched on Bolton and halted within five hundred yards of the stout walls. Then the assaulting party came forward at the double.

"Not you, Mr. Metcalfe," said Rupert, detaining Christopher as he ran forward to join in any lively venture. "We cannot spare you."

What followed was a nightmare to the lookers-on. They saw the volunteers reach the wall and clamber up—saw a fierce hand-to-hand struggle on the wall-top, and the assault repulsed. And then they saw the victors on the rampart kill the wounded in cold blood.

Some pity, bred of bygone Stuart generations, stirred Rupert. Wrath and tears were so mingled that his voice was harsh. "I give you freedom, Derby, to lead the next attack."

Without pause or word of thanks, Lord Derby got his own company together.

"We fight for my wife, who holds Lathom well," he said to his men.

Then they ran to the attack. Kit, looking on, was astonished to see that Prince Rupert, who had talked of prudence where lives of great men were concerned, was running with the privates of Lord Derby's company. So he, too, ran.

The fight on the wall was bitter, but the King's men prevailed. Over the bodies of their friends, massacred against all rules of war, they leaped into the town. The first man Lord Derby met was a groom, lately in his service at Lathom, who had gone over to the enemy. The man struck a blow at him with the clubbed end of a musket; and Derby parried it, and gave the rogue a

better death than he deserved—at the sword's point.

They pressed forward. Once they were hemmed in—six of them—after a fierce rally of the garrison had swept the Royalists aside. One of the six was Prince Rupert; and Kit Metcalfe felt the old Yoredale loyalty stir in his veins—a wildness and a strength. He raised a deep-bellied cry of "A Mecca for the King!" cut down the thick-set private who was aiming a blow sideways at Rupert's head, and then went mad with the lust of slaying. Never afterwards could he recall that wonderful, swift lunacy. Memory took up the tale again at the moment when their comrades rallied to their help and thrust back the garrison.

Three of the six were left—the Prince, and Kit, and a debonair, grey-eyed gentleman whose lovelocks were ruddied by a scalp wound. The three went forward with the rest; and, after all was done, they met again in the market-square.

"You, my White Knight?" said the Prince, touching Kit on the arm. "Are you touched? No more than the gash across your cheek? I'm glad of that. Captain Roger Nowell here tells me that I should be lying toes up to the sky if your pike had not been handled nicely. For my part, I saw nothing but Roundhead faces leering at me through a crimson mist."

The instinctive, boyish romance came back to Christopher. He had always been a hero-worshipper, and turned now to the grey-eyed gentleman, who was bandaging his head with a strip torn from his frilled shirt. "You are of the Nowells of Reed Hall?" he asked.

"I am, sir—a queer, hot-headed lot, but I'm one of them."

"My nurse reared me on tales of what your folk did in days gone by. And at Lathom they told me of your sorties. Sir, they thought you dead in your last effort to break through the lines, to bring relief in. They will be glad."

The Prince and Nowell glanced at each other with a quick smile of sympathy. Here, in the reek and havoc of the street, was a simple-minded gentleman, fresh as dawn on the hills that bred him—a man proved many times by battle, yet with a starry reverence for ancient deeds and ancient faith.

"May your nurse rest well where she lies," said Roger Nowell, the laughter in his grey eyes still. "In spite of a headache that throbs like a blacksmith's anvil, I salute her. She reared a man-child. As for those at Lathom, I share their gladness, I admit. A bandaged head is better than none at all."

Then all was bustle and uproar once again. Men came bringing captured colours to the Prince; and in the middle of it Lord Derby found them.

"Welcome, Derby," said the Prince, "though, for the first time since I knew you, you wear the favours of both parties."

"Be pleased to jest," laughed the other. "For my part, I know my wife will soon be safe at Lathom."

"But, indeed, you wear both favours—rebel blood on your clothes, and a warmer crimson running from your thigh."

Derby stooped to readjust the bandage. Sickness of body was nothing. Long battle for the King who did not trust him was forgotten, as a service rendered freely, not asking for return. "It is permitted, these bleak days, that a man ask grace to love his wife and hurry to her side."

"Get home to Lathom, but not just yet. I have a gift for that brave wife of yours."

Through the uproar came other zealots, bringing captured colours in, until seven-and-twenty were gathered in the market-square.

"These speak for the strength of the attack on Lathom," said Rupert, his voice lifted for all men to hear. "Take them to Lady Derby as a token of my high regard. Tell her that it is easy for men to charge at speed and win their battles, but hard for women to sit behind crumbling walls and hold the siege. If I were my Lord Derby, I should be proud of such a wife."

"Your Highness would," assented Derby with sharp, humorous simplicity. "I have husbanded her, and know her mettle."

Again the ebb and flow of the battle scarcely ended swept across their talk. A hot-headed band of Cavaliers was bringing fifteen prisoners through at the double.

The captain of the Royalist band, drunk with the wine of victory, laughed stridently. "To the ramparts with them! Give them short shrift on the walls! Measure for measure, say I, and curse these psalm-singing butchers!"

Through the laughter of the troop came Rupert's voice, harsh and resonant. "Who are these, Captain Sturgis?"

Sturgis saluted. He had heard that voice more than once in the thickest of the onset, while Rupert was winning his spurs as a leader of light cavalry. The wine of victory left him. "A few crop-headed folk, your Highness," he said lamely. "We

proposed to make them a warning to other butchers of Cromwell's following."

"Captain Sturgis, I am sorry. We have shared many fights, and yesterday you were a gentleman of the King's."

There was silence in the market-place; and presently Sturgis saluted Rupert with extreme precision. "To-morrow, by your leave, I shall report myself. I shall spend a sleepless night."

Rupert laughed pleasantly. "There's no need to waste a night's sleep, Sturgis. It was a madness, and it has left you, that is all."

Then all again was uproar as men pressed up and down the street, some with prisoners, others hurrying to slake their thirst at a convenient tavern.

"Where's Rigby?" asked Lord Derby suddenly. "I have a long account to settle with him."

A jolly yeoman caught the question as he went by. "Gone away, like the red fox on a hunting morn. I had a thrust at him myself just now, but missed him; and he leaped the ramparts where we broke it at the coming-in."

"So!" growled Derby. "The fox will give us sport another day."

"My lord," said the Prince, his voice grave and full of courtesy, "I give you twenty-seven standards, captured from Rigby's forces. I give you a hundred of my men as a guard of honour. Eat and drink, and then get forward to Lathom, where your wife awaits you. Let the red fox skulk until a more convenient date."

"And you?"

"I stay on here for a while. It seems to be my business these days to batter walls down, and to stay on afterwards to build them up again. This town is worth defending for the King. Tell Lady Derby that my march to the relief of York will go by way of Lathom, if I may claim her hospitality."

Kit Metcalfe found himself among the hundred chosen to accompany Lord Derby; and he was glad, for in Oxford—with its deep, unconquerable love of attaching mystic glamour to a person or a cause—the Lady of Lathom had grown to be a toast drunk silently, as if she were above and beyond the noise of praise.

That evening, as the sundown reddened over Lathom House—the sultry, rain-packed heat aglow on broken battlements—they came through the camp deserted lately by Colonel Rigby. A sentry challenged them; and Lord Derby laughed as any boy might do.

"A Derby for the King! Have I been away so long, Thornthwaite, that you do not know your lord?"

The master, as always, had the keener vision. In the red, clear light he had recognised the sentry as one old in service to his household. They passed through; and in the courtyard Lady Derby was standing near the captured mortar, talking of ways and means with one of her captains.

To Kit, looking on, it was like fairyland come true. Lady Derby heard her husband's step, glanced up, and ran to meet him.

"My lord—my dear, dear lord, have you come back?"

"Ay, like a bridegroom, wife."

They forgot the onlookers, forgot turmoil and great hardship. There comes seldom to any man and wife so fine a forgetting. It was well, Kit thought, to carry three wounds to his knowledge—and some lesser ones that did not count—to have seen these two with the red halo of the sundown round them.

"The Prince sends me with the twenty-seven standards, wife, that beleagured you."

"Oh, my thanks; but, my lord, he sends me you. I do not care for standards."

Three days later Rupert came in, after seeing to the needs of Bolton. He came for rest, before pushing on to York, he asserted; but his way of recreation, here as elsewhere, was to set about the reconstruction of battered walls. Christopher Metcalfe, raw not long ago from Yoredale, wondered, as he supped with them that night, why he was priviledged to sit at meat with these gentles who had gone through fire and sword, whose attire was muddied and bloodstained, for the most part, but who kept the fire of loyalty like a grace that went before and after the meat they ate hungrily. He was puzzled that Lord Derby toasted him, with the smile his own father might have given him—was bewildered when the men rose to the toast with a sudden, thrifty roar.

"The young Mecca for the King! The White Knight for the King!"

All he had dreamed in Yoredale was in the making here. Kit was unsteadied by it, as if wine were mounting to his head.

"My thanks, gentlemen," he said. "Be pleased to nickname me. For my part, I feel like the ass Michael rode to York—patient and long-suffering, but no knight at all."

"How did Michael ride to York?" asked Derby, with a gust of laughter.

"They turned sharply as the door opened, and reached out for their weapons."

So then Kit told the tale, losing his diffidence and pointing the narrative with dry, upland humour.

"Good, Mr. Metcalfe," said Lady Derby. "I have not laughed, since my lord rode out, until to-day. Where is this Michael who rode to York?"

"With the rest of the good Metcalfes," said Rupert. "I left the whole fine brood to guard Lathom from without. They go North with me in two days' time. You shall see them—six-score on their white horses." A shadow crossed his face; the great failing of the Stuart temperament was his, and he counted each man lost as a brother to be mourned for.

"Why the cloud on your face, Prince?" asked Lady Derby.

"There are only five-score now. When we counted our dead at Bolton, there were some gallant Metcalfes lying face upward to their God."

A sickness came to Christopher. He turned aside, and longed for the mother who had sheltered his young days. Bloodshed and wounds he had foreseen; but to his boy's view of life, it seemed incredible that any of the jolly Yoredale clan should die—should go out for ever, beyond reach of hand-grip.

"Was my father with the slain—or Michael?" he asked by and by.

"Neither, lad." Rupert came and touched him on the arm. "Oh, I know, I know! The pity of one's dead—and yet their glory—it is all a muddle, this affair of war."

It was on the second morning afterwards, while Rupert was getting his army in readiness for the march on York, that Lady Derby saw Christopher standing apart, the new sadness in his face.

"You are thinking of your dead?" she said, in her brisk, imperative way. "Laddie, do you not guess that the dead are thinking, too, of you?"

"They rest where they lie," he said, stubborn in his grief.

"Oh, go to kirk more often, and learn that they know more than we do. These twenty Yoredale men, they are not dead—they watch you from the Heights."

"My lady," said Christopher, with a smile made up of weariness, "I am a plain man of my hands, like all my folk. I have no gift for dreams."

"Nor I," she agreed. "When wounds conquer all your pride of strength—when you are laid by, and weak as a little child—ask yourself if I spoke dreams or living truth."

He glanced once at her. There was an odd look about her, a light in her eyes that he could not understand.

He forgot it all when he joined his folk to ride behind Rupert for the relief of York. The high adventure was in front, like a good fox, and his thoughts were all of hazard and keen blows. They crossed the Lancashire border; and, when Kit learned that the route lay through Skipton-in-Craven, his heart warmed to the skirmish that his fancy painted. He was looking backward to that crashing fight—the first of his life—when the White Horsemen drove through the Roundhead gun-convoy and swirled down to battle in the High Street. He was looking forward, as a boy does, to a resurrection of that fight, under the like conditions.

Instead, he found the business of market-day in full swing. The Castle was silent. Lambert's guns, away on Cock Hill, were dumb. Farmers were selling ewes and cattle, were standing at inn doors, wind and wine of the country in their honest faces.

"What is all this?" asked Rupert of a jolly countryman.

"Skipton Fair—naught more or less. There's a two days' truce, or some such moonshine, while either side go burying their dead. For my part, I've sold three heifers, and sold 'em well. I'm content."

Rupert had had in mind to go into the Castle, snatch a meal and an hour of leisure there while he talked with the Governor. He could not do it now. Punctilio—the word spelt honesty to him—forbade it. He glanced about and saw Kit close beside him.

"Knock at the gate, Mr. Metcalfe, and bid Sir John Mallory come out and talk with me."

The drawbridge was down in accordance with the truce, and Kit clattered over it on his white horse. He knocked at the gate, and sent Prince Rupert's message forward. In a little while Mallory came out, a pleasant gentleman, built for hard riding and all field sports, whom Providence had entrusted with this do-nothing, lazy business of sitting behind walls besieged.

"The Prince commands you, Sir John," said Kit, with great formality.

Formality was ended on the instant; for Mallory clapped him on the shoulder and laughed like a boy let loose for play. "By the Lord Harry, I'm glad to get out o' doors—and for Rupert, of all men."

In the great sweep of roadway that mounted to the Castle gate—the grey,

comely church beside it—Prince Rupert met Mallory with hand outstretched.

"Well done, friend! If it had not been a day of truce, I had hoped to come indoors and crack a bottle with you. As matters stand, we hope to slake our thirst at a more convenient time."

"There's no hindrance, Prince. Lambert, who besieges us, is doubtless entertaining friends at the Quaker meeting-house in this good town. Why should you not accept the warmer sort of hospitality we Cavaliers affect?"

"Oh, a whim. I can tell you in the open here—No Man's Ground—what I came to tell you. It would not be fair to hide my news behind closed gates."

Mallory glanced sharply at him. Rupert's fury in attack, his relentless gallop through one battle after another—the man's whole record—had not prepared him for this waywardness of scruple. The next moment Rupert's face was keen and hard.

"We ride for York, Sir John," he said, "and I give you the same errand I shall give Knaresborough's garrison later on. Keep Lambert busy. Sortie till these Roundheads have no rest, day or night. Turn siege into attack. The Lady of Lathom has taught us what a slender garrison may do."

"Does she hold out still?" asked the other eagerly. "We have so little news these days."

"She has captured twenty-seven standards, friend, and is rebuilding her walls in preparation for the next siege."

"God be thanked!" said Sir John, lifting his hat. "There are so few great ladies in our midst."

"And so few great gentlemen, Mallory. Nay, friend, do not redden because I praise you to your face. We know Skipton's story."

Lambert was not at the Quakers' meeting-house, as it chanced. He was on Cock Hill, passing the time of inaction away by looking down on the Castle that had flouted him so often. His thrifty mind was busy with new methods of attack, when he saw Rupert with his advance-guard come up the High Street. The light—a strong sun beating down through heavy rain-clouds—showed a clear picture of the horsemen. By the carriage of their heads, by the way they sat their horses, Lambert knew them for Cavaliers. As he was puzzling out the matter—loth to doubt Sir John Mallory's good faith—a man of the town came running up.

"The truce is broken, Captain Lambert. Here's a rogue with love-locks—they say he's Prince Rupert—come with a press of horsemen. He's talking with Sir John Mallory fair in front of the Castle gateway."

Lambert's temper fired. What he had seen accorded with the townsman's view. Something quixotic in the man's nature, that always waited on his unguarded moments, bade him go down and ask the meaning of it all. It seemed to him that his faith in all men would go, root and branch, if Sir John Mallory were indeed less than a simple, upright gentleman. He reached the High Street, and made his way through the press of soldiery and townsfolk till he reached the wide space, in front of church and Castle, where the Prince stood with Mallory.

"Sir John," he said very coldly, "I come to ask if you break truce by free will or compulsion."

"By compulsion, sir," said Rupert, with a quick smile. "I ride too fast for knowledge of each town's days of truce. Sir John here came out at my request, to talk with me. You are Captain Lambert, I take it? Ah, we have heard of you—have heard matters to your credit, if you will permit an adversary so much freedom."

Lambert yielded a little to the other's easy charm; but it was plain that the grievance rankled still.

"Well, then, I'll give you punctilio for punctilio, sir," went on Rupert. "The King's needs are urgent. I could not wait—truce or no, I had to give my orders to Sir John here. To be precise, I urged him to harry you unceasingly. I told him that we were pressing forward to the relief of York. Is honour satisfied? If not, name a convenient hour for hostilities to open. My men are here. Yours are on the hill yonder, where your guns look down on us."

Lambert's humour, deep-hidden, was touched at last. "Press on to York, by your leave. Mallory, I'm in your debt. I doubted your good faith just now."

"That was unwise, Lambert. Eh, man, the troubled days will soon be ended—then, if we're both alive, come sup with me as of old."

Kit, when they took the road again, was bewildered a little by the shifting issues of this madness known as civil war. The Prince, Lambert, and Sir John—three men conspicuously survivals from Crusading days—had talked in the High Street of honour and punctilio—had shown the extreme courtesy of knights prepared to tilt against each other in the ring at any moment—and all this with the assault of Bolton and the

red havoc of it scarcely ended, with rough fights ahead, and York's garrison in piteous need of succour.

"Why so moody, lile Christopher?" asked Michael, riding at his brother's bridle-hand.

"I fancied war was simple, and I'm losing myself among the mists, somehow."

"An old trick of yours. Mistress Joan taught it you. There was a lady, too, in Knaresborough, who gave you lessons in the pastime."

"But this Captain Lambert is besieging Skipton, and Mallory defends it, and one asks the other to sup with him when the affair is over. That is not stark fighting, Michael."

"Why not, lad? Lambert's cannon will thunder just as merrily when the truce is ended. The world jogs after that fashion."

It was when they were pressing on to York the next day—after a brief night's sleep in the open and a breakfast captured by each man as best he could—that the Prince rode back to the white company of horses that carried the Metcalfe clan. He reined about on finding Michael.

"You found your way into York once for me, sir. You will do it a second time. Bid them be ready. Tell them we travel as quickly as may be, and sorties from their three main gates, when the moment comes, will be of service."

"My thanks for the errand. May I ask a second boon, your Highness?"

"Oh, I think one would grant you anything in reason. A man with your merry eyes is privileged."

"I had a sutler's donkey with me in the first attempt. She brought me luck, undoubtedly—we had the like temperament, she and I—but we lost her during these forced marches. Can I have Christopher here to share the venture?"

Kit reddened, then laughed the jest aside. And the Prince, as he looked at these two, so dissimilar and yet so full of comradeship, thought of his own brother Maurice, and wished that he were here.

"Ay, take him with you," he said; "he will steady your venture. And, gentlemen, take your route at once."

"You heard what he said?" asked Christopher, after the Prince had spurred forward to the main body. "I shall steady your venture. There's a counter for your talk of donkeys, Michael."

Michael said nothing. As one who knew his brother's weakness, he waited till they were well on their way to York, and had reached a finger-post where four cross-roads met.

"We might go by way of Ripley," he hazarded, pointing to the left-hand road.

"Why, yes," said Kit unguardedly. "It is the nearest way, and the road better——"

"The road even viler, and the distance a league more. I said we *might* take the Ripley way. In sober earnest, we go wide of Mistress Joan."

"Who spoke of Joan Grant?"

"Your cheeks, lad, and the note in your voice. Nay, no heat. D'ye think the Prince gave us this venture for you to go standing under yon Ripley casement, sighing for the moon that lives behind it? York would be relieved, and all over, before I steadied you."

"You've no heart, Michael."

"None, lad; and I'm free of trouble, by that token."

And Kit, the young light fire in his veins, did not know that Michael was jesting at the grave of his own hopes. That upper chamber—the look of Mistress Joan, the pride and fragrance of her carriage—were matters that had pierced the light surface of his life, once for all.

"The York country was eaten bare when I last went through it," he said, after they had ridden a league in silence. "It will be emptier now. Best snatch a meal at the tavern here, Kit, while we have the chance. Our wits will need feeding if we're to find our way into York."

They found a cheery host, a table well-spread with cold meats. When the host returned with wine, ordered hastily, he glanced at his guests with an air that was half humorous and half secretive.

"Here is the wine, Mr. Metcalfe," he said—"the best of a good cellar, though I say it."

"Eh?" drawled Michael, always most indolent when surprised. "You know my name, it seems."

"Well, sir, if two big, lusty gentry choose to come riding two white horses—and all the Plain o' York ringing with news of the Riding Metcalfes—small blame to me if I guessed your quality. I'm a King's man, too."

"You'd best prove it quickly," said Michael, with a gentle laugh. "The business we ride on asks for sacrifice, and a fat host or two would not be missed."

"I am asking to prove it," The way of

the man, the jolly red of his face and the eyes that were clear as honesty, did not admit of doubt. "In the little room across the passage there are three crop-headed Puritans dining—dining well, and I grudge 'em every mouthful. They're not ashamed to take their liquor, too; and whether 'twas that, or whether they fancied I was as slow-witted as I seemed, they babbled of what was in the doing."

"I always had the luck," said Michael impassively. "Had they the password through the ranks besieging York?"

"Ay, that; and more. They had papers with them; one was drying them at the fire, after the late storm o' rain that had run into his pocket, and it seemed they were come with orders for the siege. I should say they were high in office with the Puritans, for they carried the three sourest faces I've seen since I was breeked."

"The papers can wait. What was the password, host?"

"*Idolatry.* It seemed a heathenish word, as I remembered it."

"Good," laughed Michael. "To-morrow it will be Mariolatry, doubtless, and Red Rome on the next day. How these folk love a gibe at His Majesty's sound Churchmanship! They carry papers, you say? It is all diverting, host. My brother here will not admit that luck, pure and simple, is a fine horse to ride. Kit, we must see that little room across the passage."

Michael got to his feet, finished his wine in three leisurely gulps, then moved to the closed door, which he opened without ceremony. The three Parliament men had their heads together at the board, and one was emphasising an argument by drumming with a forefinger on the papers spread before them. They turned sharply as the door opened, and reached out for their weapons when they saw Michael step into the room, followed by a lesser giant.

"*Idolatry*, friends," said Michael suavely.

The three looked at each other with puzzled question. These strangers wore their hair in the fashion dear to Cavaliers; they carried an intangible air that suggested lightness of spirit.

"You have the password," said one, "but your fashion is the fashion of Belial's sons. What would you?"

"We come with full power to claim your papers and to do your errand with the forces now besieging York. To be candid, you are suspect of eating more and drinking more than sober Parliament men should—and, faith, your crowded table here bears out the scandal."

The three flushed guiltily, then gathered the dourness that stood to them for strength; and Kit wondered what was passing through his brother's nimble brain.

"Your credentials," snapped the one who seemed to be leader of the three.

Michael, glancing round the board, saw a great pasty, with the mincemeat showing through where the knife had cut it. "Oh, my own password is *Christmas-pie*, friends. I encountered the dish last at Banbury, and a great uproar followed when my brother gave it the true name."

And now the Roundheads knew that they were being played with. So great was their party's abhorrence of anything which savoured of the Mass, that a dish, pleasant in itself, had long since grown to be a shibboleth. The King's men named it Christmas-pie; the others knew it as mince-pie.

The first man raised a pistol—a weapon that seemed out of keeping with his preacher's garb—but Kit, longing for action instead of all this play of words, ran in with a jolly laugh, lifted his man high as one lifts a child in frolic, and let him drop. The pistol fell, too, and the trigger snapped; but the Parliament man, however strong his trust in Providence might be, had forgotten Cromwell's other maxim—that he should keep his powder dry.

Michael's voice was very gentle. "I said we came with full powers. It would be wiser not to play with fire. Indeed, we do not wish you ill, and, in proof of friendship, we are willing to change clothes with you."

A little later Michael and Christopher came out, locking the door behind them. They asked the astonished host for scissors, and bade him clip their locks as close as he could contrive without knowledge of the barber's art. And it was odd that these two, who six months ago had been close-cropped in Yoredale, resented the loss of the love-locks they had grown in deference to fashion. To them it seemed as if they were losing the badge of loyalty, as if the fat host played Delilah to their Samson.

"Keep that easy carriage of your bodies down, gentles, if you're bent on play-acting," said Boniface, with a cheery grin.

"How should we walk, then?"

"With a humble stoop, sir—a very humble stoop—that was how the three Parliament men came in and asked for the best victuals I could give 'em."

Michael's laugh was easy-going; but, for

all that, his orders were precise and sharp. Their horses, of the tell-tale white, were to be stabled securely out of eyeshot, and well tended until called for. He and Kit would ride out on the pick of the Roundhead cattle.

"As for that, sir, there's no pick, in a manner of speaking. They rode in on the sorriest jades I ever saw at a horse-fair."

"We'll take the rough luck with the smooth."

Yet even Michael snarled when he saw the steeds they had to ride. It was only when Kit laughed consumedly, at sight of them that he recovered his good humour.

"After all, sir," suggested Boniface, "it proves the loyalty of the country hereabouts. They couldn't get decent horseflesh, for love or money. Our folk would only sell them stuff ready for the knacker's yard."

"That has a pleasant sound for us, with all between this and York to travel."

"Take two o' my beasts, gentles, if there's haste. You're cropped enough, and in quiet clothes enough, to ride good horses—always granting their colour doesn't happen to be white. As for these two o' mine, one is a roan, t'other a darkish bay."

Michael was arrested by the host's thoroughness and zeal, his disregard of his own safety. "And you, when you unlock the door on these rogues ?"

"I shall fare as I shall fare, and not grumble either way. For your part, get away on the King's business, and God guide him safe, say I."

"But at least there's our reckoning to pay."

"Not a stiver ! Nay, I'll not hear of it. Am I so poor a King's man that I grudge a cut from the joint and a bottle to the Riding Metcalfes ?"

Michael warmed afresh to the man's loyalty. "Our thanks, host. As for the three in yonder, they'll not trouble you. I told them the door would be unlocked in an hour's time, explained that my folk were in the neighbourhood, and warned them to save their skins as best they could. You'll laugh till there are no more tears to shed when you see two of them in their bravery. Till I die that picture will return—their two sad faces set on top of our gay finery."

With a nod and a cheery call to his horse, he took the road again ; and Kit and he spurred fast to recover the lost ground until they reached a steep and winding hill. For their cattle's sake they were compelled to take a breather at the top, and Kit looked over the rolling wolds with a heart on fire for Rupert and the errand. Somewhere yonder, under the blue, misty haze, lay York, the city old to courage and the hazard. New hazards were in the making ; it behoved Michael and himself to give no spoiled page to York's long story.

"What a lad for dreams it is !" said Michael, in his gentlest voice.

Kit turned, and the sight of Michael habited in sober gear, with a steeple hat to crown the picture, broke down his dreams. It is good that comedy and the high resolve are friends that seldom ride apart. "The two we changed gear with, Michael—you would not laugh at them if you could see yourself."

"I have a good mirror, Kit, in you."

So they eyed each other for a while, and took their fill of merriment. Then they went forward. What the end of the venture was to be, they hazarded no guess ; but at least they had papers and a garb that would pass them safely through the lines at York.

Another Royalist was abroad, as it happened, on a venture that to her own mind was both hazardous and lonely. The donkey that had helped Michael to secure his first entry into York—the patient, strong-minded ass that had followed the Riding Metcalfes south and had grown to be the luck of their superstitious company—had been lost on the march between Lathom House and Skipton. She had been stolen by a travelling pedlar, who found her browsing in a thistle-field a mile behind the army she hoped to overtake a little later on. He owned her for a day ; and then, high spirit getting the better of dejection, she bided her time, shot out two hind-feet that left him helpless in the road, and set out on the quest that led to Michael—Michael, who might command her anything, except to go forward in the direction of her head.

To Elizabeth—her name among the Metcalfes—the forward journey was full of trouble and bewilderment. She followed them easily enough as far as Skipton, and some queer instinct guided her up the High Street and into the country beyond Otley. Then tiredness came on her, and she shambled forward at haphazard. At long last she blundered into Ripley, knew the look of the Castle gateway, and battered at it with her fore-feet.

A sentry peered from the top of the gate-tower. "Who goes there ?" he demanded gruffly.

Elizabeth lifted up her head and brayed ; and presently William Fullaboy, guardian of

the little door set in the main gateway, opened and peered out into the flood of moonlight. Lady Ingilby came running, with Joan Grant, to learn the meaning of the uproar; alarms and sharp assaults had been frequent since the Metcalfes left to find Prince Rupert.

"Why, 'tis Elizabeth, my lady," laughed William—"Elizabeth, the snod, lile donkey we grew so fond of!"

"Give her supper and a warm bed for the night," said Lady Ingilby. "The luck comes home at last."

"But does it?" asked Joan Grant, a pitiful break in her voice. "We have lain warm abed while Kit was nursing his wounds on the open moors——"

"True, girl. He'll be none the worse for it. Lovers have a trick of coming home, like their four-footed kindred."

She would listen to no further trouble of Joan's, but patted Elizabeth's smooth ears, and talked to her, and fed her. The wife of a strong man, and the mother of strong sons, is always tender with four-footed things.

"THE OLD MAN'S TREASURE." BY CARL GUSSOW.

From the original in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, reproduced from a photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co., by permission of the Corporation.

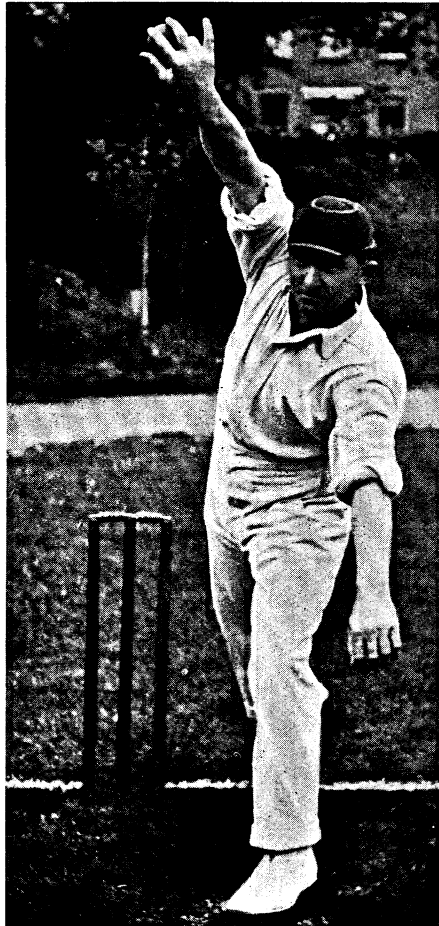
MATTING WICKETS COMPARED TO GRASS

By M. C. BIRD

Photographs by Hawkins & Co., Brighton

SOUTH AFRICA is the only country in which international cricket is played on matting, and perhaps it will be interesting for some people who have as yet not seen a match played on this material, first of all to hear how the matting is laid and how far it extends.

The matting does not cover the bowler's footholds at all, and is nailed down to within three inches of the popping-crease. It is not only stretched lengthways, but is also pulled tight from the sides, with smaller nails than those at the ends. When first batting under these circumstances, the edge of the mat very often bothers people considerably, as one is apt to think too much about one's feet, and be afraid of tripping up when playing forward or jumping out to hit. After a week or so, one gets used to that part of the business, as one gets used to a good many other things after practice. All the same, having perhaps got over this, the first of the troubles, is not by any means all, and whatever troubles one seems to get over, there always seem more to come—in fact, matting wickets are decidedly more difficult than the true plum grass wickets we get at home and in Australia. One must, however, take also the view of those good sportsmen who have been brought up on the mat; they, of course, prefer batting on what they are used to, but they would find it much easier to come off the matting on to a good grass wicket than the player accustomed to a good grass wicket finds coming on to the mat.



A. E. VOGLER.

Not only do you get your feet mixed up, to start with, but the ball is always getting a nasty height off the wicket, and, in so doing, is very apt to get you out when playing strokes that one is used to playing at home. A short ball, which one thinks one can pull for four runs, gets up, perhaps, just that extra two inches and "comes through a bit quick," and so you hit the ball too high up the bat and get caught mid-on or square leg. Also, with regard to cutting, you are very likely to mis-hit the ball, owing to its extra height, and so it is rather a good plan, especially on the off-side, to try to keep the ball always in front of the wicket, and if you do cut to square, cut either just behind point or just in front of point. This more or less ends matting from the batsman's point of view, and a few words on the bowling one has to contend with may be of interest.

To start with, English bowlers coming off grass on to matting probably will like it very much better to bowl on than the good wickets

M. C. BIRD.

Woolley, and Rhodes. He seems to nip off the pitch quicker than the others, and also turns more. Certainly South Africa will never have another bowler like Vogler, who at his best was every bit as dangerous as Barnes has proved himself to be on the matting; but on grass Barnes has more claims, as he has much more variety of flight and swing. You will find that practically every bowler you meet in South Africa will spin the ball, not like so many English bowlers, who learn to swing and flight the ball. In South Africa the air is so fine that it is very difficult to swing, as there is no resistance in the atmosphere, and so that kind of bowling is of very little use.

G. A. FAULKNER.

G. C. WHITE.

one gets at Worcester, Southampton, or the Oval, but not as much as those same wickets if they are a bit wet and the sun shining. All the same, on a matting wicket you can always make the ball twist if the bowler is a man who has finger-spin. It suits Barnes admirably.

Matting wickets are just the thing for spin bowlers of the Thompson (Northampton) type. The left-handers do not seem to be so deadly as the good right-hand bowlers—why, it is hard to say. They should be very effective indeed. Carter, of Natal, seems to be the best, even as compared with such .bowlers as Blythe,

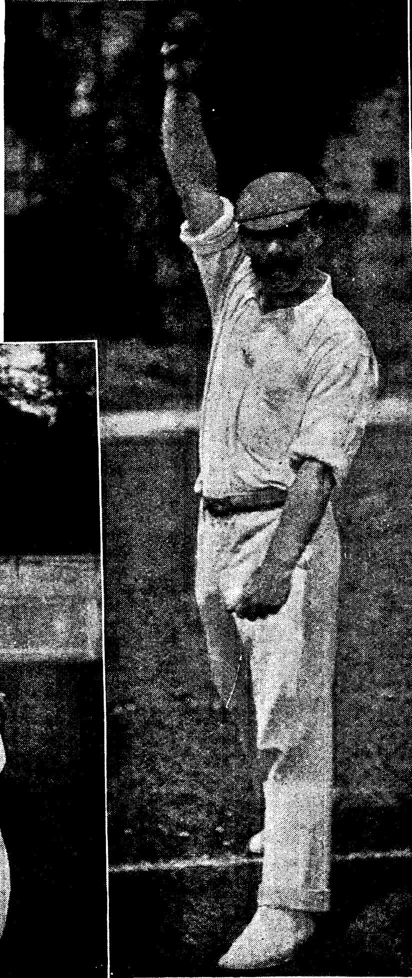
Even if you can swing the ball, the ball after two or three overs becomes very rough, as, in most places, the ground is bare earth with no grass at all, and so the smooth surface which is essential to make the ball swing is soon rubbed off.

You will see small boys, wherever you go in South Africa, always in between the innings and in the luncheon interval, produce a ball from their pockets and most of them bowl the "googlie" to each other whenever they get a chance. This leads to practically every bowler you have to play against

in South Africa being able to spin the ball and generally both ways—by that I mean both leg break and off break.

With regard to the googlie bowling, which South Africa took up after B. J. T. Bosanquet found it out for them, the matting is just the kind of wicket for such bowling. The matting wickets are always fast, and the ball turns very quickly on these wickets, as practically all the wickets in South Africa are made with ant-heap rolled very hard and very firm. Perhaps in some ways these googlie bowlers did not do South African cricket too much good, as in 1909-1910 they absolutely relied upon the googlie bowlers to win matches for them, namely, Faulkner, Vogler, White, and Schwarz. Among others during that tour were Nourse, Sinclair, and Pegler. And so to-day, having lost all these fine exponents of the googlie, they have to rely on more or less straightforward bowling, Newbury being the only exponent of the googlie they have at the moment.

C. P. CARTER.



G. J. THOMPSON.

B. J. T. BOSANQUET.

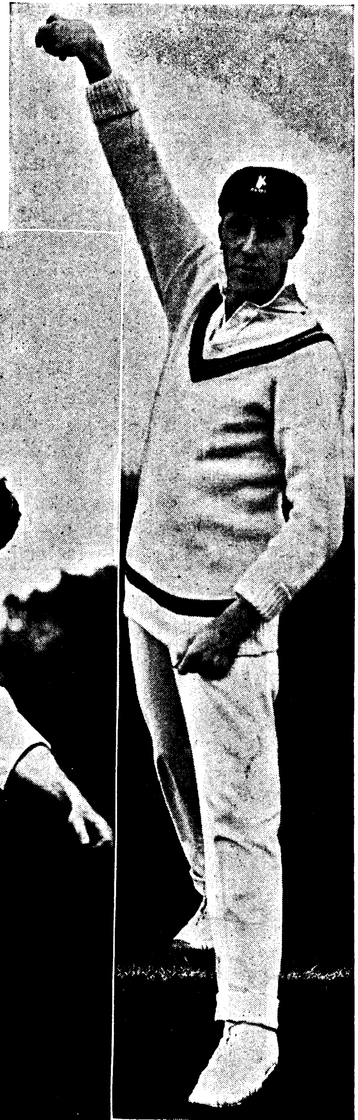
On grass wickets these bowlers are not nearly so effective as on the matting, as even on wet wickets the ball does not turn quickly enough to be very dangerous, and on the true hard grass wicket the bowlers cannot make the ball turn very much. The grounds in South Africa are very different from

the grounds in England, as even those which have grass are anything but true to field on. Let us take the ground at Cape Town. This is situated at a little suburb called Newlands, about seven miles from Cape Town, and is quite the prettiest of all the grounds in South Africa, with Table Mountain on one side and shaded all round with fir trees. All the same, beauty is not everything for a cricket ground, and, unfortunately, in the late afternoon the light is none too good. Then, with regard to the wicket, it is one of the very few grounds where you get the matting with grass underneath it. Now, this grass is not the grass one sees in England on turf grounds, but is a stringy and rather spongy kind of grass, and in consequence the wicket is always on the slow side, and suits the batsmen more than the bowlers. The out-field also is not very good, as one is not always quite sure if the ball will keep to the ground, or whether it will hop up and hit the fieldsman in the chest. The only other ground which has grass under the matting is that at King William's Town. There they seem to have a finer grass and the wicket is faster than at Newlands.

R. O. SCHWARZ.

THE LATE J. H. SINCLAIR.

Two photographs by Sport & General.



S. J. PEGLER.

The "Wanderers'" ground at Johannesburg has not a blade of grass on it, and the surface of the whole field is a reddish kind of clay, caked very hard with a thin layer of sand, and under the matting is the same kind of stuff without any sand. This is quite the best wicket in South Africa. It is, of course, a good deal faster than that at the Cape, but is not by any means too fast or bumpy. It is as true as can be. The worst part of this ground is the glare, which is very trying until you get used to it. The out-field is very nice to field on, and is very fast indeed; 250 at Newlands is worth a good 350 at the "Wanderers'." When once the ball is past you, it is very little use to try and catch it, as it seems always to be gathering pace. The "Ramblers'" ground at Bloemfontein is just such another ground, and these two grounds must rank as the best in South Africa. The wicket at Bloemfontein is a shade faster and perhaps not quite as true.

Durban and Port Elizabeth go together as the turf grounds with the ant-heap wicket cut out in the middle. The "Lord's" ground at Durban is quite the fastest wicket in South Africa. It is a very nice ground, but is quite spoilt by a bicycling track next to the rails, then about fifteen feet of grass, and then a running track. All this is a part of the field of play, and the boundary is the fence the other side of the bicycle track. It is rather dangerous, as coming on to this hard track with nails in one's boots, one is likely to slip up.

There are, and have been for some time, arguments as to putting down an ant-heap wicket at the Cape, but I think some of the older brigade in the Western Province will not hear of their ground being spoilt; but should they in the future have Test Matches, then they ought throughout their Test Match grounds to have a uniform wicket for those matches.

For making runs, give me one of Sam Apted's best in preference to the matting wickets of South Africa.

MY SWEETHEART.

My love she wears a scarlet robe,
A robe of silken sheen,
And round her waist a crimson sash,
And shoes and stockings green.

Her jet-black curls peep shining out
Beneath her green hat's brim;
Oh, full of fairy grace is she,
An elfin maiden slim.

My love she curtseys, holding wide
Her skirts of silken fold,
She dances, laughing, in the wind,
Upon a floor of gold.

She dances, ever light of heart,
And takes no heed of me,
For she's a poppy in the corn
And I'm a humble bee!

ANNETTE HEARD.

ONE AND SEVENPENCE HA'PENNY

By EDGAR WALLACE

Author of "Sanders of the River," "Private Selby," "The Council of Justice," "The People of the River," "Bosambo of the River," etc.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy

CARFEW sat in his study in Jermyn Street, one bright June morning, in a happy frame of mind. It was a mental condition which, as a rule, he did not encourage, for happiness is one of the most unbusinesslike relaxations that a man can allow himself.

Happiness makes one receptive to impossible schemes and unbalances one's judgment. But Carfew had reason for happiness. He had spent a whole day working out his financial position with the aid of an accountant, and that marvellous man had discovered that Carfew was worth exactly thirty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds eighteen shillings and fourpence ha'penny. Those were the exact figures, though where the odd fourpence ha'penny came from, Carfew was at some loss to understand.

"If you lent me one and sevenpence ha'penny," he said, "I should have an even thirty-five thousand pounds."

The accountant smiled.

"If you wait until to-morrow," he suggested, "you will have more. All your money is in gilt-edged stock, producing forty pounds eight shillings per diem, and if I lent you one and sevenpence ha'penny, you would be no better off, because you would still owe me that sum."

Carfew pulled at his cigar, amused but faintly irritated. The one and sevenpence ha'penny annoyed him unaccountably. It was the finest speck of sand in the smooth-running motor of his complacency.

Of course, it was absurd, but then Carfew was absurd. He took absurd risks at times and did absurd things at times. If he had not been absurd, he would have been a poor man all his life. The eccentricities which unthinking people condemn in a mature and comfortable man are very often the forces which secured him that assured position.

"You have reckoned everything, I suppose?" he suggested hopefully.

"Everything—your furniture and household effects are put in at valuation," said the patient accountant.

Carfew rose and pushed the bell; he could be very determined in small as well as great matters. His man Villiers, a calm and gracious servitor, answered the call.

"Villiers," said Carfew, "have you any things in the pantry, such as siphons, baskets, or cases, for which money has been deposited?"

"No, sir," said Villiers promptly. "I have ordered some new siphons."

Carfew thought.

"Go through the pockets of all my clothes," he said gravely, "and see if you can find one and sevenpence ha'penny, or something worth that amount."

"One and sevenpence ha'penny," repeated Villiers in a tone which disguised, as far as a well-bred servant could disguise so apparent an emotion, his contempt for odd coppers. "Have you lost that sum, sir?"

"I haven't exactly lost it," said Carfew sharply, "but I want to find it."

Villiers bowed and withdrew.

"I don't like his face," said Carfew, shaking his head at the laughing accountant.

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"I never did like black-eyebrowed people." He frowned thoughtfully. "Perhaps he's robbed me at one period of his service, and his conscience will get busy to the extent of one and sevenpence ha'penny."

But if the superior Mr. Villiers had ever succeeded in robbing Carfew, his conscience, so far from getting busy, was exceedingly lethargic, and in ten minutes he returned from his search with no more tangible evidence of unexpected prosperity than a crushed and discoloured rosebud.

"This was the only article, sir," he said, handling the withered flower gingerly. "I found it in the breast pocket of your dress-coat."

Carfew wriggled and went painfully red. "Thank you," he said loudly, and took the flower with all the unconcern which accompanies the process of feeling a fool.

"Perhaps," suggested the accountant, when Villiers had departed, "we might regard that as worth the money."

Carfew deliberately placed the rosebud in his pocket-book, and as deliberately slipped the book into his inside pocket.

"I regard that," he said a little stiffly, "as beyond the value of anything in the world."

Whereby he succeeded in establishing a painful silence, broken only by the murmured apologies of the man of figures.

It was this embarrassing situation which brought about one of the most remarkable and momentous days in Carfew's life. From being a whim, the pursuit of the one and sevenpence ha'penny became a serious purpose in life.

He started up from his chair and examined his watch. It was eleven o'clock. He snapped the case viciously.

"You may think I'm mad," he said, "but I'm going out to earn that one and sevenpence ha'penny, and I'm going to earn it in solid cash."

He went out into the world and hailed a taxi, and was half-way to his broker's before he realised that, by the time he reached his destination, his deficiency would be three and a ha'penny, for taxis cost money. To be exact, the fare and the tip brought him three and tuppence ha'penny on the wrong side. He might have given away the odd ha'penny, but it wielded a certain fascination over him.

Parker was busy, but saw him after a minimum wait.

"Well, my bright boy," he greeted him, nodding towards a chair, "and what have we to thank for this visitation?"

"Parker," said Carfew earnestly, "I want to earn three and tuppence ha'penny."

"I didn't quite get you," said the puzzled Parker. "You want——"

"I want to earn three and tuppence ha'penny," repeated Carfew.

Parker leant back in his chair and surveyed him approvingly.

"At last," he said, "you have decided to earn your living—to get a little money by honest toil."

Carfew kept very calm.

"I desire that you refrain from being funny," he said, with admirable self-restraint. "I have a particular reason for wishing to earn one and sevenpence ha'penny—I mean three and tuppence ha'penny—four and eightpence ha'penny," he corrected himself, for he remembered that he had to get back to his flat.

"Make up your mind," said the patient Parker; "but how do you want to earn it?"

"I don't care how I earn it, but I just want to get it—that's all."

Parker settled himself comfortably in his chair, resigned but polite.

"What's the joke?" he demanded. "If there's a catch in it—I'll be the victim—let me hear it, and perhaps I'll be able to pass it off on to one of those clever Alecs in the Kaffir Market."

Carfew rose slowly and reached for his hat.

"I want to earn four and eightpence ha'penny," he said, "and if you can't give me a job keeping books or sweeping out the office, or something for that amount, I'll go somewhere else."

Parker smiled politely.

"The joke's a little elaborate," he said, "but I'm quite willing to laugh—ha, ha!"

Carfew closed the door quietly behind him as he went out.

His blood was up. It was absurd that a man of his attainments should have the slightest difficulty in raising one and—in raising four shillings and eightpence ha'penny.

He bought a paper in the street, giving the boy a penny. He hastily scanned the market intelligence. Of all the days in the year this would appear to be the most deadly. The earliest report showed that all markets were stagnant. There was no one market or group of stocks which looked as though it would move in any direction.

He walked along Moorgate Street, turned into Liverpool Street, and stood irresolutely before the gateways to the station. He

walked over to where a newspaper seller stood.

"George," he said, hazarding the name which is common to all newspaper sellers and to the hansom cabmen of old—alas, that the taxi and the motor-bus have introduced the Horaces and the Percies to public life!—"George, suppose you wanted to make four and ninepence ha'penny, how would you do it?"

George looked his questioner up and down.

"I should back Razel for the Stayers' Handicap," he said. "Back it both ways, an' double it up with Brotherstone for the Nursery. That's what I'd do, an' that's what I've done."

"You would back Razel and double it up." Carfew repeated as much as he could remember.

"'Is he running each way?' asked Carfew.

Razel was evidently one of those unwieldy horses that had to be folded in two before he could be carried in comfort.

"That's what I'd do," repeated George, "an' if you want a real cast-iron racin' certainty for to-morrer, you have a little bit each way on Lord Rosebery's horse in the Royal Hunt Cup."

"Is he running each way?" asked Carfew, interested for the first time in the sport of kings.

"That's what I'd do," said George gloomily.

It was obvious to Carfew that four and ninepence ha'penny was not an easy sum to earn. He felt that racing—even if he had known the slightest thing about it—was too hazardous a means. After all, the horses might not win, and he had a suspicion that George might not be right in his prediction.

Strolling up Broad Street, he ran against Wilner, a man in the shipping trade. Wilner was a hard-headed Lancashire man, with whom Carfew had done business on several occasions. At least, he was a Lancashire man, and people have got the habit of applying the prefix to anybody who counts his change and bites dubious-looking half-crowns. In all probability—the theory is offered for what it is worth—North-countrymen aren't any harder-headed than people who live in Balham.

Wilner would have passed on with a nod, but Carfew had an inspiration and stopped him.

"Give me five shillings," he demanded.

Wilner drew back a pace, then he grinned, and his hand wandered to his trousers pocket.

"Come out without money?" he said. "Shall I lend you a sovereign?"

"I don't want you to lend me anything," said Carfew firmly; "I want you to give me five shillings."

Mr. Wilner looked hard.

"Give you five shillings—for a charity or something?"

"I want five shillings for myself," said Carfew doggedly.

"I'll lend you a fiver——" began Mr. Wilner.

"I don't want you to lend me anything," snarled Carfew, hot and angry. "I want you to give me five shillings."

Mr. Wilner was pardonably alarmed.

"Of course I'll give you five shillings," he said soothingly. "Look here, Carfew, my boy, you wouldn't like to get in a taxi with me and come along and see my doctor?"

Carfew groaned.

"Merciful Heavens," he appealed to the patch of sunlit sky above Broad Street, "I ask the man to give me five shillings, and he offers me a medical examination!"

"But why?" demanded the exasperated Mr. Wilner. "Why the devil do you want five shillings? Haven't you got plenty of money?"

"Of course I have, you ass!" bellowed Carfew, to the scandal of the neighbourhood. "But I want thirty-five thousand pounds, and I must have five shillings. I really only wanted one and sevenpence ha'penny, but I took a taxi and bought a paper, and I was going to take a taxi back. As a matter of fact, I want three and threepence ha'penny, if I walk."

Mr. Wilner drew himself away significantly. His attitude was that of a man who did not wish to be mixed up in an unpleasant and painful situation.

"Well," he said hastily, "let's hope for the best." And with a sympathetic pressure of Carfew's hand, he hurried away.

From the Bank to Dulwich Village the fare works out at approximately three and tenpence. Carfew gave the driver five shillings, so that he arrived at the home of May Tobbin exactly eight and threepence ha'penny on the wrong side of thirty-five thousand pounds.

May was at home, and it seemed to Carfew's prejudiced eyes that she had never looked so beautiful as she did in the domestic garb she wore that morning. Her sleeves were not rolled up, nor did she wipe the flour from her hands as she offered him a grip which betrayed her athletic propensities. Nor was her print gown open at the neck, or her face flushed with the healthy exercise of making up a kitchen fire. Such things do not happen in the suburbs except in good books.

She was wearing a simple morning frock, a modified Poiret model, and nothing short of a tin-opener would have rolled her sleeves up. But she was beautiful enough, with the clear eye and the firm line of confident youth.

"I am glad to see you," she said, with a smile that went straight to Carfew's heart. "I suppose you've come to lunch?"

"I never thought of that," confessed Carfew, brightening up. "That's half-a-crown saved, anyway."

He could say as much to May because she knew him; because, a year or so before, they had worked together, he and she, to put a tottering business upon its feet.

She had worked with him in his high-principled effort to revive interest in the modern drama, and had taken her share of the profits. Moreover, though Carfew would never guess this, she had settled down at the advanced age of twenty-three to the calm contemplation of lifelong spinsterhood for no other reason than because—well, just

because. She surveyed him now with a little anxiety in her grey eyes.

"You look a little under the weather. Would you like to lie down?" she asked.

Carfew braced himself.

"Would you give me eight and threepence ha'penny?" he asked with great resolution. "Or shall we say ten and threepence ha'penny? I think I can get home for two shillings."

She was bewildered. He saw the distress in her eyes, and felt a brute.

"The fact is," he said, laying his hand upon her arm, for she appeared to be on the point of taking flight, "the fact is, I discovered this morning that I was one and sevenpence ha'penny short of thirty-five thousand pounds, and, half for a joke, I went out to get one and sevenpence ha'penny. But now it is eight and threepence ha'penny—that is to say, I have thirty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds, eleven shillings and eightpence ha'penny. Unless I raise eight and threepence ha'penny—I only wanted one and sevenpence ha'penny, but it has been awfully expensive——"

May rose.

"I'll call father," she said gently. "Perhaps, if you sat in the garden under the awning for a little while, you'd feel better."

"You misunderstand me," expostulated Carfew. "I want eight and threepence ha'penny——"

"I'll lend you anything you like, you poor boy," she said, and there were tears in her eyes.

"I don't want to borrow anything!" moaned Carfew. "I——" But she was gone.

Mr. Tobbin appeared after a while, a tactful Mr. Tobbin, a coaxing, humouring, infernally irritating Mr. Tobbin.

"Hot weather, my boy," he said, and patted Carfew's shoulder cautiously, not being quite sure in his mind whether his guest would bite or whether he was merely the King of Siam.

"Come along and smoke," he said. "You young fellows overdo it—just a wee bit overdo it. There's no repose in business as there was when I was a youngster. It's this infernal American method of hustle, hustle, hustle."

He led his captive to the big garden at the back of the house.

"You stay and have a little lunch," he said, when he had seated Carfew in a position where he could be patted without risk to the patter.

"One moment, Mr. Tobbin," said Carfew, warding off the marks of his host's friendship. "I want to ask you this: Will you give me some work to do—something I can earn ten and threepence ha'penny before to-night? I don't ask you to give me the money—I prefer to earn it. This thing started as a joke, you understand. If I hadn't been an ass, I should not have gone fooling round for one and sevenpence ha'penny."

"Naturally, naturally," murmured Mr. Tobbin sympathetically.

"Now"—Carfew spoke rapidly—"you and May—Miss Tobbin—think I'm off my head. Well, I'm not."

"I'm sure you're not," said the other, in simulated indignation. "If anybody said such a thing, I should be extremely vexed."

"There is no sense in borrowing one and sevenpence ha'penny," pursued Carfew confidentially. "I should be no better off than I am. What I want to do is to find somebody to give me a job to earn the one and sevenpence ha'penny, or eight and threepence ha'penny, as it is now—that is to say, ten and threepence ha'penny——"

"Calm yourself, my dear boy," urged Mr. Tobbin. "Here is May."

Unless Carfew's eyes were at fault, and May Tobbin's eyes were being particularly disloyal, she had been crying. Mr. Tobbin retired with every evidence of relief, announcing—from a safe distance—that he was taking lunch in the study, and May sat herself by Carfew's side.

"You've got to be very quiet," she said softly. "We'll have lunch together."

"May," said Carfew desperately, "will you please listen to me whilst I recite you a perfectly coherent and consecutive narrative of what has happened since this morning?"

"I think you had better——" she began. Then, as Carfew jumped up in genuine annoyance, she pulled him down again. "Tell me," she commanded.

Carfew began his story—the story of the audit, the story of his happy breakfast, gloating over his balance, the story of the accountant's arrival with the true total of his fortune, and as he went on, the anxiety died away from the girl's eyes and her lips twitched. Then, as he described his meeting with Wilner, her sense of humour was too strong for repression, and she leant back in an ecstasy of laughter.

"You poor creature!" she said, wiping the tears from her eyes. "And you want——"

"Ten and threepence ha'penny," said

Carfew mournfully. "But I can't take it from you now, after I have told you. Isn't there any work I could do—genuine work that you'd have to pay somebody else ten and threepence ha'penny for, if they did it?"

She thought, her chin on her palm, her lips pursed. Then she went into the house. Carfew judged she was interviewing her father, and his calculation was correct. She came back in ten minutes, and her return synchronised with the booming of the luncheon gong.

"Come along," she invited, with a smile. "Come to lunch, and I will explain just how father wants the coal-cellar whitewashed."

It was a happy lunch. Mr. Tobbin, by no means convinced that Carfew was not a dreadful example of how the evil hustling tendencies of the age may affect a man, lunched in his study and listened apprehensively to the bursts of insane laughter which floated up from the dining-room.

"And so poor Villiers found nothing?" asked May.

Carfew blushed.

"Nothing," he said.

She looked up at him quickly.

"What did he find?" she asked.

Carfew hesitated, then he took out his pocket-book, and from the pocket-book an ill-used rosebud. She took it in the palm of her hand, and the colour came and went in her face.

"Who is the fortunate lady?" she asked quietly.

"As a matter of fact," stammered Carfew, "it was from a—a sort of a bouquet. Don't you remember? One night—a sort of dance that Tobbins, Limited, gave their *employés* when I was managing director, and—and you were managing—me? You had some flowers——"

He was pardonably disturbed. The girl looked at the rosebud in her hand and did not raise her eyes. "Was it really mine?" she asked, in so low a tone that he thought she was speaking to herself.

He nodded.

She put out her hand across the table and he clasped it.

I forget who whitewashed Mr. Tobbin's cellar.

"THE WAR CRY." BY W. H. TROOD.

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FORETHOUGHT.

HE: If you'll send in next door and borrow Brown's lawn-mower, I'll take a day off to-day.
SHE: Our lawn doesn't want cutting, dear.
HE: I know it doesn't; but Brown's does, and I don't mean to have my rest disturbed by his clatter.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE LADY-KILLER.

Lo! the "Nut" of callow years
Tries to fascinate the dears:
Fails, of course, to fascinate:
Youth and cricket compensate.

When a few more years have rolled,
Now to fascinate he's bold:
Finds he's learned the art at last:
He must practise it broadcast.

Still the years keep rolling by,
Still to fascinate he'd try.
Embonpoint and shiny pate
Somehow do not fascinate.

Let these lines a warning be:
Youth fails with impunity.
Manhood must not miss the prize:
That way bitter sadness lies.

G. Frederic Turner.

SMALL BOY (looking up from a history book): Father, what is a "religious prejudice"?

PARENT: The convictions of someone else, my son.

"So your wife is a Suffragette?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Jenkins.

"Why does she want to vote?"

"I don't think Henrietta really desires to vote. She's merely tired of talking to me. She wants a larger and more intelligent audience."

"I SUPPOSE," said one wife to another, "that you never argue with your husband."

"Only when he is mending a puncture," was the reply. "When he is thoroughly irritated, he makes a much better job of it."

THEY had just renewed their acquaintance after five years.

"Upon my word, Miss Weatherby," he said frankly, "I should hardly have known you, you have altered so much."

"For the better or for the worse?" she asked, with an arch look.

"Ah, my dear girl," he said gallantly, "*you* could only change for the better!"

THE RULING PASSION.

THE ACTOR: You know, I once played Hamlet.
THE GOLFER: By Jove! What's his handicap?

THE BRAVE BIRDS.

Quite a little way from town,
Daisy starred and hawthorn dotted
Lay a patch of sandy down,
Which the speculator spotted.
Bricks and hoardings row on row
Showed the mark of—well, the builder.
Soon he'd laid poor Nature low,
But he hadn't really killed her.

Hemmed by tenements and flats,
Tanks and planks and heaps of rubble,
Where the women shake their mats,
And the babes who give them trouble,
Flanked by bits of broken board,
Strewn with boots devoid of laces,
Still remains one stretch of sward,
Plucky little green oasis.

Here, impervious to change,
Half a dozen meadow pipits,
Wedded to their wonted range,
Rear their sparsely feathered snippits,
Soar aloft to vent their joys,
Carolling ecstatic glamour
Through the whoops of school-board boys,
Through the busy traffic's clamour.

Sporting cats who prowl by day,
Urchins seeking cruel pleasures,
Never seem to find their way
To those brickbat sheltered treasures.
So the pipits pipe their tune,
Thrilling spring's deported glories.
Long may they remain immune,
Conscientious little Tories!

Jessie Pope.

NO WONDER.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Smith?"
"Yes, I'm a cornetist."
"And your sister?"
"She's a pianist."
"Does your mother play?"
"She's a zitherist."
"And your father?"
"He's a pessimist."

IN a country school the teacher was trying to make the lesson as interesting as possible to her class of little ones.

"Now, children," she said, "you have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell us what that one is?"

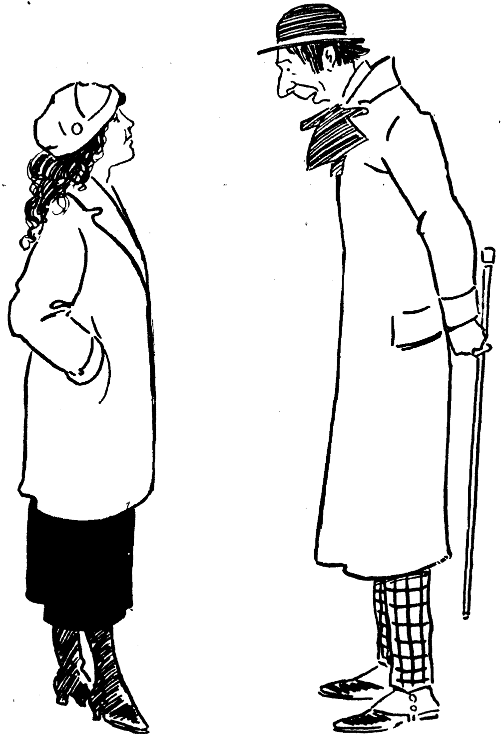
There was no reply.

"What!" exclaimed the teacher. "Does no one know? What animal has bristly hair, is dirty all the time, and loves getting into the mud?"

A small boy raised a timid hand.

"Well, Allan," said the teacher, "tell us what it is."

"Please, ma'am," said the little boy reflectively, "it's me."



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

HE (trying to impress): I don't know whether to go in for poetry or painting.
SHE: Oh, painting, Mr. Mooney.
HE: Then you have seen some of my pictures?
SHE: No, but I have read some of your poetry.

NOT LIKELY.

COUNTRY BODY (after express has dashed through station where she is to meet a relative from London): Your uncle hasn't got out, dearie.

WISDOM OF THE LINKS.

CADDIE (after watching several misses): It wouldn't cost 'im much even if 'e was playin' wiv noo laid eggs.

Mrs. Smith had recently moved into the neighbourhood.

"I thought I would come and tell you that your James has been fighting with my Edward," said one of the neighbours one morning, as she called at Mrs. Smith's door, "and settle the matter if I could."

"Well, for my part," responded Mrs. Smith haughtily, "I have no time to enter into any discussion about the children's quarrels. I consider myself above such trifling things."

"I'm delighted to hear it," was the reply. "I'll send James over on a stretcher in an hour or two."

Brown: A fool and his money are soon parted.

Mrs. Brown (clapping her hands): Oh, John, how much are you going to give me?

Jones (in fashionable restaurant): Don't order anything for me. I'm not hungry.

Smith: But you will be by the time the waiter brings it.

There were introductions all round. The big man stared in a puzzled way at the club guest.

"You look like a man I've seen somewhere," he said. "Your face seems familiar. And a funny thing about it is that I remember I formed a strong prejudice against the man who looks like you, although I'm quite sure we have never met before."

The little guest laughed softly.

"I'm the man," he answered, "and I know why you formed the prejudice. I took round the offertory bag for two years in the church you attend at Kensington."

NEARER THE MARK.

Teacher: I should like my children to take more pride in their personal appearance. Now, you, Thomas White, how many collars do you wear a week?

Thomas: Please, miss, do you mean how many weeks do I wear a collar?

A MAN whose credit was at somewhat low ebb called on his tailor to try on a new suit he had ordered, and on so doing found that the cloth, fit, and, in fact, everything about the new suit was perfect. He turned to the tailor and said, in a most pleased tone: "The suit is fine, very creditable indeed."

"Oh, no," said the tailor. "Cash only."

NEWLY-ARRIVED VISITOR AT SEASIDE HOTEL: I wonder you care to sit so close to the window, so that all the passers-by can see what you are eating.

OLDER SOJOURNER: Oh, I don't mind them a bit. The idea is that those sitting near the window get bigger helpings—a matter of advertisement.

COMMON PRUDENCE.

SHE: You are unkind, James. I believe you would sooner play cards with father than stay with me.

HE: No, I wouldn't, darling, but we must have money to get married on.

AN old gentleman, with very few hairs on the top of his head, called at the barber's shop and said he would have his hair parted in the middle.

"What shall I do with the third hair, sir?" was the reply.

A DINER at a certain restaurant was served with such a small portion of steak that he ate the whole amount as his first mouthful. He then called the waiter, and said that, as the sample was so good, he would take steak for his dinner.

"FRED JENKS is your next-door neighbour now, isn't he?" remarked a man while calling on a friend one evening.

"Who?"

"Fred Jenks. I understand he is a finished cornetist."

"Is he? Good! Who did it?"

ONE day a man, armed with every luxury in the way of bait and fishing-gear, sat on a bank for hours without a bite. Seated near him was a small lad with a bough cut down from a neighbouring wood. At the end of this improvised rod were a bit of string, a bent pin, and half a worm. First one fine perch was landed by this youthful angler, and then another. Pleased with his success, he started for home, and on his way thither he met the vicar. Said the latter: "Those are two fine perch, my lad."

"No, sir, they're not perch."

"But they are," reiterated his clerical companion.

"No, sir, I'm sure they're not, for, when I caught the second fish, the gentleman next to me on the bank said: 'Well, that's the bally limit!'"

THE LABOUR UNREST, AS SEEN IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

"YOU must be careful as you come home at night. There have been several cases of highway robbery here lately."

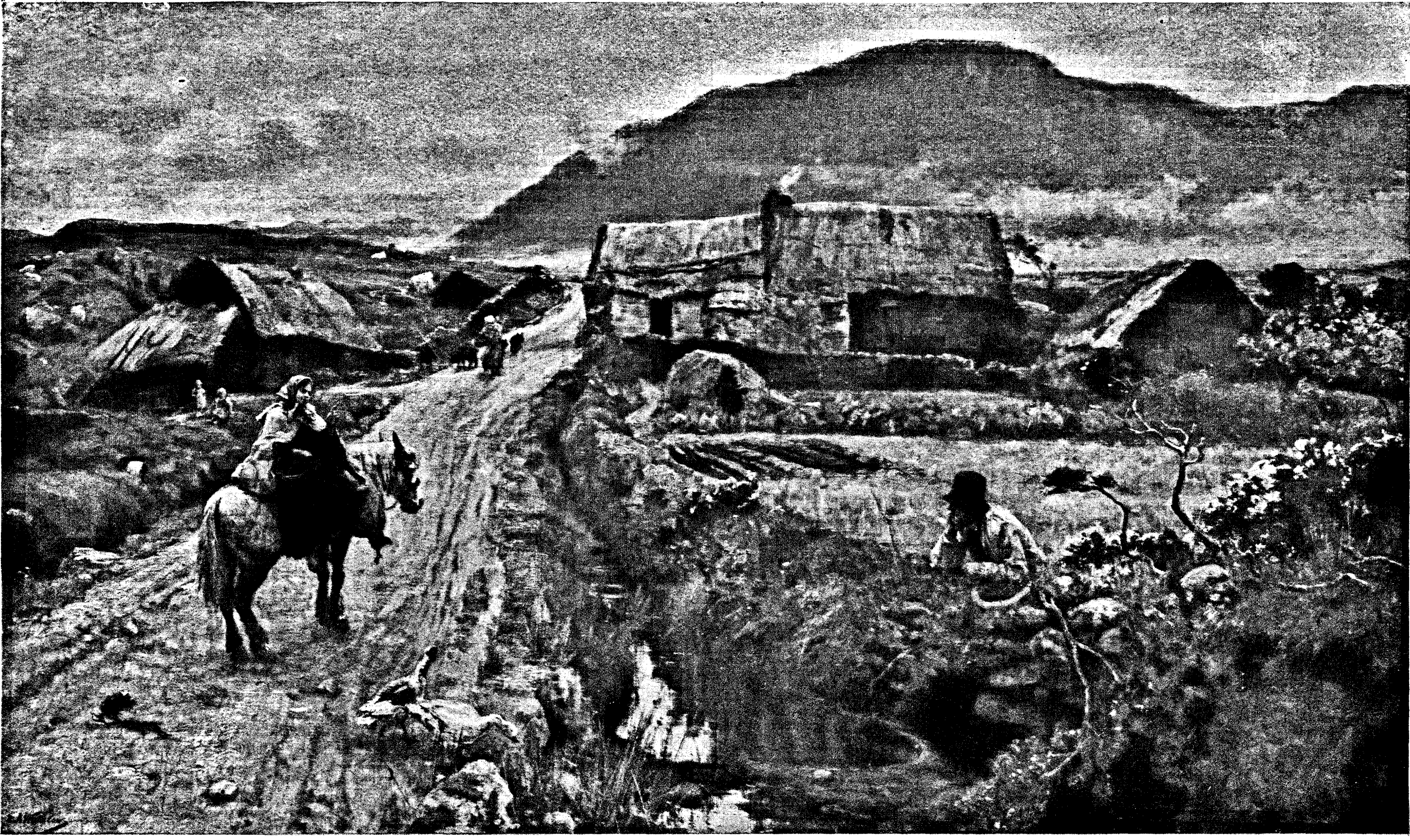
"Oh, that's all right. Any robber who goes through me will find himself in debt!"

FASHION NOTE.

THE black silk slip-cover that comes with a gift umbrella is rarely utilised for its original purpose. But the deft fingers of a handy housewife may easily transform it, at slight trouble and expense, into a fashionable skirt. No refitting or reshaping necessary. Simply turn the affair upside down, cut off the metal end, and attach a belt. See that the slash comes at the side.

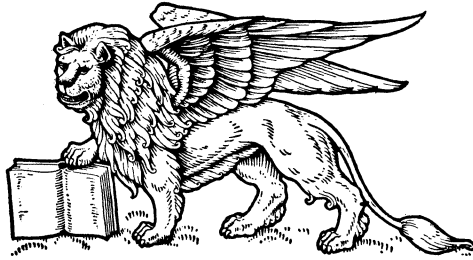
SMALL BOY: Father, what is an equinox?

FOND PARENT: What in the world do you go to school for? Don't you study mythology? An equinox is a mythical animal, half horse, half ox. The name is derived from the Latin "equine," horse, and "ox." Dear me, they teach you absolutely nothing that is useful nowadays!



"GALWAY GOSSIPS." BY SIR ERNEST A. WATERLOW, R.A., P.R.W.S.

From the original purchased for the Nation by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, and now in the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, S.W.



CARNEVALE DI·VENEZIA

By JUSTUS·MILES·FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED·BY·G C·WILMSHURST

THE height of the international social life of Venice is reached in the month of September. For that month, great ladies from far and near engage houses, invite their friends, and bring their pretty clothes. If you look about you on the Piazza at tea-time, you will see, scattered amongst the charred bodies of the Germans who have been lying all day in a horrid state of (German) nature on the sands of the Lido, and are now wolfing Lavena's cakes, princesses, duchesses, countesses, baronesses, and millionairesses, all closely attended by handsome young gentlemen in white flannels and cigarette holders. This is the month of tempered sunshine, of soft intoxicating nights and a harvest moon over palaces and canals; this is the month of parties and the spirit of carnival, of love-making, of scandal; and this is the story of a party and some love-making there, and a thing which may or may not have been scandalous, according as your point of view may chance to be.

Mr. Livingstone Manners, detached from the American Embassy at St. Petersburg and ordered to Rome, stopped over in Venice for a fortnight, *en route*. He found innumerable friends more or less innocently amusing themselves there, and they all seemed very glad of his presence and aid. So he bathed at the Lido, and listened to gossip, most of which was quite libellous and actionable; he lunched vilely at the Vapore, the Bonvecchiati, the Cavaletto, the Pilsen, or delightfully at somebody's palace, and listened to gossip; he went to tea-parties or tea'd at Lavena's in the Piazza, and listened to gossip; and he dined and danced behind façades famous in coloured prints the world over, and listened to gossip.

Everybody was preparing with great interest and eagerness for a big masked ball to which a certain prominent English hostess with a hired palace had sent out invitations. It was to be the first very large and important party of the September season. "And," René de Mirande said to his friend, "it is designed to gather together the sects, to

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heal new wounds, for we have been very much torn of late, *mon vieux*, very much torn." And he went on to retail the latest scandal —how a lovely Scandinavian had appeared in Venice and had been introduced to Lady Never-Mind-Who, the leader of the English set, by young Paul Chose, who insisted and, being emotional and a little mad, doubtless believed, that the current stories about her were wicked lies; how Lady Never-Mind-Who had at once asked the lovely stranger to dinner, and the Duchess of Greenland had afterwards taken her everywhere; how the Italian set, knowing the real facts, had laughed very hard and refused to meet her; and how a popular royal duke, returning to Venice, was enraged beyond measure, so that poor young Paul Chose had to flee the place in great agitation, and everybody was at everybody else's throat.

Manners didn't quite know what to do about a costume, for there was little time to look about; but René de Mirande had sent to Milan for half a dozen disguises, meaning to choose the one he liked best; and when he had picked out a robin's egg-blue confection, Manners decided upon a suit of black, which was labelled on the box "Mercutio," and which certainly looked as much like Mercutio as it did like anybody else.

The two dined *en costume* with the Duchess of Greenland—bereft, alas, for the day, of her new conquest!—an eye-disturbing spectacle, for there were at table two Juliets, one Mercutio, one Devil, one Desdemona, one lady in flowing hair and a sort of night-dress, who might have been anybody, one Lucrezia Borgia with brother Cesare, one Doge, two Oriental houris, and one of those tiresome gentlemen who feels that he has made a great concession by wearing a domino over ordinary dress-clothes.

Manners didn't think the party, when, towards eleven or thereabouts, they went on to it, was a very successful party. To be sure, the historic old palace, with the torches flaring about its water-steps, and gondolas crowding and bumping there, with its vast bare entrance hall leading back to a garden, and its beautiful *sala* on the *piano nobile* above, made a memorable picture; but Manners thought the throng of wildly-clad guests failed somehow to take its proper place in the picture. The ladies were, for the most part, well enough, and those of the men who were Italians or French bore themselves with not too unhappy an air; but the Englishmen and Americans stood about in little groups, hating themselves in their tights and plumed hats, and gazing upon one another with morose disfavour. And when presently the dancing began, it seemed to Mr. Manners that he had never before realised what essentially modern dances the tango and the one-step are; they went, in his opinion, singularly ill with this majestic house and with the costumes of earlier and statelier ages.

He stuck for some time close to the side of his dinner hostess, who was openly cross, and mourned aloud like a tigress bereft of its unique cub, then after a bit left her and danced two or three times with ladies whom he thought he knew, though, with their masked faces, he couldn't be quite sure. And once he was cheered and even a little excited by an encounter with a sprightly and mysterious fellow-guest, who might or might not, he thought, be the Countess Nina von Langenthal, with whom he had played through one pleasant summer on the Bosphorus when he was attached to the Embassy there. Her costume was of that sort which the unkind call "daring" and the friendly "original." Manners asked her what character she imagined herself to represent, and she laughed up at him with her red-painted mouth and said she was Colombina. Well, perhaps she was—Columbine brought up to date, adjusted, as it were, to tango and one-step time.

They performed a tango together, and she seemed to know his steps as if they had learned them together. She danced like nobody he had ever known—like the wonderful lady one dances with in a dream and never finds in this world. He told her so. He was quite excited and emotional about it, but she only laughed again with her red mouth—she seemed for ever to be laughing—and said she had always danced like that. And two men dressed as Arlechino and Pantalone—members of Columbine's family—came up like jealous clouds of darkness and whisked her away, laughing back over her shoulder.

There was a stand-up-and-struggle supper about one o'clock, and masks were supposed at that hour to be removed. Manners found himself near his hostess, the Duchess of Greenland, and being in a far corner in a fit of sulks with Charles the First and the Angel Gabriel, he asked who the up-to-date Columbine lady was, and his hostess said plaintively—

"Oh, dear me, I've tried to remember so many! Isn't it Nina von Langenthal? I'm

sure no one else would dare wear so few clothes."

"Not many people could," young Manners answered, "and remain as charming as that."

"No, no, I dare say. Are you one of Nina's slaves? Do, like a dear man, find her and make her unmask."

"Isn't that she in the window yonder?" he asked.

"I don't see her," said his hostess. But he saw her plainly, standing in the shadow of one of the long row of arched windows that gave upon the balcony at the front of the palace. She was looking down the great room straight towards where he was—straight, he thought, into his eyes—and he went to her as if she had called him.

When he came to the row of Gothic windows, she had slipped out upon the shallow balcony. He followed her into the far corner, and they stood together beside the stone parapet. It was dark there, for the heavy crimson window-curtains were drawn part-way, and the moon was behind the palace. He saw the lady's white arms and shoulders, he saw her white face upraised to him, and knew that it was laughing, for the red lips, that looked black in the darkness, were drawn. Her little mask could not have been much more than an inch wide, for it reached only from below her brows not quite to the tip of her nose, but it was enough to disguise her. He had observed, earlier in the evening, that the eye-holes, instead of being mere slits, were cut out wide and large, and that her eyes behind them were painted round the lids with bluish black.

He said—

"I'm to tell you from Lady Henry that they are all unmasking."

She laughed a little under her breath, and young Mr. Manners made an impatient movement and said rather crossly—

"Oh, come! Are you Nina von Langenthal, or are you not? If you'd only speak French or English, I should know, but Italian disguises your voice as well as that confounded mask disguises your face."

She turned suddenly, pressing a little against him, leaning across the broad stone parapet, pointing outward. Beneath them the face of the great palace was in shadow, but, beyond, the moonlight lay upon the broad canal like a vast lake of silver spilt upon ink, and gondolas stole from out the gloom upon that space of white glory and disappeared into the gloom again as still as dead craft bearing dead passengers across the dark river of the nether world.

"*Ecco il lume di luna!*" the masked lady said just above a whisper. "See, the moonlight!" She looked up at him over her shoulder.

"*Io anche, Io sono chiarreza della luna.* I'm moonshine, too."

She held his eyes with those inscrutable painted eyes from behind the black mask, and an odd and uncomfortable feeling began to possess young Mr. Manners—the feeling that the world had gone a little mad about him. Reaching with a kind of dull determination for a hold upon his sanity, he tried to trap her, for he was still almost sure she was Nina von Langenthal. He asked in French—

"Whatever became of that young King's Messenger—the chap who acted so well in the theatricals?"

The lady who had said she was moonshine laughed gently in the dark. "*Che cosa dice?*" And Mr. Manners growled over her rather like a large perturbed dog.

Once more she looked up and held his eyes.

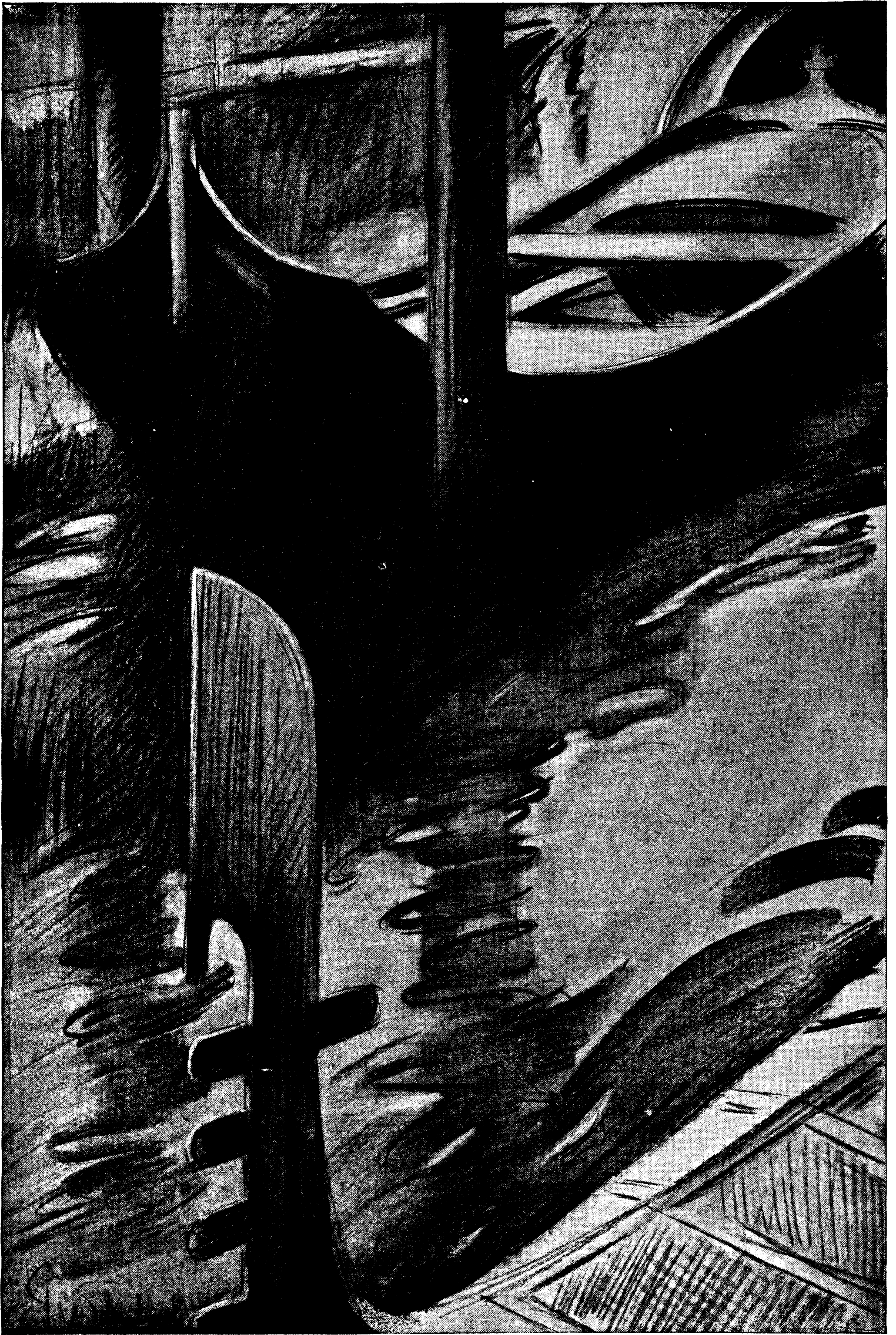
"Does it matter," she asked, "who I am?" She spread out her arms. "I am here."

And, at that, something quite wild and reckless and preposterous and completely mad swept young Mr. Manners's being like a sudden storm. He said in a kind of cry—

"No, no!" And Heaven knows what further he might not in that moment have said or done, standing upon the balcony above the Grand Canal, but that, even as he cried out, there came voices behind him, and a group of people who had finished their supper crowded out through the open windows with a sound like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Manners cursed them in a wicked whisper, though some were old and valued friends. He caught the moonshine lady by one of her little wrists.

"Come! Let's get out of this. There's a garden behind the palace." They slipped through one of the long windows into the great *sala*, and, as they did so, the band suddenly began again to play a waltz. Manners swept the lady he believed to be Nina von Langenthal into his arms, and they danced the length of the room.

There was a loggia at the garden front of the *piano nobile*, and curving marble steps led down from the two ends of it to the dim gloom, that was lit by fairy lamps among the trees, and scented by box and roses and tuberose. Young Manners had been there



"The masked lady who crouched at young Mr. Manners's knees, and sang . . .

seemed to laugh and to mock at the tears which have streamed down the ages."

before in the daytime, and he led the way without hesitation down past hedges and clumps of shrubbery, past a little *tempietto d'Amore* in ruins, to another loggia, all slender twisted columns and frescoes and vaulting as light as a soap bubble, that overhung a narrow still canal. Once, as they hurried on, two dark figures seemed to hover about them and to flap away into the shadows like heavy birds of the night, and the masked lady caught at Manners's arm as if she were startled; but that house was full of strange figures, and he paid them no heed.

He faced her in the little gay painted loggia, that was lighted very dimly at either end by a lamp or a candle in an alabaster globe—twin moons of an agreeable feebleness.

"Now," said he, in the tone of one who has come near the end of his endurance, "now, will you tell me who you are?" She shook her head.

"I have told you. I am moonshine."

"Then," said he, "I am madness. Moonshine and madness go together." He caught her by the arms and held her fast, staring down into that masked and painted face. And she met his look without struggle or evasion. She was very close to him and still and acquiescent, her crimson lips were drawn in a smile. Yet young Mr. Manners was all at once aware that she was as inscrutable as cold, and as far removed from him as the moon itself. He dropped his hands from her arms, and she stretched them slowly high above her head, laughing at him in silence.

"There's no warmth in moonshine!" he said, with a sudden bitterness. "It is as cold as water." And she stopped laughing.

"Fire warms water," she said.

"But not moonshine! Are you moonshine through and through—nothing but moonshine?" He moved towards her again, and she stood still; but before he could touch her, there was a noise from behind, a strange noise. He looked round, and one of those two black birds of the night came leaping and flapping up the steps of the loggia, and pouring forth, as he leapt, a torrent of words that were strange to the American's ears. It might have been Venetian dialect the man spoke, or it might have been one of the dozen or so unfamiliar languages with which Nina von Langenthal was familiar.

He rushed upon the masked lady, this furious stranger in the black cloak, and seized her by the hands, storming at her all the while in his incomprehensible tongue. She cried out in fear and struggled against him, trying to pull her hands away, and at last over his shoulder she called for help.

Young Mr. Manners had played football in his university days. He played polo now, but it kept his muscles hard. He caught the new-comer by the throat, bent him back and threw him some distance along the tiled floor of the loggia. The black cloak had fallen apart, and one saw that the man was dressed as Harlequin and that he wore a black mask.

"Is there any reason," Manners asked, "why this man should not be punished as he deserves? If there is any reason, tell me now quickly!" He looked towards the lady, but she did not answer him. Her eyes in the black mask were wide with terror—he could see the whites all round them—her hands were pressed hard over her breast, and she was breathing in gasps. She seemed unable to speak.

The Harlequin had got to his knees. Manners dragged him upright.

"I don't know," said he, "who you are, and I don't care. You've forfeited all right to be treated as a decent human being and a fellow-guest in this house. Get out of it!" He swung the man out across the parapet of the loggia and held him there, dangling above the water. He looked back once over his shoulder to where the lady stood near-by, and he saw on her face the dawning of a great excitement which certainly had in it no pain—the coming of an almost terrible laughter.

A gondola was approaching down the narrow *rio*, that was half in moonlight, half in inky gloom. Manners called out to it and was answered.

"Here," said he, "here is a signor who wishes to go home." And he loosed his hold upon the cloaked figure of the Harlequin, which dropped with a great splash into the water.

"There," he said, turning back, "goes a gentleman with very, very bad manners. Well, he'll bother us no more this night."

"He will come back," she whispered. "He will kill you for doing that to him, and for being—with me."

"I hardly think he'll come back to-night," Manners objected, laughing.

"To-morrow, then." But he shook his head.

"There is no to-morrow. There is only to-night and moonshine and madness." And at that she laughed and held out her hands to him.

Later on, at the little *tempietto d'Amore* in

the garden, a group of people, passing, called out to another group—

"We're all going out in gondolas."

"Two by two?" the other group asked anxiously. And they said—

"Of course, of course."

Manners bent his head to look into his companion's face. Her crimson lips were drawn into that silent, eternal mocking smile, and he laughed in answer to it and caught her hand, and they ran up the garden path together.

By the water-steps, where the torches flared and the servants in costumes of the *sei cento* stood waiting, he looked at her in sudden concern.

"You ought to bring a wrap of some kind. You haven't much on, you know." She disappeared for a moment and returned with her idea of a wrap. It made him laugh again—a yard or two of black gauze, not much more substantial than a motoring veil.

He never knew whose gondola it was that took them out into the soft night. He knew only that it had but one rower, a gaunt old man with wild white moustaches and a black hat pulled down over his eyes, and that there were a great many cushions, and that they and the carpet were bright crimson, the colour of her eternally smiling mouth.

They turned out of the Grand Canal not far from the Ponte di Ferro, and for a little time he took note of their direction. They passed, he knew, under the apse of a church, and that must have been San Stefano, then presently he ceased to notice and to care.

They slipped by gloomy ways beneath dark walls with marble balconies and shuttered windows; they floated under little arched bridges so low that the *ferro* of their gondola all but touched the stone of the vaulting; they turned sharp corners into ways narrower and darker; they grazed broad barges moored at warehouse doors. It was very still; there was no sound at all save the drip of water from the old man's oar, his melancholy cry as they neared a turning; sometimes the sound of echoing feet as they went under a bridge, and once a woman screamed behind a high and dark and shuttered window, and was still again. Once also they passed a gondola from their own party, and somebody in it exclaimed in tones of smothered agitation—

"Goodness gracious! Do you think they saw?"

For a time she lay beside him close and silent, her head thrown back, her hand in his. The hand was cold, and he complained about it.

"You're quite icy; you're chilled through. For Heaven's sake, put that silly scarf round you, at least!" But she said she was comfortable, and he had to let her be.

Afterwards he wondered with great amazement at his own silence and inaction. He seemed to himself to have been under a kind of spell—to have behaved like a man a little dazed, half happy, half discontented, waiting for he knew not what.

She slipped presently to the cushions in the bottom of the gondola and knelt there, turned partly away from him, pressing against his knees, and she began to sing little snatches of songs in the Venetian that he but half comprehended.

> 'L' è tanto da lontan el mio amore!
> A lu ghe pianze i oci, e a mi el cuore;
> A lu ghe pianze i oci, e tuti vede;
> A mi me pianze el cuore e niun me crede.

And

> Bela, co 'moro, lasso testamento
> Che a la mia morte no impissé la lume;
> No vogio pianto, nè meno lamento;
> Bela, co 'moro, lasso testamento.

And

> Me trago sul balcon, vedo Venezia,
> E vedo lo mio ben che fa partenza;
> Me trago sul balcon, vedo lo mare,
> E vede lo mio ben a navegare.

There is real pathos and passion and heartbreak in those little old songs of the people. The girl who sits in her window at home and watches her lover go to sea, and the other maiden whose tears are from her heart, though, or perhaps because, the absent one's are from his eyes—they are not subjects fit for laughter or mockery; but the masked lady who crouched at young Mr. Manners's knees, and sang about them in a sweet, hard little voice, seemed to laugh and to mock at the tears which have streamed down the ages from the eyes and the hearts of maidens forlorn.

Manners didn't like it. It jarred upon him. He was not very much surprised, because he knew—or would, if he had stopped to reflect, have known—that she was as cruel as a cat; but her cruelty jarred upon his mood and upon the soft silence and warmth of that enchanted night. He made a sound of protest and put out one hand to check her.

The old man had stopped rowing—perhaps he was tired.

She turned her head and she seemed to know that she had hurt him, for she fell silent and held his hand an instant against her cool cheek, as if she begged his forgiveness.

She knelt up then rather suddenly and seemed to listen.

Manners thought he heard the faint ripple of water under a boat's bows, but he wasn't sure, and he cared not at all.

The masked lady turned about, and with uplifted arms raised the black gauze wrap until it was outstretched behind her head like two great hovering wings. The gondola had floated into a little space of moonlight. Kneeling beside him, she bent forward, her arms outstretched still. In the dim light that struck up from the water he could see her face, and against the darkness, even with its disguising mask, it was close and sweet and wonderful. She bent nearer yet, and he caught his breath and held it. And then she swept her arms, that held the gauze scarf, about his head and wrapped them in together.

He might have done her harm when the other boat touched his and those men sprang in and pinioned him, for she was still there, holding his head. His face lay against the hollow of her throat. He was still until she had withdrawn. Then he put forth his strength and struggled, but it was too late.

They dragged him into the other boat, and presently from it again and up some slimy steps, and through a door which clanged behind them. Once his left hand came free. He flung it out, and the dress of one of the men who led him was wet. He felt for the fellow's throat, and for an instant got it, but they mastered him and tied his hands together.

They came, it seemed, across a broad stone pavement to another door, and he heard the door unlocked with a key, and he heard it grate open upon rusty hinges. One of those men said, coughing, as if he had taken a cold—

"Let him go!" So for a moment he stood free; then there were violent hands at his back, and he fell, plunging and stumbling down a stone staircase, and lay on his face at its foot.

By some inexplicable chance he was neither killed nor wholly stunned. His head had taken a glancing blow and felt very dizzy, but otherwise he seemed to be uninjured. The knot about his wrists was hastily and stupidly fastened; he wriggled his hands out of it and tore the bandage from his head.

By the feel of it he knew it to be the black gauze scarf.

A little way before him a square of light cut the gloom, and, stumbling still, he ran to it. The square of light was a window, open but crossed by iron bars, and the light was moonlight upon the narrow canal without.

Clinging there unsteadily, for his head began to be very bad, he heard the sound of a gondola's oar in the *forca*, and the murmur of men's voices. The sound passed farther away and grew faint, but before it had gone quite beyond earshot, he heard something more—the sound of a woman laughing. And at that he gave a bitter cry and fell down and knew no more.

Afterwards he seemed to recall a period of frenzied running about and beating with fists upon wall and door, then something more like sanity and calm. The door was locked. The iron grating of the window over the canal was hinged one side and fastened by a padlock and chain. He set himself to looking for an instrument sufficiently strong to break the chain, and the instrument was close at hand—any quantity of instruments, indeed, for there was a heap of tools against the back wall of the cellar, spades and picks and iron bars lying beside a pile of timber and some barrels.

He thrust an iron bar through the chain, put his weight against it, and was free. After that he sat, very faint and giddy, for what seemed to him an exceedingly long time in the window opening, dangling his feet above the water. If anyone came behind him, he meant to leap into the water and swim for the nearest steps. There came by at last a broad barge laden with packing-cases and propelled by two men with poles. He waited until it was under him, and leapt down. The two men were startled and made for him with their punting poles, but he explained that he only wanted a lift to the nearest point at which he could find a gondola, and asked where they were going. They told him the Riva degli Schiavoni. Was it far? No, ten minutes.

They went their slow way, round a turning and round another, and abruptly he found that the barge was in the Rio di Canonica, nearing the prison and the Bridge of Sighs. He had meant to continue with it as far as the Riva, and there take a gondola to his hotel, for he had no thought of returning to the masked ball, but on an impulse he sprang ashore at the bridge by the Convento. It would be easier to walk home across the Piazza.

He looked at his watch, and it was nearly four o'clock.

The Piazza di San Marco is never quite deserted even at four o'clock in the morning.

There are always a few dark figures standing about the flagstaffs or crossing from the Merceria to the Piazetta, or sitting huddled over the iron tables in front of Florian's. The clustered lights on the two rows of tall branched lamp-posts are burning still, and Florian's has, as it were, a somnolent eye half open that has never quite closed for more than two hundred years. But the long arcades that glitter so brilliantly of an evening are dark and still now, and above them the weatherworn walls of the two Procuratie and the Nuova Fabbrica shine pale and ghostly, and the great shaft of the Campanile rises out of the feeble glow and is lost in the vast profundity of the night.

The black semblance of a sham Mercutio came slowly and painfully from out the narrow street beside St. Mark's and stood by the Leoncini, looking out across the square and blinking his eyes. His head was still more than a little dazed and giddy, and there was still upon him a sense of the extreme unreality of all the encompassing world. But as he stood staring across that lamp-lit space, he thought that he must be getting worse, as time went on, for he knew that balls do not take place in the Piazza di San Marco—not, at least, in these days. Yet his eyes seemed to perceive the clustered and whirling figures of dancers in the very centre of the open square, and other figures in strange garb sitting about Florian's terrace tables, and his ears seemed to catch the strains of "When the Midnight Choo-Choo leaves for Alabam'" played by a band of stringed instruments.

He dragged himself towards this inconceivable sight, passing on the way a pair of agitated *vigili*, who wrung their hands and called upon Heaven; but, when he had come near, an excited lady of the fifteenth century ran at him and seized him in her arms.

"You've never before turkey-trotted in the Piazza di San Marco," she said to him. "You may never do it again. Come!" And as he hobbled after her vigorous steps, he heard how it was Maude Braithwaite's golden idea to come on to the Piazza and get *café au lait* and buns at Florian's, and have a breakfast dance. So they had brought the band along, and wasn't it splendid?

The lady of the fifteenth century flitted to another victim presently, and young Mr. Manners, feeling very far indeed from young, moved on some distance apart from his gay friends and sat down at one of the remoter tables, and took his head between his hands.

He looked back upon that wild hour with sorrow, but without bitterness. He found in him no hatred for what she had done or helped to do. She had behaved as it was her nature to behave. There is no warmth in moonshine. It does not choose that upon which it shall fall. It glorifies earth and sea alike, mud and marble, the good and the bad. He did not blame her, but before his closed eyes he saw her masked face with the crimson lips laughing, and a sudden fierce ache for her rose in him like a physical pain.

He got after a time to his feet and turned away. The band was playing a French waltz, and some one of the women was singing the words in a rather fine contralto voice as she danced. He mounted the two steps into the south arcade not far from where the little tobacco shop is, and fell back with an exclamation, for in the half darkness two figures suddenly confronted him.

The Harlequin in the black cloak raised his arms in the air and burst into the sound of frantic cursing. Here, at least, was a moment's occupation. Manners, as he had done once before that night, caught the fellow by the throat, shook him, as terriers shake rats, until his arms were tired, and threw him away. The other figure still hovered about him—the figure of a Pantaloon, old and thin-shanked and feeble. He turned upon it, and it squealed and ran.

He was quite sure that where these two were, she would be also. He went forward among the tall columns, and by the corner where one enters the Piazza he found her. He gave a kind of shout and caught her up off her feet into his arms.

She was laughing still, but not, he thought, for mirth. He bent his head over her backflung face.

"I protected you, and you turned on me. I trusted you, and you sold me out. Is there no heart in you at all?"

"No," she said with her crimson mouth. And she hung still and cold in his arms.

"For Heaven's sake, what are you?"

"I am moonshine," she said, and seemed to try to laugh harder.

He freed one of his arms. "At least I'll see your face once without that cursed mask."

"I wear no mask," said she, whispering. He put up his hand to touch her face, let her go suddenly, and fell back with a cry.

She pointed over his shoulder, and he turned to look. The sky was paling; he could see the full height of the tall Campanile and the golden angel at its top.

"The dawn!"

He turned back, and she was swaying on her little feet.

"It is the dawn. I must go."

Once more he caught her up in his arms, or she would have fallen, and for a moment she lay there still, her head hanging back. Then, as if it was with the last of her strength, she pressed close to him. He saw her face, white and deathly, the red mouth, that no longer laughed, like a red wound across it, the painted eyes that seemed twice too large and deep-sunk and hollow. She looked upon him very earnestly. It was as if she wished to say something and couldn't. Her great eyes seemed to be full of a strange and terrible longing—something for which there are no words. He felt all her slender body tremble exceedingly. Her hands closed for an instant behind his neck.

The Harlequin, who had got to his feet, shouted—his shout had again a sound of threats and curses—and Manners turned to see if the fellow was near. When he turned back, she was gone out of his arms.

Once he saw her flash among the columns, like a flying bird, and he saw the old man, the Pantaloon, with his tottering run. He thought he saw also the bigger blacker shape of the Harlequin, but he wasn't sure. For a moment he heard their feet on the pavement, and at the very last, from the darkness of the Ascensione, the echo of a woman's laugh that was like the ghost of a scream of pain.

In the Piazza the band was putting up its instruments in cases, and fantastically-attired ladies and gentlemen were yawning behind their hands and saying what a good time they had had.

The golden angel at the top of the Campanile began to glitter with the coming day.

The fourth story in this series will appear in the next number.

SEA-LAVENDER.

O SPINES of grey sea-lavender along the barren beaches,
I seek you through the misty wind, all salt and rimed with spray;
You little shivering, dripping heads where the naked driftwood bleaches,
Where the great combers leap and run like roaring gods at play.

Across the brown wet marshland draw the marshlights, flickering faster,
Upon the dusky cliff the milk is swelling in the grain,
Below in the battered wooden shrine He stays to watch—the Master—
To watch the sea that those we love may come to us again.

I have no brown oil from the nuts, no yellow grain to bring Thee.
I have no crimson roses, nor cassia, nor myrrh;
Only the wet sea-lavender, and a little song to sing Thee
With trembling lips in the windy night, and eyes that fill and blur.

"Only the weed that Thou makest grow, little and grey and lonely,
Stunted and harsh with the wrack of Thy sea, unwanted by any other,
The little salt heads of sea-lavender, Lord, I bring to Thee only,
I have no more but a woman's heart—the heart of my one boy's mother.

Keep him safe where Thy swift tides run, where Thy white-lipped combers are reeling,
Drunk with men's lives on the trackless sea that swings between me and mine.
Lord, bring him back to the long home-beach where I bow in the rain and, kneeling,
Offer Thy sea-born grey lavender before Thy grey sea-girt shrine."

G. B. LANCASTER.

BOWLING AND BOWLERS

By E. H. D. SEWELL

Photographs by Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

If there is one part of that fascinating game which we call cricket that seldom seems to me to receive fair play at the hands of either player or critic, it is the art of the bowler. I suppose it is only natural that this should be so, for at heart every player thinks he is a batsman first, a bowler next, and, last of all, a fieldsman. It seems easier to hit anything with a stick or club than to throw or to bowl a ball or a stone straight for a given distance. The majority of young boys who have just been blooded to cricket on the lawn, or who are on their way home from their first big match, would, if asked the momentous question, "Would you rather become a Hobbs or a Barnes?" almost without hesitation plump for Hobbs. The nets at any of our preparatory or big public schools or at the 'Varsities are annually eloquent of the fact that bowling doesn't matter, batting's everything; as for fielding—well, it's either too cold, or "I haven't had my innings yet, but if someone will hit up a few presently, I don't mind."

T. RICHARDSON.

I propose, in this short and altogether inadequate paper, to discuss the art of bowling, most of the changes in method and style that from time to time have made their appearance, and many of the greatest exponents thereof. It is truly a fascinating subject, and if in what follows I omit to mention several who had a finger in the pie, will my ever-so-much-more-learned readers kindly forbear?

Most of the old pictures tell us that our forefathers were very fond of dispatching "daisy cutters" in the direction of the batsman, who was armed with a curved club, and is depicted standing before a couple of sticks stuck in the ground some distance apart, and across which a third had been laid by way of a bail. This method of bowling was apparently the first the game knew. It was as different from the "lobs" of Humphreys, of Sussex, or the underhand bowling of G. H. Simpson-Hayward, of Worcestershire—which is not, strictly speaking, "lob" bowling, since he rarely "lobs" the ball in the air at all—as true leg-break bowling is from bowling in which the ball swerves in the air from leg.

The earliest style produced many a ball of the type which the schoolboy calls "sneak" or "grub." Doubtless there were genuine "lob" bowlers in those days—on none too good wickets, by the way, against none too accomplished batsmen, because, in addition to being ill-armed, they lacked the plurality of scoring-strokes of our players of 1875–1914—but the art of bowling, we cannot doubt, began with many a fast "daisy cutter," in order to extract all possible aid from the unequal face of the wicket. "Lumpy" Stevens did not pick out the pitch with a suitable hummock in it for nothing.

This sort of thing prevailed until the 'twenties. Then round-arm delivery came in, and in 1827 Sussex played All England to test "the new style" introduced by Lillywhite and Broadbridge. I do not know what the result of the first of all serious Test Matches was, beyond the fact that we have our Barnes and our Booth to-day. The new style evidently won, though we may guess that there were not wanting critics to do all they could to thwart progress and to decry the innovation, just as to-day some of our disbelievers regard the googlie as an exploded force, and consider its brief reign ended. Yet, as I write, my evening paper announces that J. W. Hearne has taken 5 for 24 this afternoon against Sussex on a hard wicket at Lord's, in fine weather, after a spell of fine weather—that is to say, *under batting conditions*—with the googlie! Such hardy perennials make one smile.

W. G. GRACE.

Round-arm having been allowed by all the best people in the 'twenties, it is not surprising that such a fine physical specimen of a man as Alfred Mynn should have begun to crowd on the pace during the 'thirties. The value of sheer speed in the flight of a cricket ball was not lost on him, especially as the pitches in those days must have been highly encouraging to anyone of muscle and brawn to "let her go."

Redgate, of Notts, was another pioneer of the fast over-arm school, and we may, in fact, thank him and Mynn for its introduction.

But, even so, they had not by any means

plumbed the depths. In the years that followed their speeding ahead efforts, a new race of bowlers was coming into being elsewhere than on the helpful pitches of England. It was soon recognised in Australia that plain straight fast bowling had its merits, but that something more was wanted. On such wickets straightaway fast bowling is a sheer offering of runs to a good batsman who has survived the critical early period when he is finding the pace of the wicket and of the bowling, and is getting his eyes used to the light. Once he has passed that stage, that there is nothing easier than fast bowling was a fact soon recognised by the quickest-witted exponents of the game. So something had to be done. And that something was done by F. R. Spofforth. He was the first real exponent of genuine *fast break* bowling. Compared with C. J. Kortright, Richardson, E. Jones, Cotter, Mold, Lockwood, or Hitch, Spofforth was not a really fast bowler. Good fast medium is probably how the expert would describe his pace if he was to turn out to bowl for the first time at Lord's to-morrow. But that he did make the ball break, when bowled at a good fast pace, is as indisputable as the fact that it was he, in 1878 and later, who was the first to prove to English bowlers the possibilities in this type of purposeful bowling.

W. H. LOCKWOOD.

I put it in this way because there may have been, and doubtless were, some English bowlers before 1878 who bowled fast, and whose bowling made the ball deviate, on pitching, from its original line of flight. But this, I submit, was due to some natural cause, such as the irregularity of the pitch-surface, or just as likely to what cricketers know as body-break—a deviation of the ball on pitching which is in no way due to the bowler's fingers having spun the ball in an intended direction. But Spofforth spun his breaks. Many of his successes were due to the sheer quickness of his break back from the off, intentionally brought about by finger-spin. His nickname, "The Demon," was not, as a good many people probably think, due to his devilishness in the matter of speed, but to the almost mechanical

accuracy with which he could, and did, pitch a fast finger-spun ball at the unplayable length for each different batsman.

So far, then, the main progress made in bowling between 1820 and 1880 was in the direction from fastish underhand along the turf, with or without twist, to delivering the ball from the highest attainable height of the hand overhead, at the greatest pace, with the most finger-spin possible, such finger-spin at such pace being all from the off, though Spofforth doubtless could, and did, bowl leg-breaks at will.

Meanwhile, in the 'seventies, there was also an army of medium to medium-slow bowlers who relied mainly on the off-break. Not so many went in for the leg-break, real or apparent, but one of the very best of them was "W. G.," and another was Palmer, one of the most famous and best of Australian bowlers.

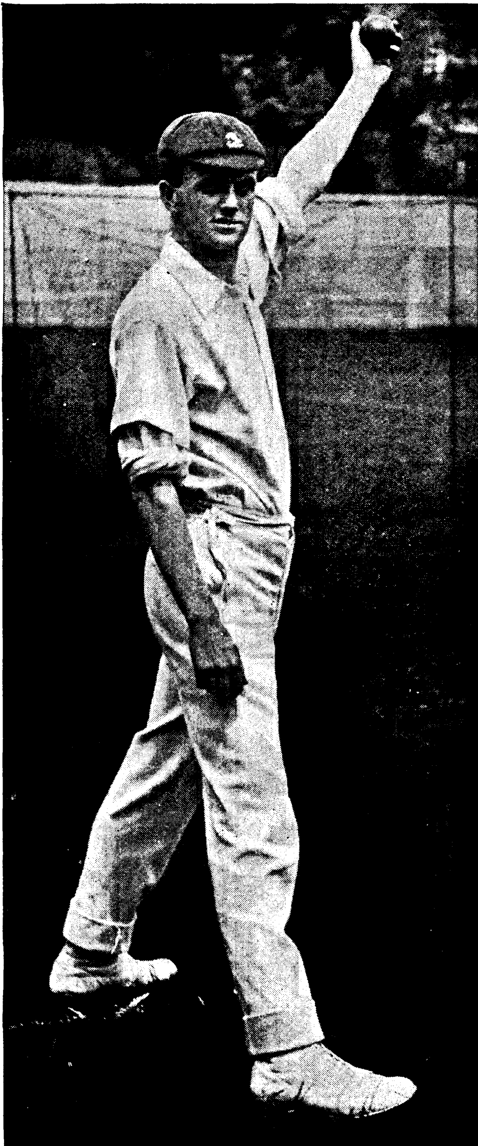
By comparison with the finger-spin bowlers of this century, "W. G." scarcely spun the ball at all. His "break" from the leg side consisted very largely of that valuable property which cricketers term "go with the arm." Whether "W. G." bowled over the wicket or round the wicket mattered not. He had such a masterly control of the ball that he could rely on pitching it a perfect length just on or about the leg-stump. His peculiar round-arm release of the ball would cause a ball pitching a good length on the leg-stump to strike the off-stump, and thus to give the defeated player the impression that he had been bowled by a genuine leg-break.

C. J. KORTRIGHT.

Included among the very best medium and medium-slow bowlers must always be the names of the late Alfred Shaw—the stories of whose feats of pitching on sixpences or saucers at will must be taken *cum grano*—and Jack Hearne, who has taken more wickets in first-class cricket than anybody, and who will, I hope, take his two-thousandth wicket this year. Shaw was a great slow medium bowler, and it is probable that nobody could bowl a ball to order better than he and Jack Hearne. "Jack" is, fortunately, still with us, and is still, as he has been for a quarter of a century, the model of models for a youngster to attempt to imitate.

Leg-break bowling may be said to have been fairly general in the late 'seventies, the 'eighties, and 'nineties, without becoming anything like a vogue until, in 1900, it began to be the fashion to station one or, perhaps, two fieldsmen on the off-side, seven or eight on the on-side, and to bowl leg-breaks—some of them so-called—just on and outside the batsman's legs. This was a cowardly policy, and never became really popular. It was against the best interests of cricket, one of its objects being — almost openly admitted at the time by the less shameless of our players—to waste time. Almost without exception every hit made by the batsman under such circumstances was a "blind" hit, and the practice did much towards making batsmen use their legs for the sole purpose of defending their wicket.

Something had to be done, but it was not

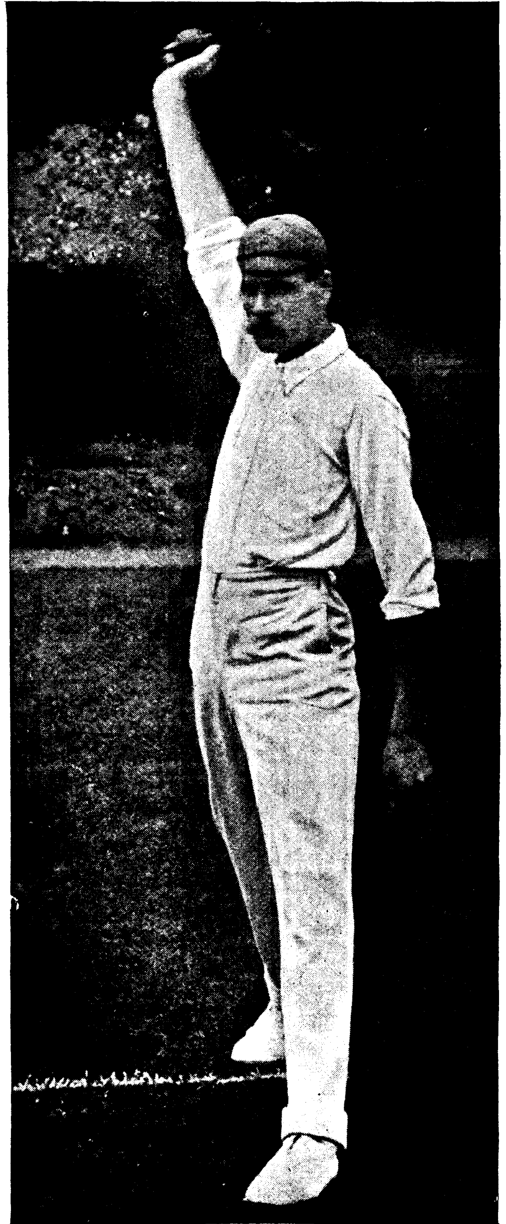


C. BLYTHE.

until 1905 that it was done. Then A. C. MacLaren had the courage, in a Test Match at Nottingham, openly to flout an Australian bowler by sitting on his bat and taking no notice of any ball purposely bowled wide on the leg side.

That act of MacLaren's did more to kill this type of attack than anything. To-day it is practically non-existent, and nobody is sorry for the fact.

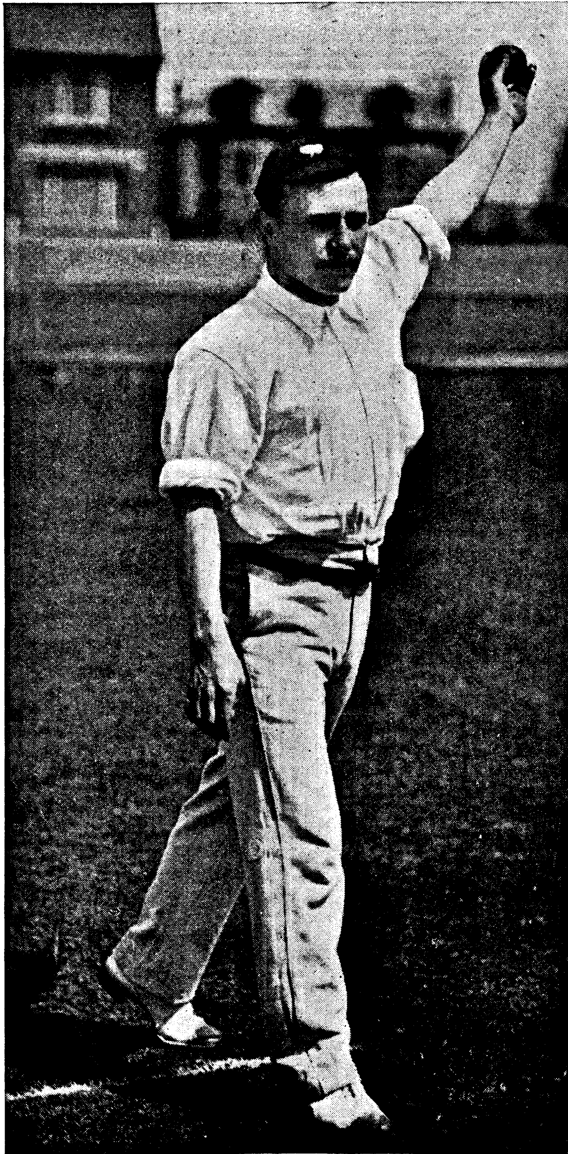
It was about 1900-1901 that pure chance stepped in and produced a method of getting wickets of such a revolutionary nature that it tended also to cause us to ponder whether we should not fling all our standard works on batting into the nearest flames. Perhaps the prevalence of the kind of attack just referred to may have had something to do with the discovery that B. J. T. Bosanquet made by chance. He had been a fast right-hand bowler, with a telling yorker at Eton and Oxford. It was while spinning leg-breaks



S. F. BARNES.

with a lawn-tennis ball — subsequent, I believe, to sundry finger-flicks of a billiard ball up the table—that Bosanquet was surprised to find that with, to all appearances, a leg-break action of delivery, he could make the ball turn from the off on pitching. Here was a discovery, indeed.

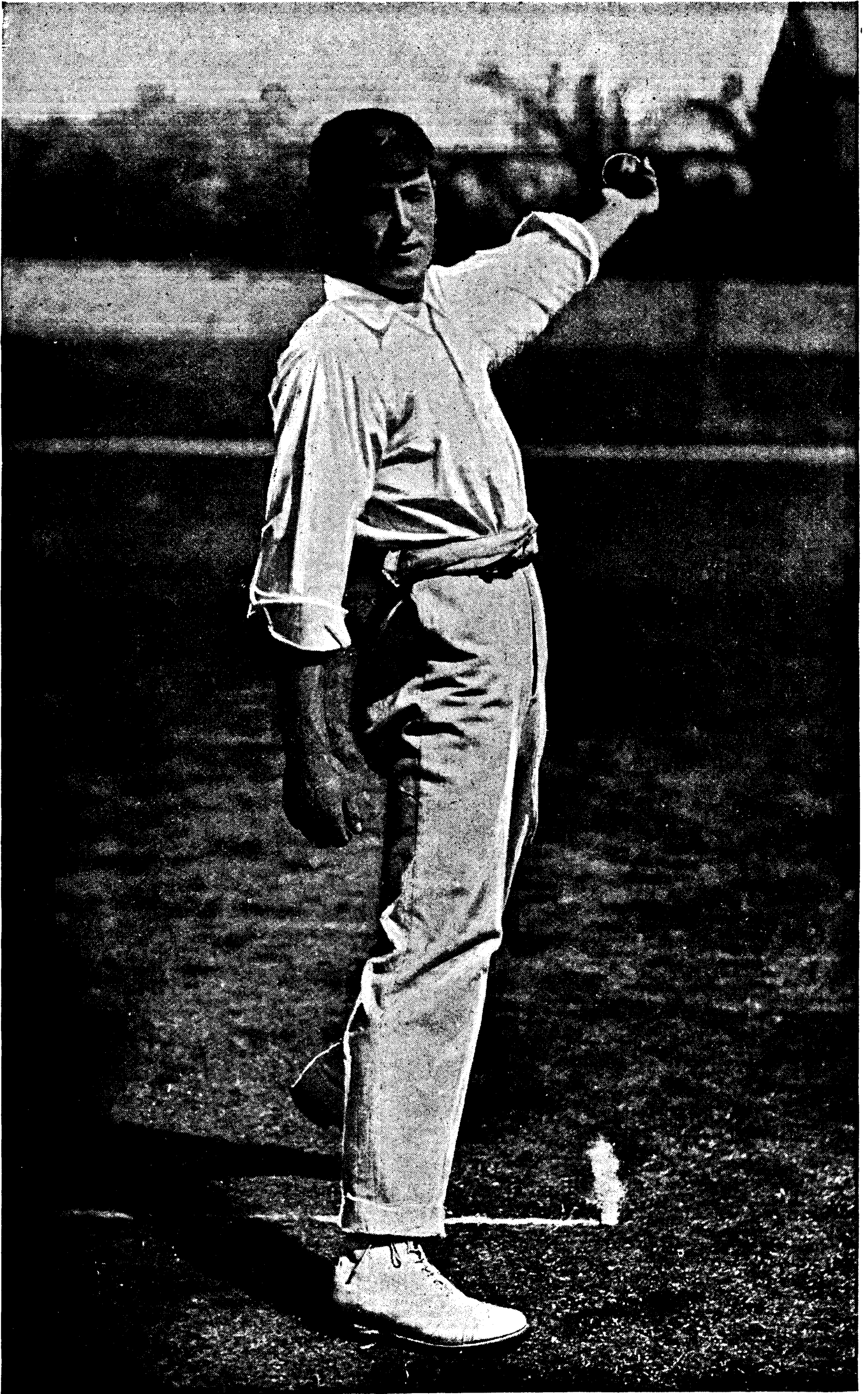
How he won a Test at Sydney by bowling this ball — which received its name in Australia, viz., the googlie — and a Test at Nottingham by pretending to bowl it, is recorded in the chronicles of the game. His earliest, if not immediate, imitator was his friend, R. O. Schwarz, who, a fast medium bowler at St. Paul's, played for Middlesex before going out to South Africa, to return in 1904 with a South African eleven. On that tour he went on for the first time with googlies, to the utter rout of the 'Varsity eleven of the inventor thereof. Schwarz had many imitators when he got back to South Africa, among them G. A. Faulkner, A. E. Vogler, and G. C. White, alone rising to fame and distinction in this style. Most difficult and, therefore, best of them all on his day was White, most consistent and best known was Faulkner, but Vogler could bowl as well-disguised a googlie as anyone. These four men won the rubber for South Africa against a good English side in South Africa, and had one of the greatest bowling successes, when in England in 1907, ever achieved by any set of bowlers on tour. Faulkner's 6 for 19 with a wet ball during a drizzle, in the Test Match at Leeds in July of that year, is the greatest bowling achievement in the whole history of cricket, allowing for the weather conditions and the class of batsmen he was contending with.



G. H. HIRST.

Good googlie bowling must, and *always* will, triumph against the best batsman in the world.

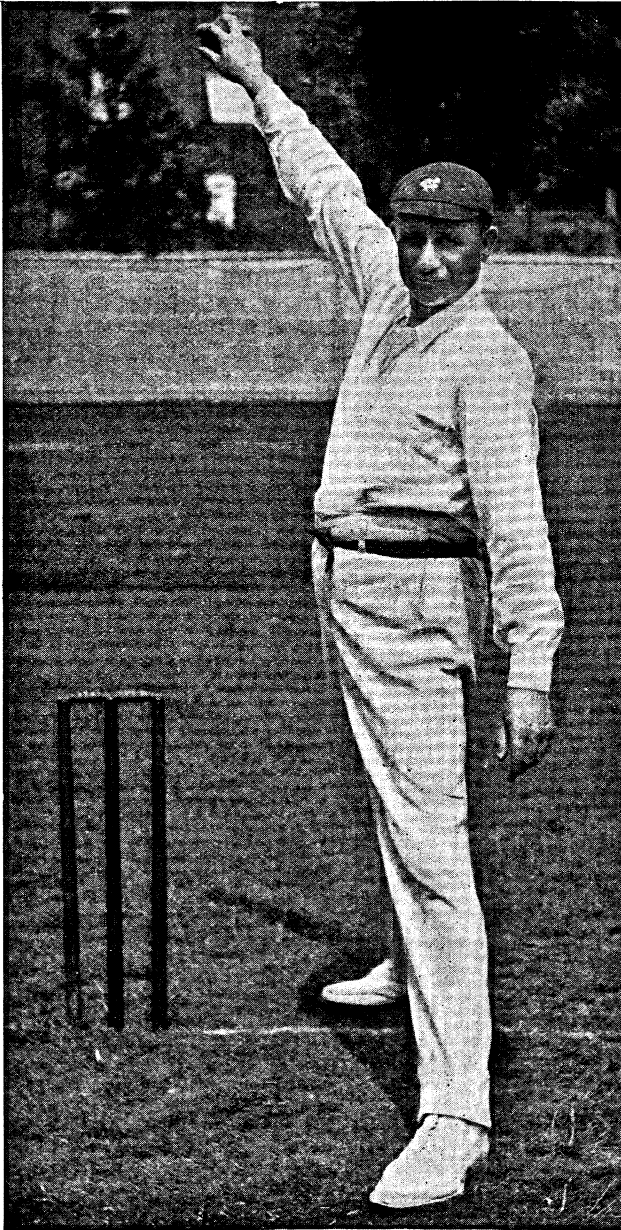
The reason why good googlie bowling is always sure of success against the best of batsmen—the same degree of certainty is non-existent in regard to any other style of bowling bowled well—is the simplest of matters. It is purely a question of time. If you tell Hobbs or Mead *in time* which way the ball is going to break, they, when in form, have next to no fear of any bowler of what I will call the ordinary or non-googlie type. But they, great batsmen though they are, have no more time than you or I, moderate club performers, in which to decide what stroke to play and then to play it *faultlessly*, *after the ball has pitched* on what is popularly, and rightly, known as the blind spot. In the case of all *good*



W. RHODES.

googlie bowling, this is what they have to do. I choose these two men, one because he has proved himself to be the best scorer off googlie bowling, good, bad, or indifferent; and the other because he is the best left-hander we have, and googlie bowlers are no exception to the general rule that bowlers, even the best of them, are seldom or never at their best against left-handed batsmen.

Indeed, few bowlers know how to bowl to a left-handed batsman. The best in England to a left-hander is R. M. Bell, of the Sutton Club, against whom no left-handed batsman has ever made fifty runs in club cricket.



T. WASS.

Thus, when an able googlie bowler is bowling well—for choice, on a soft wicket, the idea that googlie bowling is at its best on a hard, fast wicket being hopelessly wrong—he has, without exception, *all* good batsmen in difficulties, merely on a question of their ignorance which break it is.

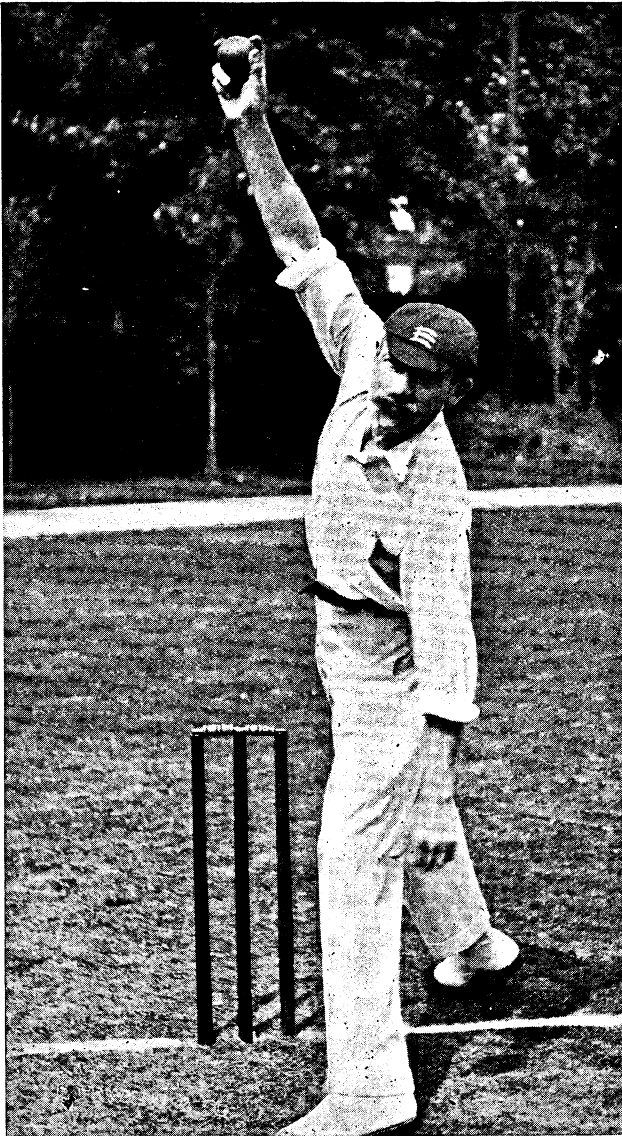
In this all-important respect it is necessary to observe that when we in the pavilion, armed with powerful glasses, think ourselves clever in detecting from his delivery which is the true googlie bowler's off and which his leg-break, it does not follow that the batsman, at short range and with his stroke and footwork to trouble about, will also *guess* correctly. And even a dunce should know that if you strike for a leg-break, and the ball turns from the off, connection between blade and ball is improbable.

It is therefore only natural that those who know most about it aver that the googlie is the deadliest ball yet discovered.

No paper such as this one would be complete without reference to three of the greatest, if not the three greatest, really fast bowlers who ever lived. I refer to C. J. Kortright (Tonbridge and Essex), Lockwood, and the late T. Richardson (both of Surrey). It is probable that Kortright bowled the fastest ball of any bowler. His pace through the air and off the pitch were alike tremendous; but he lacked the break from the off of both Lockwood and Richardson. I would

class him the finest field to his own bowling, as well as the finest short-slip among fast bowlers, of the past twenty years. Few fast bowlers have been as good batsman as he, who is the unluckiest of bowlers in regard to Test cricket in the history of the game. Would that his day had lasted into that of the two-eyed stance!

Of all fast bowlers, probably Lockwood bowled the most unplayable ball. He had certainly the best slow ball of any fast bowler. Usually the slow ball is a bad sign in the case of fast bowlers—it heralds the coming retirement—but Lockwood was at his best when he was bowling his famous slow best. The worst time to meet "Lockie" was when ten of the English XI. had been chosen for next week's Test Match. I have endured that experience, and the ball that made a futurist sketch of my ill-guarded wicket I shall always regard as the best ball I ever saw a bowler *run up to bowl*. After that it was missing.



J. T. HEARNE.

The late T. Richardson's *forte* was great pace combined with something very like the most dangerous of all swerves—a slight one, occurring during the last two or three yards of the ball's flight. Many a wicket has been credited to Richardson's off-break when the ball had been delivered with, if anything, leg-break spin on it. It is not possible for any bowler's knuckles to be facing cover-point the moment after delivery of an off-break. Richardson was no contortionist, and many a time have I seen his knuckles facing in that direction. Such a spin, when it catches the air, must, especially if bowled at high speed, tend to cause the ball to swerve inwards to a right-handed batsman. I do not say that Richardson never bowled the off-break. But a good many of the thousand wickets in four consecutive seasons that he obtained—a record of records for a fast bowler—were due to slight swerve obtained as I suggest, and not to off-break. Less was known about swerve in those days than is the case now, and, judging by a recent publication, many are still learning. Richardson was the cheeriest trier among professional fast bowlers the game has known.

It is now necessary to hark back to the leg-break bowling period. Although there were so many spurious leg-break bowlers in

the early years of this century who relied upon three things, viz., pretence, seven men on the on-side, and the batsman's impatience, for their wickets, there came into the game about the same time two great bowlers of fast leg-breaks—Barnes, of Lancashire, England, and Staffordshire, and Wass, of Notts. I recollect a chat with Arthur Shrewsbury, who had something to do with Wass's introduction to the game. Folk were talking and writing about Wass's wondrous swerve from leg. "Nonsense!" was Shrewsbury's terse comment. "The man *spins the ball*, and gets his wickets with genuine fast leg-breaks." Such evidence would be all-sufficing even if one had never tried to defeat that—the fastest, probably, of all well-pitched leg-breaks. Wass secured many good analyses on good wickets, but it was with fast leg-breaks on drying or just dried wickets, with the field set almost exactly as for a medium left-hand bowler, that this extraordinarily accurate pitcher of the more difficult of the two breaks to bowl made a name that will endure.

When A. C. MacLaren "found" Barnes, he found a Koh-i-noor among bowlers, as the records—since he was so severely criticised for taking an unknown to Australia—amply prove. Originally Barnes was very little more than a mere fastish leg-break bowler. During the past twelve years he has learned a lot of the other arts, such as bowling the true off-break, and how to bowl the in-swerve with a spinning ball.

J. W. HEARNE.

It would be surprising if Barnes, with a fast and accurately pitched leg-break as the foundation of his attack, had not reaped his consistent successes in the most important games of the past decade and more. He is the only professional bowler in the world *who is not over-bowled*, who plays in those matches. But the fact does not really minimise the truth that he is the best bowler in the world, and most certainly one who has tided English cricket over a period when, without him, it would have been at very great trouble to regain lost supremacy in both Australia and South Africa. It is, indeed, open to grave doubt whether, without him, England would have won either of her last two rubbers abroad, or even, perhaps, the Triangular Tournament, with the advantage of our own wickets in our favour.

Throughout the history of cricket since the 'twenties, slow left-arm bowling has taken a very high place. Its exponents are far too numerous to mention here, but allusion is necessary to a few on account of their styles. Peate and Peel and Briggs were all great slow medium left-handers, Peel with perhaps the lowest, or more round-arm, action of the three, and following them came Rhodes and Blythe, two equally great bowlers of the same style, but of different method. Rhodes's flight had as much to do with his extraordinary successes on hard wickets as his accuracy of pitch and spin. Blythe, though he also possesses the priceless faculty of flight that enables him to bag his bird in the air—as what good sportsman does not?—has slaughtered countless victims by the spin and length which follow a *swerving* flight. Rhodes has little truck with swerve, thus differing essentially from Blythe. Both are true representatives of the highest class slow-left attackers.

Sui generis, entirely on a pedestal by himself, and well able to look after himself single-handed, as he has dozens of times shown for Yorkshire, we must find a place for George Hirst. There has never been his like as a bowler, or even anyone at all resembling him. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to record here that Hirst bowls fast left-hand, round the wicket for choice, and is the best pitcher of a swerving ball—bowled without spin—the game has ever seen. A deadlier bowler than he, in his best day and while the ball was new, never lived. Day after day, for week after week, for year after year, Yorkshire's opponents lost their first four or five wickets, obviously their opponents' chief hope of runs, for a mere song. "b Hirst" became a byword in the land. At the moment of writing, Hirst is first in the batting averages of the year with a cool 92.00 to his credit. In spite of Hirst's consistent successes, no imitator has ever come within recognition as a second Hirst—for which batsmen are, or ought to be, devoutly thankful.

Drawing this paper to a conclusion, it is only natural to inquire: What will the future bring forth? Have we reached finality in regard to the art of bowling? What will the next novelty be?

There seems to be some kind of an idea that the fast googlie will be the next contraption batsmen will have to face. For myself, I doubt it. The medium to slow googlie is quite difficult enough to bowl, and as it is entirely unfashionable in these soft days for anybody but aviators to take any trouble about anything, it is highly improbable that a cricketer will be found to court being invited by his captain to bear the heat and burden of the day with fast googlies. The strain of bowling the normal googlie is very great. The fast googlie is, therefore, tantamount to an impossibility.

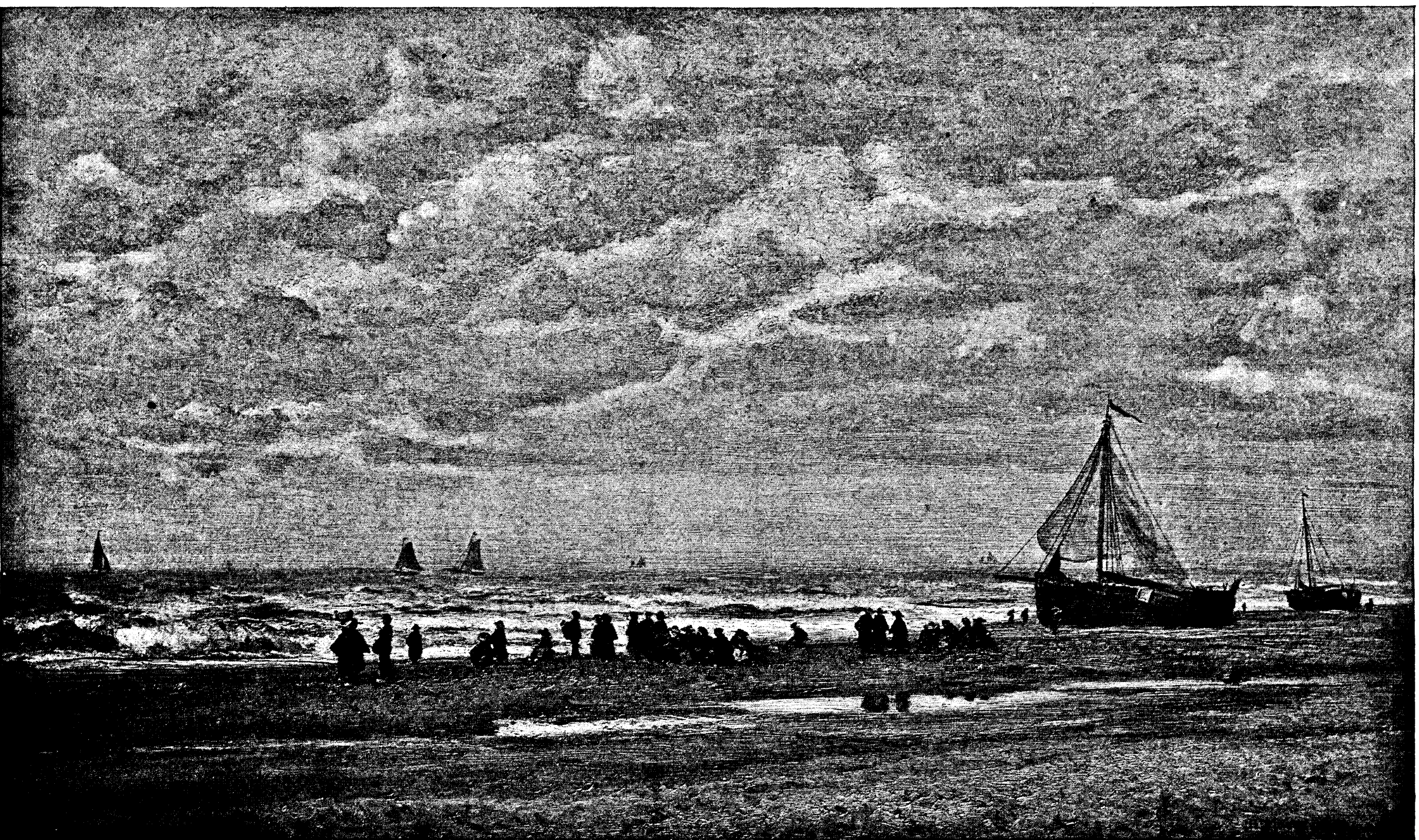
There is an opening for some genius who can so deliver the ball as to appear to have bowled an off-break while the ball really has genuine leg-break spin on it, but experiments in this direction are the reverse of encouraging.

A certain amount of surprise exists that some bowlers are able to make the ball swerve in the air in one direction, while, on pitching, it breaks in the opposite direction. This is really only a natural sequence, but few bowlers practise the necessary spin. There is a wide field here for the student.

The art of lob bowling, too, might be revived with advantage. The modern youth hates being laughed at a great deal more than did his father, but why is it lob bowlers are laughed at? Surely not because the lob is easy to bowl, or, when properly bowled, easy to play? A really good lob bowler would go through any county and most Test elevens to-day, not once, but often. Will nobody go in for it again seriously?

It is never easy to prophesy, but one may be forgiven for counselling a return to old and well-tried methods, and less striving after effect, such, for instance, as the bowling of swerves, which has done such a vast deal of harm to bowling at our public schools. There not to be able to bowl a swerving ball is to be of very small account. Since the way to swerve has become generally known, the supply of class bowlers from our public schools has grown smaller by degrees and beautifully less, until it has almost reached vanishing-point. Indeed, one may be excused for suggesting that there is not half a first-class bowler at either University, while the species has been all too rare in those parts for quite a long time.

Length, and mastery of how to pitch a breaking ball—preferably one break only—are what our young and aspiring bowlers will aim at achieving, if they are wise.



"WAITING FOR THE BOATS, SCHEVENINGEN." BY HENRY MOORE, R.A.

From the picture in the collection of Mrs. Luker.

THE·HOLY·FLOWER

BY·H·RIDER·HAGGARD

ILLUSTRATED·BY MAURICE·GREIFFENHAGEN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The famous hunter and explorer, Allan Quatermain, while shooting big game, met an American doctor, who for some years had wandered about South and Eastern Africa collecting butterflies and flowers. To the natives he was known as "Dogeetah," but white people called him "Brother John." From him Allan Quatermain heard of a wonderful orchid with blooms of extraordinary size and marvellous beauty, with a monkey's head outlined on every bloom. A healthy root of this plant, he maintained, would be worth twenty thousand pounds; but all he could show was a single bloom, without any root. This had come into his possession in the country of the Mazitu, beyond the western boundary of whose territory was a large and fertile land, supposed to be an island in the midst of a great lake. The name of both this territory and its inhabitants was Pongo, which was also the native name for a gorilla, and the god of the Pongo people was said to be a gorilla, whose worship was combined with that of the wonderful orchid. One night, while camping near the Pongo border, the Doctor was awakened by a solitary visitor, Kalubi, the Chief of the Pongo, who had come to the famous master of medicine to have his hand cured of a wound made by the bite of a terrible monkey, of which he declared they all went in fear in his native land. The explorer's curiosity was further kindled by the report that "a white goddess" was said to preside over the Holy Flower. Allan Quatermain returned to England for the purpose of ascertaining whether rich orchid collectors would be willing to finance an expedition in search of the unique flower, and enlisted the enthusiasm of a young man named Somers. Arrived in South Africa, the two men organised their expedition, but without learning the whereabouts of Brother John. Having bargained with a Portuguese trader to take them and their native attendants up the coast to Kilwa, for their start inland, they found that he was leagued with Bey Hassan, a half-breed of Kilwa, in the slave trade. Hassan gave them accommodation in a deserted mission house beside a ruined church, and they began to suspect that the former occupants must have met with foul play, but could learn nothing from Hassan. On its journey up country, the expedition was some weeks later confronted by a large army of Mazitu, and the Englishmen were conducted to King Bausi's head town of Beza, where a witch-doctor inflamed the king's mind against them by declaring them to be slave-traders. Just as the signal for their death was to be given, Brother John, who had doctored the king and been adopted as his blood-brother, came riding into the town. The Englishmen were released and treated with honour, and on the arrival of an embassy from the Pongo country to propose a treaty with the Mazitu, they arranged to journey into that unknown land as King Bausi's ambassadors, despite the stipulation that they should go without firearms. Meantime they had learned that Brother John was the missionary whose ruined house they had seen at Kilwa, and that for the past twenty years he had explored the land in the hope that his wife, carried off by slave-traders, might still be alive. In that hope Brother John joined them for their journey into Pongoland, under the escort of Komba, the ambassador to King Bausi's court, who brought them to Rica Town, the Pongo capital. There they began to suspect that the embassy to the Mazitu had been merely a stratagem to get them into the country in fulfilment of a prophecy requiring the sacrifice of white people's lives to the god. After empty formalities they were visited secretly by the Kalubi, who told them of the monstrous ape revered as a god, and his own fear that he himself would be the creature's next human victim, in fulfilment of a superstition that its life was prolonged by the killing of successive rulers of the realm, whose spirits then entered into it, unless the Englishmen would help him to outwit the high priest Motombo and kill the great ape. After they had been conducted into the presence of the hideous Motombo, however, this plan was betrayed to him by Komba, who had listened outside their hut when the Kalubi was with them. "So you plotted to kill the god, Kalubi-who-*was*," screamed the Motombo, "with these white ones, whom you would pay with the Holy Flower and her who guards it. You shall go, all of you, and talk with the god. And I will learn who dies—you or the god. Away with them!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GODS.

WITH a roar, the Pongo soldiers leapt on us. I think that Mavovo managed to get his spear up and kill a man, for I saw one of them fall backwards and lie still. But they were too quick for the rest of us. In half a minute we were seized, the spears were wrenched from our hands, and we were thrown headlong into the canoe, all six of us, or, rather, seven, including the Kalubi. A number of the soldiers, including Komba, who acted as steersman, also sprang into the canoe, that was instantly pushed out from beneath the bridge or platform on which the Motombo sat, and down the little creek into the still water of the canal or estuary, or whatever it may be, that separates the wall of rock which the cave pierces from the base of the mountain.

As we floated out of the mouth of the cave, the toad-like Motombo, who had wheeled round upon his stool, shouted an order to Komba.

"O Kalubi," he said, "set the Kalubi-

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who-*was* and the three white men and their three servants on the borders of the forest that is named House-of-the-god and leave them there. Then return and depart, for here I would watch alone. When all is finished, I will summon you."

Komba bowed his handsome head, and at a sign two of the men got out paddles, for more were not needed, and with slow and gentle strokes rowed us across the water. The first thing I noted about this water at the time was that its blackness was inky, owing, I suppose, to its depth and the shadows of the towering cliff on one side and of the tall trees on the other. Also I observed—for in this emergency, or, perhaps, because of it, I managed to keep my wits about me—that its banks on either side were the home of great numbers of crocodiles, which lay there like logs. I saw, further, that a little lower down, where the water seemed to narrow, jagged boughs projected from its surface, as though great trees had fallen or been thrown into it. I recalled in a numb sort of way that old Babemba had told us that, when he was a boy, he had escaped in a canoe down this estuary, and reflected that it would not be possible for him to do so now because of those snags, unless, indeed, he had floated over them in a time of great flood.

A couple of minutes or so of paddling brought us to the further shore, which, as I think I have said, was only about two hundred yards from the mouth of the cave. The bow of the canoe grated on the bank, disturbing a huge crocodile, that vanished into the depths with an angry plunge.

"Land, white lords, land," said Komba, with the utmost politeness, "and go, visit the god, who doubtless is waiting for you. And now, as we shall meet no more, farewell. You are wise, and I am foolish, yet hearken to my counsel. If ever you should return to the earth again, be advised by me. Cling to your own God, if you have one, and do not meddle with those of other peoples. Again farewell."

The advice was excellent, but at that moment I felt a hate for Komba which was really superhuman. To me, even the Motombo seemed an angel of light as compared with him. If wishes could have killed, our farewell would indeed have been complete.

Then, admonished by the spear-points of the Pongo, we landed in the slimy mud. Brother John went first, with a smile upon his handsome countenance that I thought idiotic under the circumstances, though doubtless he knew best when he ought to smile, and the wretched Kalubi came last. Indeed, so great was his shrinking from that ominous shore that I believe he was ultimately propelled from the boat by his successor in power, Komba. Once he had trodden it, however, a spark of spirit returned to him, for he wheeled round and said to Komba—

"Remember, O Kalubi, that my fate to-day will be yours also in a day to come. The god wearies of his priests. This year, next year, or the year after, he always wearies of his priests."

"Then, O Kalubi-that-was," answered Komba in a mocking voice, as the canoe was pushed off, "pray to the god for me that it may be the year after—pray it as your bones break in his embrace!"

While we watched that craft depart, there came into my mind the memory of a picture in an old Latin book of my father's, which represented the souls of the dead being paddled by a person named Charon across a river called the Styx. The scene before us bore a great resemblance to that picture. There was Charon's boat floating on the dreadful Styx. Yonder glowed the lights of the world, here was the gloomy, unknown shore. And we—we were the souls of the dead, awaiting the last destruction at the teeth and claws of some unknown monster such as that which haunts the recesses of the Egyptian hell. Oh, the parallel was painfully exact! And yet what do you think was the remark of that irrepressible young man Stephen?

"Here we are at last, Allan, my boy," he said, "and, after all, without any trouble on our own part. I call it downright Providential. Oh, isn't it jolly? Hip, hip, hooray!"

Yes, he danced about in that filthy mud, threw up his cap, and cheered!

I withered, or, rather, tried to wither him with a look, muttering the single word—

"Lunatic!"

Providential! Jolly! Well, it's fortunate that some people's madness takes a cheerful turn. Then I asked the Kalubi where the god was.

"Everywhere," he replied, waving his trembling hand at the illimitable forest. "Perhaps behind this tree, perhaps behind that, perhaps a long way off. Before morning we shall know."

"What are you going to do?" I inquired savagely.

"Die," he answered.

"Look here, fool," I exclaimed, shaking him, "you can die, if you like, but we don't mean to. Take us to some place where we shall be safe from this god."

"One is never safe from the god, lord, especially in his own House." And he shook his silly head and went on: "How can we be safe when there is nowhere to go to, and even the trees are too big to climb?"

I looked at them. It was true. They were huge, and ran up for fifty or sixty feet without a bough. Moreover, it was probable that the god climbed better than we could. The Kalubi began to move inland in an indeterminate fashion, and I asked him where he was going.

"To the burying-place," he answered. "There are spears yonder with the bones."

I pricked up my ears at this—for when one has nothing but some clasp knives, spears are not to be despised—and ordered him to lead on. In another minute we were walking uphill through the awful wood, where the gloom at this hour of approaching night was that of an English fog.

Three or four hundred paces brought us to a kind of clearing, where, I suppose, some of the monster trees had fallen down in past years and never been allowed to grow up again. Here, placed upon the ground, were a number of boxes made of imperishable ironwood, and on the top of each box sat, or, rather, lay, a mouldering and broken skull.

"Kalubis-that-were!" murmured our guide in explanation. "Look, Komba has made my box ready." And he pointed to a new case with the lid off.

"How thoughtful of him!" I said. "But show us the spears before it gets quite dark." He went to one of the newer coffins and intimated that we should lift off the lid, as he was afraid to do so.

I shoved it aside. There within lay the bones, each of them separate and wrapped up in something, except, of course, the skull. With these were some pots filled, apparently, with gold dust, and alongside of the pots two good spears that, being made of copper, had not rusted much. We went on to other coffins and extracted from them more of these weapons—that were laid there for the dead man to use upon his journey through the Shades—until we had enough. The shafts of most of them were somewhat rotten from the damp, but luckily they were furnished with copper sockets from two and a half to three feet long, into which the wood of the shaft fitted, so that they were still serviceable.

"Poor things these to fight a devil with," I said.

"Yes, Baas," said Hans in a cheerful voice, "very poor. It is lucky that I have got a better."

I stared at him; we all stared at him.

"What do you mean, Spotted Snake?" asked Mavovo.

"What do you mean, child of a hundred idiots? Is this a time to jest? Is not one joker enough among us?" I asked, and looked at Stephen.

"Mean, Baas? Don't you know that I have the little rifle with me, that which is called *Intombi*, that with which you shot the vultures at Dingaan's kraal? I never told you because I was sure you knew; also because, if you didn't know, it was better that you should not know, for if *you* had known, those Pongo *skellums* (that is, vicious ones) might have come to know also. And if *they* had known——"

"Mad," interrupted Brother John, tapping his forehead, "quite mad, poor fellow! Well, in these depressing circumstances, it is not wonderful."

I inspected Hans again, for I agreed with John. Yet he did not look mad, only rather more cunning than usual.

"Hans," I said, "tell us where this rifle is, or I will knock you down and Mavovo shall flog you."

"Where, Baas? Why, cannot you see it when it is before your eyes?"

"You are right, John," I said; "he's off it." But Stephen sprang at Hans and began to shake him.

"Leave go, Baas," he said, "or you may hurt the rifle."

Stephen obeyed in sheer astonishment. Then—oh, then Hans did something to the end of his great bamboo stick, turned it gently upside down, and out of it slid the barrel of a rifle neatly tied round with greased cloth and stoppered at the muzzle with a piece of tow!

I could have kissed him. Yes, such was my joy that I could have kissed that hideous, smelly old Hottentot.

"The stock?" I panted. "The barrel isn't any use without the stock, Hans."

"Oh, Baas," he answered, grinning, "do you think that I have shot with you all these years without knowing that a rifle must have a stock to hold it by?"

Then he slipped off the bundle from his back, undid the lashings of the blanket, revealing the great yellow head of tobacco that had excited my own and Komba's

interest on the shores of the lake. This head he tore apart and produced the stock of the rifle, nicely cleaned, a cap set ready on the nipple, on to which the hammer was let down, with a little piece of wad between to prevent the cap from being fired by any sudden jar.

"Hans," I exclaimed, "Hans, you are a hero, and worth your weight in gold!"

"Yes, Baas, though you never told me so before. Oh, I made up my mind that I wouldn't go to sleep again in the face of the Old Man (death). Oh, which of you ought to sleep now upon that bed that Bausi sent me?" he asked, as he put the gun together. "*You*, I think, you great stupid Mavovo. *You* never brought a gun. If you were a wizard worth the name, you would have sent the rifles on and had them ready to meet us here. Oh, will you laugh at me any more, you thick-head of a Zulu?"

"No," answered Mavovo candidly. "I will give you *sibonga*. Yes, I will make for you titles of praise, O clever Spotted Snake."

"And yet," went on Hans, "I am not all a hero; I am worth but half my weight in gold. For, Baas, although I have plenty of powder and bullets in my pocket, I lost the caps out of a hole in my waistcoat. You remember, Baas, I told you it was charms I lost. But three remain—no, four, for there is one on the nipple. There, Baas, there is *Intombi* all ready and loaded. And now, when the White Devil comes, you can shoot him in the eye, as you know how to do up to a hundred yards, and send him to the other devils down in hell. Oh, won't your holy father, the Predikant, be glad to see him there!"

Then, with a self-satisfied smirk, he half cocked the rifle and handed it to me ready for action.

"I thank God," said Brother John solemnly, "Who has taught this poor Hottentot how to save us."

"No, Baas John, God never taught me; I taught myself. But, see, it grows dark. Had we not better light a fire?" And, forgetting the rifle, he began to look about for wood.

"Hans," called Stephen after him, "if ever we get out of this, I will give you five hundred pounds, or, at least, my father will, which is the same thing."

"Thank you, Baas, thank you, though just now I'd rather have a drop of brandy and—— I don't see any wood."

He was right. Outside of the graveyard clearing lay, it is true, some huge fallen boughs; but these were too big for us to move or cut. Moreover, they were so soaked with damp, like everything in this forest, that it would be impossible to fire them.

The darkness closed in. It was not absolute blackness, because presently the moon rose, but the sky was rainy and obscured it; moreover, the huge trees all about seemed to suck up whatever light there was. We crouched ourselves upon the ground, back to back, as near as possible to the centre of the place, unrolled such blankets as we had, to protect us from the damp and cold, and ate some biltong, or dried game flesh, and parched corn, of which, fortunately, the boy Jerry carried a bagful that had remained upon his shoulders when he was thrown into the canoe. Luckily I had thought of bringing this food with us, also a flask of spirits.

Then it was that the first thing happened. Far away in the forest resounded a most awful roar, followed by a drumming noise, such a roar as none of us had ever heard before, for it was quite unlike that of a lion or any other beast.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The god," groaned the Kalubi, "the god praying to the moon, with which he always rises."

I said nothing, for I was reflecting that four shots, which was all we had, was not many, and that nothing should tempt me to waste one of them. Oh, why had Hans put on that rotten old waistcoat instead of the new one I gave him in Durban?

Since we heard no more roars, Brother John began to question the Kalubi as to where the Mother of the Flower lived.

"Lord," answered the man in a distracted way, "there, towards the east. You walk for a quarter of the sun's journey up the hill, following a path that is marked by notches cut upon the trees, till beyond the garden of the god, at the top of the mountain, more water is found surrounding an island. There on the banks of the water a canoe is hidden in the bushes, by which the water may be crossed to the island, where dwells the Mother of the Holy Flower."

Brother John did not seem to be quite satisfied with the information, and remarked that he, the Kalubi, would be able to show us the road on the morrow.

"I do not think that I shall ever show you the road," groaned the shivering wretch.

At that moment the god roared again much nearer. Now the Kalubi's nerve gave out altogether, and quickened by some

presentiment, he began to question Brother John, whom he had learned was a priest of an unknown sort, as to the possibility of another life after death.

Brother John, who, be it remembered, was a very earnest missionary by calling, proceeded to administer some compressed religious consolations, when, quite near to us, the god began to beat upon some kind of very large and deep drum. He didn't roar this time; he only worked away at a massed-band military drum. At least, that is what it sounded like, and very unpleasant it was to hear in that awful forest, with skulls arranged on boxes all round us, I can assure you, my reader.

The drumming ceased, and, pulling himself together, Brother John continued his pious demonstrations. Also just at that time a thick rain-cloud quite obscured the moon, so that the darkness grew dense. I heard John explaining to the Kalubi that he was not really a Kalubi, but an immortal soul. (I wonder whether he understood him.) Then I became aware of a horrible shadow—I cannot describe it in any other way—that was blacker than the blackness, which advanced towards us at an extraordinary speed from the edge of the clearing.

Next second there was a kind of scuffle a few feet from me, followed by a stifled yell, and I saw the shadow retreating in the direction from which it had come.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Strike a match," answered Brother John; "I think something has happened."

I struck a match, which burnt up very well, for the air was quite still. In the light of it I saw first the anxious faces of our party—how ghastly they looked!—and next the Kalubi, who had risen and was waving his right arm in the air, a right arm that was bloody and *lacked the hand.*

"The god has visited me and taken away my hand!" he moaned in a wailing voice.

I don't think anybody spoke—the thing was beyond words—but we tried to bind the poor fellow's arm up by the light of matches. Then we sat down again and watched.

The darkness grew still denser as the thick of the cloud passed over the moon, and for a while the silence, that utter silence of the tropical forest at night, was broken only by the sound of our breathing, the buzz of a few mosquitoes, the distant splash of a plunging crocodile, and the stifled groans of the mutilated man.

Again I saw, or thought I saw—this may have been half an hour later—that black shadow dart towards us, as a pike darts at a fish in a pond. There was another scuffle, just to my left—Hans sat between me and the Kalubi—followed by a single prolonged wail.

"The king-man has gone," whispered Hans. "I felt him go as though a wind had blown him away. Where he was, there is nothing but a hole."

Of a sudden the moon shone out from behind the clouds. In its sickly light about half-way between us and the edge of the clearing, say, thirty yards off, I saw—oh, what did I see? The Devil destroying a lost soul! At least, that is what it looked like. A huge, grey-black creature, grotesquely human in its shape, had the thin Kalubi in its grip. The Kalubi's head had vanished in its maw, and its vast black arms seemed to be employed in breaking him to pieces.

Apparently he was already dead, though his feet, that were lifted off the ground, still moved feebly.

I sprang up and covered the beast with the rifle, which was cocked, getting full on to its head, which showed the clearest, though this was rather guesswork, since I could not distinctly see the foresight. I pulled, but either the cap or the powder had got a little damp in the journey, and hung fire for the fraction of a second. In that infinitesimal time the devil—it is the best name I can give the thing—saw me, or perhaps it only saw the light gleaming on the barrel. At any rate, it dropped the Kalubi and, as though some intelligence warned it what to expect, threw up its massive right arm—I remember how extraordinarily long the limb seemed, and that it looked thick as a man's thigh—in such a fashion as to cover its head.

Then the rifle exploded, and I heard the bullet strike. By the light of the flash I saw the great arm tumble down in a dead, helpless kind of way, and next instant the whole forest began to echo with peal upon peal of those awful roarings that I have described, each of which ended with a dog-like *yowp* of pain.

"You have hit him, Baas," said Hans, "and he isn't a ghost, for he doesn't like it. But he's still very lively."

"Close up," I answered, "and hold out the spears while I reload."

My fear was that the brute would rush on us. But it did not. For all that dreadful night we saw or heard it no more. Indeed, I began to hope that, after all, the bullet had

reached some mortal part and that the great ape was dead.

At length—it seemed to be weeks afterwards—the dawn broke and revealed us sitting white and shivering in the grey mist—that is, all except Stephen, who had gone comfortably to sleep with his head resting on Mavovo's shoulder. He is a man so equably minded and so devoid of nerves, that I feel sure he will be one of the last to be disturbed by the trump of the Archangel. At least, so I told him indignantly, when at length we roused him from his indecent slumbers.

"You should judge things by results, Allan," he said, with a yawn. "I'm as fresh as a pippin, while you all look as though you had been to a ball with twelve extras. Have you retrieved the Kalubi yet?"

Shortly afterwards, when the mist lifted a little, we went out in a line to "retrieve the Kalubi," and found—well, I won't describe what we found. He was a cruel wretch, as the incident of the herd-boy had told us, but I felt sorry for him. Still, his terrors were over, or, at least, I hope so.

We deposited him in the box that Komba had kindly provided in preparation for this inevitable event, and Brother John said a prayer over his miscellaneous remains. Then, after consultation and in the very worst of spirits, we set out to seek the way to the home of the Mother of the Flower. The start was easy enough, for a distinct though very faint path led from the clearing up the slope of the hill. Afterwards it became more difficult, for denser forest began. Fortunately very few creepers grew in this forest, but the flat tops of the huge trees, meeting high above, entirely shut out the sky, so that the gloom was great, in places almost that of night.

Oh, it was a melancholy journey as, filled with fears, we stole, a pallid throng, from trunk to trunk, searching them for the notches that indicated our road, and speaking only in whispers, lest the sound of our voices should attract the notice of the dreadful god. After a mile or two of this, we became aware that its notice was attracted despite our precautions, for at times we caught glimpses of some huge grey thing slipping along parallel to us between the boles of the trees. Hans wanted me to try a shot, but I would not, knowing that the chances of hitting it were small indeed. With only three charges, or, rather, three caps left, it was necessary to be saving.

We halted and held a consultation, as a result of which we decided that there was no more danger in going on than in standing still or attempting to return. So we went on, keeping close together. To me, as I was the only one with a rifle, was accorded what I did not at all appreciate—the honour of heading the procession.

Another half-mile, and again we heard that strange rolling sound, which was produced, I believe, by the great brute beating upon its breast, but noted that it was not so continuous as on the previous night.

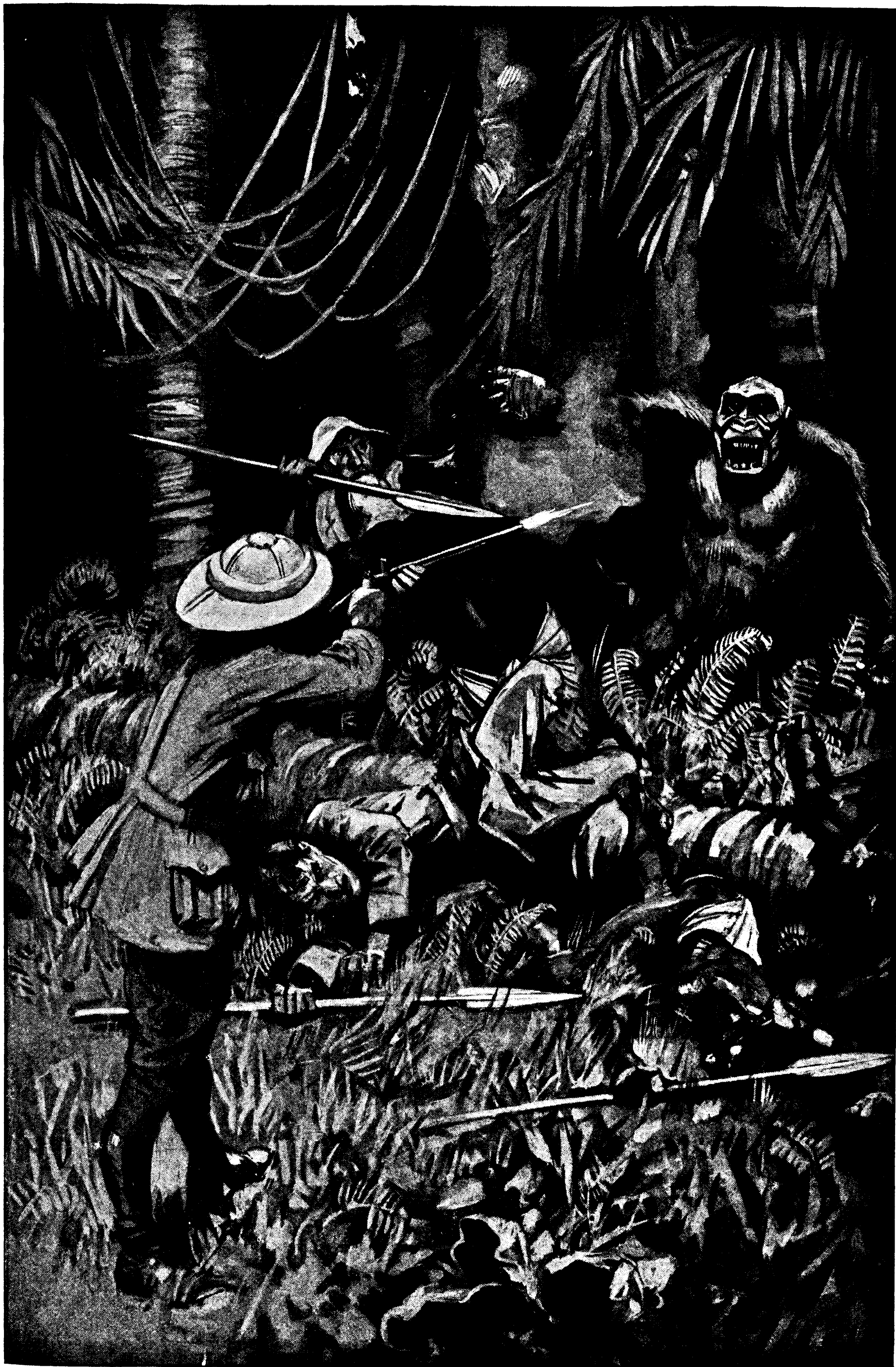
"Ha," said Hans, "he can only strike his drum with one stick now. Your bullet broke the other, Baas."

A little farther, and the god roared quite close, so loudly that the air seemed to tremble.

"The drum is all right, whatever may have happened to the sticks," I said.

A hundred yards or so more, and the catastrophe occurred. We had reached a spot in the forest where one of the great trees had fallen down, letting in a little light. I can see it to this hour. There lay the enormous tree, its bark covered with grey mosses and clumps of a giant species of maiden-hair fern. On our side of it was the open space, which may have measured forty feet across, where the light fell in a perpendicular ray, as it does through the smoke-hole of a hut. Looking at this prostrate trunk, I saw first two lurid and fiery eyes that glowed red in the shadow, and then, almost in the same instant, made out what looked like the head of a fiend enclosed in a wreath of the delicate green ferns. I can't describe it, I can only repeat that it looked like the head of a very large fiend with a pallid face, huge over-hanging eyebrows and great yellow tushes on either side of the mouth.

Before I had even time to get the rifle up, with one terrific roar the brute was on us. I saw its enormous grey shape on the top of the trunk, I saw it pass me like a flash, running upright as a man does, but with the head held forward, and noted that the arm nearest to me was swinging as though broken. Then, as I turned, I heard a scream of terror, and perceived that it had gripped the poor Mazitu, Jerry, who walked last but one of our line, which was ended by Mavovo. Yes, it had gripped him and was carrying him off, clasped to its breast with its sound arm. When I say that Jerry, although a full-grown man and rather inclined to stoutness, looked like a child in that fell embrace, it will give some idea of the creature's size.



"I aimed at the huge head and let drive."

Mavovo, who had the courage of a buffalo, charged at it and drove the copper spear he carried into its side. They all charged like Berserkers, except myself, for even then, thank Heaven, I knew a trick worth two of that. In three seconds there was a struggling mass in the centre of the clearing. Brother John, Stephen, Mavovo, and Hans were all stabbing at the enormous gorilla—for it was a gorilla—although their blows seemed to do it no more harm than pin-pricks. Fortunately for them, for its part, the beast would not let go of Jerry, and, having only one sound arm, could but snap at its assailants, for if it had lifted a foot to rend them, its top-heavy bulk would have caused it to tumble over.

At length it seemed to realise this, and hurled Jerry away, knocking down Brother John and Hans with his body. Then it leapt on Mavovo, who, seeing it come, placed the copper socket of the spear against his own breast, with the result that, when the gorilla tried to crush him, the point of the spear was driven into its carcase. Feeling the pain, it unwound its arm from about Mavovo, knocking Stephen over with the backward sweep. Then it raised its great hand to crush Mavovo with a blow, as I believe gorillas are wont to do.

This was the chance for which I was waiting. Up till that moment I had not dared to fire, fearing lest I should kill one of my companions. Now for an instant it was clear of them all, and, steadying myself, I aimed at the huge head and let drive. The smoke thinned, and through it I saw the gigantic ape standing quite still, like a creature lost in meditation.

Then it threw up its sound arm, turned its fierce eyes to the sky, and, uttering one pitiful and hideous howl, sank down dead.

The bullet had entered just behind the ear and buried itself in the brain.

The great silence of the forest flowed in over us, as it were; for quite a little while no one did or said anything. Then from somewhere down amidst the mosses I heard a thin voice, the sound of which reminded me of air being squeezed out of an india-rubber cushion.

"Very good shot, Baas," it piped, "as good as that which killed the king-vulture at Dingaan's kraal, and more difficult. But if the Baas could pull the god off me, I should say 'Thank you.'"

The "Thank you" was almost inaudible, and no wonder, for poor Hans had fainted. There he lay under the huge bulk of the gorilla, just his nose and mouth appearing between the brute's body and its arm. Had it not been for the soft cushion of wet moss on which he reclined, I think that he would have been crushed flat.

We rolled the creature off him somehow, and poured a little brandy down his throat, which had a wonderful effect, for in less than a minute he sat up, gasping like a dying fish, and asked for more.

Leaving Brother John to examine Hans, to see if he was really injured, I bethought me of poor Jerry, and went to look at him. One glance was enough. He was quite dead. Indeed, he seemed to be crushed out of shape like a buck that has been enveloped in the coils of a boa-constrictor. Brother John told me afterwards that both his arms and nearly all his ribs had been broken in that terrible embrace. Even his spine was dislocated.

I have often wondered why the gorilla ran down the line without touching me or the others, to vent his rage upon Jerry. I can only suggest that it was because the unlucky Mazitu had sat next to the Kalubi on the previous night, which may have caused the brute to identify him by smell with the priest, whom he had learned to hate and killed. It is true that Hans had sat on the other side of the Kalubi, but perhaps the odour of the Pongo had not clung to him so much, or perhaps it meant to deal with him after it had done with Jerry.

When we knew that the Mazitu was past human help, and had discovered to our joy that, save for a few bruises, no one else was really hurt, although Stephen's clothes were half torn off him, we made an examination of the dead god. Truly it was a fearful creature.

What its exact weight or size may have been we had no means of ascertaining, but I never saw or heard of such an enormous ape, if a gorilla is really an ape. It needed the united strength of the five of us to lift the carcase with a great effort off the fainting Hans, and even to roll it from side to side when subsequently we removed the skin. I would never have believed that so ancient an animal of its stature, which could not have been more than seven feet when it stood erect, could have been so heavy. For ancient undoubtedly it was. The long, yellow, canine tusks were worn half away with use; the eyes were sunken far into the skull; the hair of the head, which, I am told, is generally red or brown, was quite white, and even the bare breast, which should

be black, was grey in hue. Of course, it was impossible to say, but one might easily have imagined that this creature was two hundred years or more old, as the Motombo had declared it to be.

Stephen suggested that it should be skinned, and although I saw little prospect of our being able to carry away the hide, I assented and helped in the operation on the mere chance of saving so great a curiosity. Also, although Brother John was restless, and murmured something about wasting time, I thought it necessary that we should have a rest after our fearful anxieties and still more fearful encounter with this consecrated monster. So we set to work, and as a result of more than an hour's toil, dragged off the hide, which was so tough and thick that, as we found, the copper spears had scarcely penetrated to the flesh. The bullet that I had put into it on the previous night struck, we discovered, upon the bone of the upper arm, which it shattered sufficiently to render that limb useless, if it did not break it altogether. This, indeed, was fortunate for us, for had the creature retained both its arms uninjured, it would certainly have killed more of us in its attack. We were saved only by the fact that, when it was hugging Jerry, it had no limb left with which it could strike, and luckily did not succeed in its attempts to get hold with its tremendous jaws, that had nipped off the Kalubi's hand as easily as a pair of scissors severs the stalk of a flower.

When the skin was removed, except that of the hands, which we did not attempt to touch, we pegged it out, raw side uppermost, to dry in the centre of the open place where the sun struck. Then, having buried poor Jerry in the hollow trunk of the great fallen tree, we washed ourselves with the wet mosses and ate some of the food that remained to us.

After this we started forward again in much better spirits. Jerry, it was true, was dead, but so was the god, leaving us happily still alive and practically untouched. Never more would the Kalubis of Pongoland shiver out their lives at the feet of this dreadful divinity who soon or late must become their executioner, for I believe, with the exception of two who committed suicide through fear, that no Kalubi was ever known to have died except by the hand or teeth of the god.

What would I not give to know that brute's history? Could it possibly, as the Motombo said, have accompanied the Pongo people from their home in Western or Central Africa, or perhaps have been brought here by them in a state of captivity? I am unable to answer the question, but it should be noted that none of the Mazitu or other natives had ever heard of the existence of more true gorillas in this part of Africa. The creature, if it had its origin in the locality, must either have been solitary in its habits or driven away from its fellows, as sometimes happens to old elephants, which then, like this gorilla, become fearfully ferocious.

That is all I can say about the brute, though, of course, the Pongo had their own story. According to them, it was an evil spirit in the shape of an ape, which evil spirit had once inhabited the body of an early Kalubi, and had been annexed by the ape when it killed the said Kalubi. Also they declared that the reason the creature put all the Kalubis to death, as well as a number of other people who were offered up to it, was that it needed "to refresh itself with the spirits of men," by which means it was enabled to avoid the effects of age. It will be remembered that the Motombo referred to this belief, of which afterwards I heard in more detail from Babemba. But if this god had anything supernatural about it, at least its magic was no shield against a bullet from a Purdey rifle.

Only a little way from the fallen tree we came suddenly upon a large clearing, which we guessed at once must be that "garden of the god" where twice a year the unfortunate Kalubis were doomed to scatter the "sacred seed." It was a large garden, several acres of it, lying on a shelf, as it were, of the mountain and watered by a stream. Maize grew in it, also other sorts of corn, while all round was a thick belt of plantain trees. Of course, these crops had formed the food of the god, who, whenever it was hungry, came to this place and helped itself, as we could see by many signs. The garden was well kept and comparatively free from weeds. At first we wondered how this could be, till I remembered that the Kalubi or someone had told me that it was tended by the servants of the Mother of the Flower, who were generally albinos or mutes.

We crossed it and pushed on rapidly up the mountain, once more following an easy and well-beaten path, for now we saw that we were approaching what we thought must be the edge of a crater. Indeed, our excitement was so extreme that we did not speak, only scrambled forward, Brother John, notwithstanding his lame leg, leading at a

greater pace than we could equal. He was the first to reach our goal, closely followed by Stephen. Watching, I saw him sink down as though in a swoon. Stephen also appeared astonished, for he threw up his hands.

I rushed to them, and this was what I saw. Beneath us was a steep slope quite bare of forest, which ceased at its crest. This slope stretched downwards for half a mile or more to the lip of a beautiful lake, of which the area was perhaps two hundred acres. Set in the centre of the deep blue water of this lake, which we discovered afterwards to be unfathomable, was an island, not more than five-and-twenty or thirty acres in extent, that seemed to be cultivated, for on it we could see fields, palms, and other fruit-bearing trees. In the middle of the island stood a small, neat house, thatched after the fashion of the country, but civilised in its appearance, for it was oblong, not round, and encircled by a verandah and a reed fence. At a distance from this house were a number of native huts, and in front of it a small enclosure surrounded by a high wall, on the top of which mats were fixed on poles, as though to screen something from wind or sun.

"The Holy Flower lives there, you bet!" gasped Stephen excitedly—he could think of nothing but that confounded orchid. "Look, the mats are up on the sunny side to prevent its scorching, and those palms are planted round to give it shade."

"The Mother of the Flower lives there," whispered Brother John, pointing to the house. "Who is she? Who is she? Suppose I should be mistaken, after all! God, let me not be mistaken, for it would be more than I can bear!"

"We had better try to find out," I remarked practically, though I am sure I sympathised with his suspense, and started down the slope at a run.

In five minutes or less we reached the foot of it, and, breathless and perspiring though we were, began to search amongst the reeds and bushes growing at the edge of the lake for the canoe of which we had been told by the Kalubi. What if there were none? How could we cross that wide stretch of deep water? Presently Hans, who, following certain indications which caught his practised eye, had cast away to the left, held up his hand and whistled. We ran to him.

"Here it is, Baas," he said, and pointed to something in a tiny bush-fringed inlet that at first sight looked like a heap of dead reeds. We tore away at the reeds, and there, sure enough, was a canoe of sufficient size to hold twelve or fourteen people, and in it a number of paddles.

Another two minutes and we were rowing across that lake.

We came safely to the other side, where we found a little landing-stage made of poles sunk into the lake. We tied up the canoe, or, rather, I did, for nobody else remembered to take that precaution, and presently were on a path which led through the cultivated fields to the house. Here I insisted upon going first with the rifle, in case we should be suddenly attacked. The silence and the absence of any human beings suggested to me that this might very well happen, since it would be strange if we had not been seen crossing the lake.

Afterwards I discovered why the place seemed so deserted. It was owing to two reasons. First, it was now noon-time, an hour at which these poor slaves retired to their huts to eat and sleep through the heat of the day. Secondly, although the "Watcher," as she was called, had seen the canoe on the water, she concluded that the Kalubi was visiting the Mother of the Flower, and, according to practice on these occasions, withdrew herself and everybody else, since the rare meetings of the Kalubi and the Mother of the Flower partook of the nature of a religious ceremony, and must be held in private.

First we came to the little enclosure, that was planted about with palms and, as I have described, screened with mats. Stephen ran at it and, scrambling up the wall, peeped over the top.

Next instant he was sitting on the ground, having descended from the wall with the rapidity of one shot through the head.

"Oh, by Jingo!" he ejaculated. "Oh, by Jingo!" And that was all I could get out of him, though it is true I did not try very hard at the time.

Not five paces from this enclosure stood a tall reed fence that surrounded the house. It had a gate, also of reeds, which was a little ajar. Creeping up to it very cautiously, for I thought I heard a voice within, I peeped through the half-opened gate. Four or five feet away was the verandah, from which a doorway led into one of the rooms of the house, where stood a table on which was food.

Kneeling on mats upon this verandah were *two white women*, clothed in garments of the

purest white adorned with a purple fringe, and wearing bracelets and other ornaments of red native gold. One of these appeared to be about forty years of age. She was rather stout, fair in colouring, with blue eyes and golden hair that hung down her back. The other might have been about twenty. She also was fair, but her eyes were grey, and her long hair was of a chestnut hue. I saw at once that she was tall and very beautiful. The elder woman was praying, while the other, who knelt by her side, listened and looked up vacantly at the sky.

"O God," prayed the woman, "for Christ's sake, look in pity upon us two poor captives, and send us deliverance from this savage land. We thank Thee Who hast protected us unharmed and in health for so many years, and we put our trust in Thy mercy, for Thou alone canst help us. Grant, O God, that our dear husband and father may still live, and that in Thy good time we may be reunited to him. Or, if he be dead, and there is no hope for us upon the earth, grant that we, too, may die, and find him in Thy Heaven."

Thus she prayed in a clear, deliberate voice, and I noticed that, as she did so, the tears ran down her cheeks. "Amen!" she said at last, and the girl by her side, speaking with a strange little accent, echoed the "Amen."

I looked round at Brother John. He had heard something, and was utterly overcome. Fortunately enough, he could not move or even speak.

"Hold him," I whispered to Stephen and Mavovo, "while I go in and talk to these ladies."

Then, handing the rifle to Hans, I took off my hat, pushed the gate a little wider open, slipped through it, and called attention to my presence by coughing.

The two women, who had risen, stared at me as though they saw a ghost.

"Ladies," I said, bowing, "pray do not be alarmed. You see, God sometimes answers prayers. In short, I am one of a party of white people who, with some trouble, have succeeded in getting to this place, and —and would you allow us to call on you?"

Still they stared. At length the elder woman opened her lips.

"Here I am called the Mother of the Holy Flower, and for a stranger to speak with the Mother is death. Also, if you are a man, how did you reach us alive?"

"That's a long story," I answered cheerfully. "May we come in? We will take the risks—we are accustomed to them—and hope to be able to do you a service. I should explain that three of us are white men, two English and one—American."

"American!" she gasped, "American! What is he like? How is he named?"

"Oh," I replied, for my nerve was giving out and I grew confused, "he is oldish, with a white beard, rather like Father Christmas, in short, and his Christian name"—I didn't dare to give it all at once— "is—er—John—Brother John, we call him. Now I think of it," I added, "he has some resemblance to your companion there."

I thought that the lady was going to die, and cursed myself for my awkwardness. She flung her arm about the girl to save herself from falling—a poor prop, for she, too, looked as though she were going to die, having understood some, if not all, of my talk.

"Madam, madam," I expostulated, "I pray you to bear up. After living through so much sorrow, it would be foolish to decease of—joy. May I call in Brother John? He is a clergyman, and might be able to say something appropriate, which I, who am only a hunter, cannot do,"

She gathered herself together, opened her eyes, and whispered—

"Send him here."

I pushed open the gate behind which the others were clustered. Catching Brother John by the arm, I dragged him forward. The two stood staring at each other, and the young lady also looked with wide eyes and open mouth.

"Elizabeth!" said John.

She uttered a scream, then with a cry of "*Husband!*" flung herself upon his breast.

I slipped through the gate and shut it fast.

"I say, Allan," said Stephen, when we had retreated to a little distance, "did you see her?"

"Her? Who? Which?" I asked.

"The young lady in the white clothes. She is lovely."

"Hold your tongue, you donkey!" I answered. "Is this a time to talk of female looks?"

Then I went away behind the wall and literally wept for joy. It was one of the happiest moments of my life, for how seldom things happen as they should!

Also I wanted to put up a little prayer of my own, a prayer of thankfulness and for strength and wit to overcome the many dangers that yet awaited us.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCORDING TO THE STATUTE

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo

LIONEL EREBURT swore by the graves of his ancestors that he would take the case to the Court of Appeal. The family solicitor, however, thought not. He confessed quite frankly that the gipsies had made out an exceedingly strong case for "scot and lot," so far as the common rights were concerned, and, indeed, he was strongly of opinion that his client would do well to leave matters as they were. He quoted the Statute of Mortmain and other obscure yet learned authorities, and Ereburt raged as he listened.

"But, my dear fellow," he protested, "this means that those poaching rascals have the right to range up and down by some of the finest salmon pools in the river. There won't be a fish left. I suppose you will tell me next that the verdict carries the right to fish. Anything might happen now."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," the lawyer said coolly. "Be reasonable, Ereburt. You know perfectly well that if any of your tenants here, or a commoner, for the matter of that, likes to defy you, you can't prevent him from angling in the Swirl. Of course, we stand on that old deed which tradition says was granted you by some settler adventurer two hundred years ago, but where is the charter? I have looked for it in vain. It is all more or less what you call 'swank,' and that's why I don't want you to push those gipsies too far, and you will have to make the best of it."

"Where the dickens did they get that money from?" Ereburt muttered. "Fancy three caravan loads of poachers and clothes-peg makers briefing a leading K.C. and two juniors! Why, it must have cost them a hundred pounds at least!"

"Yes, it is going to cost you six times the money," the lawyer said drily. "You are taking rather a parochial view of it. These people are real gipsies, as you know. They are a mysterious race, in touch with their fellow-Zingari all over the world, and some of them are exceedingly well-educated. You are proud of your old house and your ancient family, but the Ereburts are mere mushrooms by comparison with these Stanleys and the rest. Now, you take my advice—admit your defeat and take it like a sportsman. And remember that it might have been a great deal worse."

As a matter of fact, there was nothing else to be done. Ereburt turned his back on his lawyer's office, fuming and disappointed. It was a clear March day, with a little wind ruffling the surface of the river, and there was just the possible chance that a fish might be killed, though the water was low and rather fine. There had not been much in the way of sport lately; indeed, the run of spring fish had been small. In vain had Ereburt, in connection with his trusty keeper, Peter Locke, tried one gaudy lure after another, but the fish refused to rise, and they had perforce to come empty away.

At any rate, the gipsies had cleared out for the present. Apparently they had not waited to enjoy their triumph, for two of the caravans had gone, and a third was ready for the road. This meant that they would be seen no more till late in the autumn, and the reflection cheered Ereburt as he made his way towards the river. Dusk was beginning to fall now, but it would be

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possible to fish for another hour, and therefore there was no time to be lost. It was one of the traditions of the house that at this very pool a dead-and-gone Ereburt had killed twelve fish in one day with a lure of his own, the secret of which was unhappily lost. Ereburt and Peter had tried times without number to reduplicate that fatal fly, but always without success. Something was missing, some hackle or fur, the little airy trifle, and yet how much it was! Ereburt was thinking about this now as he began to put his rod together.

Then he stopped and stiffened with anger and amazement. Through the bare branches of the trees he could see a figure standing there in the stream on the very edge of the sacred pool. Moreover, it was the figure of a woman. She was tall and slim and young; a great rope of raven hair hung over her shoulders. Her legs were bare to the knees, and the rod that she wielded, beyond all question, was in the hands of a past-mistress of the craft. Angry as he was, Ereburt was bound to admit that. He could see the line thrown straight and far, cutting the water as with a razor edge. He could see the fly dropped within a fraction of an inch. He could see, too, the quick turn of the wrist and the play of the point as this amazing creature bent to her work. The sight fairly fascinated Ereburt, and he stood watching it for some little time. Then from the far side of the stream there came a roar like that of an angry bull, and Peter Locke appeared, literally foaming at the mouth. In his righteous anger, Peter seemed to forget that he was addressing a woman, and just for the moment Ereburt blushed for him. And then something happened with a swiftness and agility that fairly made the onlooker gasp. For the lady with the rod had drawn herself up; her dark eyes flashed indignantly as she made a cast, not along the pool, but straight across the stream into Peter's red, angry face. The barbed hook caught him fairly in the cartilage of the nose, and almost before Ereburt realised what had happened, Peter, protesting and raving, was dragged across the stream as helpless as one of his own salmon. It had been a magnificent throw, viciously intentional, perhaps, but all the more deadly effective for that.

The line relaxed for the fraction of a second, then it was cleverly looped over the branch of a tree, and behold Peter Locke standing on tiptoe, with a fly in his nose and the taut line holding him absolutely helpless. There was no smile on the girl's dark face, no suggestion of amusement in her eyes as she approached her victim.

"You dare to speak to me like that," she said. "Here you stay till you apologise. Do you think that the running waters and all they contain belong to that arrogant master of yours?"

It was time for Ereburt to take a hand.

"You will pardon me," he said. "And, really, you must know that you are poaching. I am afraid my servant was a little bit hasty in the language he used, but he has his orders."

"Orders!" the girl echoed. "What are they? I do not know the word. You are Mr. Ereburt, I believe? Will you take this knife and release your servant? You think this was an accident, perhaps, but I could do it again and again."

Ereburt muttered incoherently to the effect that he was quite sure of it. There was something about the slim, dark beauty that appealed to him. For the moment he was busily engaged in looking after the discomfited Peter. With a little more than the touch of her firm hands, she released the hook and contemptuously announced that there was very little the matter. From her fly-book she produced a sovereign, which she tossed to her fallen foe.

"You had better go," she said. "There is no reason for you to stay any longer. Yet stop just a moment. In the gorse yonder, at the foot of those alders, you will find a fish. It is a clean-run thirty-pounder which I caught an hour ago. Take it up to the house and give it to Mr. Ereburt with my compliments."

Peter shuffled off, all broken up and wondering what had happened to a world which hitherto he had regarded as well-ordered. Ereburt turned to his companion with a grim smile.

"I am sure I am vastly obliged to you," he said. "I ought to be very much annoyed, and all that sort of thing, but I'm not. I am so lost in admiration of your skill as an angler that I can think of nothing else. Do you know that I have been fishing this pool for a fortnight and never had a rise? There are plenty of fish here, too. Now, what wonderful lure have you been using?"

With just the suggestion of a smile on her lips, the girl handed her big gaudy fly to Ereburt. It was a fairly familiar pattern of the "Butcher" family, but with a subtle difference. The hackles were longer and of a peculiar shade of red tipped with orange.

"This is quite new to me," Ereburt said. "It ought not to be a very difficult task——"

"To make a copy of it, you think? If you will come with me as far as my caravan, I shall be happy to give you the requisite materials. You see, I have the sporting blood in my veins. I am a Stanley, as they call us here, and ever since the Flood we have wandered about the world, living on the land and all that it breeds. And there are many things known to us which the rest of the world has forgotten. You think we wander from place to place aimlessly, but no. The migrating instinct is still in us, and wherever

"The rod that she wielded, beyond all question, was in the hands of a past-mistress of the craft."

we go, our food awaits us. And you have traditions, too. There is one concerning a certain salmon lure, the art of making which you have lost. It was given to your people by an ancestor of mine over two hundred years ago, and many a time have you sought for it since. But you need not seek any longer, for you have it in your hand now."

Ereburt stammered something incoherent. He was feeling just a little dazed, just a little as if he had slipped back out of the twentieth century on to the fringe of the Dark Ages. It was not a lithe, breathing, palpitating gipsy beauty that he was talking to, but a witch in the guise of a lovely girl. And every word that she said was absolutely true. A couple of centuries ago a wandering Ereburt had come back from some foreign part, bringing a dusky bride with him and a frown on his face whenever the curious displayed a natural inclination to hear something of the pedigree of the new mistress of the house. There had been one or two swarthy visitors, but not for long, for the dark-eyed beauty seemed to fade like a bird in a cage, and died within three years of her marriage. And all that remained of her in the annals of the house to mark her memory was the salmon fly, which had been subsequently lost and was now almost miraculously restored. All these things were rapidly passing through Ereburt's mind as he dwelt on the dark beauty of his companion.

"I feel almost afraid of you," he said. "I wonder if you would mind being a little more explicit? Of course, it is most awfully good of you to give me that fly, and to offer to show me the correct way to make it up. There is nothing that I wanted more. I suppose you know that you are heaping coals of fire upon my head, so to speak? That business——"

"We bear no malice," the girl said. "We are only sorry that you should force us to defend our rights. Ah, we could have gone a great deal further had we liked. We could have asked you to prove that the fishing here is your property."

"You think that would be impossible, perhaps?"

"I am absolutely certain of it," the girl said calmly. "It is over two hundred years ago before the fish came here at all, and a Stanley came and settled down by this very spot and started to make baskets from the osiers along the river's bank. And none interfered with him, because it was not worth while. And so, little by little, the land on both banks belonged to the Stanley I speak of. He did not stay for very many years, because the wandering blood was in his veins, and the call came for him presently. But he had remained quite long enough to give the free right of fishing in this river of yours to anyone he chose. The salmon had come by this time, and a certain ancestor of yours saw that it was good. He gave to Rupert Stanley, the father of one Carmencita Ereburt, one hundred guineas for all his rights and easements, and there was a deed drawn up."

"Upon which I base my claim," Ereburt said eagerly.

"Ah, but can you find it? Without it your claim is worthless. I ask you if you could look me in the face and tell me that you could put your hand upon the deed at this moment? And you are a gentleman who would not tell me a lie. And now, if you will come with me as far as my caravan, I will carry out my promise."

With the same dazed feeling, Ereburt strode along by his companion. They came presently to a dainty little house on wheels, a motor caravan, the door of which was open. Ereburt caught a glimpse of gold-and-white fittings, a picture or two, and rows upon rows of books, diamond editions of the classics bound in green leather. It was only for a moment, then the gipsy was by his side again with a mass of silk and feathers in her hand.

"I think you will be able to manage with these," she said.

"I should do much better with a lesson," Ereburt said audaciously. "Now, I wonder if you will be offended at a suggestion that I have to make? Would you care to come up to the house this evening and dine with my sister and myself?"

Ereburt put the question with more diffidence than appeared on the surface. There was just a suspicion of healthy red on his cheeks, and in his heart the fear of a curt refusal. But he had judged this beautiful girl correctly, for she accepted the situation without the slightest demur. There was something about her that hinted at a mind above the usual conventions.

"I shall be most pleased," she said. "To tell you the truth, I am curious to see the inside of that beautiful house of yours. No, there is no reason to send any conveyance for me. I want nothing but a pair of goloshes and a wrap. At half-past seven, I suppose?"

She turned away without waiting for a reply, and disappeared within the caravan.

Ereburt wondered if she was alone there, and, as a matter of fact, she was. But there was no fear in the heart of a woman who called herself Carmena and answered to no other name.

There was just the chance, perhaps, that Miss Diana Ereburt might resent this unconventional invitation; but, after all, she was no more than a daughter of Eve, and before Ereburt had finished his strange story, Diana was just as anxious to welcome this amazing guest as he was himself.

She came presently, quiet, unassuming, and absolutely self-possessed, into the great hall where Ereburt and his guests generally sat during the half-hour preceding dinner. There was no stiffness or formality here, and no suggestion of coldness in the great wood fire and the shaded lamps casting pools of light on china and silver and the damascened armour of dead-and-gone Ereburts. On the brown-panelled wall were portraits of by-gone heads and chatelaines of the family, and Diana Ereburt fairly gasped as her guest came forward, looking, in a black silk dress and lace ruffles, strangely like one of those pictures—as if it had stepped down from its frame. With her hands half out-stretched, she paused.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "Can't you see the likeness, Lionel? Carmencita, wife of Nicholas Ereburt—he who married the gipsy. The likeness is something marvellous."

Carmena stood there with a faint suggestion of a smile upon her lips and no air of embarrassment about her. It was as if she had come prepared for this effect, as if she had looked forward to a dramatic situation. She might have been standing there at a fancy dress ball, waiting for the judge's approval of her costume. Ereburt glanced from the slim figure, all glowing white behind the diaphanous suggestion of her clinging garments, to the portrait of a woman hanging on the wall opposite the fireplace. It certainly was a marvellous likeness, he thought, the living facing the dead, the living that might have sat for the painted features smiling down upon her. Carmena took it all for granted.

"It is not so very strange," she said. "The women of my family have always been much the same. You see, we are like the Jews; it is only once in a generation or so that we marry out of our own people. And, when we do, the result is always a tragedy."

"Won't you sit down?" Diana contrived to say. "I am exceedingly glad to meet you. You won't mind the conventional remark? And so you are actually a descendant of the Hungarian lady whom Nicholas Ereburt married two centuries ago? But why do you say she was unhappy? It is true that she died very young, but according to the family archives Nicholas Ereburt was a devoted husband, and Dame Carmencita was very fond of him."

Carmena lay back in her chair and swept a calm, approving glance over all the warm luxury and refinement around her.

"So she would had she been an ordinary woman," she said. "Even I envy you a home like this. But it is not in our blood to settle down and be happy anywhere. When the sap rises and Nature turns over in her sleep, there comes the irresistible call which we all have to follow. Some follow on foot, and others in a motor caravan, as I do. But we cannot resist it any more than a migrating bird can turn its back on the west wind. And that was the trouble with your ancestor, Carmencita. She had her duty to her husband, and the obeying of it killed her. Oh, you think you know something about the story. To a limited extent, perhaps, you do. But it is woven into our traditions, and one of our songsters made it the theme of a noble poem. Do you know that I have never been in this house before, but I believe I could find my way to the bedroom in which Carmencita died? You think that she was the daughter of a common poacher who made baskets for a living. Well, it does not in the least matter. It was she who brought, as part of her dowry, the right to kill salmon in the river. And that right will be challenged before long."

"Is that in the nature of a threat?" Ereburt asked.

"Oh, no," Carmena went on. "I wonder how many of the people's privileges have been filched by you country gentry from time to time, and how many of them could be restored to the people if they would only consult the despised Zingari? Why, your people here have allowed you to steal that beautiful common from them bit by bit, and it would have gone for ever had we not fought and beaten you."

"There is a good deal in what you say." Ereburt admitted. "But I am afraid the predatory instinct is as strong within us as it ever was. But the fishing rights are another and a different matter altogether."

"Yes, because you have documentary evidence, and the thing you call the law is

supreme. But the point is, can you put your hand upon that document when you need it?"

Diana Ereburt smiled as she saw the frown upon her brother's face. She knew well enough how slender was the tenure on which the claim to the salmon rights were based. And the Ereburt estate was famous for its stretch of river and the lordly fish that died there year by year. It only needed something like the truth to be known, and every poacher within twenty miles could snap his fingers at Peter Locke and defy him.

"But the document is actually in existence," Ereburt said eagerly. "I don't mind admitting to you that I cannot find it—indeed, it is nowhere to be found. I never saw it, nor my father before me. But, all the same, it is bound to be somewhere in the house."

A gong droned somewhere in the distance, an ancient white-haired butler drew back the heavy curtains from the dining-room door, and, with a solemnity worthy of the occasion, proclaimed the fact that dinner was served. Ereburt rose and offered his arm to his guest; her long slim fingers rested gently as a snowflake on his coat-sleeve. He watched her presently with a curiosity which was slightly impertinent. And yet she did nothing wrong, nothing outside the narrow track of convention, except, perhaps, that she was just a little puzzled by the array of glasses and the gleaming silver and cutlery before her. Still, she was perfectly at home; she accepted the ministering attentions of the white-haired butler and his assistants as if to the manner born. She enjoyed her dinner with the healthy appetite of a clean, beautiful animal, but she partook only of the simplest and plainest dishes, and it was water only with which the old retainer filled her glass. She turned her back with a smile presently at the suggestion of a cigarette. She preferred to eat a little fruit instead. And she talked well of many things. She had travelled far and wide; she spoke of books and their authors as one speaks of intimate friends. But she never spoke of men or cities, of the great commercial hives where money is made, but always of the open road and the fields and the forests and the birds and beasts thereof. Ereburt flattered himself that he was something of a naturalist, but he had learnt more in the last hour than he had done for years. He touched lightly upon what science had done of late in regard to the habits of the trout and the lordly salmon, only to find that these secrets had been common knowledge to the Zingari for generations. Quite reluctantly he rose at length and held open the door for his guest. For once in a way, he discarded his after-dinner cigar for a cigarette, and then followed with the eagerness of a schoolboy to the drawing-room.

"Just listen to this, Lionel," Diana cried. "Miss Carmena is perfectly certain that she knows where the missing deed is to be found. She says that it is in the house."

"I am exceedingly glad to hear it," Ereburt said. "Is second sight amongst your many extraordinary gifts, Miss Carmena?"

"It is not that at all," Carmena said. "Did not I tell you how my people always cling together? You must have imagined that, because the woman called Dame Carmencita married outside her station, she ceased to take all interest in the clan. You may be surprised to know that she wrote regularly to her relations. Ah, those letters would make an interesting volume! I have read them again and again, and I know them by heart. Some day, perhaps, our head medicine-man—but that is not what we call him—may give his permission for them to be published. And it is because you have been kind and courteous to me that I tell you these things. Yesterday I should have laughed at the idea of doing anything of the kind. Now, I know that the paper we are speaking of was highly valued by Nicholas Ereburt, because his wife says so in her letters. He allowed her to keep it amongst other things, and after her death it could not be found. The truth is, that it never has been found. Now, let me see if I can help you in this grave matter. Please correct me if I make any mistakes. You have a wing which you call the Bishop's. At one time it formed part of a monastery. It was in this wing that Carmencita had her own suite of rooms. Am I correct in saying that leading out of the chief bedroom is a priests' hiding-hole? Ah, I see by your faces that I am not far wrong. The hiding-hole is lined with panels, and on one of the panels is the coat-of-arms of the bishop who founded the monastery. If you will touch a spring in the centre of that coat-of-arms, the panel will fly back, and you will find a small cupboard, where Carmencita had a fancy for hiding a few of her most intimate treasures. Am I right?"

"Absolutely," Ereburt cried. "This is exceedingly interesting. Miss Carmena, positively you are an angel unawares!"

"I never felt so excited," Diana cried.

"On the contrary, I am not excited in the

least," Ereburt said, "because I *know* we are going to find the missing deed."

And it was exactly as he had anticipated. Here was the priests' hiding-place and the deep carving on the wall. The spring was just a little rusty, but it gave presently, disclosing a shallow cupboard containing a few articles of simple jewellery, together with a mass of faded letters and a crabbed old parchment inscribed with quaint characters, which proved to be nothing else but the missing deed. With a smile in her, dark, inscrutable eyes, Carmena placed it in Ereburt's hands.

"Permit me," she said, "and allow me to congratulate you. At the same time, I feel that I am in conspiracy to deprive the common people of their rights. I suppose I do this because I am more or less connected with the family of Ereburt. But that is the way that civilisation corrupts the children of the field and the heatherside. So long as I am here, I am aristocrat like yourself ; but directly I find the sky and the stars above me, I am the rebellious radical that I was born to be. Yet I am glad that I came, because this is an evening to remember. And now, as it is getting late, permit me to thank you for your kindness and let me say good-bye."

"You are not going altogether ?" Ereburt protested. "You will come and see us again ?"

Carmena shook her head almost sorrowfully as she slipped into her over-shoes and drew the cloak about her head.

"Some day, perhaps," she said—"a year, a decade, perhaps a century, and, again, perhaps never. I am the creature of circumstance, an animal wandering in the wild just as instinct moves me. It does not follow, because I am beyond the reach of poverty, that I can defy the instincts of my class and be happy. I might have stayed a little longer, but the wind has gone round to the west, and I have already told you what that means to us. No, you are not to come with me one yard of the way. Do you think I fear the darkness ? I love it. I have slept out under the stars many a time, and shall again. Ah, you will never civilise *me!*"

She smiled as she held out her hand to each of them in turn, then the door closed behind her, and she was alone in the darkness. Some day, perhaps—but who can say ?

"A STUMP ORATOR." BY SAMUEL J. CARTER.

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FLYING THE ATLANTIC

By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE

THERE is a lure always in what we call "the sporting chance." Be the risks great, the odds heavy, the task one which has for centuries seemed a dream, then forth will come the pioneer with an eager eye, sweeping difficulties aside, laughing doubts to scorn. And perhaps he may win through; there is the chance—"the sporting chance." These things can be done, and are done—a victory snatched by daring whilst men who are cautious talk of ways and means.

But a special type of man is needed for these forlorn hopes—a man bold and yet with method in his boldness, and with power, above all, to grasp a detail, whether it tells in his favour or against him. Such men—fearless, instant in their decisions, and lovers inveterate of "the sporting chance"—they it is who reach Poles and discover continents, and write new pages in the book of history; and it may be such a man, or men, who will cross the Atlantic by air, while others merely wonder or total up the risks.

A chance this, if ever there was, a chance of wind and sea, of mechanism and man's endurance, with an array of "perhaps's" and "buts," all of which might spell disaster. There is a fascination—means to the whiling away of many an hour—in the mere setting on paper in black and white of all these pros and cons, these difficulties and doubts, these heavy odds against, with an occasional gleam that speaks of hope, of that elusive chance at which the wise would shake their heads.

Can the flight be made? Is a plane possible which shall ascend at Newfoundland and fly those eighteen hundred miles to Ireland? The expert will answer: "It can; it is." Then, plunging from the direct query into a sea of speculation, we welter among difficulties—take this for granted, and that; assume something here and something there—till the man with the machine, who is preparing himself for flight, will lose all patience and say: "Fill up my tanks; cease talking; I mean to start."

If money is forthcoming, and the man, the machine, at all events, can be built; on that there is agreement. But it will be a new machine, we must remember; and this means that it is experimental and must needs be "tuned" before it is ready for its test, as an athlete is trained for some great race. But assuming the funds for building have been set aside, and the plans discussed, and the project is really serious to win its ten thousand pounds from *The Daily Mail*, what can be obtained in the way of an ocean-going craft?

In schemes most widely discussed, and those which promise an attempt—perhaps this summer—to win the cross-Atlantic prize, the type of craft favoured may be described approximately thus: a machine with one thousand square feet of lifting surface or slightly more, driven by a motor of, say, two hundred horse-power, and lifting into the air two pilots and flying with them for approximately thirty hours without descending, at a speed of sixty miles an hour. This is a reasonable proposition in building; but there is a factor that must not be ignored. In stating the machine's capacity at thirty hours, it is assumed that its single motor will survive without breakdown what must obviously be a severe ordeal. The aeroplane engine of to-day, in those details born of experience which make for daily service, is a wonderful piece of mechanism; it will run for many hours despite the intricacy of its parts; it will stand up to hard and constant wear; it has established the record already of carrying a man across country without alighting for more than one thousand miles. But never, so far, has a motor borne a machine through the air, without halt or respite, for thirty continuous hours. Is there any reason why it should not? No. Bench tests may be adduced to show that a

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non-stop run such as this, or one longer, is within the power of a modern-type engine. But a trial on the bench is not a flight through the air, and a pilot must not deceive himself. The motor is the heart of his machine, the keynote of the problem; and he is asking it, if he uses only one in an Atlantic flight, to do something no motor has done before. Of course such questions *are* asked; the pioneer is always asking them. And here, as a matter of fact, the airman has what seems a fair "sporting chance." But it *is* a chance, none the less, and the first and perhaps the most important.

Personally, were I to build a special craft for this flight, I should employ a larger machine than I have mentioned—one, say, with perhaps one thousand five hundred square feet of lifting surface, and driven by a series of motors, developing one thousand or twelve hundred horse-power. With one motor, should it fail, there is nothing to do but plane down into the water; but if a machine has several, arranged so that each is a separate unit, then the stoppage of one of them may mean nothing more serious than a diminution in speed. A really large machine, also, could carry the weight of a couple of mechanics in addition to its pilots; and these mechanics, besides tending the motors constantly while the craft was in the air, would be able to repair the breakdown, say, of one unit, while the other engines, being still in action, would continue to sustain the machine in flight.

"Why," it may be asked, "if a pilot is to use a seaplane, doesn't he arrange to alight once or twice upon the water while *en route*, so as to replenish petrol tanks and give the motor a rest and an overhaul?" But to such a suggestion the practical man would object. Existing types of seaplane, with light hulls and widespread planes, are not suitable machines for alighting upon the Atlantic, unless the water should happen to be extremely smooth; and there filling of petrol tanks, if conducted in mid-ocean, would hardly be a simple affair. The natural tendency, besides, will be this: once a man is in the air, with his motor or motors running well and the shore behind him, he will feel he wants to fly steadily on, to keep at the task till it is done, to risk nothing that may break his spell of luck. What is favoured, in fact—and favoured, I think, rightly, in view of the hazardous nature of the scheme—is a bold bid for victory with a reasonably fast machine and in a single flight.

II.

There is a factor in the problem to which I have not as yet referred, although it is almost as vital as the endurance of a motor; this is the uncertainty of the weather.

In any flight to-day, and with any type of aircraft, the question of wind direction must arise. Head winds may reduce the pace of a fast machine to that of a slow one; a side wind, pressing constantly upon his craft, may drive a pilot from his course; while a wind astern, should he be so favoured, may add many miles an hour to his flying speed. It is sound policy always, in a long-distance flight, for an airman to await a favouring wind.

Time-tables, of course—albeit provisional ones—have been drawn up for the flying of the Atlantic; and in all of them the wind is made to play its part. There is, as a matter of fact, in regard to this flight, some reason to assume that the wind will prove helpful. During the summer months it has been shown that the ocean wind, blowing away from the coast of North America, sets eastward towards Northern Europe. The prevalence of such a wind is, indeed, rather more than a "sporting chance"; it has been proved time and again that such a trend does exist, although sometimes it may, in actual direction, be rather to the south of west. So, working upon his time-schedule, the would-be competitor may say: "I shall reckon a following wind, while I am in the air, of from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. This means that, if the strength of the wind is added to the normal speed of my machine, I shall be flying, not at sixty miles an hour, but at ninety. So the flight can be made in twenty hours instead of thirty, and I shall not be in danger of running short of petrol, as I might otherwise have been in the last few hours before landing."

Of course a pilot, in calculating deliberately that he will be aided by the wind, has nothing more than averages upon which to build. The wind blows, as a rule, like this. Occasionally, however, it veers south-west instead of west, and this would mean that an aeroplane might be thrust slightly from its course. But here, no doubt, the aviator would observe: "We should not risk starting in a fluky wind. Having everything ready, and the machine trimmed to leave at a moment's call, we should wait till the trend was seen to be favourable and steady."

This disarms criticism to the extent that, at the start of their flight, at any rate, the

pilots would without question be aided by the wind; but it does not remove the possibility that, perhaps after they had been hours in the air, the wind might veer and blow sideways across their path. Such a contingency, of course, would not spell disaster, but it might mean a serious reduction in speed, and the flying, perhaps, of many needless miles, through the machine being driven off its course.

There is another risk in regard to the weather—graver than would be occasioned by any change of wind—and it is one that is appreciated clearly only after studying a storm chart of the North Atlantic. This shows that disturbances may be encountered in mid-Atlantic which sweep down in circles from the North Pole. Thus it is unsafe to assume that, because a craft starts from the North American coast with a favouring wind, such conditions will prevail for the entire crossing. It might happen that one of these circular storms was met in mid-Atlantic; and if this did occur it would not only upset the calculations of a time-table, but might spell disaster.

The question of the weather, indeed, like that of the motor, no matter how it may be argued, remains an uncertain factor. Usually the wind *does* blow to the eastward; a disturbance in mid-Atlantic *may* be avoided; in nine cases out of ten a motor *will* run without mishap, and so on. But no man has yet crossed the Atlantic by air or, for the matter of that, any very wide expanse of water. The atmospheric conditions through which a machine would fly are therefore unknown, and unexpected phenomena may be encountered.

One is reminded of M. Bleriot, when he took out his monoplane to fly the English Channel. The machine was propelled by an air-cooled motor, the best performance of which, prior to the crossing of the Channel, even after expert "tuning," had been a flight of about twenty-five minutes; and now Bleriot asked it to run for more than half an hour without breakdown. And the penalty he knew, should it fail him suddenly, was a fall into the water that might cost him his life. But quite deliberately, in the cold grey of early morning, he took this chance; and for thirty-six minutes, while he battled with a rising wind, the motor ticked away as smoothly as a clock.

Bleriot played high—and won; and so, should they fly before the feat is within the

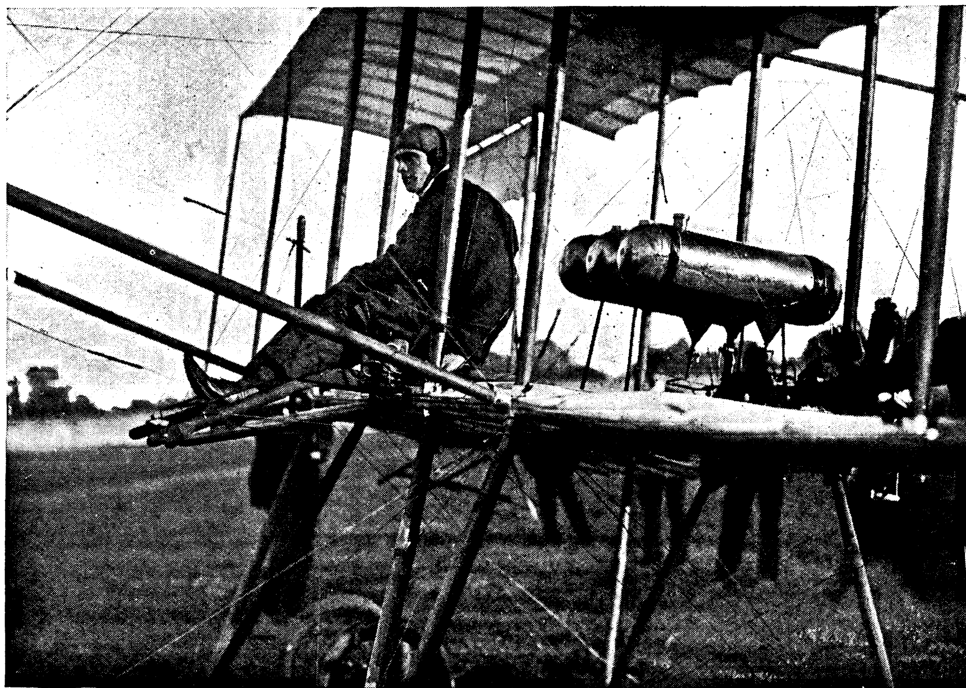

Photo by] [*The Topical Press Agency.*

MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE.

normal scope of aviation, must the cross-Atlantic airmen play high — higher than Bleriot played, and with a greater and a graver risk.

III.

THE motor and the weather—here are two uncertainties. And there is another. Even should their engine run without a hitch, and a stern wind blow smoothly all the way, the pilots have still the problem of steering correctly. Nowadays, when he makes a flight across country, an airman has a map and a compass for his guide. He sets a course by compass, and checks it from his map; and he has the advantage also that, should a doubt arise, he may note some landmark that will tell him, beyond any question of error, whether or not he has been adhering to his path.

But there may be fog or a land mist; and then the airman flies alone, with nothing below or around him but empty air. His compass-needle points north, of course, and he has his map; and should the air be calm, or the wind continue in the direction it held when he set his course, he may still find his way without fear of error. But if while he is flying the wind should change and blow suddenly across his path, the machine may be borne steadily sideways, even while its bow points true upon the compass course. To meet this difficulty there is now an "anti-drift" compass, which enables a change of wind to be detected, and an allowance made for it even while flying. But an experienced pilot would be chary of flying for hours through a fog, with no landmark to tell him that his course remained correct. And yet in the attempt to cross the Atlantic, with twenty hours' steering at least before them, the pilots will be flying under conditions which may be likened to a constant fog—from the moment, that is to say, the coast-line fades behind them, and they face the sweep of ocean, they will have no guide—beyond, perhaps, the sighting of an occasional ship—to aid them in adhering to their course. Such conditions enduring for a few hours might spell no risk of error, but for twenty, and perhaps for thirty! Here we have doubt with a vengeance, a confusion of "if's" and "but's."

The man who is sufficiently bold, however —our ideal pioneer — is not disposed to be nervous even at such a haunting fear as this. It may be possible to adapt an instrument so as to obtain, with the aid of tables previously compiled, a rapid bearing while in flight from the sun; and there is the possibility also of making star observations during the night, or of receiving messages by wireless which would serve to correct the course. There would, in regard to the last-named, be an obvious advantage in the use of a large multi-engined craft, for a wireless operator might be carried and a powerful installation fitted within the machine. But all this, of course, is new—all untried; and from a plane in mid-Atlantic, with the sea and nothing but the sea for hundreds of miles, it may be argued that it would be perilous to make experiments—to test for the first time some strange new form of gear.

But in men's thoughts none the less there is this elusive and provoking chance, with the knowledge that fame may be won, perhaps, by putting it to the test. Will the motor run? It should. Will the wind blow right? It generally does at this time of year. Can a course be steered? That is difficult to tell, but there is no reason why—etc., etc. As we began, so must we end. The chance is there—very remote, some will argue, and men's lives may be the forfeit should Fate prove unkind. But there is that in us which leaps to such risks, which will only admit their existence as a spur to endeavour; and when all is said and done, one can do no more than write this: Those who fly the Atlantic this year, or even next, will be lucky, very lucky men.

MISS CUNNINGHAM AND CUPID

By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon

NDENIABLY, Miss Cunningham was developing into an old maid. She was herself more conscious of this than others were as yet; but there would come a time soon when the fact would be patent to everybody. There were occasions even now when the cat and the crochet-work—so she phrased it—loomed very near.

As a fact, Miss Cunningham owned no cat, and was unskilled in the art of crochet. She was a tall, upstanding young woman, perhaps just a little masculine in appearance, with a fine, large-featured face and dark hair, in which of late strands of grey had begun to be visible. Since the death of her parents, Agatha Cunningham had lived by herself, on an income reasonably sufficient for one, in a tiny house that formed one end of a Hampshire village. She had various small occupations in her parish and garden, a few mild amusements, and, on the whole, was not unhappy.

It was this last fact really that told Agatha, more plainly than anything else, what was happening to her. When she thought about herself at all—which was not often—and of the past and future, she would awaken to this contentment with a kind of shock. It had not always been thus. A year ago even such a possibility would have appeared remote and incredible. She had been in love then, and before then, almost as long as she could remember, with Mr. Anstruther. Alone with herself, Agatha faced this fact quite honestly and without a tremor. She acknowledged frankly that during a large portion of her life, all its flavour and romance had been bound up for her with the thought of Paul Anstruther. And now she could encounter him in the street, at church, or in the little festivities of the village, with no greater feeling than one of mild and friendly interest. At times Miss Cunningham, facing inevitable facts, was glad that this should be so. At others it seemed to her almost terrible—as though a beautiful child had died, and no one remembered it, or cared to think what it might have grown into. When this feeling came too strongly upon her, she was accustomed to go off alone on a long walk over the heath, returning, often quite late at night, to all appearance serene and hungrily cheerful. The vicar's wife thought her eccentric, and the villagers, whom she befriended, gave her a kind of tolerant pity, of which she was quite unconscious.

Thus the sanity of Miss Cunningham's views upon exercise as an antidote to sentiment made it seem all the more strange to her that, on this particular night, the cure should have been unavailing. There had assuredly been exercise enough at the summer dance of the tennis club, from which she was now returning, and at which, for all her five-and-thirty years, she had danced every dance and enjoyed them thoroughly. But now, out here in the starry dusk of a June night, what she was accustomed to call sentimentality had descended upon her without warning and overwhelmingly, stronger than anything she had experienced for years. It was all rather strange and, she told herself soberly, a little vexing. She foresaw a night that might ruin the memory of a pleasant evening. But not even the sternest detachment could avail in fighting down this sudden rush of emotion

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that had surprised her unawares. Something, some mysterious influence out of the warm and scented darkness, had played a trick upon her nerves. Midsummer madness seemed to be abroad this night, and Agatha knew that she herself had been caught suddenly in the spell of it.

"Extraordinarily soft the air feels, doesn't it?" said a voice proceeding from a dimly seen figure at her side—an elderly young man wearing a light coat over evening-dress, and carrying Agatha's shoes and fan wrapped in tissue paper in his hand.

Miss Cunningham started. Paul Anstruther's voice, breaking through her confused and surging thoughts, brought a consciousness of his presence so acute that it thrilled her like electricity. She was thankful for the darkness that hid from her companion the wave of crimson that she could feel flooding her cheeks.

"Yes," she answered, and wondered whether she had succeeded in keeping betrayal out of her voice.

Paul, however, did not seem to have noticed anything. He was still pursuing the train of his own thoughts. After a moment he flung away his cigarette. "Shame to spoil a night like this," he explained half apologetically. "By Jove, it's wonderful! Better than I ever remember it!"

"Yes," answered Miss Cunningham again. Involuntarily, as it seemed, the man had halted, and now stood bareheaded in the quiet lane, staring about him as though in bewilderment. She walked on a few steps, and then paused, too, turning towards her companion, her tall figure, with the white shawl flung over its head, looking ghost-like in the dusk.

The intense stillness of night in the country enveloped them both. Overhead the sky was a dome of purple hung with a few great stars; in the hedges on either side clusters of dog-roses could be discerned shining, as it seemed, by some light of their own against a background of dark shadow. Far away a dog barked faintly; a low sigh, like the breathing of a sleeper, stirred for a moment the branches of the tree-tops. Then silence again. The air, heavy with June scents, was warm upon their cheeks.

Anstruther drew a deep breath. "Glorious!" he said. "Glorious!" He peered short-sightedly at Miss Cunningham. "What does it remind you of?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

She did not answer at once; the question, coming so apt to her own thoughts, had a little frightened her.

After a moment Paul moved forward by her side. He seemed to be searching his memory for an association. Suddenly he stopped again. "I've got it," he cried in mild triumph—"what this extraordinary feeling of mystery in the air brings back to me. You feel it, too? Something beyond just warmth and scent, almost a kind of influence. . . ."

Agatha nodded gravely. She knew quite well what he meant, but did not trust herself to say so.

"It's been recalling something to me," continued the young man, speaking in a rather quick, excited voice, "but I couldn't catch what it was. I know now. You remember that feeling in the air that Pater describes in 'Apollo in Picardy'? Breathless, is his word for it—the night on which Hyacinth is killed?"

Miss Cunningham did not know. Reading, she would have said, especially such reading as was represented by Walter Pater, was "not much in her line." Mr. Anstruther, on the other hand, was an enthusiast. Carried away by his subject, he began to describe to her the story that tells how the god came to mediæval Europe, and of the strange happenings thereupon. Agatha listened with sympathy at first, then almost with excitement. The circumstances of the telling, together with the fact that it was Paul who spoke, combined to move her to an extraordinary degree. Every man has at least one subject on which he is worth hearing. For Paul Anstruther, dilettante and amateur of letters, this was that one, and he did ample justice to it.

But it is certain that he was far indeed from appreciating its effect upon his companion. To Agatha, in her present exalted mood, the tale that appealed to him as literature was something infinitely more real. Like many commonly practical persons, she seemed to have been caught on the rebound by an exaggerated mysticism which made almost anything seem possible. She could have believed in fairies to-night, why not in gods? Magic had intoxicated her. Unseen in the darkness, her eyes were shining and her lips parted. . . .

Paul, however, knew nothing of all this; he only thought—not for the first time—that Agatha Cunningham was a remarkably intelligent girl, who wanted drawing out. He was conscious even of a faint revival of an old problem that had occasionally presented itself to him—as to whether he should or should not like to invite her to

share his life. As always, the problem was dismissed unsolved, for at this moment they reached the gate of Agatha's cottage.

As she paused to say farewell before parting, even in the faint light he could not help observing that there was something unusual about his companion; her face, when she turned it towards him, holding out her hand, was flushed almost into beauty.

"Good night," she said. "And thank you so much for coming all this distance out of your way." It was a time-worn formula.

"Not a bit," said Paul. "Good night." He took the extended hand, holding it in his own for perhaps longer than was necessary. "I've enjoyed the walk more than anything in the evening. It's been—wonderful, hasn't it?"

Because he still kept her hand as he spoke, Agatha glanced at him hurriedly, and their eyes met. Suddenly she made a little motion to release herself. "My fan—please!" she said, smiling. But her voice shook.

He surrendered it at once with an apology, still lingering, however, as she turned to open the gate. When she had passed through, he said: "I think I shall walk on a little, just to enjoy the night, before going in." Mr. Anstruther lived in the great brick house above the upper village; beyond Agatha's cottage the lane fell away into a moorland path that led nowhere, so that, walking in that direction, he must necessarily repass her gate on his way home.

Miss Cunningham could not have told why this thought impressed itself upon her at the moment with such instant significance. She could, indeed, hardly have explained any of her thoughts just now. With the opening of the gate, and her entrance into her own garden, the tremor and confusion of her mind had increased a hundredfold. She was so conscious of this, and so terrified of betraying it, that she turned at last from Paul almost abruptly, without reply. He watched her flitting up the path between the tall rose hedges, then himself moved slowly away. His footsteps descending the hill became fainter. Miss Cunningham was alone.

Or at least—was she alone? Extraordinary how the recollection of that story of Paul's persisted, blending itself in her mind with the indefinable influence of this strange night. If such things as the godly visit had ever really happened! If now, in our own day, to persons like herself, they might even yet happen! With her foot upon the step, and in the very act of drawing out a key to unlock the door, she paused uncertainly. What was the matter with her to-night? Without warning, two great drops had welled out of her eyes and were coursing down either cheek. Fool! She was actually weeping. For a moment still she struggled with herself, but it was no use. The key, when found, trembled in her hand, the keyhole was obscured in a mist of tears; she was suddenly blind with misery and an unutterable sense of loneliness. She began to sob.

Here, then, was an edifying spectacle—an able-bodied woman, no longer in her first youth, returning from a pleasant evening and crying her eyes out on her own doorstep. The strange thing was that Agatha, as though she possessed two minds, was fully sensible of the absurdity of her conduct. She lashed herself with scorn. But it was all to no purpose—she only wept the more. In particular, the thought of entering alone the empty cottage—though it was her home, in which usually she so delighted—affected her now with the most poignant sense of desolation. Anything seemed better than to do this. While she thus hesitated, struggling with herself, she remembered that the chair in which she had been sitting during the day was probably still on the little lawn. The memory of it appealed to her now as a place of refuge; she would sit there, she thought, quite still in the darkness, till she had recovered her self-possession.

The tiny enclosure that formed Miss Cunningham's garden bordered the lane, to which it had access by a second wicket. No sooner had Agatha groped her way there than she knew that she had done rightly. An actual sense of consolation and peace seemed to pervade this quiet corner. The scent of the unseen flowers—in particular, the white roses which grew there so luxuriously—appealed to her like the soothing murmur of friends. And in the same moment the story Paul had told her of the marvellous visit returned more strongly than ever to her imagination. "If such a miracle could ever happen," she thought, as she moved noiselessly across the grass to the spot where the low chair, piled with cushions, showed faintly through the dusk, "it should be in some such enchanted hour and place as this." She could almost fancy, indeed, that already some influence, half divine, had soothed and strengthened her. The painful sobbing had ceased, her eyes were no longer blind with tears, she could see plainly.

She could see plainly that in the chair,

nestled among the cushions that almost covered him, lay a litttle naked boy, fast asleep.

For a perceptible fraction of time Agatha Cunningham's controlled and orderly intelligence reeled beneath the surprise of this discovery. Nothing in her whole life had been so overwhelmingly unexpected. She stood quite still, a cry of amazement arrested on her lips, staring at the extraordinary vision as though unable to believe in its reality. There was plenty of excuse for her. Little boys of seven or eight years old, with no clothes on, are so infrequently discovered asleep in the gardens of spinster ladies that Miss Cunningham might well be pardoned for doubting her own eyes. But they had played her no trick. The intruder slept on, quite unconscious, among the cushions; and after a moment Agatha recovered sufficiently to put out a cautious hand and touch her visitor lightly upon one pink and rounded shoulder.

The touch, and the sound of the child's regular breathing, seemed all at once to bring her to her senses. Her motherly instinct awoke. With a quick movement, she unloosed the shawl from her shoulders and, stooping, gathered the small body into her arms and wrapped the covering about it. The child gave no sign of waking. His face, flushed with sleep and of an almost incredible beauty, lay upon her shoulder. As she bent her head, she could feel his warm breath; a strand of the golden curls brushed her cheek. Agatha's heart began to race.

But she was far too practical to stay in the open air sentimentalising over a child whose obvious place was indoors. Who he was, and whence, were questions that could be deferred till later, she thought, as, with the sleeper still in her arms, she began to move towards the house. Fortunately, the key was in the lock, and there was now no difficulty in turning it. Acting on an inspiration, she crossed the tiny hall that served as a living-room, and entered the kitchen. The girl who helped in the housework during the day had long ago departed to her own home, but, as Miss Cunningham had hoped, some live embers yet remained in the grate.

An old rocking-chair stood close beside the hearth. Laying the child very gently in this, Agatha bestirred herself to light the lamp and then to coax the fire into a blaze. Hot milk was the idea uppermost in her mind.

"Fortunately," she reflected, kneeling on the floor and holding up a newspaper to assist the sparks, "on such a wonderful night it would be almost impossible for anything to take a serious chill, even if——"

Down went the newspaper, at imminent risk, and there was Agatha turned about on her heels and gazing at the sleeping child with an expression almost terrified in its sudden perplexity. "Even if they went about dressed like gods," had been the unspoken end of her thought. Then "Nonsense!" she said to herself authoritatively. But, all the same, there it was—the extraordinary resemblance, plain for anyone to see, to a thousand pictures. And the mysterious night. . . . the strange influence that had been in the air—Paul's tale of the other divine visitant. . . . . It must be remembered, in excuse, that Miss Cunningham had approached the adventure already in an exalted and unusual frame of mind, and that perhaps the shock of this amazing discovery had a little unbalanced her. She stared and stared.

Meanwhile, Mr. Anstruther was pursuing his solitary way in a meditation half pleasurable, half the reverse. A few paces beyond Miss Cunningham's cottage the road, as has been said, shrank to a mere path descending the hill and ending upon the open heath. Here the river ran, skirting the foot of the village in a wide loop, and beside this Mr. Anstruther was now walking. If it had been silent in the lane, in the open the stillness was even more profound. The immense vault of the night arched above Mr. Anstruther, dwarfing him to atomic insignificance; the countless army of the stars seemed to watch him in austere mockery. Before long, he began to feel himself very small and alone.

The hope which had led him to continue his walk was soon admitted a failure. He had thought that in solitude he might perhaps be able to translate something of the magic and thrill of this unforgettable night into words. Paul Anstruther was—in his own esteem, at least—a poet, with a reputation based upon a couple of slender volumes. But to-night, though the inspiration was there, it proved confused and unworkable. One reason for this was that whenever he attempted to fix his mind into a state of sufficient concentration, it was always upon the wrong thing that it fastened. He wanted to think about the night and the stars and the silence, not about Agatha Cunningham holding out her hand to him at the gate. But this was the invariable result.

How strange and attractive she had looked! The curve of her throat was still young; he could see her eyes bright beneath the folded shawl, and that queer, half-appealing look in them. It was a vexatious thought thus to intrude itself at that particular moment, but there was no getting away from it. He decided to turn back.

"'What is your name?' 'Cupid,' he answered."

As he did so, however, he paused for a moment, attracted by the scent of smouldering wood somewhere near at hand. Then he saw that on the opposite side of the river, which here ran shallowing to a ford, a caravan had been unlimbered. There was no sign of the horse, which was presumably stabled somewhere in the village. The wagon itself was a superior-looking affair, clearly of the amateur variety, with good curtains at the windows, and a pair of brightly-painted steps leading to the door. Close beside it, on the turf, the remains of a fire still sent up a light trail of smoke into the still air; it was a whiff of this that had caught Mr. Anstruther's attention. Regarding it, he remembered vaguely to have seen its probable owner, a bearded man in a velvet jacket, sketching in the village during the previous day. "Happy fellows, those artists," Mr. Anstruther thought wistfully as he retraced his steps. And immediately after: "I wonder if she'll be awake, and hear me when I pass?"

He need not have wondered. As a fact, the kitchen window having been, very reprehensibly, left open, the sound of Mr. Anstruther's returning footsteps was borne in to Agatha almost as soon as he began to ascend the hill. They reached her ears at the precise moment when she had turned, struck with that sudden wild fancy, to look more narrowly at her extraordinary visitor. She rose and, opening the kitchen door very softly, closed it behind her, then crossed the hall and let herself out into the garden.

When Mr. Anstruther reached the top of the hill, he found her, to his immeasurable astonishment, waiting for him by the gate.

Agatha wasted no time on preliminaries. "I wanted to ask you what I had better do," she said in a quick whisper. "Something has happened—I mean, I found somebody just now asleep in my garden."

"Not a man?" asked Mr. Anstruther, a little breathless, partly from the climb and partly from his very natural surprise and agitation.

"No," said Agatha. Then, after a second of hesitation: "Will you come in for a moment, and I can show you? It's all—rather extraordinary and wonderful."

Her manner, no less than the request, was certainly to the highest degree extraordinary, thought Mr. Anstruther. He noticed that she still wore the same exalted, almost, one might call it, transfigured look. He made up his mind definitely in that moment that Agatha Cunningham was beautiful. But, of course, he said nothing of all this. What he said was, "Oh, certainly!" Opening the gate, he followed her along the path up which he had watched her pass alone half an hour earlier. What a queer, adventurous night it was!

The front door stood open, and the hall itself was in darkness, except for a faint radiance in the passage to the kitchen. They entered silently, Miss Cunningham leading the way. At the back of Mr. Anstruther's mind there appeared a momentary wonder as to the feelings of the village if it could have seen them. The thought came and went again in a flash; in the instant of reaching the kitchen he forgot it permanently. The child was still fast asleep, swathed in the white shawl, like an antique toga, from which one bare arm, protruding, hung over the side of the chair; his lips, exquisite as flower petals, were slightly open, and the lashes fringing his closed lids lay like shadows upon his cheeks.

"There!" said Miss Cunningham in an impressive whisper.

"Good gracious!" answered Mr. Anstruther. The situation was so unexpected as to be entirely beyond him. He could only stare, as Miss Cunningham had done. "What a little ripper!" he said admiringly under his breath.

"He was asleep in the garden when I found him," whispered Miss Cunningham. "He hadn't—— That's my shawl, that I put round him myself."

"I see," said Mr. Anstruther, adding involuntarily, "It's like a picture, isn't it?"

The remark was hardly of any practical value as a suggestion, but Miss Cunningham rewarded it, nevertheless, with a quick look of gratitude. There was something else in her look, too—an eager inquiry that seemed to seek confirmation or denial for some thought of her own. Was it possible that he saw no more than this—no special resemblance of any kind?

What Mr. Anstruther chiefly saw, however, clearer than ever now in the light of the lamp, was the change that had come upon Agatha herself.

As they watched, the figure in the chair began to stir a little, the eyelids quivered and then opened, revealing eyes of a wonderful dark blue, still cloudy with sleep. Miss Cunningham moved quickly forward and knelt in front of the chair. She held her arms caressingly towards the child, who looked at her for a moment without the least appearance of doubt or fear, then very slowly smiled.

He seemed still too drowsy to move, but turned his eyes till they met those of Mr. Anstruther, who was gazing at him in a comical mixture of perplexity and admiration. Again he smiled, this time with what seemed an air of amusement. His glance wandered from Miss Cunningham to Paul, and then back again, in sleepy friendliness that embraced them both. Mr. Anstruther never in his whole life forgot this little scene of the awakening—the mysterious child smiling at them from the depths of the chair, and the expression on Agatha's face as she knelt there in the lamplight watching him.

So far no one had addressed a word to the visitor. Miss Cunningham, indeed, seemed unable to do so; she could only watch him breathlessly in a kind of awed rapture. Mr. Anstruther cleared his throat.

"What—what is your name?" he asked abruptly, bending over the chair and striving to impart to his voice a soothing tone appropriate to the circumstances.

The strange child seemed to appreciate his

intention, for the smile grew adorably. "Cupid," he answered. A little choking cry broke from Miss Cunningham.

"That's a queer name," said Mr. Anstruther, perplexed. "Are you quite sure?" he added. "Tell me once more."

"Cupid," repeated the visitor, in a clear and pleasant voice, about which there could be no possibility of mistake, and, having answered, closed his eyelids again, as though the conversation were at an end.

"Well, I'm bothered!" said Mr. Anstruther softly. He glanced down at Miss Cunningham, wondering what she had made of this unexpected reply, and in doing so met her eyes raised, not in the amused perplexity that he had looked to find, but in something strangely different. Agatha had at that moment the face of a worshipper. The sight of it left him suddenly breathless.

Then a thing happened so unaccountable that it has never been explained between them to this day. For a long minute their eyes met and held; then Mr. Anstruther stooped towards Miss Cunningham, across the unconscious visitor, and deliberately kissed the face that was upturned to his. They said no word; the little room was absolutely silent, except for the soft breathing of the child, who seemed to have lapsed into sleep again. In that one magical and inspired moment they who watched had changed from friends into lovers, and this was their wooing.

But no moment, however inspired, can last for ever. Trembling a little, Agatha drew herself away. Her words, when she spoke, were unexpected. "You—you don't mean it!" she murmured.

"I love you!" answered Mr. Anstruther triumphantly. The man was altered. He had forgotten everything—his cautions and wise hesitations, even himself, everything save that the message of the wonderful night was clear at last. "I love you!" he repeated, and it was obvious that he was speaking the simple truth.

How, after this, they found themselves once more by the garden gate, neither of them could ever quite remember. Miss Cunningham had, indeed, some shadowy recollection of closing the kitchen door very softly, for fear the sleeper should waken again, and of feeling Paul's arm about her waist as she did so. But it was all very dream-like and indistinct.

"How wonderful you are!" said Mr. Anstruther, for the twentieth time.

"If we were to wake up!" trembled Agatha.

"We are awake now," he answered, and kissed her again.

No word, you observe, from these two bewitched persons of the mysterious visitor still awaiting ownership in Agatha's kitchen. To such a pass had the magic of this strange night reduced them that they seemed unable to think or speak of anything but each other.

At last Mr. Anstruther had taken his lingering departure, and Miss Cunningham was alone again. Then she realised, with a pang of contrition, her entire forgetfulness of him who had been responsible for all these happenings. She hurried back to the cottage, her mind awhirl with the strangest and most fantastic imaginings, and there in the kitchen was greeted by the greatest surprise of all.

It was empty. The lamp burned brightly as before, the last embers of the fire she had tried to rekindle still glowed upon the hearth, but the boy was nowhere. With a cry, Agatha ran to the open window and looked out. Nothing moved in the garden, where the outlines of the trees were just becoming distinguishable in the first lifting of dawn. She glanced down, and on the grass beneath the window something white caught her eye. It was her shawl. . . .

For a long time she stood there looking at it, and striving to steady her surging thoughts, while through the open window the scent of white roses flooded all the house with their mysterious fragrance.

* * * * *

This, then, was the last that Miss Cunningham or anyone in the village ever saw of the little naked boy who called himself Cupid. Next day, when Mr. Anstruther, to whom reflection had brought a theory, hurried out to look for the caravan upon the heath, he found that it had also gone; so that he had no chance of overhearing a conversation which at that very moment was taking place within.

"He walked in his sleep again last night," said the wife of the bearded artist. "Heaven knows where to, but this morning his nightshirt was lying by the ford, and he seems to have waded across and back in nothing."

"That lad will get into mischief one of these days," returned the bearded man placidly. He was putting the finishing touches, as he spoke, to a mythological canvas, for one figure in which his son—nicknamed Cupid in consequence—had

served as model. "He might have been drowned. It's your own fault for reading 'The Water Babies' to him so late."

"I suppose that does account for his choosing the river," agreed his wife, with an air of relief. "He'd put himself to bed again all right, as it happened; but he has some wildly muddled story of a cottage in the village, and a lady's shawl, and climbing out of a window. That child does dream things!"

"Imagination!" said the bearded man complacently, dismissing the subject from his mind.

So to-day the true story of Cupid's visit, and what came of it, is known to nobody; even Cupid himself has long ago forgotten it, or thinks of it, with his easy-going parents, but as the traffic of a midsummer night's dream.

But Miss Cunningham, who is, of course, Miss Cunningham no longer, judges by results, and sometimes wonders—perhaps she herself could hardly tell you what.

THE ANCIENT MAGIC.

HITHER way, whither way, where are you wandering,
  Winsome young maid with your hair blowing free?
While away, mile away, up on the heatherland,
  Down through the pinewoods and over the lea.
Brimful of life are you, slender maid, tender maid,
  Fair as the bluebells that brighten the wold;
Sweet blows the wind with the lure of the earth in it,
  Mirth of an earth in it never grown old.
    Hither way, whither way, where?

Hither way, whither way, where are you wandering,
  Venturesome youth with the happy brown eyes?
While away, mile away, over the heatherland,
  Life's but a jaunt and a splendid surmise.
Listen, my lusty youth, hearken, my trusty youth,
  Carelessly tramping those ancient woods through.
What of the wind with the lure of the earth in it,
  Mirth of an earth in it, singing for you?
    Hither way, whither way, where?

Hither way, whither way, where are you wandering,
  Shaggy old god with deliberate heed?
Guilefully, wilefully crooning your melody,
  Witching the woods with that magical reed.
Yes, it has reached you, my slender maid, tender maid,
  Reached you, my trusty youth, fly if you can.
Thrills through the meadowland clear in its sweetnesses,
  Dear in its sweetness—the music of Pan.
    Hither way, thither way, where?

ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT

SARDINES

By H. E. CALDWELL SMITH

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills

HERE is a man called Charteris at large among unsuspecting house-parties, making his nefarious progress from one to another by hanging on to the skirts of our womenkind. The smoking-room, the gun-room, and the billiard-room of a country house know him not; but no sooner does he stroll into drawing-room or boudoir, stroking the back of his sleek head and sporting his "come-along-girls" expression, than he is at once surrounded by a bevy of women, who vote him "the life and soul of the house-party," and invite him to theirs.

Although not a Boy Scout, I have conceived a noble act. At the risk of showing myself in no favourable light, I will expose him in his real name; for his favourite *rôle*, that of ringleader in that culmination of senseless familiarity known as practical joking, is one that must be played in a mask.

I will unmask him.

It was at the Setons' in Perthshire I met him. Theirs is one of the good old-fashioned houses that offer you several weeks' hospitality, and where the women do not go out with the guns. The very first evening every decent man had had enough of him.

"Well, shall I sally forth to slay, or stay and amuse you all to-morrow?" he inquired fatuously of the cluster of girls round the fireplace.

Well, what could they say? Of course, they said stay, and Charteris got off shooting. Young Seton had seen him try—once, at the Tarberts'. The head-keeper had given conditional notice; his condition was complied with. The Tarberts have him still.

The exeat did not prevent Charteris from turning out at breakfast in complete and pronounced shooting kit, although perfectly aware that the other men had breakfasted before dawn and gone out after blackcock; he simulated intense surprise before his "put-me-among-the-girls" expression supervened. So Kitty Seton told me. Kitty is a shirt-and-collar girl, and a friend of Penelope Trevor.

Now, I had, I think, made no secret of the fact that I intended to propose to Penelope. Naturally I had waited until the last evening of the house-party. Having dovetailed my Scotch visits with some accuracy, I should have been much put out in the event of a refusal. One must prepare for all emergencies, and in these cases I believe the refused one has to have a telegram next morning, which would not have suited me at all.

At present she hasn't refused me. None of them have. I mean—well, it is all the fault of Charteris.

He knew perfectly well I meant to propose to Penelope. Everyone knew. She was a golden girl—gold hair, golden-brown eyes, and gold frocks, with an occasional touch of blue about them. On that last evening she wore a rustly old gold silk, quite different from the fluffy chiffons of the other girls, with a dull gold Egyptian ornament that tinkled in her hair.

I should have thought everyone would have been glad the last evening of that visit had come. Ordinarily the Setons' is restful. This time we had been through such orgies of apple-pie beds, peppered pillows, and follow-my-leader through the shrubberies at night, all led by that ass Charteris, that I hoped for a quiet last evening on which to put the question.

I was bitterly disappointed.

Charteris seemed to lay himself out to play the goat from the minute he entered the drawing-room, lounging ahead of all the men.

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He sat down at the piano on his own invitation, and began by striking melancholy hymn chords, wailing as he did so:—

All ye people who eat Corn Nibs,
And give your neighbours none,
You shan't have any of *my* Corn Nibs
When *your* Corn Nibs are done.

All ye people who use Anti-spread (why don't you try it, dear?),
And give your neighbours none,
You shan't have any of *my* Anti-spread (why don't you try it, dear?)
When *your* Anti-spread is done.

All ye people who use Zukbam (*rub* it in),
And give your neighbours none,
You shan't have any of *my* Zukbam (*rub* it in)
When *your* Zukbam is done.

And so on through some dozens of patent medicines, keeping his audience curdled with laughter, while Seton, Bradby, and I retired to a window to hide our disgust.

"*Why* is he?"

"He ought to be bottled!"

"He purrs over every girl he talks to."

"Bur-*r-r-st* him!" That's my new swear. I caught it from a gillie on Loch Maree. Only you must say it in Scotch.

We said it, by which time the song had ended, and "the blighted M.C." (Bradby's contribution) had proposed a game called "Statues," which necessitated everyone but Mrs. Seton and himself leaving the room. This game, when once known, loses its sting, therefore it shall be exposed in full.

The house-party stayed in the hall, its members being summoned into the drawing-room one by one, a man and a girl alternately.

"No one ever comes back," I pointed out. Penelope had just been called in.

"Therefore it is a 'have,'" warned Bradby. "Look out!"

Thereupon they shouted for me.

Never shall I forget my horror at what I saw. On the hearthrug, in a supercilious, commanding attitude, stood Charteris, with Mrs. Seton sitting complacently near.

On a large Chesterfield, isolated in a marked manner from the rest of the furniture, sat one Billy Tatton, with his arm round Penelope Trevor; her head was on his shoulder, and his cheek rested on her hair.

I "saw red" for a moment.

"This touching piece of statuary, entitled 'For ever and for ever,'" began Charteris, with a diabolical grin, "is composed of lay figures which are, of course, compelled to move in any direction you put them. Can you improve on the group in any way?"

I thought a little, hiding my rage at seeing Tatton and my goddess there. Not even in my dreams . . . .

Then I had an inspiration.

I moved Penelope respectfully but firmly to the far end of the Chesterfield, and then possessed myself of Tatton's limbs. I carefully and with some attention to detail placed him in the most ridiculous attitude I could think of. Every twist and knot that the human frame could be made to assume, I twisted and knotted him into, wishing all the time it was Charteris himself. The audience—all those who had been called in before me—applauded ecstatically. When I had finished with Tatton, he was a sorry sight—his head was on the seat and his feet anywhere; one of his coat-tails was down his neck, and another in his waistcoat pocket. He was not the right way up.

I stepped back satisfied.

"Oh, but they must touch, or it isn't a group!" objected someone.

I placed Penelope's hand in an attitude of repulsion against Tatton's shoulder.

"Name this group," commanded Charteris.

"Oh—ah—'Vertige.'"

"Very well, you take Tatton's place. Same attitude."

"Willing hands lent ready help," as *The Daily* ——— says.

* * * * *

Only asterisks can express my feelings.

I might have been . . . . !"

And I was . . . . !"

* * * * *

I consider that this game shows how lost to all sense of decent feeling Charteris was. The rest of it passed like a dream. A girl was called in, and laughed in a most uncalled-for manner when she saw us—changed us a little, and was told to take Penelope's place, and so on until all had been "had," to the immense delight of the past victims. The sickening part was the way everyone fawned on Charteris. My theory that he had been hired from Blankley's was received with disfavour, and when, the furniture having been replaced, he stroked the back of his hair and said, "Now let's play Sardines," the whole bevy was round him like a swarm of bees, Penelope with the rest.

I withdrew to a window-seat in what I hoped was a frigidly aloof manner, but no one seemed to notice it. I could see a star which made me feel very bad. I felt—so to speak—unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. The moments were going, and I had had

no chance of seeing Penelope alone. I determined to take no notice whatever of their rotten game, which appeared to have a lengthy set of rules, judging by the amount of explanation, of which I purposely did not hear one word.

"Anyway, all the lights all over the house must go out," finished Charteris.

Mrs. Seton was as bad as the rest. She sent an order—the Setons make their own electricity by water-power—and soon it was dark.

"I saw not only Penelope, but every member of the house-party."

"Remember, it starts like hide-and-seek. Miss Trevor is the Sardine, and whoever finds her gets in beside her wherever she is," was Charteris's parting injunction, as the company fluttered away into the soft darkness

I had another inspiration. No one could see in the dark whether I was playing or not. If only I could be the first to find Penelope, it would be my opportunity—made by Charteris, too. Ye gods, what a situation!

From the hall came a clatter of discarded footgear. Everyone seemed to be unshod, so I became the same.

"Time's up!" said the voice of Charteris, and there were rustlings in the darkness all through the mysterious house. Only the hall-fire flickered on suits of armour and polished wood, and ghostly twitterings came from all sides—people seemed to chirrup one another's names and answer.

I began to wish I had heard the rules, but I noticed no one called Penelope. It seemed to be only the hunters who challenged one another.

"Mr. Lewis!" hissed—seemingly—the banisters.

"Here," I muttered.

"Oh, you're not a sardine yet, then!"

A soft swirl of skirts and then silence.

The bedroom galleries at Fas-na-cloich ran round the high hall. Breathings and scutterings came from there. I crept upstairs past other stealthy forms, searched window-seats, curtained alcoves—generally containing, somehow, tin cans—and bathrooms. Gradually the whisperings and flutterings seemed to die down in a wonderful way, as if the searchers dispersed farther afield through the big house. Then I had another inspiration. In the corridor where I "kept," and where Miss Trevor's room was, too, there was a kind of boot cupboard under a flight of stairs where one might just stand upright. She would be there.

I fled along, my imagination kindled by the chase. The house breathed mystery. Tentacles seemed to twist towards me in the darkness. The breathless chorus from Atalanta possessed me—

> The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
> But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
> To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare,
> The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

It was a perfect moment, that of the quest, and I owed it to Charteris. Then I reached the cupboard. It was ajar, and she was there. I heard the slight rustle of her gold gown, the subdued tinkle of her hair-gaud. I knew the faint scent that was herself. With a glad laugh I closed the door on us—"the god pursuing, the maiden hid."

"At last!" I said.

There came a little movement from the dark, and I addressed it.

I can't remember what I poured forth—one doesn't. Only I remember very distinctly saying that the other girls didn't exist for me, there was only she . . . that I had never been able to get her away from the childish roysterers led by their arch-buffoon.

I thought a little quick breath marked her appreciation of my caustic epithet.

"You can't have helped seeing—the others are a bunch of commonplace girls, while you—I love you and your flower-scented hair . . ." I shut my eyes in the darkness and inhaled her exquisite nearness. There was a tenseness in the atmosphere as if the whole world held its breath and waited.

And then Charteris threw the door open.

"Am I the last?" he inquired. "I was guided by Lewis's spouting. Didn't you know the rules, man? When you become a sardine, you are dumb—you mustn't make a sound."

I did not understand, but at that moment all the lights came on, and there in the boot cupboard I saw not only Penelope, but every member of the house-party huddled against the walls, the floor, the roof—packed—sardines!

"Oh, Mr. Lewis, you didn't say which of us you were proposing to!" piped a cheeky little pink girl.

"You'd better not say which. Remember, the others don't exist for you."

"A bunch of commonplace girls, in fact."

"Sorry we didn't stop you, old man. We thought you knew the game and were ragging till the last minute," said young Seton.

So they had not even noticed my frigid aloofness.

"You girls had better *all* accept him, since he's been so rash as to fill in a blank proposal," said Charteris—"all except Penelope, who's engaged to me."

It was a lie, but he thought it a funny joke, and so apparently did she. Bur-r-r-rst him!

But, if you should meet him now, I have spoilt two of his best games, for now you know.

ELLIE'S ENGLISHMAN

By T. C. BRIDGES

Illustrated by Charles Crombie

LIGHTS blazed from the long rows of open windows and cast broken reflections on the great glassy swells which tumbled in lines of thunder upon the white beach below the tall building. Pretty girls in soft summery frocks and young men in evening-dress strolled along the broad verandahs. From the ballroom came the strains of a lively waltz, the roar of the breakers on the sand forming a deep and splendid bass to the lilting tune.

It was the height of the winter season, and the great Bayou Blanche Hotel was crammed to the attics with pleasure-seekers who, like migrant swallows, had deserted the frost-bound North for the soft warmth of the Gulf of Mexico.

The hotel stood upon a sandy islet connected with the swampy mainland by a timber-built viaduct carrying a roadway and tram-line. Along this, about nine in the evening, strode a solitary young man, and presently, rounding the end of the building, he marched up the broad flight of steps to the main entrance, and through the wide open doors into the large, brilliantly lit hall.

Loungers cast covert glances at the new-comer. They might well stare, for the contrast which the young Englishman presented to these butterflies of fashion was a startling one. His square, powerful, and somewhat uncouth figure was clothed in a suit of plain grey tweed which had evidently seen years of service and was now somewhat the worse for wear. His face, clean-shaven but for a stubby brown moustache, was burnt by sun and wind to the colour of seasoned pigskin, and his strong hands were tanned and hard with manual work.

Unconscious of the small sensation he was creating, the Englishman went straight up to the desk, from behind which the smart hotel clerk regarded him with curiosity not unmixed with a touch of contempt.

"Is Mrs. Vansittart in the hotel?" he asked. His voice was, like himself, strong and deep.

"I guess so," answered the clerk. "What name shall I say?"

"John Wilbur."

The clerk touched a bell at his side. A negro boy in livery ran up.

"Cato, you go right up to Mrs. Vansittart's room and tell her Mr. Wilbur has called to see her."

The boy went off to the lift. The clerk, leaning gracefully on the counter, observed to Wilbur that it was a mighty hot night.

"Yes," answered Wilbur, "it's more sultry than I ever remember, for the time of year. And there's a thundering big surf running in."

"Guess there's been a storm out in the Gulf," replied the clerk airily.

"If I'm not much mistaken, we're going to get it here. There was lightning playing over the sea as I came down the beach."

As Wilbur spoke, a deep rumbling sound shook the windless air and seemed to make the whole tall building vibrate slightly.

"Thunder, by Jiminy!" said the clerk. "Heavy, too! Say, you don't often get thunderstorms here in winter, do you?"

"Not often. But when they do come, they're apt to be bad."

The clerk looked a trifle uneasy. Before he could reply, the lift-boy returned.

"Mrs. Vansittart says: 'Will Mr. Wilbur come right up?'"

Wilbur followed his guide to the lift, and was run up to the first floor. He found Mrs. Vansittart alone in a spacious, handsomely-furnished sitting-room. She was a tall, stately woman who still retained traces of former beauty, but her complexion was too evidently artificial, her lips were thin, and her eyes hard.

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She rose as Wilbur was ushered in, and the magnificence of her evening gown and the gleam of the jewels around her neck made the young Englishman suddenly conscious of the roughness of his own appearance. It was his best suit that he had on, but he realised all at once that it was sadly shabby.

"How do you do, Mr. Wilbur? I am very glad to see you."

The words were gracious enough, but the tone lacked cordiality. Wilbur began to feel that his call had been a mistake, and, in spite of himself, the colour rose beneath the tan of his cheeks.

"T-thank you," he stammered, and stood tongue-tied and unhappy.

"You were so kind, the other day, when we were lost. I am glad to have an opportunity of thanking you again," continued Mrs. Vansittart in her cold, well-bred voice.

"I—er—hope you were none the worse for all that long tramp," he managed to say.

"No, indeed, thank you. We got quite rested next day."

"And Miss Caroline and Miss Ellie, how are they?"

"My daughters are both quite well, thank you, Mr. Wilbur."

Wilbur felt the hidden rebuke in her words, and secretly writhed.

"But won't you sit down, Mr. Wilbur?" continued the lady. "And let me send for some refreshment for you. You must have had a long ride."

But Wilbur had had enough.

"Thank you," he answered stiffly, "but I'm afraid I must be going."

She did not attempt to stop him.

"I am so sorry," she said in that bitter-sweet tone of hers. "If you must——"

And next moment Wilbur found himself outside in the brilliantly lit corridor, making his way to the head of the stairs.

"Snob!" he muttered angrily, as he strode down into the great hall. He was bitterly hurt and disappointed. These fine Northerners had been glad enough to accept his help when lost in the woods, but now they were ashamed of him simply because of his appearance. They preferred the gilded popinjays who loafed the winter through in smart flannels and gorgeous shooting suits.

As a matter of fact, he was doing Mrs. Vansittart some injustice. He had not reckoned on the protective instinct which reigns in every mother's heart. Mrs. Vansittart had not failed to notice the impression which the sturdy young Englishman had made upon her younger daughter, and had made up her mind from the first that the two should not meet again. To her American mind, a man who was content to live in a log hut in the pine forest and tend a few acres of orange trees was a person lacking in all ambition. She would really have thought more of him had he been a shopkeeper or a newspaper reporter.

The hotel clerk saw Wilbur coming through the hall, and noticed his evident discomfiture. In spite of his dandified appearance, he was a decent fellow at heart.

"Won't you stay and take some supper, sir?" he suggested.

"I am much obliged to you," said Wilbur, "but I am unable to wait."

Wilbur passed out of the door without looking to right or left, and was crossing the verandah, when there came a patter of light feet on the painted floor, and a high-pitched but sweet voice cried—

"Mr. Wilbur—oh, Mr. Wilbur!"

A breathless little figure in a filmy frock of some soft silky fabric came running towards him.

"Is it really you, Mr. Wilbur?" she exclaimed delightedly, stretching out both her small hands. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you!"

Wilbur paused. For a moment it was in his mind to bow and pass on. The slight to which he had been subjected hurt cruelly. But the evident pleasure in the girl's greeting was balm to his sore heart. He took her two soft little hands in his large hard ones.

"It's very nice of you to say that, Miss Ellie," he said gratefully.

"Nonsense! Of course I'm glad to see you. I was so hoping you would come. I was just longing to hear all about your plantation and about the alligators, and—oh, lots of things. But where were you going? I only just saw you from the other end of the verandah as you went out of the door."

"I was going home," replied Wilbur a trifle grimly.

"Home at this time of night? Why, it's miles! Haven't you seen mother?"

"Yes," answered Wilbur, and there was that in his voice which told the girl more than he knew. She faltered. "It's all right, Miss Ellie," said Wilbur kindly. "Don't you worry your little head. I quite understand. I ought not to have come—like this"—he indicated his shabby suit.

"Nonsense!" cried Ellie vehemently.

"Who cares how a man is dressed, so long as he is a man?"

Then, realising how warmly she had spoken, she blushed scarlet.

For a moment Wilbur stood embarrassed. He hardly knew what to say. Yet now he was no longer sorry, but very glad that he had come. The mother and elder sister might be silly society folk. What did it matter? Eleanor, at any rate, was genuine.

Lightning leaped like a golden dart across the sky, and a fresh bellow of thunder came booming over the dark sea. The air had become suffocating, and the tall combers broke in milk-white phosphorescence.

"Oh, I'm frightened!" cried Ellie. "I do hate a storm."

"I dare say it won't be much," said Wilbur comfortingly. "And now I must go, Miss Ellie."

"You mustn't — indeed you mustn't. You'll get caught in it. I'm not going to let you. Tell me, have you had any supper?"

"I shall get some when I get home," said Wilbur evasively.

Ellie caught him by the arm. "That won't do," she said emphatically. "Now, look here, you mustn't be proud and horrid. There's a little room I know of. Not a soul in it, and it's quite close to the supper-room. You come with me, and I'll get you all sorts of nice things."

He hesitated. She seized his arm. "Please!" she said entreatingly.

Wilbur yielded.

The loungers had, most of them, gone inside. They were nervous of the coming storm. Only two or three noticed the pretty child steering the big, heavily-built young Englishman along the verandah. Ellie was seventeen, but she was so slim and fair that she did not look anything like her age.

The little room was empty, as Ellie had said. She made Wilbur sit down in a big arm-chair. To say truth, he was glad to do so. He had done a hard day's work and walked seven miles on top of it.

Then she flitted off and was back in a minute with a plate of chicken, salad, rolls and butter, cakes and a glass of wine. She fed him, fussing over him gently and keeping up a constant cheerful chatter, while outside the lightning flashed and the thunder boomed louder and louder.

Wilbur hardly noticed the gathering storm; he was enjoying himself too greatly. Ellie more than made amends for the rest of her family. He watched her slight, dainty figure with charmed eyes, and talked and laughed as he had not done for years.

The blind was down, but the lightning had now become so vivid that it shone through the fabric and flung its steel-blue gleam into the furthest corners of the room.

Suddenly, above the crash of the thunder, came a rumbling roar.

"The wind's coming!" cried Wilbur, starting to his feet and springing to close the window. He had hardly done so before, with a deafening crash, the first gust struck the hotel. The tall building, like most of its kind, was constructed entirely of yellow pine. It swayed under the shock of the mighty blast, and in every direction doors banged, and there was the sound of running feet as servants hurried to close every entrance.

"What a dreadful storm!" cried Ellie. She had gone a little pale, and there was a startled look in her eyes.

"Mr. Wilbur," she said, "I must go and see to mother. She will be dreadfully frightened. But I'll be down again. You won't go, will you?"

"I doubt if I could now, if I wanted to," answered Wilbur, with a smile. "The waves will be over the viaduct."

He opened the door for her, and she ran towards the hall.

Wilbur sat down again and waited. Outside, the wind was coming in great shrieking blasts. Between each was a slight lull, in which he could hear the pounding crash of the enormous waves that came smashing down on the sandy beach only a few yards away. He got up and went to the window. All was blackness, except when the vivid lightning-shafts stabbed the gloom and lit luridly the foam-crested summits of the gigantic billows.

Wilbur noticed how close they were breaking to the low bluff on which the hotel was built, and remembered, with an uncomfortable feeling, that the tide was still rising.

He thought of the frightful tempest which wrecked the city of Galveston in September, 1900, and piled its streets with corpses, and it came into his mind that, in a storm of that kind, the Bayou Blanche Island would probably be entirely covered by the sea. But being still under the impression that this was merely a thunderstorm, which would blow over in an hour, he had no real apprehension.

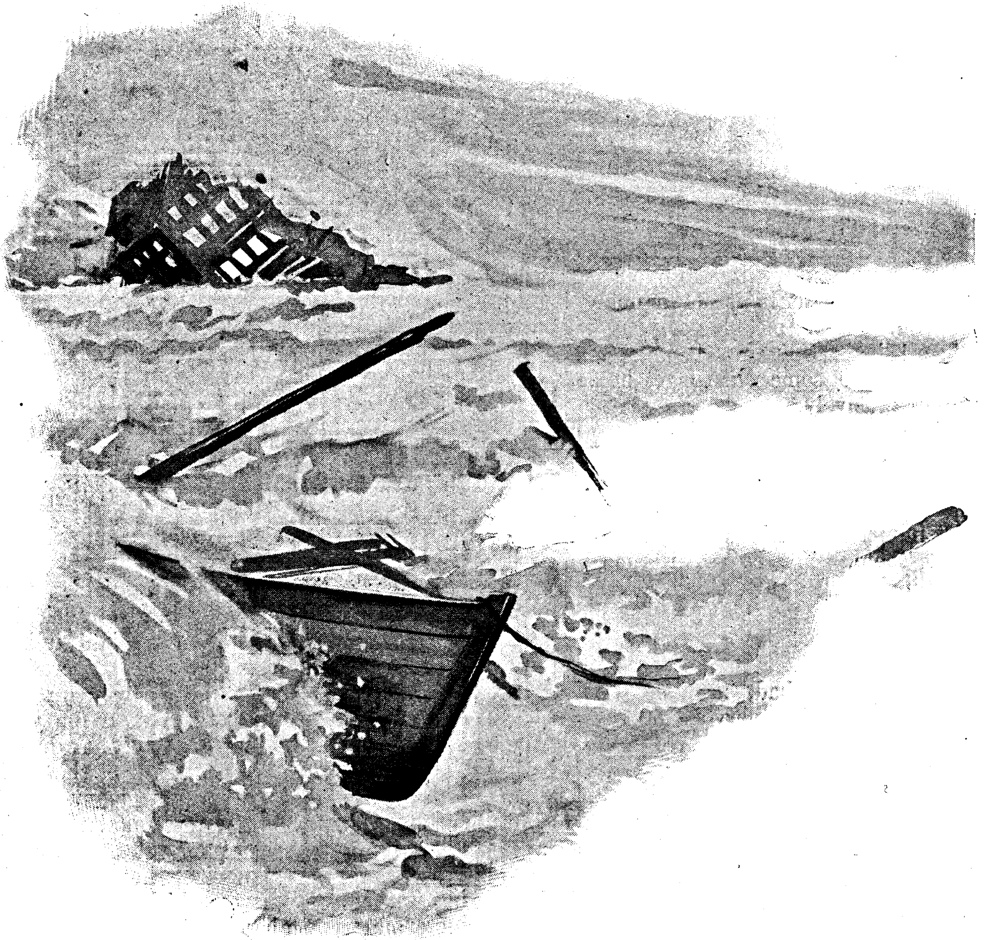
The wind increased. With each great moaning breath its note grew deeper, the

gusts became more frequent, and the intervals shorter. Showers of spray, ripped from the crests of the ever-rising seas, were flung like hail against the thick plate glass, and the whole giant building quivered to its base.

Time passed, and the lightning became less frequent. Yet the gale showed no signs deluge of spray rushed in, soaking the rich carpet and gilded furniture. A flash showed Wilbur that a large part of the verandah roof had been ripped away.

He ran out into the corridor, and met Ellie hurrying towards him.

"Oh, Mr. Wilbur, this is terrible! What is going to happen?"



"The great hotel heeled over like a falling cliff."

of slackening; on the contrary, it steadily increased in fury. In the ballroom the band was still busy, but it was only now and then that a note or two reached Wilbur's ears above the elemental fury of the storm.

There came a sharp ripping sound. A great mass of planking crashed against the window, smashing in the whole frame and sending showers of broken glass into the room. The curtains flew straight out, a

"Where is your mother?" he asked quickly. "She had better not stay upstairs."

"She's down in the hall, and so is Carrie. Part of the roof has been blown off. Do you think it's dangerous?"

"I hope not, Ellie," he said quietly. "It will probably blow itself out soon."

"Come to the hall," said the girl, putting her small white hand on his arm. "No, you needn't be afraid. They'll be only too

glad to see you. Half the men there are worse scared than the women."

The hall was crowded with panic-stricken folk — men and women, black and white, guests and servants. Some of the women were weeping. The stout hotel manager and the dandified clerk were doing their best to comfort them.

Mrs. Vansittart, in her gorgeous evening-dress, sat shuddering in a chair, listening to the scream of the gale and the rending crashes which told that the roof above was being rent away piecemeal. She looked up as Wilbur approached.

"Oh, Mr. Wilbur, what shall we do?" she wailed. "We're all going to be killed—I know we are!"

"Not a bit of it," replied Wilbur cheerily. "It's too heavy to last. The wind may take the top storey off, but we're safe enough down here."

Ellie looked at him. "Do you *really* think so?" she whispered.

"Yes, so far as the wind goes. It's the sea I'm afraid of," he answered in her ear. "I wouldn't tell anyone else," he added, "but I know you are brave."

"Thank you," whispered back Ellie, with a little nod.

The hours dragged by, but there was no abatement in the fury of the storm. No one talked. Indeed, any such attempt would have been useless. The fury of the elements drowned all other sounds.

For the first time that night a spasm of real fear seized him, but he beat it down.

He grasped Ellie's arm.

"We must get out of this," he said quietly. "I'll take your mother. You bring your sister. Follow me closely."

Pale-cheeked but steady-eyed, she nodded bravely.

"Come, Mrs. Vansittart," he said to the

"'Look—oh, look!' screamed Ellie."

elder lady. "It's getting too wet in here. I'll take you to a safer place."

"Oh, I can't move—I dare not!" she moaned.

"You must," said Wilbur, and there was that in his voice which compelled her to obey. He took her arm and drew her back past the great flight of polished stairs and through a passage which he knew led to the kitchen. Great fires were glowing in the ranges, but the big room was empty. They reached a back door.

Suddenly a woman sitting near the door shrieked: "The water! Look at the water!"

Wilbur glanced round. Thin streams of water were spreading across the polished parquet floor, curling about the feet of the terrified people.

In all that crowd Wilbur was, perhaps, the only one who fully realised what was happening. This was not the wind-driven spray, but the sea itself rising in its might and battering at the door of the hotel.

"What are we going to do, Mr. Wilbur?" asked Ellie.

"Try to find a boat and cross to the mainland," replied Wilbur between set lips.

"You won't take me outside in this terrible storm? You can't be so cruel!" screamed Ellie's mother wildly.

"It's our only chance," replied Wilbur grimly. "Listen to that."

From behind came a terrible crash, followed by wild screams of terror. Next moment the door of the kitchen burst open, and a wave a foot high swept in and, striking the hot ranges, burst into clouds of hissing steam.

Wilbur flung open the back door, and all four stepped out into a roaring chaos of flying sand and foam and furious wind.

"Keep close!" he shouted to Ellie, as he dragged her mother forward. Mrs. Vansittart was almost paralysed with terror.

It was not so dark now. For that mercy Wilbur was grateful. The clouds were thinning, and the dawn was breaking; also the bulk of the hotel, to some extent, protected them from the full force of the shrieking tornado.

But the situation was terrifying enough, in all conscience. The ghostly grey light revealed the narrow strait between the island and the mainland swollen to twice its usual width, while its surface boiled white like rapids in flood-time. The tide, driven inwards by the enormous pressure of the hurricane, was rising every moment. Already the hotel boat-house was surrounded by leaping waves.

"Oh, let's go back!" wailed Caroline Vansittart. "Anything is better than this."

Another man might have yielded. Not so Wilbur. He knew that the foundations of the great building were nothing but sand, which each breaker was sapping away. It was only a matter of minutes before the whole huge pile must topple into ruin and melt into the seething maelstrom.

"Ellie," he cried above the shriek of the storm, "keep them here while I get the boat. You understand? It's our one chance of life."

"I will," she answered steadily, and stood there on guard, with her thin skirts, soaked by spray and rain, whipping around her, and her long, fair hair blowing straight out in the blast.

Wilbur drew a long breath and dashed forward into the creaming surf. He was waist-deep and half-way to the boat-house before a wave took him off his feet.

He struck out with all the strength of his iron frame. The short, steep waves broke over his head, the flying brine almost blinded him, but with eyes fixed on the dim bulk of the boat-house, he drove forward with desperate strokes.

The current seized him and swept him sideways. He battled it with a sort of blind fury, and, breathless, almost exhausted, at last reached the long low shed and grasped an upright. A moment later he had dragged himself up on the platform.

Several of the boats were already smashed and sunk at their moorings, but there was a stout dinghy still safe, and with oars in it. Into this Wilbur sprang, only to find that a padlocked chain held it to a staple. He seized the chain and, with an amazing effort of strength, wrenched the staple bodily out of the wood. Fitting the oars into the rowlocks, he turned the boat out of her little anchorage into the open.

Now came the worst of the struggle. It was not a hundred feet to the island, but he was facing the whole weight of the gale. For the first few seconds it seemed as though the boat would be whirled like a foam-bubble before the wind across to the mainland.

Setting his teeth, Wilbur pulled till the muscles stood out in lumps on his great arms, and the sweat poured down his face, mingling with the wind-whipped brine. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he won his way back until he could spring out into shallow water and by main force drag the boat to where the three soaked, shivering women awaited him.

A huge piece of timber, wrenched from the roof of the hotel, hurtled past on the wings of the roaring blast and vanished into the foaming strait, but Wilbur hardly noticed it.

"In you get!" he roared. It was all he could do to make himself heard above the shriek of the storm fiend. "Ellie, you in the bow, the others in the stern."

Mrs. Vansittart was helpless as a log. Somehow he lifted her in and placed her elder daughter beside her, then he pushed off.

There was no need to pull now. With the full force of the screaming hurricane behind her, the boat fairly leapt across the short waves. Foam flew across her in blinding sheets, and eddies caught her and spun her this way and that. All Wilbur's efforts were concentrated on keeping her head straight for the opposite shore.

"Breakers!" screamed Ellie.

"We must chance 'em!" roared back Wilbur.

Caroline shrieked wildly as crested combers leaped on every side and cataracts poured into the boat, half filling her. Then, with a grinding crash, she struck the hard sand of the beach, flinging the passengers forward in a heap.

"Run!" bellowed Wilbur. "Run, Ellie! I'll look after your mother."

He caught a glimpse of Ellie, like a little, wet, white ghost, fleeing up the beach and dragging Caroline behind her. He seized Mrs. Vansittart and by main force hauled her up out of reach of the greedy surf, then, utterly done, he dropped upon the gale-swept sand and lay gasping.

"Look—oh, look!" screamed Ellie.

Above the yell of the hurricane came a roar louder than thunder. The huge dark bulk on the island opposite rolled slowly forward, then, with a crash that split the very skies and sent geysers of pale foam leaping in monstrous fountains, the great hotel heeled over like a falling cliff, and the mad waves rushed triumphantly over its site.

* * * * *

Wilbur managed to obtain shelter for his charges in the boat-keeper's house. It was a small low-roofed place standing back in the forest, and the trees had saved it from the full fury of the storm.

Late that night he was sitting drowsily over the ashes of a fire in the living-room, listening to the dull roar of the now gradually waning storm, when he became conscious of a light footstep, and, looking round, saw Ellie at his elbow. Her small face was very pale, and she was wrapped in a dressing-gown belonging to the boat-keeper's wife, much too large for her slender little body.

He sprang up, all thought of sleep forgotten.

"Mother is calling for you," said Ellie.

"For me?"

"Yes. I can't quiet her. Come!"

He followed the girl into the adjoining room. Mrs. Vansittart lay in bed. By the dim light of an ill-trimmed lamp, Wilbur saw her face flushed dull red, while her eyes, wide open, stared painfully upwards.

She was moaning pitifully, and Wilbur distinguished his own name repeated in low, thick tones.

"Speak to her," whispered Ellie.

Wilbur came close to the bed.

"You are quite safe now, Mrs. Vansittart," he said soothingly.

"Oh, but I can't forget it! It was too horrible. I see them drowning — sunk under those terrible waves! Stay with me, Mr. Wilbur, or I shall go mad!"

Her voice rose to a shriek, and she stretched out her arms appealingly.

Wilbur took her burning hands in his cool ones, and the strong grasp seemed to quiet her at once. She lay still.

"It's a touch of fever," he whispered to Ellie. "Tell the boatman he must go for a doctor."

Ellie nodded and went.

For the next five days Mrs. Vansittart's life hung in the balance. She was very ill indeed. And the odd thing was that she could hardly bear Wilbur out of her sight; his quiet strength seemed to soothe her more than any medicine or nursing.

On the sixth day the fever left her and she slept. So did Wilbur. He did not move for fourteen hours. Then he went down to the sea and had a swim, came back mightily refreshed, and found Ellie waiting to give him breakfast.

"Mother's ever so much better," were her first words. "The doctor says she can be moved in a few days."

"I'm glad," answered Wilbur.

It was a lie. His heart sank at the idea of losing Ellie. He was suddenly face to face with the fact that he loved her, and that life without the sight of her sweet face would be a dreadful blank. He fell very silent, and though Ellie chaffed him gently, she could not rouse him.

Presently she slipped away into her mother's room, and Wilbur went off for a tramp down the beach.

The sun shone brilliantly out of a sky of cloudless blue, and the little ripples rustled softly on the broad white strand.

He stood on the spot where the boat had been flung ashore through the boiling surf on that terrible night, and gazed at the jagged, wave-bleached stumps which protruded forlornly from the sand-bank opposite, and were all that remained to tell of the terrible tragedy of that night of storm.

His set, gloomy face reflected the black thoughts within. A day or two more, and he must return to his lonely plantation and solitary work. Ellie and her people would go back to their Northern home, or perhaps to Europe. After their ghastly experience, they would never return to the South again, and as he was too poor to leave his farm, it

seemed entirely improbable that he would ever see her again. At last he went back to the boat-keeper's house.

Ellie met him.

"Mother's asking for you, Jack," she said. In the close intimacy of the past week they had both dropped all formality, and now spoke to one another frankly by their Christian names.

He went into Mrs. Vansittart's room. She was sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. She looked thin and weak, but had lost much of her former artificial air.

"I'm glad you're better," said Wilbur simply.

"I have to thank you that I am alive," she answered, with more feeling than Wilbur could have believed her capable of showing. "I want to tell you how grateful I am for all you have done for us," she went on, "and"—hesitating a little—"I want to prove to you I am grateful. Mr. Wilbur, I am a rich woman. No, don't interrupt me. I am not going to insult you by offering you money, but I have influential friends, and it seems to me that a man of your abilities might do better than spend his life on a small farm. Let me find you better-paid work. Let me do something to show that I am not the snobbish person you once justly believed me."

Wilbur hesitated. He went a little white beneath his tan. Then he pulled himself together. It was now or never.

"Mrs. Vansittart, you'll probably think me a fool," he said hoarsely, "but I've fallen in love with Ellie. She's the sweetest girl I've ever met and the bravest."

"Ellie!" exclaimed Mrs. Vansittart. "She's only a child."

"I know," said Wilbur humbly, "but a child with a heart of gold."

"You've not said anything to her?"

Wilbur drew himself up sharply. "Certainly not."

Mrs. Vansittart was silent for some moments. At last she spoke again. "Mr. Wilbur, this has startled me—I never dreamed of it—and if anyone had suggested such a thing to me a week ago, I should have said 'No.' But illness is a wonderful teacher. I have learned the worth of a strong man. For the present, Ellie must finish her education. But you may write to her, and if in two years' time you are still of the same mind, you may come North and see us."

Wilbur raised her hand to his lips. "You have made me very happy," he said.

AUGUST IN SAVONNAS.

AUGUST has passed this way with hot feet bared
Across the grass and left it golden-tipped,
She, the full-breasted, she, the rosy-lipped,
August, the purple-eyed and yellow-haired.

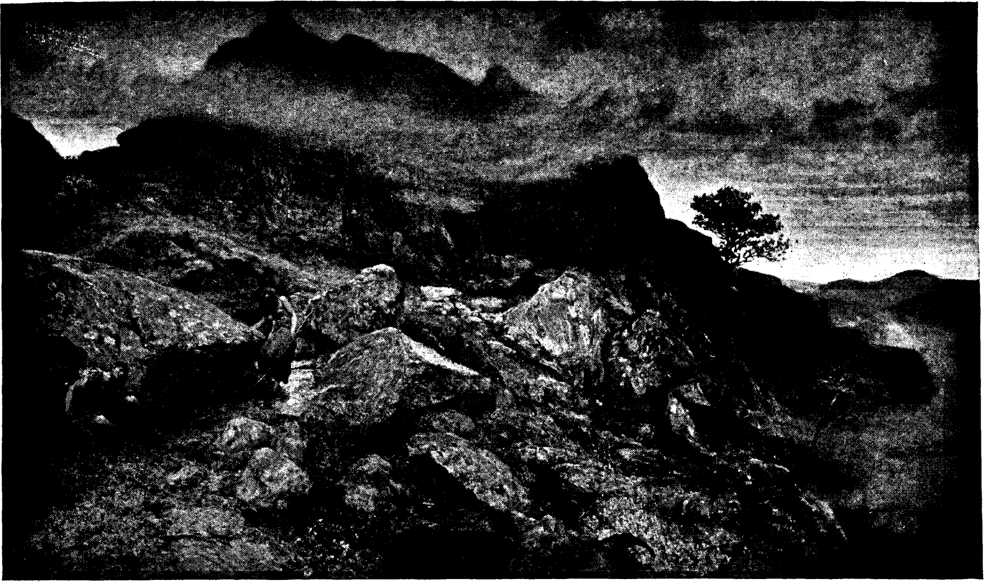
She has the "Midas" touch, she touched the leaves,
Dressing each alder in a shining robe,
Turning each pumpkin to a golden globe,
August, the gatherer of gilded sheaves.

She shadows sapphire hills in amethyst,
Purples the grape, the brambled berries stain
Her sun-warmed mouth, and in the ripened grain
The springing poppies form a scarlet mist.

August has passed this way, her brown hands scorch
The upland slope, the Michaelmas daisy grows
And flowers in the grasses as she goes,
Lighting the golden rod to be her torch.

Over the fruitful earth the stars arise—
Is it the harvest moon, burning and bright,
Or corn-haired August, singing in the night,
Swinging her lantern through the summer skies?

LUCY BETTY McRAYE.



"FOUND." BY THE LATE SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A.

PICTURES IN THE CHANTREY COLLECTION.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

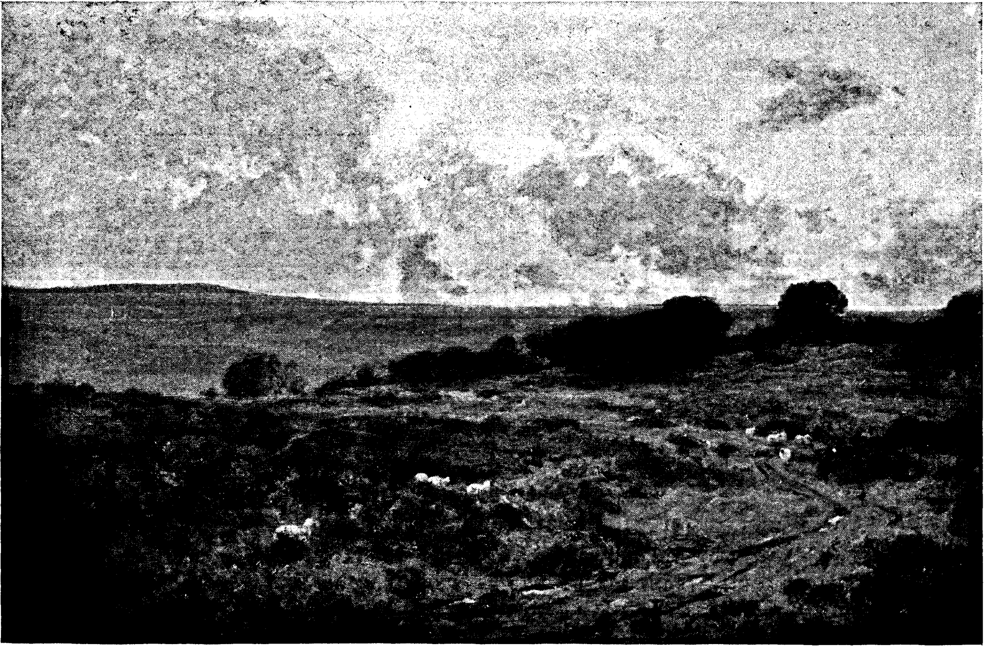
Reproductions from photographs by H. Dixon & Son.

AS we have studied this collection of pictures, so diverse in breadth of style and height of accomplishment, we have been constantly reminded of the attitude of art in its relation to life. Here the painter has idealised rural life to present to our view its more comely aspects in a way more comely still; there he has justified his choice of some crude theme by the brilliancy of his technique. One man has studied subtleties of colour to the exclusion of form; another, as though to show his belief in Ingres's dogmatic phrase, "Form is everything, colour nothing," has given pre-eminence to line; whilst a third, in some piece of masterly characterisation, has shown us a portrait of some mood of Nature as he has seen it through a veil of breadth or that of his own spiritual imaginings. It is, we should say, the landscape-painter, and with him we bracket the painter of the sea, who is the supreme poet in paint, and it cannot well be otherwise, for the poetry of Nature it is which rouses in him response; whereas the human scene of emotion, as seen in a picture, is the subject-painter's deliberate attempt, made in a mood of vivid understanding, to raise a feeling of emotion in his patrons and critics.

The collection gathered together under the name and ægis of the Chantrey Bequest, is a very important one, as it is representative of the work of the English painters of the present time; and although no man remains at the apex of his accomplishment for any given period, and in many cases the work of a man, as here shown, has been done when he has been a little removed from that Olympian height, or has not yet reached it, still, as a whole, the Chantrey Collection reveals no cause for us to bewail decadence in English art. Rather we must congratulate ourselves on the number of men whose brilliant talent holds out such great promise of achievement, and quote Millais to the effect that "the chief offending of modern art is its unavoidable modernity."

We have advanced the theory that the true poet in paint is the landscape-painter. The all-seeing eye of the artist in him makes

him peculiarly receptive of the graces and attractions of Nature. He discovers in her a hundred new beauties which are awaiting his touch to be brought to life. To him certainly the story of Galatea is no fiction. The moments which he chooses for reproduction in his medium, paint, are those when, under some particular aspect, scenes which are ordinarily familiar become rare; thus he translates them for us from the prosaic by means of his poetic vision. He it is who points out the books in the running brooks and the sermons in stones. Without him we should certainly be unconscious of the poems which lie in pastures blind with rain, in some field which is ready for the scythe, and we should possibly fail to recognise them in a vast expanse of waters.



"THE BLACK MOUNTAINS." BY JAMES AUMONIER, R.I.

In this, our sixth article on the pictures in the Chantrey Collection, we include sundry works which go to illustrate our theory. First, there is Mr. Olsson's peculiarly poetical "A Moonlit Shore." Mr. Olsson is a colourist of exceptional gifts, and the merits of his pictures are naturally not very obvious in reproduction. Large and vigorous in style, remote from the artificialities of paint, his canvases are poetic pieces of Nature framed. Small wonder, therefore, that he has long been recognised as the leader of that body of men which frequents the small fishing town of St. Ives, whence to paint the sea. This particular picture, "A Moonlit Shore," where is

A remote sky prolonged to the sea's brim,

shows the painter's rare vision and that delicacy of insight into the complicated drawing of waters in motion which marks him so dexterous an executant. "A Moonlit Shore" is not, however, a typical Olsson, for it is a study of the purple-and-hyacinth sea of sunshine, the leaping white-crested giant waves, which makes the artist's most characteristic work; but with its surf-rippled sand and its harmonious colour, it is a picture which specially marks the advance in "seeing" which our painters have made in seascape. If we compare the Chantrey purchase of the Olsson in 1911 with the Chantrey purchase of the Brett in 1880, we see this advance very plainly.

John Brett, in his time, was accounted a clever painter, and in 1858 we find Ruskin examining every inch of his canvas "with delight," yet his work was too "emotionless" to convey any idea of that grandeur which is an attribute of many waters. Of the intricate drawing of the dancing processional waves, of their high-reared fortress-like lines,

"SOLITUDE." BY GEORGE COCKRAM.

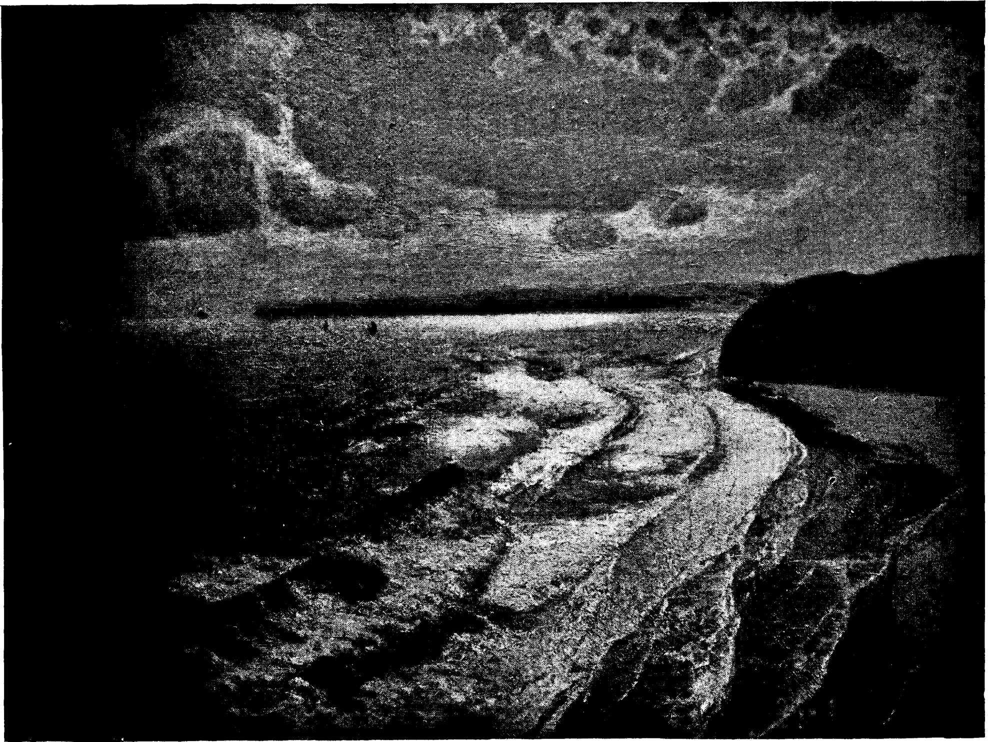
of their wavering arches, and of their impotent collapse, in Brett's work we get no trace. He was content to paint pleasant-placed seas, and was peculiarly happy in the titles by which he distinguished one canvas from another.

Another important sea-picture is "Solitude," by George Cockram, which depends largely upon tonality for charm. The waves draw back from a wet sand foreground, and in some mysterious way their act of recession emphasises the aspect of solitude.

Quite another vision of the sea do we get in "Their Only Harvest," by Colin Hunter, for here is a metallic, light-encrusted surface of water, ploughed by the passage of the boat and the winds into irregular pattern.

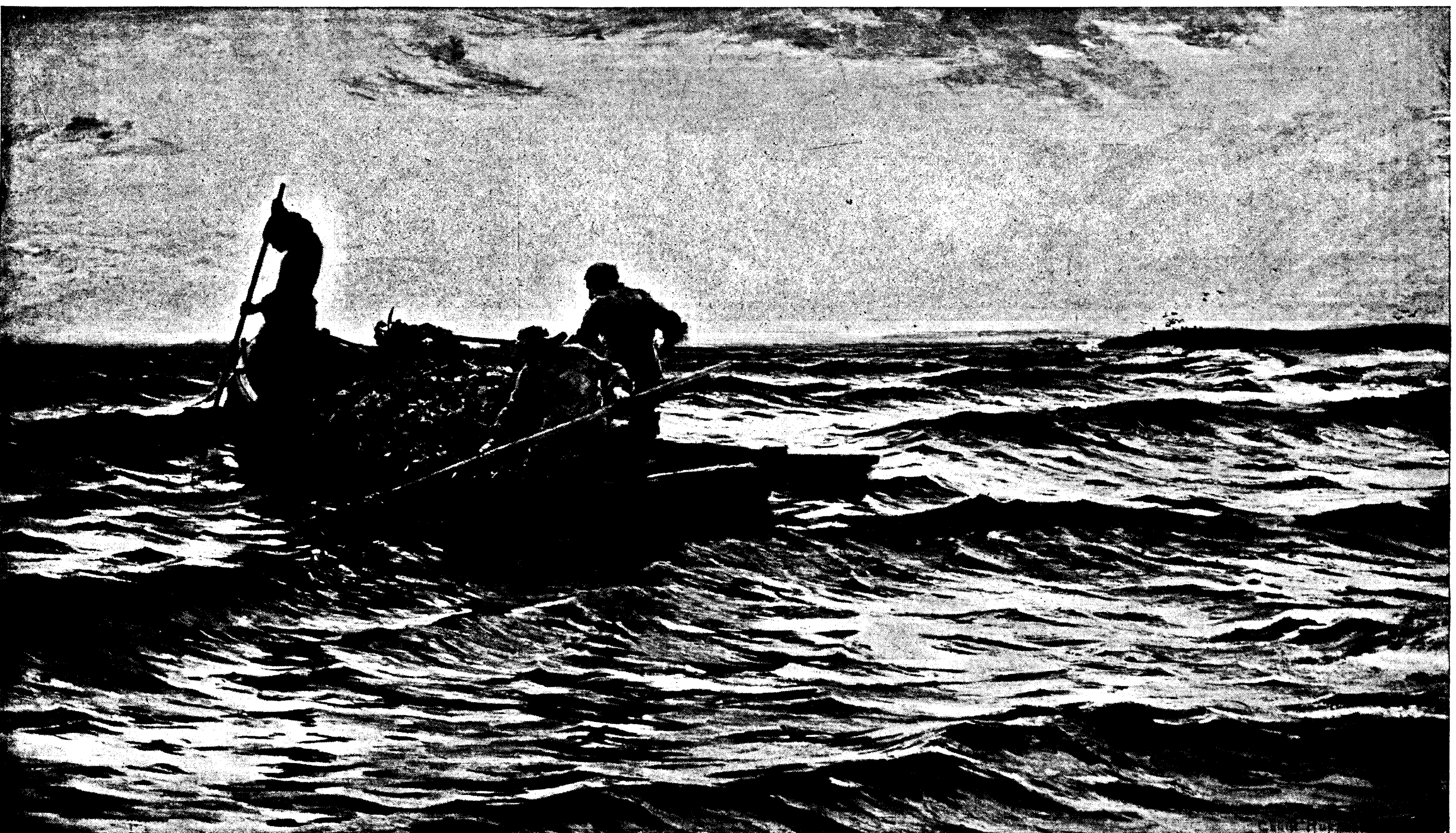
The hour of sunset is the theme of Mr. James Aumonier's second picture in this collection, "The Black Mountains," a work not so well known in reproductions as his earlier "Sheep-Washing in Sussex." We speak deliberately of the hour of sunset as being this picture's theme. What attracted Mr. Aumonier must have been, not the Black Mountains. but the vast immensity of their prospect when seen in a lurid, almost a malignant, hour. The melancholy of a passing sun ever appears to attract its beholder to the indulgence of a pleasant sadness and a cultivated regret.

An earlier phase of light is skilfully recorded in Mr. Herbert Hughes-Stanton's "A Pasturage Among the Dunes, Pas de Calais," those dreary wastes of wind-inclined tufts of grass which, in their sandy setting, so often prove to be attractive subjects to this able and interesting painter. In this particular picture we, paradoxically, see great beauty in a distance which is so far off that we can barely distinguish between sea and sky. It is the triumph of art to make us see beyond its limits, to make us snatch pleasure from vague colour. The charm of "A Pasturage Among the Dunes" explains the popularity of Mr. Hughes-Stanton's work. Examples of it are in several of our municipal galleries, and in sundry galleries abroad. Finely characteristic of his best qualities are his two pictures in this year's Academy, "Hampshire from the Surrey Hills," and "Afterglow: Poole Harbour."



"A MOONLIT SHORE." BY JULIUS OLSSON, A.R.A.

In "The Alcantara, Toledo, by Moonlight,"



"THEIR ONLY HARVEST." BY COLIN HUNTER, R.A

by Harold Speed, individuality of detail is merged in that unity of effect which is to be found between the subtle colour gradations of a narrowed palette. Perhaps Mr. Speed felt that, to be fully appreciated, the place must be shown in just this light of suave and delusive atmosphere, so that, since old scenes wait to answer such suggestive calls as this picture makes upon us, we may think not too realistically of the barbarous times in which this bridge was thrown across the Tagus.

"THE DEATH OF AMY ROBSART." BY W. F. YEAMES, R.A.

In figure-painting to-day, or, rather, as a painter of subjects in which figures are included, Mr. Charles Sims takes rank as poet. He is entirely preoccupied with immaterial life. Actualities, to him, are mere residue, so thin is the hold of outward

"A REHEARSAL WITH NIKISCH." BY RICHARD JACK, A.R.A.

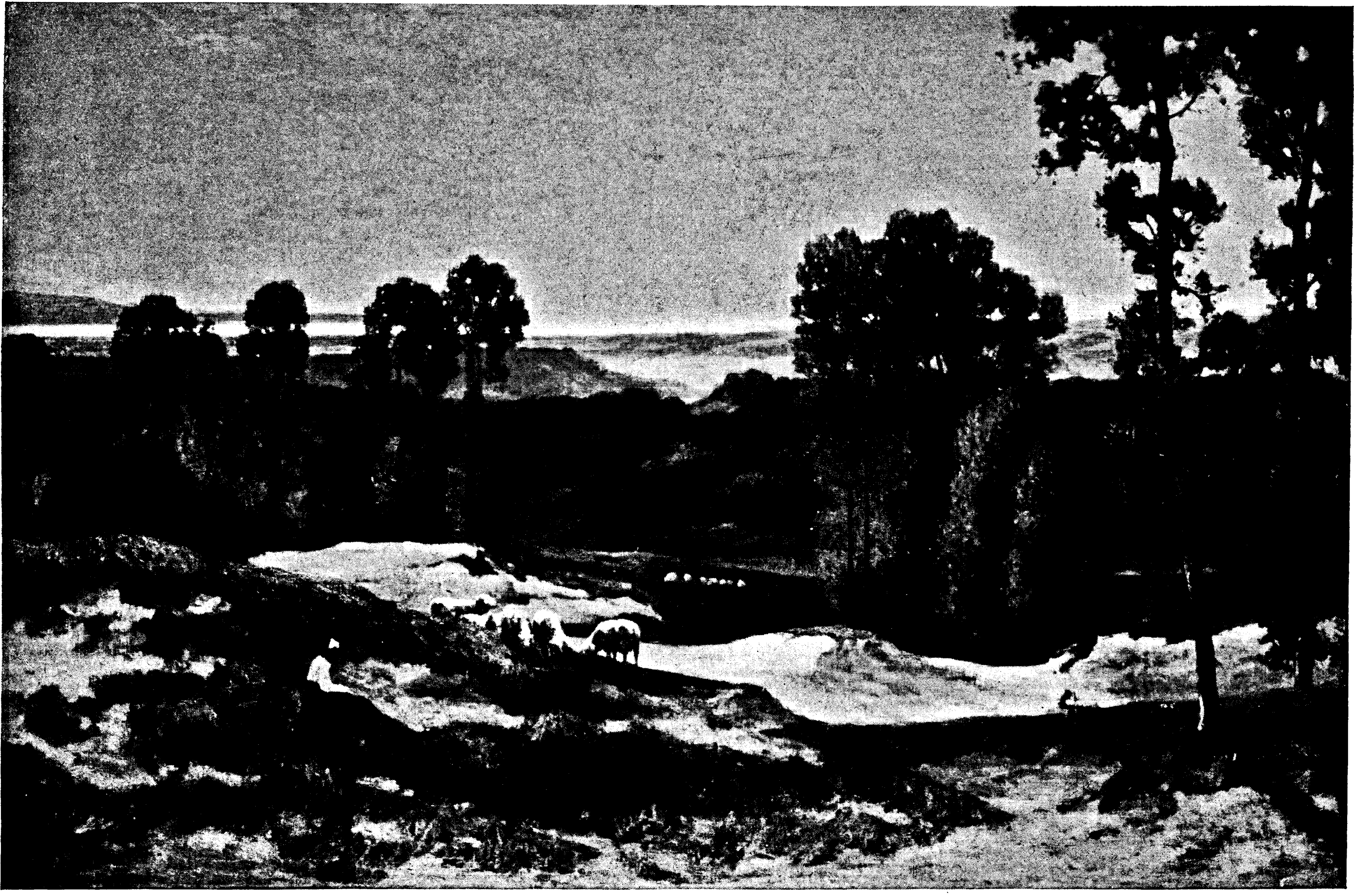
Reproduced from a photograph by Paul Laib.

objects upon his art. He plays fast and loose with the rules of perspective and of possibility, he has no realistic ambitions, and the laws which govern the life of his subjects are of his own construction. Fantasy is the medium through which he sees the world. Naturally, in looking at his "The Wood Beyond the World," we are reminded of the work of Sandro Botticelli, who was the exponent of ideas, moods, and visions, who equally played fast and loose with realities, and who was the recorder of impressions of beatified existence rather than of those of some visionary painter's view of Nature. To the charm of line and colour they superadded poetry. "They are by Charles Sims," Mr. MacWhirter explained, appending the prophetic words, "He will go far." At that time the work of Mr. Sims had scarcely been seen in exhibition, nor had the Luxembourg, by purchase, called attention to its value. He is undoubtedly the possessor of that imagination which Joubert asserted to be the eye of the soul, which Napoleon proclaimed as ruling the world, and Ruskin looked upon as a divine power, and by its means he succeeds in imprisoning beauty within the limits of a frame.

"THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD." BY CHARLES SIMS, A.R.A.

life. Almost we may apply to Mr. Sims the words which were applied by Walter Pater to Botticelli: "There are traces enough in his work of that alert sense of outward things, which, in the pictures of that period, fills the lawns with delicate, living creatures, and the hillsides with pools of water, and the pools of water with flowering reeds." It is in the quaintness of design, the quaint conceits, the divergence from prosaic life, that this similarity lies. Mr. Charles Sims has gone far since the day when, some eight years ago, in the drawing-room of the late Mr. MacWhirter's house, a considerable number of fine, frank, rapid sketches attracted my notice as being the able transcripts of

If with the picture "The Wood Beyond the World" we leave the ground of actual poetry, we still remain beyond the pale of prose when we consider Mr. Yeames's picture "Amy Robsart," a romantic rather than an historical work. The story of Robert Dudley and Amy Robsart is an unsolvable problem. Scott throws in the weight of his delightful novel "Kenilworth" on the romantic side of the scale, and so upsets the balance of evidence. He lays the blame of the death of Amy Robsart upon Antony Foster, in whose house the unfortunate girl was lodged. It was



"A PASTURAGE AMONG THE DUNES." BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A.

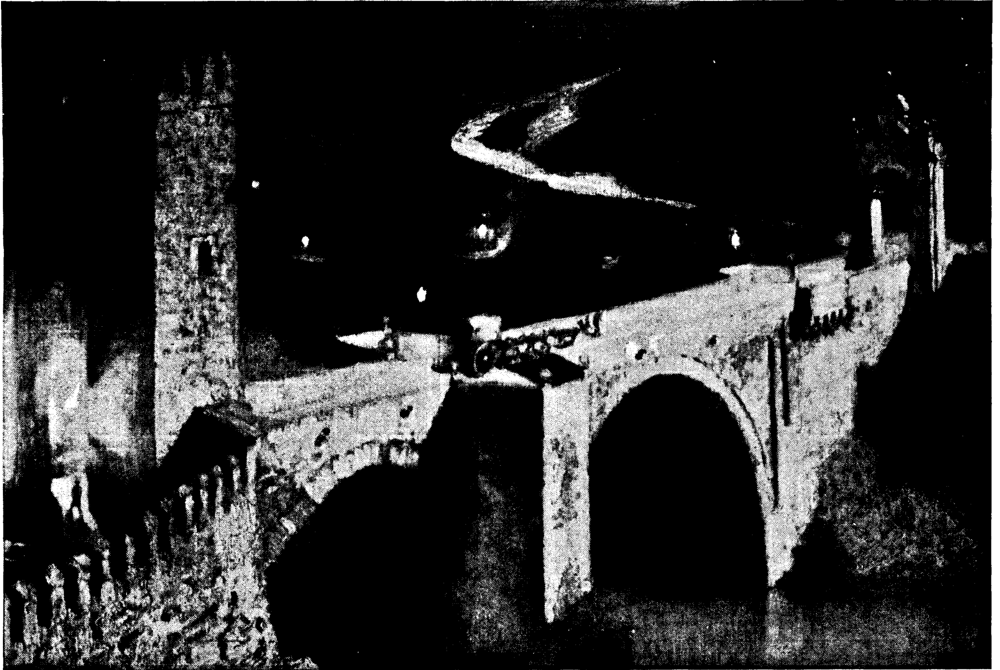
Reproduced from a photograph by J. C. Hughes.

Foster who, according to Scott, devised the snare into which she fell. It is Scott's version which Mr. Yeames illustrates—

> In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the courtyard, and then a whistle similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal; the instant after, the door of the Countess's chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap-door gave way.
> There was a rushing sound, a heavy fall, a faint groan, and all was over.
> "Look down into the vault—what seest thou?"
> "I see only a heap of white clothes like a snowdrift."
> —"*Kenilworth*," *by Sir Walter Scott.*

History gives it that no romance attached even to the marriage of Dudley and Amy Robsart, but that he was coerced into it in very early youth. Finding later that it stood in the way of his ambitions, he is assumed to have countenanced or connived at the removal of his wife from his path. Burghley considered him "infamed" by her death. A jury, empanelled to inquire into the facts, could find no presumption of evil, and all it discovered was that the unfortunate lady was killed by a fall downstairs. Since Robert Dudley was of his time the most calumniated man in England, and had the poisoning of Essex, Sheffield, Nicholas Throgmorton, Sussex, Lady Lennox, and Alice Drayton imputed to him, we are inclined to think his accusers did protest too much, and that it is still possible to place credence in Scott's romantic story.

No one conversant with the really powerful work of the late Sir Hubert von Herkomer can consider "Found" to be a fine specimen of it. Herkomer was too practical a craftsman, too consciously clever a painter, to be a fine medium of poetry. He never saw in landscape what Amiel termed "the mood of the soul." In "Found" romance is an extraneous matter, discoverable only in the lines annexed to the title in explanation of it:—



"THE ALCANTARA, TOLEDO, BY MOONLIGHT." BY HAROLD SPEED.

Reproduced from a photograph by W. E. Gray.

> In far-off days,
> When Lucius here for Roman tribute warr'd,
> A noble man, most prince-like in his weeds,
> Like Posthumus that wedded Imogen,
> Fled to the lonely hills for peace to die.
> Him, as he dropped with wounds, sore spent,
> And fainting, till he almost dropped his sword,
> A female hind, a tender of the goats,
> Did find, and paused, amazed.—*Old Play.*

Faith in Nature is a necessity to the artist. Herkomer, in "Found," does not reveal it. It was otherwise when he was painting human beings, and in "The Charterhouse Chapel," a Chantrey purchase of four years later, a reproduction of which we included

in an earlier article in this series, we have a good example of his power of human characterisation.

A realistic scene is Mr. Richard Jack's "Rehearsal With Nikisch." It is big work —big in its comprehension of the scene as a whole, for the impression it produces is one of absolute unity. It is the painter's, not the camera's, realism—a pictorial, impressionist synthesis of a crowd.

Despite the pleasantly anecdotal quality of "Galway Gossips," which is reproduced in facsimile as the coloured frontispiece to this number, few would nowadays choose it, from the wealth of its artist's later accomplishment, for a national gallery as representative of the work of that exceedingly able painter, Sir Ernest Waterlow, but "Galway Gossips" was bought twenty-six years ago, and memories of the sumptuous sunshine of Sir

"THE LAST MATCH." BY WILLIAM SMALL.

Reproduced from a photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

Ernest's "Golden Autumn" and "La Côte d'Azur," and many another canvas which is saturated with Nature's light, blind us, perhaps, to the promise which, in technical treatment, "Galway Gossips" showed. The literary or anecdotal interest which "Galway Gossips" holds never now occupies Sir Ernest's attention, for he has become a close student of the facts of Nature and of her delicate tonalities.

"The Last Match," by Mr. William Small, is, as its title suggests, the transcription of an anxious occasion into terms of paint, done with that true feeling for human character which has distinguished all its artist's skilful work.

With Mr. Arnesby Brown's "Silver Morning" we get back, if not within the realms of actual poetry, into a naturalism which is actually poetic. Mr. Arnesby Brown paints landscapes with distinction, understanding, and truth. It is Nature's moods of sunshine, with the shadows cast by the lowness in the heavens of the sun, which appeal to him. By means of a simple magic of effect, by delicacy of insight into the moods of the hour, by largeness of treatment and a rare facility of hand, by a draughtsmanship which is excellent and noteworthy, he is a prominent figure in the fields of landscape art. He has a discrimination of colour, and has studied closely the different conditions to which seasons, locality, and even time of day subject a scene. In "Silver Morning," a Chantrey purchase of 1910, we get a picture of a few cattle in strong early morning light. A rare candour lies upon the picture like a bloom. The forms of clouds—the picture is more than half one of clouds—are peculiarly valuable in its scheme of design. Charged with daylight and the wind, they mount into a pyramidical form which gives a just balance to the whole.

"SILVER MORNING." BY ARNESBY BROWN, A.R.A.

A BÉBÉ IN ARMS

By DORNFORD YATES

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst

" T'S going to be priceless," said Daphne, her white arms stretched along the back of the sofa.

From the opposite side of the fireplace her husband regarded her. Then he turned to me.

"D'you hear that?" he said.

"I know," said I. "I can't help it."

"But she's actually looking forward. She finds pleasure in anticipation."

"I know," said I. "It's painful."

"Painful?" said Berry. "It's indecent. I'm not sure I oughtn't to forbid the banns."

"I wish you would," said I. "I don't want to be best man. If it goes on as it's begun, I shall be about thirty pounds down before we've finished. That's tips and taxis alone."

"And then there's the blackmail."

"I know," I said gloomily.

Daphne picked up an evening paper. Then—

"Listen to this," she said. "'One of the prettiest weddings of the year will take place on Thursday the 29th, when Mr. Peter Lileigh will wed Lady Daffodil Malmorey at St. James's, Piccadilly. The bride-to-be is the youngest of the three beautiful daughters of——'"

"That decides me," said Berry. "Next Sunday I shall forbid the banns in clear, bell-like tones. Let the Press be informed."

"Why shouldn't they be married?" said Jill, from her perch on the sofa's broad arm. "I think it's sweet of them."

"There you are," said Berry. "Thinks it sweet. She'll be wanting to do it next. So much for the force of example." He turned to the grey-eyed maiden. "My dear, I warn you that, if any man has the audacity to ask me for your little hand. I shall push his face."

Jill knitted her brows.

"I hope you won't," she said. "But then"—with a quick smile—"he might forget to ask you, mightn't he?"

"Rude child!" said my brother-in-law. "Now you shan't have the mechanical frog in your bath to-night. Is that nurse calling?"

"I think I'm going to have a cold," said Daphne.

Berry turned to me.

"Ring up Barlow, will you?" he said. "And tell William to have some straw put down outside the house the first thing in the morning."

"Any time to-morrow will do," said his wife. "I've got to be at the dressmaker's at eleven, and I promised to lunch with Helena Rush."

"Jade!" said Berry. "Behold the horrid result of matrimony. A woman mocks her lord." Here a footman entered with the drinks. "Ah, well. For me there is always the schnapps (Low German). I will immerse my misery in alcoholism (Pekingese)." He rose. "Beverage, Jonah?"

"One of the small ones," said that worthy.

"Small ones," said Berry contemptuously. "If I gave you what I call a small one, you'd think it was lemonade. You golfing crowd. For myself, as a matter of fact, I'm not really drinking at all nowadays."

Jonah sat up.

"If you ate and drank, and talked a little less——" he began.

"Talking of golf," said Daphne, "what do you think I picked up this morning?"

"I know," said Berry; "a taxi. I did, too. I wonder who they belong to."

"Idiot! On the links."

"Probably a ball," said I. "Other than your own, if I know you."

"A gold watch," said Daphne.

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"Gent's gold timepiece?" said her husband.

"Lady's," said my sister. "Such a pretty one, with a blue enamel back and a diamond in the middle."

"Jewelled in one hole," said Berry. "How much did you get on it?"

"It's with the secretary. But it's given me an idea. Daffodil's got four wrist-watches, but she's always wanted one to hang round her neck in the evening. You and I can give her one like this."

"You seem to forget I'm going to forbid the banns."

"Don't forbid the wrong ones," said I. "They give out stacks sometimes."

"Trust me," said Berry. "'A tall, well-dressed man, whose features proclaimed him to be one of the aristocracy, rose and in clear, bell-like tones (what did I say?) said, "I forbid the last banns but two."'"

Daphne sighed.

"Well, well," she said. "I think we'll buy one, all the same. If Daffodil doesn't have it, it'll do for Jilly, won't it, dear?"

The shot went home. Berry glared at his wife. Then—

"You made me love you," he said defiantly. "I didn't want to do it."

Daphne blew him a kiss.

"Have another drink, old chap," said I.

Berry emptied his glass and handed it to me.

"At least," he said, "I have one friend left."

"As a matter of fact, he's not drinking at all nowadays," said Jonah.

* * * *

Tye Gordon lies close in a deep park in one of the south-west counties of England. Who knows no more than its whereabouts might search for a month and never find it, unless he were told the way. In summer-time especially. Then, most of all, the rolling country keeps the old place secret, wrapping it about with the greenwood, folding it in her fresh young arms, so that even the sudden storms of summer deal with Tye gently perforce, and the spent wind buffets its ancient gables with feeble fury.

I and the car found it, but then I had been shown the trick of the ways. Even so, it was past three when I stopped at the grey lodge-gates. I had hoped to be there by two. I was on business bent. Pleasant business, perhaps, but still business. In fact, I was bound for Tye Gordon in my capacity as best man.

A week before, Peter had started the hare. It seemed that years ago Daffodil had seen Tye Gordon. She had been staying with friends somewhere in the county—a child of twelve then—and had been driven over to lunch with an old, old gentleman whose name she could not remember. He had been kind to her and her fellows, shown them the beauties of the old house, and let them play through its chambers and run happily in the sunshot park. That was ten years ago. Long ago the friends had left England, and there had been nothing to take her again to the neighbourhood. But she had never forgotten Tye. And often thereafter her memory would leap back to the summer afternoon, the low, grey building and the fair lawns, the curling avenue and the bracken springing under the oaks, and everywhere the great belt of woodland ringing the place about, keeping it out of the world, saving it from the march of time. More than once Peter had heard her speak of the spot with rapture, wondering if she would ever see it again. And now, quite by chance, it had come to his ears that a place of that name was coming into the market.

"No?" said I.

"Fact," said Peter. He mentioned the name of a firm. "It's in their hands. Get an order-to-view, old chap, and have a look at it. I'd go myself, only I don't want Daffodil to know."

I stared at him.

"You don't mean——" I began.

"Yes, I do," he said, grinning. "If it's all right, and the owners don't want the earth, I'll buy it at once and give her the title-deeds for a wedding present."

I always said Peter had more money than brains. However.

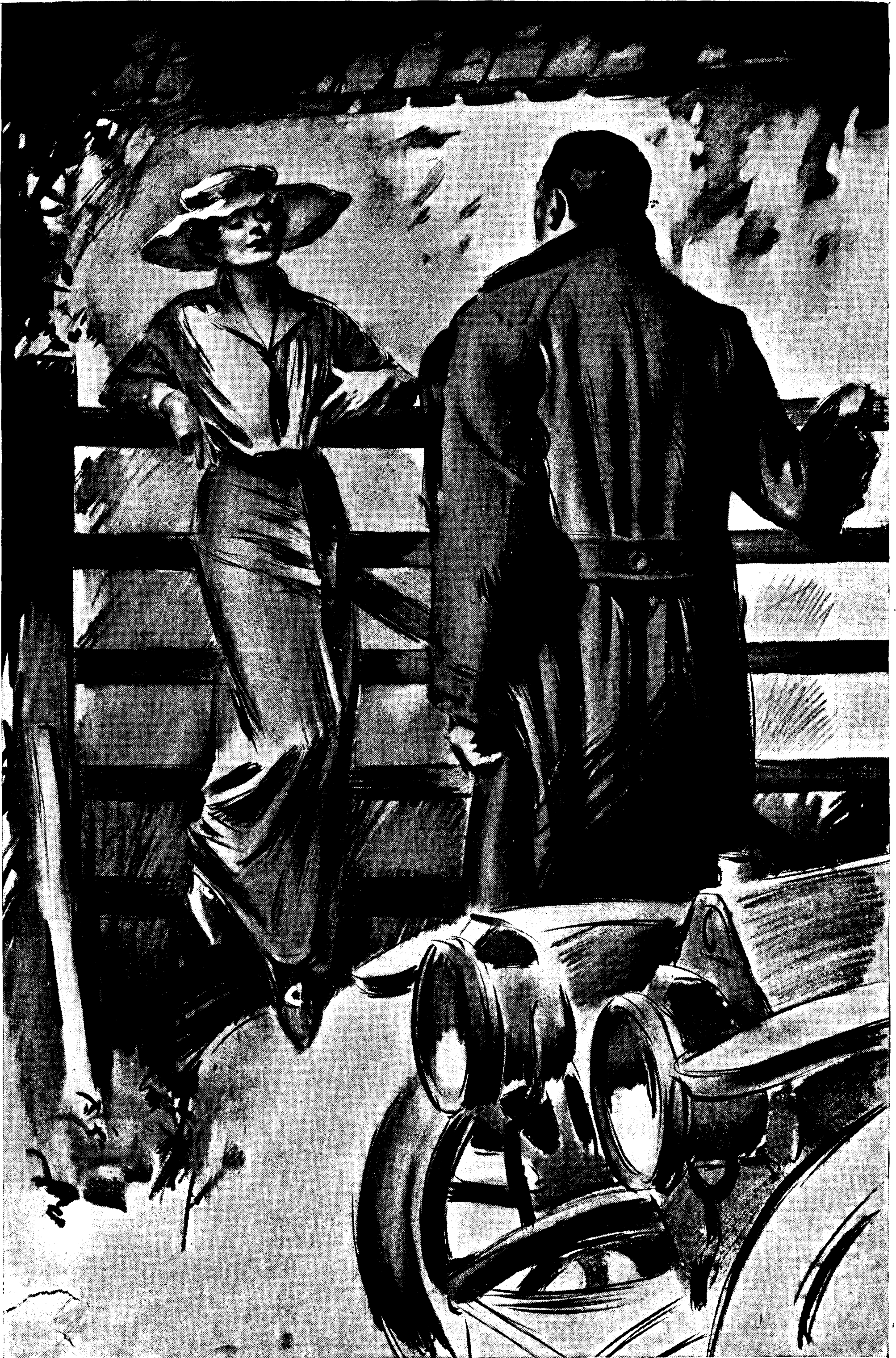
"We can't push the whole deal through in ten days," said I. "Besides, it mayn't even be the right place, or, if it is, it may have changed altogether."

"The place she drove over from was called Mills Brayling, so if it's near there, you'll know it's the right place. As to whether it's changed, you know a nice place when you see one."

"Yes, but I'm not going to take the responsibility of landing you for several thousand pounds, when you've never even set eyes——"

"Well, get the order and have a look at the place. There's a good fellow. If you do, I'll let you kiss Daffodil in the vestry."

"That's no consideration," said I. "I'm



"After a moment the brown eyes fell."

going to do that, anyway. Still, if you really think she'll appreciate——"

There was no doubt about it being the right place. I had passed through Mills Brayling an hour and a quarter before. I looked at the lodge. White curtains in the windows showed that it was inhabited. But the gates were padlocked. Clearly I must leave the car where it was.

I stopped the engine and sat for a moment looking up the avenue. It promised well, certainly. And it did curl. Of course, if the park and the old house really were as exquisite as Daffodil painted them, it would be nice to. . . . Then I thought of the responsibility and shook my head. A pity. I should have loved to see her eyes light. . . .

"They won't let you in," said a voice.

"What'll you bet me ?" said I.

"Unless you've got an order."

I swung round and looked at the speaker. Then I took off my cap. A slim girl in a fawn-coloured frock, leaning against a five-barred gate, her elbows behind her on the top bar, one slight foot on the ground, the other above it on one of the lower bars. Her attitude was easy, reposeful. The open Napoleon collar showed her white throat, and under her *bébé* bonnet I could see the thick brown hair. A nose ever so slightly tilted, and grave brown eyes. So grave. But the mouth was merry and told of gaiety in the air.

"All fawn," said I. "Frock, shoes, stockings"—the foot slipped to the ground —"and gloves. Except for the *bébé*, you might be a battleship going into action. No one would see you at forty paces ; you'd just melt into the road. I suppose that's why I missed——"

"Oh, no. You were craning your neck to get a glimpse of Tye. What do you know of the old place ?"

"Nothing, Bébé. That's why I'm here."

"Well, they won't——"

"Complete with order."

She sighed. Then—

"Years ago," she said, "a girl told me of Tye Gordon. And ever since she told me, I've wanted to see it. She never even said where it was, but the name stuck in my head, and I saw it last night, marked on a local map, when we were looking out the way to Mills Brayling. And now I've given up a party and walked two miles to be told I haven't an order-to-view. And I knew that when I started. However."

"A girl told her of Tye," I said musingly.

She nodded.

"The best friend I have. And I'm losing her next week."

Daffodil.

"Is she going to be married ?" I said carelessly, getting out of the car.

"Yes"—moodily.

"I was afraid so from your tone. These marriages."

"Run along in with your order," she said suddenly. "I'll look after your car. The others aren't picking me up at Pell Corner till five o'clock, so I've nothing to do."

I gave her a long look. After a moment the brown eyes fell.

"Do I look that sort of man ?" I said stiffly.

"No." She spoke so low that I could hardly hear her.

"Then why——"

"I beg your pardon," she said simply.

I handed her the order with a grave smile.

"I have come far," I said, "and it is important that I should see Tye to-day. That is my excuse for asking if I may accompany you."

Her eyes flashed.

"Why whip me ?" she said. "I've said I'm sorry."

For a moment we stood facing each other. Then—

"Curtain," said I. "Well, that's a jolly good scene. If the second act's half as good. . . ."

She broke into reluctant laughter. The situation was saved.

I took off my coat and flung it into the car. Together we walked to the door of the lodge. The keeper, who admitted us, promised to watch the car, and a minute later we were walking down the avenue.

It was the first real summer's day we'd had. Right at the end of May. Up to now the weather had been unpleasantly cold. The country was looking wonderful.

"So she's to be married next week," said I, "your friend."

The girl nodded.

"Shall you attend the obsequies ?"

"As bridesmaid. The only one, too. Oh !" She caught at my arm. "Isn't that lovely ?"

It was. At a bend of the avenue the house had come into view. It stood fair on the slope of a hill, long and low, its grey stone mellowed by many a summer sun, wistaria drooping about its lattices, a broad flagged terrace running along its front. From the terrace wide steps of living turf

led to a great greensward, which stretched on one side to the avenue and on the others to the fringe of the park itself. The timber was a great glory, oaks and elms and beeches of grave antiquity. On the sward itself towered a magnificent cedar. In the distance, rising and falling, the line of the famous woods stood up against the sky. The afternoon sun was striking the old place slantwise, making the windows flame and the trees fling long shadows across the grass.

"Glorious!" I exclaimed. "I wonder which room Queen Elizabeth had?"

"What a shame!" she said, laughing. "It's much too sweet to make fun of. Just faery."

"Well kept, too. That sward's perfect. And look at those grass steps."

"The practical man," said Bébé. "I wonder where they keep the lawn-mower?"

"Not at all," said I. "Gardeners came in long before Tye Gordon was raised. What about 'Richard Two,' where the gardener says, 'Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks, which, like——'" I hesitated.

"Go on."

"'Unruly children,'" said I. "You would have it, wouldn't you, Bébé?"

She looked at me critically. Then—

"Your hair's very untidy," she said.

"I know. But then the pleasure of meeting you was unexpected. Besides, you can't talk. Your eyes are all over the place."

"You know you're an impossible person," she said, smiling.

"On the contrary," said I, "I am extremely probable. Put your money on little Archibald. And now let's go to the house. Perhaps the caretaker will lend me a comb."

The entrance lay at the west side of the building. Here the avenue led to a wide paved court, from which a flight of handsome stone stairs rose to the front door. About the balustrade sat pigeons, sleeking themselves in the hot sun. But for them the place was deserted. For a minute we stood watching them. Then came the quick barking of a dog and a moment later a man's deep voice.

Round the corner of the house stepped a coachman, a Bedlington at his heels. A real coachman, spruce in his undress livery and bright jack boots, placid, pink-faced, well-liking. He welcomed us respectfully, glanced at the order and asked us to excuse him while he went back to the house. Then he would admit us by the front door. A minute or two later there was the noise of drawn bolts, and the door creaked on its hinges. Slowly we ascended the steps . . .

It was at the far end of an echoing gallery that Bébé put a hand to her head and swayed. I was just in time to catch her before she fell.

"Faint, sir?" said the coachman quickly.

"Looks like it," said I. "We'd better take her outside. The air'll pull her round. D'you think you could find some cushions and bring them down to the lawn. I'll carry her down. And some water."

"Very good, sir. I'll set the front door open for you as I go. You can find your way, sir?"

"Yes, thanks."

He hurried away, his boots clattering over the bare boards and down the great staircase. I followed with the girl in my arms. Half-way across the hall she stirred and opened the grave eyes. Then she started and put a hand on my arm, as if she would sit up.

"It's all right, Bébé," said I. "Lie still."

She flung a bare arm across her eyes, turning her face to my shoulder. I saw the colour surge into the white face.

Under the shadow of the great cedar I set her down, but she was on her feet in an instant.

"I'm a fool," she said passionately. "A fool. But I'm all right now. I don't know when I've done such a silly——"

"If you don't sit down at once," I said, "I'll pick you up in my arms again."

"But I'm all——"

I picked her up again. She was so light.

"After all," I said encouragingly, "it's the right place for a Bébé, isn't it?"

"I'll sit down," she said with a half laugh.

Once more I lowered her to the lawn. Then the coachman appeared, soft cushions and a great rug in his arms. Also he brought water.

The rug spread, she slipped on to it and sat sideways, the cushions piled under an elbow. She drank the water gratefully.

"Better?" said I.

She nodded. Then she turned to the coachman and thanked him charmingly. Again I filled her glass. Then—

"I think you should rest," said I. "If you are really better, I'm going to leave you alone for a little. Quite alone. If you call, I shall hear you. Otherwise I shall not come for a quarter of an hour."

Grave eyes thanked me, and the mouth smiled.

I turned to the coachman.

"I should like to see the stabling," I said.

When he had shown me the stables, I asked him of many things. All information he gave me readily. At the last—

"They won't sell me with the place, sir," he said sadly. "I only wish they would. I was born there, over the coach-house, forty-six years ago. Tye Gordon's the only home I have. They'll have their cars, sir, them that takes the old place. I know that. But if, likin' the stables, they had some thought of keepin' an old trap for luggage or errands, and if you an' me lady didn't happen to have a man in view . . ."

His voice tailed off pathetically.

"If the price isn't too high," I said, "I think a friend of mine will buy the place. If he does, I shall advise him to take you into his service. The lady will also ask him. And I think he will do it."

"You're very good, sir."

I left him and passed round to the great lawn.

My lady lay at full length, the cushions behind her head. I came and stood at her feet.

"How is she now?" said I.

"Please don't talk about it. There's nothing the matter now. Will you help me up?"

She stretched out a slim hand, and I pulled her to her feet. Together we strolled over the sward.

"He's a good fellow," I said meditatively. "The coachman, I mean. Of course, I am, too, but——"

"I think he's a dear," said Bébé. "The coachman, I mean. So attentive."

I stopped still. Then—

"Shall I go and fetch him?" I said.

Bébé burst out laughing and slipped her arm through mine.

"That's better," said I. "And now, my dear, as to the house. Shall we have it or not? Of course the one we saw yesterday had four box-rooms, and the bicycle-shed was a dream, but the view from the servants' bathroom——"

"Was very poor. I know. But d'you think we should get the piano into this drawing-room? The door's very low-pitched, while the key——"

"You forget it's only a *bébé* grand, my love. And the what-not would go on the second landing wonderfully. I measured it whilst you were stepping the housemaid's sink. Besides, there's a lovely stillroom here, if you want to be quiet."

"That's nice," she said reflectively, stooping to regard a small foot, "and of course I like the sundial, but doesn't it seem rather a shame to turn the old place into a private asylum?"

"I see your point," said I. "But then we're not certified. So no one would ever know. Besides, we might get all right again some day. However, if we don't take Tye, I expect Peter will."

"Peter?"—surprisedly.

"Yes, for Daffodil. You know, your best friend. Only don't you say so. It's to be a complete surprise—if it comes off."

She slipped her arm out of mine and stared at me.

"What do you know of Daffodil?" she said.

"Not very much, Bébé. I know she's the youngest of the three beautiful daughters of——"

"But how——"

I explained. I told her of my friendship with Peter and why I had come to Tye Gordon. I did not tell her that I was to be the best man.

When I had finished—

"I do hope they won't want too much for the old place," she said. "Dilly would love it so."

"If I told him you said that, I don't think Peter would worry about the price."

"Then do."

I pondered.

"I'm not sure I ought to," I said. "If Dilly's your friend, Peter's mine, and I oughtn't to let him be rushed, just because he's in love."

"But he wants to give it her, doesn't he?"

"Exactly. If somebody told him they'd heard she wanted Covent Garden or the Bakerloo Tube, he'd try to buy them before lunch. That's the state he's in."

"But they'd be much more expensive, and they're not half as nice."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said suddenly. "I'll have a talk with the best man. He's another old friend. Older than Peter. We were at school together. You'll meet him, of course. Such a good chap."

"Bother the best man," said Bébé. "What are you here for? Give Peter my love and say that you and I——"

"Like Tye so much that if he doesn't take it, we shall."

"Think it's a priceless place and that—— Oh, just make him have it. You will, won't you?"

She laid a hand on my shoulder and looked

up at me with her great eyes. I gazed back steadily. Then—

"I don't know which I like best," I said, "your eyes or your mouth."

Bébé lowered the former and looked at the springing turf. "Of course," she said slowly, "if it's a question of commission——"

"But it isn't," said I. "It's a question of taste. Besides, I don't—er—take commissions."

"No?"

"No, Bébé. Nor advantage either. And now I won't tease her any more. If I can do anything, and the price isn't wicked, Daffodil shall be mistress of Tye within the month."

She looked up quickly, an eager smile on her parted lips.

"Thank you," she said simply.

The fingers slipped from my shoulder. I took a deep breath. Then—

"End of the second act," said I.

She shot me a mischievous glance.

"How many acts are there?" she said.

"Only three," said I.

We strolled back to the house. The coachman was in the forecourt, feeding the pigeons. I tipped him and made a note of his name. He was very grateful. Then we thanked him for his services and passed into the avenue. When the house disappeared, I turned to the girl.

"The third act," I said, "is very exciting. The scene is laid between here and the next bend. You can see the lodge from there."

"What a pity you'll have to play it alone!" said Bébé.

I raised my eyebrows.

"I don't think the audience——" I began.

"Here and the next bend," murmured Bébé.

The next minute she was running as fast as her frock would let her. I watched the twinkling ankles amusedly. At the bend of the drive she stopped. I followed at a leisurely walk. As I came up—

"End of the third act," she said triumphantly.

I glanced down the avenue. The lodge was not in sight. Bébé was facing me. I took her by the shoulders and turned her round.

"Oh!" she said.

"Yes," said I, "I made a mistake." I pointed over her shoulder. "That's the last bend. I'll carry you so far. You must be tired with your run."

She looked up out of my arms.

"You said there were only three acts," she said reproachfully.

"So there are," said I. "This is an epilogue."

At the end of the reach I set her down and looked at her.

"I know which I like best now," I said.

Thoughtfully she drew on a glove. Then—

"Which?" she said softly.

* * * * *

On Wednesday the twenty-eighth Peter purchased Tye Gordon.

At twelve o'clock on Thursday, complete with gardenia, I entered the room.

"Oh, he's dressed," said Jill.

"Yes," said Berry, "it's a new rule. Didn't you know? In future all bridegrooms' supporters must come clothed."

"Look at our new trouserings," said Jonah.

"They're not new," I said indignantly. "Speak for yourself. I don't have to buy a new outfit just because——"

"Going to take Peter to lunch, dear?" said Daphne.

I nodded.

"Just to steady him," said I. "Well, so long." I turned to the door. "Mind you're not late."

"You might meet us at the Circus," said Berry; "we shall be coming by Tube—number four lift. Don't leave your gloves at the A. B. C."

* * * * *

The bride looked very beautiful, but the bridesmaid's face was a picture, the eyes grave as ever. But the mouth . . . After all . . .

THE BROTHERS

By J. D. SYMON

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

SEVEN o'clock had struck from the steeple of Bow Church.

John Richards, hearing the chimes, opened the door of his private room and looked out. In the outer office only the boy remained, whistling away his impatience and wondering if the governor had any more letters to copy to-night. The captive took his release as a soldier takes his deferred pay, and a moment later he was scampering up Old Jewry, bound for a coffee-shop, and then the pictures.

Richards went back to his room, closed the door, and sat down beside the fire, which he mended until a broad, comfortable blaze went roaring up the chimney. It was a bitter March evening, squally and with a hint of storm. The wind whistled eerily in the casement; occasional drifts of sleet rattled on the panes. Richards, although a warm-looking man, shivered and drew closer to the fire. His room was pleasant, almost luxurious, certainly opulent; the writing-table in the centre, with its neat piles of legal papers, told of abundant occupation.

"A fat practice," less fortunate men said enviously. Jack Richards was a lucky dog.

The lucky dog was, to look at, a picture of success. He had the heavy jowl and build, that suggestion of good living and broadcloth which typifies the City man. His features, without being handsome, were not unattractive in their cheerful ruddiness. An indulgent epicurean, Richards kept himself fit with golf, he was scrupulously groomed, alert, genial, one who held a square front to the world, and knew how to take and give sound knocks. He suggested rather the broker than the solicitor. That clear-cut hardness which so often marks the man of law was not discoverable in his nose and chin, but the eye, crafty and secret, proclaimed the man of many wiles. To-night it was restless and uneasy.

He looked at his watch, compared it with the clock on the mantelpiece, and, rising, went to a little cupboard in the corner. From it he took out a bottle of whisky and a siphon, mixed a stiff tumbler, drank it off, and sat down again with a sigh that might have been weariness. For five minutes he stared into the fire; then, reaching over to his writing-table, he picked up a letter, which he read through twice.

"I wonder," he said aloud, nodding at an empty chair on the other side of the fireplace. "I wonder," And he sighed again.

The half-hour struck. Was that a footstep in the outer office? Richards listened, and his eye seemed to grow furtive. The expected knock did not come, but a man entered, advanced to the fireplace, and, giving a curt nod, sat down in the empty chair. For a few seconds neither spoke. The visitor, a man about the same age as Richards, but of slight, even meagre build, and with the marks of hard fortune and harder living upon him, warmed his hands at the blaze and looked now and then at his host.

Richards made the first move.

"You're late, Dick."

"Yes, I'd to walk—*walk*, do you hear? Spent my last sou in a tea-shop at lunch-time, getting a bite."

"The old complaint, I see."

"Thanks to you, my lord," the other sneered.

"Don't be personal, Dick. You wanted to talk business. Here I am. Fire away."

"You haven't such a thing as a drink handy, have you, Jack?"

Richards shrugged his shoulders, went over to the cupboard, and gave the man what he asked.

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"That's good, no doubt," Dick said, setting down his glass untasted. "You were always a great judge of whisky, Jack."

Jack ignored the compliment.

"Well, I'm waiting," he said quietly. "What do you want?"

"To do myself a good turn."

"It's the first time."

"Possibly, but I know how to wait. I've waited ten years. It's just ten years to-night since——"

"Look here," Richards exclaimed, "what are you after? Come to the point; I've an engagement at nine o'clock."

"I think your engagement will wait. I've a lot to say. Yes, it's just ten years to-night. A long time, isn't it, eh? Not so long if you're rich and prosperous, perhaps. A longish time if you're starving. Ten years! Well, the hangman has sometimes waited longer, but he got his job in the end. Why do you shiver? Comfort yourself with a drop, Jack. Ha, ha! Drop—hangman! That's not so bad! I don't know that I like the idea of an execution in the family, Jack, but, after all, family ties haven't meant much to us, have they? You used to cheat me out of pocket-money at school, you cheated me at cards at college, you cheated me out of the girl I loved, you——"

"Hold your tongue, Dick. At least leave *her* out of it."

"As you please. There's plenty more to put in."

"Say what you've come to say and have done. You're tedious."

John tried to keep an unconcerned tone, but his breath came hard, his colour was uncertain, his eye was that of a hunted thing.

"Name your price," he said, with a dry tongue, "and go away."

"I'm not naming prices to-night, dear brother of mine. I may be broke, but I'm coming into money."

"Eh?"

"Fact."

"Glad to hear it."

"That's a lie! You never were glad to hear of anyone coming into money except Jack Richards. Yes, I'm coming into my own, and you're going out."

Jack looked at his brother in pity. Evidently the poor wastrel was hardly sane.

"Here's a five-pound note, Dick. Go away now, like a good chap, and get some dinner. Give me your address, and I'll send you your passage to any place you like, and give you a hundred pounds for a new start."

"No, thank you. The price is going to be a little higher than that. I've made myself too cheap all along, but to-night—to-night, mark you, you're going to pay in full, unless, of course, you've a fancy to keep an engagement with a public official, for two minutes or so, at nine of the clock some fine morning."

John laughed with a choke in his throat.

"Stop your fooling, Dick, and name your price."

"I don't want money, I tell you."

"What the deuce *do* you want?"

"That you do as I suggest."

"And that is?"

"Simply disappear."

"It's not so easy."

"Oh, I can help you there. You can have your passage money to any place you like, and a hundred pounds for a new start, but, besides that, you take nothing. You have no son; I'm next-of-kin. It all comes to *me*, to whom it really belongs. In any case, it's better than hanging. Take a reasonable view, Jack. You've no right to be here, you know. This night, ten years ago, your life, legally, came to an end."

"Don't talk nonsense. You have no proof."

"Haven't I?"

"Nothing worth anything as evidence. The only man who held that has been dead, long dead."

"It was convenient to let you suppose so."

"What!"

"Yes. After you bought his silence, and shipped Scales and me off to Rio, he wasn't comfortable, Jack. He knew you. He thought you'd manage to hire some easy-going ruffian out there to pump lead into him in a saloon row. So, as we wanted peace, I wrote and told you dear old Thomas Scales, M.D., had departed this life by reason of fever. But he's alive and well. He's here in London, and he remembers all the painful circumstances of Uncle James's last illness. Uncle James, you know, was peculiar. A lawyer himself, he didn't trust lawyers. A year before his death he made his own will—holograph—and entrusted it to the hands of his esteemed, if eccentric, physician, Dr. Thomas Scales. Everything was left to *me*, as Uncle James always told us it would be. Now, the will *you* produced, Jack——"

"Was of later date."

"I grant you that. But it's a forgery, my dear Jack, very pretty and ingenious——"

"You dare say that——"

"Don't strain at trifles, Jack. That's

nothing to the more serious business. Forget it, except that it makes it all the more proper for you to do me justice now. The more serious business is the method by which dear kind old Uncle James's days were shortened. Scales can explain all that in scientific terms, most illuminating, if difficult to the lay mind. He mentioned the word 'hyoscine.'"

"His mouth is shut for ever. He gave a certificate of death from natural causes."

"The Home Office might be content with a nominal penalty for that, in the case of King's evidence in a murder trial. Besides, Scales knows where to find the chemist who sold you the hyoscine."

"It's a dirty conspiracy! I'm ashamed of you, Dick! A Richards to stoop to this!" He paused and then continued in an even voice—

"You can't frighten me. I'll get you and Scales ten years if you try any tricks. Your story is worth just that"—Jack snapped his fingers—"without Uncle James's body, and that Nature has made sure of long ago."

"Not so fast. Scales is a man of science. He is also far-seeing. At the time when he gave you his broad hint that he *knew*, it was convenient for him to take advantage of your obvious terror and your hush-money. It suited him, too, just then to get out of the country; but, foreseeing better times, he injected Uncle James's mortal remains with a fluid that must have preserved it almost intact up to now. And the presence of hyoscine is a thing easy to be detected, even in less favourable cases. That, and the other will, and expert examination of the will you produced, will be enough."

"I question that. Neither you nor Scales come into Court with clean hands. You're both practically accessory after the fact. In any case, you compounded a felony."

"Yes, perhaps, but that doesn't save *you*. And *I* didn't compound. I'm not supposed to know till lately, when Scales told me about the former will. I'm the injured party, who hurried home to get his lawful rights. I've letters from Scales to prove this. We weren't together for years out in Brazil."

"But your letter about Scales's death?"

"I merely told you I'd heard of it, away up country. Look and see what I said."

Richards rose and unlocked the safe. He took out a letter and, as he read it, his hands trembled.

"And there's one other slightly damning point, my dear Jack. Criminals—I beg your pardon—*always* overlook something. It was strange that you, a man of law, forgot, in your eagerness to become Uncle James's heir, to put in the usual clause, 'I hereby revoke all former wills and codicils.' Now, Uncle James was precise. His training wouldn't have let him omit that, with the former will in his mind. The prosecution would notice that."

John came back to his chair and sat leaning his head on his hand. His forehead was damp, his face very pale. The other watched him, not cruelly, but with a look of quizzical irony.

"I think, John, you see that it will be best to disappear. A new start in a new country is indicated. It will be a satisfaction to know that your ne'er-do-well brother is now comfortable. Take, say, one thousand pounds—I won't be harsh. Your hat will be found in the river. Your body will never turn up. It's quite simple. 'Mysterious Disappearance of an Eminent Solicitor.' A nine days' wonder, and then no more. You have twenty-four hours to clear out. If on the third day after to-morrow you're not in the papers as 'Missing,' I'll get to work, and the Roehampton Mystery will begin to occupy the placards instead."

"By Heaven, it shan't! If I've to swing, you villain, it'll be for you, not for Uncle James!"

John sprang at his brother, his hands spread like eager talons, but the more agile Dick eluded him. John fell heavily against the wall. He lay for a while stunned. When he picked himself up, his brother had disappeared.

"That was a fool's move," he muttered, sinking into his chair again and passing his hand across his eyes. His brow felt wet. He looked at his hand, and found that it was covered with blood. He left the room, got water, and staunched the wound. It was only a slight cut.

Dizzy and confused, he returned to his desk, and sat for a long time staring at the orderly heaps of papers. He could not realise that he was done with them for ever. Those cases would never be carried through by him; this familiar place would know him no more. He was a condemned man, just as much as if he had faced the black-capped judge. Would Dick keep his word now, after that attack? Or would he pursue his hatred to an immediate issue? Well, he could do nothing to-night. Dick was too wily to discredit himself by any rash

"John sprang at his brother, his hands spread like eager talons."

action. No, there was safety for a little, only for a little.

He took up a pen and wrote to his managing clerk, saying he had been called out of town for a couple of days. He added some routine instructions. Yes, the thing looked natural. No, the writing was not at all shaky. He was himself again. Well, the game had gone against him at last. Who would have thought Dick was so deep? Ten years, ten years! In that time, he, John, had trebled Uncle James's fortune by hard work and sagacity. Oh, Dick had known what he was about—Dick, who could only

spend, never make; queer, and somehow clever. Well, he had got home this time.

A half chime sounded from Bow Church. Half-past eleven! Richards rose, put out the lights, and locked up. Old Jewry was empty except for a passing policeman, who gave the lawyer 'Good night.' Richards started at the greeting, then he laughed emptily and returned it. Shivering, he pulled up his collar. A cold rain was falling now, the streets were slippery, the City unutterably dreary and forlorn—a city of the dead.

Richards stopped and looked about for a taxi. He stamped to keep himself warm. The pavement sounded hollow to his foot; he looked down. A street lamp showed him that he was standing on the wooden cellar-flap of a public-house. His feet were exactly over the slit where the two leaves of the trap met. The trap! Horror! He put his hand to his throat and moved on.

A taxi splashed along the dripping street. Richards hailed it, gave an address in Kensington, and stumbled in, angry with himself. His nerves must be in a miserable state to be shaken by a mere cellar-flap. But the suggestion was inevitable. However, that was a remote contingency. Those villains were after his money, not his life. He ought to have shown a bolder front. But Dick had been horribly convincing. There was something uncanny about the way he had captured his brother's imagination. During that strange interview, death had seemed to be in the air.

It was midnight when Richards reached home. The house where he had lived alone since his wife died loomed up gaunt and dismal. There was a light only in the hall. All the windows were dark. The wind shrieked round the Crescent like an unquiet spirit. Uncle James's? Away with such sick fancies! He opened the door.

A discreet man of middle age came forward to take his master's coat and hat.

"We kept dinner till it was spoiled, sir," he said, respectfully reproachful, "and, sir——"

"Yes, Wilkins?"

"A person is here to see you—has been waiting two hours. I telephoned to the office, but there was no reply. The man said he must wait."

"Who is it?"

"An officer—a policeman, sir."

Richards caught his breath. The sweat filmed his forehead, his face turned the colour of clay.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, "where is he?"

From a seat in a corner of the hall the policeman rose and came forward.

"Mr. John Richards, sir?"

"That's my name. What do you want with me?"

"It has to do with a person calling himself your brother, sir—Mr. Richard Richards, from Brazil."

"That is my brother's name. Yes, go on."

"The gentleman was knocked down this evening by a taxi-cab and was taken to the hospital. He was badly injured, sir, but was able to give an account of himself. He sent a message to you."

"How is he now?"

"He's gone, sir, I regret to say. There was no hope from the first."

"Ah!" Richards's exclamation sounded like a sigh of relief. "And the message?"

"It was this, sir. I took it down." The officer produced his note-book, fumbled over the pages, and read in a formal voice—

"'Tell my brother I'm sorry I couldn't keep my appointment, but I'll get there, all the same, and, in any case, Scales will carry on my business.'"

Richards stared, his look of relief changing to one of horrified curiosity.

"What o'clock did the accident happen?" he asked.

"At seven, sir, or thereby."

"And he died?"

"Seven-thirty exactly, sir."

Both Wilkins and the policeman were over-awed by the look Richards turned from one to the other as he passed them and, without further words, began, leaden-footed, to go upstairs.

"The master has had a great shock," said Wilkins, as he bade the policeman good-night.

"Seems to me," said the policeman, "like a man as has seen a ghost."

A WASTED AFTERNOON

By M. M. OYLER

Illustrated by Howard Somerville

ISS MARSDEN came into the room rather breathlessly.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to go to Ranelagh with you this afternoon, after all, Martin," she said in a worried voice. "Such a tiresome thing has happened."

"I am very sorry," I said sympathetically. "What is it? Can't I help?"

"Well, you know that little green bag Aunt Clarissa gave me—the little green *suède* one?"

"Yes, quite well," I replied. "You surely haven't lost it again?"

Miss Marsden raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"Why do you say 'again' in that horrid way," she asked, "as if you thought I had lost it before?"

"I was not aware I had said it in a horrid way," I replied. "I must be more careful in future when I use the word 'again.' But you *have* lost it before, you know."

"Not the green one; it was my brown bag I lost last time," she asserted.

"I could not have been thinking of the last time, then," I said, "because it certainly was the green one that I remember your losing. Perhaps it was the last time but one."

"I've never lost the green one before," she said firmly.

"I am sorry to appear rude," I apologised, "but it is the green one I am thinking of."

"But this really *is* the first time I've lost it," she pleaded, with that pathetic look in her eyes, and all the dimples out of work.

"I have distinct recollections, after a *matinée*, of having to take a taxi back to the Haymarket in quest of this same green bag," I said with decision.

"Not the green one," she said.

"The green one," I insisted.

She shook her head with an air of quiet conviction.

"Oh, don't let's quarrel about the colour, please," she begged pitifully. "The question is that the green bag really is lost now, and I simply *must* find it again."

"But why this urgent need?" I asked. "You already have more bags of all kinds than you can keep under proper control; surely to be relieved of one or two would lessen your responsibilities and make life simpler for yourself, as well as for your friends."

"But you don't understand," she explained. "Aunt Clarissa gave it to me on my last birthday, and she's coming to stay with us this evening, and I know she'll want to see it—she always does want to see her presents—and then what shall I do?" And she looked at me, confident that I should suggest some way out of her dilemma; it is a way she has. I pondered for a few moments, then an idea occurred to me.

"Can't we go out and buy another just like it?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"That's just it; I thought of that at once. But Aunt Clarissa bought it somewhere abroad, and I've never seen one just like it, so that's no good." And she sighed heavily.

There was silence for some time, and then—

"What do you want me to do?" I inquired.

She looked relieved.

"Well, I thought we might go back to all the places I went to this morning," she said eagerly. "I may have left it in a shop, you know. Anyhow, I think it's worth trying, don't you?"

"Quite," I agreed. "And, provided you didn't drop it down a grating in the street, or leave it in a taxi or on the Tube, there are hopes."

"Then I'll go and get ready," she

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announced. "I won't be more than three minutes." So in less than half an hour we were waiting on the steps while Barnes called us a taxi.

"Where did you go to first?" I asked.

She reflected a moment before replying.

"To the library, to change some books for mother. We'd better go there, to start with, I think, don't you?" And I agreed.

On arriving at the library, Miss Marsden described with great fluency to a polite gentleman the shape, size, and colouring of the green bag, and exactly where she imagined she might have left it. The man seemed to take an optimistic view of the situation, and said that in all probability the bag had been found and taken to the manager's office. If we did not mind waiting a few minutes, he would make inquiries. So we sat down on a lounge and tried not to feel impatient.

"I think he seemed hopeful," Miss Marsden confided in me. "And *what* a nice face he had, quite good-looking! Do you know, he reminded me a little of Cousin Archie."

"Really," I answered. "I hope your Cousin Archie has not got a similar taste in waistcoats. Did you notice the one he's got on?"

"I didn't look at his waistcoat," she admitted; "it was his nice expression I was thinking about. And really," she continued, "a man's disposition is of far more importance than his outward appearance, don't you think?"

"I suppose so," I replied, "but I had never before imagined that you held those views. However, I am glad to know that you do; but if you act upon it, it will mean a considerable weeding out among your male acquaintances, won't it?"

She looked at me in a puzzled way.

"I don't think I quite understand what you mean," she said, and at that moment we saw Cousin Archie's prototype approaching.

"He's got it," Miss Marsden exclaimed excitedly, "he really has! *How* clever of him. Oh, what a darling! I feel as if I could hug him, Martin, I really do!"

"I think you had better curb any violent demonstration of affection," I said; "he may not be used to that sort of thing in the shop."

"How horrid you are," she pouted, "to be cross just when I'm so pleased! Now we shan't have to waste any more time rushing about looking for that stupid little bag; we might even go to Ranelagh, after all."

By this time the man had reached us, and, with a polite little bow, he held out the bag to Miss Marsden.

"It was found and taken to the manager, madam," he said.

She uttered a little exclamation of annoyance.

"But this is not my bag," she said. "Mine is a green *suède* one, and this is black leather, *surely*. I told you it was green *suède*," she went on pathetically.

The man looked down uncomfortably at the despised bag, which she was holding out to him at arm's length.

"I am very sorry, madam," he murmured apologetically.

"But don't you think you've made a mistake and brought the wrong bag?" Miss Marsden suggested. "Couldn't you go back and inquire again—*surely* you could?"

The man must have had a heart of stone to resist her appealing eyes.

"I am very sorry, madam," he repeated stolidly, "but the manager says that is the only bag that has been left here to-day."

So we sadly wended our way into the street again

"I can't imagine," said Miss Marsden with decision, "what made me think that man was like Cousin Archie. He really wasn't like him in the least; he'd got such a silly expression, so irritating, just the sort of face I hate. And what an atrocious waistcoat!"

"But, after all," I reminded her, "it is a man's disposition that really matters, not his outward appearance. I dare say that waistcoat covers a noble heart."

But she was apparently absorbed in subduing a refractory hatpin, so my observation was unheard.

"Where did you go to after the library?" I inquired. "We had better take them in the same order that you did."

"I went to Buszard's next," she answered.

"What on earth did you go to Buszard's for?" I demanded severely. "Surely even you could not begin ices so early in the morning?"

She looked rather guilty.

"Mother wanted me to order some cakes," she said hastily; "we always get our cakes at Buszard's."

"Provided you were not indulging in your evil practice of eating ices at all hours of the day," I said, "I am quite willing to accompany you to Buszard's, or anywhere else, but I do feel that your ice-eating habit needs checking."

"Yes, I suppose it does," she admitted

reflectively. "Oh, Martin, did you see the hat in that taxi? It was just the colour I've been trying to get." So the subject of ices—a very old one between us—was dropped.

At Buszard's, Miss Marsden went through the same voluble explanation about her missing bag, and described with wonderful fluency its appearance and probable contents, although about the latter she was more than a little vague.

"And if I didn't leave it here, where I was choosing the cakes," she finished up, "I may have left it on one of the tables. I will show you where I was sitting."

We followed her in silence.

"This is the place," she explained, "and I believe I remember leaving it on the table, now I come to think of it."

The waitress went away to make inquiries, and we sat down at the table.

"If you only came here to order cakes," I said accusingly, "may I ask for what reason you were sitting at a table?"

She looked at me apologetically.

"I really *did* come here to order cakes," she replied, "and then, as I was here, it seemed such a pity not to have an ice, and, oh, Martin"—coaxingly—"it was only such a teeny, weeny one, it really was!"

"'I can't make up my mind. Shall I have them both?'"

"I doubt it," I said sternly.

We sat there in silence for a few minutes, and I was conscious of her pleading eyes upon my face at last.

"I suppose I shall have to," I said ungraciously. "What kind do you want—strawberry, I suppose?"

"Yes, please," she answered happily, to the accompaniment of several dimples.

While she was eating her ice, she speculated on the possible and probable places her bag might be found.

"We really *can't* go home without it," she said. "There is still my milliner's. I shouldn't be at all surprised if I put it down while I was trying on that blue hat this morning."

"Another new hat?" I inquired.

"I wish you wouldn't speak as if I am always having new hats," she pouted. "I've hardly had anything fit to wear for months; you must know I haven't"—reproachfully.

"I had not noticed it," I replied.

By the time Miss Marsden's ice was finished, it had been discovered that the bag was not on the premises, and, as a last hope, we tried her milliner's. While we were waiting for the inquiries to be made, to

which by this time we were becoming quite accustomed, Miss Marsden remarked: "Oh, Martin, just look at that perfectly fascinating blue hat—that one over there! I must just try it on."

"But are you seriously contemplating adding to your already large collection of hats?" I asked.

"No," she said with decision, "I'm not thinking of buying one at all; but I simply *must* try it on and see if it suits me."

This seemed to me an inexplicable proceeding, but I patiently sat down to watch events.

A very dignified young woman, with a far-away expression, poised the alluring blue hat on Miss Marsden's dainty head, and very charming she looked in it.

"It is smart, isn't it?" she said, surveying herself from all points of view in a hand-glass. "I am not at all sure I shan't have it, after all." And then, catching sight of a wonderful structure of pink fluffy stuff and lace: "Oh, please, let me try that one on, too!"

The dignified young woman complied by placing it in the position previously occupied by the blue hat. The effect was certainly pleasing.

"I really think it suits me better than the blue, don't you, Martin?"—turning to me.

"I really don't feel competent to judge; I suppose it is all right," I admitted grudgingly.

"I really don't know which to have," she wavered. "Do help me to decide; I can't make up my mind. Shall I have them both?"

"Or neither?" I suggested. "I thought you said you did not intend buying a hat, that you only wanted to just look at them?"

The dignified young woman threw me a look of withering contempt. Miss Marsden turned to her hurriedly.

"Please send them both," she said, "and I will return whichever one I do not care for."

When we were once more in the street, the bag not having been discovered at the milliner's, I said—

"Where did you go next?"

"I went home," she answered sadly. "I walked, because it was so near. Oh, what *am* I going to say to Aunt Clarissa? Do think of something." However, by the time we reached the house, no suitable explanation had presented itself.

"She'll be so cross, and probably leave me out of her will," Miss Marsden averred, as we entered the hall.

"What did you do when you got home?" I inquired.

"Oh, I'm certain I'd lost it by then," she replied. "I know I hadn't it with me when I got home."

"Yes, but as we've followed your track all the afternoon, we'll go on to the end. Did you go and take off your things at once?"

"Yes—no. I'm sure I don't remember, and, anyhow, it's no use," she said hopelessly.

"Never mind," I insisted. "Try and think what you did."

"Oh, I remember! I went into Dad's study to 'phone to Archie"—leading the way as she spoke. "And Dad was here, and I—— Oh, Martin"—making a dart at something on the table as she spoke—"what a *pity* you didn't suggest looking here before, wasn't it? It would have saved us *such* a lot of trouble."

"It would, indeed," I agreed.

THE WHITE HORSES

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

ILLUSTRATED BY
A J GOUGH

IX. THE SCOTS AT MICKLEGATE.

MICHAEL was in high spirits as he rode for York with Christopher. He wore Puritan raiment, and it was troublesome to keep his steeple-hat safely on his head; but the wine of adventure was in his veins, and clothing mattered little.

"Once into York, my lad," he said, breaking a long silence, "and we shall get our fill of turmoil. There'll be sorties and pitched battle when Rupert comes."

Kit was always practical when he had his brother for companion. "We are not into York as yet. What plan have you, Michael?"

"My usual plan—to trust to luck. She's a bonnie mare to ride."

"But the papers we took from the three Roundheads in the tavern—we had best know what they pledge us to."

"The Prince was right, after all. He said that you would steady me. It is odd, Kit, but it never entered into my daft head to look at the papers; it was enough that they were our passport."

They drew rein, and Michael ran his eye down the papers. "They say that Rupert is marching fast for the relief of York—that will be no news to them by this time—that the Prince has inflicted disastrous reverses on their cause, at Bolton and by relieving Lathom House, and that, at any cost of life, York must be reduced before his coming. Oh, my lad, how all this plays into Rupert's hands!"

There was only one weakness in Michael's gay assurance that all was speeding well. When they reached the outposts of the enemy's lines, their way led them, as it chanced, to that quarter of the city which the Scots beleagured. Their garb, Michael's peremptory demand that the sentry should pass them forward to the officer in command, backed up by showing of his papers, had their effect. It was when they found themselves in the presence of five Parliament officers, seated at a trestle table ill supplied with food, that they began to doubt the venture.

"Who are these?" asked one of the five, regarding the strangers with mingled humour and contempt.

"They were passed forward by the sentry, Captain. That is all I know."

"Who are they?" laughed a young lieutenant. "Why, Puritans, both of them, and preachers, too, by the look of their wearing-gear. It needs no papers to prove that."

Michael was always steadied by surprise. They had garbed themselves so carefully; they were acknowledged as friends of the Parliament cause; he was at a loss to understand the chilliness of their reception. "Puritans, undoubtedly," he said, with a hint of his old levity, "but we've never been found guilty of the charge of preaching."

Captain Fraser glanced through the papers, and his air of rude carelessness changed. "This is of prime importance. By the Bruce, sirs, the Parliament has chosen odd-looking messengers, but I thank you for the bringing of your news."

Within ten minutes the Metcalfes were ushered into the presence of a cheery, thickset man, who proved to be Leslie, the general in command of the Scots. He, too, read the papers with growing interest.

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"H'm, this is good news," he muttered. "*At any cost of life.* That leaves me free. I've been saying for weeks past that famine and dissensions among ourselves will raise the siege, without any intervention from Prince Rupert. Your name, sir?" he asked, turning sharply to Michael.

Michael, by some odd twist of memory, recalled Banbury and the name of a townsman who had given him much trouble there. "Ebenezer Drinkwater, at your service."

"And you look it. Your face is its own credential. Well, Mr. Drinkwater, you have my thanks. Go seek what food you can find in camp—there may be devilled rat, or stewed dog, or some such dainty left."

Kit, who did not share his brother's zest in this play of intrigue, had a quick impulse to knock down the general in command, without thought of the consequences. The insolence of these folk was fretting his temper into ribbons.

"Come, brother," said Michael, after a glance at the other's face. "We can only do our work, not needing praise nor asking it. Virtue, we are told, is in itself reward."

A gruff oath from Leslie told him that he was acting passably well; and they passed out, Kit and he, with freedom to roam unmolested up and down the lines.

"What is your plan?" asked Kit impatiently.

"We must bide till sundown, and that's an hour away. Meanwhile, lad, we shall roam about the lines with open ears and quiet tongues."

They went about the camp, and everywhere met ridicule and a hostility scarcely veiled; but there was a strife of tongues abroad, and from many scattered drifts of talk they learned the meaning of the odd welcome they had found. The Scots, it seemed, had found the rift grow wider between themselves and the English who were besieging York's two other gates. The rift had been slight enough when the first joy of siege, the hope of reducing the good city, had fired their hearts. Week by week had gone by, and month after month; hunger and a fierce drought had eaten bare the countryside, and waning hope had shown them to each other as they were. Hardships are apt to eat through the light upper-crust of character.

The Metcalfes learned that the dour Scots and the dour Puritans were at enmity in the matter of religion; and this astonished them, for they did not know how deep was the Scottish instinct for discipline and order in their Church affairs—how fiery its devotion to the mystic call. They learned, too—and this was voiced more frequently—that they resented the whole affair of making war upon a Stuart King. They had been dragged into the business somehow; but ever at their hearts—hearts laid bare by privation and ill-health—there was the song of the Stuarts, bred by Scotland to sit on the English throne and to grace it with great comeliness.

It was astounding to the Metcalfes, this heart of a whole army bared to the daylight. There had been skirmishes, they heard, between Lord Fairfax's men and the Scots. The quarrel was based ostensibly on some matter of foraging in each other's country; but it was plain that the Scots were glad of any excuse which offered—plain that they were more hostile to their allies than to the common enemy. Then, too, there was mutiny breeding among the soldiery, because their scanty pay was useless for the purchase of food at famine prices.

"We must find a way in," said Michael by and by. "The garrison should know all this at once. They could sortie without waiting for the Prince's coming."

The Barbican at Micklegate was too formidable an affair to undertake. What Michael sought was some quieter way of entry. They had reached the edge of the Scottish lines by now. The clear red light showed them that odd neck of land bounded by Fosse Water and the Ouse, showed them the Castle, with Clifford's Tower standing stark and upright like a sentry who kept watch and ward. Within that neck of land were Royalists who waited for the message, as lovers wait at a stile for a lady over-late.

"We *must* win in," said Michael.

"Well, brothers," said a gruff voice behind them, "are you as sick to get into York as we are? You're late come to the siege, by the well-fed look of you."

"Just as sick," assented Michael cheerfully. "By the look of you, you're one of Lord Fairfax's men at Walmgate Bar. Well, it is pleasant to be among good Puritans again, after the cold welcome given us by the Scots at Micklegate."

So then the trooper talked to them as brother talks to brother. Within five minutes they learned all that the English thought of their Scottish allies, and what they thought would not look comely if set down on paper.

Michael warmed to the humour of it. The man with the heart of a Cavalier and the

raiment of a Puritan hears much that is useful from the adversary. He told of their late errand, the safe delivery of their papers, and the contents. He explained—confidentially, as friend to friend—that he had an errand of strategy, and must get into York before sundown. Was there any quiet way of entry?

"Well, there's what they call a postern gate nigh handy," said the trooper, with the burr in his speech that any Wharfedale man would have known. "D'ye hear the mill-sluice roaring yonder? Though it beats me how she can roar at all, after all this droughty season."

"It has been a dry time and a dreary for our friends," put in Michael, with unctuous sympathy.

"Drear? I believe ye. If I'd known what war and siege meant, the King might have bided at Whitehall for ever—Star Chamber taxes or no—for aught I cared. At first it rained everything, save ale and victuals; and then, for weeks on end, it droughted. There's no sense in such weather."

"But the cause, friend, the cause. What is hardship compared with the Parliament's need?"

"Parliament is as Parliament does. For my part, I've got three teeth aching, to my knowledge, and two other-some beginning to nag. You're a preacher, by the look o' ye. Well, spend a week i' the trenches, and see how it fares with preaching. There's no lollipops about this cursed siege o' York."

Kit could only marvel at his brother's grave rebuke, at the quietness with which he drew this man into talk—drew him, too, along the bank of Fosse Water till they stood in the deafening uproar of the weir.

"There's the postern yonder," said the trooper—"Fishgate Postern, they call it. Once you're through on your errand, ye gang over Castle Mills Brigg, and the durned Castle stands just beyond."

Michael nodded a good-day and a word of thanks, and hammered at the postern gate. A second summons roused the sentry, who opened guardedly.

"Who goes there?" he asked, with a sleepy hiccough.

Kit thrust his foot into the door, put his whole weight against it, and only the slowness of rusty hinges saved the sentry from an untimely end. "You can talk well, Michael, but give me the doing of it," he growled.

Kit gripped the sentry, neck and crop, while Michael bolted the door. Then they pushed their captive across Mills Bridge, and found themselves in the evening glow that lay over St. George's Field. For a moment they were bewildered. The roar of the mill-sluice had been in their ears so lately that the quietness within York's walls was a thing oppressive. The sounds of distant uproar came to them, but these were like echoes only, scarce ruffling the broad charity and peace of the June eventide. They could not believe that eleven thousand loyalists, horse and foot, were gathered between the city's ramparts.

The sentry, sobered by the suddenness of the attack and Kit's rough handling, asked bluntly what their business was. "It's as much as my skin is worth, all this. Small blame to me, say I, if I filled that skin a trifle over-full. Liquor is the one thing plentiful in this cursed city. What is your business?"

"Simple enough," said Michael. "Go find my Lord Newcastle and tell him two Puritans are waiting for him. They are tired of laying siege to York, and have news for his private ear."

"A likely tale!"

"Likelier than being throttled where you stand. You run less risk the other way. What is the password for the day?"

"Rupert of the Rhine," said the other sullenly.

"That's a good omen, then. Come, man, pluck your heart out of your boots and tell Lord Newcastle that we knocked on the gate and gave the countersign. Tell him we wait his pleasure. We shall shadow you until you do the errand."

The sentry had a gift of seeing the common-sense of any situation. He knew that Newcastle was in the Castle, closeted with his chief officers in deliberation over the dire straits of the city. Newcastle listened to his tale of two big Puritans—preachers, by the look of them—who had found entry through the postern by knowledge of the password.

"So they wait our pleasure, do they?" said Newcastle irascibly. "Go tell them that when my gentlemen of York go out to meet the Puritans, it will be beyond the city gates. Tell them that spies and informers must conform to their livery, and come to us, not we to them. If they dispute the point—why, knock their skulls together and pitch them into Castle Weir."

"They are big, and there are two of them, my lord."

A droll Irishman of the company broke into a roar of laughter. The sentry's face was so woebegone, his statement of fact so pithy, that even Newcastle smiled grimly. "Soften the message, then, but bring them in."

To the sentry's astonishment, the two Puritans came like lambs at his bidding; and after they were safely ushered into the Castle dining-hall, the sentry mutely thanked Providence for his escape, and went in search of further liquor. As a man of commonsense, he reasoned that there would be no second call to-night at a postern that had stood unchallenged for these three weeks past.

Michael, when he came into the room, cast a quick glance round the company. He saw Newcastle and Eythin, and a jolly, red-faced Irishman, and many others; and memory ran back along the haps and mishaps of warfare in the open to a night when he had swum Ouse River and met just this band of gentlemen at table. He pulled his steeple-hat over his eyes and stood there, his shoulders drooping, his hands crossed in front of him.

"Well?" demanded Newcastle, his temper raw and unstable through long caring for the welfare of his garrison. "If we are to discuss any business, you may remove your quaint head-gear, sirs. My equals uncover, so you may do as much."

"Puritans do not, my lord," Michael interrupted. "What are men that we should uncover to them?"

"Men circumstanced as we are have a short way and a ready with cant and steeple-headed folk."

"Yet the password," insisted the other gently. "*Rupert of the Rhine*. It has a pleasant sound. They say he is near York's gates, and it was we who brought him."

The Irishman, thinking him mad or drunk, or both, and irritated beyond bearing by his smooth, oily speech, reached forward and knocked his hat half across the room.

"Oh, by the saints," he roared, "here's the rogue who came in last spring, pretty much in the clothes he was born in, after swimming Ouse River—the jolly rogue who swore he'd find Rupert for us."

"At your service, gentlemen—as dry as I was wet when we last encountered. Will none of you fill me a brimmer?"

Lord Newcastle, if something of an amateur in warfare and its tactics, was a great-hearted man of his world, with a lively humour and a sportsman's relish for adventure. He filled the brimmer himself, and watched Michael drain half of it at one thirsty, pleasant gulp. "Now for your news," he said.

"Why, my lord, I pledged the Metcalfe honour that we'd bring Rupert to you, and he lies no further off than Knaresborough."

"Good," laughed the Irishman. "I said you could trust a man who swore by the sword he happened not to be carrying at the moment."

"And your friend?" asked Newcastle, catching sight of Christopher, as he stood moving restlessly from foot to foot.

"Oh, just my brother—the dwarf of our big company. Little, but full of meat, as our Yoredale farmers say when they bring small eggs to market. To be precise, Kit here is worth three of me. They called him the White Knight in Oxford."

So Kit in his turn drank the heady wine of praise; and then Michael, with swift return to the prose of everyday, told all he knew of Rupert's movements, all that he had learned of the famine and dissension outside the city gates.

"The Prince bade you all be ready for the sortie when he came," he finished. "For my part, I think we might sortie now and save him the trouble of scattering these ragabouts."

"Ah, life's a droll jade," murmured the Irishman. "We fancied they were doing fairly well out yonder, while we were cooped up here like chickens in a pen. Will you give me the sortie, my lord? The light's waning fast."

"Ay, lead them, Malone," laughed Newcastle. "I shall be glad to give mettled colts their exercise."

The sentry at the Mills postern gate was enjoying evil luck to-night. He had scarcely settled himself on his bench inside the gate, a tankard of ale beside him, and a great faith that the odds were all against his being disturbed twice in the same evening, when there came a splutter of running feet outside and a knocking on the door. Memory of the earlier guests was still with him, sharpened by the sting of aches and bruises.

"No more gentle Puritans for me," he growled. "They can knock as they list; for my part, I'm safer in company with home-brewed ale."

He listened to the knocking. Drink and his rough experience of awhile since, between them, brought a coldness to his spine, as if it were a reed shivering in some upland gale.

The warmth returned to him. A voice he knew told him of what had happened outside York, and insisted that its bearer should bring the good news in.

"Why, Matthew, is it only thee?" asked the sentry, his mouth against the spacious keyhole.

"Who else? Open, thou durned fool. My news willun't bide."

Lord Newcastle had scarcely given consent to the sortie, when the sentry came again to the dining-chamber, pushing in front of him a lean, ragged figure of a man who seemed to have found a sudden shyness, until Michael burst into a roar of laughter. "Here's a gallant rogue! It was by his help I won into York last spring. Sutler, I thank you for the donkey purchased from you."

"Is she well, sir?" asked the other eagerly. "I aye had a weakness for the skew-tempered jade."

"Come, your news?" snapped Newcastle.

"It's this way, gentles. I can talk well enough when I'm selling produce for the best price it will fetch—and prices rule high just now, I own—but I'm shy when it comes to talking wi' my betters."

"Then put some red wine into your little body," laughed Malone. "It's a fine remedy for shyness."

"And thank ye, sir," said the rogue, with a quiet, respectful wink. "I'm aye seeking a cure for my prime malady."

"Well?" asked Newcastle, after the cup was emptied.

"It tingles right down to a body's toes, my lord—a very warming liquor. As for what I came to say, 'tis just this. I'm for the King myself. I never could bide these Parliament men, though I sell victuals to 'em. I come to tell ye that there's no siege of York at all. It's gone away, like a li'le red fox when hounds are after it."

He told them, in slow, unhurried speech, how news had come that Rupert lay at Knaresborough, how the Parliament men had gone out to meet him on the road to York, glad of the chance of action, and trusting by weight of numbers to bear down the man who had glamoured England with the prowess of his cavalry.

Confusion followed. Some — Newcastle himself among them—were eager to send out what men they could along the Knaresborough road to aid Rupert. Others insisted that the cavalry men and their horses were so ill-conditioned after long captivity that they could not take the road to any useful purpose. A sharp sortie, packed with excitement, was a different matter, they said, from a forced march along the highway.

When the hubbub was at its loudest, another messenger came in. The Prince sent his compliments to Lord Newcastle, and had taken his route by way of Boroughbridge, "lest the enemy should spoil a well-considered plan," that Goring was with him, that they might look for him between the dusk and the daylight. The messenger added that the Prince had his good dog Boye with him, and he knew that the hound carried luck with him even in fuller measure than his master.

"Ah, the clever head of the man!" said Malone. "I never owned that quality myself. He'll be meaning to cross Swale by way of Thorton Brigg, and all as simple as a game of hide-and-seek."

It was not quite so simple. An hour later word came that Rupert had encountered a strong force of Parliament men at the Brigg. They were guarding a bridge of boats that stretched across the Swale; but Rupert had scattered them, and still pressed forward.

Throughout York the contagion spread—the contagion of a fierce unrest, a wild thanksgiving, a doubt lest it were all a dream, too good to take real shape and substance. For this they had longed, for this they had suffered hunger and disease, hoping always that Rupert of the Rhine would come on a magic horse, like some knight of old, to their relief. And he was near.

The watch-towers were crowded with men looking eagerly out into the gloaming; but a grey mist shrouded all the plain beyond the walls. Women were sobbing in the streets, and, when asked their reason by some gruff passer-by, explained that they must cry, because joy hurt them so.

And then, after long waiting, there came a shouting from the mist outside, a roar of horsemen and of footmen. And they knew the good dream had come true at last.

There is a grace that comes of hero-worship—grace of the keen young buds that burst in spring. There is a warmth, as of rain and sunshine, bringing all the land to child-birth. It knows no counterfeit.

Rupert was here. Privation was forgotten. Wounds became so many lovers' tokens, and the world went very well with York.

"As God sees me, gentlemen," said Lord Newcastle to those about him, "I take no shame to bend my knees and thank Him for this gallant business."

A message came from Rupert. He would camp outside the walls that night, and would be glad if my Lord Newcastle and his friends would come to him on the morrow. "We shall breakfast—if any is to be had—a little late," the message ended. "My men have had a forced march."

"Ay, always his men and their needs," laughed Malone, the Irishman. "What a gift he has for leadership!"

When the morrow came, Michael and Kit were astonished that Lord Newcastle bade them join the few officers he took with him to meet the Prince outside the walls.

"It was you who brought him to us, gentlemen," he explained, with a cheery nod. "We hold you in peculiar honour."

The meeting itself was unlike Kit's hot-headed pictures of it, framed beforehand. Prince Rupert, straight-shouldered and smiling, was obviously dead weary. His body was that of a usual man, but his head and heart had been big enough to guide some thousands of soldiers who trusted him from Oxford to the plain of York, and none goes through that sort of occupation without paying the due toll. His eyes were steady under the high, wide brows; but the under-lids were creased and swollen, and about his mouth the tired lines crossed and inter-crossed like spiders' webs. Only Boye, the hound, that had gathered superstition thick about his name, was true to Kit's dream of the meeting: and Boye, remembering a friend met at Oxford, came and leaped up to lick his hand.

"Homage to gallantry, Lord Newcastle," said Rupert, lifting his hat.

"It was well worth while," said Newcastle, and got no further, for his voice broke.

"The day augurs well," went on the other by and by. "I like to fight in good weather. Wet clothes are so devilishly depressing."

"But the siege is raised, your Highness. All York is finding tattered flags to grace your welcome in."

"They are kind, but flags must wait. We propose to harry the retreat."

"The retreat," said Eythin quietly, "is so ready for civil war among itself that we should be well advised to leave it to its own devices."

Michael, with the eye that saw so much, caught a glance of challenge that passed from Eythin to the Prince. And he guessed, in his random way, that these two were enemies of long standing. He did not wonder, for he had met few men whom he misliked as he did Eythin.

"Indeed," put in Newcastle, in great perturbation, "we are very rusty. Our men and horses are cramped for want of exercise and food."

"Ah, the gallop will unstiffen them. My lord, we pursue and give battle. It is my own considered judgment—and, more, the King's orders, which I carry, are explicit on that point."

So Newcastle heaved a sigh of relief. The King commanded, and that decided the matter. For himself, he was so glad to be free of wakeful nights and anxious days, so willing to hand over the leadership he had carried well, that imminent battle was in the nature of recreation.

Rupert had mapped out his plans with a speed as headlong and unerring as his cavalry attacks. The rebel army was encamped on the high ground bordering Marston Moor. He would take the route at once, and my Lord Newcastle must follow with the utmost expedition. He could wait with his men, before giving battle, until the garrison of York joined forces with him. Even united, they would be outnumbered; but they were used to odds. They must this day sweep treason out of the North, once for all, and send good news to the King.

Rupert carried them with him. He was on fire with victories won, with faith in victories to come. The one man unmoved was Eythin, who, disappointed in himself and all things, had long since kennelled with the cynics.

"The higher one flies, the bigger the drop to ground," he muttered.

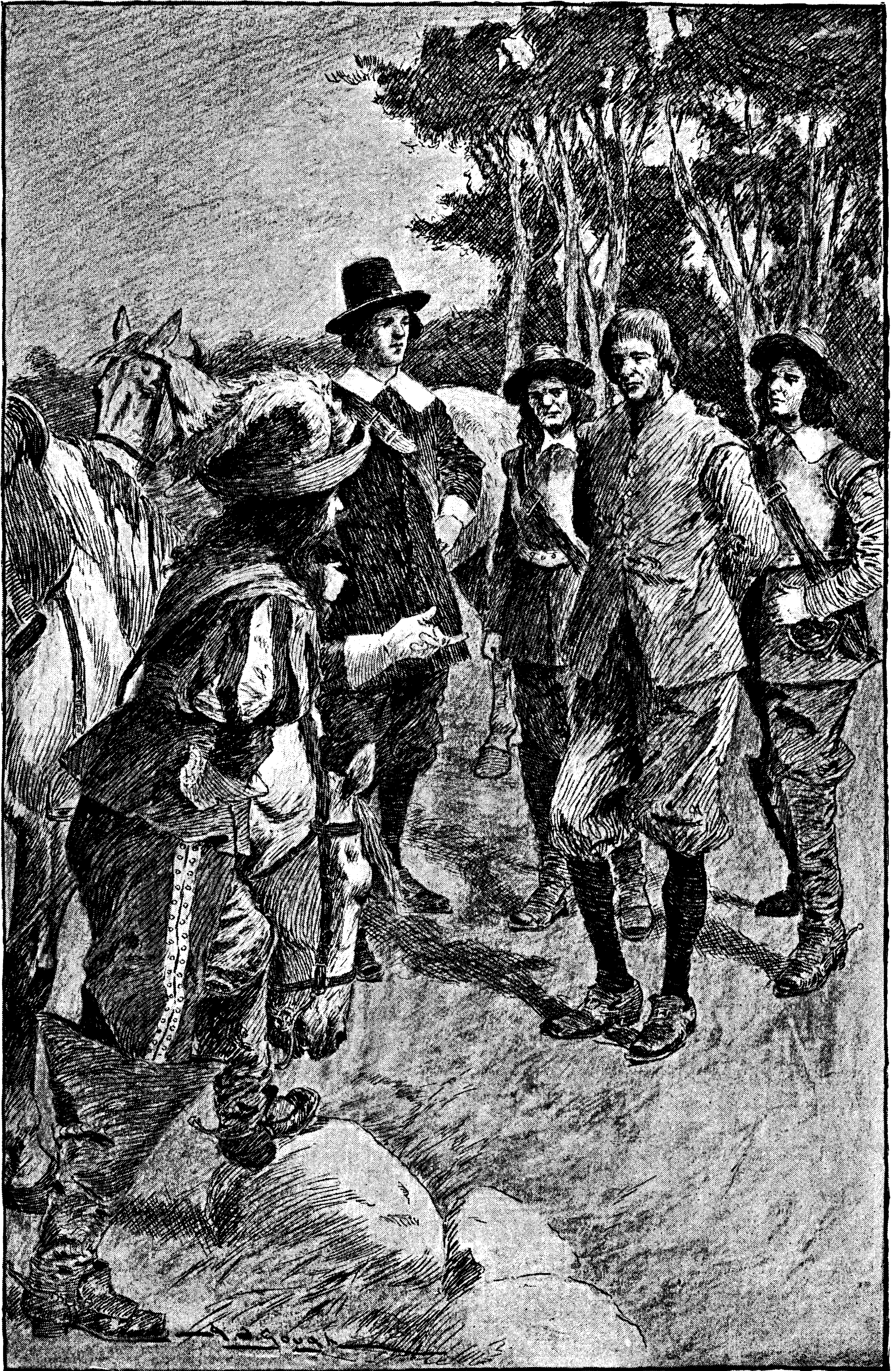
"Ay," said Michael, who was standing close beside him, "but the man who never dares to fly, he lives and dies an earthworm."

"I shall cross swords with you for that pleasantry," drawled Eythin.

"Here and now, then," snapped Michael.

It was Rupert, who never forgot the record of friend or enemy, who interposed. "Gentlemen, I am in command. You may kill each other afterwards, if Marston Moor does not dispatch the business without further trouble. Mr. Metcalfe," he added, "you will ride with me and your brother. It is as well to keep spark from gunpowder just now, and Lord Eythin has work to do in York."

When they set out along the dusty road, the brothers mounted on horses going riderless about the late Roundhead camp, Rupert would have them trot beside him, and chatted pleasantly. They could not understand the quiet deference and honour given them at



"'So thou'rt the man they call Rupert?' he said. 'Well, ye look it.'"

every turn of these roughriding days. But Rupert understood. Into the midst of jealousies at Oxford—petty rivalries of man against man, when the Crown and soldiers' lives were in the losing—had come the Riding Metcalfes, honest and selfless as God's sunlight, brave to fight well and to be modest.

The day grew insufferably hot. Rupert's promise of good weather proved him no weather prophet. Any farmer could have told him what was meant by the stifling heat, the steely sky, the little puffs of wind that were hot and cold by turns.

"A lover's wind," said Rupert lightly, as a fiercer gust met them up the rise of Greet Hill. "It blows east and west, twice in the same minute."

"It blows for a big storm, your Highness," Kit answered, in all simplicity. "The belly of the hills is crammed with thunder."

"Let it break, then, if it must. Meanwhile, our clothes are dry. And, talking of lover's weather, Master Christopher, I was entrusted with a message to you from Knaresborough. I met a lady there, as we passed through—a pretty lady, well gowned and shod, in spite of these disastrous times—and she asked me if a little six-foot youth of the Riding Metcalfes were still alive."

"But who should ask for me in Knaresborough?"

"Were there so many, then? I begin to doubt you, my White Knight."

It was later, as they neared Marston, that the Prince drew Christopher aside. He seemed to have a queer tenderness for this lad to whom life showed a face of constancy and trust. "I told Miss Bingham you were in rude health; and I break confidence, maybe, when I tell you that her eyes filled with tears. Well, forget her till after this day's work is done."

Kit answered nothing, and showed instinctive wisdom. Miss Bingham was no more than a pleasant ghost who had nursed his weakness, and afterwards had sat beside him on the ferry-steps that dipped to the waters of Nidd River. His thoughts lately had been all of battle and the high endurance; but now, as he remembered Joan Grant and the way of her, and the primroses that had starred the lanes of his wooing-time in Yoredale, he knew that he must do well at Marston Moor.

The dust and swelter of the ride grew burdensome. Boye, the hound, ran beside his master with lolling tongue.

"Never look so woebegone," laughed Rupert, leaning from saddle to pat the brute's head. "We're to have a glorious day, Boye, and you the luck of it."

Kit had first realised at Oxford how deeply Boye was embroiled in this war of King and Parliament. To the Royalists he was their talisman, the touchstone of success. To the enemy he was a thing accursed, the evil spirit harbouring the body of a dog; they had essayed to shoot and poison him, and found him carrying a charmed life. Their unkempt fancy ran so wild as to name him the worst Papist of the Stuart following, because he went often with Rupert to kirk, and showed great reverence in a place holy to his master. Christopher recalled how the Prince had laughed once when a friend had told him what the Roundhead gossip was. "It's an odd charge to lay against a dog," he had said, "that he's a better Catholic than they."

And now, with battle close ahead and the big deed in the making, Rupert had found leisure to see Boye's hardship and to cheer him forward on the dusty road. He caught Christopher's glance of wonder—as, indeed, he saw most things in these days of trouble—and smiled with disconcerting humour.

"After all, Master Christopher, I've found only three things to love in my hard life—loyalty to the King, and my brother Maurice, and the good Boye here. Love goes deep when its bounds are set in such a narrow compass."

He said nothing of his fourth love—the high regard he had for the Duchess of Richmond—the love that had so little of clay about it, so much of the Pole Star's still, upleading glamour. Instead, he bustled forward on the road; and about noon the vanguard of his army found itself on Marston Moor. It was a wild country, clumps of bog and gorse and heather islanding little farmsteads and their green, intaken acres. On the slopes above, wide of Tockwith village, they could see the smoke of camp fires and the passing to and fro of many Roundheads, hefty in the build.

"They were ever good feeders," said Rupert lightly.

His whole face was changed. The lines of weariness were gone. The surety of battle near at hand was stirring some vivid chord of happiness. It was a sane happiness, that sharpened brain and eye. The country was so flat that from the saddle he could see the whole range of this battlefield in prospect. He marked the clumps of intake—bean-fields white with flower, pastures browned by the drought, meadows showing

fresh and green after last week's ingathering of the crop. He saw Wilstrop Wood beyond, and the ditch and ragged fence half between Wilstrop and the hill on which the Parliament men were eating a good dinner for the first time in many months.

"My right wing takes position this side the ditch," said the Prince at last, pointing to a gap in the hedge where a rough farm-lane passed through it. "Now that is settled, gentlemen, I'm free of care. Mr. Metcalfe," he added, turning to Michael, "go find your kinsmen and bid them join me. It is the only honour I can give them at the moment; and the King's wish—my own wish—is to show them extreme honour."

Christopher remained in close attendance on the Prince. The most surprising matter, in a nine months' campaign of surprises, was Rupert's persistent memory for the little things, of grace and courtesy, when battle of the starkest kind was waiting only for the arrival of Lord Newcastle and the garrison of York.

"They'll not be here within the hour," said Rupert, "and this is a virgin country, so far as food goes. My men shall dine."

He knew his men. After a rousing charge, and a red lane mown along the track their horses took, he had no control of them; they must pillage as they listed. Before the combat, he could trust their pledge to take no more than an hour to dine, to be prompt at the muster afterwards, as he trusted his own honour.

It was an odd hour of waiting. Messengers galloped constantly from the York road, saying there was no speck of dust to show that Newcastle was coming with reinforcements. Rupert's men, with the jollity attending on a feast snatched by unexpected chance, began to reassemble. Two o'clock came, and the heat increasing. Overhead there was a molten sky, and the rye-fields where the enemy were camped showed fiery red under the lash of a wild, pursuing wind.

It was not until another hour had passed that Rupert began to lose his keen, high spirits. He was so used to war in the open, to the instant summons and the quick answer, that he could not gauge the trouble of York's garrison, the slowness of men and horses who had gone through months of wearisome inaction. It is not good for horse or man to be stabled overlong out of reach of the free pastures and the gallop.

About half after three o'clock some of his company brought in to Rupert a big country-looking fellow, and explained that they had captured him spying a little too close to the Royalist lines.

"What mun we do to him?" asked the spokesman of the party, in good Wharfedale speech. "We've hammered his head and ducked him i' th' horse-pond, and naught seems to serve. He willun't say *down wi' all Croppies.*"

"Then he's the man I'm seeking—a man who does not blow hot and cold in the half-hour. Your name, friend?"

"Ezra Wood, and firm for the Parliament."

"We hold your life at our mercy," said Rupert, with a sharp, questioning glance. "Tell us the numbers and disposition of Lord Fairfax's army."

"As man to stark man, I'll tell ye nowt. My mother sat on one stool while she nursed me, not on two."

Rupert had proved his man. The pleasure of it—though Ezra Wood happened to be fighting on the other side—brought the true Prince out of hiding. Through fatigue of hurried marches, through anxiety because York's garrison lingered on the way, the old Crusader in him showed.

"Is Cromwell with your folk?" he asked.

"He is—staunch in prayer and staunch in deed."

"Then go free, and tell him that Prince Rupert leads the right wing of the attack. I have heard much of his Ironsides, and trust to meet them on the left wing."

Ezra Wood had no subtleties, which are mistaken now and then for manners. He looked Rupert in the face with a hard sort of deference. "So thou'rt the man they call Rupert?" he said. "Well, ye look it, I own, and I'll carry your message for ye gladly."

"And you'll return, under safe-conduct, with his answer."

About five of the afternoon—all Marston Moor ablaze with a red, unearthly light—the first of the York men came in. Rupert's impulsive welcome grew chilly when he saw that Lord Eythin led them; and Boye, whose likes and dislikes were pronounced, ran forward growling.

"Whistle your dog off, sir—whistle him off," said Eythin irritably.

Rupert, with a lazy smile, watched Boye curvet round Eythin in narrowing circles. "Why should I?" he asked gently. "He never bites a friend."

Eythin reddened. Memory of past years returned on him, though he had thought the record drowned in wine and forgotten

out of sight. He asked fussily what plans Rupert had made for the coming battle.

"Monstrous!" he snapped. "Oh, I grant you've a knowledge of the charge, with ground enough in front to gather speed. But what are your cavalry to make of this? You stand to wait their onset, and their horses are heavy in the build."

Rupert nodded curtly. "Get your men into line, sir. You are here to fight under orders, not to attend a council of war."

As Eythin withdrew sullenly, a sudden uproar came down the wind. Then the shouting, scattered and meaningless at first, grew to a rousing cry of "A Mecca for the King!" Michael glanced at Christopher, and pride of race showed plainly in their faces.

"Ah," laughed Rupert, "it was so they came when we played pageantry before the King at Oxford. Go bring your folk to me, Mr. Metcalfe."

They came, drew up with the precision dear to Rupert's heart, saluted briskly. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am proud to have you of my company. Is my Lord Newcastle near Marston yet?"

The Squire of Nappa explained that those under Newcastle's command had suffered most during the late siege—men and horses were so weak from illness that no zeal in the world could bring them faster than a foot-pace. He knew this, because he had passed them on the road, had had speech of them. Lord Newcastle himself, a man no longer young, had kept a long illness at bay until the siege was raised, and now he was travelling in his coach, because he had no strength to sit a horse.

"Oh, I had forgotten!" said Rupert. "All's in the losing, if they take overlong. I should have remembered, though, that the garrison needed one night's sleep at least."

While they talked, Ezra Wood returned with the trooper sent to give him safe-conduct through the lines and back again. He did not salute—simply regarded Rupert with dour self-confidence. "General Cromwell sends this word to Prince Rupert—that, if his stomach is for fighting, he shall have it filled."

Rupert was silent. Cromwell, it seemed, had missed all the meaning of the challenge sent him; war had not taught him yet the nicer issues that wait on bloodshed. He stooped to pat Boye's head with the carelessness that had angered many a council of war at Oxford. Then he glanced at Ezra Wood.

"There is no General Cromwell. The King approves all commissions of that kind. Go tell Mr. Cromwell that we are waiting for him here."

Cromwell, when Ezra Wood returned and found him, was standing in the knee-deep rye, apart from his company. His eyes were lifted to the sky, but he saw none of the signs of brewing storm. He was looking into the heaven that he had pictured day by day and year by year when he rode in the peaceful times about his snug estate in Rutland. Then, as now, he was cursed by that half glimpse of the mystic gleam which hinders a man at times more than outright savagery. Always he was asking more than the bread and meat of life; always he was seeking some antidote to the poisonous self-love, the ambition to be king himself, which was his hidden sore. And now he was praying, with all the simplicity his tricky mind permitted, for guidance in his hour of need.

As one coming out of a trance, he listened to Ezra Wood, repeating his message for the fourth time. The light—half false because it was half mystic only—left his face. Its borrowed comeliness passed by. He showed features of surprising plainness—eyes heavy-lidded, thick nostrils, and a jaw broad with misplaced obstinacy.

"So he is waiting?" he said grimly. "Well, princes must wait these days. We shall seek him by and by."

In that queer mood of his—half prayer and half keen calculation—which went before his battles, Cromwell had found a plan of action. He crossed the field with quick, unwieldy steps, found the other leaders, and stated his own view of the attack. As usual, his ruggedness of mind and purpose carried the day; and Rupert, down below, was left to wonder why the enemy did not take advantage of his rash challenge and attack before the main body of his reinforcements came.

It was an eerie day—clouds that came packing up, livid and aburst with rain that would not fall—a wind that was cold and scorching hot by turns—a frightened rustle of the leafage in Wilstrop Wood—a rustle that sounded across the flat waste of Marston Moor like the sound of surf beating on a distant shore. Boye kept close to Rupert's side, and whined and growled by turns. He knew his master's restlessness, as four of the afternoon came and still Lord Newcastle had not reached the field.

At half-past four the pick of Newcastle's men rode in, and were marshalled into their appointed place between the left wing and

the right. Rupert galloped down to give them the good cheer he lacked himself.

"Welcome, Whitecoats. You look tired and maimed; but they tell me you have sworn to dye those coats of yours a good, deep crimson—your own blood or the Roundheads'."

The sound of his voice, his strong simplicity of purpose that burned outward like a fire, lifted their jaded spirits. York was forgotten, and its hardships.

"For God and the King!" they answered lustily.

"I need you, gentlemen," said Rupert, and passed on to where Lord Newcastle's coach was standing at the roadside.

He was shocked to see the change in Newcastle—the weariness of mind and body palpable, now that an end had come to his guardianship of York.

"My lord, you have served the King too well," he said, putting a hand on the other's shoulder with instinctive deference to age and great infirmity.

"Oh, nothing to boast of—a little here and there, to keep our walls secure. Tell me, is there to be battle to-day? I'm good for a gallop yet, if the battle does not last too long."

"There's no chance of it at this late hour. They saw our weakness from the hill, and would not attack. They're tired out, I think, as we are."

"Good," said Newcastle, with his gentle laugh. "For my part, I shall claim an old man's privilege—to step into my coach and smoke a pipe or two, and then get off to sleep. I shall be ready when you need me."

"Would my hound, Boye, disturb you?" asked Rupert, turning after he had said good-night. "I like to have him out of harm's way at these times."

"Is he a good sleeper?" demanded Newcastle whimsically.

"With a friend, the staunchest sleeper that I know."

Boye demurred when he was bidden to get inside the coach; but, like Rupert's cavalry, he knew the tone of must-be-obeyed, and scrambled in with no good grace.

Near seven of the evening a strange thing happened on Marston Moor. On the hill above there was the spectacle of Parliament men, standing with bowed heads as Cromwell sent up fervent prayers. On the moor below, the chaplain of the King's men was reading evensong. Over both armies was a sky of sullen wrath.

As the service closed, Lord Eythin protested, with an oath, that now this child's play was over, he proposed to go in search of food.

"My lord," said Rupert sharply, "wise men do not jest in face of what is waiting for us all to-morrow."

Eythin, nettled by the hum of approbation, lost his temper. "I was never wise, your Highness, as you know, but wise enough to advise you that this escapade is madness."

"We shared another battle, long ago, when you were General King." Rupert's voice was icy. "Do you remember it?"

The Riding Metcalfes, this once again, were dismayed by the private quarrels, the jealousies, that were threaded through the skein of war. Eythin's insolence of bearing, his subtle incitement to distrust of his commander, asked no less from Rupert; but the pity of it, to bluff Squire Metcalfe, single of heart, owing none a grudge except the King's enemies, was hard to bear.

From the extreme left of the camp, just as the Royalists were settling down for a brief night's slumber, there came a running yelp, a baying, and a splutter of wild feet. Lord Newcastle had left the window of his coach open when he had smoked his third pipe and found the sleep he needed; and Boye, his patience ended, had leaped out into the freedom that spelt Rupert to him. And, when he found him, he got to his hind legs, all but knocked down his master in his tender fury, and licked his face with a red and frothy tongue.

"Boye!" said Rupert. "Oh, down, Boye—you smother me! I was to have a lonely supper, I fancied, and you come. There's all in the world I care for come to sup with me."

From over the hill, where the Parliament men had scarcely finished their devotions, there came a clap of thunder and a light spit of rain.

"We shall be wet to the skin to-night, Boye, you and I," laughed Rupert. "We've proved my tent, and it is not weather-proof."

He had scarcely finished some beef collops, ready for him in his tent, and was cajoling Boye to perform a newly-taught trick of begging for a morsel, when the flap was pulled aside. Michael Metcalfe, framed by the red light out of doors, showed bigger even than his wont.

"They are coming down from the rye-fields," he said, with a reckless laugh. "Let it go how it will, sir, so long as we drive Cromwell out of bounds."

"I have promised him as much," said Rupert gravely.

ENTERPRISE AND OPPORTUNITY IN A YOUNG COUNTRY

II. THE MANY OPENINGS IN ONTARIO

By A. B. Tucker

LAST month we dealt with the opportunities which, Canada, as a whole, offered to young men who found the prospect of life in the City dull and unattractive, and who were looking for an open-air life. Canada is a vast country, almost as large as Europe, and conditions vary in the different Provinces. It is now proposed to assist those of our readers who are interested, in making a choice of the Province in which to start their careers, by setting forth the possibilities of each Province in turn. As it would seem advisable for the young man to start, at any rate, in one of the older and more settled Provinces, it will be as well if we confine our attention, to begin with, to those Provinces. When a young fellow has spent a year or two learning Canadian conditions, and has become acclimatised, it will be time enough for him then to turn his face to the Prairie Provinces, if he wishes to do so. Here it may be said that a wrong impression is sometimes gathered of the older Provinces, because the lure of the West not only draws large numbers of people from this country, but also takes a number of young men from the older Provinces. People jump to the conclusion that there must be something wrong with the older Provinces. But nothing could be farther from the truth. Let us look at the case of Ontario. No doubt this Province loses a certain number of young men every year—though the number is not so great as it used to be—who are attracted to the West by a spirit of adventure. This spirit is in their blood, for the founders of the Province were men of the stamp that have built up the Empire.

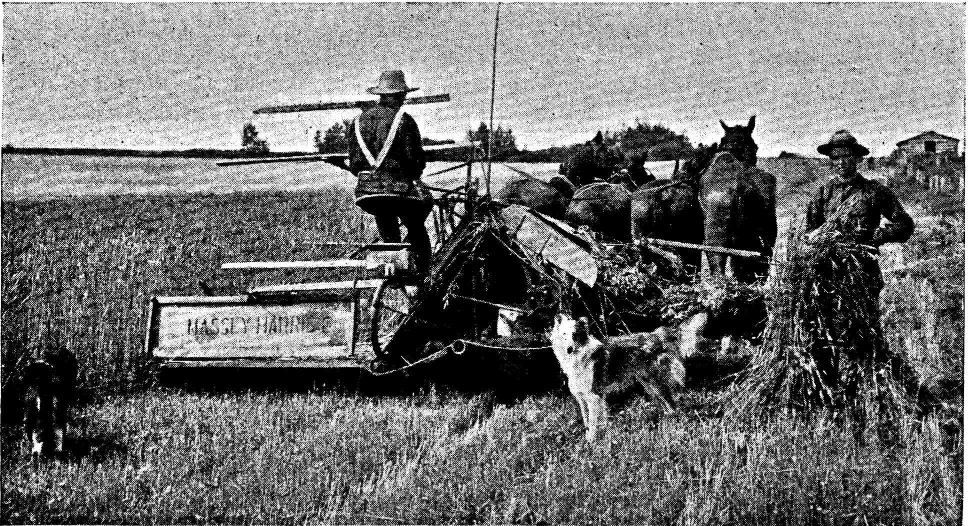


Photo by] [*The Topical Press Agency.*

HARVESTING IN ONTARIO.

The Richest Province.

We have but to look at a few figures to see that people do not leave Ontario because the Province is not prosperous, nor because it has nothing to offer. Ontario is the most populous, best developed, and richest Province in the Dominion. In 1912, when the total value of Canada's

HARVESTING OATS ON AN ONTARIO FARM.

field crops was estimated at $511,951,000, Ontario produced crops valued at $204,509,000, while the three Prairie Provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta—produced together crops valued at $316,397,700. The opportunities offered in Ontario to the young man who wishes to go in for farming are many and varied. The Province is so large that conditions vary in the different parts. Its most southern part, the Niagara Peninsula, is in the same latitude as Northern California, France, and Italy, and peaches, grapes, and tobacco are all grown in the district. A new-comer into the Province may choose to go in for mixed farming, dairying, or fruit farming—indeed, there is no branch of agriculture in which a man cannot do well in the Province. Whatever line he may choose, his course of procedure should be the same. Let him begin by working as a hired man for a good farmer, and not attempt to buy a farm for himself until he has had time to learn conditions and to look around a bit. An introduction to a good farmer is easily obtained either from authorities in the Province or from the Agent-General for Ontario in London. Here it should be said that the advice given by those who know farming conditions is invariably to the effect that it is a mistake to go out as a pupil to a farmer. Let the young man start as a hired man. If he is worth anything at all, his work is worth paying for. There is too much

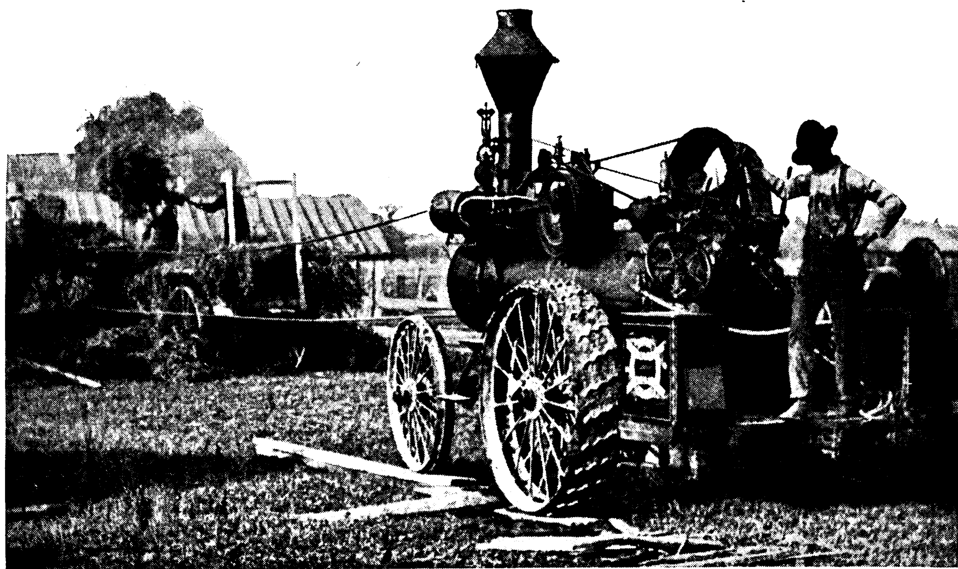


Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

THRESHING PEAS ON AN ONTARIO FARM.

tendency under the pupil arrangement for the pupil to be neglected and to learn nothing ; indeed, the arrangement is mostly very unsatisfactory.

The Cost of a Farm.

When, after serving for a year or two as a hired man, a young fellow wishes to start on his own account, he will find a large choice before him. Suppose he wishes to go in for mixed farming, he can purchase an improved farm at from £4 to £20 an acre, according to its nearness to a railway and the condition of the buildings on it. Taxation is very low. An improved producing farm of 100 acres, with buildings ready for occupancy, situated within three or four miles of a railway station, is worth from £600 to £1,000, and on such a farm the only annual tax would be from £6 to £10, payable to the municipal council, to be used mainly for schools, roads, and local expenses. There are no State taxes.

If a man is ready to start as a pioneer in the newer parts of the Province, he can buy a farm at a very low cost. About £200 would give him a start. Of course, for a time, he would have to put up with some privations; but the rapid extension of railways and other means of communication would soon give him a valuable farm.

Here is a letter from a man who settled near Perth, Ontario, which is worth quoting as showing the spirit a settler should have, and the possibilities that lie before such a settler. The man writes: "I say that, providing a man has had a reasonable education, and is intelligent in business matters and not afraid of hard work, there is nothing to prevent him making headway. Take a tour through England's farm districts, and ask any farmer if he would take an inexperienced man, give him his board and lodging and washing, and £25 a year, and I am almost positive that you would not find one single man who would do such a thing. However, this is what any intelligent, inexperienced man can obtain in Canada, and, when he becomes experienced, he can claim as much as £60 a year. Now, if a man is careful and does not squander his money, but simply spends what is absolutely necessary, it will not be many years before he is in a position to take a farm of his own. The Government will give a man 160 acres for a very trifling sum, and, providing he remains on that land and cultivates it well for five years, it becomes his own property. Now, having the land practically given to you, it does not take a tremendous capital to stock it with farm machinery, horses, and cattle."

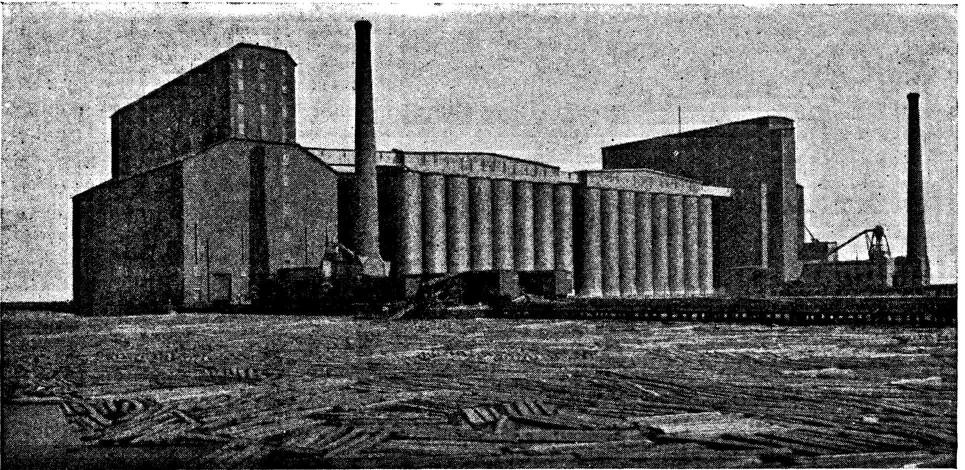


Photo by] [*The Topical Press Agency.*

ONE OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY'S MAMMOTH GRAIN ELEVATORS.

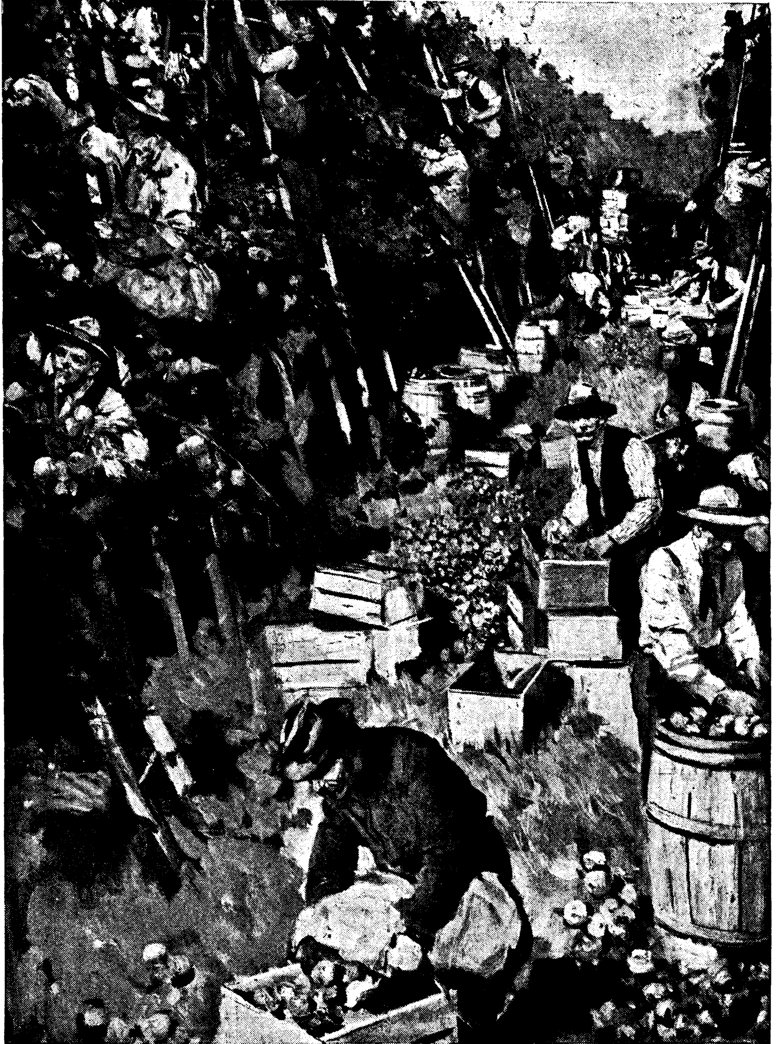
I quote this letter because it shows that even the man with no capital to start with can succeed. Much more, therefore, should the man who can command a few hundred pounds when he is ready to buy a farm. Moreover, the man with a little money need not take up an unimproved farm and do all the pioneer work, but can buy a going concern.

Fruit-Growing.

To a number of men fruit-growing has a greater attraction than ordinary diversified farming; and there is no doubt that the

fruit-grower in Ontario leads a pleasant life. It is in the southern portion of the Province that this branch of agriculture is carried on. The climate and soil of this district are so well adapted to fruit raising, that Ontario produces 75 per cent. of all fruits grown in Canada. Apples, peaches, grapes, pears, plums, cherries, gooseberries, strawberries, and raspberries all do well in the fertile fruit belt of Ontario, some in one kind of soil, and some in others. There are already some 350,000 acres of orchard, vineyard, and small fruit gardens, and the acreage is increasing year by year. Nowadays, besides the fruit-grower, nearly every farmer has an orchard.

The south-east, or Niagara, is the district where tender fruit such as peaches, grapes, and cherries are grown to perfection. Essex County also grows peaches with great success, and Norfolk County and other districts in the south are earning a reputation for peach growing. All along the shores of Lake Erie excellent orchards are found. In the Georgian Bay the orchard industry is making headway, and the Eastern counties flanking Lake Ontario are making good progress in this respect. In old times the orchards were left to grow as they would, but to-day scientific methods are coming into use, with the result that apple orchards, well kept and properly marketed, bring to the farmer from $60 to $150 net profit per acre. The average yield is 75 to 100 barrels an acre.



AN APPLE ORCHARD IN ONTARIO.
From a drawing by Cyrus Cuneo.

Men have worked up from being labourers on a fruit farm or a mixed farm to various stages of prosperity. I may quote the case of a man who went to Ontario some seventeen or eighteen years ago from Scotland. At first he worked as a labourer on fruit farms between Beamsville and Winona. Then, when he had gained experience and saved some money, he rented 21 acres, paying £45 a year rental. After three years he bought the place for £200 down. On this 21 acres he has two good houses, a large stable, and a

greenhouse. He keeps three horses, two cows, and raises pigs. He grows peaches, cherries, pears, and raspberries, and his fruit in one year brought him in £550.

A few years ago a couple of young men, Londoners born, went to the Niagara district, and there worked as labourers on a fruit farm. Then, having gained experience, they bought ten acres of land, partly planted with fruit, but without buildings on it. They came into possession in November, and immediately started to build a four-roomed cottage. In the spring they built a barn, with accommodation for two horses. Then they purchased one horse and farm implements. Even at the end of their first season they had made enough money to cover expenses and leave a balance at the bank. Each succeeding year has brought them additional prosperity.

To the man with small capital, the fruit-growing industry offers splendid opportunities. He can start, after some experience, on his own farm and make money, which will soon refund his outlay and give him a good living besides. The Government of Ontario is doing much to develop the fruit industry and to co-operate with the fruit-grower in the expansion of his business. In the apple-growing sections, part of the output is gathered together, packed and shipped through the co-operative associations of fruit-growers. The great bulk of the crop, however, is handled by dealers, who buy the product of orchards either in bulk or by the barrel, and export it to England. To secure accurate knowledge as to the varieties of fruit best adapted to different localities and conditions, systematic experiments were carried out for a number of years, at thirteen different points, under the auspices of the Ontario Government.

As to the price of fruit-growing land, it may be said that throughout the Province the best apple lands ready for planting can be bought for from $40 to $100 an acre. Excellent peach and cherry lands in the Niagara district fetch $150 to $300 an acre. But specially favoured locations run as high as from $1,000 to $1,200. Best grape lands in the same district command from $50 to $200 an acre. But here, again, special locations are much higher. In the new districts along Lake Erie, light or peach soils may be purchased at prices ranging from $50 to $150 an acre, and heavy soils for the other fruits at from $40 to $100 an acre. Generally throughout the Province, other than the tender fruit districts, the lighter soils are used for strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and sour cherries, while the heavier soils are given to other fruits, and, subject to distance from shipping point, these lands may be bought at from $30 to $150 an acre.

Dairy-Farming.

Dairying is another branch of farming industry in which a man can do well in Ontario. With the growing population, the profits to be made by dairying steadily increase, and it is found to be one of the most profitable branches. Here, again, the Government is doing a great deal to assist the farmers. The Provincial Department of Agriculture maintains a staff of thirty-five dairying instructors, whose duty it is to teach producers on the handling of milk and cream, and its delivery to the butter or cheese factory in such a condition as will contribute to the evolution of a manufactured article of superior quality. When the product of cheese factories and creameries —which are run on co-operative lines— along with the milk delivered in towns and cities, as well as the butter made and consumed upon the farm, is included in dairying, there is probably a total profit which surpasses that made in any other line of industry. And, coupling this with pork production, which should always be a complement, dairying is one of the most profitable industries in the Province.

In every way possible the Government tries to assist new-comers in the Province. People in this country, where, though there is much talk about the advisability of getting people back to the land, there is little or no practical assistance given to the farming industries, would be astonished if they knew how much the Government of Ontario does for the farmers in supplying free instruction and advice. A word also should be said about water-power, for here, too, the Government has conferred a great boon on farmers. A transmission line, extending nearly 300 miles, and twelve transformer stations have been constructed by the Hydro Electric Commission of the Government, conveying power to Western Ontario. Cheap lighting, cheap power, and cheap transportation are the result of the Government's work.

The best advice to give to anyone who thought of going to Ontario would be to tell him to consult the London Agent-General for the Province.

Any questions raised by this series of articles will be willingly answered.

THE TRIAL BALL

By HAROLD WHITAKER

Illustrated by Stanley Davis

UBERT CURTIS was, at twenty-five, a very perfect product of Winchester and Oxford. The fact that he had been Treasurer of the Union had given him weight, and the accident that he had been included in the 'Varsity eleven, and had contributed a useful forty-five, had saved his popularity. His "set" had been the "right set," and when he came down, he quite naturally belonged to the "right" club and knew the "right" people. It was but natural that he should get into the "right" chambers at the Inner Temple and quite early achieve some successes at the Bar. His good looks were of the kind that men do not object to, and even his clothes were beyond criticism. There is little wonder, therefore, that he viewed his future life with some seriousness, and had mapped out, without conceit, somewhat exalted prospects for the coming years. Among other things, he had decided that he would marry at about thirty-two, and the girl he would marry would be—well, the "right" sort of girl.

And then, at twenty-five, he fell in love.

There is a mysterious charm in the low-bending, whispering willows, in the distant wooded hills, in the black-and-silver stream of our Father Thames, that makes such a state of things somewhat more than probable; but Hubert had not thought of that when he took his share in the cottage beyond Taplow for the summer months. All he had considered, with the desperate seriousness of a young barrister, was the necessity of his being in the Temple in the daytime and of his taking exercise in the evening.

Exercise he was taking one late afternoon in early August—strenuous exercise, for sculling as hard as you can go upstream is no idle dalliance. And as he sculled, the thought occurred to him, as odd ambitions had a habit of doing, that next year he would win the Diamond Sculls. He had got to the moment when he would tire out his last opponent towards the winning post, and had put in an extra spurt, when he felt and heard a shivering smash.

As his skiff sprang back and subsided, he caught a glimpse of a girl toppling over a punt-pole in a punt beside him and falling into the punt as he turned into the water.

At the next moment he found himself hanging on to the end of the punt, spluttering, and looking into a pair of blazing dark eyes.

"I—I hope you're not upset," was the first idiotic thing that he could find to say.

"And I am glad you are!" responded the owner of the dark eyes, drawing the slim white figure from the depths of the cushions. "It was too stupid."

"I know, I know," said Curtis, with much less than his usual assurance. "What can I do?"

"If you let go, I suppose you will drown," said the girl.

"Oh, no, I shall just swim. I'll let go with pleasure," replied Curtis.

"Then there will be only one life lost. My punt-pole's gone. I haven't got a paddle, and so it's just a matter of time till I get to the weir," remarked the girl, as she tidied the cushions.

"Good Heavens, no!" exclaimed Curtis. "I can quite easily push you to the bank." And he swam and pushed manfully, while she looked down, rather like a whimsical Roman Empress at someone struggling in the arena. Not many strokes brought them to a stop with another bump. "Now I can tie you up."

"To the island, where I shall be quite safe for the night?" said the girl, settling herself peacefully.

Curtis glanced round, rather nettled. He did not like being made fun of. Not far off among the rushes was his turtled skiff with the sculls fast in the rowlocks.

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"I will see that you get back safely. I am used to the river," he said stiffly, and pushed off and swam and waded to the skiff. Then he released the sculls, hoisted the skiff on to the bank, and rejoined her.

"Mind the cushions," she said, as he clambered on to the end of the punt; but when she saw him sitting there, drenched and dismal, she relented. "Now *you* can be bad-tempered," she said.

"I have not felt happier or more comfortable for a long time," he replied, but his teeth chattered.

The girl's eyebrows went up, and her lips pursed rather roguishly, and Hubert could think of nothing else to say during the three minutes it took to bring the punt to Tozer's wharf. There she leapt out.

"Now, do run quickly home," she said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and——" He felt that there was a crowd of questions to ask.

"Good-bye, and run, run!" she commanded, and disappeared.

And Hubert ran home, feeling as though he had made rather an ass of himself.

The next evening found him sculling, but not in a manner calculated to win any Diamond Sculls. She was not there, although it was such a summer's evening as would have tempted a wood-nymph to become a naiad, and he was disappointed.

It was unlike him to leave a brief half read the following afternoon, and to dash past his protesting clerk to catch the three-fifteen, but then he had the unusual experience of finding a pretty, quizzical face popping up on the engrossed sheets and making a blur of the evidence.

This time he patrolled the river between the bridges, until at last he was rewarded by the sight of a slim white figure in the distance.

Its owner raised her eyebrows a little and sank down among the cushions with pretended fear of a collision as he arrived, breathless, at the side of the punt.

"I—I very much wanted to see you again," he gasped, "in order to——"

"Yes—to?" she inquired.

"To see you again," he repeated idiotically. He did not remember to have felt like this before. He nerved himself, however, to utter the expressions of apology he had been coining for the past two days, but the big black eyes in the pale face looked very uninterested.

Then something happened that led him to show her the craft of the river, and he became natural and young. The strong brown hands seemed very clever to the owner of the helpless little white fingers, and the curly fair hair came very close to the heavy black locks, and the blue eyes looked into the brown, and Father Thames put his spell upon them, and when they parted, it was as certain as things can be that they would meet again the next day.

The next day it rained without ceasing.

But Hubert had discovered something. She was Miss Brown, and she lived in a modest cottage with a strip of rather stark garden on the river-bank. These facts gave him a feeling of glowing nobility at having fallen in love with her—he confessed as much to himself—and of disturbing wonder that any indications there might have been of his interest had produced no joyful shock.

He had been a little spoilt, of course.

Since the following day—Saturday—was showery and trippery, and on Sunday afternoon no punt set forth from "Penmaenmawr," the objectionable name of the modest cottage, Hubert took his self-assurance and a new punt-pole with a little inscription in his hands, and boldly knocked on the open front-door. As no one answered, with a further grip of his self-assurance, he walked round to the strip of back-garden, and lighted on Miss Brown and her obvious father.

Miss Brown looked astonished, but not abashed, and the father bent his shabbily clothed body forward with a look of not gracious inquiry on his tired face.

Hubert explained his mission with the proper blend of humour and politeness, and set himself to putting the old man, who was obviously of humble circumstances, at his ease.

With a well-meant design to flatter, he tried to find mutual acquaintances in the neighbouring magnates.

"My daughter and I do not go into Society here," said the old man, with a brusqueness which evidently concealed some awkward sense of inferiority.

Hubert was quick to show that he was a very hard-worked man—at the Bar—himself.

The father, obviously ignorant of that particular world, seemed to have the idea that that was not real work.

Quite casual allusions to Oxford and a well-known club met with grunts, which showed that the rather heavy, tired man had not had the opportunities of appreciating the merits of those institutions.

Having been checkmated at each of his

amiable conversational moves, Hubert retired, not beaten, but disconcerted. He left with a conviction that Mr. Brown did not like him, and a feeling that it was, under the circumstances, rather cheek of Mr. Brown, who was evidently a nobody, not to like him.

But he met the girl the next day and the next, and Mr. Brown seemed to be a very far, faint figure in the background, until one wondrous moment, when all the distant guardian hills were sleeping and the river was softly whispering encouragement, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

She loosed his clasping hands slowly, thoughtfully.

"My father," she said—"my father is a very difficult man."

"You mean he did not like me?" asked Hubert, smiling.

She hesitated. "I think," she said, "that he sees you as belonging to a sort of people that is not our sort—that our kinds cannot mix."

"But you would not let your father come between you and our happiness?" he asked.

She looked at him very curiously with her big brown eyes.

"I think a great deal of my father," she said at last. "I am not sure."

Of course, it was sweet and loyal of her; but the idea of Mr. Brown, in his shabby coat in his strip of garden, being a serious obstacle seemed just a trifle humorous.

"What is your father? What does he do, I mean?" he asked.

"Does it make any difference what he is?" she rejoined, as though repeating a question.

Hubert hesitated for an instant before saying "No." After all, she might tell him.

She noted the hesitation, and just nodded her head.

During the next day Hubert hit upon a plan devised to let Mr. and Miss Brown—Janet she was by now—realise that really there was a happy juxtaposition of the stars when they had become known to one another; and in pursuance of his plan, he and Mrs. Dorrington-Lane, of Henlow Court, made their appearance on Sunday afternoon in Mrs. Dorrington-Lane's gorgeous motor-car at Mr. Brown's modest riverside cottage.

Mrs. Dorrington-Lane had acquired the grand manner quite early in life, and she took the Browns by storm. The Browns, apparently, did not like storms, but that was of no moment.

The visitor started off with a thousand apologies for not having visited her neighbours before, and a hundred excuses for not doing so, before a rejoinder could come from Mr. Brown's pursed-in lips. And then eventually, as though it had suddenly occurred to her, she had something to propose.

"Of course, I must tell you, first of all," she said, "that I am interested more than words can say in the Consumptive Hospital here. Now, they've arranged a big thing at Carlridge's in aid of it, and I want my party from here to be all really attractive young people, and I am going to beg you, Mr. Brown, to let your daughter come with me. I will take great care of her and see that she has a good time."

"I do hope," said Hubert, "that she will come, if she would care to."

Janet crinkled her brows and seemed about to say something; but her father motioned her to be silent, and glared angrily, quite angrily, at Mrs. Lane and Hubert. And yet his answer, given, as it seemed, on a sudden inspiration, was an acceptance.

"Very well, then, Janet," he said, "you shall go with Mrs. Lane."

"But, father——" began Janet.

"With Mrs. Lane," broke in her father. "Thank her, Janet."

And he looked at Hubert curiously.

"There seemed to be a sort of mystery about the whole thing," as Mrs. Lane remarked, on the way back to Henlow Court.

But, before that, as they were going, and Hubert was apart with Mr. Brown, while Mrs. Lane and Janet were making arrangements, Mr. Brown livened suddenly and said—

"And so you are courting my daughter?"

"Yes," said Hubert.

"I may as well tell you," said Mr. Brown, "that, so far as I understand them, men of your caste do not impress me very favourably."

"I hope to show you, sir," replied Hubert, "that you misjudge them and me."

"My consent will depend upon that," said Mr. Brown bluntly.

* * * * *

The party at Carlridge's was of a kind attended by the people who have to go to everything, and the other people who get asked to nothing. Hubert, who had seized on Janet at the moment of her entry, was quite amusing on the subject of the latter class.

Janet, however, was inclined to be silent. As Hubert looked at her plain, very plain, white frock, he thought, perhaps, that she might be classing herself among the latter kind, and that his tact was not quite so perfect as usual, but the approach of Mrs. Dorrington-Lane and Baynard, the rising politician, to gather them in for supper, cut short his reflections.

They found a nice little table for four, and were settling themselves down with all the bustle and jollity of those about to sup, when a man at Hubert's elbow said "Yessir?" and the voice was familiar.

He turned, and there, respectfully bending towards him, with a napkin in one hand and a wine list in the other, was Mr. Brown, Janet's father—a waiter!

Hubert's eyes flashed round to Janet, who looked steadfastly down before her, past Mrs. Dorrington-Lane, whose eyebrows were going up and up, and then back to Mr. Brown, and there he met a keen, questioning glance.

It was a moment in which something in Hubert had to fight against the influence of lifelong environment, against a thousand conventions that had been as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and in that brief moment the "something" won.

He rose from his seat, held out his hand, and said—

"How do you do, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown bowed quite deferentially.

"Very well, I thank you," he replied, and waited, as it were, for orders.

Mrs. Lane whispered to Baynard, and his twisted lips showed that he was enjoying every facet of comedy in the situation. A good tale for the Temple to-morrow was, without malice, evolving itself in his brain.

Hubert laughed—it seemed quite naturally.

"Now, if Janet had any sense of the fitness of things, she should wait on you, not you on her."

"I doubt if the management would permit it," said Mr. Brown. "Pray do not move. All the other tables are engaged."

"The situation is frankly impossible," said Mrs. Lane.

"I might get transferred. The head waiter is most friendly," suggested Mr. Brown.

"Then," said Hubert, "why not take a holiday, as we are doing? Take a holiday, and," he added breathlessly, "sup with us."

Mrs. Lane half rose, and Baynard watched her for a signal. Mr. Brown's look was not one of embarrassment, but just one of pride and approval.

"Well, I've had a good week. I might do that."

"Mrs. Lane you know," said Hubert, "but I dare say you have not met Mr. Baynard. This is Mr. Brown, my future father-in-law."

Mr. Brown nodded, more at the description of himself than at Baynard, and Mrs. Dorrington-Lane could contain herself no longer.

"You will need more room," she said acidly. "Mr. Baynard and I could not think of inflicting ourselves on such a pleasant little family party"—and then swept off with Baynard in her train.

Mr. Brown smiled, and for the first time Janet's eyelids went up, and she smiled, too.

"You will want a ticket," said Hubert, with his hand in his pocket.

"Please don't," said Mr. Brown. "I tell you that I have had a good week. I will settle that afterwards."

And then, as though it was the most natural thing in the world, Mr. Brown took a seat, beckoned another waiter, who betrayed no astonishment whatever, and ordered a bottle of Veuve Clicquot.

Hubert's eyes sought Janet's and found them blazing with happiness, without a trace of *gêne* or awkwardness. Nor was there anything of that kind about Mr. Brown.

Having thrown away everything and bought his pearl of price, Hubert's imagination was still pricking him with little darts of wonder as to what his world might say, and for the first five minutes he was distrait; but soon the even flow of Mr. Brown's conversation captured him.

Mr. Brown had apparently seen many lands and known—professionally, it was to be supposed—many of the people who build up or knock down Trusts in the States, Governments in South America, and beliefs in England, and he spoke well, happily, and humorously, as befitted the occasion.

Condescension was impossible with a person who treated you as the head boy of the school might a new boy. And yet he was a waiter.

It is incongruous for a waiter to order Coronas, that must cost half-a-crown apiece, and liqueur brandy of 1815, and it is incongruous for his daughter to sit there as though she thought her father was behaving sensibly. Hubert's senses whirled again.

"And you want to marry my daughter?" asked the old man, with keen eyes watching for hesitation.

"I do," said Hubert, without a pause in which to look back.

"You shall," said the amazing Mr. Brown. And then the Chairman rose, and as a Royal personage sat expectant by his side, the room suddenly changed its chattering, clattering uproar for silence.

"'How do you do, Mr. Brown?'"

The Chairman was in melancholy vein. Subscriptions were falling off, taxes were tightening purse-strings, and so forth and so on. "Indeed," he continued, "I do not know how I should be able to meet you with a smiling face if I had not received from an old friend, who is here with us, the most generous gift of twenty thousand pounds."

Loud and continued applause, in which, oddly enough, the guest-waiter did not join.

"Apart from the—er—munificence of the gift, we have special cause to congratulate ourselves, for my friend is one of those who —er—satisfy themselves by personal observation and scrutiny that the recipients of his generosity are worthy of it. He is——"

There were several cries of "Name, name!"

but Mr. Brown remained quite unaffected by the general curiosity.

"I know," said the Chairman, who had been a Colonial Governor, "for we have met in more than one of the Seven Seas, that he would like to remain unrecognised. That is his way. But I am under no pledge, and I am not going to gratify his besetting craving for anonymity. He is Mr. Eynsford-Brown."

Of the loud cheers, not one came from Hubert's side, and still he did not see.

Then the Chairman's eyes came round to their table, and he pointed to—Mr. Brown.

"No, no, we want to thank our old friend personally and——"

Amid the rising murmur of applause, Mr. Eynsford-Brown said to Hubert across the table—

"There, you must forgive me. I like to put men and things to the test. You've stood it well, my boy. It was the simple life cure I wanted there at Taplow, and, you see, you came to ruffle it."

And he took Hubert's one hand and Janet found the other; but the quick, illuminating talk was broken by the approach of the Royal personage, who had many and pleasing things to say to Mr. Brown.

At that moment Mrs. Dorrington-Lane passed by with Baynard. Janet caught the hardening look in Hubert's eyes and stopped him from turning his back.

"Not to-night, Hubert," she said, and she smiled sweetly at Mrs. Lane.

"Thank you so much," she said, "for giving us our 'trial ball.'"

ON FIRST CATCHING SIGHT OF GRASMERE FROM RED BANKS.

NOT quite Bellagio, though, 'neath English guise,
As fair a scene as if Italian skies
Sent long sun-lances glinting from the crest
Of towering Alp be-mirrored in thy breast!—
'Tis Sabbath noonday; and the world, at rest
Like yonder hills that hem thee all about,
Here vivid green, there almost blotted out
By clouds like lovers on their bosoms pressed,
Is strangely peaceful. Not a sound is heard,
Save where melodious thankfulness for life
And trees and sun and rain prompts unseen bird
To carol forth contempt of mortal strife—
Sweet reed-fringed, hill-engirdled English mere,
For homely charm I never saw thy peer!

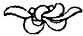
VACHELL PHILPOT.

HOW IT WOULD WORK OUT.

SERGEANT: Never approach the horses from behind without speaking, lad. If you do, they'll kick that bloomin' head of yours, and the end of it'll be that we shall have nothing but lame horses in the battery.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

A SCHOOLBOY was once asked whether he knew what was the derivation of the French word *dimanche*. "Oh, yes," he said. "It comes from a Latin word 'dis,' which means twice, and from the word 'manger,' to eat, because on Sundays we eat twice as much as on any other day."



A MAN who went to secure a berth on board a steamer was asked how much baggage he had. "Fifty-four pieces," was the reply. "All that?" said the clerk. "Do you take our vessel for a freighter?" "Well, it's only a pack of cards and an extra pair of socks," said the passenger.

SAID a boarder who was wrestling with a very tough piece of chicken: "Mrs. Brown, do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

"I don't think I know anything about it, sir," replied the proprietress of the establishment.

"Well, all I can say," was the boarder's reply, "is that I think this chicken must be the sole of an old boot."

"'DINNERS 12 to 2. 1*s*. 6*d*.' That's cheap for a two hours' feed," said an old countryman to his wife, as they gazed at the sizzling sausages and brown onions.

"WHY are you so late, Tommy?" demanded the teacher.

"Well, sir, it's like this. There was a burglary last night, and as father didn't come home, mother sent me to the police-station to see if it was him."

AFTER having waited a considerable time for the clockmaker to call for his grandfather clock—a very big, old-fashioned eight-day timepiece—which needed repairing, the owner at length decided that he would carry it himself to the shop. On his way thither he inadvertently knocked up against a man, who turned and abused him in rather forcible language, and wound up by saying: "But why don't you wear a watch?"

NEARLY.

MacEwen: Weel, Donald, how did you like London?
Donald: Eh, it's an awful place. Why, mon, the whisky was so bad I verra nearly left it.

PLUMAGE.

"Among other shades, the following have been noticed: biscuit, banana, lemon, mustard, billiard-green, blue-bottle blue, maize, brick-red, etc., etc."—*Evening Paper.*

She dawned on me first in billiard-green,
And then in elephant-grey;
When next I saw her she smiled serene
In a whimsical *café-au-lait*;
In biscuit-yellow she's simply stunning,
In tea-tray black she looks just "cunning,"
Satin or silk, she makes the running
For all the girls in the town, they say!

But bronze, brick-red, and mustard and maize,
Ivory, parchment, tan,
These be the things that shorten the days
Of respectably-tailored Man;
Tunics, boleros, kimonos, "confections"
Dazzle his vision in lavish selections,
Delicate fancies complete and in sections—
And Woman will sample the lot, if she can!

If we dare to suggest that a daffodil hue
Is rather a strain on the eyes,
She dons a magenta, or blue-bottle blue
(Quite out of the question in ties!)
Or gives us a turn in a florid banana,
Saunters the Row like a stately sultana . . .
Oh, for a colourless, misty Nirvana,
Where fashion no masculine temper tries!

Wilfrid L. Randell.

It happened the other evening, and now a certain clubman is trying to figure out how he will square things with his wife the next time he is "detained" in town. He was not going home for dinner, and when his wife answered the telephone he said: "Don't wait for me at dinner this evening, dear. I shall be detained on business."

"Very well," she replied. "I'm sorry you can't come home; but business is business, I suppose. Where are you now?"

"Where am I? In my office, of course. I have had a very busy day."

"It's too bad you have to work so hard, George. But tell me something."

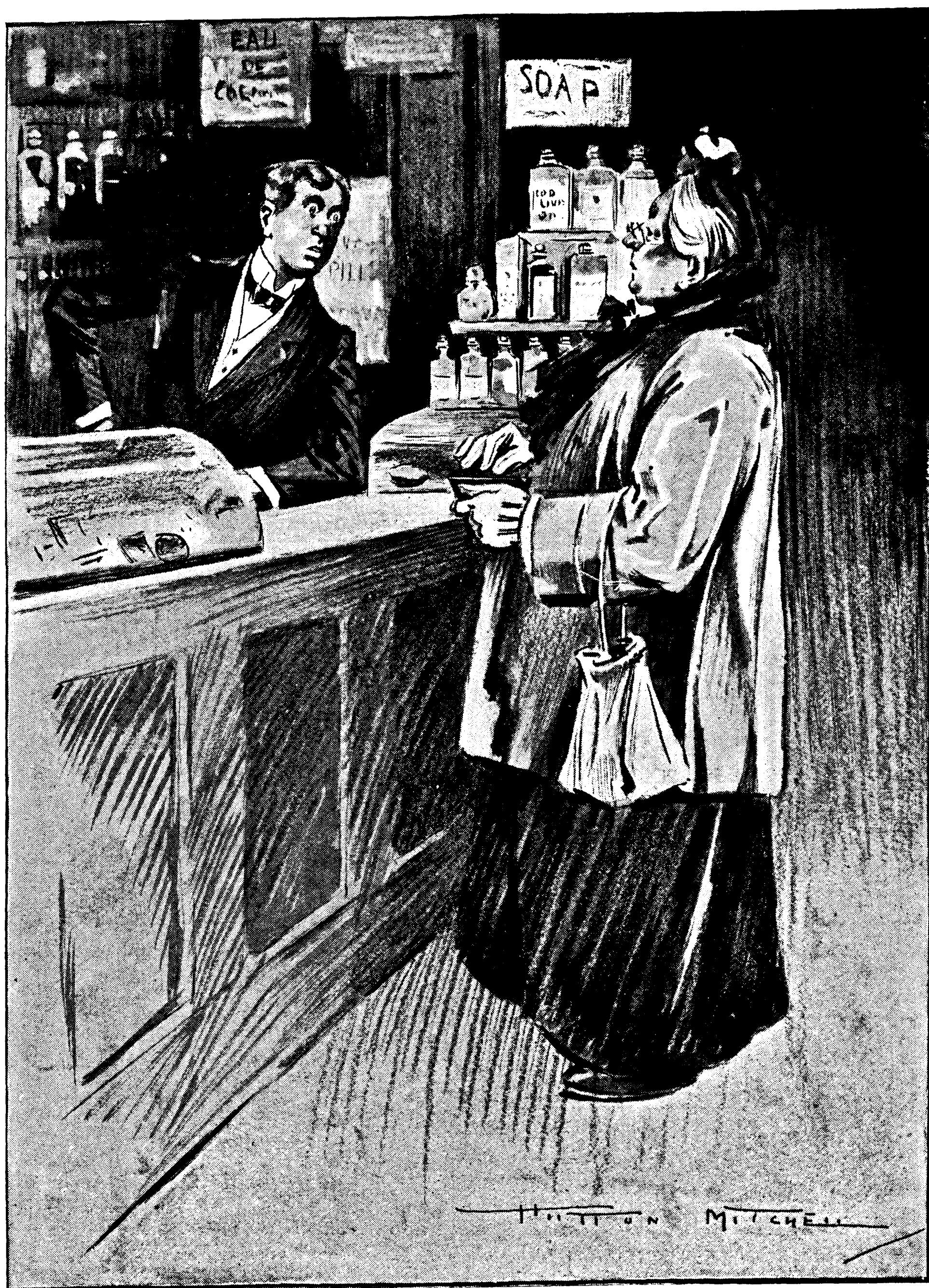
"Yes, dear. What is it?"

"How can you keep your mind on business with the orchestra playing that jolly two-step tune?"

A criminal at Oporto, who was about to be hanged, would not quit the ladder before they gave him some liquor. A cup of wine having been brought, before drinking it he blew off the froth. Being asked why he did so, he answered: "Because new wine is bad for the liver."

ON GOOD AUTHORITY.

He: I understand you are the best player in the club?
She: Oh, dear, no. I simply won the championship. All the other girls could have done the same, if they had been in form that day. They told me so themselves.



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

CUSTOMER (doubtfully): You seem too young to be in charge of a chemist's shop.
ASSISTANT: That's all right, ma'am; I've got my diploma.
CUSTOMER: Well, it don't seem right to me, but you can give me a penny stamp.

A FAMOUS COMEDIAN'S LITTLE JOKE.

The elder Sothern was very fond of a practical joke. On one occasion, while playing in Birmingham, he met a friend in the street, near an ironmonger's shop.

"Would you mind going in here with me? I want to make some small purchases," he said.

He went up to the counter and said: "I want Macaulay's 'History of England.'"

The assistant said: "We do not sell books, sir; this is an ironmonger's shop."

"Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern, pretending to be deaf. "I don't care whether it is bound in calf or Russia."

"But this is not a bookseller's!" shouted the assistant.

"All right," said Sothern. "Wrap it up neatly. Want to have it sent down to the hotel. It's for a present I wish to make to a relative. Put it up nicely."

"We don't keep it!" shouted the assistant, getting red in the face, while the friend stepped aside, almost overcome with suppressed laughter at the cheerful, frank expression on Sothern's face, and the mad, puzzled look on that of the assistant.

"Do it up as if it were for your own mother. I don't want anything better than that," said Sothern. "I should like to write my name on the flyleaf."

"Sir," bawled the assistant at the top of his voice, "we do not keep books!"

"Very well," said the actor, quite undisturbed, "I will wait for it."

Under the impression that his customer was either stone deaf or a lunatic, the assistant bounced off to the lower end of the shop and asked his master to come, saying: "I can do nothing with the man. I think he must be off his head." Whereupon the principal marched up to the spot where Sothern was standing, and asked very loudly: "What do you desire, sir?"

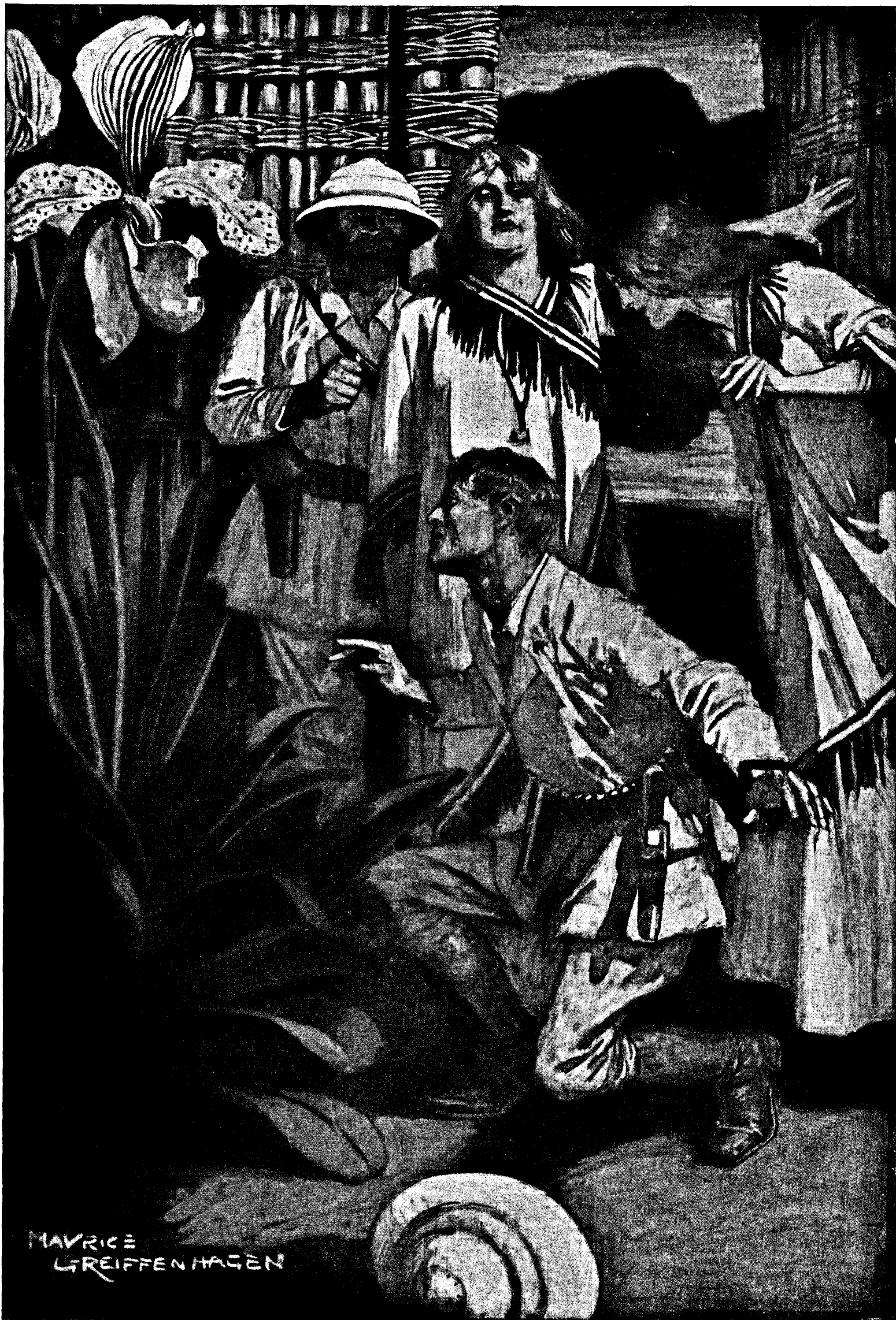
"I want to buy a file," returned Sothern quietly—"a plain file about four or five inches in length."

"Certainly," said the principal, with a withering look at his assistant, and producing at once the article which had been asked for.

HIS HANDICAP.

Friend: Who's losing?
Golfer: I am.
Friend: What's your handicap?
Golfer: A pair of bright check knickerbockers.

Someone begged Agesilaus to write to his friends in Asia, that justice might be done to him. "*My* friends," said the king, "do justice even if I do *not* write to them."



"THE MOST LOVELY PLANT THAT MAN EVER SAW."

AN ILLUSTRATION BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN TO CHAPTER XVII. OF "THE HOLY FLOWER," BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

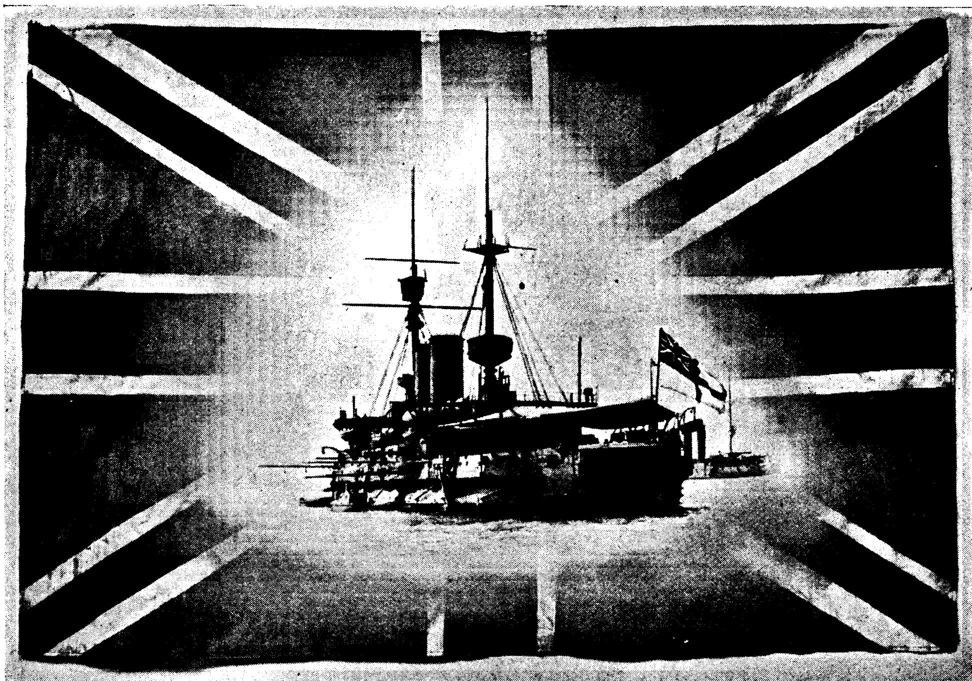


Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

THE EMPIRE'S SPLENDID RALLY TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY

A GENERAL European war, long averted by the labours of devoted statesmen, became on August 3 an actual and terrible fact. On that fateful day Great Britain was called by honour to enter the field where the armies of Germany and Austria were already arrayed against France, Russia, and Belgium. The die was cast. Europe awaited breathless the issue of the most stupendous struggle of all time.

The Great War Cloud Bursts.

Was war inevitable ? The answer can be given in few words. War has come upon England unsought. She has toiled for European peace in vain. A side issue precipitated the catastrophe. Austria, after the assassination of the heir to the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, sought guarantees from Servia that Pan-Slavist propaganda, to which the Archduke Ferdinand's murder was held by Austria to be due, should be restrained. Servia gave guarantees humble enough, but Austria was not satisfied. On July 28 she declared war on Servia. Russia, in her character of protector of the Slavs in the Balkans, mobilised as a warning to Austria. Germany thereupon, with an ultimatum, demanded of Russia and France that they should define their position. On August 1 Germany declared war on Russia, although negotiations between Russia and Austria were still proceeding, and the same day she invaded the neutral territory of Luxemburg, on her way to attack France. On August 3 Germany sent an ultimatum to Belgium, demanding a passage for her armies through Belgian territory. Belgium returned a firm negative. Next day German troops crossed the Belgian frontier.

Britain's Struggle for Peace

Meanwhile, in the councils of Europe, Sir Edward Grey toiled heroically to maintain peace, even at the eleventh hour. The country waited in suspense for the Foreign Minister's statement on August 3. He reviewed our engagements to France, and

showed by how strong a moral bond we were pledged to that country to protect her northern shores. He revealed to an astonished House of Commons an offer made to Britain by Germany that if we would remain neutral—that is, if we would stand by and see France beaten and despoiled of her colonies—Germany would not attack the northern coasts of France. In view of our good understanding with France, she had left her northern coasts scantily guarded. Our duty was plain.

"Look into your own hearts."

Sir Edward Grey called on each man to look into his own heart and see where Britain's duty lay. It was to defend France on the sea, and to insist that Germany should respect the neutrality of Belgium. He had told France we would stand by her at sea in accordance with our unwritten understanding. France responded with gratitude. She had felt confident that England would not play her false. With grim determination she proceeded with her mobilisation on her threatened eastern frontier.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL,

First Lord of the Admiralty.

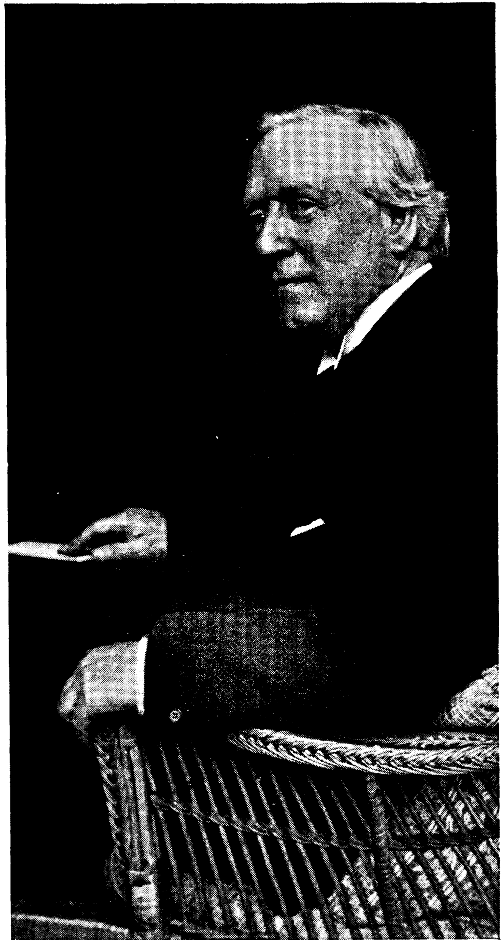


Photo by] [*Walton Adams, Reading.*

THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, PRIME MINISTER.

"I do not believe any nation ever entered into a great controversy . . . . with a clearer conscience and stronger conviction that it is fighting, not for aggression, not for the maintenance even of its own selfish interest, but in defence of principles the maintenance of which is vital to the civilisation of the world."

Sir Edward Grey's statement was followed by a remarkable scene in Parliament. England, not yet technically at war, but in face of war imminent, sank all party differences. The voice of party ceased. All were for the State. First came the assurance

Photo by] [*H. Walter Barnett.*

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

of the unhesitating support of the Opposition, and then for Ireland, herself so lately a warlike problem, Mr. John Redmond spoke. He offered the support of

A United Ireland.

"I say to the Government," he said, "that they may to-morrow withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland. The coasts of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her armed sons, and for this purpose armed Nationalist Catholics in the South will be only too glad to join arms with the armed Protestant Ulstermen in the

Photo by] [Russell & Sons.

SIR EDWARD CARSON, M.P.

"Our first duty as loyal subjects is to the King."

North." The House heard the Nationalist leader with profound emotion. To the headquarters of the Ulster Volunteer Force Sir Edward Carson sent a message reminding all officers, non-commissioned officers and men who are enrolled in the Ulster Volunteer Force, and who are liable to be called out by His Majesty for service in the present crisis, that they must answer immediately His Majesty's call, as their first duty as loyal

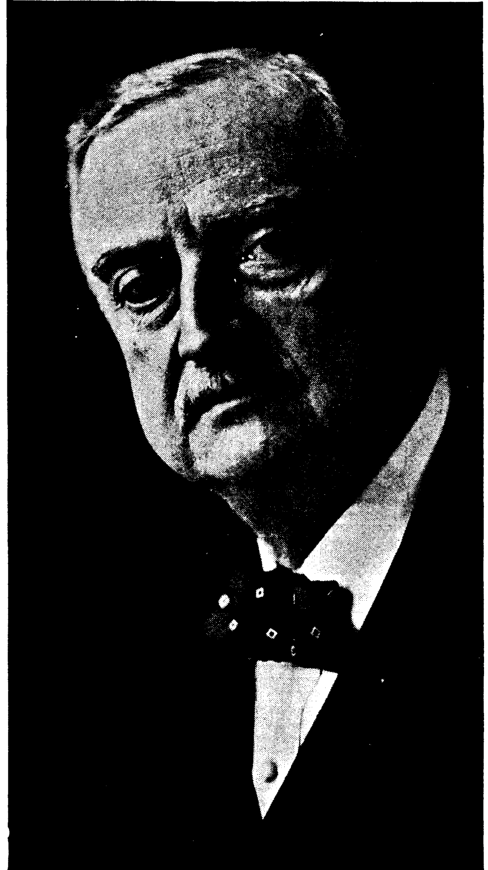


Photo by] [E. H. Mills.

MR. JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

"I say to the Government that they may to-morrow withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland. The coasts of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her armed sons, and for this purpose armed Nationalist Catholics in the South will be only too glad to join arms with the armed Protestant Ulstermen in the North."

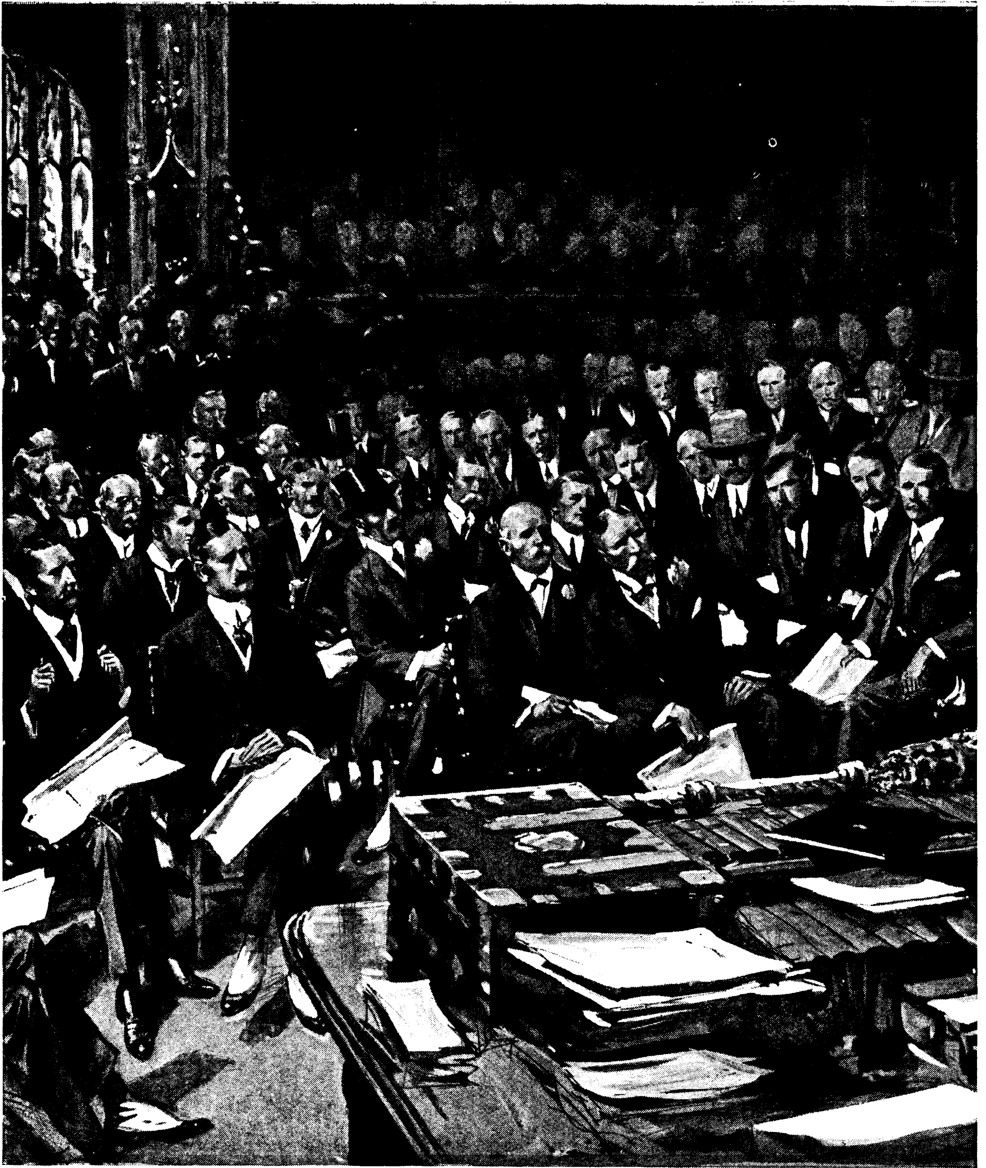
subjects is to the King. The whole Ulster Volunteer Force is expected to take the field. This means an additional army of 100,000 men, fully equipped, together with nursing, ambulance, and dispatch corps.

Meanwhile Germany advanced into Belgium in violation of her treaties. On August 4 an ultimatum was sent by Britain to Germany, requesting her to respect Belgian neutrality. Summary rejection of the request led to a declaration of war as from 11 p.m. on August 4.

Photo by] [*Campbell Gray*.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD GREY.

Foreign Minister.



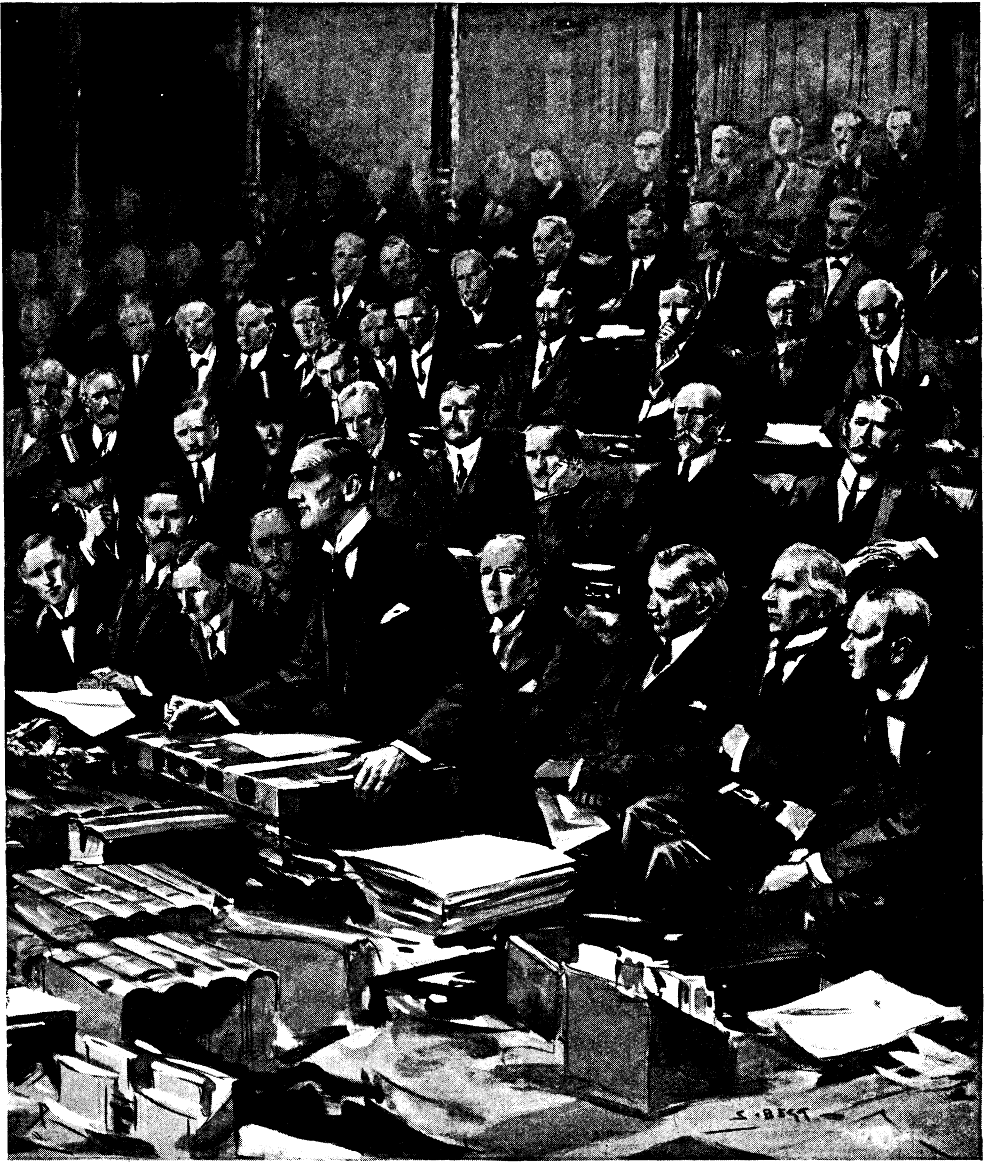
SIR EDWARD GREY MAKING HIS MOMENTOUS STATEMENT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE SUPPORT OF FRANCE AND BELGIAN NEUTRALITY. FRANCE, HE DECLARED, WAS ENTITLED TO KNOW AT ONCE WHETHER OR NOT, IN THE EVENT OF AN ATTACK UPON HER UNPROTECTED COASTS, SHE COULD DEPEND UPON BRITISH SUPPORT.

Britain's Efforts for Peace.

On August 6 the official record of the struggle to maintain European peace was laid before Parliament. In the Ambassadors' letters the justice of our cause is plainly declared. Germany's attempt to purchase our neutrality at the expense of our national honour was characterised by the Prime Minister as "an infamous proposal, from which the good name of the country would never recover." The case was clear. We had not sought war. The King, the Tsar, the Foreign Minister of Great Britain, had exhausted every effort of diplomacy. England was, by none of her own seeking, at war for the sake of honour and the integrity of the smaller European nations. Let us see with what

A Noble Response

the whole Empire met the crisis. The step



"IF," HE URGED, "IN A CRISIS LIKE THIS, WE RAN AWAY FROM THOSE OBLIGATIONS OF HONOUR AND INTEREST AS REGARDS THE BELGIAN TREATY, I DOUBT WHETHER, WHATEVER MATERIAL FORCE WE MIGHT HAVE AT THE END, IT WOULD BE OF VERY MUCH VALUE IN FACE OF THE RESPECT THAT WE SHOULD HAVE LOST."

that the Motherland had seen fit to take for England's honour was at once approved and acclaimed by the Dominions oversea. Their one cry became

"How can I help England? Say."

And immediately the wires began to throb with the replies of England's loyal sons, who made haste to send their promises of support. Where united Ireland had led the way, a united Empire made haste to take its stand. Let us see what they undertook, and what words of approval and encouragement they sent to the Motherland in her hour of danger. They had helped her before, and nobly, but the present

Whole-hearted Imperial Rally

surpassed all others in sober yet determined energy. Without heroics, but in plain,

manly words, the Dominions voiced their resolve with one voice.

"If England is at War, Canada is at War."

The great events of August 3, and Sir Edward Grey's statement of Britain's case, freed Canada of all misgiving. From that moment she saw her way inevitable, and she took it with the satisfaction of those who support the right. The Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, held prolonged councils with his Ministers and the Governor-General. Party politics disappeared. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Leader of the Opposition, gave hearty co-operation. Canada offered to Great Britain her full resources in men and money. She sends to the United Kingdom an expeditionary force of 20,000 men, and she has placed at the disposal of the Admiralty the cruisers *Niobe* and *Rainbow*. The Dominion offers also such further numbers of men as may be required.

The First Canadian Army Division is composed of three brigades of infantry, each of the four battalions 1,000 strong, or 12,000 men in all. The guns number 27, and the gunners 3,000. Besides these there is a cavalry force of 500, Army Medical Corps 2,000 strong, together with guides, signallers, and the usual supernumeraries. The Ottawa Contingent is destined for service with the British Army in the field, and not for garrison duty in England. New Brunswick sends 1,000 men, and Calgary 500, which, with the Manitoba 1,000, are additional to the Dominion force. Every Province is responsible for at least a regiment.

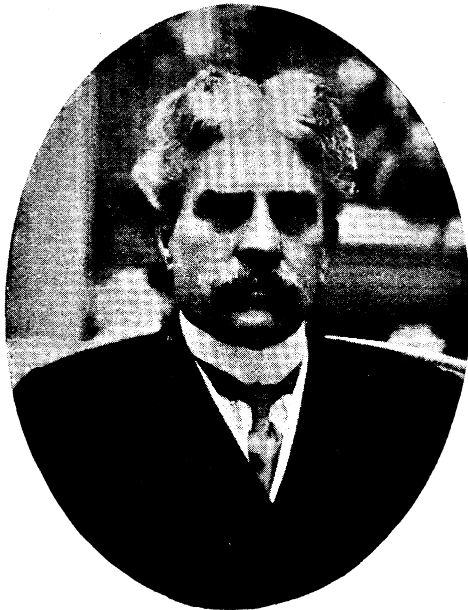


Photo by] [*Manuel, Paris.*

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT BORDEN,

Prime Minister of Canada.

Canada speaks with one voice in whole-hearted support of the Mother Country.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE RIGHT HON. GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA,

Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa.

South Africa, Boer as well as Briton, will support the British Flag.

A remarkable and unprecedented circumstance of the crisis is that the ocean ports of Canada have been placed on a war basis. For the first time in history it has been necessary to close the harbours of Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, Esquimault, and Vancouver. At Halifax the eastern fairway has been blocked by the sinking of a vessel, and the port is also strongly guarded on the west. All Canadians are working as one, and so great was the rush to recruit that ardour had to be tempered. Every militia regiment in Canada declared its willingness to serve the Old Country and drive the possible invader from her shores. The extraordinary speed of equipment and setting forth was one of the most gratifying features of this great Imperial movement.

THE HON. JOSEPH COOK,

Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia.

"King George may rest assured that, if required, all resources are completely available for His Majesty's service."

Photo by] [*Illustrations Bureau.*

THE HON JOHN SCADDAN,

Premier of Western Australia.

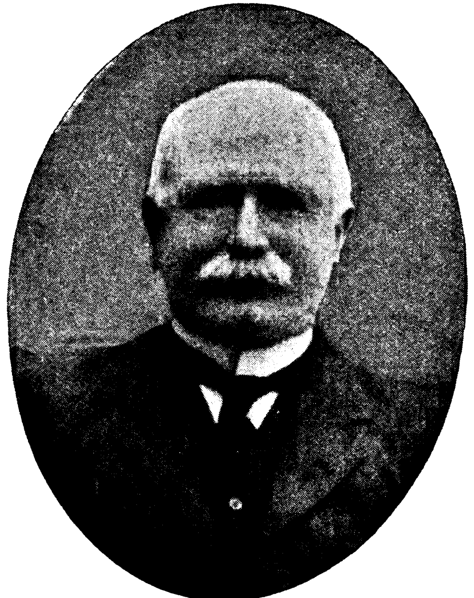
Western Australia also supports the Mother Country's action with loyal approval, and will contribute to the aid which will be sent to her.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE HON. DIGBY DENHAM,

Premier of Queensland.

"In this crisis Queensland unreservedly places all her resources at the service of the Commonwealth and the Mother Country."



THE HON. FERGUSSON W. MASSEY,

Prime Minister of New Zealand.

The New Zealand Parliament has unanimously approved the decision of the Government to provide an expeditionary force to help the Mother Country.

Canadian Women's Offer.

Through the Duchess of Connaught the women of Canada offered to the British Government a hospital ship for the use of the Navy. The offer was gratefully accepted by the Admiralty, who, through Mr. Churchill, expressed their deep appreciation of the gift.

Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE CALLAGHAN,

Under whose command the First Fleet left Portland Roads. He has since been appointed to the War Staff of the Admiralty.

Photo by] [*Stuart, Richmond.*

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS,

Whose advice on all military matters will be of the utmost importance to Britain's part in the War.

A Gift of Wheat.

But the loyal people of Canada did not stop here. On August 10 they intimated to the Home Government, through the Duke of Connaught, that they were sending as a gift to the United Kingdom one million bags of flour of 98 lbs. each (the most convenient size for shipment), this huge consignment to be placed at the disposal of His Majesty's Government and used for such purposes as they may deem expedient. Mr. Harcourt, Secretary for the Colonies, in acknowledging the gift, remarked that it would be of the greatest use for the steadying of prices and the relief of distress. We can never, said Mr. Harcourt, forget the promptitude and

Photo by] [*Bassano.*

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER,

Secretary of State for War.

generosity of this gift, and the patriotism from which it springs. Practical patriotism it was indeed, for only a few hours after the gift was made known, a reduction in food prices was announced.

Australia Eager to Help.

Australia lost no time in making known her mind. Mr. Millen, her Defence Minister, said: "Much as we deplore the ravages and waste of war, Australia applauds the decision of the Imperial Government, which filled the hearts of every patriotic citizen of the Empire with pride. Any other course would have been received here with

Photo by] [*W. & D. Downey.*

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

Who has joined the First Grenadier Guards, for service at the Front. His Relief Fund has reached three-quarters of a million in less than a week.

Photo by] [*Dinham, Torquay.*

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, THE KING'S SECOND SON.

With the First Battle Squadron as a midshipman on H.M.S. "Collingwood."

undoubted disappointment. In the midst of the gloomy international firmament, one bright star is the united, enthusiastic, almost passionate desire of the Dominions to rally to the support of the Motherland in her hour of trial, and to unite with her in defence of the common traditions of our joint inheritance.

"Because Australia is proceeding in the development of a strong, vigorous nationhood within the Empire, she appreciates the more the noble stand taken by Britain on behalf of these smaller nationalities struggling to remain free, which appealed, not in vain, to the protection and the might of the great liberty-loving Empire of which the Commonwealth forms a part, and she joins with the statesmen of the Mother Country in protesting against unprovoked aggression against the friends of Britain and the attempted

Photo by] [*R. Haines.*

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH,

Commander-in-Chief of the Forces.

domination by one Power of the destinies of the whole world.

"This is a fight for freedom.

"No more inspiring battle-cry could be given in this momentous struggle.

"Here in Australia we are blessed with sunny skies and great natural resources, such as few parts of the Empire possess. We shall be the more ready to make all sacrifices of life, money, and personal effort which are demanded. Speaking as Defence Minister of the Commonwealth, I can confidently state that

Photo by] [*Bourne & Shepherd, India.*

H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA.

Two of the dozen great chiefs of our Indian Empire who were among the first to offer all the resources of their States to the King-Emperor.

Photo by] [*E. Buckland.*

H.H. MAHARAJAH SIR PERTAB SINGH, K.C.S.I.

Australia is 'Ready, Aye, Ready!'"

Mr. Cook, the Federal Premier, said: "We must sit tight and see the thing through at whatever difficulty and whatever cost. We owe it to those who have gone before to preserve the great fabric of British freedom, and hand it on to our children. Our duty," he said, "is clear.

"Remember, we are Britons!"

These fervent words Australia backed up with a splendid and whole-hearted placing of the Royal Australian Navy at the disposal of the Admiralty. In addition, they promised an expeditionary force of 20,000 men. These loyal tributes Britain gratefully accepted. The Premier of

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE,

In command of the Home Fleets.

Queensland declared that that State unreservedly placed all her resources at the service of the Mother Country.

New Zealand's Devotion.

"All party differences," said Mr. Massey, the New Zealand Prime Minister, "have been thrown aside. We present a united front." New Zealand's contribution to the defence of the Homeland is a force of all arms of over 8000 men and the placing under the control of the Admiralty of the New Zealand Naval Force. The Dominion will further send additional drafts of men as these may be required. Unanimously the Dominion Parliament approved of these measures, and the Home Government accepted them with grateful thanks.

And so the great work went on. "Nobody," says Mr. Wells, "wants to be a non-combatant in a war of this sort." From every outpost of Empire came the offer of aid and the news that Britain's loyal sons overseas were springing to arms. South Africa and British East Africa sent word that they were equipping volunteers—no corner of the Empire remained unready.

South Africa's Support.

South Africa, both Boer and Briton, is with us. At one patriotic meeting it was resolved that the Afrikanders can be depended upon to defend the Union Jack to their last cartridge. The leader at the meeting in question, which was held at Aliwal North, said that he had once been a rebel, many of those present had been rebels, but the Union with Great Britain had been so successful that they would

Shed Their Last Drop of Blood

for the British Flag. Ex-rebels of Aliwal wished Germany to know that Great Britain could depend on them.

Nor is it men of Western blood alone who rally to the old flag.

All India Stands Firm

in support of His Majesty's Government. The great hereditary chiefs of our Indian Empire declared themselves for the British Raj in no uncertain terms. The Nizam of Hyderabad and the Maharajah of Bikanir, the Maharajah of Nepal, the Rajah of Cashmir, the Maharajah of Mysore, the Maharajah of Bhavnagar, the Rajah of Kapurthala, the Maharajah of Indore, the Diwan of Palanpur, the Maharajah of Jodhpur, and Major-General Sir Pertab Singh (Regent of Jodhpur), were among the first to make warm-hearted offers of support, laying their swords, their troops, and all the resources of their States at the feet of the King-Emperor. And not the great Indian chieftains alone, but the whole of middle-class India, forgetting political questions, stands united against the troubler of the world's peace. And Ceylon prepares her volunteers.

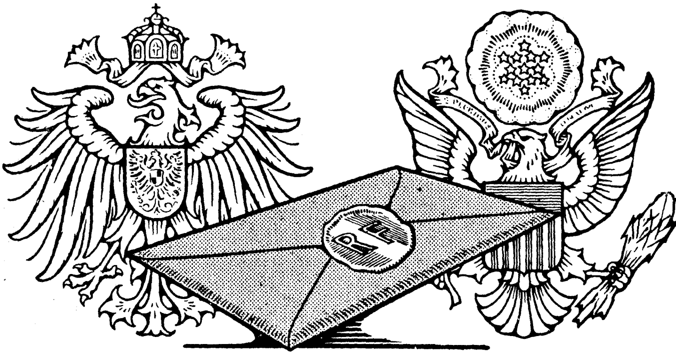
The Empire's Hope.

Never before has the world seen such arming of the nations. Into the conflict, which is none of her seeking, but which she must join for honour's sake, Great Britain enters without exultation, but with a steadfast purpose and a complete faith in the righteousness of her cause. That that cause and Great Britain's position have appealed to the moral sense of the Dominions, their loyal outburst proves. Their support is offered for a cause they see to be right and just.

The Mother Country goes to war not vaingloriously, but with a clear understanding of the magnitude of the task before her. Yet her gravity does not preclude enthusiasm. The rush to recruit has been unprecedented, and has continued far more swiftly than the men could be examined and enrolled.

So, in the spirit of service, the Empire faces the fortune of war, prepared alike for the check and the success. If losses come, they will only spur a United Empire to stronger effort towards victory. And in the opening days of the struggle the noblest earnest of hope was the incomparable gallantry of Liège.

When the momentous announcement was made that the Greatest War in the History of the World had begun, the present number was already printed. The foregoing pages have therefore been added. The next issue will contain a number of important articles, by writers of especial authority, upon questions military, naval, and political arising from the War and the many grave problems involved in its developments.



THE PAPERS IN THE BLUE ENVELOPE

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY G C WILMSHURST

YOUNG Mr. Manners hated being detached from the Embassy at Rome and sent to Berlin, for he had had a very amusing winter, and hoped to have another just like it, and the von Langenthals were there, and René de Mirande, and there was a beautiful Polish lady who had never before been really understood, and heaps of other agreeable attractions.

He had always, as an unofficial traveller, disliked Berlin, and he disliked it now. The weather was vile, he couldn't find a comfortable flat, and so had to live at the Adlon, he didn't like his Ambassador, and his French bulldog, Henri Rochefort, died of asthma.

That wasn't by any means all. He had come to the city by the Spree at an unfortunate time, for the whole diplomatic world there was in a state of something like hysteria over the recent loss of the famous Armament Limitation papers. It was generally understood that the *dossier* had disappeared while in the care of the French Embassy; but as it had been previously in British, Austrian, and Italian hands, accumulating *en route* the views of those respective Powers, it had come to be a thing of incalculable moment, and its loss, with the probability that it had fallen into hostile hands, took on the proportions of an international catastrophe.

"It's all the dreariest mess you can imagine," Manners wrote to René de Mirande. "Everybody prowls about suspecting and spying on everybody else, exactly like conspirators in a melodrama. Poor Durieux, the French Ambassador, has been recalled, and an 'Extraordinary' sent in his place; Lord C—— has gone to London; the Vice-Chancellor is in Marienbad, recovering from a very bad hour with the Emperor, and the smaller fish, Secretaries and Attachés, are having 'nerves' all over the place, especially the Russians, since there is a kind of underground belief that they pulled the thing off, and people are avoiding them."

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There was a big party one evening at the French Embassy, in the Pariser Platz, given by the new Envoy. The Diplomatic Corps was in no mood for parties, but it had to go to this one whether it wanted to or not. Young Mr. Manners dined earlier in the evening, at the Esplanade, with the American Third Secretary and his wife. He didn't particularly care for the Listons, but he was sorry for them, for they were unhappy and rather poor, and Liston, who drank too much, was in great danger of being dismissed from the service.

He didn't drink a great deal on this particular occasion—two or three glasses of champagne—but Manners thought he had been having something—cocktails, probably,—before dinner, for he certainly was not quite himself; and when, as they rose from the table, he said he must run round to the Embassy and pick up a belated dispatch from Washington that the "old man" wanted brought on to him at the Pariser Platz, Manners offered to go in the Third Secretary's place, thinking the man in no fit condition to handle and bear confidential papers. But the Third Secretary would permit no such thing. He said it was his job—he had been told to fetch the dispatch, and fetch it he should. So they had to go on to the party by themselves, leaving the other man to follow later, and young Mrs. Liston cried a little in the cab and made Manners thoroughly uncomfortable.

Happily he was soon able to regain his spirits, for soon after their arrival at the French Embassy, he found the one particular lady he had been hoping to find—the Princess zu Ehrenstein, the wife of the Vice-Chancellor, and Nina von Langenthal's cousin. This tall and handsome lady was the one woman in the German capital who, though he had seen her not more than half a dozen times, had made him a little glad to be there, and he had written about her most enthusiastically to her cousin and to René de Mirande, saying that she looked exactly like the Venus of Milo with a secret sorrow.

This odd air of absorption and aloofness intrigued him a good deal, and once or twice he had asked other ladies to what they thought it was due. They suggested that it wasn't private sorrow at all, that it was public pride; but Mr. Manners, who was a romantic soul, shook his head and smiled, for he thought he knew better. She wasn't, he considered, a proud woman, though she had reason enough to be. She was quite humble about any quantity of things of which she professed ignorance, and very liberal and open-minded about matters that she couldn't officially have countenanced at all. As, for example, the day she talked to him for nearly an hour earnestly and enthusiastically about his political idol, Herr Brand, the great leader of the Peace Party in the Reichstag, her husband's bitterest opponent.

He found her, on this evening in the Pariser Platz, surrounded by uniforms and orders, looking more than ever like the Venus of Milo in black velvet and with a secret sorrow. He approached without hope of more than picking up the crumbs of conversation from her table, but she greeted him very kindly, and in a quite incredibly short time managed to rid herself of the uniforms and orders, so that the two were left alone.

"Heaven be thanked," she said, "for someone who isn't German, and official, and vain, and pompous, and empty! There are times when I think these eternal files of officers, all bowing from the waist in the same way, all saying the same things, all with the same vacant faces, will drive me mad, and I shall scream and beat at them with my hands! I suppose if I were six inches shorter and looked less severe, and hadn't a Vice-Chancellor for a husband, they would make love to me. Well, that certainly would be better—for a time, anyhow." She smiled, but it was with her lips only. Her beautiful eyes were clouded, and dark, and still, and inscrutable. It was as if the woman stood eternally mourning behind a pleasant mask that made flippant conversation with perfect ease and without the least help from her.

"Don't they make love to you?" asked Mr. Manners in affected astonishment, though he could quite easily believe they didn't — one would as soon think of presuming to make love to the Kaiserin.

"No, they daren't, I fancy. That is, the Germans. The foreigners, sometimes. One of your Secretaries—the rather dissipated one —makes love to me when he has had a little too much to drink. He makes it very prettily, too. I let him sometimes, not because I like his protestations, but because his poetry is good."

"His poetry?"

"Yes. Didn't you know he wrote verses? I suppose men don't confess such things to one another. He writes very good poetry indeed, and, when he is slightly tipsy, recites it to me. You should hear him!"

Manners felt a sudden impulse to say that

this infatuation of her husband's had made poor little Alice Liston cry in the cab on the way from dinner, but it was a rather impossible thing to say, and he held his tongue.

The Princess broke off, laughing a little, and nodded across the room.

"There he is, now. And it looks like one of his poetical evenings, doesn't it?"

"It does," said Mr. Manners with some distaste. "It looks very poetical indeed. I hope the Ambassador hasn't too keen an eye, or your friend Liston will have to stay up all night packing."

The Third Secretary approached without deviation and with the air of a man who had come to stay. He was very pale and hollow-eyed, but he walked without difficulty, and there was no thickness in his speech. He greeted the Princess zu Ehrenstein, who was still laughing gently, with a subdued but unmistakable passion, and Mr. Manners, after some hesitation, growled and went away.

* * * * *

It was, perhaps, half an hour later that Alice Liston beckoned him aside, and when he had made his way to her, among the people, said—

"Come into that other room at once, please. Something dreadful has happened."

He felt that her hand was trembling violently as she laid it on his arm, and he followed without a word to one of the smaller rooms which was at that moment deserted.

"Harry brought a dispatch for the Ambassador," Mrs. Liston said — "an important dispatch. He went into the Winter Garden with that—that woman, and he wasn't—himself, and she stole it from him. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? It's the end of everything! We're done for unless we can get that dispatch back. We're done for for ever!" She began to cry for the second time that evening, holding her gloved hands up over her mouth to smother the sound of her sobs.

Manners gave a short laugh of amazement and scorn.

"The Princess zu Ehrenstein stole a dispatch from Liston? You're crazy! It's the most preposterous thing I ever heard of! You ought to be ashamed of saying such a thing! Liston lost it out of his pocket, or someone on the stairs got it—any one of twenty possibilities. But the Princess——"

"I tell you," cried Alice Liston, "he had it in his pocket when he came into that room yonder. He spoke to his host and hostess, to the First Secretary and Madame de Vienne, and then he went straight away into the conservatory with *her*. Here he is. Ask him for yourself!"

Liston came up to them, walking unsteadily. His face was as white as paper and his eyes were glazed.

"It was in my coat-pocket," he said, like a frightened child. "It was in my inside coat-pocket—two folded papers in a blue envelope. I—told her I had it—that I must go and give it to the chief. She said there was no hurry. She held me back. I was feeling a little—dizzy, and I think I dropped off to sleep for an instant. I remember looking at a diamond star she had on the front of her dress . . . the light shone on it . . . and after a bit it dazzled me, and—and then she wasn't there. And the blue envelope was gone out of my pocket! Gone, you know—quite gone!"

Manners stared at the man's white and twitching face with a kind of sick horror.

"It's preposterous!" he said once more. "It can't be true!" But he was, for some inexplicable reason, all at once miserably sure that it was so, that that splendid and inscrutable woman was a thief. He couldn't have explained this conviction. A moment and he was hot with fierce rage at such a wild accusation, and another moment and the certainty of its truth was in him.

"There was no one else," Alice Liston insisted. "You see yourself that no one else was near him. And she knew he had the dispatch. He told her."

Manners drew a little sigh.

"Where is she now?"

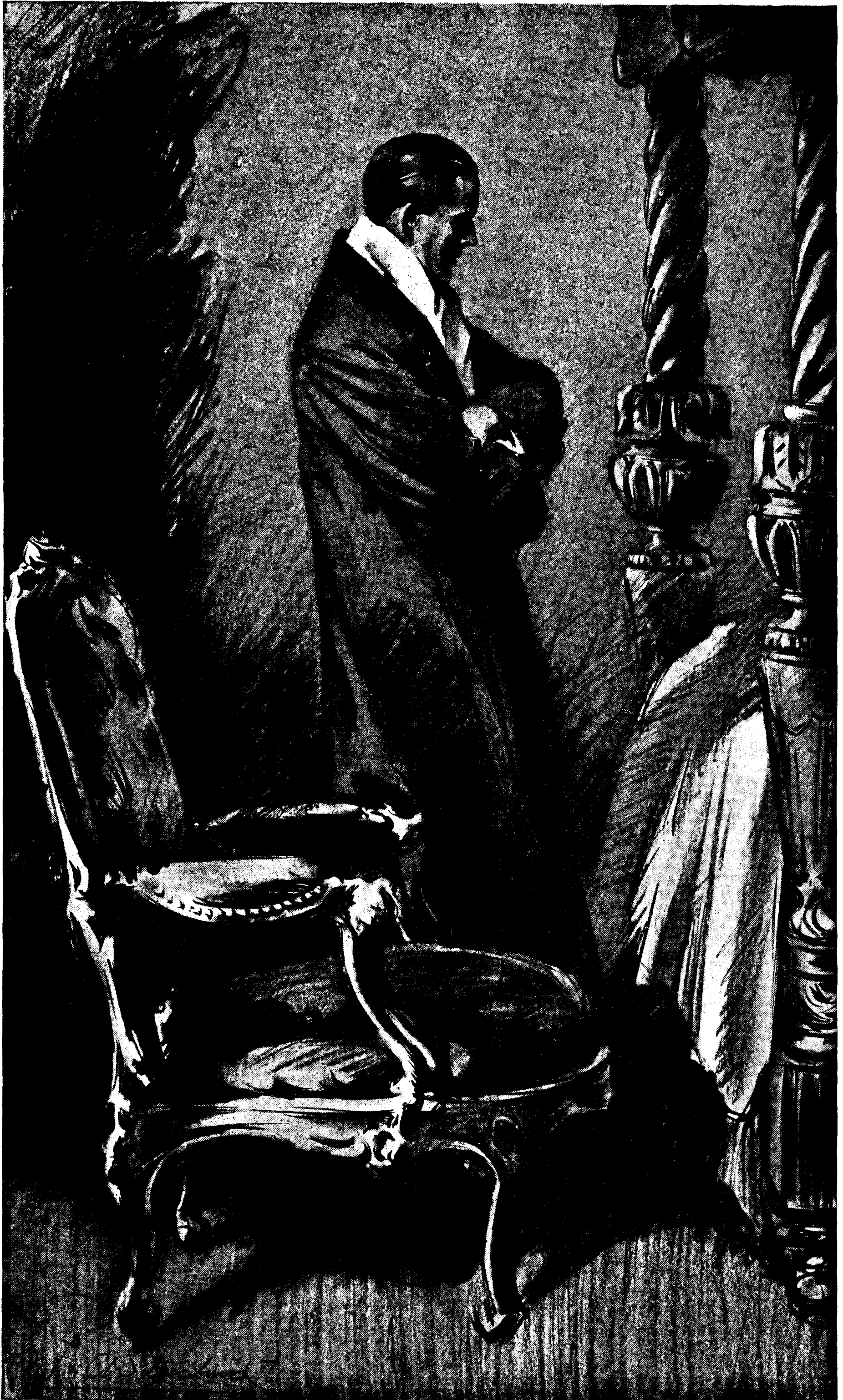
"She passed me five minutes ago, going towards the stairs. It was just before I met Harry and—found out. I think she was leaving the house." Mrs. Liston looked him hard in the eyes, as if to ask what he had to say to that. He shook his head, and she gave a little cry.

"We must follow her—we must find out where she has gone, and follow her. Someone must. Harry can't; he's not fit. Oh, if I were a man!"

Mr. Manners drew another little sigh and turned away.

"I'll try her house in the Thiergartenstrasse. She may be there."

He went back through the big crowded rooms to the stairs, which were crowded, too, and made his way down them as rapidly as he could. Once he thought he saw, some distance before him, the Princess zu



"Young Manners began to understand that he could not stir."

"But the woman listened and nodded . . . and so rose to her feet."

Ehrenstein's head high above the heads of the other ladies there, but he couldn't be sure, and once he asked a friend—an officer of dragoons—if he had seen her. The officer believed she had just passed by on her way out of the house. He got his hat and coat and went to the doors, which stood open. A tall lady in black was just disappearing into a closed motor, and Mr. Manners sprang at the nearest of the group of attendant lackeys and caught the fellow by the arm.

"Who is that lady just leaving?"

"*Seine durchlaucht Fürstin zu Ehrenstein.*"

The motor slipped away between the lines of waiting vehicles towards the Pariser Platz, and Manners ran after it, nearly bowling over, in his flight, a fellow-Attaché of his own Embassy, who was just entering the house, and who laughed and called after him something he couldn't hear.

A public taxi-cab cruising for fares drew near, the chauffeur raising an interrogative finger. Manners leapt upon the step and pointed.

"Follow that motor! Keep a little way behind, but never lose sight of it. Follow it wherever it goes!"

He had thought it possible that she might drive at once to the Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse, especially if she thought the secret in her possession was an important one. But the motor did not turn in that direction; it turned to the right, passed under the Bradenburg gate, and continued straight along the Charlottenburger Chaussée into the Thiergarten. Young Mr. Manners was puzzled. Where in the world was the woman going? The direct route from the Pariser Platz to any point in the Thiergartenstrasse is through the Königgrätzerstrasse and the Lennéstrasse, and the distance is very short. He wondered if she might be bound for Schloss Charlottenburg to carry her news to very high quarters indeed, and he had wild thoughts of driving in front of her car—even, if necessary, of wrecking it—anything to stop her before the harm was done. But before he could translate any of those desperate measures into action, the motor before him turned at the Grosser Stern sharp to the left, ran down the Hofjäger-Allee, and swung into the quiet leafy Thiergartenstrasse. The Princess had merely come a long way round for the sake of a breath of fresh air.

He dropped well behind when he found that she was going home. He saw her leave the motor and enter the big handsome house behind trees and shrubbery near the Regentenstrasse, and, when her car had disappeared, followed where she had gone and rang the bell.

He was, perhaps, three minutes behind her.

To the somewhat perturbed servant who opened the door he explained that he had followed the Fürstin from the French Embassy with an important message, and gave his name. The man led him upstairs to a large room at the front of the house, which he thought must be the absent Fürst zu Ehrenstein's cabinet, for the walls were lined high with books, and before the windows there was an enormous writing-table.

Leaving the visitor here, the footman started away to inform his mistress; but before he had made half a dozen steps, a door at one side of the room opened, and the Princess zu Ehrenstein entered. She saw young Mr. Manners standing by the big writing-table, and uttered a kind of cry. And she closed the door behind her swiftly and stood with her back against it. She was very pale.

"I followed you here," Manners said. "I had to speak to you for a moment alone."

"You may go," the Princess said to the footman, who was waiting near-by. The man withdrew, and they were alone together; but she continued to stand there before the door that led to the further room, one arm raised across it as if to bar the way. And there was no smile of welcome on her face, only that ghastly pallor and her eyes burning from it deep and black. But at last she spoke in a kind of whisper.

"What is it—you want?"

"I have come," said young Mr. Manners, "for the papers in the blue envelope."

He thought she had not heard him, for she made no answer, and there was no visible change in the still pallor of her face. So he said it again—

"I have come for the papers in the blue envelope."

She put out her other hand against the wall behind her as if she needed its support. He saw her lips move stiffly, but at first no sound came from them. Then at last he made out that she said, whispering—

"How did you know?"

He shook his head.

"That doesn't matter, I should think. It's enough that I know. Will you give them up peaceably?"

The Princess came a little way from the

door where she had been standing and sat down in a chair, and laid her arms upon the chair's back and bent her face over them. She said an odd thing. She said, in a broken voice—

"It has come, then, at last," though what she meant by "at last" the American couldn't imagine. And after that she was silent for so long a time that Manners grew a little impatient and moved his feet restlessly, and at length said—

"I should like to be getting back to the Embassy. Will you give me the blue envelope, please?"

She looked up at him with a kind of sorrowful reproach.

"Is there such a desperate hurry, then? After all this time—after all that has happened —do you begrudge me a few minutes? Let me think! I must think what to do."

He was puzzled again, and scowled at the woman watchfully. "After all this time?" It hadn't been more than half an hour. But as he stood watching her, that splendid and beautiful figure bowed together in suffering, the shame and horror of the thing pierced him suddenly like a sword. He gave a kind of cry.

"My God, you don't think I like this, do you? You don't think I'm—torturing you for fun? I'd rather—I'd rather go and browbeat the Kaiser! I'd rather go to gaol! I'd rather—— You've been the only person in Berlin that—— Hang it, you're no more miserable in all this than I am! But I had to come. I tell you, I had to."

She looked up at him listlessly. He wasn't sure that she had heard his words at all.

"There's so much you don't know," she said, and the American nodded.

"Of course. Only I'm afraid none of it would make any difference. We must have the papers back, you know."

The Princess rose to her feet, moving, it seemed, with great difficulty.

"There is someone I must consult. Please wait for me here." She turned away towards that door to the further room; but Manners sprang forward and checked her.

"I'm afraid that won't do. I'm sorry."

"Oh!" She stared at him. "Oh, yes, I see. You're afraid I'll destroy the papers or hide them." She considered, looking at him soberly.

"You know something already—perhaps a great deal. You will have to know everything, I suppose. Since you won't trust me, I shall have to trust you. Come, then!"

She went before him, across a little salon with gilt furniture in the Louis XVI. style, and gay panelled walls and portraits that might have been by Lancret; and she opened a door into a large room that was almost dark, for the only lights were from a pair of candles on a mantelshelf. The night air blew in, fresh and strong, from the open windows, and made the two dim candles flicker until the flames nearly died out.

There was a bed projecting into the room from the middle of the farther wall, and the Princess zu Ehrenstein went across to it and dropped upon her knees there. Young Mr. Manners moved a step nearer and uttered a loud exclamation, for stretched upon this bed in the house of his bitterest enemy, so straight and still that Manners thought him dead, lay that man the German people knew as "The Peacemaker." The great grey head was raised at an odd angle upon the pillow, so that the great grey beard spread out upon the man's breast like a fan. The eyes were closed, and the face, with its deep and noble lines, was white and rigid.

The wife of the Vice-Chancellor laid her hands upon Herr Brand's stiff arm, that trailed down along the bed-covering, and spoke to him.

"Otto! Otto!"

Manners wanted to cry out—

"Let him alone! For Heaven's sake, let him alone! Can't you see the man is dead?" But before he could speak, the eyes of the leader of the Peace Party opened very slowly and looked across the room towards where the intruder stood among the shadows.

"Otto," said the Princess zu Ehrenstein, "they have found us out. They know. This gentleman is from the American Embassy. He has come for the papers in the blue envelope. What shall I do?"

She leant above that still and death-like figure, her face drawn with love and sorrow and agony. She yearned over him as if he had been a dying child.

"What shall I do?" she cried. She looked back towards the younger man.

"I can refuse to give them up. I can destroy them. I can"—she said the preposterous words quite simply and earnestly—"I can kill him before he can leave the house, and afterwards myself. It may be that he is the only one who knows. What shall I do?"

The Peacemaker, without stirring his head —and young Manners began to understand

that he could not stir it, that he was for evermore motionless upon that narrow bed—began to speak. He spoke in a still whisper, so still that the other man heard nothing of what he said, but saw the grey hair of his beard and moustache blow in and out, and so knew that he was talking. But the woman, leaning close, listened and nodded, and at the end laid her hand for a moment upon the Peacemaker's forehead, and so rose to her feet.

They went back across the gay little French salon to the big room where the books were, young Manners groping his way in an all but tangible fog of bewilderment and incomprehension and incredulity. It was all so very like a wild and fantastic dream—the disclosure of this proud and beautiful lady as a vulgar thief—the discovery of the man whom many held to be the greatest in the Empire, dying in a bed in the house of his political enemy. There was a dreadful absurdity about the whole thing that almost made him laugh loud. But he couldn't laugh yet. He had first to recover those dispatches in the blue envelope.

"We are going to give you the papers," said the Princess zu Ehrenstein. "We have failed in what we meant to do with them. Fate—accident—something has been too much for us. The work is for other hands, or else it is never to be. We give up the papers, but, before I put them in your hands, I must tell you how they came to us and why. You mustn't go away from here believing terrible things about—about *him*. He is—dying in that room yonder. He will never lift his head nor stir his hands again. You mustn't go away despising him. I couldn't bear that."

"As to how you came by the papers——" began young Manners, and stopped because there was a knocking at the door.

The Princess looked at him for an instant with fear in her eyes, then spoke, and the same servant who had admitted Mr. Manners entered with a note.

"For Herr Manners, from the French Embassy. The messenger said it was very urgent."

The servant went away, and Manners, tearing the thing open, read the few lines twice over before they conveyed any sense to him.

"There has been a dreadful mistake. Harry never brought the dispatches on from the Embassy at all. He left them behind. He wasn't himself. Mr. Bowles brought them just after you had gone. A. L."

Young Manners, frowning a little, put his hand to his head.

"Excuse me," he said politely. "You said you had those papers in the blue envelope, didn't you? You said you were going to give them back to me? The papers, you know—the papers in the blue envelope?"

"The Armament Limitation papers," the Princess zu Ehrenstein answered. "Yes, of course."

For the first time in his young life Mr. Manners came very near to fainting away. The interior of that handsome room turned quite black before him, and he felt sick and dizzy. When, after an instant, he came to himself, he was trembling a little, but it was not with weakness; it was with sheer excitement.

He saw himself making international history.

He said, putting forth all the strength he had in the effort to steady his voice—

"You must forgive me if my attention —my attention seemed to wander for a moment. This note had to do with another matter. You were going to tell me how it was that the Armament Limitation *dossier* came into your possession."

He stared across at the woman anxiously, but he need not have been afraid. She was looking down at the floor, very intent upon what she had to say. If there had been anything odd in his words or his behaviour, she was in no state to notice it.

"When," the Princess began, "when there was talk, a month ago, in and out of the Reichstag, about this limitation scheme which the Powers were to present to the German Government, Herr Brand was very much concerned, for he had spent half his life in trying to wake his people to just such an idea—not to impose a peace upon them by pressure and fear from without, but to rouse them to a love of peace from within, not to bully them, but put love in their hearts. Half his life he had worked and hoped and been disappointed and defeated. So when he heard so much discussion of this new movement, he was naturally very anxious to know exactly what the international scheme was, and to know it before the Government knew it, so that, if he approved its provisions, he and his party in the Reichstag could use their power at the right time.

"He said so many times in my hearing, and once in the hearing of a certain man who loved him and had worked long and

faithfully for him. He said he would give ten years from the rest of his life to see the Armament Limitation papers before they went to the Chancellor.

"You can imagine what happened. This man—whose name I will not tell you, though, perhaps, you know it—had an opportunity, and he stole the *dossier* from one of the French Secretaries.

"He brought it to me.

"It was a mad thing to do. I was horror-struck. I told him to return the things. I told him I would have nothing to do with such a crime, but he begged me to wait, to reflect for twenty-four hours.

"He knew, I think, that twenty-four hours would break me down, and they did. I sent for Herr Brand.

"He was harder to weaken than I had been, but all his life's work, all his hopes and ambitions, all his love for his fellow-men, stood against him and fought with his will. I pleaded with him also. It was too much.

"We had wonderful days here—days of argument and construction and reconstruction. On the basis of the international scheme he began to build a splendid fabric, a great thing. He meant, when it was finished, to take it to the Ambassadors of the four Powers and to pledge them his support in the Reichstag if they would accept his changes. Among them all, moving from within and from without, they could have forced the Government. There is no doubt of that. It could have been done.

"And then came the end."

"Herr Brand's illness?" the American asked, when she was silent.

"It was—my husband. I think Heaven may have been angry because, though with the purest motives a man can have, Otto Brand had done an ignoble thing. My husband knew that we were friends, and that I admired Herr Brand and loved the ideals he preached. My husband had hated the friendship, and tried to make me break it off, but I wouldn't. He found out somehow—I suppose through the servants—that we were meeting here almost daily, and so one day he hid himself and listened, and finally came into the room where we were. He misunderstood certain words. He thought things that were not true. It waked all the brutal jealousy in him.

"He was mad, raging. He was like an infuriated animal. I had never before seen a man like that."

The Princess covered her face.

"They fought there, before me in my own house—two men in the clothes of civilisation. They fought like two naked savages, like two apes. It was incredible. I couldn't believe it was true. I couldn't believe that such things happened.

"And then—he hurt him. My husband hurt him. My husband bent him back on a table, and he fell on the floor quite still. We thought he was dead, but he wasn't. He was only dying with a broken back.

"Oh, I needn't go on with it. My husband tried to make me give him the papers, but I wouldn't. You see, if he could have taken the *dossier* to the Chancellor, it would have helped him on tremendously. He searched the house, but the papers were well hidden, and he searched in vain. Once I thought he meant to kill me, too. He took me by the throat with his hands. Then at last he went away, cursing me and threatening me. He said he should never return, and I think he never will.

"As to Herr Brand, he could not be moved. I shouldn't have wished it, even if he could. A story was easily managed about a sudden illness that confined him to his home. You have seen him. He is dying in that room yonder. He has been a long time about it—two weeks. Perhaps he will live two weeks longer, perhaps not.

"So he is ended—that great and splendid man, the greatest man in the Empire. A man who would have saved thousands of lives is dying dreadfully in mid-career because another man suspected him of loving a woman. And it wasn't even true! It wasn't even true!"

"What," asked the American gently, "had you meant to do with the papers—after Herr Brand's—afterwards?"

The Princess looked up at him wearily.

"The *dossier?* I don't know. I hadn't thought. You see, I didn't mean to survive him long—I really hadn't thought." She looked down and up again.

"I loved him," she said; and after a long time she went on—

"Besides, that doesn't matter now. You have found us out somehow. The papers will go back. It will be all over. It will be as if he had never lived and worked and loved his brothers. That is the bitter part of it. All his plans gone for nothing!"

Young Mr. Manners gave a sudden exclamation.

"No, no! I won't believe that. I won't have it. I tell you, I won't have it!"

He got to his feet and began to walk back and forth across the room.

"I—you know, I loved him, too. Even though I never spoke with him face to face, nor touched his hand, I loved him and reverenced him more than any other man in Germany. He—I don't know quite how to put it—he seemed to me to have a message from—well, from God. I tell you he shan't be just wiped out like that. It is too brutal!"

Young Manners stopped before the chair in which the woman sat, and she looked up at him.

"Princess, the Armament Limitation papers were to have come from the French to the American Embassy. We were to have been the next to examine and discuss them, and perhaps add our mite. From us they were to go into the general conference of the Powers, then to your Government. As I understand it, they were ready for us at the time they were—lost."

The woman watched his face with anxious eyes.

"You were very close to Herr Brand. You must have known what he wanted. Could you make a kind of abstract of his views?"

"Yes," she said, beginning to tremble. "Oh, yes, yes!"

"Then do it. My chief is a good man, and he has long been a great admirer of Herr Brand's doctrine. He will do what he can—we all will. He shall not have lived and worked in vain; I promise you that. We will make use of his plans in our draft of the circular note, and his party in the Reichstag will urge the same plans. So we shall be conducting just what he wished to conduct—a simultaneous campaign, both from without and from within, on the Chancellor. And he shall have credit for it. I think I can promise that. The world shall know that he was one of us."

The Princess zu Ehrenstein bent her head over her hands and began to weep very violently. Young Manners was embarrassed because he never knew what to do when women wept. He tried to find words of cheer and comfort, and he babbled them unhappily; but he knew she wasn't listening, and, after a bit, fell silent once more and just waited. And when she had finished, she looked up at him with shining eyes.

"You are good!" she cried. "Oh, you are good! Except for *him*, you are the best man I have ever known. I had been in such despair. The world had seemed to me to be at an end—my world. Now I can live and see his work go on. Now *he* can live—himself—all that is best of him."

She got to her feet.

"I must go to him. I must tell him. But first I must get the *dossier* and give it to you." She went away, but not far, for she was back in a moment, bringing a blue envelope, fat with its contents of closely-written and typed papers. Young Mr. Manners's hand shook a little as he took the envelope.

The Princess laid her two hands upon his breast and looked into his face. She said—

"You have given me life, and you have given *him* life, too. His poor broken body will die, but his spirit will go marching on, won't it? There are no words of thanks for a thing like that, so I shan't try to find any. And now I must go and tell him."

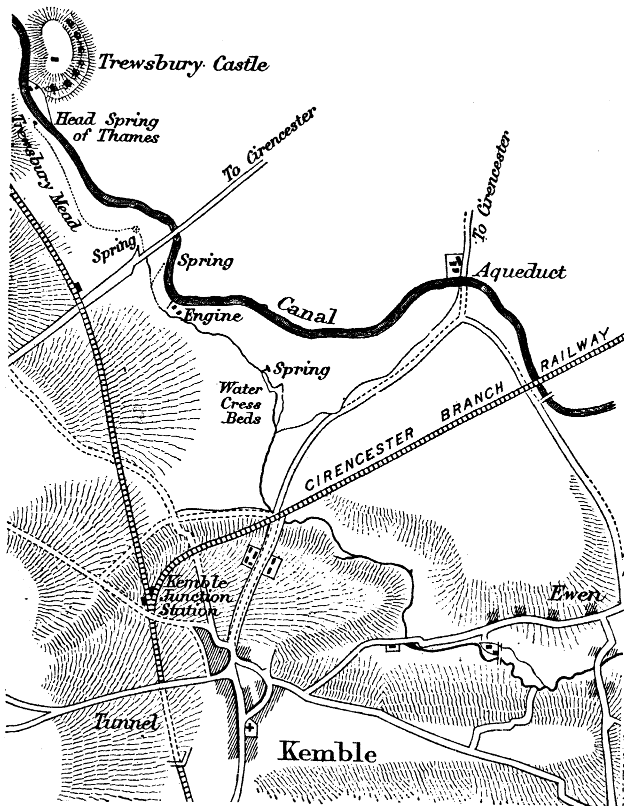
She stood erect in the middle of that broad, luxurious room, a tall and beautiful figure with smiling eyes, as the American looked back from the door. He said "Good night," closed the door behind him, and went down the stairs. The blue envelope with its precious contents was in his pocket, and he was tingling all over with excitement and exultation. He looked ahead into the near future, and saw himself the petted confidant of his Ambassador, the pride of his Embassy, the mouthpiece of the dying Titan of Germany, the saviour of a great idea. He let himself out into the night, and began to walk down the Thiergartenstrasse, smiting the pavement proudly with his stick. He was making history with every step.

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.

THE SOURCES OF THE THAMES AND ITS COTSWOLD TRIBUTARIES

DESCRIBED WITH CAMERA AND PEN BY

HENRY W. TAUNT



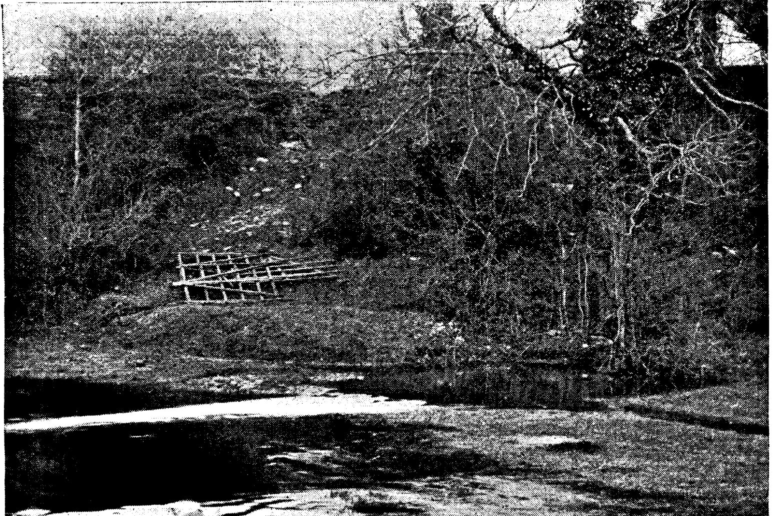
THE POSITION OF THE FOUR SPRINGS.

UNFAILING pleasure is to be found in tracking up a stream and tracing its winding course as far as the little spring from whence it rises, and viewing the limpid waters welling up and dappling in the breezes which sweep musically through the trees that overshadow it; but when that stream forms the source of our own national river, as, indeed, is Father Thames, it bears with it a fund of interest which is as lasting as life itself. How much anxiety, what loss of life and treasure, and infinitude of toil, was expended in tracing out the Egyptian Nile to its distant source under the torrid African sun! But here is a new pleasure combined with that of exploration, which can be taken by all who can either ride, walk, or bicycle, at a cost infinitely small compared with the amount of enjoyment which is sure to proceed from it. So we will ask you to accompany us some three miles along the well-worn road, the Fossway, leading west from Cirencester, and up and down a few rolling hills and dales, as do all the Cotswold roads. The way looks clean and fairly white, as the rain has washed it and the sunshine has made it quickly dry. Past the Royal Agricultural College, lying back behind the fertile fields; between the hedges, rich in places with flowering wild clematis or the grouped blossoms of the guelder rose, which grow up where the cornbrash walls rise from above the stone-pits along the marge of the path; then at last down into the valley with the grey hills beyond, and just over the bridge of the canal. We will not pause here, as we shall visit it all on our return, but take the towing-path of the canal northwards, beyond the cottages for a clear half-mile, then over the wall and down the bank is the head spring of Father Thames. It is probably summer when the visit is paid, but that matters little, for under the swaying ash you will find the well, filled with cornbrash stones, which in February is often full and overflowing with the flood of water, which then quietly rises up and fills the little valley with a lively current, and the traces of this usually point out plainly, even in the driest

summer, from where the winter stream has flowed.

Our first two pictures give a good idea of the complete contrast of this spot in its summer and winter aspects. In the summer scene the trees are in full leaf, and the hawthorns have lost their may, while the summer sun is shining in all its beauty and brilliancy. The water is gone, but the ground, by its inequality, shows where it has run, and the water-washed stones tell their story. Thus we can fully enjoy Peacock's lines:—

THAMES HEAD IN SUMMER, APPARENTLY DRY.



THAMES HEAD IN WINTER, WITH SPRING FLOWING.

> Let fancy lead from Trewsbury Mead,
> With hazel fringed and copsewood deep,
> Where scarcely seen through brilliant green
> Thy infant waters softly creep.

And Leland tells us: "In a great somer drought there appeareth very little or no water, yet is the stream servid with many springes resorting to one bottom."

That it really was a well years ago, the picture from Boydell's "Thames" (1796) plainly shows, and when it was being cleared out in the autumn of 1886, a piece of the wooden tubing was found at the bottom embedded in the *débris*. The sketch gives one the idea that the water was raised and conveyed over the wall to the canal by this pump; but the amount thus supplied must have been very small compared to that which must have been required. And yet, from another old picture in Ireland's "Thames" (1792), we find that at the bridge over the canal was another pump worked by a windmill, having six sails or arms, which was used for the same purpose before the Thames Head pump was built.

From the Roman road, half a mile below the first spring, we get a view of the second one; in summer simply a hollow in the ground, with the little valley beyond leading to Thames Head. This in the winter is often entirely covered with water, the turf is saturated with it and sometimes rises to the top like a great overblown bubble, while the little culvert under the road is all too small to carry away the rushing stream. Cross the road, and you will see the track of

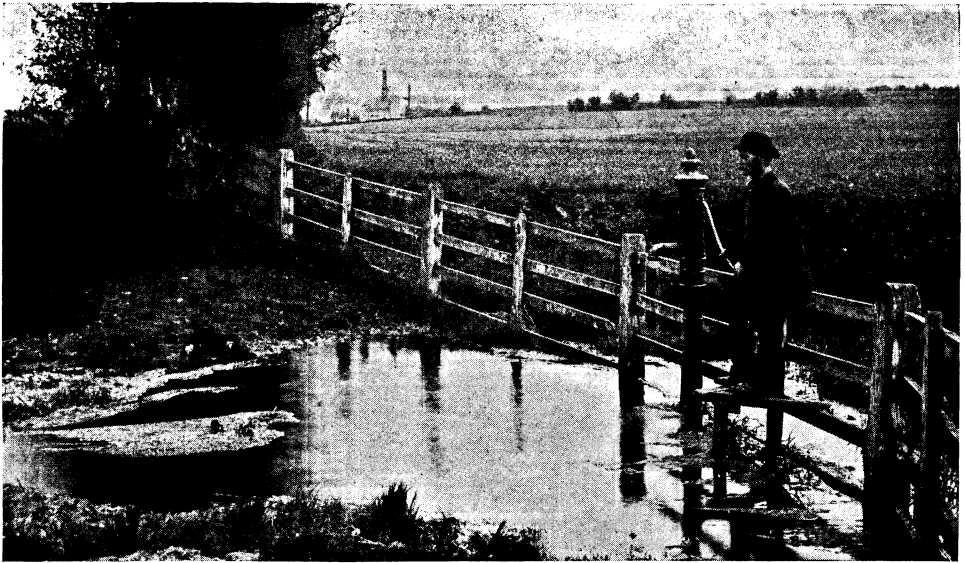
THE THAMES: THE SECOND SPRING VIEWED FROM THE ROMAN ROAD.

the third spring, and behind, on the rising ground, the Thames Head pump.

This building, if you have been in Cornwall, will remind you of those over the tin mines, and is, in fact, identical. It is used to raise the water from a well some fifty or more feet deep, and drains these springs of some four millions of gallons every day when at full work, on purpose to keep sufficient water in the thirsty bed of the Thames and Severn Canal for the navigation. At the present time, however, the navigation of that canal seems to be entirely abandoned.

A short distance below, in a little round dell just off the stream, is the big fourth spring of Thames Head, which is never dry, although part of its water is carried through pipes to the well of the Thames Head pump, and we *have* seen the water, after a spell of wet weather, bubbling up a foot or more above the surface, and go rushing down to the earlier stream with more water than the others had brought down. This spring probably was the foundation of all the pretty pictures which represent Thames Head as rising with a series of high, rushing bulbs of water; but although many years ago, before the level of the water in the valley was lowered, this may have been the case on an extreme occasion, it is only now in very few instances that

THE THAMES HEAD PUMP, WITH THE THIRD SPRING IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE THAMES: THE FOURTH SPRING.

even this spring does more than quietly rise and run off to join the others which have flowed down to meet it. We invite attention to one more scene on these headwaters of the Thames, and this, only a mile and a half from the head spring, will show you that the main river of Thames, like the "king of British rivers" it is, soon after its rise runs between well-defined and widened banks, with, in spring, a full stream, brightened by the pretty flowers of the water-crowfoot, which mat together right across the bed, and this picture is introduced to prove the fact that this is indeed the very head of Thames.

Now let us journey some twelve miles north of Cirencester, along the very pleasant Cheltenham road, which, after running along the Churn valley, rises to the summit level of the Cotswolds. Nearly close to where this road crosses the main London Road from Gloucester *viâ* Northleach, is Seven Springs, one of the head springs of the Churn, and by some writers claimed to be *the* Thames Head. Springing from a higher level than the Thames, and flowing through a longer

THE THAMES BELOW THE FOURTH SPRING.

SEVEN SPRINGS: THE HEAD SPRING OF THE CHURN.

and perhaps more diversified valley, the Churn descends from under the crest of the Cotswolds, and, passing by Cirencester, eventually finds its way into the Thames at Cricklade. Two main springs really contribute to form the Churn, both issuing from a little dell under Leckhampton Hill. One of the sources is at Ullen Farm, the other at Seven Springs. The former rises from the higher level, and is the longer and more considerable branch ; but popular favour has preferred the latter, and years ago, when no house stood near, and the spot, instead of being closely curbed by a great stone wall, was all open and wild, it really was an extremely pretty spot by the side of the high-road, and a charming resting-place for the wayfarer. But although on a longer stream, it has no real claim to be Thames Head, any more than a branch which is

THE CHURN, NEAR ITS SOURCE

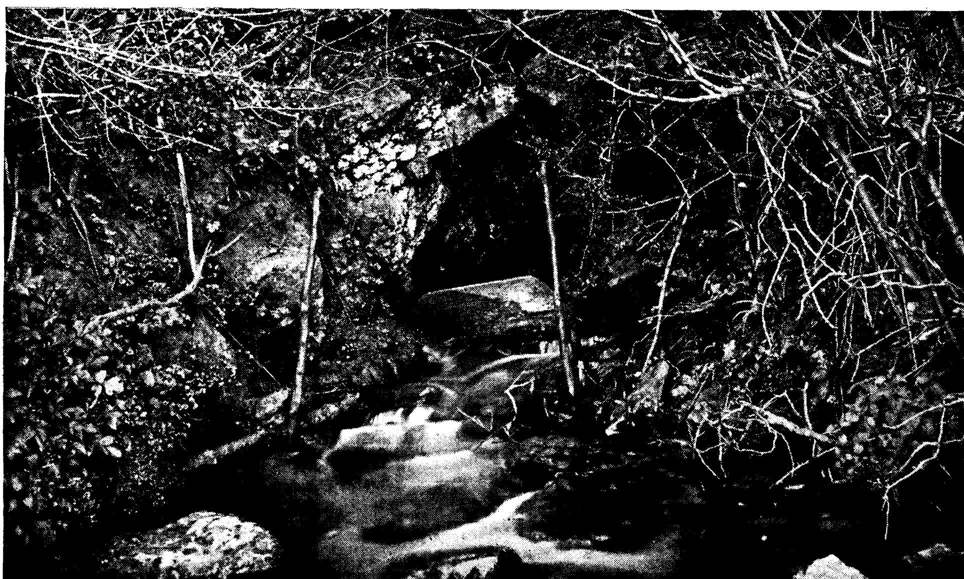
THE CHURN AT CUBBERLY.

often longer than the head has to be deemed the main trunk of a tree ; and if the farthest and highest source is the head of a river, then Seven Springs must even here give way to the Ullen water, both as a longer and higher source, while the head springs of the Windrush, another of the Thames tributaries, rise from a higher elevation than either of these.

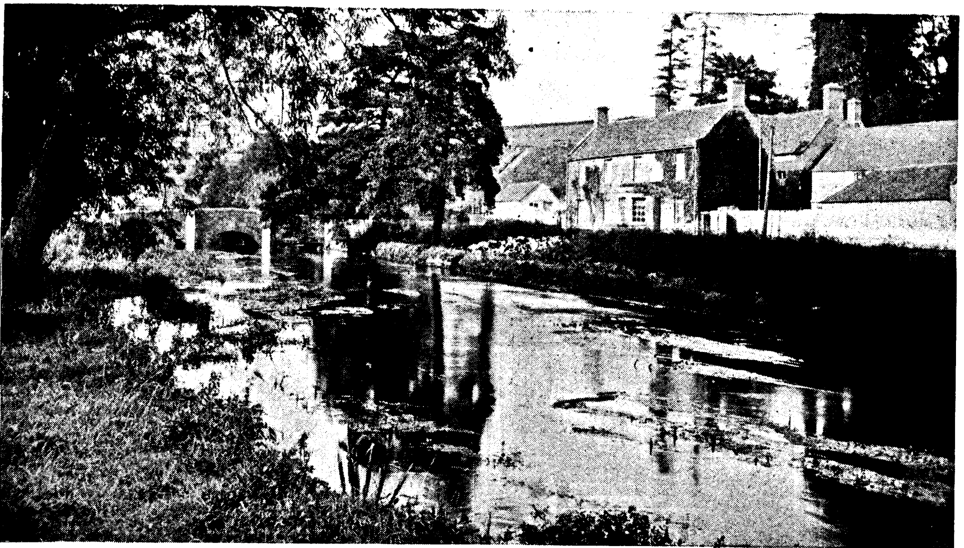
Once through the formal pleasure grounds of the house near-by, what a pretty little stream this is! It has been joined by its first tiny tributary, and, having eaten its way into the bed of the valley, it is the very embodiment of Tennyson's brook :—

> I chatter over stony ways,
> In little sharps and trebles,
> I bubble into eddying bays,
> I babble on the pebbles.
>
> With many a curve my banks I fret,
> By many a field and fallow,
> And many a fairy foreland set
> With willow-weed and mallow.

And when the Ullen Farm stream joins it, and the two unite to drive the little mill just below Cubberly Church, it has grown into a small but useful stream. But, unlike



COLN HEAD, NEAR ANDOVERSFORD MILL.



THE COLN AT BIBURY.

the Thames, which is ever growing as it runs, the Churn augments for the first five miles, and then during the next three miles of its course decreases so much that at about fourteen miles down its stream it is actually no larger than before it reached Cubberly, owing to its water-stream sinking into the oolite and holding for a long distance a subterranean course, the waters from which are supposed to rise again to the surface at the Boxall Springs, near South Cerney. One or two of the other Cotswold streams do this, but none to so great an extent as the Churn; yet even this stream does not entirely fail and run dry, as the Mole in Surrey does in a hot summer.

By Cubberly Church are the last remains of the old mansion of Cubberly Court, which in the time of the Civil War belonged to the Earl of Downe, and here he several times had the honour of entertaining Charles I. Now there is only the wall with a doorway left to tell its story.

The valley through which the Churn runs is very pretty right down to Cirencester, and its beauty is enhanced by the old

THE HEAD SPRING OF THE LEACH AT HAMPNET.

churches and country seats which peep out from amid its tree-covered slopes. The Churn is never a large or important river, and when it reaches the Thames at Cricklade, it has not half the volume of that river at their junction.

Cirencester is watered by it, and this "Capital of the Cotswolds" is one of the most interesting of towns, not only from its history, which dates as far back as the times of the Romans, but also for the beautiful architecture of its church and town hall, which stand in an open market-place and form the centre-piece to a charming scene.

The highest sources of the Coln are near the subject of our next scene, seeming to say to us, as we gaze upon it, in the words of a Gloucestershire poem :—

I'm a Cotswold river bright, singing as I flow,
By many a field, and many a farm, and many a fold I go,
By many a little homestead grey, amid the wolds so lone,
I teach them all my music, the song which is my own.

But at the ford where the children play
With shallow water I cover the way;
My bed is firm and free from wear,
And none need fear in crossing there;
For I love the children who play by me,
I love their laughter and childish glee,
'Twould make me sad could it be said,
They look upon my stream with dread.

THE LEACH: THE BRIDGE AT EASTLEACH.

Charlton Abbots, and, like many of the Cotswold streams, at first it is of such little volume as to be scarcely more than a silver thread among the water-plants amid which it is hidden. Above Andoversford Mill, however, there is a change, and here a powerful stream gushes out from a rocky cavern, half hidden in overhanging greenery and the hill behind, which furnishes a good part of the water to fill the pool which drives the mill. Then, soon after threading under the main road, it is joined by another little Cotswold rivulet, which at Shipton Oliffe trickles across the village street and forms

The Coln soon threads the hills again, holding its course down the water-worn valley between with a crooked winding stream, which is very pretty at Cleevely Wood, and at Withington runs under the road below the fine old church, then past the Roman villa found in the Chedworth Woods, and on to Foss Bridge, where it is crossed by the Roman road in the deep valley. Gathering volume faster as it flows, it gives the prefix name to the Coln villages, and at Bibury receives a strong reinforcement from the copious spring by the bridge. Thence it winds round the hills to Fairford,

THE HEAD SPRING OF THE WINDRUSH IN SUMMER.

falling into the Thames at the junction of the rivers and canal, close to Inglesham. Below Ablington it is a noted trout river, and the speckled beauties can be seen in the May Fly time rising up in all directions, many two, three, and four pounds in weight, from between the weeds in the fast-flowing river, or lying on the gravel bottom waiting for the toothsome morsels brought down by the stream. In many places the river is extremely picturesque, particularly so between Bibury and Fairford. At the latter place a bridge has been substituted for the Fair Ford, but the delightful windows of the church, reputed to be the work of Albert Dürer, still remain in all their beauty. Like the Churn, in part of its courses its waters are swallowed up, to reappear further down its stream, and in places it repeats, on a small scale, some of the most noted beauties of the middle Thames.

The River Lech or Leach is useful from its very head spring in the village of Hampnet, where it gushes out from under a large stone on the side of the hill, and at once, after supplying the cottages and farms with water,

FIRST SIGNS OF THE WATER OF THE WINDRUSH, AT TODDINGTON.

makes its way into the valley, down which it travels to the pretty old Cotswold town of Northleach, noted for the well-worn saying about "its gaol at one end and workhouse at the other, while the centre is filled up with starvation itself." The church there is one of the gems of the Cotswolds, taking rank with those at Cirencester, Campden, and Burford, and is one of the several built by the old wool merchants, who owed their wealth to these wolds and the sheep with which they were dotted.

It is a treat to traverse this old-world town, far away from railways and the bustle they bring, and a quiet week-end can easily be spent, where nothing but the sound of the sweet-toned church bells and the singing of the birds break the spell of restful peace which seems to pervade the Cotswolds on a bright Sabbath morn. All the Cotswold rivers travel more or less south-easterly through pretty sylvan scenery, the Leach being particularly interesting at Eastleach, one scene of the labours of the saintly Keble, poet and divine, who, born at Fairford, served the Church here and at Coln St. Aldwyns, also in the Cotswold country.

Walk through the churchyard at Eastleach Martine on to the quaint old bridge over the river, and it will at once be seen how Keble's poems are tinged by the scenery.

Here is the poet's description :—

> With that calm footpath tending high,
> Which with its many feet hath spanned the brook,
> Where all is still around thee, lovely spot,
> Save stilly heard o'er ever-waving wild,
> And the meek eyes of blue forget-me-not.

The Lech has fewer attractions than most of the other Cotswold streams ; it is the smallest and least important among them, and it steals into the Thames below Lechlade nearly unseen, without the slightest visible influence on the vastly larger river.

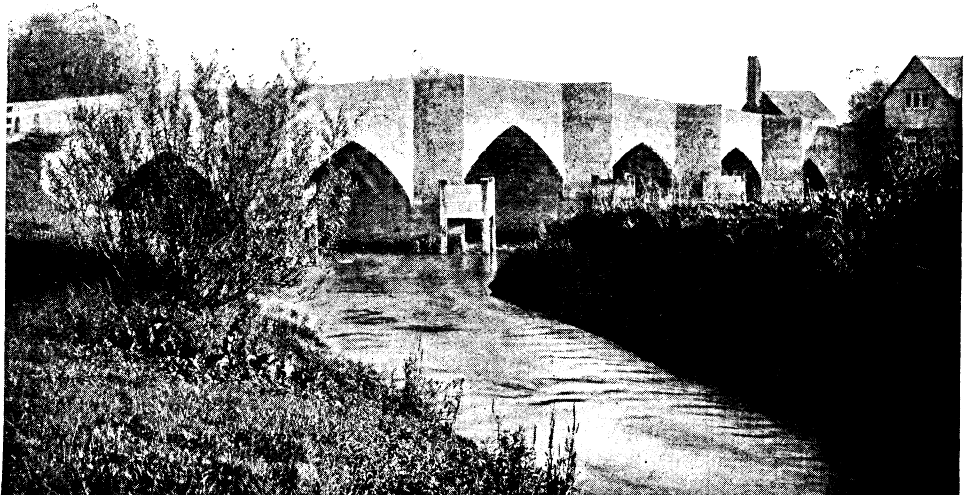
The source of the Windrush is in the lower part of a long water-washed col or valley which runs down from the southern slope of Broadway Hill, and has a longer course, before reaching the Thames at Newbridge, than any other of the Cotswold tributaries. In its earliest springing it resembles what Thames Head must have been before canal and railway altered the face of the country ; and, like Thames Head, its upper springs are generally dry in summer-time, although throwing out a copious stream after the winter rains. Centuries ago it evidently rose higher up the valley, perhaps even as high as Snowhill itself ; but now in summer no water is found before reaching Toddington Farm, below which a little stream begins to show itself amid the water-plants, which reveal yet hide its feeble flow, and furnishes a drinking-place for the sleek cattle which are reared there.

THE WINDRUSH PASSING THROUGH NAUNTON GLEN.

THE WINDRUSH: THE SEVEN SPRINGS ABOVE BOURTON.

It is very small at Cutsdean and Ford, and has neither depth nor size at Temple Guiting or Barton Bridge; but a short distance below, it receives a large effluent from Guiting Power, and then becomes a much larger stream. After passing Naunton it winds through the hills, and at Seven Springs a series of outbursting springs add their water to the stream. The hill above, of inferior oolite, rises far above the level. Through this hill the rain descending by natural joints and fissures gathers the water and allows it to flow out in the most easy points of efflux. The flow widens out the channels, the deeper ones become perennial and of uniform discharge, and thus these springs are continually augmenting the rivers into which they flow.

Some parts of the upper Windrush are as beautiful as any of the Thames tributaries, where it flows through the deep glen above Bourton, and then, emerging into the open valley, runs right through the pretty village of Bourton-on-the-Water, where quaint bridges cross its stream. Adding to the beauty of Barrington Park, and Burford, with its charming Priory, it flows round more than two sides of the beautiful church there, and then goes laughing onward with its nitrous waters, to help in the manufacture of the far-famed Witney blankets, before it reaches, at Newbridge, its junction with the Thames.



NEWBRIDGE: THE JUNCTION OF THE WINDRUSH AND THE THAMES.

THE DIVIDING LINE

By G. E. MITTON

Illustrated by Charles Crombie

"LEAVE me out of it; I can manage all right, Wallis." This from the junior of two khaki-clad men seated on squares of Willesden canvas to keep off the horde of things that bite and creep and sting in the jungle undergrowth. Beside them were a couple of tents, around them lay the usual camp outfit, and near them blazed a fire fed with green boughs and leaves, and obviously designed rather with a view to producing an acrid smoke to drive away winged tormentors than to give out heat. A lantern on a pole showed a light which wavered to and fro, going out and glowing again as the clouds of downy-winged moths circled in front of it or parted. Wallis leaned into the light, waving away the obstructive cloud, and, bending forward, studied again intently the crumpled scrap of paper, a telegram form, that he held in his hand. The light revealed the worn patches devoid of hair on the temples, where the sun topi had rubbed it away, it deepened the lines on his sun-dried face, and showed him up a lean, thoughtful-looking man, spare of flesh and well-developed muscularly.

Hugh Campbell, his companion, ventured no more; he was accustomed to discipline, and the practice that the Chief must decide ran in the Company they both served. Besides, this was a personal matter, and concerned Wallis alone. For ten minutes, therefore, he smoked in silence, sending out clouds of tobacco smoke to mingle and fight with the biting fumes of the fire. Then Wallis spoke.

"It will take me three weeks to get back," he commented, "even travelling light as I should do, with a couple or perhaps three of the men—a week from here to Dwya, ten days to Bwanti, and the rest by rail. If the doctors give her a month, as they say, I should see her again." His voice ran on evenly without a break; the wilderness has no use for a man who has not learnt to control his emotions. "On the other hand, if I go on with you, we shall not get to Tong-ma for another six weeks. By cutting across to the Salween afterwards, we might, with luck, be back at headquarters in something like two and a half months. There is no middle way. If I weigh the two things against each other, there is no question which scale goes down. I don't reckon the loss of prospects as a rap in comparison with—the other. It's all a question of values. There'd be no doubt of the decision, if it were as plain as that. What grits me, Hugh, is turning back after having set my hand to the plough."

"The worst is over," said Hugh shortly. Then, with an attempt at a laugh, he added: "See here, you're giving me the chance of my life. If I carry through this job, I'll get promotion, probably over your head."

Wallis's tense attitude relaxed a little. "That's so," he assented. "It's not likely we'll come across another case so bad as that of Woo-sin, that infernal half-caste Chinee. He's safe enough in Rangoon Gaol by now. There's only Thanlin between here and Tong-ma, and I don't anticipate any bother there." He sat still musing. "Just luck we got to the telegraph station to-day; the message only came in this morning." Again he looked at the form.

There it lay, brutally bald and cold. "Your wife suddenly ill; consultation of doctors; they give her a month to live; am wiring for her." It was from the Secretary of the Company.

As the meaning struck him with heavy impact again, Wallis sprang to his feet and turned across the jungle back to the small collection of huts which formed a little trading post here in the wilderness. "I'll send a

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message to say I'm coming," he announced briefly.

II.

A JUNGLE village at midday. A clearing on a height surrounded by the ever-growing, menacing vegetation, which swept up around it as waves around a half-submerged rock. This was Yuntha, a collection of depressed-looking huts, untidily thatched with split bamboo, standing each apart and separate, forlornly aloof, on legs of wood, around which the lean, hungry goats and skimpy fowls scratched in the dust. There was a little green vegetation beside the houses, here and there a plantain tree, with the bunches of yellowing fruit carefully cut off in sections, a papya tree, and at one end a huge jack-fruit, with the curious pumpkin-like fruit growing out of the stem on its ridiculously inadequate little stalk. All around, one could gaze out into the varying depths of the jungle as one might have gazed into depths of shifting water imperfectly seen. The whole village was fenced by a broken and feeble stockade of bamboo sticks, linked together by a bit of wire and badly broken; a child, a pig, could have crashed through anywhere. This fencing looped out behind the dâk bungalow, which thus was dignified by a sort of compound. It was larger and rather better built than the rest of the half dozen huts. The blazing sun of the morning beat down so fiercely that it added something almost terrifying to this forlorn spot, apparently so deserted and lying so still that by the exercise of a little imagination it would not have been difficult to fancy one heard the steady beat of the jungle advancing to tear it to pieces, as it had already torn to pieces the melancholy little pagodas belonging to it. They lay with the outer covering of plaster stripped from them in great scales, disclosing hideous gaping wounds of red bricks, which fell in a cascade to the ground and were devoured by the creepers and tangle beneath.

Into Yuntha advanced Hugh Campbell and his party from out of the heavy depths into the dusty light. The main body of followers was still behind, and only his own immediate attendants, including Chinnaswamy, his Madrassee servant, had kept up with him. As they walked up the main alley-way of the village, the place became suddenly alive. Two or three men, more Chinese than Burmese in type, with only the scantiest of weather-worn cloths around their glistening brown bodies, peered round corners; a few stark naked children, hitherto invisible, started up from tufts of grass and disappeared with the celerity and noiselessness of wild things.

In the door of one of the neatest of the huts, a hut standing foursquare on *terra firma* and not perched on legs, was seen a shiny-faced babu in a soiled white European suit.

"Mr. Ugh Camp-bell?" he inquired, grinning affably.

Hugh's mind leaped to the sequence. "You have a wire for me?" he demanded sharply.

The babu bowed low. "If Mr. Camp-bell will take bath and occupy, to exclusion of fatigue, dâk bungalow, the honoured advice I taking with all perambulation and dispatch," he said.

Hugh pushed past him to the hut. "Where is the message?" he asked without ceremony.

"It was at nine of the clock this morning, as set by the amplitude of the chronometer," said the babu, who revelled in high-sounding words fished up out of the dictionary. "But in consequence of procrastination, unable to deliver without incertitude until emergence of the recipient."

Hugh stood looking at him in silence, his mind working on the hardly comprehended words until from their welter a general meaning stood out.

"You were not to take the message until I arrived?" he said. The babu bowed again and seated himself at his instrument to send off a preliminary call. There slowly gathered round the door layer upon layer of honey-coloured faces of all shades, deepening into cinnamon and coffee. Even the breathing was stilled. But for the oppressive smell of heated humanity and the eclipse of the light, Hugh would not have known another soul besides himself was there.

He felt oddly uneasy, strained to a high point of tension. This was the first telegraph office he had come across since parting from Wallis, and it was natural enough there should be a message awaiting him, telling probably that Wallis had passed safely through one of the intermediate posts on the homeward route. Yet his imagination was pricking him for something of greater import than that, or why should the message not have been simply delivered and left to await his arrival?

The preliminaries seemed endless, but at length the babu, having got on to the station he wanted, and satisfied the operator there that Mr. Campbell was actually present, began to receive information. "From Wallis sahib," he announced, "Dwya, to Mr. Ugh Camp-bell." Then came a long pause. He

listened to the click-click for a long time, and in the unbearable stuffiness of the tent Hugh felt the perspiration trickling down his neck. Then the babu stopped off his instrument and wrote some words in English on a sheet of paper, handing them to Hugh, who had to lean sideways to catch the sun-rays athwart one of numerous interstices in the scanty boarding.

"A plant," he read. "Wife well. Woo-sin escaped on way down. Probably his doing. Am returning; wait at Yuntha."

Dazed, Hugh stood motionless, while the instrument went on with its unreadable work, and another slip was handed to him. "If not arrived in six days, go on." That was all.

The flood of babu eloquence was turned on full tap now that business efficiency was no longer demanded, but Hugh cut it short. "Ask him if Mr. Wallis is still there," he commanded, and the babu did so. Mr. Wallis, it appeared, had left at daybreak. Hugh turned hastily away when this news got through, creating a stampede among the children and dogs outside, and strode, unheeding the adults of the village, to the dâk bungalow, where his servants had already arrived and unpacked.

III.

THERE comes a time in the life of every man who swims in the current of affairs when he has to decide whether he will cut loose and take his own line, or follow his superior on what he deems a mistaken route. Until that crisis he may not have lived altogether in unquestioning faith in authority; he may, many a time, have criticised the wisdom of his superior in detail, but not as a whole. His duty has been to obey; it is what he has been paid for, and there has been no issue of sufficient seriousness to give rise to independent action. Hugh Campbell was faced with this dilemma now, and his instinct was to disobey. He felt the situation the more acutely because, a week ago, Wallis had practically abdicated—he had chosen that part with his eyes open. Hugh had put plainly before him what he stood to lose by so doing, and since Wallis had left him, the new vista opening up in his own prospects had grown more dear to him.

The Company they both served was a commercial concern, run wholly for the making of dividends, and, as the *employés* had reason to know, unhampered by sentiment of any kind. Up till recently it had been otherwise, but the board of kindly let-well-alone directors had been deposed by the shareholders, who had arisen in wrath and swept them out. The new *régime* was at the extreme end of the pole, and one of the first results of the change of policy had been this tour of inspection to expose abuses, root out sinecures, and cut down salaries. The fact that Wallis had abandoned his work because his wife was dying would be received with official courtesy, but would make no difference whatever to his being "turned down." There was no room in responsible positions for men whose private affairs collided with their usefulness. Some other berth of a less responsible kind might possibly be found for him, but there was no doubt that his colleague, Hugh Campbell, would, if he carried the matter successfully through, be promoted to the Chiefship of the Jungle Inspectors. The Board of the Company judged by results. To become Chief meant at one bound the attainment of what had hitherto seemed years ahead—marriage—the possibility of honourably proposing to the girl who had for long been the lodestar of his life, and who, he had reason to believe, would not refuse him. Once this glorious fact had been dangled in front of him, Hugh had found it difficult to restrain his impatience; he was of the warm-blooded, quick-acting variety of man, very different from the quiet, self-controlled Wallis. So long as the matter had been out of reach, he had managed to keep himself in leash, except for the few occasions when he had met her and spent some time in her company, and usually paid the penalty afterwards. Now that the end was in sight, self-control went to the wind; he was feverish, his imagination tormented him. As he had strode through the jungle that solitary week, he had fancied that he might be too late, for she had never heard definitely from his own lips he wanted to win her, and might not she, misled by appearances, or even in pique at his silence, have accepted one of those other numerous opportunities so freely dangled before her?

All these speculations, disquieting and delicious as they were, according as pessimism or hope gained sway, were dashed to the ground by Wallis's message. Wallis himself was hastening to regain the position he had vacated and to reassume command. Head-quarters would, of course, hear of that trip, but so long as no actual interference with their plans came of it, they would overlook it, or, at any rate, make no difference because of it.

As he had unconsciously learned from his senior to do, Hugh summarised the situation.

If he went ahead, disregarding his comrade's message, what would happen? Wallis would arrive at Yuntha to find him gone. It was obvious that he was returning very lightly equipped, for he had only reached the first of the return posts on his backward journey when, probably by inquiry on the wire, he had learned from headquarters in Rangoon that he had been duped. He could not have picked up much in the way of extra coolies or provisions at Dwya, and when he arrived at Yuntha, he would be at the extreme end of his tether, quite unable to follow further.

Hugh saw it all plainly as he sat smoking after his evening meal. He had the bulk of the provisions and men, and was well set up for a long march. If he went on, it was practically impossible that Wallis could overtake him at the next post or, indeed, attempt to follow beyond Yuntha.

What a pity he had ever received that message! If not, he could have gone on in all unconsciousness; but the message had been given, and the babu knew it. Hugh's mind just glanced at the idea of squaring the babu and dropped it. Some things are too vile to touch; one must draw the line somewhere.

Back he went to the main problem. He owed Wallis no special loyalty. Business alone had thrown them together. They were not friends in the common acceptation of the word, and had only known each other for the last six months. Yet even as acquaintances it went against the grain to play such a game on a man. It was undoubtedly hard luck on Hugh that it should have happened so—hard luck that this glorious chance should have been put into his hand only to be snatched away—but there was no help for it.

Now he would have to go back to the constant oppression of that grey, indefinite future. Promotion was uncertain. He might be years at his present salary, at which it seemed to him impossible that he could propose marriage to the girl he loved, the daughter of wealthy parents. Even if he had dropped into Wallis's billet, it would have required some hardihood. Still, if she loved him, he might have managed that. The other was out of the question. He sprang to his feet, for such thoughts stung him intolerably. He must shake them off; that way madness lay.

IV.

THERE was no village here, no semblance of one, only a mouldy-looking hut standing in the jungle by the side of the rough track. It had evidently been built by Europeans or under their direction, for though, in native fashion, it stood on legs, with the upper story for the living-room, it was built of stout logs well put together, and was much more capable of defence than the flimsy native contructions. About thirty yards off was a well, carefully guarded by a brick parapet and provided with bucket and winch. It was this which had obviously determined the building of the wayfarers' rest at this spot.

Camped around between and about the posts of the house were Hugh Campbell's followers, banked in with impedimenta of various sorts, and up the wooden steps to the upper story climbed Chinnaswamy, carrying a dish of some sort for his master's dinner, and considerably embarrassed by the shoes he had to kick off every time he reached the top step, in deference to the custom which forbids entrance in shoes to a superior's presence.

Hugh was seated at the roughly fashioned table, with a glowing face, and as he surveyed the smoking mess of curry put before him, he smiled more broadly still. He had solved his problem satisfactorily, both to his wishes and his conscience, a thing which it is not given to every mortal to do. It was so simple, after all. He had no right to waste the Company's time at Yuntha waiting, for a week of inaction. That was impossible for a zealous servant; Wallis had had no right to ask it. This brilliant idea had smoothed away all difficulties.

Consequently, ten days later he found himself at this further halting-place, well on his way to the goal.

He had come on at a good pace, and it was practically impossible that Wallis could catch him up, even had he tried to do anything so mad, and now it was necessary to give the coolies a day off to rest them. Consequently, the next night found the party still there. Hugh had chafed a little at the delay, but he recognised the necessity, and, gladly giving orders for a start at daylight, he swung himself into his hammock to sleep the second night.

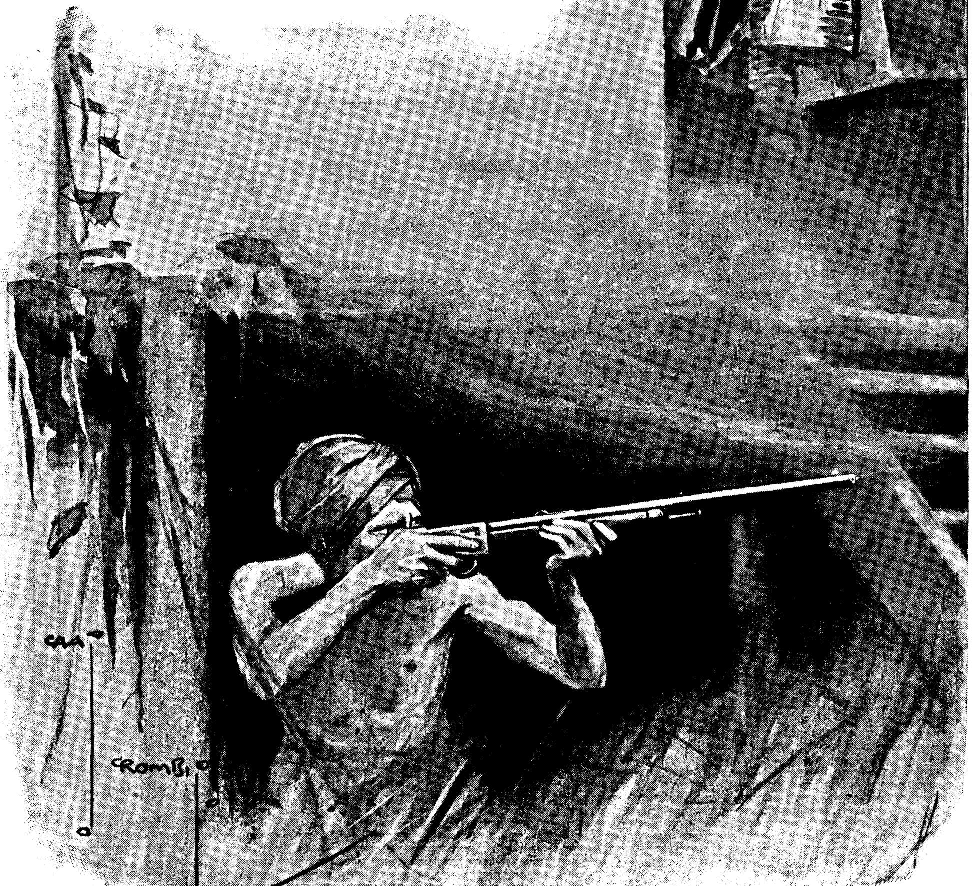
Like most of those living on the edge of civilisation, he was accustomed to sleep with one eye open, and he decided that though he had left the headman in charge, with orders to have a watch kept, he would himself turn out once or twice during the night to see that orders were obeyed.

Accordingly he woke between twelve and one, and, tumbling noiselessly out of the hammock, took his rifle in one hand, while his

feet sought the slippers on the floor. The doorway was covered only by a curtain. Pushing it aside, he looked out. The moon was at the full, but beneath the dense canopy of the jungle it shone only as a deadened greyish light. There were faint far-away noises borne on the air, dim and indistinguishable one from the other, but combining to make an impression of far-reaching wakefulness. Something soft and velvety went plop into Campbell's face, and he drew back with a movement of disgust.

Glancing down, he saw the fire in dim red embers, and around it various shapeless bundles of dingy white and grey, still and motionless. Evidently no watch was being kept.

With a quick word of anger, he descended and brought the butt of his rifle down sharply on the nearest form; but the rifle struck dead on something inert and not living.



It did not take Campbell long to realise that all the other bundles were similar, and that the camp was deserted. When he fully realised this curious fact, he climbed slowly back again to his perch of vantage, and, sitting down with his rifle between his knees, began to think it cut. It might be, of course, that the beggars were only off on some native spree of their own, and would return at dawn; but as there was no village within many miles around, this did not seem likely. It was more probable that, for some odd native reason of their own, they had gone

"He fell, pitching headlong down the remaining steps."

altogether — bunked, as he phrased it. Yet there had been no disagreement, no necessity to handle crude authority. He knew quite well that he had not the knack of handling natives as Wallis had, but yet he was no bad hand at it. He divided men into three classes—those who had the gift inborn and exercised it unconsciously, of whom Wallis was one; those who could learn it by observation, with whom he classed himself; and those who never would or could learn it, and might as well give up attempting it. The natives would never have deserted Wallis in a bunch.

At that moment his eye caught the flutter of something white behind the stem of a large tree, and he called out at once: "Chinnaswamy!"

The boy, gliding from behind the tree, came forward and stood in a submissive attitude at the foot of the steps.

"What's all this about?" Hugh demanded. "Where are the rest?"

"Gone, sahib."

"Gone where?"

Chinnaswamy made a vague distributive gesture as if to indicate that earth, air, and foliage had swallowed them up.

"Why did they go?"

The native stood uneasily on one leg, and then advanced, speaking low in an eerie whisper. "They 'fraid," he said.

"Afraid!" Hugh burst out contemptuously. "What on earth are they afraid of? Their own shadows?"

"They 'fraid of Woo-sin, sahib."

"Come up here and tell me all about it," Hugh commanded; and, by dint of sharp question and unwilling answer, the truth came to light. It seemed that, by some queer jungle method unknown to Europeans, the message had been conveyed to the coolies that Woo-sin was coming to kill Campbell, and had made it understood that all who stood between him and his desire should suffer the same fate.

"Rot!" ejaculated Hugh incredulously. "It was a fair cop. He knows that as well as we. He ran his risks and failed; no native bears malice over a thing of that sort. Well?"

"Woo-sin not killing Wallis sahib," ventured Chinnaswamy.

"But why me?" Hugh demanded.

Shifting and halting, Chinnaswamy for long denied any explanation of this curious distinction; but at last Hugh drew from him that he had a shrewd guess, and his mind, directed into the right channels, ran back to certain impulsive and imprudent remarks of his own at the time Woo-sin's defalcations were brought to light—"beastly half-caste," "low-born Chinee." He knew, of course, that any slur thrown on his ancestors is the one deadly insult to a Chinaman, and apparently this son of a Chinese father and Burmese mother had inherited paternal prejudices.

Having escaped from the police escort on the way down to Rangoon, he had ingeniously devised a plan for separating the two Englishmen, and was now hot-foot on the track of the man for whose blood he burned. Such a man was more dangerous than an anarchist or a mad dog.

"When is His Majesty timed to arrive here, Chinna?" Hugh asked, when he had grasped these simple facts.

"Not knowing, sahib."

"To-night?"

"Maybe, maybe not."

"We must prepare to receive him in due form. You're a good boy to stick by me, anyhow. Come along and make yourself useful."

They began to carry up the steps all boxes and bundles that might be useful in case of a siege, and, with many a sudden stop and quick glance around into the deep shadows, conveyed up a sufficient quantity of food and soda-water. There was not a very great store of the last commodity, and, with the necessity of washing present to his mind, Hugh caught up a pail and went to the well, too brave a man to ask his servant to do the dangerous job. Chinnaswamy pattered after him, and as they stood by the brickwork, their ears drinking in the innumerable tiny shrill pipes of things infinitely small, and the strange pattering of horny bodies on thick-leaved plants, Chinna spoke—

"I giving the sahib something to put in water—deadly poison, kill Woo-sin quick, making him dead, dead, dead!" he said in a hushed voice, and he drew forth a lump from his garments like a dun-coloured stone. "A wise woman giving it, sahib—very precious; drop it in."

"No, no," said Hugh. "All the people who drink of the well afterwards will be poisoned, too."

As the bucket came to the top, and Chinna tipped it out into their pail, he suggested: "Putting in bucket, making bucket full, leaving him stand, and Woo-sin drink quickly when he come."

Hugh shook his head. "No use, Chinna—simply can't be done," he said, and caught up the pail.

But as he turned away, it came to him that it was odd to draw the line just there. He would have shot Woo-sin dead on the brink of the well without compunction, but poison —no, that was not for the white man.

As they crossed the space between them and the hut, a shot rang out sharp and clear, and a bullet struck the pail, knocking it out of their hands. With a bound, both reached the steps, and again a bullet sang. "Strange that a man should miss when so much depends on it!" thought Hugh, as they tumbled inside unharmed.

And nothing more happened.

That was the frightful part of it. If there had been an armed attack, if a swarm of elephant thieves and such other scallywags as Woo-sin would be well able to get together had appeared and tried to rush the defences, Hugh Campbell would have known where he stood. As it was, he was condemned to inaction, the most maddening of all forms of tension, because the pull increases according to the square of the time, and each quarter of an hour far exceeds in strain that which has preceded it.

For the first two hours, until the flaming dawn leapt to the sky, he was eager enough, peering this way and that from out of the embrasures of his fort, keeping the well covered, and constantly asking Chinnaswamy in a low voice if he saw anyone, but after that——

It seemed useless. The liquid light of a tropical morning thrilled even through the canopy overhead, silence replaced murmuring sound, as all the small wild things sank to their holes after a night of prey and unrest. Not a twig stirred, only the royal glory of the sun flamed in wedges and bars of amber light upon the quiet earth.

By midday Hugh was raging. What could he do? If he went out, it was quite likely that he would be shot dead on the spot, there being no excuse for a bungling miss in this breadth of daylight. Yet, on the other hand, he had never seen his enemy. The first shot might have come from a thief who had gone his way after failure.

Closely he questioned Chinnaswamy, but gained no relief. He learned that his followers had taken the backward track, and, travelling as only natives can, were probably half-way back to Yuntha by now.

The day wore on its endless length, and toward evening Hugh once or twice stood up in the doorway to draw the enemy's fire, but nothing occurred. He made up his mind he could not face the night with the prospect of no sleep and another sweltering day of torture ahead. It would be easy for Chinnaswamy to carry all that they two would require in the way of cooking pots on the route. His gun would provide the wherewithal to cook. At ten o'clock he would start, Chinee or no Chinee. He communicated his decision, and it was received with the mild obedience of the native servant.

At ten precisely, therefore, himself laden as far as was compatible with free rifle-play, Hugh emerged. His heart beat high as he set his foot on the top step, and he felt a curious pricking sensation all over him, as if he were walking into a bath charged with electricity; and then, all of a sudden, a flash close beside him sprang out, the loud report of a rifle came with stunning force, and he fell, pitching headlong down the remaining steps and lying a dislocated bundle at the foot.

V.

Vague dreams grew more and more like reality and increased in duration until they coalesced and became the present. Hugh had returned to consciousness. He was extraordinarily uncomfortable. His mouth was parched with thirst; there was a pain somewhere not to be exactly located, which seemed to make of all his body one ache. For some reason he was unable to move, even to brush away a fly which, despite the slow swing of a punkah, had settled on his damp forehead. With an effort he turned and saw Chinnaswamy, and when, in answer to a feeble gesture, the boy had given him something to drink, he began without bidding to tell the tale. The shot which had laid Campbell low had been followed by another and yet others. There had been fighting in the woods and cries. Chinnaswamy had dragged his master under the hut, and sat crouching there in terror, when who should appear but Wallis, so begrimed and thin and ill that for the moment it was not easy to recognise him as a white man at all. After that all was simple. Hugh's wound was bound, an improvised hammock was made, and he was carried through the jungle by the bearers, who, it seemed, in some miraculous way had sprung to life again with Sahib Wallis. Not least of the news was the fact that Woo-sin had been caught by the relief party and brought along, and was now under strict guard in Thanlin, where they had arrived.

As he finished speaking, Wallis himself came in and flopped down casually on a

long-armed chair, cocking his legs along the handles and lighting a pipe. Even now, in spite of clean-shaven face and spruce clothes of brown holland, he looked so gaunt, so wan, that Hugh stared, smitten by a sudden sense of compunction and quite unable to speak.

"Bucking up?" Wallis remarked casually. "You've had a bad spell."

With immense difficulty, Hugh essayed to speak; but his voice was small and feeble, so that Wallis strode over to him. "How long?" he repeated. "Ten days or so. You hadn't much of a show, either, carried along like that, but it was the best we could do." Once again the hoarse, faint voice asked a question, and the man standing by the bed turned away a moment, busying himself over his pipe. "Well, you see, I travelled native," he answered after a moment. "Could get rice mostly, and nothing else mattered. Got along twice as fast as your lazy baggage men. I made 'em work, though, I can tell you, when I picked 'em up coming away back as though the devil was after them. They're all here except two."

He sat down again.

Surging about in Hugh were immense ideas which somehow he could not bring out. He wanted to voice out something about the Company which had seemed to extenuate everything a while back; but it had shrivelled up now like a little dry pod, and he couldn't get it on his tongue. He wanted to explain, he wanted to move, and he could not do any of these things.

"Macdonald's dead," Wallis remarked at last conversationally, after scanning Hugh's face for a moment with keen, quiet eyes. Macdonald was the Rangoon manager, holding a berth that was one of the plums of the service. "I heard on the wire; been having quite a long pow-wow."

Hugh's anxiety burst through physical weakness. "What—have you—said?" he gasped.

"Quite a yarn! See here, don't get excited—they've offered the berth to you!"

"Me? What—about—you?"

Again Wallis got up and came over, standing close so as to save effort. "Well, they did offer it to me first, but I didn't want it," he said.

Hugh's throat was choked, but his eyes were eloquent.

"No, no," his companion hastily interjected. "It's not any rot of that sort. Fact is, I don't want to be in Rangoon; the jungle suits me better. Matter of fact," he went on, stumbling, in his anxiety to disclaim any heroism, blindly into a confidence that would not have been torn from him at any other time, "my wife and I haven't quite hit it off lately; that's why I was so deuced anxious to see her again when I thought it was all up. It's all my fault; I expected too much of her. And this jungle work is a godsend. Think we'll manage to run on all right if I'm away ten months out of the twelve."

There flashed through Hugh's mind various stories, long since heard and disregarded, as to the relations between these two, and he remembered that he had definitely dismissed them as gossip on seeing Wallis's sacrifice to get back. Perhaps they were true. But what of himself? What sort of tale of his doings had his Chief sent along the wires to get him that offer of promotion? He turned with this query on his lips.

"Severely wounded in the recapture of Woo-sin," said Wallis, a queer smile playing round his lips.

THE·HOLY·FLOWER

BY·H·RIDER·HAGGARD

ILLUSTRATED·BY MAURICE·GREIFFENHAGEN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The famous hunter and explorer, Allan Quatermain, while shooting big game, met an American doctor, who for some years had wandered about South and Eastern Africa collecting butterflies and flowers. To the natives he was known as "Dogeetah," but white people called him "Brother John." From him Allan Quatermain heard of a wonderful orchid with blooms of extraordinary size and marvellous beauty, with a monkey's head outlined on every bloom. A healthy root of this plant, he maintained, would be worth twenty thousand pounds; but all he could show was a single bloom, without any root. This had come into his possession in the country of the Mazitu, beyond the western boundary of whose territory was a large and fertile land, supposed to be an island in the midst of a great lake. The name of both this territory and its inhabitants was Pongo, which was also the native name for a gorilla, and the god of the Pongo people was said to be a gorilla, whose worship was combined with that of the wonderful orchid. One night, while camping near the Pongo border, the Doctor was awakened by a solitary visitor, Kalubi, the Chief of the Pongo, who had come to the famous master of medicine to have his hand cured of a wound made by the bite of a terrible monkey, of which he declared they all went in fear in his native land. The explorer's curiosity was further kindled by the report that "a white goddess" was said to preside over the Holy Flower. Allan Quatermain returned to England for the purpose of ascertaining whether rich orchid collectors would be willing to finance an expedition in search of the unique flower, and enlisted the enthusiasm of a young man named Somers. Arrived in South Africa, the two men organised their expedition, but without learning the whereabouts of Brother John. Having bargained with a Portuguese trader to take them and their native attendants up the coast to Kilwa, for their start inland, they found that he was leagued with Bey Hassan, a half-breed of Kilwa, in the slave trade. Hassan gave them accommodation in a deserted mission house beside a ruined church, and they began to suspect that the former occupants must have met with foul play, but could learn nothing from Hassan. On its journey up country, the expedition was some weeks later confronted by a large army of Mazitu, and the Englishmen were conducted to King Bausi's head town of Beza, where a witch-doctor inflamed the king's mind against them by declaring them to be slave-traders. Just as the signal for their death was to be given, Brother John, who had doctored the king and been adopted as his blood-brother, came riding into the town. The Englishmen were released and treated with honour, and on the arrival of an embassy from the Pongo country to propose a treaty with the Mazitu, they arranged to journey into that unknown land as King Bausi's ambassadors, despite the stipulation that they should go without firearms. Meantime they had learned that Brother John was the missionary whose ruined house they had seen at Kilwa, and that for the past twenty years he had explored the land in the hope that his wife, carried off by slave-traders, might still be alive. In that hope Brother John joined them for their journey into Pongoland, under the escort of Komba, the ambassador to King Bausi's court, who brought them to Rica Town, the Pongo capital. There they were visited secretly by the Kalubi, who told them of the monstrous ape revered as a god, and his own fear that he himself would be the creature's next human victim, in fulfilment of a superstition that its life was prolonged by the killing of successive rulers of the realm, whose spirits then entered into it, unless the Englishmen would help him to outwit the high priest Motombo and kill the great ape. After they had been conducted into the presence of the hideous Motombo, however, this plan was betrayed to him by Komba, who had listened outside their hut when the Kalubi was with them. "So you plotted to kill the god, Kalubi-who-*was*," screamed the Motombo, "with these white ones, whom you would pay with the Holy Flower and her who guards it. You shall go, all of you, and talk with the god. And I will learn who dies—you or the god. Away with them!" Conducted across a lake, they were left on the shore of the god's domain, where the monster savagely attacked them, proving to be an enormous gorilla. One of their Zulu attendants had, however, brought a rifle concealed in his bamboo staff when the rest of the party were obliged to leave their weapons behind them, and after the monster had killed both the Kalubi and one of the native servants, Allan Quatermain shot it through the head, and its reign as a "god" was over. Beyond its territory they discovered, living on a fertile island, the two white women who tended the wonderful orchid, and found them to be indeed the long-lost wife and daughter of Brother John.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME OF THE HOLY FLOWER.

HALF an hour or so passed, during which I was engaged alternately in thinking over our position and in listening to Stephen's rhapsodies. First he dilated on the loveliness of the Holy Flower, that he had caught a glimpse of when he climbed the wall, and, secondly, on the beauty of the eyes of the young lady in white. Only by telling him that he might offend her, did I persuade him not to attempt to break into the sacred enclosure where the orchid grew. As we were discussing the point, the gate opened and she appeared.

"Sirs," she said, with a reverential bow, speaking slowly and in the drollest halting English, "the Mother and the Father—yes, the Father—ask, will you feed?"

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We intimated that we would "feed" with much pleasure, and she led the way to the house, saying—

"Be not astonished at them, for they are a very happy two, and please forgive our unleavened bread."

Then, in the politest way possible, she took me by the hand, and, followed by Stephen, we entered the house, leaving Mavovo and Hans to watch outside.

It consisted of but two rooms, one for living and one for sleeping. In the former we found Brother John and his wife, seated on a kind of couch, gazing at each other in a rapt way. I noted that they both looked as though they had been crying—with happiness, I suppose.

"Elizabeth," said John, as we entered, "this is Mr. Allan Quatermain, through whose resource and courage we have come together again, and this young gentleman is his companion, Mr. Stephen Somers."

She bowed, for she seemed unable to speak, and held out her hand, which we shook.

"What be 'resource and courage,'" I heard her daughter whisper to Stephen, "and why have you none, O Stephen Somers?"

"It would take a long time to explain," he said, with his jolly laugh, after which I listened to no more of their nonsense.

Then we sat down to the meal, which consisted of vegetables and a large bowl of hard-boiled ducks' eggs, of which eatables an ample supply was carried out to Hans and Mavovo by Stephen and Hope. This, it seemed, was the name that her mother had given to the girl when she was born in the hour of her black despair.

It was an extraordinary story that Mrs. Eversley had to tell, and yet a short one.

She *had* escaped from Hassan-ben-Mohammed and the slave-traders, as the rescued slave told her husband at Zanzibar before he died, and, after days of wandering, been captured by some of the Pongo, who were scouring the country upon dark business of their own, probably in search of captives. They brought her across the lake to Pongoland, and the former Mother of the Flower, an albino, having died at a great age, installed her in the office on this island, which from that day she had never left. Hither she was led by the Kalubi of the time and some others who had "passed the god." This brute, however, she had never seen, although once she heard him roar, for it did not molest them or even appear upon their journey.

Shortly after her arrival on the island her daughter was born, on which occasion some of the women "servants of the Flower" nursed her. From that moment both she and the child were treated with the utmost care and veneration, since the Mother of the Flower and the Flower itself, being in some strange way looked upon as embodiments of the natural forces of fertility, this birth was held to be the best of omens for the dwindling Pongo race. Also it was hoped that in due course the "Child of the Flower" would succeed the mother in her office. So here they dwelt, absolutely helpless and alone, occupying themselves with superintending the agriculture of the island. Most fortunately also, when she was captured, Mrs. Eversley had a small Bible in her possession, which she had never lost. From this she was able to teach her child to read and all that is to be learned in the pages of Holy Writ.

Often I have thought that if I were doomed to solitary confinement for life, and allowed but one book, I would choose the Bible, since, in addition to all its history and the splendour of its language, it contains the record of the hope of man, and therefore should be sufficient for him. So, at least, it had proved to be in this case.

Oddly enough, as she told us, like her husband, Mrs. Eversley during all those endless years had never lost some kind of belief that she would one day be saved otherwise than by death.

"I always thought that you still lived and that we should meet again, John," I heard her say to him.

Also her own and her daughter's spirits were mysteriously supported, for after the first shock and disturbance of our arrival, we found them cheerful people; indeed, Miss Hope was quite a merry soul. But then she had never known any other life, and human nature is very adaptable. Further, if I may say so, she had grown up a lady in the true sense of the word. After all, why should she not, seeing that her mother, the Bible, and Nature, had been her only associates and sources of information, if we except the poor slaves who waited on them, most of whom were mutes?

When Mrs. Eversley's story was done, we told ours, in a compressed form. It was strange to see the wonder with which these two ladies listened to its outlines, but on that I need not dwell. When it was finished, I heard Miss Hope say—

"So it would seem, O Stephen Somers, that it is you who are saviour to us."

"Certainly," answered Stephen, "but why?"

"Because you see the dry Holy Flower far away in England, and you say: 'I must be Holy Father to that Flower.' Then you pay down shekels"—here her Bible reading came in—"for the cost of journey, and hire brave hunter to kill devil-god and bring my old white-head parent with you. Oh, yes, you are saviour!" And she nodded her head at him very prettily.

"Of course," replied Stephen with enthusiasm. "That is, not exactly, but it is all the same thing, as I will explain later. But, Miss Hope, meanwhile could you show us the Flower?"

"Oh, Holy Mother must do that. If you look thereon without her, you die."

"Really!" said Stephen, without alluding to his little feat of wall-climbing.

Well, the end of it was that, after a good deal of hesitation, the Holy Mother obliged, saying that, as the god was dead, she supposed nothing else mattered. First, however, she went to the back of the house and clapped her hands, whereon an old woman, a mute and a very perfect specimen of an albino native, appeared and stared at us wonderingly. To her Mrs. Eversley talked upon her fingers, so rapidly that I could scarcely follow her movements. The woman bowed till her forehead nearly touched the ground, then rose and ran towards the water.

"I have sent her to fetch the paddles from the canoe," said Mrs. Eversley, "and to put my mark upon it. Now none will dare to use it to cross the lake."

"That is very wise," I replied, "as we don't want news of our whereabouts to get to the Motombo."

Next we went to the enclosure, where Mrs. Eversley with a native knife cut a string of palm fibres that was sealed with clay on to the door and one of its uprights in such a fashion that none could enter without breaking the string. The impression was made with a rude seal that she wore round her neck as a badge of office. It was a very curious object, fashioned of gold and having deeply cut upon its face a rough image of an ape holding a flower in its right paw. As it was also ancient, this seemed to show that the monkey god and the orchid had been from the beginning jointly worshipped by the Pongo.

When she had opened the door, there appeared, growing in the centre of the enclosure, the most lovely plant, I should imagine, that man ever saw. It measured some eight feet across, and the leaves were dark green, long, and narrow. From its various crowns rose the scapes of bloom. And, oh, those blooms, of which there were about twelve, expanded now in the flowering season! The measurements made from the dried specimen I have given already, so I need not repeat them. I may say here, however, that the Pongo augured the fertility or otherwise of each succeeding year from the number of the blooms on the Holy Flower. If these were many, the season would prove very fruitful; if few, less so; while if, as sometimes happened, the plant failed to flower, drought and famine were always said to follow. Truly those were glorious blossoms, standing as high as a man, with their back sheaths of vivid white barred with black, their great pouches of burnished gold and their wide wings also of gold. Then in the centre of each pouch appeared the ink-black mark that did indeed exactly resemble the head of a monkey. But if this orchid astonished me, its effect upon Stephen, with whom this class of flower was a mania, may be imagined. Really he went almost mad. For a long while he glared at the plant, and finally flung himself upon his knees, causing Miss Hope to exclaim—

"What, O Stephen Somers—do you also make sacrifice to the Holy Flower?"

"Rather!" he answered. "I'd—I'd die for it!"

"You are likely to, before all is done," I remarked with energy, for I hate to see a grown man make a fool of himself. There's only one thing in the world which justifies *that*, and it isn't a flower.

Mavovo and Hans had followed us into the enclosure, and I overheard a conversation between them which amused me. The gist of it was that Hans explained to Mavovo that the white people admired this weed—he called it a weed—because it was like gold, which was the god they really worshipped, although that god was known among them by many names. Mavovo, who was not at all interested in the affair, replied with a shrug that it might be so, though, for his part, he believed the true reason to be that the plant produced some medicine which gave courage or strength. Zulus, I may say, do not care for flowers unless they bear a fruit that is good to eat.

When I had satisfied myself with the splendour of these magnificent blooms, I asked Mrs. Eversley what certain little mounds might be that were dotted about the enclosure, beyond the circle of cultivated

peaty soil which surrounded the orchid's roots.

"They are the graves of the Mothers of the Holy Flower," she answered. "There are twelve of them, and here is the spot chosen for the thirteenth, which was to have been mine."

To change the subject, I asked another question, namely, if there were more such orchids growing in the country.

"No," she replied, "or, at least, I never heard of any. Indeed, I have always been told that this one was brought from far away, generations ago. Also, under an ancient law, it is never allowed to increase. Any shoots it sends up beyond this ring must be cut off by me and destroyed with certain ceremonies. You see that seed-pod which has been left to grow on the stalk of one of last year's blooms? It is now ripe, and on the night of the next new moon, when the Kalubi comes to visit me, I must with much ritual burn it in his presence, unless it has burst before he arrives, in which case I must burn any seedlings that may spring up with almost the same ritual."

"I don't think the Kalubi will come any more—at least, not while you are here. Indeed, I am sure of it," I said.

As we were leaving the place, acting on my general principle of making sure of anything of value when I get the chance, I broke off that ripe seed-pod, which was of the size of an orange. No one was looking at the time, and as it went straight into my pocket, no one missed it.

Then, leaving Stephen and the young lady to admire this cypripedium—or each other—in the enclosure, we three elders returned to the house to discuss matters.

"John and Mrs. Eversley," I said, "by Heaven's mercy you are reunited after a terrible separation of over twenty years. But what is to be done now? The god, it is true, is dead, and therefore the passage of the forest will be easy. But beyond it is the water, which we have no means of crossing, and beyond the water that old wizard, the Motombo, sits in the mouth of his cave watching like a spider in its web. And beyond the Motombo and his cave are Komba, the new Kalubi, and his tribe of cannibals——"

"Cannibals!" interrupted Mrs. Eversley. "I never knew that they were cannibals. Indeed, I know little about the Pongo, whom I scarcely ever see."

"Then, madam, you must take my word for it that they are; also, as I believe, that they have every expectation of eating *us*. Now, as I presume that you do not wish to spend the rest of your lives, which would probably be short, upon this island, I want to ask how you propose to escape safely out of the Pongo country?"

They shook their heads, which were evidently empty of ideas. Only John stroked his white beard and inquired mildly—

"What have you arranged, Allan? My dear wife and I are quite willing to leave the matter to you, who are so resourceful."

"Arranged!" I stuttered. "Really, John, under any other circumstances——" Then, after a moment's reflection, I called to Hans and Mavovo, who came and squatted down upon the verandah.

"Now," I said, after I had put the case to them, "what have *you* arranged?" Being devoid of any feasible suggestions, I wished to pass on that intolerable responsibility.

"My father makes a mock of us," said Mavovo solemnly. "Can a rat in a pit arrange how it is to get out, with the dog that is waiting at the top? So far we have come in safety, as the rat does into the pit. Now I see nothing but death."

"That's cheerful," I said. "Your turn, Hans."

"Oh, Baas," replied the Hottentot, "for a while I grew clever again, when I thought of putting the gun *Intombi* into the bamboo. But now my head is like a rotten egg, and when I try to shake wisdom out of it, my brain melts and washes from side to side like the stuff in the rotten egg. Yet—yet I have a thought—let us ask the Missie. Her brain is young and not tired; it may hit on something. To ask the Baas Stephen is no good, for already he is lost in other things." And Hans grinned feebly.

More to give myself time than for any other reason, I called to Miss Hope, who had just emerged from the sacred enclosure with Stephen, and put the riddle to her, speaking very slowly and clearly, so that she might understand me. To my surprise she answered at once.

"What is a god, O Mr. Allan? It is not more than man? Can a god be bound in a pit for a thousand years, like Satan in Bible? If a god want to move, see new country, and so on, who can say no?"

"I don't quite understand," I said, to draw her out further, although, in fact, I had more than a glimmering of what she meant.

"O Allan, Holy Flower there a god, and my mother priestess. If Holy Flower tired

of this land, and want grow somewhere else, why priestess not carry it and go, too ?"

"Capital idea," I said. "But, you see, Miss Hope, there are, or were, two gods, one of which cannot travel."

"Oh, that very easy, too. Put skin of god of the wood on to this man"—and she pointed to Hans—"and who know difference? They like as two brothers already, only he smaller."

"She's got it! By Jingo, she's got it!" exclaimed Stephen in admiration.

"What Missie say?" asked Hans suspiciously.

I told him.

"Oh, Baas," exclaimed Hans, "think of the smell inside of that god's skin when the sun shines on it! Also the god was a very big god, and I am small."

Then he turned and made a proposal to Mavovo, explaining that his stature was much better suited to the job.

"First will I die," answered the great Zulu. "Am I, who have high blood in my veins, and who am a warrior, to defile myself by wrapping the skin of a dead brute about me and appear as an ape before men? Propose it to me again, Spotted Snake, and we shall quarrel."

"See here, Hans," I said, "Mavovo is right. He is a soldier and very strong in battle. You also are very strong in your wits, and by doing this you will make fools of all the Pongo. Also, Hans, it is better that you should wear the skin of a gorilla for a few hours than that I, your master, and all these should be killed."

"Yes, Baas, it is true, Baas, though, for myself, I almost think that, like Mavovo, I would rather die. Yet it would be sweet to deceive those Pongo once again, and, Baas, I won't see you killed just to save myself another bad smell or two. So, if you wish it, I will become a god."

Thus through the self-sacrifice of that good fellow Hans, who is the real hero of this history, that matter was settled, if anything could be looked on as settled in our circumstances. Then we arranged that we would start upon our desperate adventure at dawn on the following morning.

Meanwhile much remained to be done. First, Mrs. Eversley summoned her attendants, who, to the number of twelve, soon appeared in front of the verandah. It was very sad to see these poor women, all of whom were albinos and unpleasant to look on, while quite half appeared to be deaf and dumb. To these, speaking as a priestess, she explained that the god who dwelt in the woods was dead, and that therefore she must take the Holy Flower, which was called "Wife of the God," and make report to the Motombo of this dreadful catastrophe. Meanwhile they must remain on the island and continue to cultivate the fields.

This order threw the poor creatures, who were evidently much attached to their mistress and her daughter, into a great state of consternation. The eldest of them, a tall, thin old lady with white wool and pink eyes, who looked, as Stephen said, like an Angora rabbit, prostrated herself, and, kissing the Mother's foot, asked when she would return, since she and the "Daughter of the Flower" were all they had to love, and without them they would die of grief.

Suppressing her evident emotion as best she could, the Mother replied that she did not know; it depended on the will of Heaven and the Motombo. Then, to prevent further argument, she bade them bring their picks with which they worked the land, also poles, mats, and palm-string, and help to dig up the Holy Flower. This was done under the superintendence of Stephen, who here was thoroughly in his element, although the job proved far from easy. Also it was sad, for all those women wept as they worked, while some of them who were not dumb wailed aloud.

Even Miss Hope cried, and I could see that her mother was affected with a kind of awe. For twenty years she had been guardian of this plant, which I think she had at last not unnaturally come to look upon with some of the same veneration that was felt for it by the whole Pongo people.

"I fear," she said, "lest this sacrilege should bring misfortune on us."

But Brother John, who held very definite views upon African superstitions, quoted the Second Commandment to her, and she became silent.

We got the thing up at last, or most of it, with a sufficiency of earth to keep it alive, injuring the roots as little as possible in the process. Underneath it, at a depth of about three feet, we found several things. One of these was an ancient stone fetish that was rudely shaped to the likeness of a monkey and wore a gold crown. This object, which was small, I still have. Another was a bed of charcoal, and amongst the charcoal were some partially burnt bones, including a skull that was very little injured. This may have belonged to a woman of a low type, perhaps the first Mother of the Flower, but its

general appearance reminded me of that of a gorilla. I regret that there was neither time nor light to enable me to make a proper examination of these remains, which we found it impossible to bring away.

Mrs. Eversley told me afterwards, however, that the Kalubis had a tradition that the god once possessed a wife, which died before the Pongo migrated to their present home. If so, these may have been the bones of that wife. When it was finally clear of the ground on which it had grown for so many generations, the great plant was lifted on to a large mat, and after it had been packed with wet moss by Stephen in a most skilful way—for he was a perfect artist at this kind of work—the mat was bound round the roots in such fashion that none of the contents could escape. Also each flower scape was lashed to a thin bamboo, so as to prevent it from breaking on the journey. Then the whole bundle was lifted on to a kind of bamboo stretcher that we made, and firmly secured to it with palm-fibre ropes.

By this time it was growing dark, and all of us were tired.

"Baas," said Hans to me, as we were returning to the house, "would it not be well that Mavovo and I should take some food and go sleep in the canoe? These women will not hurt us there, but if we do not, I, who have been watching them, fear lest in the night they should make paddles of sticks and row across the lake to warn the Pongo."

Although I did not like separating our small party, I thought the idea so good that I consented to it, and presently Hans and Mavovo, armed with spears and carrying an ample supply of food, departed to the lake-side.

One more incident has impressed itself upon my memory in connection with that night. It was the formal baptism of Hope by her father. I never saw a more touching ceremony, but it is one that I need not describe.

Stephen and I slept in the enclosure by the packed flower, which he would not leave out of his sight. It was as well that we did so, since about twelve o'clock, by the light of the moon I saw the door in the wall open gently and the heads of some of the albino women appear through the aperture. Doubtless they had come to steal away the holy plant they worshipped. I sat up, coughed, and lifted the rifle, whereon they fled and returned no more.

Long before dawn, Brother John, his wife and daughter, were up and making preparations for the march, packing a supply of food and so forth. Indeed, we breakfasted by moonlight, and at the break of day, after Brother John had first offered up a prayer for protection, departed on our journey.

It was a strange outsetting, and I noted that both Mrs. Eversley and her daughter seemed sad at bidding good-bye to the spot where they had dwelt, in utter solitude and peace, for so many years; where one of them, indeed, had been born and grown up to womanhood. However, I kept on talking, to distract their thoughts, and at last we were off.

I arranged that, although it was heavy for them, the two ladies, whose white robes were covered with curious cloaks made of soft prepared bark, should carry the plant as far as the canoe, thinking it was better that the Holy Flower should appear to depart in charge of its consecrated guardians. I went ahead with the rifle, then came the stretcher and the flower, while Brother John and Stephen, carrying the paddles, brought up the rear. We reached the canoe without accident, and, to our great relief, found Mavovo and Hans awaiting us. I learned, however, that it was fortunate they had slept in the boat, since during the night the albino women arrived with the evident object of possessing themselves of it, and only ran away when they saw that it was guarded. As we were making ready the canoe, those unhappy slaves appeared in a body, and, throwing themselves upon their faces, with piteous words or, those of them who could not speak, by signs, implored the Mother not to desert them, till both she and Hope began to cry. But there was no help for it, so we pushed off as quickly as we could, leaving the albinos weeping and wailing upon the bank.

I confess that I, too, felt compunction at abandoning them thus, but what could we do? I only trust that no harm came to them, but, of course, we never heard anything as to their fate.

On the further side of the lake we hid away the canoe in the bushes where we had found it, and began our march. Stephen and Mavovo, being the two strongest among us, now carried the plant, and although Stephen never murmured at its weight, how the Zulu did swear after the first few hours! I could fill a page with his objurgations at what he considered an act of insanity, and, if I had space, should like to do so, for really some of them were most amusing. Had it

not been for his friendship for Stephen, I think that he would have thrown it down.

We crossed the garden of the god, where Mrs. Eversley told me the Kalubi must scatter the sacred seed twice a year, thus confirming the story that we had heard. It seems that it was then, as he made his long journey through the forest, that the treacherous and horrid brute which we had killed would attack the priest, of whom it had grown weary. But, and this shows the animal's cunning, the onslaught always took place *after* he had sown the seed which would in due season produce the food it ate. Our Kalubi, it is true, was killed before we had reached the garden, which seems an exception to the rule. Perhaps, however, the gorilla knew that his object in visiting it was not to provide for its needs, or perhaps our presence excited it to immediate action.

Who can analyse the motives of a gorilla?

These attacks were generally spread over a year and a half. On the first occasion the god, which always accompanied the priest to the garden and back again, would show animosity by roaring at him. On the second he would seize his hand and bite off one of the fingers, as happened to our Kalubi, a wound that generally caused death from blood-poisoning. If, however, the priest survived, on the third visit it killed him, for the most part by crushing his head in its mighty jaws. When making these visits, the Kalubi was accompanied by certain dedicated youths, some of whom the god always put to death. Those who had made the journey six times without molestation were selected for further special trials, until at last only two remained, who were declared to have "passed" or "been accepted by" the god. These youths were treated with great honour, as in the instance of Komba, and, on the destruction of the Kalubi, one of them took his office, which he generally filled without accident for a minimum of ten years, and perhaps much longer.

Mrs. Eversley knew nothing of the sacramental eating of the remains of the Kalubi, or of the final burial of his bones in the wooden coffins that we had seen, for such things, although they undoubtedly happened, were kept from her. She added that each of the three Kalubis whom she had known ultimately went almost mad through terror at his approaching end, especially after the preliminary roarings and the biting off of the finger. In truth, uneasy lay the head that wore a crown in Pongoland, a crown that, mind you, might not be refused upon pain of death by torture. Personally, I can imagine nothing more terrible than the haunted existence of these poor kings, whose pomp and power must terminate in such a fashion.

I asked her whether the Motombo ever visited the god. She answered, yes, once in every five years. Then, after many mystic ceremonies, he spent a week in the forest at a time of full moon. One of the Kalubis had told her that on this occasion he had seen the Motombo and the god sitting together under a tree, each with his arm round the other's neck and apparently talking "like brothers." With the exception of certain tales of its almost supernatural cunning, this was all that I could learn about the god of the Pongos, which I have sometimes been tempted to believe was really a devil hid in the body of a huge and ancient ape.

No, there was one thing more which I quote, because it bears out Babemba's story. It seems that captives from other tribes were sometimes turned into the forest, that the god might amuse itself by killing them. This, indeed, was the fate to which we ourselves had been doomed in accordance with the hateful Pongo custom.

Certainly, thought I to myself, when she had done, I did a good deed in sending that monster to whatever dim region it was destined to inhabit, where I sincerely trust it found all the dead Kalubis and its other victims ready to give it an appropriate welcome.

After crossing the god's garden, we came to the clearing of the fallen tree, and found the brute's skin pegged out as we had left it, though shrunken in size. Only it had evidently been visited by a horde of the forest ants, which, fortunately for Hans, had eaten away every particle of flesh, while leaving the hide itself absolutely untouched, I suppose because it was too tough for them. I never saw a neater job. Moreover, these industrious little creatures had devoured the beast itself. Nothing remained of it except the clean white bones lying in the exact position in which we had left the carcase. Atom by atom that marching myriad army had eaten all, and departed on its way into the depths of the forest, leaving this sign of their passage.

How I wished that we could carry off the huge skeleton to add to my collection of trophies! But this was impossible. As Brother John said, any museum would have been glad to purchase it for hundreds of pounds, for I do not suppose that its like exists in

the world. But it was too heavy. All I could do was to impress its peculiarities upon my mind by a close study of the mighty bones. Also I picked out of the upper right arm and kept the bullet I had fired when it carried off the Kalubi. This I found had sunk into and shattered the bone, but without absolutely breaking it.

On we went again, bearing with us the god's skin, having first stuffed the head, hands, and feet—these, I mean the hands and feet, had been cleaned out by the ants—with wet moss in order to preserve their shape. It was no light burden—at least, so declared Brother John and Hans, who bore it between them upon a dead bough from the fallen tree.

Of the rest of our journey to the water's edge there is nothing to tell, except that, notwithstanding our loads, we found it easier to walk down that steep mountain-side than it had been to ascend the same. Still, our progress was but slow, and when at length we reached the burying-place, only about an hour remained to sunset. There we sat down to rest and eat, also to discuss the situation.

What was to be done? The arm of stagnant water lay near to us, but we had no boat with which to cross to the further shore. And what was that shore? A cave where a creature who seemed to be but half human sat watching like a spider in its web. Do not let it be supposed that this question of escape had been absent from our minds. On the contrary, we had even thought of trying to drag the canoe in which we crossed to and from the island of the Flower through the forest. The idea was abandoned, however, because we found that, being hollowed from a single log with a bottom four or five inches thick, it was impossible for us to carry it so much as fifty yards. What, then, could we do without a boat? Swimming seemed to be out of the question because of the crocodiles. Also on inquiry I discovered that, of the whole party, Stephen and I alone could swim. Further, there was no wood of which to make a raft.

I called to Hans, and leaving the rest in the graveyard, where we knew that they were safe, we went down to the edge of the water to study the situation, being careful to keep ourselves hidden behind the reeds and bushes of the mangrove tribe with which it was fringed. Not that there was much fear of our being seen, for the day, which had been very hot, was closing in, and a great storm, heralded by black and bellying clouds, was gathering fast, conditions which must render us practically invisible at a distance.

We looked at the dark, slimy water, also at the crocodiles which sat upon its edge in dozens waiting—for what, I wondered. We looked at the sheer opposing cliff, but save where a black hole marked the cave mouth, far as the eye could see, the water came up against it as that of a moat does against the wall of a castle. Obviously, therefore, the only line of escape ran through this cave, for, as I have explained, the channel by which I presume Babemba reached the open lake was now impracticable. Lastly we searched to see if there was any fallen log upon which we could possibly propel ourselves to the other side, and found nothing that could be made to serve, no, nor, as I have said, any dry reeds or brushwood out of which we might fashion a raft.

"Unless we can get a boat, here we must stay," I remarked to Hans, who was seated with me behind a screen of rushes at the water's edge.

He made no answer, and as I thought, in a sort of subconscious way I engaged myself in watching a certain tragedy of the insect world. Between two stout reeds a forest spider of the very largest sort had spun a web as big as a lady's open parasol. There in the midst of this web, of which the bottom strands almost touched the water, sat the spider waiting for its prey, as the crocodiles were waiting on the banks, as the great ape had waited for the Kalubis, as Death waits for Life, as the Motombo was waiting for Heaven knows what.

It resembled rather the Motombo in his cave, did that huge black spider with just a little patch of white upon its head, or so I thought fancifully enough. Then came the tragedy. A great white moth of the Hawk species began to dart to and fro between the reeds, and presently struck the web on its lower side some three inches above the water. Like a flash, that spider was upon it. It embraced the victim with its long legs to still its tremendous battlings. Next, descending below, it began to make the body fast, when something happened. From the still surface of the water beneath poked up the mouth of a very large fish, which quite quietly closed upon the spider and sank again into the depths, taking with it a portion of the web and thereby setting the big moth free. With a struggle it loosed itself, fell on to a piece of wood, and floated away, apparently little the worse for the encounter.

"Did you see that, Baas?" said Hans, pointing to the broken and empty web. "While you were thinking, I was praying to

your reverend father, the Predikant, who taught me how to do it, and he has sent us a sign from the Place of Fire."

Even then I could not help laughing to myself as I pictured what my dear father's face would be like were he able to hear his convert's remarks. An analysis of Hans's religious views would be really interesting, and I only regret that I never made one. But, sticking to business, I merely asked—

"What sign?"

"Baas, this sign—that web is the Motombo's cave. The big spider is the Motombo. The white moth is us, Baas, who are caught in the web and are going to be eaten."

"Very pretty, Hans," I said, "but what is the fish that came up and swallowed the spider, so that the moth fell on the wood and floated away?"

"Baas, *you* are the fish who come up softly, softly out of the water in the dark, and shoot the Motombo with the little rifle, and then the rest of us, who are the moth, fall into the canoe and float away. There is a storm about to break, Baas, and who will see you swim the stream in the storm and the night?"

"The crocodiles," I suggested.

"Baas, I didn't see a crocodile eat the fish. I think the fish is laughing down there with the spider in its fat stomach. Also, when there is a storm, crocodiles go to bed because they are afraid lest the lightning should kill them for their sins."

Now I remembered that I had often heard, and, indeed, to some extent noted, that these great reptiles do vanish in disturbed weather, probably because their food hides away. However that might be, in an instant I made up my mind.

As soon as it was quite dark, I would swim the water, holding the little rifle *Intombi* above my head, and try to steal the canoe. If the old wizard was watching, which I hoped might not be the case—well, I must deal with him as best I could. I knew the desperate nature of the expedient, but there was no other way. If we could not get a boat, we must remain in that foodless forest until we starved. Or if we returned to the island of the Flower, there ere long we should certainly be attacked and destroyed by Komba and the Pongos when they came to look for our bodies."

"I'll try it, Hans," I said.

"Yes, Baas, I thought you would. I'd come, too, only I can't swim, and when I was drowning I might make a noise, because one forgets oneself then, Baas. But it will be all right, for if it were otherwise, I am sure that your reverend father would have shown us so in the sign. The moth floated off quite comfortably on the wood, and just now I saw it spread it wings and fly away. And the fish—ah, how he laughs with that fat old spider in his stomach!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

FATE STABS.

We went back to the others, whom we found crouched on the ground among the coffins, looking distinctly depressed. No wonder. Night was closing in, the thunder was beginning to growl and echo through the forest, and the rain to fall in big drops. In short, although Stephen remarked that every cloud has a silver lining—a proverb which, as I told him, I seemed to have heard before—in no sense could the outlook be considered bright.

"Well, Allan, what have you arranged?" asked Brother John, with a faint attempt at cheerfulness, as he let go of his wife's hand. In those days he always seemed to be holding his wife's hand.

"Oh," I answered, "I am going to get the canoe, so that we can all row over comfortably."

They stared at me, and Miss Hope, who was seated by Stephen, asked in her usual Biblical language—

"Have you the wings of a dove that you can fly, O Mr. Allan?"

"No," I answered, "but I have the fins of a fish, or something like them, and I can swim."

Now there arose a chorus of expostulation.

"You shan't risk it," said Stephen. "I can swim as well as you, and I'm younger. I'll go; I want a bath."

"That you will have, O Stephen," interrupted Miss Hope, as I thought in some alarm. "The latter rain from heaven will make you clean." By now it was pouring.

"Yes, Stephen, you can swim," I said, "but you will forgive me for saying that you are not particularly deadly with a rifle, and clean shooting may be the essence of this business. Now listen to me, all of you. I am going. I hope that I shall succeed, but if I fail, it does not so very much matter, for you will be no worse off than you were before. There are three pairs of you—John and his wife, Stephen and Miss Hope, Mavovo and Hans. If the odd man of the party comes to grief, you will have to choose a new captain,

that is all, but while I lead I mean to be obeyed."

Then Mavovo, to whom Hans had been talking, spoke.

"My father Macumazahn is a brave man. If he lives, he will have done his duty. If he dies, he will have done his duty still better, and, on the earth or in the Underworld, among the spirits of our fathers, his name shall be great for ever; yes, his name shall be a song."

When Brother John had translated these words, which I thought fine, there was silence.

"Now," I said, "come with me to the water's edge, all of you. You will be in less danger from the lightning there, where are no tall trees. And while I am gone, do you ladies dress up Hans in that gorilla skin as best you can, lacing it on to him with some of that palm-fibre string which we brought with us, and filling out the hollows and the head with leaves or reeds. I want him to be ready when I come back with the canoe."

Hans groaned audibly, but made no objection, and we started with our impedimenta down to the edge of the estuary, where we hid behind a clump of mangrove bushes and tall feathery reeds. Then I took off some of my clothes, stripping, in fact, to my flannel shirt and the cotton pants I wore, both of which were grey in colour and therefore almost invisible at night.

Now I was ready, and Hans handed me the little rifle.

"It is at full cock, Baas, with the catch on," he said, "and carefully loaded. Also I have wrapped the lining of my hat, which is very full of grease—for the hair makes grease, especially in hot weather, Baas—round the lock to keep away the wet from the cap and powder. It is not tied, Baas, only twisted. Give the rifle a shake, and it will fall off."

"I understand," I said, and gripped the gun with my left hand by the tongue just forward of the hammer in such a fashion that the horrid greased rag from Hans's hat was held tight over the lock and cap. Then I shook hands with the others, and when I came to Miss Hope, I am proud to add that she spontaneously and of her own accord imprinted a kiss upon my mediæval brow. I felt inclined to return it, but did not.

"It is the kiss of peace, O Allan," she said. "May you go and return in peace."

"Thank you," I said; "but get on with dressing Hans in his new clothes."

Stephen muttered something about feeling ashamed of himself. Brother John put up a vigorous and well-directed prayer. Mavovo saluted with the copper assegai and began to give me *sibonga*, or Zulu titles of praise beneath his breath, and Mrs. Eversley said—

"Oh, I thank God that I have lived to see a brave English gentleman again!" Which I thought a great compliment to my nation and myself, though, when I afterwards discovered that she herself was English by birth, it took off some of the polish.

Next, just after a vivid flash of lightning, for the storm had broken in earnest now, I ran swiftly to the water's edge, accompanied by Hans, who was determined to see the last of me.

"Get back, Hans, before the lightning shows you," I said, as I slid gently from a mangrove root into that filthy stream, "and tell them to keep my coat and trousers dry, if they can."

"Good-bye, Baas," he murmured, and I heard that he was sobbing. "Keep a good heart, O Baas of Baases. After all, this is nothing to the vultures of the Hill of Slaughter. *Intombi* pulled us through then, and so she will again, for she knows who can hold her straight!"

That was the last I heard of Hans, for, if he said any more, the hiss of the torrential rain smothered his words.

Oh, I had tried to "keep a good heart" before the others, but it is beyond my powers to describe the deadly fright I felt, perhaps the worst of all my life, which is saying a great deal. Here I was starting on one of the maddest ventures that was ever undertaken by man. I needn't put its points again, but that which appealed to me most at the moment was the crocodiles. I have always hated crocodiles since—well, never mind—and the place was as full of them as the ponds at Ascension are of turtles.

Still I swam on. The estuary was, perhaps, two hundred yards wide, not more, no great distance for a good swimmer as I was in those days. But then I had to hold the rifle above the water with my left hand at all costs, for if once it went beneath, it would be useless. Also I was desperately afraid of being seen in the lightning flashes, although, to minimise this risk, I had kept my dark-coloured cloth hat upon my head. Lastly, there was the lightning itself to fear, for it was fearful and continuous, and seemed to be striking along the water. It is a fact that a fireball or something of the sort hit the surface within a few yards of me, as though it had aimed at the rifle-barrel and just

"She thrust herself between him and them."

missed. Or so I thought, though it may have been a crocodile rising at the moment.

In one way, or rather in two, however, I was lucky. The first was the complete absence of wind, which must have raised waves that might have swamped me and would, at any rate, have wetted the rifle. The second was that there was no fear of my losing my path, for in the mouth of the cave I could see the glow of the fires which burned on either side of the Motombo's seat. They served the same purpose to me as did the lamp of the lady called Hero to her lover Leander when he swam the Hellespont to pay her clandestine visits at night. But he had something pleasant to look forward to, whereas I—— Still, there was another point in common between us. Hero, if I remember right, was a priestess of the Greek goddess of love, whereas the party who awaited me was also in a religious line of business, only, as I firmly believe, he was a priest of the Devil.

I suppose that swim took me about a quarter of an hour, for I went slowly to save my strength, although the crocodiles suggested haste. But, thank Heaven, they never appeared to complicate matters. Now I was quite near the cave, and now I was beneath the overhanging roof and in the shallow water of the little bay that formed a harbour for the canoe. I stood upon my feet on the rock bottom, the water coming up to my breast, and peered about me while I rested, and worked my left arm, stiff with the upholding of the gun, to and fro. The fires had burnt somewhat low, and until my eyes were freed from the rain-drops and grew accustomed to the light of the place, I could not see clearly.

I took the rag from round the lock of the rifle, wiped the wet off the barrel with it, and let it fall. Then I loosed the catch, and, by touching a certain mechanism, made the rifle hair-triggered. Now I looked again and began to make out things. There was the platform, and there, alas, on it sat the toad-like Motombo. But his back was to me; he was gazing, not towards the water, but down the cave. I hesitated for one fateful moment. Perhaps the priest was asleep, perhaps I could get the canoe away without shooting. I did not like the job. Moreover, his head was held forward and invisible, and how was I to make certain of killing him with a shot in the back? Lastly, if possible, I wished to avoid firing because of the report.

At that instant the Motombo wheeled round. Some instinct must have warned him of my presence, for the silence was gravelike save for the soft splash of the rain without. As he turned, the lightning blazed, and he saw me.

"It is the white man," he muttered to himself in his hissing whisper, while I waited through the following darkness with the rifle at my shoulder, "the white man who shot me long, long ago, and again he has a gun! Oh, Fate stabs! Doubtless the god is dead, and I, too, must die!"

Then, as if some doubt struck him, he lifted the horn to summon help.

Again the lightning flashed and was accompanied by a fearful crack of thunder. With a prayer for skill, I covered his head and fired by the glare of it just as the trumpet touched his lips. It fell from his hand. He seemed to shrink together, and moved no more.

Oh, thank God, thank God, in this supreme moment of trial the art of which I am a master had not failed me. If my hand had shaken ever so little, if my nerves, strained to breaking-point, had played me false in the least degree, if the rag from Hans's hat had not sufficed to keep away the damp from the cap and powder—well, this history would never have been written, and there would have been some more bones in the graveyard of the Kalubis, that is all!

For a moment I waited, expecting to see the women attendants dart from the doorways in the sides of the cave, and to hear them sound a shrill alarm. None appeared, and I guessed that the rattle of the thunder had swallowed up the crack of the rifle, a noise, be it remembered, that none of them had ever heard. For an unknown number of years this ancient creature, I suppose, had squatted day and night upon that platform, whence, I dare say, it was difficult for him to move. So after they had wrapped his furs round him at sunset, and made up the fires to keep him warm, why should his women come to disturb him unless he called them with his horn? Probably it was not even lawful that they should do so.

Somewhat reassured, I waded forward a few paces and loosed the canoe, which was tied by the prow. Then I scrambled into it, and, laying down the rifle, took one of the paddles and began to push out of the creek. Just then the lightning flared once more, and by it I caught sight of the Motombo's face, that was now within a few feet of my own. It seemed to be resting almost on his knees, and its appearance was dreadful. In the centre of the forehead was a blue

mark where the bullet had entered, for I had made no mistake in that matter. The deep-set round eyes were open, and, all their fire gone, seemed to stare at me from beneath the overhanging brows. The massive jaw had fallen, and the red tongue hung out upon the pendulous lip. The leather-like skin of the bloated cheeks had assumed an ashen hue still streaked and mottled with brown.

Oh, the thing was horrible, and sometimes, when I am out of sorts, it haunts me to this day. Yet that creature's blood does not lie heavy on my mind, of it my conscience is not afraid. His end was necessary to save the innocent, and I am sure that it was well deserved. For he was a devil akin to the great god ape I had slain in the forest, to whom, by the way, he bore a most remarkable resemblance in death. Indeed, if their heads had been laid side by side at a little distance, it would not have been too easy to tell them apart, with their projecting brows, beardless, retreating chins, and yellow tushes at the corners of the mouth.

Presently I was clear of the cave. Still, for a while I lay to at one side of it against the towering cliff, both to listen in case what I had done should be discovered, and for fear lest the lightning, which was still bright, although the storm centre was rapidly passing away, should reveal me to any watchers.

For quite ten minutes I hid thus, and then, determining to risk it, paddled softly towards the opposite bank, keeping, however, a little to the west of the cave and taking my line by a certain very tall tree which, as I had noted, towered up against the sky at the back of the graveyard.

As it happened, my calculations were accurate, and in the end I directed the bow of the canoe into the rushes behind which I had left my companions. Just then the moon began to struggle out through the thinning rain-clouds, and by its light they saw me, and I saw what for a moment I took to be the gorilla-god himself waddling forward to seize the boat. There was the dreadful brute exactly as he had appeared in the forest except that it seemed a little smaller.

Then I remembered and laughed, and that laugh did me a world of good.

"Is that you, Baas?" said a muffled voice, speaking apparently from the middle of the gorilla. "Are you safe, Baas?"

"Of course," I answered, "or how should I be here?" Adding cheerfully: "Are you comfortable in that nice warm skin on this wet night, Hans?"

"Oh, Baas," answered the voice, "tell me what happened. Even in this stink I burn to know."

"Death happened to the Motombo, Hans. Here, Stephen, give me your hand and my clothes, and, Mavovo, hold the rifle and the canoe while I put them on."

Then I landed, and, stepping into the reeds, pulled off my wet shirt and pants, which I stuffed away into the big pockets of my shooting-coat—for I did not want to lose them—and put on the dry things, that, although scratchy, were quite enough clothing in that warm climate. After this I treated myself to a good sup of brandy from the flask, and ate some food, which I seemed to require. Then I told them the story, and, cutting short their demonstrations of wonder and admiration, bade them place the Holy Flower in the canoe and get in themselves. Next, with the help of Hans, who poked out his fingers through the skin of the gorilla's arms, I carefully reloaded the rifle, setting the last cap on the nipple. This done, I joined them in the canoe, taking my seat in the prow and bidding Brother John and Stephen paddle.

Making a circuit to avoid observation as before, in a very short time we reached the mouth of the cave. I leant forward and peeped round the western wall of rock. Nobody seemed to be stirring. There the fires burned dimly, there the huddled shape of the Motombo still crouched upon the platform. Silently, silently we disembarked, and I formed our procession, while the others looked askance at the horrible face of the dead Motombo.

I headed it, then came the Mother of the Flower, followed by Hans, playing his part of the god of the forest; then Brother John and Stephen carrying the Holy Flower. After it walked Hope, while Mavovo brought up the rear. Near to one of the fires, as I had noted on our first passage of the cave, lay a pile of the torches which I have already mentioned. We lit some of them, and, at a sign from me, Mavovo dragged the canoe back into its little dock and tied the cord to its post. Its appearance there, apparently undisturbed, might, I thought, make our crossing of the water seem even more mysterious. All this while I watched the doors in the sides of the cave, expecting every moment to see the women rush out. But none came. Perhaps they slept, or perhaps they were absent; I do not know to this day.

We started, and in solemn silence threaded

our way down the windings of the cave, extinguishing our torches as soon as we saw light at its inland outlet. At a few paces from its mouth stood a sentry. His back was towards the cave, and in the uncertain gleams of the moon struggling with the clouds, for a thin rain still fell, he never noted us till we were right on to him. Then he turned and saw, and at the awful sight of this procession of the gods of his land, threw up his arms and without a word fell senseless. Although I never asked, I think that Mavovo took measures to prevent his awakening. At any rate, when I looked back later on, I observed that he was carrying a big Pongo spear with a long shaft, instead of the copper weapon which he had taken from one of the coffins.

On we marched towards Rica Town, following the easy path by which we had come. As I have said, the country was very deserted, and the inhabitants of such huts as we passed were evidently fast asleep. Also there were no dogs in this land to awake them with their barking. Between the cave and Rica we were not, I think, seen by a single soul.

Through that long night we pushed on as fast as we could travel, only stopping now and again for a few minutes to rest the bearers of the Holy Flower. Indeed, at times Mrs. Eversley relieved her husband at this task; but Stephen, being very strong, carried his end of the stretcher throughout the whole journey.

Hans, of course, was much oppressed by the great weight of the gorilla skin, which, although it had shrunk a good deal, remained as heavy as ever. But he was a tough old fellow, and, on the whole, got on better than might have been expected, though by the time we reached the town he was sometimes obliged to follow the example of the god itself and help himself forward with his hands, going on all fours, as a gorilla generally does.

We reached the broad, long street of Rica about half an hour before dawn, and proceeded down it till we were past the Feast-house, still quite unobserved, for as yet none were stirring on that wet morning. Indeed, it was not until we were within a hundred yards of the harbour that a woman possessed of the virtue, or vice, of early rising, who had come from a hut to work in her garden, saw us and raised an awful, piercing scream.

"The gods!" she screamed. "The gods are leaving the land and taking the white men with them!"

Instantly there arose a hubbub in the houses. Heads were thrust out of the doors and people ran into the gardens, every one of whom began to yell till one might have thought that a massacre was in progress. But as yet no one came near us, for they were afraid.

"Push on," I cried, "or all is lost!"

They answered nobly. Hans struggled forward on all fours, for he was nearly done, and his hideous garment was choking him, while Stephen and Brother John, exhausted though they were with the weight of the great plant, actually broke into a feeble trot. We came to the harbour, and there, tied to the wharf, was the same canoe in which we had crossed to Pongoland. We sprang into it, and I cut the fastenings with my knife, having no time to untie them, and pushed off from the wharf.

By now hundreds of people, among them many soldiers, were hard upon and indeed around us, but still they seemed too frightened to do anything. So far the inspiration of Hans's disguise had saved us. In the midst of them, by the light of the rising sun, I recognised Komba, who ran up, a great spear in his hand, and for a moment halted amazed.

Then it was that the catastrophe happened which nearly cost us all our lives.

Hans, who was in the stern of the canoe, began to faint from exhaustion, and in his efforts to obtain air, for the heat and stench of the skin were overpowering him, thrust his head out through the lacings of the hide beneath the reed-stuffed mask of the gorilla, which fell over languidly upon his shoulder. Komba saw his ugly little face and knew it again.

"It is a trick!" he roared. "These white devils have killed the god and stolen the Holy Flower and its priestess. The yellow man is wrapped in the skin of the god. To the boats! To the boats!"

"Paddle," I shouted to Brother John and Stephen, "paddle for your lives! Mavovo, help me get up the sail."

As it chanced on that stormy morning, the wind was blowing strongly towards the mainland.

We laboured at the mast, shipped it, and hauled up the mat sail, but slowly, for we were awkward at the business. By the time that it began to draw, the paddles had propelled us about four hundred yards from the wharf, whence many canoes, with their sails already set, were starting in pursuit. Standing in the prow of the first of these,

and roaring curses and vengeance at us, was Komba, the new Kalubi, who shook a great spear above his head.

An idea occurred to me, who knew that unless something were done, we must be overtaken and killed by these skilled boatmen. Leaving Mavovo to attend to the sail, I scrambled aft and, thrusting aside the fainting Hans, knelt down in the stern of the canoe. There was still one charge, or, rather, one cap left, and I meant to use it. I put up the largest flapsight, lifted the little rifle and covered Komba, aiming at the point of his chin. *Intombi* was not sighted for or meant to use at this great distance, and only by this means of allowing for the drop of the bullet could I hope to hit the man in the body.

The sail was drawing well now and steadied the boat. Also, being still under the shelter of the land, the water was smooth as that of a pond, so really I had a very good firing platform. Moreover, weary though I was, my vital forces rose to the emergency, and I felt myself grow rigid as a statue. Lastly, the light was good, for the sun rose behind me, its level rays shining full on to my mark. I held my breath and touched the trigger. The charge exploded sweetly and almost at the instant. As the smoke drifted to one side, I saw Komba throw up his arms and fall backwards into the canoe. Then, quite a long while afterwards, or so it seemed, the breeze brought the faint sound of the thud of that fateful bullet to our ears.

Though perhaps I ought not to say so, it was really a wonderful shot in all the circumstances, for, as I learned afterwards, the ball struck just where I hoped that it might—in the centre of the breast, piercing the heart. Indeed, taking everything into consideration, I think that those four shots which I fired in Pongoland are the real record of my career as a marksman. The first at night broke the arm of the gorilla god, and would have killed him had not the charge hung fire and given him time to protect his head. The second did kill him in the midst of a great scrimmage when everything was moving. The third, fired by the glare of lightning after a long swim, slew the Motombo, and the fourth, loosed at this great distance from a moving boat, was the bane of that cold-blooded and treacherous man Komba, who thought that he had trapped us to Pongoland to be murdered and eaten as a sacrifice. Lastly, there was always the consciousness that no mistake must be made, since, with but four percussion caps, it could not be retrieved.

I am sure that I could not have done so well with any other rifle, however modern and accurate it might be. But to this little Purdey weapon I had been accustomed from my youth, and that, as any marksman will know, means a great deal. I seemed to know it, and it seemed to know me. It hangs on my wall to this day, although, of course, I never use it now in our breech-loading era. Unfortunately, however, a local gunsmith to whom I sent it to have the lock cleaned, rebrowned it and scraped and varnished the stock, etc., without authority, making it look almost new again. I preferred it in its worn and scratched condition.

To return. The sound of the shot, like that of John Peel's horn, aroused Hans from his sleep. He thrust his head between my legs and saw Komba fall.

"Oh, beautiful, Baas, beautiful!" he said faintly. "I am sure that the ghost of your reverend father cannot kill his enemies more nicely down there among the Fires. Beautiful!" And the silly old fellow fell to kissing my boots, or what remained of them, after which I gave him the last of the brandy.

This quite brought him to himself again, especially when he was free from that filthy skin and had washed his head and hands.

The effect of the death of Komba upon the Pongos was very strange. All the other canoes clustered round that in which he lay. Then, after a hurried consultation, they hauled down their sails and paddled back to the wharf. Why they did this I cannot tell. Perhaps they thought that he was bewitched, or only wounded, and required the attentions of a medicine-man. Perhaps it was not lawful for them to proceed except under the guidance of some reserve Kalubi who had "passed the god" and who was on shore. Perhaps it was necessary, according to their rites, that the body of their chief should be landed with certain ceremonies. I do not know. It is impossible to be sure as to the mysterious motives that actuate many of these remote African tribes.

At any rate, the result was that it gave us a great start and a chance of life, who must otherwise have died upon the spot. Outside the bay the breeze blew merrily, taking us across the lake at a spanking pace, until about midday, when it began to fail. Fortunately, however, it did not altogether drop till three o'clock, by which time the coast of Mazituland was comparatively near; we could even distinguish a speck against the skyline, which we knew was the Union Jack

that Stephen had set upon the crest of a little hill.

During those hours of peace we ate the food that remained to us, washed ourselves as thoroughly as we could, and rested. Well was it, in view of what followed, that we had this time of repose. For just as the breeze was failing, I looked aft, and there, coming up behind us, still holding the wind, was the whole fleet of Pongo canoes, thirty or forty of them, perhaps, each carrying an average of about twenty men. We sailed on for as long as we could, for though our progress was but slow, it was quicker than what we could have made by paddling. Also it was necessary that we should save our strength for the last trial.

I remember that hour very well, for in the nervous excitement of it every little thing impressed itself upon my mind. I remember even the shape of the clouds that floated over us, remnants of the storm of the previous night. One was like a castle with a broken-down turret showing a staircase within; another had a fantastic resemblance to a wrecked ship with a hole in her starboard bow, two of her masts broken and one standing with some fragments of sails flapping from it, and so forth.

Then there was the general aspect of the great lake, especially at a spot where two currents met, causing little waves which seemed to fight with each other and fall backwards in curious curves. Also there were shoals of small fish, something like chub in shape, with round mouths and very white stomachs, which suddenly appeared upon the surface, jumping at invisible flies. These attracted a number of birds that resembled gulls of a light build. They had coal-black heads, white backs, greyish wings, and slightly webbed feet, pink as coral, with which they seized the small fish, uttering, as they did so, a peculiar and plaintive cry that ended in a long-drawn *e-e-é*. The father of the flock, whose head seemed to be white like his back, perhaps from age, hung above them, not troubling to fish himself, but from time to time forcing one of the company to drop what he had caught, which he retrieved before it reached the water. Such are some of the small things that come back to me, though there were others too numerous and trivial to mention.

When the breeze failed us at last, we were perhaps something over three miles from the shore, or, rather, from the great bed of reeds, which at this spot grow in the shallows of the Mazitu coast to a breadth of seven or eight hundred yards, where the water becomes too deep for them. The Pongos were then about a mile and a half behind. But as the wind favoured them for a few minutes more, and, having plenty of hands, they could help themselves on by paddling, when at last it died to a complete calm, the distance between us was not more than one mile. This meant that they must cover four miles of water while we covered three.

Letting down our now useless sail, and throwing it and the mast overboard to lighten the canoe, since the sky showed us that there was no more hope of wind, we began to paddle as hard as we could. Fortunately, the two ladies were able to take their share in this exercise, since they had learned it upon the Lake of the Flower, where, it seemed, they kept a private canoe upon the other side of the island, which was used for fishing. Hans, who was still weak, we set to steer with a paddle aft, which he did in a somewhat erratic fashion.

A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, but still the enemy, with their skilled rowers, came up fast. When we were a mile from the reeds, they were within half a mile of us, and as we were tired, the proportion of distance lessened. When we were two hundred yards from the reeds, they were not more than fifty or sixty yards behind, and then the real struggle began.

It was short but terrible. We threw everything we could overboard, including the ballast stones at the bottom of the canoe and the heavy hide of the gorilla. This, as it proved, was fortunate, since the thing sank but slowly, and the foremost Pongo boats halted a minute to recover so precious a relic, checking the others behind them, a circumstance that helped us by twenty or thirty yards.

"Over with the plant!" I said.

But Stephen, looking quite old from exhaustion, and with the sweat streaming from him as he laboured at his unaccustomed paddle, gasped—

"For Heaven's sake, no, after all we have gone through to get it!"

So I didn't insist; indeed, there was neither time nor breath for argument.

Now we were in the reeds, for, thanks to the flag which guided us, we had struck the big hippopotamus lane exactly, and the Pongos, paddling like demons, were about thirty yards behind. Thankful was I that those interesting people had never learned the use of bows and arrows, and that their spears were too heavy to throw. By now, or,

rather, some time before, old Babemba and the Mazitu had seen us, as had our Zulu hunters. Crowds of them were wading through the shallows towards us, yelling encouragements as they came. The Zulus, too, opened a rather wild fire, with the result that one of the bullets struck our canoe and another touched the brim of my hat. A third, however, killed a Pongo, which caused some confusion in the ranks of Tusculum.

But we were done, and they came on remorselessly. When their leading boat was not more than ten yards from us, and we were perhaps two hundred from the shore, I drove my paddle downwards, and finding that the water was less than four feet deep, shouted—

"Overboard, all, and wade! It's our last chance!"

We scrambled out of that canoe, the prow of which, as I left it the last, I pushed round across the water-lane to obstruct those of the Pongo. Now, I think all would have gone well had it not been for Stephen, who, after he had floundered forward a few paces in the mud, bethought him of his beloved orchid. Not only did he return to try to rescue it; he also actually persuaded his friend Mavovo to accompany him. They got back to the boat and began to lift the plant out, when the Pongo fell upon them, striking at them with their spears over the width of our canoe. Mavovo struck back with the weapon he had taken from the Pongo sentry at the cave mouth, and killed or wounded one of them. Then someone hurled a ballast stone at him which caught him on the side of the head and knocked him down into the water, whence he rose and reeled back, almost senseless, till some of our people got hold of him and dragged him to the shore.

So Stephen was left alone, dragging at the great orchid, till a Pongo, reaching over the canoe, drove a spear through his shoulder. He let go of the orchid because he must, and tried to retreat. Too late! Half a dozen or more of the Pongo pushed themselves between the stern or bow of our canoe and the reeds, and waded forward to kill him. I could not help, for, to tell the truth, at the moment I was stuck in a mud-hole made by the hoof of a hippopotamus, while the Zulu hunters and the Mazitu were as yet too far off. Surely he must have died had it not been for the courage of the girl Hope, who, while wading shorewards a little in front of me, had turned and seen his plight. Back she came, literally bounding through the water like a leopard whose cubs are in danger.

Reaching Stephen before the Pongo, she thrust herself between him and them, and proceeded to address them with the utmost vigour in their own language, which, of course, she had learned from those of the albinos who were not mutes.

What she said I could not exactly catch because of the shouts of the advancing Mazitu. I gathered, however, that she was anathematising them in the words of some old and potent curse that was only used by the guardians of the Holy Flower, which consigned them, body and spirit, to a dreadful doom. The effect of this malediction—which, by the way, neither the young lady nor her mother would repeat to me afterwards—was certainly remarkable. Those men who heard it—among them the would-be slayers of Stephen—stayed their hands and even inclined their heads towards the young priestess, as though in reverence or deprecation, and thus remained for sufficient time for her to lead the wounded Stephen out of danger. This she did, wading backwards by his side and keeping her eyes fixed full upon the Pongo. It was, perhaps, the most curious rescue that I ever saw.

The Holy Flower, I should add, they recaptured and carried off, for I saw it departing in one of their canoes. That was the end of my orchid hunt and of the money which I hoped to make by the sale of this floral treasure. I wonder what became of it? I have good reason to believe that it was never replanted on the island of the Flower, so perhaps it was borne back to the dim and unknown land in the depths of Africa whence the Pongo are supposed to have brought it when they migrated.

After this incident of the wounding and the rescue of Stephen by the intrepid Miss Hope, whose interest in him was already strong enough to induce her to risk her life upon his behalf, all we fugitives were dragged ashore somehow by our friends. Here, Hans, I, and the ladies, collapsed exhausted, though Brother John still found sufficient strength to do what he could for the injured Stephen and Mavovo.

Then the battle of the reeds began, and a fierce fray it was. The Pongos, who were about equal in numbers to our people, came on furiously, for they were mad at the death of their god, with his priest, the Motombo, of which I think news had reached them, and at the carrying off of the Mother of the Flower. Springing from their canoes, because the waterway was too narrow for more than one of these to travel at a time, they plunged

into the reeds with the intention of wading ashore. Here their hereditary enemies, the Mazitu, attacked them under the command of old Babemba. The struggle that ensued partook more of the nature of a series of hand-to-hand fights than of a set battle. It was extraordinary to see the heads of the combatants moving among the reeds as they stabbed at each other with the great spears, till one went down. There were few wounded in that fray, for those who fell sank in the mud and water and were drowned.

On the whole, the Pongo, who were operating in what was almost their native element, were getting the best of it and driving the Mazitu back. But what decided the day against them were the guns of our Zulu hunters. Although I could not lift a rifle myself, I managed to collect these men round me and to direct their fire, which proved so terrifying to the Pongos that, after ten or a dozen of them had been knocked over, they began to give back sullenly, and were helped into their canoes by those men who were left in charge of them.

Then at length, at a signal, they got out their paddles, and, still shouting curses and defiance at us, rowed away till they became but specks upon the bosom of the great lake and vanished.

Two of the canoes we captured, however, and with them six or seven Pongos. These the Mazitu wished to put to death, but at the bidding of Brother John, whose orders, it will be remembered, had the same authority in Mazituland as those of the king, they bound their arms and made them prisoners instead.

In about half an hour it was all over, but of the rest of that day I cannot write, as I think I fainted from utter exhaustion, which was not, perhaps, wonderful, considering all that we had undergone in the four and a half days that had elapsed since we first embarked upon the great lake. For constant strain, physical and mental, I recall no such four days during the whole of my adventurous life. It was indeed wonderful that we came through them alive.

The last thing I remember was the appearance of Sammy, looking very smart in his blue cotton smock, who, now that the fighting was over, emerged like a butterfly when the sun shines after rain.

"Oh, Mr. Quatermain," he said, "I welcome you home again after arduous exertions and looking into eyes of bloody war. All the days of absence, and a good part of the nights, too, while the mosquitoes haunted slumber, I prayed for your safety like one o'clock, and perhaps, Mr. Quatermain, that helped to do the trick, for what says the poet: Those who serve and wait are almost as good as those who cook dinner."

Such were the words which reached and, oddly enough, impressed themselves upon my darkening brain. Or, rather, they were part of the words, excerpts from a long speech that there is no doubt Sammy had carefully prepared during our absence.

(*To be continued.*)

TWILIGHT SONG.

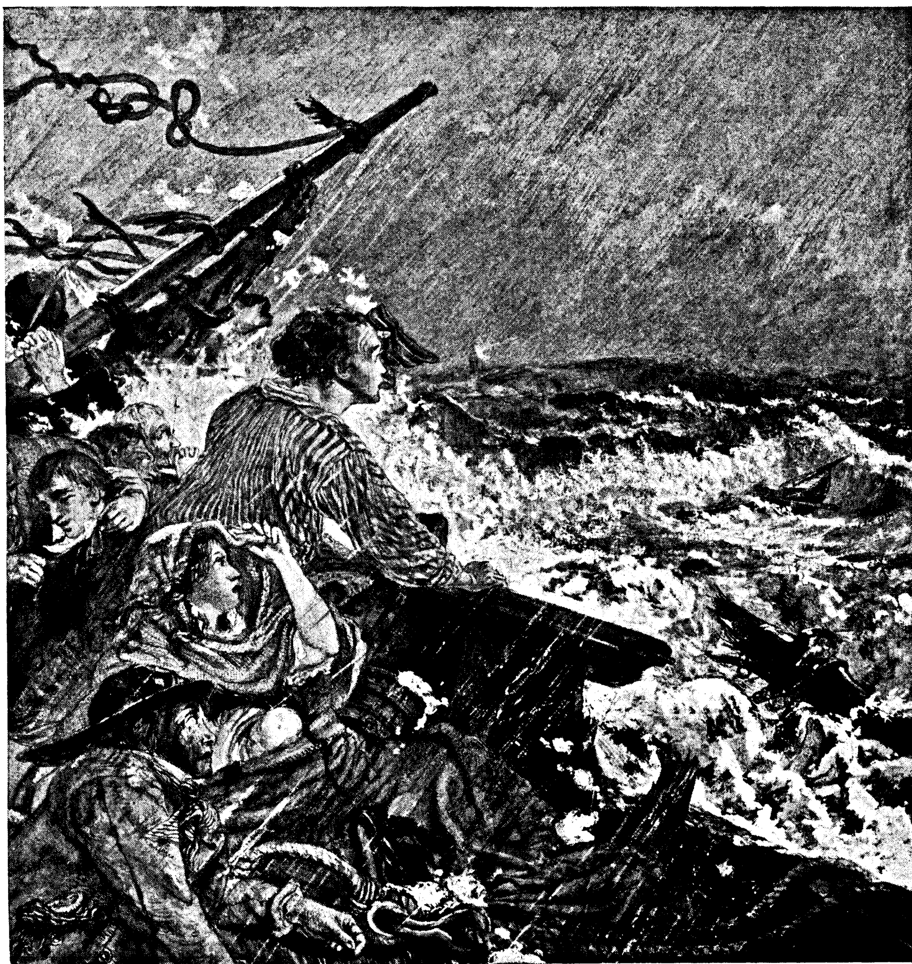
O GLAD, glad moments when the heart
Is all atune with song;
And something calls the soul apart
From where the people throng.

To list the music of the weir,
In cadence strangely sweet;
And fancy, in the meadows here,
The fall of fairy feet.

The evening shadows on the grass,
The vesper star on high;
Whisper of pleasure prone to pass,
And heaven divinely nigh.

While love that will not always bide,
Is laughing in the lane;
In this calm hour of eventide,
And longings told again.

ERIC DYNES.



"GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER SAVING A SHIPWRECKED CREW." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.
From the mural painting at Wallington Hall, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart.

THE ART OF WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

By AUSTIN CHESTER

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, poet and painter, Pre-Raphaelite in both arts, as minute in detail in the one as in the other, was born in 1811, in the heart of Midlothian.

A curiously primitive life was led by the Scott family, of which William Bell was the third child of four. His father had acquired some degree of celebrity in landscape-painting, a celebrity which existed, as does that of his son, on his powers of elaboration. He seems to have had very little artistic instinct, caring little for his own art, and preferring to expend his energy in the more remunerative one of engraving, and valuing this, indeed, chiefly for its facilities in connection with trade.

He established what he called a "shop," and, with the aid of several able young apprentices, turned out an immense number of engravings. He introduced engraving on steel in place of copper, and also lithography. When the young William, who, like his father, gravitated into art as a profession, had finished his days of pupilage at the Trustees' Academy, then under the control of Sir William Allan, and should, as she is a jealous mistress, have pursued Art with undivided interest, he found

it necessary to take the place of his father, now crippled by ill-health, and devote himself to what had become a considerable business.

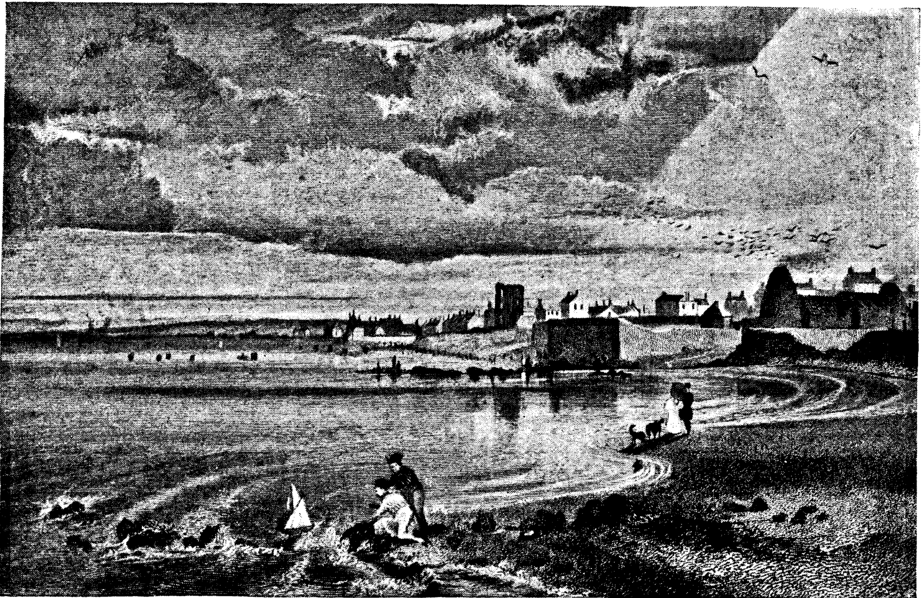
Etching and engraving appear to have come naturally to him, and at twenty years of age he published a set of etchings of the scenery of Loch Katrine and the Trossachs, and exhibited in Edinburgh a landscape, the subject of which he took from Coleridge, representing a hermit praying in a dark forest.

By the painting of this picture and by an elaborate didactic poem in blank verse, which he had written when he was between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, one can gauge the repugnance with which he followed the commercial side of art, as he considered it. He took advantage of his elder brother Robert's return from abroad to induce him to accept his responsibilities in the family business, that he might betake himself across the Tweed and seek his fortune, as has done many another Scotsman, in the South.

This was in 1837, but on two previous occasions he had visited the Metropolis, spending most of his time there at the British Museum, drawing from casts.

The next year he made his first trip abroad, and joined his elder brother David in Paris, with the object of studying the French classic school of painters, and he did this through a desire to find his place in art and prepare himself to meet his fate among the central interests of our Metropolis.

The first picture of considerable size he accomplished was "The Old English Ballad Singer," which was purchased and etched to illustrate the "Book of Ballads" issued by Mr. S. C. Hall, at whose house he met all the men connected with the arts in London, and commenced that series of friendships which played so large a part in his life; for, as he himself says in his autobiography: "One absorbing and all-sacrificing passion of friendship has followed another." Sadly he adds: "Men diverge and different experiences change their possibilities and proclivities, sympathies even change, so that any friendships, save those founded upon common-sense and moderate affinities of taste, come at last to be numbered among the delusions and compromises of life."



"PORTOBELLO." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

Scott must have been a man of much charm of manner and character, for of the many famous men with whom he was thrown, he seems to have made friends with all, and to have arrived, by means of the something sympathetic in himself, at the secret thoughts and aspirations of each.

G. H. Lewes, making his acquaintance at this time, and writing later of the impression Scott had made upon him on his first introduction, says: "I am again sitting beside

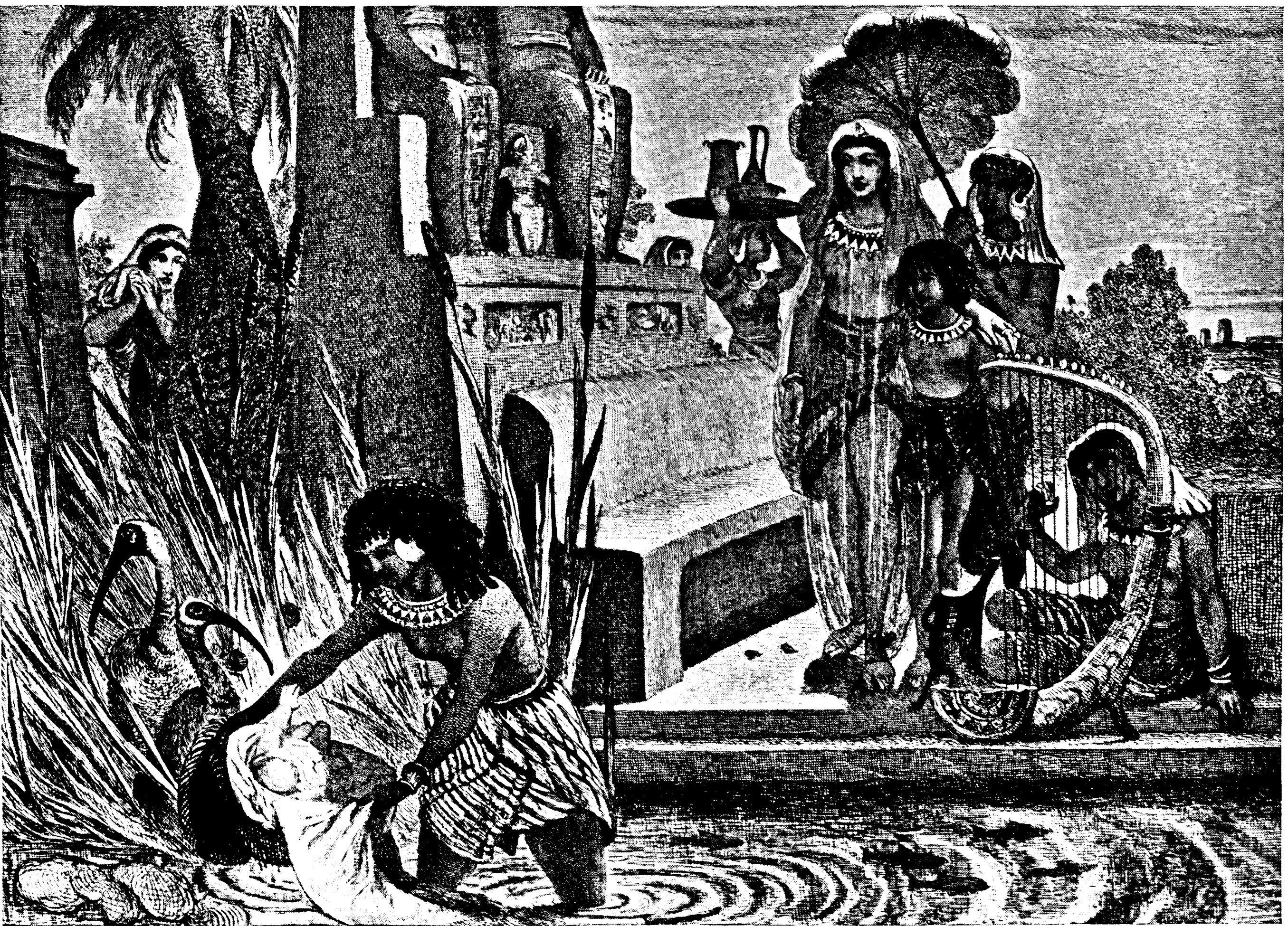
"THE HIGH PRIEST." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

the grave and high-minded Scott in his low-roofed studio, crammed with books, casts, wood-blocks, sketches and papers. . . . Art gave occupation to his soul ; reverie sweetened life; hope beautified it. He led a lonely life, but led it like a noble soul. Nature had given him a melancholy temperament which inclined him to the mystic-thinkers." In his reminiscences Scott quotes these eloquent yet true descriptions of himself.

In 1840 Scott was represented in the Exhibition of the British Artists by three works, "The Wild Huntsman," "The Jester," and "King Alfred Disguised as a Harper."

"SAXON ALMSGIVING." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

In 1842 the scheme for decorating the new Houses of Parliament stirred the ambitions of young artists to compete for the proffered commissions. William Bell Scott was one of the unsuccessful competitors. This was a period in which the wave of failure was hard to fight against, especially as he was then married. He had a couple of pictures rejected by the Academy, one of which was called "The Burgher Watch on the City Wall," representing Guild brethren keeping ward under a dull moon by a blazing beacon fire, the other being "James VI. of Scotland Examining the Witches of North Berwick." Then the depression caused by successive ill-luck led to his acceptance of a mastership in the Schools of Design, an appointment offered him by the Board of Trade, a post of craftsmanship rather than of artistry, which took him from London and kept him for several years in Newcastle. Here he took to studying local antquities, and published a book called "Antiquarian Gleanings in the North of England," and took up landscape-painting again, when time allowed, and spent, when not travelling abroad, his holidays in this pursuit, devoting always his evenings to poetic work, and producing an ambitious long work in verse called "The Year of the World." The publication of this book it was that brought about William Bell Scott's acquaintance with Rossetti through an enthusiastic letter of the latter, which was the foundation of the friendship between the two men. "A few years ago," Rossetti wrote, "I met for the first time, in a publication called *The Storyteller*, with your two poems 'Rosabell' and 'A Dream of Love.' So



"THE FINDING OF THE INFANT MOSES." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

beautiful, so original did they appear to me, that I assure you I couldn't think of anything else for several days, and I became possessed by quite a troublesome anxiety to know what else you had written and where it was to be found . . . At the beginning of the present year . . . a paragraph in *The Art Union Journal* informed me of the publication of 'The Year of the World.' I was about to bid you imagine my delight, but that would not be easy . . . A finer, a more dignitous, a more deeply thoughtful production, a work that is more truly *a work*, has seldom indeed shed its light upon me."

What he wrote in reply, Scott could not afterwards recall, but, whatever it was, it brought from the young Rossetti, in a few days, a bundle of MSS., in which, under the title of "Songs of the Art Catholic," were included "The Blessed Damozel" and "My Sister's Sleep."

He made the acquaintance of the Rossetti family and also that of the man with whom Gabriel at that time shared a studio, Holman Hunt. "This visit," he tells us, "was the beginning of a new interest of life for me: from them sprang knowledge of many men and of other fields."

"BUILDING A ROMAN WALL." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.
From the mural painting at Wallington Hall.

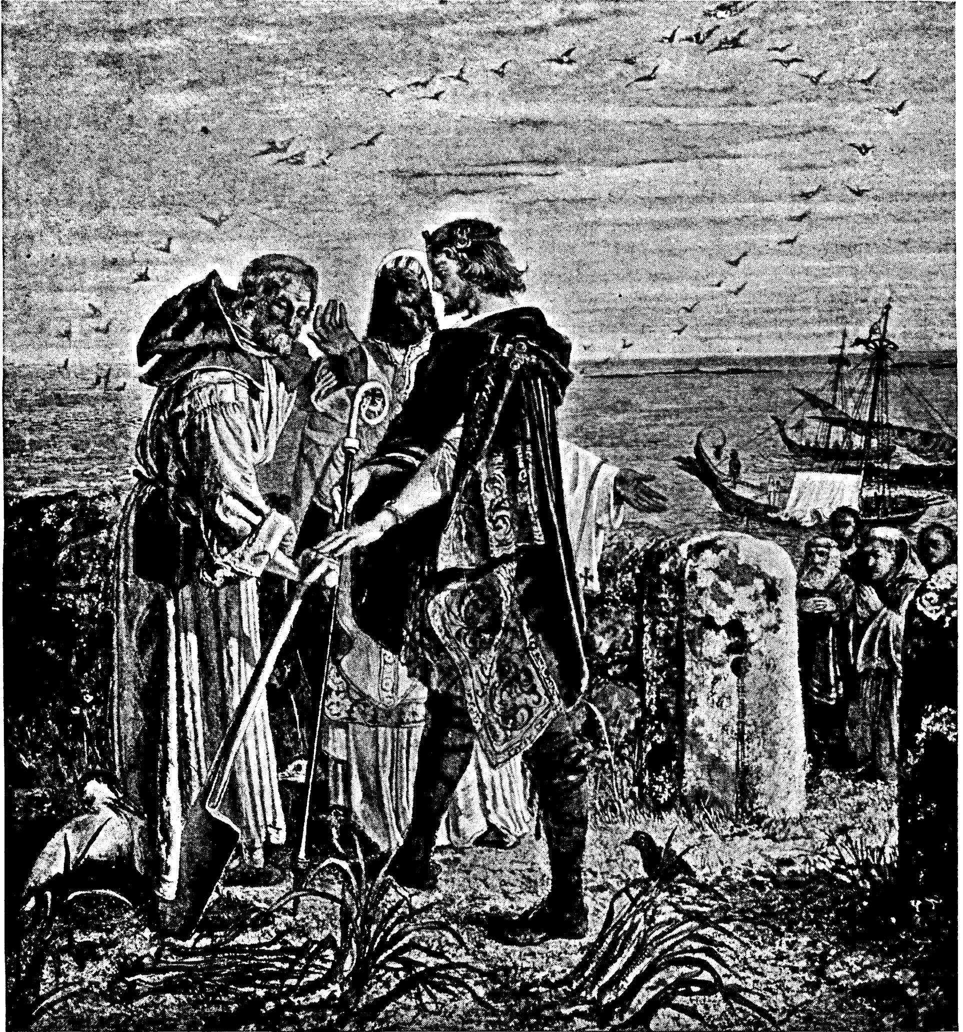
Soon after, Scott was called back to Edinburgh by the serious illness which resulted in

"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

the death of his eldest brother David. Here, watching his brother's last hours and tending him with a devoted care that was shared by their mother, he made, such was his passion of artistry, a clever sketch of the dying man, and wrote a requiem which deserves to be remembered, of which the first stanza runs:—

The winds are wandering all through the night,
Rushing and moaning round chimney and roof;
The ashes fall dead from the dull firelight,
The great shadows move o'er the walls, aloof,
While the soul of my brother recedes.

Of this brother he afterwards wrote a memoir, which was illustrated by its subject's designs, following up this publication by several further sets of etchings done by David, one of the most imaginative of these being "Illustrations for the Pilgrim's Progress."



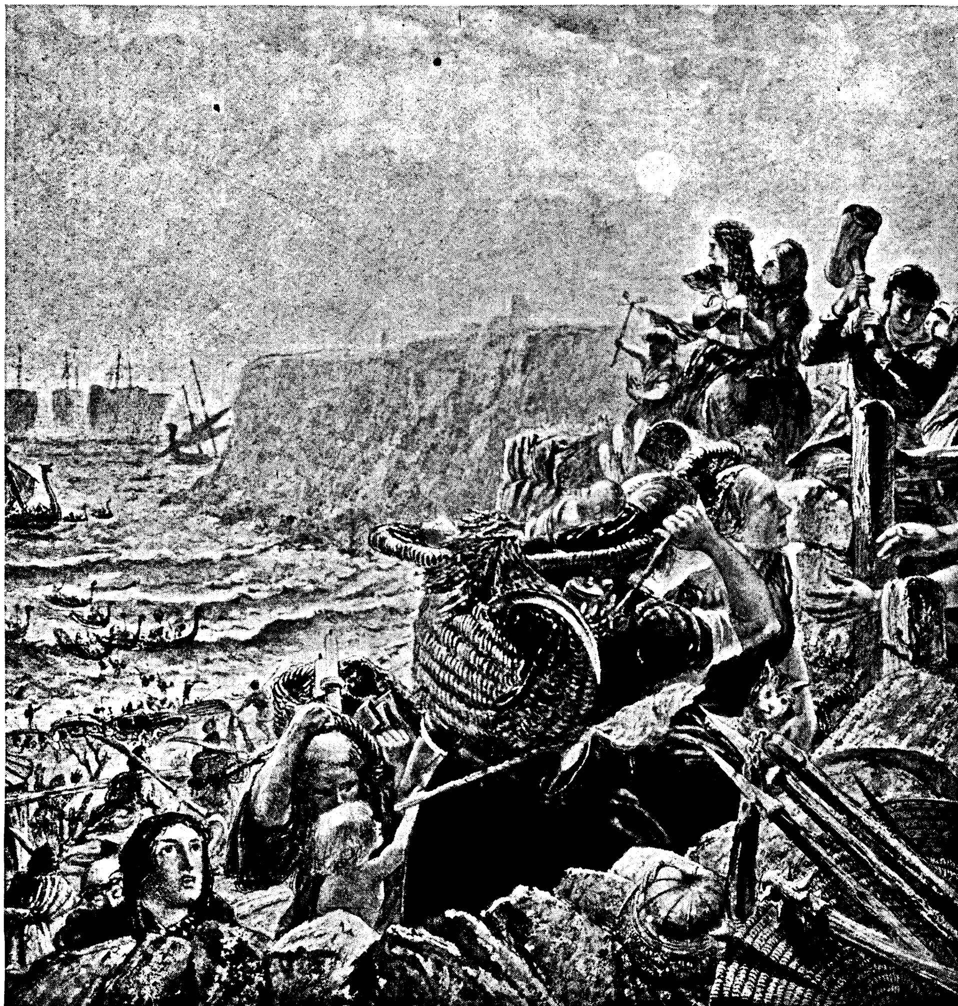
"ST. CUTHBERT, THE HERMIT OF FARNE ISLAND, REFUSING THE BISHOPRIC OF HEXHAM, OFFERED TO HIM BY KING EGFRITH." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

From the mural painting at Wallington Hall.

In 1854, William Bell Scott made the acquaintance of Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, who lived chiefly at Wallington Hall, near Morpeth, on the decoration of which, a couple of years later, we find him engaged. He was to supply paintings for an interior court converted from an open

"THE LAST MARCH OF EDWARD I.: THE DYING KING CARRIED IN A LITTER TOWARDS THE BORDER." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

quadrangle into a closed gallery. The subjects he chose were: "St. Cuthbert, the Hermit of Farne Island, Refusing the Bishopric of Hexham," offered by King Egfrith when the saint, under the influence of that intense desire to lead a life of absolute solitude by which the Scottish monks of the School epistle; "The Building of a Roman Wall"; "A Descent of the Danes on the Coast of Tynemouth"; "The Spur in the Dish"; "Bernard Gilpin Addressing the Borderers in Rothbury Church after having taken down the Gage of Battle from the Walls"; "Grace Darling"; and "Iron and Coal."



"A DESCENT OF THE DANES." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.
From the mural painting at Wallington Hall.

of St. Columba were so frequently impelled, had already resigned his office of Abbot of Lindisfarne; "The Death of the Venerable Bede," who, after writing several important Latin works, gave his last energies to the translation of the Gospel of St. John, and saying "Glory to God!" died as Cuthbert, at his dictation, wrote the last words of the

All of these subjects were exhibited at the French Gallery in Pall Mall in 1861.

These were delightful days for Scott that were spent at the Trevelyans'. Here he brought Holman Hunt, and made the acquaintance of the young genius Algernon Swinburne, Ruskin, and two friends who came to exercise a large influence over his life, Miss Alice

Boyd and her brother. It was Miss Boyd who subsequently presented to the National Gallery of British Art the only work of Bell Scott's which can to-day be seen in any public gallery, "The Eve of the Deluge," a curious picture, which might be taken to be a Pre-Raphaelite anticipation of the kind of subject subsequently made popular by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. The following is the description of this work in the official catalogue of the National Gallery of British Art:—

"On the terrace or upper gallery of an antediluvian palace overlooking a plain an Eastern prince sits, caressed by his wife and surrounded by his retinue, on a raised platform bordered with flowering plants. At his feet tiger-cubs gambol. The empty goblet in his hand, and a rudely fashioned harp held by a female slave suggest a recent banquet. Two of the male attendants, bending over the balcony, on which a jar of incense burns, watch with amusement and curiosity the family of Noah entering the Ark. From the horizon a dark and ominous cloud rises into the sky."

"THE DEATH OF THE VENERABLE BEDE." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

From the mural painting at Wallington Hall.

The year 1864 saw the series of eight pictures at Wallington completed, and William Bell Scott freed from his labours in the Government School of Art. He retired, therefore, with a small pension and came to London from Newcastle, with his wife, to complete a further series of eighteen pictures from Chevy Chase of Boyd, who, after this, spent each winter in town with the Bell Scotts, and they, in their turn, spent each summer and autumn with her at Penkill Castle, which had passed to her in 1865, at the death of her brother. She proposed that Scott should decorate with historical subjects its circular staircase, lately restored. Scott selected a series of

"THE SPUR IN THE DISH." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

From the mural painting at Wallington Hall.

"Earl Percy, from his going out to his being brought home dead," for the upper spandrels of the chamber at Wallington Hall, and a commission from the town of Newcastle for a picture of "The Building of the New Castle by the Son of William the Conqueror." In London he and his wife were joined by Miss Alice scenes from "The King's Quair," the poem which James I. of Scotland wrote during his captivity in England, and he set to work and occupied himself for three or four months in each year, from 1865 to 1868, in their execution.

In 1865 Scott received a commission to paint the windows in the Keramic Gallery of

the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. His instructions from Mr.—afterwards Sir Henry—Cole, the Director of the Museum, were to represent "a pictorial history of the Keramic Arts." These and were spelt phonetically; but in deciphering them he was much helped by Mr. Reid, a priest living near Penkill, who had been educated at the College at Ratisbon.

A further, but unexecuted, commission

"THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

the staircase pictures at Penkill were finished in 1868.

The next work to which he turned was his "Life and Works of Albert Dürer," a difficult task, since Dürer's letters and journals

from Sir Henry Cole which he undertook was to decorate the staircases which lead to the lecture-theatre in the Museum, a commission of which the artist regretfully writes: "Had this been carried out, it

would, I believe, have affirmed my position in art"; but the drawings, in consequence of alterations, were deposited in the archives of the place.

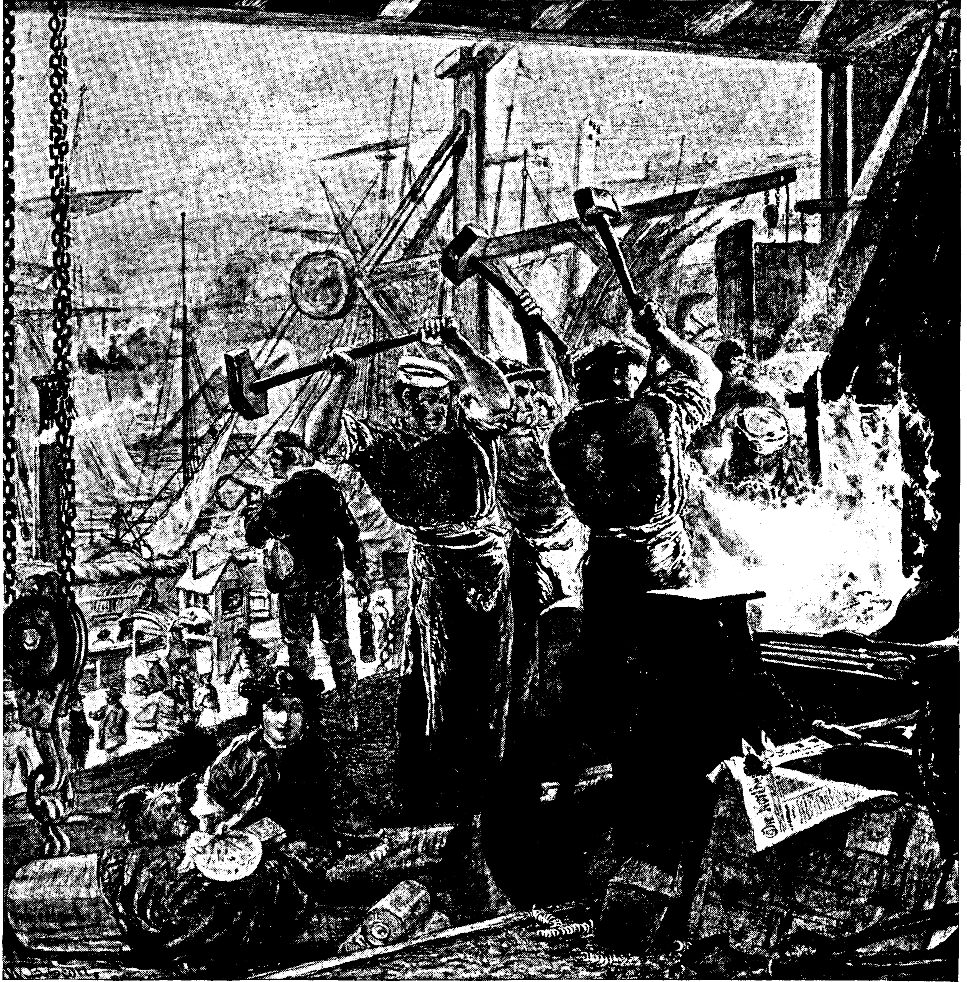
Prominent among other works of Scott's for its imagination is his design of "The Temptation of Eve," a curious picture, the same theme by G. F. Watts. Watts was great alike in treatment as in design, whereas Bell Scott, in his "The Temptation of Eve," placed a clumsily-limbed artist's model in a mystic garden. Yet, in spite of this solecism, there is something astonishing in the elfin, Puck-like head and shoulders

"BERNARD GILPIN TAKING DOWN THE GAGE." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.
From the mural painting at Wallington Hall.

conception of which shows considerable originality; but the technique is crude, and here, as in many of Bell Scott's pictures, we are made conscious that he was practising his art in a not completely understood vehicle. Again, we compare this work, with its peculiar literality, with that of the visionary and suggestive treatment of the of the gigantic serpent-body, and the scheme altogether shows him to have had ideas, invention, and imagination.

The picture "The High Priest" is interesting chiefly because it shows Bell Scott to have been a most careful student of the Bible. We see the breastplate and the ephod, the robe and embroidered coat,

the mitre and the girdle, the ouches, epaulette-like, set upon the High Priest's shoulders, and the chains of gold, which hold in place the breastplate of judgment, are of wreathen work, as Exodus xxviii. ordained; whilst the stones in the breastplate, "the lights and perfections," "the urim and thummim," the sacred symbols worn upon the breastplate as evidence that God gave oracular responses for the guidance of His people in temporal matters, are all carefully delineated. We see the phylacteries which the Hebrews were commanded to bind upon this frontlet; and upon the hem of the garment is that fringe which all Jews wore in obedience to the order given in Numbers xv. 38. Another religious picture of Bell Scott's is his "The Flight into Egypt." In writing the other day of the childhood of Christ in modern art, we pointed out that three days' journey beyond the borders of Judæa would have put the Holy Family beyond Herod's reach; and how far the Holy Family penetrated into Egypt we have no authority which tells us; but, since it is assumed that their sojourn was of very short duration, it is unlikely that they crossed the waters of the Nile.



"IRON AND COAL, THE INDUSTRY OF THE TYNE." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.
From the mural painting at Wallington Hall.

Scott lived to close upon four-score years, greatly beloved, but content to go into the undiscovered country—as we know by reading the poem in his last volume, "A

Poet's Harvest Home," the last verse of which runs—

> But now the book is closed, the dusk falls low
> Upon the unknown sea: For me no more
> The Pleiades and Bear will shine: I go;
> My unknown home is on the further shore,
> And when my darkened eyes mark naught below,
> The Mighty Hand shall guide me as before.

This volume was published in 1882, when it represented, as a brother-poet said in a graceful tribute, "the harvest home of seventy years," and, like its author's previous volume of miscellaneous verse, "Poems of a Painter," as well as his earlier didactic experiments in verse, it contains work which is original, imaginative, and full of thought, and these are precisely the best qualities also of the author's pictures. In both branches of art he fulfils Rossetti's demand for "fundamental brain-work," but without revealing any supreme charm or even absolute mastery of his craft, and this is the more curious in contrast to the fact that this artist-poet's own personality was one of such remarkable attractiveness and enduring interest that he inspired an almost unique affection and homage in the minds of the most distinguished of his contemporaries, as typified by the tributes of Rossetti, William Morris, Holman Hunt, and others, and, perhaps most finely of all, in several poems of Swinburne's—a fine sonnet, the stanzas dedicating to Scott the third series of "Poems and Ballads," and the noble verses written after his death, beginning—

> A life more bright than the Sun's face.

For certain of the biographical facts incorporated in the foregoing article, as also for much of our information concerning the artist's long series of pictures, we are indebted to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for permission to compile them from the interesting autobiographical record of the artist's career edited by Professor William Minto.

One of the most interesting features of this frankly expressed autobiography, with its records of interesting friendships with men of importance in one art or another, ranging from Leigh Hunt down to personages of our own time, consists in the fact that nothing seems to have been either above or beneath Scott's criticism; and its scrupulous detail, shown in memory, reveals how already prepared the ground of his mind must have been for the Pre-Raphaelite seed in art, sown by that group of which he, unofficially, became one.

"COMIN' THRO' THE RYE." BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

CONTEMPT OF COURT

By DORNFORD YATES

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst

" O you mean to tell me to-day's the twenty-ninth?" said Daphne.

"To be frank," said I, "I don't. To begin with, it's the thirtieth."

My sister sat back in her chair pondering, one white hand to her lips. Then—

"So it is," she said slowly. "How this month has gone! You know, I keep on thinking to-day's Sunday."

"Comes of changing your bath night," said her husband, pouring himself another glass of sherry. "After having it on Sundays all these years——"

"Bound to feel it, of course," said I. "At this time of life, I mean. I remember an old horsekeeper doing much the same thing. He used——"

Before I could catch it, the tangerine fell into Berry's finger-bowl, which was about equidistant from its owner and myself. Daphne and Jill squeaked with delight. Then—

"After that, the deluge," said my sister coolly.

"In the neck," said Jonah, from the other side of the table.

"Pardon me," said Berry, wiping the water out of his eyes. "Mostly in the left eye and ear. A certain amount inasmuch as, and the rest in blank. Highly dangerous. And me on the Grand Jury to-morrow."

"The marked decay of table manners," said I, smearing my chest with a napkin, "is as deplorable as it is manifest. I sat down to dinner in a shirt. Thanks to a loving sister's care, I shall arise in a compress. Death was due to heart failure, consequent upon a severe chill."

"Have some sherry wine, brother," said Berry sympathetically, pushing across the decanter. "If you approve, we'll have a whole bottle at your wake. Till then, let us ignore the rude behaviour. After all, the mockers are below the salted almonds."

"The incident then terminated," said Jonah.

"Jill and I are going in with you to-morrow," said Daphne. "Derry said he'd put us on the Bench for a little."

"These High Sheriffs," groaned her husband.

"I'm going in, anyway," said I. "Jimmy Aylwin's the Judge's Marshal this time. He sent me a card asking me to roll up."

"I will not have this Court turned into a theatre," said Berry pompously. "The Bench isn't a stage. When you three and Derry and the Marshal get going, people'll think it's a Revue. Will Harry Tate be there?"

"I'm afraid not," said I, "but the Judge will. And what with the footmen——"

"To change the numbers . . . Exactly. Well, don't come to me for bail if you're committed for Contempt of Court. That's all. You've never been over the gaol, have you?"

"I do hope I shall remember to say 'Rabbits' first to-morrow," said Jill suddenly.

We stared at her. Then—

"I suppose you must," said Berry. "Belgian hares wouldn't do, would they? or French bustards, or any little trifle like that? It must be rabbits?"

"Oh, yes, it must be rabbits," said Jill gravely.

"Dear, dear," said Berry.

"D'you think you could write it?" said I.

"No, Boy, you've got to say it, or it doesn't count."

"Ah, well, that settles it," I sighed.

"Don't take any notice of the fools," said Daphne. "What do you mean 'it doesn't count,' Jilly dear?"

"Didn't I tell you?" said Jill. "I heard it when I was staying with the Scarlets. On the first day of the month you have to say

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'Rabbits.' If you say it to me first, I have to give you a present, and if I say it to you first, you have to give me a present. It's just whichever says it first."

"I'm glad you told us," said Berry. "Otherwise we should have been somewhat handicapped. I mean, of course, one never knows. I might have quite innocently chanced to say—er—'Rabbits.' Just like that. 'Rabbits.' But it would have been a fluke. It would have been because I had just observed in *The Sportsman* that Kent were all out for twenty-seven, or something like that. The odds are you'd have had it all your own way."

"Well, you know now," said Jill. "And if I remember to say it before you do, I want another tennis-racket."

"Right you are, sweetheart. And should it first occur to me to name the burrowing rodents, please remember that I have long desired——"

He paused to select a piece of ginger. We waited interestedly. At last—

"Go on," said Daphne. "The suspense is awful."

"A wherewithal," said her husband. "A really good one."

Jill's grey eyes looked puzzled.

"A wherewithal?" she said slowly. "Where does one get wherewithals?"

"You might try the Stores," said I. "But they'd probably have to get it for you. Of course, there are so many different kinds." I turned to Berry. "For what purpose do you require the wherewithal, brother?"

"I want the wherewithal to do penance for a wicked spouse," he said. "Things are come to a pretty pass when one has to humble one's own body to atone for the backsliding of those we love. But there you are." He looked across at his wife. "I suppose you know your name's going to be a hissing," he added.

"She'll be able to get the sort of wherewithal you want at the Stores," said Jonah. "In the Surgical Instruments Department."

Berry started.

"No, no," he said hurriedly. "In the Drapery. I was thinking of a hair shirt. So—er—appropriate."

* * * * *

The next morning I awoke to hear a servant drawing the blinds.

"What time is it, William?" said I.

"A quarter past seven, sir," said the man, coming to the side of my bed. "And Mr. Pleydel's compliments, sir, and 'Rabbits.'"

"My compliments to Mr. Pleydel, and there's nothing doing, because he must say it himself."

"Very good, sir."

Whilst I was shaving, an idea occurred to me. I opened my door and walked quickly to the bathroom Daphne and Jill use. There I stood listening. The lazy lap of water against the side of the bath told me that it was occupied. With a crafty smile I cleared my throat. Then—

"Jilly," I said anxiously.

"What's the matter, Boy?" cried my victim, falling into the trap.

"Er—only——"

"Rabbits," whispered Daphne over my shoulder, slipping a warm arm round my neck. "And it just serves you right, old chap, for trying to do Jilly down. Kiss me."

I obeyed in some dudgeon.

"You shall give me one of those old little Japanese cedars," she went on. "A nice gnarled one in a blue-and-white pot."

I groaned.

"They're awfully expensive," I began. "Surely there's some limit——"

Suddenly, "O-o-oh!" came from the bathroom. Followed the sound of troubled waters and the padding of bare feet on the floor. The next moment Jill was beating upon the door and crying—

"Rabbits, Boy, rabbits. I said it first."

My sister began to laugh softly. I took a deep breath. Then—

"What sort of a racket d'you want, dear?" said I. "Tell me the worst."

After all, a racket couldn't cost much more than thirty shillings.

"Oh, Berry's going to give me the racket," cried Jill, audibly dancing with excitement. "I thought perhaps you'd give me a panorama camera."

"Don't hang back," said I. "Quite sure you wouldn't sooner have a gold-fitted dressing-case?"

"I'll have that next month."

"Off Berry or Jonah, then," said I. "This 'Rabbits' stunt's a bit too thick for me. In future I shall clear out at the end of every month and——" Suddenly I thought of Berry and Jonah. My face cleared. "Anyway," I added, "I'll fix the others all right. If I touch each of them for a fiver—that's fair enough—I'll get out about square."

The wariness with which, half an hour later, I entered the dining-room was worthy of a scoutmaster. But only the girls were

there. I was in good time. All the same, I took the precaution of looking under the table. There was Jonah, reading the paper. We said the plural together. After some argument we agreed that it should be counted a dead heat. Berry remained. Not for long. Of course, I suppose I might have suspected something when William came and told me that the garage wanted me on the telephone...Or, at any rate, when, after an idle question about the cars, the chauffeur asked me to hold the line. My sole consolation is that I was just able to eat all the mushrooms before Berry got back to the house.

An hour later we were all in the car, slipping along the curling ways to Brooch. It was a glorious day, this first of July. There had been rain in the night, but now the sky was cloudless, and the great sun blazed out of it, bleaching the wet brown roads, setting the stout hedgerows a-glitter, and lending to the countryside an air of health and gaiety and *joie de vivre* that got into the blood and made the heart light and merry.

We stopped a moment at Fell to drop Jonah, who was going fishing, and could not be persuaded to lose his pleasure by the promise of grave revelry at the Castle. Another twenty minutes, and we swept round the corner of Loose Thicket, to see Brooch lying, all warm and smiling, in the valley below.

Brooch is a place of memories, a cathedral city and a fair market town. Standards have floated from its castle's tower; blood has run in its gutters. Kings' standards, men's blood. Great-hearted gentlemen have lain in its gaol, demoniac roundheads have mouthed blasphemy in its cathedral, till the gaping clowns licked up the lust of havoc, splintered the precious panes they had been taught to wonder at, and battered down the glorious statuary Piety had set up. Savage days. Later a trembling mayor has mumbled the Riot Act in the market-place, the mob roaring before him, while two score of troopers sit steadily in the background, waiting grimly, rather contemptuously, but waiting . . .

And now—Brooch is different now. Very peaceful, almost sleepy. Of course, it has its police sports once a year, and the city football team—colours, black and green—won two out of the three home matches last season; but, on the whole, Brooch has become sleepy. Still, there remain its ways, its buildings, its memories. Memories of high things. The place has made history.

We set down Berry at the Castle that he might join his Fellows of the Grand Inquest, after which we slipped silently down to the old Close. We were for the Judge's lodgings. We left the car outside the old archway and strolled a while under the shadow of the great church. There was no one about, and, when the gorgeous coach lumbered into the Close and drew up before the low red building which houses His Majesty's Judges in Brooch, Time might have stepped back over a hundred years. Jill and Daphne watched as if fascinated. Even the appearance of Derry Bagot in blue and silver, with white silk stockings, did not shatter the illusion. The Sheriffs and the Chaplain entered the lodgings, while the footmen stalked to and fro in the sunshine, very pompous. The wigged coachman sat his hammercloth very solemnly. Presently the doors were opened again and a little procession came out. As before, the Sheriffs and the Chaplain, then the Judge in his scarlet, his Marshal following behind. Uncovered, the latter watched them into the coach. The door was shut, the footmen clambered stiffly to their perch, and the equipage rumbled away. My Lord was gone to be churched.

For a moment the Marshal stood watching the swaying vehicle. Then he pushed his hat to the back of his head, took out a cigarette case and lighted a cigarette.

Sic transit.

I introduced Jimmy, and we took him up to the Castle in the car.

The subsequent appearance of Daphne and Jill upon the Bench caused quite a sensation—at any rate, amongst the junior members of the Bar. They certainly looked priceless, and Derry and the Marshal were most attentive. They proposed to stay about half an hour; but by the time I had heard two men plead guilty, one to the larceny of a garden-fork and the other to obtaining one shilling and eightpence of the moneys of somebody else by false pretences, I felt that I had got the hang of the thing, and retired to the cool of the corridor and the stone stairs.

It was rather dark in the corridor.

" I say, are you the Marshal ? " said a voice.

" Well, not exactly," said I. " But I expect I'd do. Some people like me better."

A girl's laughter. Then—

" I rather want to see him," she said. " D'you think——"

"And I simply must see you," I said. "Let us forgather by the casement, shall not we? There's one just round the corner, commanding an extensive view and, incidentally, admitting such light as a blank wall three paces away allows of. You will observe from my diction that the dusty atmosphere of Legal Proceedings has already—— Oh, I forgot. Excuse me, but 'Rabbits.'"

My lady struggled with her merriment. Then—

"What do you know of 'Rabbits'?" she said.

"Well, thanks to them, so far I'm anything from ten to fifteen pounds down on the day. That's not counting this one."

"And do you think I'm going to give a present to a man I've never seen?"

"I base my claim on custom," said I. "Besides, if you'll only come to the aforesaid casement——"

We made our way to the window and surveyed one another amusedly.

Wonderfully long lashes she had, and a proud, strong face that I seemed to have seen before somewhere. Recently, too. Warm brown eyes looked at me, while a quiet smile played on the small soft mouth. I marked the short upper lip and the promise of a broad forehead under the dark hair.

"And now," said she, "for the Marshal."

"He's engaged just now," said I. "He is, really. On the Bench. I've just left him."

A pause. Then—

"D'you want him very much?" said I. "Because if——"

She laughed.

"I've never seen him in my life," she said. "I don't want him. I only want to know what time they'll rise for lunch."

"I can find out that for you," said I. "Will you wait here?"

She nodded.

I slipped back on to the Bench. Jimmy was sitting with Jill and Daphne, obviously whispering information about the antique procedure. I came up behind them.

"What time does he lunch, Jimmy?" This in the awful tone of one interested in the habits and customs of the mighty.

"Half-past one, as near as possible."

"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury," said an announcing voice.

Counsel, who was on his feet, stopped short in his recital of wickedness—larceny of two live fowls—the Judge laid down the depositions, and all eyes were turned upon the Grand Jury Box.

"O-oh, Boy, there's Berry," breathed Jill, catching my arm.

With preternatural solemnity my brother-in-law manipulated the mighty landing-net, in which by time-honoured custom Bills of Indictment are passed from the Grand Jury to the Clerk of Arraigns. Breathlessly we watched, while the net with its precious parchments—a most unwieldy instrument even in sober custody—swayed and danced by way of a Superintendent's bald head towards the Clerk's impatient fingers. Twice an officious constable essayed to grasp it. Each time it swayed gracefully out of his reach. The second time the zealot overbalanced and fell over the official shorthand writer, to the unconcealed delight of the public at the back of the Court. The pained look upon Berry's face as, a moment later, the net won home was indescribable.

I retired once more to the corridor.

"Well?" said my lady.

"About half-past one," said I. "Shall we go and choose the present? We've plenty of time."

She looked out of the window with a faint smile. Then—

"Good-bye," she said dreamily, putting out her hand. "Thanks so much for finding out for me. As for the present, if you'll give me your address, I'll send you along a pair of gloves. What size d'you take?"

"Send me one of your own. I have a weakness for dainty——"

"You're four centuries too late, sir," said the girl, turning to go.

"You wouldn't think so if you'd been in the Close this morning," said I. "However, if you must be going, please let me see you off the premises."

Together we passed through the great dim hall and into the sunlit court outside.

"You spoke of the Close," she said suddenly. "Tell me the way there. I'd like to see it. I'm a stranger to Brooch," she added. "I've only come for the day to see a friend."

"Let the glove go," said I. "That, over there, is my car. Make me a present of your company till the Court rises, though why that——"

"Should affect my life you can't understand. I'm not surprised. But, then, you see, my friend——"

"Is a friend at Court."

"Exactly. Yes. You shall drive me down to the Close."

"Then she stood a tiptoe and kissed him."

The High Sheriff's car was standing close to ours. I knew his chauffeur well, and beckoned to him. As he came up—

"Falcon," said I, "if Mrs. Pleydel asks for me or the car, tell her that I have been called away and shall be back at half-past one."

"Very good, sir."

We rolled down to the Cathedral and its greensward. She agreed with me that, given the coach and its splendour, the old-time atmosphere must be wonderfully preserved.

"Of course," said I, "there was no one crying bananas just then."

The lusty bellow of a hawker was arising from neighbouring streets.

"I dare say they cried their fruit in the seventeenth century."

"No doubt," said I. "But not bananas. Pomegranates or medlars, perhaps. But not bananas. The fame of Wolsey's orange is imperishable. Can you believe that he would have risen to such dizzy heights if he had sported a banana?"

"Perhaps not," she laughed, "but, all the same, I don't think oranges are so very romantic."

"But then he always had the best Denias," said I. "And they were stuck with cloves."

When she was tired of the Close, I asked if she would like a run in the country. Was there time? An hour and a half. Very well, please. As we crossed to the gateway, she nodded towards the old red house.

"The Judge's lodgings, you said. They look very nice and comfortable."

"Rather," said I. "They do themselves all right, these Judges."

"Is that so?"

"My dear," said I, "you may take it from me. Compared with them, fighting cocks eke out a bare existence."

"I never knew that," she said simply.

"And the Marshal doesn't miss much either."

"No?"

"No. I only once knew a Marshal miss anything really good."

"When was that?"—curiously.

"This morning," said I.

She laughed pleasedly. Then—

"Perhaps he won't miss me next time. I mean at half-past one."

"Perhaps not. But I shall. All the afternoon. And now for the country. I'll take her towards White Ladies."

Some twenty miles from Brooch we struck the tiny village of Maple Brevet. Small wonder that my companion caught at my arm and cried how sweet it was. Set on the slope of a fair hill, its white-walled cottages all shining in the sun, its gardens thick with flowers, the brown thatch of its roofs thick and well cared for. Sleek ducks preened themselves by the edge of the village pond, knee-deep in which a great shire horse stood lazily, wet-nosed, appreciative. The golden-haired child on the animal's warm broad back turned himself round to see us, and touched his little forehead as the car went by. I returned his salute gravely.

"I say," said I, as we slid by the old forge, its walls and roof near hidden by wistaria, "are you thirsty? Because, if you are, lass, the grocer of Maple Brevet is famed for his draught ginger-beer. We always have his at home."

"I'd love some."

The shop stood back from the roadway, and in front was an old bench, set under lime trees. I brought the car alongside, and we got out.

"But why is there no one about?" said the girl, taking her seat on the bench.

"The people are in the fields, for the most part, and the others keep house in the heat of the day. You're right in the old world at Maple Brevet."

"Putting the clock back again," she said. "I never met such a man."

"It's a hobby of mine," I explained. "Hitherto, owing to some unfortunate omission, my name has not figured in 'Who's Who.' When it does, 'Putting the weight,' I mean 'clock,' will appear as one of my recreations."

"And the others?"

"Smoking, London, and wondering why."

"I can understand the first."

I laughed.

"Oh, London's a wonderful pastime. Like nothing so much in the world as a great big fair, full of booths, and taverns, and peepshows, its ways alive with hucksters, customers, constables, its life made up of laughter, and bickering, and brawls. Its very Courts are Courts of Pypowders. A very healthy recreation, believe me. You ought to try it. And as to wondering why—well, I'll get your non-intoxicant first."

I brought her ginger-beer fresh from a cool stone jar. A glass also for myself. She thanked me with a smile.

"Mind you quaff it," I said, "just to preserve the atmosphere. They always quaff at Maple Brevet."

"I'll try. But you mustn't look, in case I were to drink by mistake. And now,

aren't you going to sit down and smoke a cigarette."

Gravely I offered her my case. She shook her head.

"Not in Maple Brevet," she said.

For a little we sat silent. Then a bee came, drank from her glass and flew away. She broke into the old melody—

> "Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
> In a cowslip's bell I lie . . . ."

She sang charmingly. When it was over—

"Thank you very much," said I. "Omar Khayyam's idea of Paradise is the correct one, though what in the world he wanted a book of verse for . . . . You know, were it not for the volume of circumstantial evidence to the contrary, I should be inclined to style the inclusion of the book of verse in his recipe for bliss as ungallant."

"I expect that was his poet's license."

"Probably."

"And now tell me about your third recreation ?"

"Wondering why ?"

She nodded, her glass to her lips.

"I'm always wondering why," I said. "Always. At the present moment I'm wondering why your lashes are so long. Just now I was wondering why your feet were so small. And ever since I saw them, I've been wondering why your ankles are so slender."

"I've been wondering, too. Wondering why I let you take me down to the Close, drive me to Maple Brevet, generally do what you've done."

"Yes," I said, "it is a strange thing, isn't it ? I mean, it isn't as if I wasn't an obvious blighter. However, if you should think of the reason, you might——"

A little peal of laughter cut short my sentence. The next moment she was on her feet.

"Come along," she cried. "I'm sure we ought to be going. Somebody else'll be wondering why, if I'm not back at half-past one."

I followed her to the car somewhat moodily. I was all against this mysterious friend.

If the tyre had not burst, we should have been at Brooch to time. And if the detachable wheel had not refused to come off for twenty-five minutes in the broiling sun, we should only have been five minutes late. As it was, the cathedral clock was striking two as we tore up to the Castle.

"Come," said my companion, and flung out of the car. She sped up the great hall, making straight for the steps and the corridor that led to the Bench. I followed a little uneasily, putting my faith in Jimmy. Holy ground that corridor, meet to be trodden delicately.

By the time I had gained the passage, my lady was out of sight. She had dashed past the window where I had seen her first, round into the gloom at the back of the Bench itself. Where on earth did the girl think . . . I peered round the corner to see the passage flooded with light. The door of the Judge's private room was open. Also, momentarily, the one leading on to the Bench, to admit what I took to be the person of the Judge's butler. Fortunately he was half-way through and did not see me. The door closed behind him. A quick step, and my companion appeared in the other doorway.

"I thought I'd lost you," she said coolly. "You are slow. Come along in. Why didn't you tell me there was this waiting-room when I was here this morning ?"

"Waiting-room !" I gasped. "My dear lass, d'you know where you are ?"

She stamped her foot.

"Will you come in ?"

I looked at her helplessly, hesitated, and then stepped into the room. On the table were the substantial remains of a handsome lunch.

I looked round apprehensively. Then—

"This is the Judge's private room," said I. "It's not a waiting-room at all. There'll be the very devil to pay if we're caught here. Do come out of it, lass," I went on desperately. "Any moment the Judge might come back for his handkerchief or—or anything."

To my horror, she took her seat on the edge of the table, put her head on one side and smiled at me.

"He'd better go, if he's afraid," she said provokingly.

"Not at all," said I. "At least, that is, I only don't want us to be fired out ignominiously. We may be any minute, you know."

"They can't expect a girl to stand and wait in the corridor when there's a waiting-room——"

"Not ordinarily, I admit," said I. "But they're rather exacting behind here. No true democratic spirit in them. On their dignity all the time. Besides, you know, the fact that it isn't a waiting-room at all

is against us. Gives them a sort of handle, as it were."

She fell into long low laughter, and, putting a slim hand behind her, accidentally pushed a glass off the table. It fell with a crash.

"Oh," said the girl.

I laughed bitterly.

"That's right," I said. "Having thrust into the holy of holies, we will now proceed to sack the place. Where do they keep the axe?"

At this my companion laughed so immoderately that, fearful lest her merriment should penetrate to the Bench, I stepped to the door and closed it. Then I turned to her—

"May I ask," I said, "how long you propose to stay here and what you're waiting for?"

"Well, the Marshal'll probably look in presently, and I must——"

"If it's only Jimmy," I said, "I may be able to square him, but if——"

I broke off and began to rehearse nervously.

"My lord, it would not be proper to contend that *primâ facie* this intrusion is anything but unwarrantable. The truth is—er—we thought it was a waiting-room, until we saw your—er—your"—I looked round wildly—"er—unmistakeable traces of your lordship. The fourpence on the table is for the broken tumbler."

Here the door was flung open, there was a quick rustle, and the Red Judge swept into the room.

"Hullo, dad," said the girl.

Then she put her hands on the great man's shoulders, stood a-tiptoe and kissed him.

"And now," said her father, "where——"

She laid a small hand on his lips.

"Listen," she said imperiously.

Quickly she told him of my kindness (*sic*) and the drive to Brevet and the burst tyre.

"So you see, dad, it wasn't anyone's fault. And we did try."

The Judge turned to me with a smile and put out his hand.

"Anyone who successfully takes charge of my daughter for more than a quarter of an hour earns both my envy and my gratitude, Mr. . . . ."

I told him my name.

"So," said he, "your father and I were old friends. For years we sat in the House together. He represented Shrewsbury, and I Oxford. Well, well. I must go back to the Bench. I'll deal with you both later. If cutting a lunch with a Judge isn't Contempt, I don't know what is. You may consider yourselves imprisoned until the rising of the Court. I shan't sit after three to-day, but that'll give you plenty of time for lunch."

* * * * *

When we had finished, I pushed back my chair and held up my cigarette case.

"Not in Maple Brevet, I know," I said, "but——"

She nodded.

"Here's different," she said.

I came round and stood by her side.

"Not so very," said I. "I don't see a book of verse anywhere. Incidentally, I suppose you're still wondering why, aren't you? I only ask out of curiosity."

Slowly she selected a cigarette. I watched the pointed fingers.

"I always discourage curiosity," she said, putting the cigarette between her lips. "But as you've been very kind, and as you did say 'Rabbits' first, you may give me a——"

She hesitated.

"Yes?" said I.

"A light," she whispered.

"What about our Contempt of Court?" I said suddenly.

"I expect we shall be committed."

"I don't think so," said I. "But we might easily be attached."

THE COLONEL AND THE INCOMPETENT WAITER

By E. R. PUNSHON

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

OLONEL SIR HARCOURT VANE KAYE did not generally take much notice of waiters, cabmen, footmen, porters, and other such persons. They existed, and it was necessary that they should exist, but they did not interest him. On their side, they generally regarded him with considerable fear, but without active dislike, for he never treated them unjustly or unfairly. He expected them to do their work and then to efface themselves, and this they were generally only too thankful to be permitted to do, lest a worse thing befell them.

But this new waiter at the Club had annoyed the Colonel almost from the beginning. In the first place, he was palpably inefficient, and the Colonel detested inefficiency. Also he was officious, and the Colonel hated officiousness. Then he was—well, objectionable so far as a waiter can be conceived as objectionable to a Colonel.

The man was, in fact, both fussy and incompetent, and, as the Colonel knew, one or two complaints had already been made about him. But somehow he was kept on. The Colonel would have complained himself, could he have felt it consistent with his dignity to notice the man even as much as that; but at last the thing went so far that he actually changed his table in the Club dining-room. And immediately afterwards some rearrangement was made of the staff, and the Colonel found this incompetent waiter assigned to the new table he had chosen. The Colonel was really ruffled, and he was still more ruffled when the very first evening the man tripped and emptied a plate of hot soup full into the centre of his white waistcoat.

The Colonel said not a word, but he rose to his feet, majestic and terrible. One may gather what kind of a man he was from the simple fact that, with hot soup streaming down his white waistcoat and carefully-creased trousers, he still looked dignified and imposing, so that not a soul laughed. The unhappy waiter stood petrified with horror and dismay. The head waiter hurried up, appalled. The Colonel said not a word, gave not so much as a glance to the actual culprit, but to the head waiter he said with cold condemnation—

"You are unfit for your position if you are unable to select a competent staff."

Then he left the room and returned to his chambers to change. He dined elsewhere that night, and when he appeared at the Club the next day, the head waiter, abject and scared, crawled—he did not actually crawl, but that is the impression he produced—to meet him; but the Colonel would not listen to a word.

"The matter need not be referred to," he said. "I take it for granted that nothing of the kind will happen again."

The head waiter was silenced, and thankful he was, and the Colonel perceived that the incompetent waiter no longer troubled the Club dining-room with his officious and objectionable presence. And of this the Colonel was glad.

A day or two later he happened to be dining out, and as the evening was fine and he in the mood for a stroll, he decided to dispense with a taxi and to walk instead to his host's house, which was situated in Westminster. His way took him through some of the poor and crowded parts which lie always behind the richest streets of the

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richest city in the world. He happened to be passing a butcher's open stall, where the salesman in a blue apron was bawling aloud the merits of his meat, when he came face to face with the very last person he would have expected to see—the incompetent waiter of the Club dining-room.

They knew each other at once—the Colonel as one recognises a muddy puddle one wishes to avoid, the incompetent waiter with a sudden flame of hate in those pale and watery eyes of his the Colonel had always disliked. He put out his hand quickly and snatched from the butcher's stall a long, keen-bladed knife. The butcher shouted in anger and warning. The Colonel turned only just in time, to see a man flying at his throat with bare steel in his hand and the blood lust in his eyes. The Colonel was a brave man and a ready, and he threw up his left arm to guard himself. The blow fell, wounding his forearm only slightly, but given with such force and fury that he staggered before it, tripped, lost his balance, and fell full length in the gutter.

Very muddy and without his hat, he scrambled to his feet again, to find the street in an uproar, his assailant vanished, and a policeman coming up at a run. To him the Colonel explained briefly what had happened, and the policeman took copious notes and promised to have the scoundrel under lock and key in less than four-and-twenty hours.

"I dunno what we're coming to, sir," said the policeman, as he brushed the Colonel's muddy clothes and found his hat, and escorted him across the road to a surgery, where his trifling wound was bandaged, and then got him a cab.

Undoubtedly the Colonel was very ruffled and very angry indeed as he drove homewards; it was not so much the attempt to murder him he resented, but he did object to being rolled in the mud in a London gutter. He felt he had been made ridiculous, and he did not like to be ridiculous. He hoped they would lay the fellow by the heels without delay, but he rather doubted it. London was a big place and easy to hide in, and very likely the rascal would escape capture. All at once there flashed into his mind a memory of how he had once heard his assailant saying to a fellow-waiter at the Club that he lived at a certain address in Islington. At the time he had merely been vaguely annoyed that a Club waiter should presume to talk at the Club of his private affairs; he was not quite sure it was not rather a liberty for a waiter to have any private affairs whatsoever. Certainly he had not known that he remembered the incident, and two or three hours ago he would have denied all knowledge of it, or the very faintest idea of where any of the Club servants lived—if, indeed, they lived at all, and were not created afresh each morning for the service of the Club. But now he remembered it plainly, and the very tone of voice in which the address had been mentioned, and, stopping the cab, he gave it to the driver and told him to get there as quickly as he could.

"If the fellow returns home, he may find me waiting for him," he thought grimly.

His spirits rose. Tiger-hunting was, perhaps, what he had enjoyed most during his life in India, and had most missed since his return, and this expedition struck him as being as good a substitute as he was ever likely to have at home.

At the corner of the street he stopped the cab and got out. He paid and dismissed the man and looked round for a policeman, but none was in sight. He walked down the street till he came to the number he remembered, and knocked. A shrill voice from within called to know who was there and what was wanted, and the Colonel found himself in a difficulty, for he did not know his assailant's name.

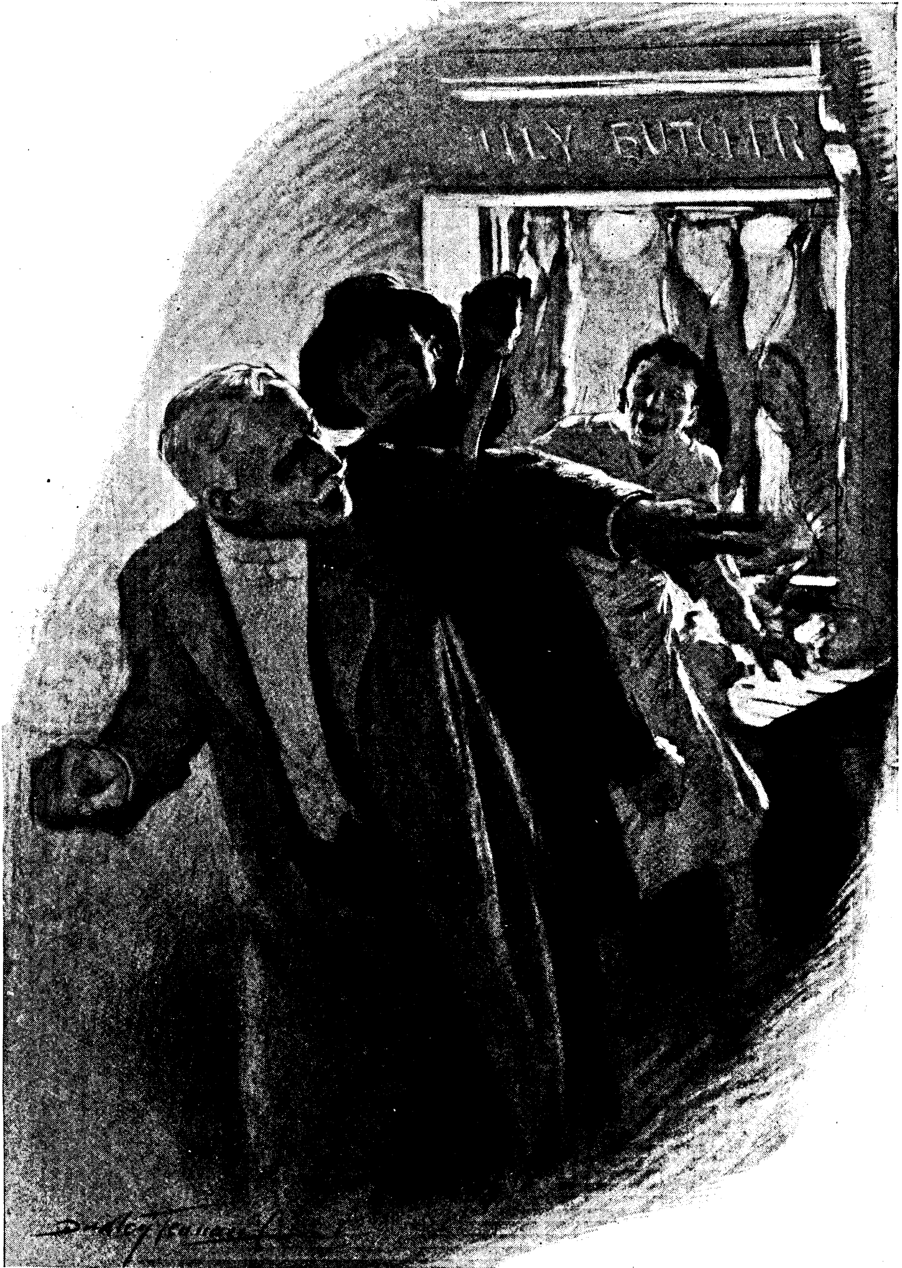
A slatternly woman appeared, doubtful and suspicious. The Colonel explained he was seeking a man who had recently been employed at the "Military," and then the woman knew at once.

"Oh, that's the top floor back," she answered, and vanished as though no longer interested.

The Colonel made his way up a flight of stairs so rickety he wondered how they stood, so dirty he wondered how it had been managed, and so dark it was more by smell and touch than by sight that he knew what their condition was. Late as the hour was, the house, which to the Colonel's amazement seemed to hold a fresh family in each room, was wide awake and lively, but no one took much notice of him. His overcoat hid his evening-dress, and he was simply taken for one of the floating population of the place. On the top landing he hesitated for a moment, but, remembering the woman below had said "top floor back," he quietly went to the door that seemed to be most at the back and opened it. His idea was that he would find his assailant there or wait for his return, and seize him then and there and march him off to the police. He was capable of doing that in the face of a whole

hostile house and district, for sympathy would certainly have been with the captive; but all the door he opened showed was a small child, who looked at him with large, frightened eyes, and said with a little sob—

"Oh, please, are you the Devil?"



"The Colonel turned only just in time."

The question was so unexpected that the Colonel could not help smiling. And when the Colonel smiled—which was not often—his whole expression changed, and he looked as, perhaps, he might always have looked, if five-and-twenty years before a certain brown-

eyed, brown-haired girl had not died very suddenly from typhoid fever on her twenty-first birthday. The child looked extremely relieved and smiled in return, and the Colonel said—

"No, I'm not the Devil."

"I thought you was, but I'm glad you isn't," said the child. "I'm Phyllis."

She appeared to regard the acquaintance as now complete, but the Colonel felt a little embarrassed. Evidently he had got into the wrong room. It was a tiny little place, but so bright and clean and cheerful, his inexperienced eyes did not at first take in its extreme poverty. The little girl, too, was very clean and tidy—very different, indeed, from the swarm of other children the Colonel had seen in the neighbourhood. He said—

"And, pray, why did you think I was the Devil?"

"Because you look like him," was the unexpected and uncompromising retort.

"Do I, though?" said the Colonel, slightly disconcerted.

"Dad knows him," added Phyllis.

"Does he, though?" said the Colonel. "Very interesting, I'm sure. And who is your dad?"

Phyllis's blue eyes opened to their widest.

"Why, he's Dad, in course," she answered, evidently both surprised and hurt that anyone should be ignorant of a fact so elementary and so important.

A dry, harsh cough sounded from behind, and light footsteps hurrying on the stairs.

The Colonel turned and saw a woman, terribly thin and worn, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes and the remnants still clinging to her of great beauty. A fit of coughing was shaking her from head to foot. She tried to speak, but could not, and, entering the room, she sank exhausted on a chair.

"I beg pardon, sir," she managed to say, and choked with fresh coughing.

"It isn't the Devil, Mums," said Phyllis reassuringly. "I thought it was, but it isn't."

"Hush, Phyllis dear," the woman managed to say. "That's rude. I beg your pardon, sir. Was it my husband you wished to see? I had just slipped downstairs for a moment to a poor woman who is ill there."

The Colonel, standing awkwardly in the doorway, had meant to make his excuses and retreat to try one of the other rooms for his quarry, but at this he could not help starting and giving the speaker a quick look, for he did not see how anyone could be much more ill than she was herself. She saw his look, and smiled strangely as she said—

"Oh, I'm sick, too, but with her it'll be quicker."

"Mums not sick," interrupted Phyllis. "Mums——" She paused. "Mums is do-oomed," she said.

She pronounced the word with difficulty, but with evident pride and pleasure, and when she had spoken it she laughed with delight. The Colonel, startled, looked over her head at her sick mother, who looked back with quiet and steady eyes.

"Phyllis overheard the doctor say that the other day," she explained. "It means Mums will soon be better, doesn't it, Phyllis?"

Phyllis nodded energetically.

"And sleep all night and never cough," she said. "I'm glad you's do-oomed, Mums."

The Colonel, acutely uncomfortable, wished very much to go away. But something seemed to prevent him, and he stood there, and the idea came into his mind to wonder if there had ever been a man in his old regiment, with its record of two centuries of battle, one half so brave as this poor sick woman, who knew herself doomed and smiled on her child, who knew it not.

"You wished to see my husband, sir?" she asked. "I think he will be back almost immediately. I——"

"I was just looking for someone," the Colonel explained. "That was all. And your little girl gave me such a quaint greeting."

"You shouldn't say such things, Phyllis," her mother rebuked her. "It is very rude. It is only some nonsense of her father's, sir."

"Well, he's just like, only I'm glad he isn't," announced Phyllis.

She produced a sheet of paper and held it up, and on it the outraged and indignant Colonel perceived a very creditable pencil sketch of himself, decorated with horns and a tail and glaring in a manner more lifelike than he knew.

"Why, how strange! It really is like," the mother exclaimed, astonished.

"Not in the very least," declared the Colonel with emphasis.

"That's him," said Phyllis, "and you is like him, but I'm glad you isn't really him. And now he has got Dad turned away from work. That's why we haven't very much to eat to-day."

"Good Heavens!" said the Colonel.

There was no special reason that he knew

of why an incompetent waiter and would-be assassin should not have a sick wife and a pretty baby girl, but, all the same, the fact took him greatly by surprise. He had not allowed for it, and it slightly bewildered him.

"My husband has just lost his situation, sir," the woman explained. "I thought perhaps—it was only an idea, but when I was told there was a gentleman asking, I thought perhaps it might be someone wanting him. He has good references, sir, only he has been unfortunate—and I'm a great burden."

"How did he lose his work?" the Colonel asked.

"He had a place as waiter at a club in the West End, sir," the woman answered, "and one of the gentlemen was rather severe, and always frightened him. You see, sir, when a man has been out of work a long time, and has a child and a sick wife like me, then it frightens him to think of losing his post. And Arthur was not brought up to be a waiter; he is not really handy at it. He got on all right with most of the other gentlemen, but there was always this one who was severe and made him nervous, so that he couldn't do as well even as usual with him."

"I see," said the Colonel thoughtfully.

"He used to worry so about this one gentleman, sir," the woman went on. "You see, sir, he worked so hard. They are long hours at the Club, and before he went he did everything here, for if I try even to lift a saucepan, my coughing comes on. He did everything, sir, and every day he would take Phyllis for a walk, so that she might get out a bit, for we don't like her to play in the street here; and then at night he got so little sleep because of my coughing. Oh, sir, how he has worked, and me a useless burden; and never once have I had a word from him but of love and tenderness, though all of it has been my doing."

The Colonel grunted, and somehow all at once he thought of that brown-eyed, brown-haired girl who had died on her twenty-first birthday just five-and-twenty years before. As though this grunt encouraged her to talk, the woman went on—

"You see, sir, his father had a printing business in Birmingham. I went there to be an assistant in the shop. I was pretty enough in those days. I can say it now, for all the pride and vanity I had in plenty has been knocked out of me since then. His father never forgave us for marrying, and Arthur had been brought up to no trade, for he had always been meant just to carry on the business and be manager like. He did his best—ah, sir, he has worked!—and then I fell sick, and a sick wife is such a burden on a man. All the money we could get went on doctors."

The Colonel did not speak, but it seemed very strange to him, this brief history of a life so different from his own. And when he thought of his own campaigns in India and South Africa, he did not know that he had ever fought a battle so hard as that the incompetent waiter had waged for his sick wife and his child. A footstep sounded on the stairs, and the woman rose eagerly. It was plain she still clung to the hope that their visitor might intend to offer employment to her husband.

"There he is now, sir," she said.

"Dad!" screamed Phyllis, with a yell of delight.

The Colonel turned stiffly and faced the incompetent waiter. The two men looked at each other in silence. Neither spoke. Both were very pale. Phyllis, frightened at something she did not understand, ran to her mother, who clasped her in her weak arms.

The waiter's steady eyes never flinched or wavered as he said—

"I did not expect to find you here."

"No," said the Colonel thoughtfully; "no, you wouldn't."

The waiter went to his wife and kissed her.

"This gentleman has come for me," he said. "He may get me work."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" the woman said, a gleam of hope in her sunken eyes. "Thank the gentleman, Phyllis."

Again her husband kissed her very tenderly, and the child also. Stern and upright, the Colonel looked on without speaking.

"I'm ready now," the waiter said.

The Colonel went out of the room. The waiter followed. On the landing the Colonel turned and said—

"You tried to kill me just now."

"Yes," the waiter agreed, with a reflective air. "I don't know whether I am glad or sorry I failed. It came over me suddenly—how I hated you!"

"You spill soup in my lap," said the Colonel, his voice trembling with annoyance as he recited his wrongs; "you try to murder me; you roll me in the gutter; you tell your little girl I'm the Devil; you draw abominable sketches of me with horns and a tail. I'm not going to put up with that

sort of thing, you know. It's preposterous. You have got to be taught better, and you have got to teach your child better. But there is no time to lose. The police may get your address and be here any minute. I've a cottage near Nice I want a caretaker for. I have decided to offer you the post. Don't stare like that; just listen to me. The wages will be two pounds a week, with lodging, and I will pay all travelling expenses. Don't interrupt. I will not be interrupted. Your duties will consist in keeping the house and garden tidy, and mind that is done to my satisfaction. Be off now and get a taxi as fast as you can, and do not stare in that silly way. I dislike being stared at. There is no time to lose, for we must get you and your wife and child away before the police turn up. I will take you to where you can spend the night. To-morrow you can start for Nice. Do not interrupt me, I say; I have already said that once; don't let me have to repeat it. Be quick, now."

Like a man in a dream, the incompetent waiter went and returned with a taxi-cab. He, his wife, Phyllis, and the Colonel bundled themselves inside, the Colonel in a very bad temper and speaking to them with great sharpness. They started, and half-way down the street were stopped. The Colonel put his head out of the window and saw an inspector of police and the very constable who, earlier in the evening, had picked him out of the gutter.

"Why, it's the gentleman himself," said the constable, disappointed.

"Ah, you have got the address, eh?" said the Colonel genially. "I have just been up there myself, but there's no one there."

"Perhaps he will turn up later on," said the inspector.

"He may," agreed the Colonel, "but somehow I don't think so. Drive on, cabman. Good night, inspector; I fear you will find the bird's flown."

TOO LATE.

So you in years long dead
Waited for me,
And never asked, by slight word written or said,
My face to see!

And now at last—too late—
Your speech is plain,
When little space of life is left to wait—
Less room for pain.

Had you but spoken then—
One day *that* year—
Oh, then my lips had answered yours again,
Glad words to hear.

Now love in silence seal!
Like very swords
They pierce—once strong to save and heal—
Too tardy words!

HERBERT WYNN.

THE CALLING OF THE LOP-HORNED BULL

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "Hoof and Claw," "The Feet of the Furtive," "Neighbours Unknown," "Kings in Exile," "More Kindred of the Wild," etc.

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

HE harvest moon hung globed and honey-coloured over the glassy wilderness lake. In the unclouded radiance the strip of beach and the sand-spit jutting out from it were like slabs of pure ivory between the mirroring steel-blue of the water and the brocaded dark of the richly-foliaged shore.

Behind a screen of this rich foliage—great drooping leaves of water-ash and maple—sat the figure of a man with his back against a tree, almost indistinguishable in the confusion of velvety shadows. His rifle leaning against the tree-trunk beside him, a long, trumpet roll of birch-bark in his hands, he peered forth through the leaves upon the shining stillness, while his ears listened so intently that every now and then they would seem to catch the whisper of his own blood rushing through his veins. But from the moonlit wilds came not a sound except, from time to time, that vast, faint, whispering sigh, inaudible to all but the finest ears, in which the ancient forest seems to breathe forth its content when there is no wind to jar its dreams.

Joe Peedler had settled himself in a comfortable position in his hiding-place in order that he might not have to move. He was out to call moose, and he knew the need of stillness. He knew how far and how inexplicably the news of an intruder would travel through the wild ; but he knew also how quickly the wild forgets that news, if only the intruder has craft enough to efface himself. If only he keeps quite still for a time, the vigilant life of the wild seems to conclude that he is dead, and goes once more about its furtive business.

Presently Joe Peedler reached out for his rifle and laid it across his knees. Then he raised the trumpet of birch-bark to his lips and uttered through it the strange, hoarse cry of the cow-moose calling to her mate. It was a harsh note and discordant, a sort of long-drawn, bleating bellow ; yet there was a magic in its uncouth appeal which made it seem the one appropriate voice of those rude but moon-enchanted wilds.

Joe Peedler was such an expert with the birch-bark horn that his performance with it could deceive not only the bull, but also the wary cow, or a cow-stalking bear, or, at times, even an experienced and discriminating fellow-woodsman. He would call twice or thrice, and stop and listen for several minutes, confident that on such a glamorous night as this he would not have long to wait for a response to his lying call.

And he had not. When the bull-moose comes to the call of the cow, he comes sometimes noisily and challengingly, with a crashing of underbrush and a defiant thrashing of his great antlers upon branch and tree as he pounds through them. At other times he comes as softly as the flight of an owl.

Peedler looked out upon the empty whiteness of the beach. He dropped his eyes for a second to the velvet shadows beside him, where a wood-mouse, blundering almost upon his outstretched leg, had fled with a tiny squeak of terror. When he looked out again, there in the centre of the beach, black

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and huge against the pallid radiance, towered a moose bull, with his great overhanging muzzle uplifted as he peered about him in search of the utterer of that call.

The great bull had a noble pair of antlers, a head for any hunter to be proud of, but Joe Peedler never raised his rifle. Instead of rejoicing at this response to his deceitful lure, a frown of impatience crossed his face. The strict New Brunswick game laws allowed but one bull in a season to fall to the rifle of any one hunter. Joe Peedler was in search of one particular bull. He had no use for the great beast towering so arrogantly before him, and nothing was further from his thoughts than to put a bullet into that wide-antlered head.

The bull was plainly puzzled at finding no cow upon the beach to greet him, after all those calls. Presently he grew angry, perhaps thinking that a rival had reached the scene ahead of him. He fell to pawing the sand with one great, clacking hoof, grunting and snorting so loudly that any rival within half a mile of the spot would have heard him and hastened to accept the challenge. Then he strode up to the nearest bush and began thrashing at it viciously with his antlers.

The disappointed animal now had his back toward the thicket wherein Peedler lay hidden. Yielding to his humour, the woodsman once more lifted the birch-bark tube to his lips, with a sly grin, and gave another call.

He was hardly prepared for the effect. The bull wheeled like a flash, and instantly, with not a half second's hesitation, came charging upon the thicket at full run.

The situation was an awkward one, and Peedler cursed himself for a blundering idiot. He sprang noiselessly to his feet and raised his rifle. But first he would try an experiment, in the hope of saving the beast from his bullet.

"You git out o' that!" he ordered very sharply and clearly. "*Git*, I tell ye!"

The bull stopped so abruptly that his hooves ploughed up the sand. Decidedly there was something very strange about that thicket. First it gave forth the call of his mate. Then it spoke to him with the voice of a man. And there was something in that voice that chilled him. While one might, perhaps, count ten, he stood there motionless, staring at the inexplicable mass of foliage. The arrogant light in his eyes flickered down into fear. And then, his heart crumbling with panic, he leapt aside suddenly with a mighty spring and went crashing off through the woods as if all the fiends were clawing at his tail.

Peedler chuckled, stretched himself, and settled down to try his luck again. For another couple of hours he kept it up patiently, calling at intervals, and throwing his utmost art into the modulations of the raucous tube. But never a reply could he charm forth from the moonlit solitudes. At last he grew intolerably sleepy.

"Guess old lop-horn must be off on some other beat to-night," he muttered, getting to his feet with a mighty yawn. "It's me fer me bunk." And with the rifle under one arm, the birch-bark tube under the other, he strode off down the shining beach to the alder-fringed inlet where his canoe was hidden.

As he paddled swiftly through the moonlight down toward the lower end of the lake, where he had his camp on a high, dry knoll beside the outlet, Peedler mused upon the object of his quest. It was no ordinary moose, however noble of antler, that had brought him out here to the remote and all but unknown tangle of lakes and swamps which formed the source of the north fork of the Ottanoonsis. This bull, according to the stories of two Indian trappers, was of a size quite unprecedented in the annals of the modern moose; and Peedler, who had seen its mighty hoof-prints in the mud beside the outlet, was quite ready to credit the tale. They were like the tracks of a prehistoric monster. But it was not for the stature of him that Peedler was hunting the giant bull. According to the story of the Indians, the beast's antlers were like those of no other bull-moose ever seen. The right antler was colossal in its reach and spread, a foot or more, at least, beyond the record, but quite normal in its shape. The left, on the contrary, was not only dwarfed to less than half the normal size, but was so fantastically deformed as to grow downwards instead of upwards. Of a head such as this, Joe Peedler was determined to possess himself before some invading sportsman from England or the States should forestall him.

Arriving at the outlet of the lake, he pulled up the canoe at a natural grassy landing-place below his camp, and pushed his way some hundred yards or so along the shore through the bushes to a spring which he had discovered that morning. Your woodsman will go far out of his way to drink at a cold spring, having a distaste for the rather vapid water of the lakes and streams.

He threw himself flat upon the stony brink and reached down his thirsty lips.

But just as he swallowed the first delicious gulp of coolness, there came a sudden huge crashing in the brushwood behind him. In one breath he was on his feet. In the next he had cleared the pool in a leap, and was fleeing madly for the nearest tree, with a moose that looked as big as an elephant at his heels.

The nearest tree, a young birch, was not as big as he could have wished, but he was not taking time just then to pick and choose. He whirled himself round the trunk, sprang to the first branch, swung up, and scrambled desperately to gain a safe height. He gained it, but literally by no more than a hair's breadth. As the black monster reached the tree, it checked itself abruptly, and in almost the same instant lifted its right fore-hoof high above its head and struck like a flash at Peedler's foot just disappearing over a branch. It missed the foot itself, but it shaved the stout cowhide larrigan that covered the foot, slicing it as if with a knife. Peedler drew himself further up and then looked down upon his assailant with interest.

"I guess I've found ye all right, old lop-horn," he drawled, and spat downward, not scornfully, but contemplatively, as if in recognition, upon that strangely stunted and deformed left antler. "But gee! Them Injuns never said nothin' about yer bein' so black an' so almighty spry. I wisht, now, ye'd kindly let me go back to the canoe an' git me gun!"

But any such quixotic courtesy seemed far from the giant's intention. As soon as he realised that his foe was beyond the reach of striking hoof or thrusting antler, he set himself, in the pride of his strength and weight, to the task of pushing the tree over. Treating it as if it were a mere sapling, he reared himself against it, straddling it with his fore-legs, and thrust at it furiously in the effort to ride it down. As the slim young trunk shook and swayed beneath the passion of the onslaught, Peedler clung to his perch with both arms and devoutly wished that he had had time to choose a sturdier refuge.

For perhaps five minutes the giant pushed and battered furiously against the tree, grunting like a locomotive and tearing up the earth in furrows with his hinder hooves. At length, however, he seemed to conclude that this particular tree was too strong for him. He backed off a few yards and stood glaring up at Peedler among the branches, snorting contemptuously and shaking his grotesquely misshapen antlers as if daring his antagonist to come down. Peedler understood the challenge just as clearly as if it had been expressed in plainest King's English.

"Oh, yes," said he grimly, "I'll come down all right, bime-by. An' ye ain't agoin' to like it one leetle bit when I do; now, mind, I'm tellin' ye!"

For perhaps a half-hour the giant bull continued to rave and grunt and paw about the tree with a tireless vindictiveness which filled his patient prisoner with admiration, and hardened him inexorably in his resolve to possess himself of that unparalleled pair of antlers. At last, however, the furious beast stopped short and stood motionless, listening intently. Peedler wondered what he was listening to. But presently his own ears also caught it—the faint and far-off call of a cow-moose from the upper end of the lake. Forgetting his rage against Peedler, the bull wheeled about with the agility of a cat and went crashing off up the lake shore as fast as he could run. Stiff and chilled—for the air of that crisp October night had a searching bite in it—Peedler climbed down from his perch. First, being tenacious of purpose, he hurried to the spring and finished his interrupted drink. Then, returning to the canoe, he stood for a few moments in hesitation. Should he follow up the trail at once? But it was already near morning, and he was both dead-tired and famished. He believed that the bull, not being in any alarm, would not journey far that night after meeting his mate, but rather would seek some deep thicket for a few hours' sleep. He picked up the rifle and strode off to his camp, resolved to fortify himself well for a long trail on the morrow.

II.

Wise though Peedler was in the ways of the wild folk, he found himself at fault in regard to this particular bull, whose habits seemed to be no less unique than his stature and his antlers. Taking up the trail soon after sunrise, he came in due time to the spot, near the head of the lake, where the bull had joined the calling cow. From this point the trail of the pair had struck straight back from the lake towards the range of low hills which formed the watershed between the eastern and the south-westward flowing streams. About noon Peedler came to the place where the cow, wearied out by so strenuous a pace, had lain down to sleep

in a thicket. The bull, however, driven by his vehement spirit, had gone on without a pause.

All day Peedler followed doggedly upon that unwavering trail. He crossed the ridge, descended to the broken and desolate eastern levels, and came, towards sunset, upon another wide and tranquil lake. Feeling sure that his quarry, unaware of the pursuit, would linger somewhere about this pleasant neighbourhood, Peedler found himself a mossy nest on the cup-shaped top of a boulder and settled down for a couple of hours' sleep. He little guessed that the bull, having doubled back on a parallel with his own trail, had been following him stealthily for a good half hour, not raging now, but consumed with curiosity.

Just as the moon was rising over the low black skyline, jagged with fir-tops, Peedler woke up. Creeping through the bushes, he betook himself to a hiding-place which his quick eye had already marked down, close to the beach, a roomy, flat ledge at the foot of a rock, with a screen of young spruce before it. From behind another clump of spruce, not fifty paces distant, the lop-horned bull, standing moveless as a dead tree, watched him with an intense and inquiring interest. His fury of the preceding night, and even the memory of it, seemed to have been blotted from his mind.

But when, a few minutes later, from that shadowy covert, where he could just make out the crouching form of the man, the call of a cow breathed forth upon the stillness, the great bull's eyes and nostrils opened wide in amazement. What could a moose-cow be thinking about to remain so near the dangerous neighbourhood of a man? But, no, his eyes assured him that there was no cow in the man's hiding-place. Where, then, could she be? He stared around anxiously. She was nowhere in sight. He sniffed the windless night air. It bore no savour of her. He waved forward his great, sensitive ears to listen. And again came the call, the voice, undoubtedly, of the moose-cow.

There could be no question about it this time. It came from the thicket. Had there been any least note of fear in that call, the giant bull would have rushed at once to the rescue of the unseen fair, concluding that the man had her hidden. But, no, the utterance was simply that of an untroubled cow. Therefore, for the moment, the great bull was chiefly puzzled. Keeping within the shadows, and moving as imperceptibly as if he were himself but one of the blackest of them, he stole nearer and nearer yet, till he could plainly see every detail within the man's hiding-place. There was assuredly nothing there but rock and moss and bush and the crouching figure of the man himself, staring forth upon the moonlit beach and holding a curious roll of bark to his mouth. Nevertheless, in that same moment there came again the hoarse cry of the cow.

It came indisputably from that crouching form of a man, from that roll of bark at the man's mouth.

This was a mystery, and the wiry black hair along the neck and shoulders of the bull began to rise ominously. A slow, wondering rage awoke in his heart. It was that element of wonder alone which for the moment restrained him from rushing forward and trampling the mysterious cheat beneath his hooves. A red spark kindled in his eyes.

All undreaming of the dread watcher so close behind him, Peedler set his lips to the lying tube of bark and gave his call again and yet again, with all the persuasiveness of his backwoods art. He felt sure that his efforts were convincing. They were, indeed, all of that. They were so consummate a rendering of the cow-moose's voice that they perfectly convinced a huge and hungry bear, which was at that moment creeping up from the other side of the rock upon the unsuspecting hunter's hiding-place.

The bear knew that its only chance of capturing so swift and nimble a quarry as the moose-cow lay in stealing upon her like a cat and taking her by surprise in one instantaneous rush. He never doubted for a moment that the cow was there behind the rock. When he was within a dozen feet of those persuasive sounds, his crouched form suddenly rose up, elongated itself like a dark and terrible jack-in-the-box, and launched itself with a swish through the encircling branches.

Before Peedler's wits had time fully to take in what was happening, his trained instinct told him what to do. Half rising to his feet as he snatched up his rifle, he swung about and fired from the hip at the vague but monstrous shape which hung for an instant above him. The shot went wide, for just as his finger pressed the trigger, a great black paw smote the weapon from his grasp and hurled it off among the bushes.

With a contortion that nearly dislocated

"Black and huge against the pallid radiance towered a moose bull."

his neck, Peedler hurled himself frantically backwards and aside, and so just escaped the pile-driver descent of the other paw.

He escaped it for the instant; but in the effort he fell headlong, and jammed himself in a crevice of the rock so awkwardly that he could not at once extricate himself. He drew up his legs with an involuntary shudder, and held his breath, expecting to feel the merciless claws rake the flesh from his thighs.

But nothing touched him; and the next moment there broke out an astounding uproar behind him, a very pandemonium of roars and windy gruntings, while the crashing of the bushes was as if the forest were being subdued beneath a steam-roller. Consumed with amazement, he wrenched himself from the crevice and glanced round. The sight that met his eyes made him clamber hastily to the top of the rock, whence he might look down from a more or less safe distance upon a duel of giants such as he had never dared hope to witness.

When the bear found that it was no cow-moose, but a man that he was springing upon, he was so taken aback that, for a second or two, he forbore to follow up his advantage. To those two seconds of hesitation Joe Peedler owed his escape.

Before the massive brute, now boiling with rage at having been so deceived, had sufficiently made up his mind to fall upon that prostrate figure in the crevice, something that seemed to him like a tornado of hooves and antlers burst out of the bushes and fell upon him. The next moment, with a long, red gash half-way down his flank, he was fighting for his life.

The gigantic moose had been just upon the verge of rushing in to silence those incomprehensible and deceiving calls, when the towering form of the bear burst upon his vision. Here at last was something to focus his wrath. Already angry, but still dampened by bewilderment, his anger now exploded into a very madness of rage. There was the ancient, inherited feud between his tribe and all bears. As a youngster, he had more than once escaped, as by a miracle, from the neck-breaking paw of a bear, had more than once seen a young cow struck down and ripped to pieces. Now to this deep-seated hate was added another incentive. His mind confused by fury to protect his mate, he dimly felt that the mystery which had been tormenting him was the fault of this particular bear. The man was forgotten. A cow had been calling to him. She had disappeared. Here was the bear. The bear had probably done away with the cow. The cow should be terribly avenged.

The bear—which was one of the biggest and fiercest of his kind in all the northern counties—had fought moose, both bulls and cows, before. But he had never before faced such an antagonist as this one, and that first slashing blow from the bull's knife-edged fore-hoof had somewhat flurried him. Sitting back poised, with his immense hindquarters gathered under him and his fore-paws uplifted, he parried the smashing strokes of his assailant with the lightning dexterity of a trained boxer. His strength of shoulder and fore-arm was so enormous that if he could have got a stroke in flat, at right angles to the bone, he would have shattered the bull's leg to splinters. But his parrying blows struck glancingly, and did no more than rip the hair and hide.

After a few minutes of whirlwind effort to batter down that impregnable guard, the bull jumped back as nimbly, for all his bulk, as a young doe startled from her drinking. His usual method of attack, except when fighting a rival bull, was to depend upon his battering fore-hooves. But now he changed his tactics. Lowering his head so that his vast right antler stood out before him like a charge of bayonets, he launched himself full upon his adversary.

With all his weight and strength behind it, that charge was practically irresistible, if fairly faced. But the bear was too wise to face it fairly. He swung aside, clutched the lowered antler, and held fast, striving to pull his enemy down.

But the bull's strength and impetus were too great, and the bear was himself thrown off his balance. Even then, however, he might probably have recovered himself and once more established the battle upon even terms. But he had not reckoned—he could not have been expected to reckon—upon the unprecedented weapon of that little down-drooping left antler. Not for nothing was the giant bull lop-horned. The dwarfed and distorted antler hung down like a ploughshare. And the bear attempted no defence against it. Keen-spiked, it caught him in the belly and ploughed upward. In a paroxysm he fell backwards. The bull, swinging his hindquarters around without yielding his advantage for a second, lunged forward with all his force, and the deadly little plough was driven home to the bear's heart.

Peedler, from his post on top of the rock, shouted and applauded in wild excitement,

and showered encomiums, no less profane than heartfelt, upon the victorious bull. For a minute or two the bull paid no attention, being engrossed in goring and trampling his victim in an effort to make it look less like a bear than an ensanguined floor-rug. At last, as if quite satisfied with his triumph, he lifted his gory head and eyed that voluble figure on top of the rock. It looked harmless.

"Gee, but ye kin fight!" said Peedler, glowing with admiration. "An' ye've saved my scalp fer me this night, fer sartain. Guess I'll hev to let ye keep them lop-sided horns o' yourn, after all!"

The bull snorted at him scornfully and turned his head to take another prod at the unresponsive remnants of his foe. Then, paying no further heed to the man on the rock, and craving assuagement to the fiery smart of his wounds, he strode down into the lake and swam straight out, in the glitter of the moon-path, toward the black line of the further shore.

THE DAISY.

THE daisy like a Quaker sits
Among the grasses,
The while the vagrant sunshine flits,
The shadow passes;
She does not flirt upon the wind,
Like blossoms of a lighter mind.

Bluebells and buttercups, they try—
The cowslips, too,—
To smile at every passer-by
As pansies do;
The daisy scorns those airs and graces,
She does not care for such grimaces.

Her simple gown is starched and white,
And frilled precisely;
She keeps it clean by day and night,
And holds it nicely;
She does not flaunt her frills around,
Nor let them draggle on the ground.

She has a wide and limpid eye,
But all her glances
Are given to the distant sky,
And no one chances
To find her nodding 'gainst her will,
Like primrose or like daffodil.

She is, indeed, a dame discreet,
A Quaker lady;
Not knowing any walled retreat,
Nor corner shady;
But living on a common earth—
Not all unconscious of her worth.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

ENTERPRISE AND OPPORTUNITY IN A YOUNG COUNTRY

III. BRITISH COLUMBIA, A LAND THAT WANTS ENGLISHMEN

By A. B. TUCKER

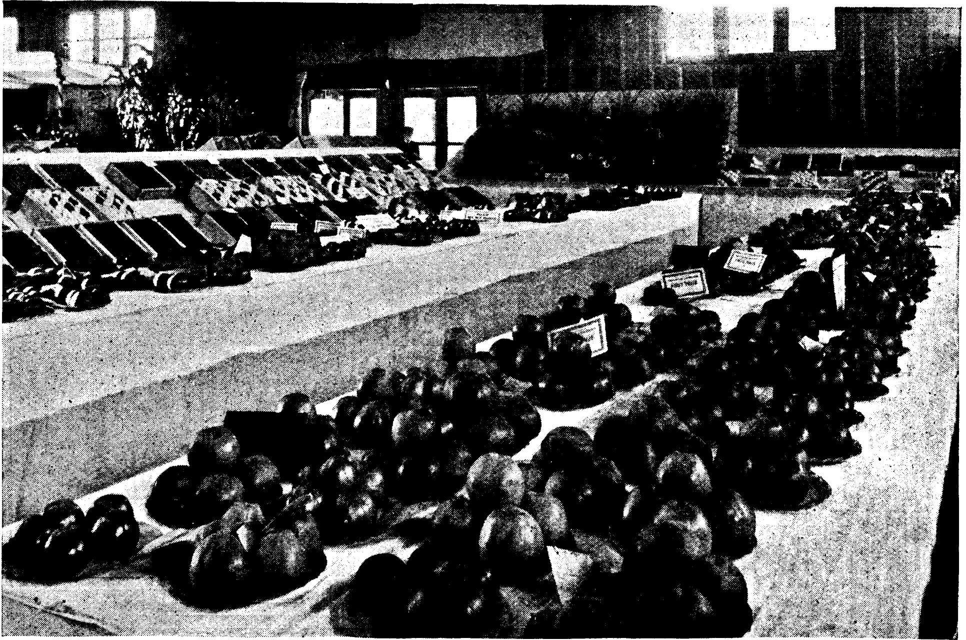
THE average Englishman's ignorance of the geography of Canada is proverbial among Canadians, though their own knowledge of Australia or New Zealand would probably be equally deficient. The reproach levelled at Old Countrymen of ignorance of the Dominions overseas is, it is to be feared, amply justified ; but talk with anyone who thinks of going to one of the Dominions, and you will find that he has heard a good bit about British Columbia. For some reason, British Columbia exercises a fascination on young Englishmen. British Columbia is not so widely advertised as are the Prairie Provinces, to which the Dominion Government and the big Canadian railways have devoted much attention ; but, be the reason what it may, the fact remains that a glamour has been cast over British Columbia in the eyes of the young men in this country. People who know the Province do not wonder at this glamour, for British Columbia is undoubtedly most attractive. Her mountains, forests, lakes and rivers, her fertile valleys, a climate—conditions vary, of course, according to the position of a district—that is generally good, and abundance of sport with rod and gun—all these hold out strong attractions to the young man who is on the look-out for an open-air life in a Dominion overseas. There is, too, the additional attraction in the Province that it is very English. Especially is this so on Vancouver Island and in fruit-growing districts on the mainland. Old public school boys, retired officers, and Anglo-Indians are to be met in numbers in these districts, leading a jolly open-air life amid glorious surroundings, growing fruit or farming, or, maybe, running a chicken farm. Here, too, will be found many a Canadian, who, after making a competence in the Prairie Provinces, has

GRAPES.

taken a farm in British Columbia as a means of living an easier life, free from the rush of business that is characteristic of life in the Prairie towns.

"Back to the Land."

But, though British Columbia attracts very strongly, it must be borne in mind that she does not welcome everyone, or, perhaps, I should say it is only the right man who should go there. Any young fellow wishing to go to British Columbia should first of all make up his mind that he is going on to the land, and that to go to the towns to secure clerical work is hopeless. Indeed, to the man who does not want an open-air life, or the man who says that he would like to go to British Columbia to see if he likes it, I would say, "Don't go." But to the right kind of young fellow, who is ready to work with his hands—at least, until he has got well started, and is able to buy his own farm and perhaps hire labour—I would say that British Columbia offered many opportunities and many attractions. It is desirable that a man going to the Province should have some knowledge of farming. He should spend some time—say a year—working on an English farm as a labourer, or should go to one of the training farms that have in recent years been started to fit young men for life in Dominions overseas. White labour is scarce in British Columbia, and a capable young fellow who knew something of agricultural life would have no difficulty in finding work to do. I would advise such a man to make up his mind to work on a farm for a year in the Province, so as to become accustomed to conditions, and to be able to buy his farm, when the time came, with judgment and with the knowledge necessary to be successful.



VICTORIA APPLES.

Fruit-Growing.

While in Canada I visited several fruit-growing districts in what is called the Dry Belt, the fertile slopes bordering the Okanagan, Kootenay, and Arrow Lakes, where, by means of irrigation, country once given over to the cattle-rancher has been converted into orchard land. Southern British Columbia, it should be explained, is divided into three great districts by two mountain ranges running north and south. The warm, moist vapours coming over the Japanese current, in the Pacific Ocean, condense as they strike the coast range, resulting in a plentiful rainfall in the coast district. Then the clouds, lightened from their moisture, rise with an upward current and pass over the intervening section till they strike the western face of the Selkirk and Rocky

Mountain ranges, where they again fall as rain in the eastern districts. To distinguish it from the moist coast district and the moderately moist eastern district, the sunny central section is usually called the Dry Belt. It escapes the heavy rainfalls of spring and autumn, while the mountains on either side act as a collecting ground for the numerous beautiful lakes and rivers with which it is intersected. The result is a region of almost perpetual sunshine and minimum rainfall. Until a few years ago the region was given up solely to cattle-ranching, but by and by it became known that apples and other fruits did exceedingly well in the Dry Belt soils of Washington and other States, and soon the Dry Belt of British Columbia became famous as a fruit-growing country. The change that has been wrought in the district by means of irrigation is marvellous. Orchards have sprung up along the shores of the beautiful lakes, on the benches at the foot of the mountains in districts which were nothing but cattle ranges. Lord Grey, while visiting, as Governor-General of Canada, the Kamloops District, in the very heart of the Dry Belt, was immensely impressed by the possibilities of the fruit-growing industry there. He said: "When the potentialities of your wonderful soil and climate become fully recognised, the influx of settlers of the most desirable kind, eager to develop your district, will surpass your expectations. Fruit-growing in your Province has acquired the distinction of being a beautiful art as well as a most profitable industry. After a maximum wait of five years, I understand, the settler may look forward with reasonable certainty to a net income of from $100 to $150 per acre after all expenses have been paid. Here is a state of things which appears to offer the opportunity of living under such ideal conditions as struggling humanity has only succeeded in reaching in one or two of the most favoured spots upon the earth." Lord Grey showed practical faith in the fruit-growing possibilities of the Province by buying a ranch near to Nelson, on the Arrow Lake. Nor was he the first Governor-General to demonstrate his belief in the future of the industry, for the Earl of Aberdeen founded the famous Coldstream Ranch near Vernon, in the Okanagan District.

HOP-PICKING.

The Need of Capital.

All the fruit-growers to whom I talked in British Columbia agreed that no one should attempt to go in for fruit-growing without capital or without special training. The amount of capital necessary varied. In the

Kamloops District I was told that a man with £2,000 could start very well. The Secretary of the Kamloops Board of Trade put down the expenses of starting a fruit farm as follows: Ten acres of land, $3,000; fencing, $100; planting and cultivation for the first year, $500; cultivation and care of trees for four years, $1,000. Total, $4,600. After four years, he estimated the man should be in receipt of an average net income of from $1,200 to $1,500 per year from his orchard. The Secretary of the Board of Trade went on to advise the prospective fruit-grower to go in for poultry raising as well, which would help him during the period while his orchard was maturing. Mr. J. M. Robinson, of Naramata, on the Okanagan Lake, who is known as "The Father of the Okanagan," as he was the first to found fruit-growing settlements in that district,

PEARS GROWING AT KELOWNA.

said that one should have, roughly speaking, about £3,000 capital to start as a fruit-grower. He added that if a man was himself a good worker, perhaps £1,000 would be enough. Such a man, he said, could grow small fruit and vegetables, and could keep a cow and some chickens, and make money while waiting for his trees to mature. It is as well to warn readers that they must put no faith in pamphlets issued by real estate agents, who would have them believe people are making extravagant fortunes out of fruit-growing, or that the industry can be undertaken without capital. People who believe all the stories told by men who wish to sell farm lands will in many cases regret their simple faith. All people who know the country are emphatic in stating that capital is necessary to ensure success as a fruit-grower. Again, much depends on the settler himself. One man with half the capital of another will do better than his richer friend because he is more hardworking, more adaptable, and keener to seize an orportunity. The "personal equation" counts in British Columbia.

Mixed Farming.

To the settler with a little capital I should recommend mixed farming rather than specialising in fruit. Not only is less capital required, but, to use a homely expression, all one's eggs are not in one basket. If the fruit crop fails from any reason, the man who has no other source of income may find himself in difficulties; but if, in addition to a little fruit-growing, a man will go in for mixed or diversified farming, he will, in a bad fruit season, have other strings to his bow. For instance, dairying pays handsomely, and poultry raising, properly managed, is very profitable. Land suitable for mixed farming can be had on reasonable terms from the Government. Crown lands may be purchased to the extent of 640 acres, and are classified as first and second class. Lands which are suitable for agricultural purposes, or which are capable of being brought under cultivation profitably, or which are wild hay meadow lands, are ranked as first-class lands. All other lands, other than timber lands, are ranked as second-class lands. The minimum price of first-class lands is $10 per acre, and that of second-class lands is $5 per acre. But here, again, it would not be wise for anyone quite inexperienced to try to start on his own account right away. It may be taken for granted that the best way to begin is to serve for a year with a farmer and learn local conditions. The young fellow who shirks a little initial hardship is not the man to succeed, and had better stay at home. Of course, a man with capital who is looking for a life in the open, with plenty of sport, can get the rough work on his farm done for him while he amuses himself. But that is another story. This article is rather addressed to those with some capital who are ready to work, and work hard, to make a home for themselves in one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

Mixed farming not only takes less initial capital than fruit-growing, but it would appear to be better both for the settler and for the country that there should be some attention paid to local needs. It cannot be said that all is well when, in a fertile country such as British Columbia, which ought to produce all its own farm produce, one sees the fruit-grower importing mutton from New Zealand, butter from Australia, pork and vegetables from the United States. The fruit-grower ought surely to do enough mixed farming to support his own needs, even if he does no more.

If any readers think of going to British Columbia, I would strongly urge them to have a talk with the Hon. J. H. Turner, the Agent-General for the Province, at Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, E.C., before leaving. Mr. Turner is an Old Countryman who has spent the greater part of his life in British Columbia, of which Province he was at one time the Premier, and for some years Minister of Finance. Discussing the subject of this article with the writer, Mr. Turner said: "I am glad you recommend mixed farming, which includes, of course, some fruit-growing, particularly small fruits. If near a town, strawberries and raspberries are profitable, so are tomatoes and other vegetables, including mushrooms. The farmer should keep as many fowls as possible, and a few pigs. Also, if near a town, flowers are likely to pay well. But for any sort of farming—and particularly what I call mixed farming—it is of importance that the farmer should really take an interest in his crops and animals, and like his work."

As stated in previous articles of this series, the writer will gladly answer any questions addressed to him by any reader who is anxious to go further into the subject.

THE WHITE HORSES

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

ILLUSTRATED BY
A J GOUGH

X. MARSTON MOOR

RUPERT got to horse and rode through the press and uproar of the camp. Confusion was abroad. To the Cavaliers, though some of them might regard evensong lightly, it meant at least a truce until the next day's dawn; and now they were attacked by an enemy who did not scruple to combine prayer with craftiness. Down from the rye-fields they saw the horsemen and the footmen come, and only Rupert could have steadied them in this black hour.

"We meet Cromwell's horse," he cried, getting his own men into line this side the little ditch, "and, gentlemen, we owe Cromwell many debts."

Stiff and stour it was, that fight at the ditch. The old, stark battles were recalled —Crecy and Agincourt and Flodden—for it was all at pitiless close quarters. First they exchanged pistol-shots; then, throwing their pistols in each other's faces with a fury already at white heat, they fell to with sword and pike. Overhead the storm broke in earnest. The intermittent crackle of gunshots, from the sharpshooters lining the hedges, mingled with the bellow of the thunder and that clamour of hard-fighting men which has the wild beast note.

Newcastle, asleep in his coach at the far side of the Moor, was roused by the uproar. He did not know what had chanced, but the waking was of a piece with the nightmares that had haunted his brief slumber. His limbs ached, the weariness of York's long siege was on him, but he ran forward, sword in hand, and asked the first man he met what was in the doing. Then he sought for his company and could not find them, except a handful of the gallant Leightons; so he pressed forward, unmounted, crying his name aloud and asking all who heard him to make up a troop. He gathered drift and flotsam of the running battle—he whose dream had been of a mounted charge, with picked cavalry behind him—and they fought on the left wing with a wild and cheery gallantry.

On the right, the Ironsides still faced Rupert's men, and neither would give way. Once, in a lull of the Berserk struggle, when either side had withdrawn a little to take breath, a great hound pressed his way through the Royalists and came yelping forward in search of Rupert. He came into the empty space between King's men and Cromwell's, and a gunshot flashed; and Boye struggled on the sodden ground, turned his head in dying search for Rupert, the well-beloved, and so lay still.

From the Ironsides a storm of plaudits crossed a sudden thunder-clap. "There goes the arch-Papist of them all," came a voice drunk with battle.

And something broke at Rupert's heart. It was as if he stood alone entirely—as if the world were ended, somehow. "Ah, Boye!" he murmured. And then he led a charge so furious that the Ironsides all but broke. It was Cromwell rallied them, and for an hour the fight went forward. The hedge was levelled now, and the ditch filled in by the feet of horses trampling the red mire. Time after time Rupert found himself almost within striking distance of Cromwell. They were seeking each other with a settled, fervent purpose. And the

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fight eddied to and fro; and the rain came down in wild, unending torrents.

The chance sought by Rupert came to Michael Metcalfe, as it chanced. Pushed to one side of the press, he found himself facing a rough-hewn Parliament man in like case, and parried a fierce sword-cut with his pike. Then he drew back the pike, felt it quiver like a live thing in his hands, and drove it through the other's fleshy neck. It was only when the man wavered in saddle, and he had leisure for a moment's thought, that he knew his adversary. A trooper of the Parliament snatched the wounded rider's bridle, dragged his horse safely to the rear, and Michael raised a wild, impulsive shout.

"Cromwell is down! A Mecca for the King!"

Rupert heard the cry, and drew his men a little away, to get speed for the gallop. His crashing charge drove back the Roundheads twenty paces, and no more. They were of good and stubborn fibre, and the loss of Cromwell bade them fight with sullen hardihood. At the end of, it might be, fifteen minutes they had regained a foot or two of their lost ground, and Cromwell, getting his wound bandaged at the thatched cottage up above, asked another wounded Roundhead, who came for the like succour, how it fared.

"As may be," growled the other. "If so thou'rt not dead, as we fancied, get down and hearten them."

"I've a thick throat, and the pike took the fleshy part," said Cromwell, with a deep, unhumorous laugh. "I'll get down."

He mounted with some difficulty. Pluck cannot always conquer in a moment great loss of blood and weakness of the body. Once in the saddle, his strength returned to him; but he rode down too late. Rupert's men had followed their old tactics, had retreated again to gain speed for the onslaught, and were driving the enemy before them in hot pursuit.

Cromwell, after narrow escape of being ridden down by his own folk, after vain efforts to rally them again, found himself alone. The wound in his throat was throbbing at its bandages. The rain ran down him in rivulets, and the world seemed filled with thunder and the cries of men. Word reached him that Eythin, too, had broken through, and that all Parliament men were bidden to save themselves as best they might. And so he left the field; and the sickness of defeat, more powerful than body-sickness, caught him as he neared the smithy, this side of Tockwith village. A farm-lad, returning from selling a cow at Boroughbridge, found him in the roadway, fallen from his horse, and carried him into the smithy-house. They tended his wound. Within an hour his lusty strength of purpose came to his aid. He asked for meat and ale, and said he must get ready for the road. He was known by this time; but even the blacksmith, Royalist to the core of his big body, would not hinder his going. A man of this breed must be given his chance, he felt.

"After all," he muttered, watching Cromwell ride unsteadily down the moonlit road, "they say Marston Moor has lost Yorkshire to the Parliament for good and all. Some call him Old Noll, and othersome Old Nick—but he'll do little harm i' these parts now, I reckon."

"A soft heart and a big body—they go always fools in company," said his goodwife. "I'd not have let him go so easy, I."

"Ay, but ye wod, if I'd been for keeping him. Ye're like a weather-cock, daft wife. When I point south, thou'st always for veering round to north—or t'other way about, just as it chances."

Cromwell rode back toward Marston, to find his men. He was kin to Rupert in this—disaster or triumph, he must find those who needed him. At the end of a half-mile he met a rider cantering up the rise. The moonlight was clear and vivid, after the late storm, and the rider pulled his horse up sharply.

"The battle is ours, General, and I've my Lord Fairfax's orders for you."

"The battle is ours?" demanded Cromwell gruffly. "I do not understand."

"None of us understand. Fairfax was three miles away, sleeping in a farmstead bed-chamber, when we roused him with the news. It was Leslie's men who broke their centre and drove round Rupert's flank. The thunder was in all our brains, I fancy."

Cromwell laughed. All his austerity, his self-pride warring against the humility he coveted, were broken down, as Rupert's cavalry had been. "Then it's for the siege of York again?" he asked.

"Fairfax says the risk is too great. The Moor is full of our dead, and we're not strong enough. He bids you get your men together and hold Ripley, going wide of Knaresborough—which is a hornet's nest—until further orders reach you. That is my message, General."

"Good," said Cromwell, tightening the bandage round his throat. "Where are my men?"

He found them—those who were left—in scattered companies. And a lusty roar went up as they saw him ride through the moonlight, swaying on the thick farm-cob that carried him.

"It's fourteen miles to Ripley, lads, but we'll cover it."

On Marston Moor the Royalists had pursued their advantage to the full. Rupert's men and Eythin's had run wild on the ridge-fields up above. And Leslie saw his chance. With his Scots he charged down on the Whitecoats, weakened by siege before the fight began. They kept their pledge; their coats were dyed with crimson martyrdom—and so they died to a man, resisting Leslie's charge.

Leslie himself paused when the work was done. "They were mettled thoroughbreds," he said huskily. "And now, friends, for the ditch that Rupert leaves unguarded."

It was so, in this incredible turmoil of storm and fight and havoc, that the battle of Long Marston was lost to the King. Rupert, getting his men in hand at long last, returned to face another hand-to-hand encounter. With the middle-wing past sharing any battle of this world, the affair was hopeless. Rupert would not admit as much. The Metcalfes, a clan lessened since they joined in evensong an hour ago, would not admit it. To the last of their strength they fought, till all were scattered save a few of them.

Down the rough lane past Wilstrop Wood—a lane pitted deep with ruts—the Royalists fled headlong. And at the far side of the wood, where the lane bent round to a trim farmstead, there was a piteous happening. A child, standing at the gate in wonderment at all the uproar and the shouting, saw a press of gentry come riding hard, and began to open the gate for them, bobbing a curtsey as the first horseman passed. He did not see her. Those behind did not see her, but, pressing forward roughly—pressed in turn by those behind—the weight of them was thrust forward and broke down the gate.

After their passing a woman came from the farmsteading, eager to go out and see how it had fared with her husband, a volunteer for Rupert. Under the broken gate she found a little, trampled body; and all her heart grew stony.

"Lord God," she said, "Thou knows't men make the battles, but the women pay for them!"

On Marston Moor the Squire of Nappa had found his coolness return when it was needed most. The Prince, and he, and Christopher, their horses killed under them long since, had just won free of a hot skirmish at the rear of their retreating friends, and were left in a quiet backwater of the pursuit.

"Best get away," he said. "You're needed to see to the aftermath of this red harvest."

His sturdy common-sense had struck the true note. Rupert had had in mind to die fighting, since all else was lost. And now the little, fluting note of trust came to him through the havoc. He was needed.

They came, these three, to the clayey lands—wet and sticky to the feet—that bordered Wilstrop Wood. The storm, tired of its fury, had rent the clouds apart with a last soaking deluge, and the moon shone high, tender as a Madonna yearning to bring peace on earth.

A fresh pursuit came near them, and they turned into a field of flowering beans on their left. They heard the pursuit go by. Then they heard a litany of pain come out from Wilstrop Wood, where wounded Cavaliers had taken refuge. And from Marston Moor there was the ceaseless crying—not good to hear—of horses that would never again, in this world, at least, find the stride of a gallop over open fields.

To these three, hidden in the bean-field, came an odd detachment from the pity and the uproar of it all. Nothing seemed to matter, except sleep. The heat, and rain, and burden of that bitter hour just ended were no more than nightmares, ended by this ease of mind and body that was stealing over them. It was good to be alive, if only to enjoy this pleasant languor.

The Squire of Nappa laughed sharply as he got to his feet. "At my age, to go sleeping in a field of flowering beans! As well lie bed-fellow with poppies! D'ye guess what I dreamed just now? Why, that I was crowned King in London, with Noll Cromwell, dressed as Venus, doing homage to me!"

"Ah, don't rouse me, father," grumbled Kit. "I'm smelling a Yoredale byre again, and hear the snod kine rattling at their chains."

But Rupert, when at last he, too, was roused, said nothing of his dream. It had been built of moons and stardust—made up of all the matters he had lost in this queer life of prose—and he would share it with no man.

When they got to the pastures again—blundering as men in drink might do—the

free, light air that follows thunder blew about their wits. It was Rupert who first spoke. He remembered that men in flight were trusting him, were needing a leader.

"Friends," he said, "I'm for York. Do you go with me?"

The noise from Wilstrop Wood, the cries from the Moor, grew small in the hearing as they made their way to a speck of light that showed a half-mile or so in front. Two farm-dogs sprang out on them when they reached the farmstead; but the fugitives knew the way of such, and passed unhindered.

"Are ye fro' Marston, gentles?" asked the farmer, limping out to learn what the uproar was about. "Ay? Then how has the King sped?"

"We are broken," said Rupert simply.

"Well, I'm sorry. Step in and shelter. Ye'd be the better for a meal, by the look o' ye. 'Tis the least I can do for his Majesty, seeing my two rheumy legs kept me fro' riding to his help."

"Have you three horses we can borrow, friend?"

"Nay, I've but two. You're welcome to them; and they're sound-footed, which is more than their master can say of himself."

While they snatched a meal of beef and bread, Christopher glanced at the Prince. "I know my way on foot to Ripley, and they may need me there," he said.

"The fields will be packed with danger, lad. Run at my stirrup, till by good luck we find a third horse on the road to York."

"Let him be," growled the old Squire. "There's a lady lives at Ripley. Lovers and drunkards seldom come to harm, they say."

"Ah, so!" For a moment there was a glow of tenderness in Rupert's sombre eyes. "It is good to hear the name of lady after the late happenings. Get forward, sir, and guard her."

Christopher saw them get to horse and take the track that led to York. Then he fared out into the moonlit pastures, took his bearings, and headed straight for Ripley. The distance was less than twelve miles by the field-tracks; but, by the route he took, it was slow to follow. The clay-lands were water-logged by the late storm; the hedges to be broken through were high and thorny; but these were not the greatest of his troubles. It had been no velvet warfare, that hour's fight on the Moor. Constantly, as Kit went forward, he heard a groan from the right hand or the left, and stayed to tend a wounded comrade. There was peril, too, from horses roaming, maddened and riderless, in search of the masters they had lost.

The first two miles were purgatory, because Kit's heart was young, and fiery, and tender, because he felt the sufferings of the wounded as his own. The flight, on this side of the Moor, went no further; and for the rest of the journey he had only trouble of the going to encounter. He came late to Ripley Castle; and the sentry who answered to his knocking on the gate opened guardedly.

"Who goes?" he asked.

"Christopher Metcalfe, sick with thirst and hunger."

The door was thrown open suddenly. In the ill-lighted hall he saw Daniel, the old man-servant of the Grants, who had ridden—long since, when last year's corn was yellowing to harvest—in charge of Mistress Joan.

Marston Moor was forgotten. The troubles of the day and night were forgotten, as sunlight dries the rain. Kit was a lover. "How is the mistress, Daniel?" he asked.

"Oh, her temper's keen and trim. Miss Grant ails naught. I suppose Marston's lost and won? Well, it had to be, I reckon. Who brought the news to Ripley, think ye?"

"I couldn't guess, you old fool."

"Oh, maybe old, but not so much of a fool, maybe. He's in yonder, closeted wi' Lady Ingilby in the parlour. I kenned him at first sight by the lap of his ugly jaw. Come hitherto, on the tips of your toes, Master Christopher."

The parlour door stood open, and within Kit saw a scene of such amazing oddity that he did not know whether he watched tragedy or comedy in the doing. The hearth was red with crackling logs. At the far end of the table sat Lady Ingilby, a cocked pistol lying close to her right hand; seated opposite her was a thick bulk of a man, with a rusty bandage tied round his neck; between them were four candles, burning with a tranquil flame.

"So you come, Mr. Cromwell, to quarter yourself here?" Lady Ingilby was saying.

"I do, madam."

"You come alone, knowing we are a house of women and of wounded men? Oh, the courage of you! And even our wounded have left us—not one of them so crippled but the news of Rupert's coming spurred him on to Marston."

"The news of Rupert's going will comfort them, maybe," growled Cromwell.

"He thrashed you handsomely. Oh, we have the news! First, a runner came,

telling how Lord Fairfax and the leader of the Ironsides had left the field."

Cromwell's quick temper took fire. "You claim a woman's privilege——"

"No, my pistol's. We talk as man to man. I say that we have the news. And then a second runner came and told us Leslie's Scots had won the battle. And we sorrowed, but not as if it had been you who claimed the victory."

The man was dead weary; but her scorn, quiet and assured, roused him. "Am I so hated, then, by your side of this quarrel?"

"Hated? That is a little word."

"Good! Any wayside fool can be loved—it takes a man to earn hatred."

"A man of sorts—granted. You will tell me, Mr. Cromwell, what your purpose was in coming to this house. My husband may be lying dead on Marston Field. Perhaps you came, in courtesy, to distract my grief."

"I came because Lord Fairfax bade me," said Cromwell bluntly. "We have no courtesy in Rutland, as you know. Mere folly must have bidden me leave my men outside, lest they intruded on you over-roughly."

"How many of them did Rupert leave you for a guard?" She was aware of an unexpected courtesy in the man's voice. It seemed no more than smooth hypocrisy.

"A few within call. They are not gentle."

"Nor I. As man to man—I stand for the husband who may return or may not—we are here, we two. You have a body of surprising strength, but it is I who hold the pistol. Believe me, Mr. Cromwell, I have learned your proverb well; I trust in Providence and keep my powder dry."

Christopher, watching them from the dusk of the passage, turned away. It did not seem that Lady Ingilby needed him. Yet he turned for a last glance—saw Cromwell's head fall prone on his hands. Weariness had captured him at length. The mistress of Ripley sat with upright carriage, seeing dream-pictures in the glowing fire of logs; and some were nightmares, but a silver thread ran through them—the knowledge that, whether he lived or lay dead, she had her husband's love.

"She bested him, and proper," chuckled Daniel. "When he came in, he looked like a man who might well go to sleep for good and all. We'll hope as much—and I was ever a prayerful man, as men go."

At the turn of the passage, where a lamp was smoking evilly, Kit saw a ghost come with unsteady step to meet him—a comely ghost, in white, fleecy draperies, a ghost that carried a sputtering candle. After Marston, and the carnage, and the desolate, long journey from the Moor to Ripley here, Christopher was ripe to fancy all beauty an illusion. It was only when he saw the red-brown hair, falling disordered about the whiteness of her gown, that his eyes grew clear.

"So you have come?" asked Joan Grant. "I did not summon you."

"Is that true, Joan?"

She would not meet his glance. "Why should I summon you?"

"Oh, that's for you to know. As we lay in the bean-field—the Prince, and father, and I—you came and whispered."

"I travelled far, then, and must have galloped home at speed."

Old Daniel, who knew his world, moved down the passage noisily. "For my part," he said, talking to himself, and thinking he only murmured, "I allus said like mun wed like, choose what pranks come between. They're fratching already, and that's a good sign. A varry good sign. There was niver two folks fit for wedlock till they've learned how to fratch. It clears their heads o' whimsies."

The draughty passage seemed full of Daniel's philosophy. They could hear nothing else, except the steady swish of thunder-rain outside. And Joan laughed, because she could not help it.

There was no concealment then. Laughter opens more doors than the high gravity that lover-folk affect.

"My dear, you know that you came," said Kit.

"I know that I lay awake, sick with terror for you. I saw you fighting—oh, so gallantly—saw Rupert steal, a broken man, into a field of flowering beans, with only the Squire and you to guard him. And then I fell asleep—as if the bean-scent had stifled me, too—and I dreamed——"

"Well, Joan?"

"That you were hindered, somehow. That you came to great honour and forgot me."

"And that troubled you?" said Kit adroitly.

"Oh, till I woke. Then it seemed to matter little. My heart sits on the top of a high tree, Master Christopher, as I told you long ago."

All that he had fancied in the gaining

seemed lost. All that the suffering and long anxiety of war had taught him seemed forgotten. She was dainty, elusive, provocative, just as she had been in Yoredale, before her baptism of fire.

"Then why were you sick with terror for me?" he asked, as if downrightness served as well with women as with men.

"Why? Because, perhaps, it is rather cold in the tree-tops, and a heart comes down now and then for a little warmth. I shall bid you good-night, sir. You're in need of rest, I think."

"Joan," he said, "I love you very well."

She halted a moment. The light from her candle showed Kit a face made up of spring-time in a Northern lane. Long battle, long abstention from a glimpse of her, brought the old love racing back at flood. And yet it was a new love, deepened and widened by the knowledge gained between the riding out from Yoredale and the stark misery of Marston Moor.

"You will let me go," she said at last. "Is it a time for ease of heart, when our men are dead, or dying, or in flight? They have told me how it sped at Marston—and, Kit, what of the King, when the news goes spurring south to him?"

What of the King? Their own needs—for one caress, one taste of happiness amid the rout—went by. Their loyalty was not a thing of yesterday; its roots lay thick and thrifty in soil centuries old.

"God forgive me," said Christopher. "I had forgotten the King."

At four of the next morning Lady Ingilby's vigil was ended. There came a Parliament man to the gate of Ripley, asking urgently for General Cromwell. When he was admitted to the dining-chamber, he saw Cromwell with his head still prone upon the table—saw, too, the grim figure of a lady, who turned to level a pistol at his head.

"Your errand?" asked Lady Ingilby.

"With General Cromwell. He is needed at Long Marston."

"They are welcome to him. He's not needed here."

Cromwell shook himself out of sleep. "Who asks for me?" he said, getting to his feet.

For the moment he thought he was tenting in the open, with only one eye and ear closed in sleep before the next day's march began. Then he glanced round the parlour, saw Lady Ingilby's grim, contemptuous face. When the Parliament man had whispered his message, word for word, Cromwell, with grim irony, thanked his hostess for the night's hospitality, and asked if he were free to take the road.

"None more free. On the road, sir, you will meet the democracy whom you befriend—will meet your equals."

Humour had some abiding-place in Cromwell's body, after all. As they passed out, the messenger and he, he laughed quietly. "She's of Rupert's breed. They'd make good Parliament men, the two of them, if we could persuade them to our side of the battle."

Lady Ingilby opened the parlour window, listened till Cromwell's sharp command had brought his troopers into line, and heard them go on weary horses down the street. Then she went to the hall, in search of cloak and hood, and encountered Christopher.

"Good morrow, Mr. Metcalfe," she said, after the first start of surprise. "One of your clan always comes when I'm most in need of you. My husband—does he lie dead on Marston Moor?"

"He was alive when we broke Cromwell's Ironsides, for I heard his cheery shout. After that Leslie routed us, and—I do not know."

"He may be alive, you think?"

"Why not? I shared the trouble with him, and I'm here."

Impetuous, strong for the deed, and strong for yielding to emotion afterwards, she came and touched him on the shoulder. "My thanks—oh, indeed, my thanks. Only to fancy him alive is peace to me. I need you," she added briskly. "You will take charge of my women-folk here, until I return from—from an errand of mercy."

"Let me take the errand."

"Ah, but you could not. Only I can do it. Sir, is it no welcome change for you to tend helpless women? You have had your holiday at Marston."

"It was a queer merry-making."

"But your wounds show to the public eye—wounds of honour. You carry the red badge of knighthood, sir, while I have only a few more grey hairs to show for all these months of waiting."

"You cannot go alone," he protested. "The roads will be full of raffish men."

"The roads must be as they will. For my part, I have to take a journey. Come, saddle me a horse, sir, by your leave. My grooms were all out with the King's party yesterday."

When they crossed to the stables, a shrill cry of welcome greeted them; and, for all

"'Lady Ingilby, come to see whether her husband lives or is dead for the King.'"

the gravity of what was past, Kit could not check a sudden laugh. "Why, 'tis Elizabeth, the good ass that helped Michael into York. We thought to have lost her somewhere between this and Lathom House."

Elizabeth came and licked Kit's face; even if he were not Michael, the master well-beloved, he was at least near the rose. And then Kit pushed her aside; it was no time for blandishment.

There were two horses only, left behind because unfit for battle. They looked oddly lonesome, with the six empty stalls beside them stretching out into the lights and shadows thrown by the lantern.

"A man's saddle," said Lady Ingilby briskly. "You'll find it in the harness chamber yonder."

Kit, when the better of the two horses was ready, understood why she had chosen a man's saddle. It carried a holster; and into this, after looking at the priming and uncocking it with masculine precision, she slipped the pistol that had overwatched Cromwell's slumbers not long ago. And his wonder grew, for, during months of intimacy with Ripley's household, he had learned that Lady Ingilby, at usual times, was motherly, unwarlike, afraid of powder and the touch of sharpened steel.

As he led her horse to the mounting-steps at the far side of the stable-yard, the lilt of tired hoofs came up the roadway. Young dawn was busy up the hills, and into the grey and rosy light rode Michael. He was not dressed for a banquet. His clothes were yellow with the clay of Marston Moor, his face disordered by wounds lately dried by the night's east wind. But the soul of him was Michael's—wayward and unalterable.

"At your service, Lady Ingilby," he said. "I heard a donkey bray just now, and fancied it was Elizabeth, crying over milk spilled at Marston."

"It was no white milk, Mr. Metcalfe, by the look of you."

"The thunder-rain was red in the ditches. It was a good fight, and it's ended. So, baby Kit, we're first to the tryst, we two. I've been wondering, all from Marston hitherto, whether you were dead or living."

Christopher found one heartache staunched. The sense that Michael was here, instead of on the wet ground of the Moor out yonder, was vivid happiness. "Elizabeth will be glad," he said indifferently. "She was crying for you not long ago."

Then he was urgent that Michael should be left here on guard, and he had his way. He borrowed the other's horse; and, after all, Lady Ingilby was glad to have an escort through the roads.

"You have news of my husband?" she asked Michael, without hope of any answer that sufficed.

"None," said Michael, "save that we were in the thick of it—Kit, and he, and I—and I heard a man near me say that Ingilby was fighting as if three men's strength were in his body."

"That is no news," said the other drily. "He was ever that sort of man."

When they had ridden out, she and Kit, and had come to the hollow where dog-roses and honeysuckle were blooming spendthrift to the warmer air of dawn, she turned in saddle. "Your brother spoke of coming to a tryst. What tryst?"

"It was this way. Before the relief of York, it was agreed among the Riding Metcalfes that, if the battle sped, Ripley could look to its own needs. If the fight was lost, we were to come soon or syne—those left of us—to guard you."

Lady Ingilby reined in—an easy matter with the pensioner that carried her. "In these evil modern times, are there still so many of the elder breed? One here and there I could understand, but not six-score of you."

"There are fewer now. We lost a few at Bolton, and Marston Moor was worse. Those who are left will come in. Their word is pledged."

The spaciousness of summer on the hills returned to Lady Ingilby. Siege, and hardship, and the red fight at Marston went by. Here was a man who had fought, lost blood and kindred to the cause—a man simple, exact to the promise made.

"I am glad of your escort, after all," she said. "You were breeked in the olden time, I think."

"What is our route?" asked Christopher by and by.

"To Marston. If my husband is abroad, well. If he's dead or dying, he may need me."

It seemed to Kit, through all the perils of the road, through the instant dangers that beset them from the thievish folk who hang upon the skirts of war, that a little silver light went on ahead, guarding their passage. But he was country-born and fanciful.

At Ripley, Michael the careless went indoors and found the old man-servant fidgeting about the hall.

"Well, Daniel," he said, throwing himself

on the lang-settle and holding his hands to the fire-blaze, "it seems long since I knew you as body-servant to Sir Peter Grant in Yoredale. I've fought and marched, and had my moments—ay, Daniel, moments of sheer rapture when we charged—and now I come from Marston, and all's ended, save a thirst that will drink your cellars dry before I slake it."

Daniel did not know "Maister Michael" in this mood of weariness. "Ye used to be allus so light-hearted, come shine or storm," he muttered.

"That is the worst of a high reputation. One falls to earth, old sinner. I've no jest, no hope, nothing but this amazing thirst. If there's wine left in the Castle, bring it, Daniel."

Daniel was literal in interpretation of an order. When he returned, he brought too bottles of Madeira and a rummer-glass.

"Oh, good," said Michael, with something of his old laugh. "Fire and wine—I need them." He kicked the logs into a blaze. "It seems odd to need warmth, with midsummer scarce past, but I've brought a great coldness from the Moor. Gentlemen of the King's—men who should be living for him—are lying where they fell. There was no room for a horse's hoofs; one had to trample the loyal dead. Wine, Daniel! Pour me a brimmer for forgetfulness."

And now Daniel understood that this gay wastrel of the Metcalfes was on the edge of sickness—not of the body only, or the mind, but of the two. In his eyes there was a fever and a dread. Not knowing what to do—whether wine were friend or adversary—he obeyed the order. Michael drained the glass in one long, satisfying gulp. "One can buy peace so easily—at a price," he said. "Fill again for me, Daniel, and we'll drink confusion to Noll Cromwell."

While the wine was between the bottle and the glass, a little lady came into the hall. She had a carrot in her hand, and trouble was lurking in her young patrician face.

"Who is this, Daniel?" she asked, withdrawing a step or two, as she saw the patched and mud-stained figure on the settle.

"Michael Metcalfe, at your service. No need to ask your servant vouch for me."

He had risen. From his great height, shivering and unsteady, he looked down at her.

"But, sir, you are unlike yourself. Your eyes are wild."

"So would your pretty eyes be, Mistress Joan, if you'd shared Marston Fight with me. I've seen a King lose his cause—his head may follow."

Joan was aware of some new strength behind the man's present disarray. "Does your love for the King go so deep, then? We thought you light of heart."

"Always the same gibe. I have talked with the King, and I know. Our lives were slight in the losing, if we had given him the battle. But we lost it. What matters now, Joan?"

"This, sir—that the King still needs his gentlemen."

Michael stood to attention. She had always bettered his outlook on life, even in his careless days. Now, with every nerve at strain, she showed him a glad, narrow track that went upward, climbing by the ladder of adversity.

"As for that," he said, with an odd smile, "I thank you for a word in season. It will keep Sir William's cellars from a period of drought."

Daniel, watching the man, could only wonder at his sharp return to self-control. He did not know that, so far as Michael was concerned, Joan Grant brought always the gift of healing.

"Heartsease, that's for remembrance," said Michael, after a troubled silence, "and carrots, they're for Elizabeth the well-beloved."

She caught the sudden hope, the challenge in his glance. Clearly as if he had put the thought into speech, she knew that he clung to the old love, told more than once in Yoredale. He hoped—so wild a lover's fancy can be—that, because she fed his ass with dainties, she did it for the master's sake.

"Ah, no," she said sharply. "It is not good to play at make-believe. There is trouble at our doors—the King's cause drowning, and men lying dead out yonder. I go to feed Elizabeth, and you, sir, will stay here to guard the house."

Michael kicked the logs into a blaze, and watched the flames go up with a steady, thrifty roar. He turned presently, to find Daniel asking whether he did not need a second brimmer of Madeira.

"To-morrow, you old fool. For to-night, I've the house to guard. Meanwhile, I've lit a lively fire—all my hopes, Daniel, and most of my prayers, have gone scummering up the chimney-stack. I trust they find good weather out o' doors."

Christopher and Lady Ingilby, about this

time, were nearing Marston Moor. As they reached Tockwith village, and were passing the farmstead where Cromwell had dressed the wound in his neck not long ago, five men rode out at them through the rosy light of dawn. Christopher, with battle still in his blood, shot the first at close quarters—a red and messy business. Then he reined about, with the instinct taught him by Rupert's cavalry, turned again, and charged the four remaining.

He found himself in the stour of it; for they were thick-set rogues, and had little to lose in this world or the next. It seemed that they must bear him down, after he had accounted for another of their number with his sword. Then a second pistol-shot rang out, and the man nearest Kit dropped from saddle as a fat, red plum falls from an autumn branch. His horse stampeded, and the two riders left galloped headlong for the woods.

Kit returned to find Lady Ingilby with a smoking pistol in her hand. Her voice was tremulous.

"Sir, if this is to feel as men do—ah, thank the good God I was born a woman. I aimed truly, and—and I have no pride in it."

Through the sunrise and the hot, moist scent of flowering hedgerows they made their way down the narrow farm-track which was henceforth to be known as Rupert's Lane. At the ditch and the battered hedgerow where Cromwell's horse had been driven back, a man on foot asked sharply who went there.

"Lady Ingilby, come to see whether her husband lives or is dead for the King."

"I cannot tell you, madam. There are so many dead, on both sides of the battle."

"But I must know. Give us free conduct through the lines, my friend here and myself; it is a little thing to ask."

The Parliament man was muffled in a great-coat, an unwieldy hat drawn over his eyes. But Christopher knew him, though Ingilby's wife, her heart set on one errand only, saw beyond and through him, scarce knowing he was there save as an obstacle to progress down the lane.

"It is granted," said the Roundhead, "if you permit me to bandage your eyes until we come to the place where Sir William fought. I know the place, because our men brought in high tales of his strength and courage."

"But why the bandage?" she asked peremptorily.

"Because, between here and where he fought, there are sights not good for any woman's eyes."

"Ah, tut! I've nursed men at Ripley who were not good to see. Their wounds were taken for the King, and so were pleasant."

They went through what had been the centre of the King's army—went through all that was left of the Whitecoats, thick-huddled with their faces to the sky. For a moment even Ingilby's wife was dizzy and appalled. There was no scent of summer hedgerows now. Then she took hold again of her unalterable courage.

"Oh, they died well. Lead on."

They came to the place where Sir William's company had fought; and the sun, gaining strength already to drive through the mists of last night's thunderstorm, showed her the faces of many folk remembered, but not her husband's.

"I thank God," she said simply. Then, as she turned to retrace her steps, the inbred courtesy of the woman surmounted the pain that had gone before, the passionate thanksgiving that followed. "I thank you, too, for conduct through the lines. What is your name, that I may remember it in my prayers?"

"At Ripley they would name me Noll Cromwell. I ask no thanks, and need none."

It was all muddled and astounding, as the battle of last night had been. The man she had scolded not long ago at Ripley—the man whose soul she had whipped raw, though she did not guess it—had offered courtesy. For this hour, at any rate, Cromwell was a mystic, seeing with the clearer vision and knowing the kind lash of penance. Since this wild campaign began, since he left his quiet farm in Rutland, where he had looked to the welfare of his tenantry, he had known no happiness till now. This woman had flouted him; yet he was glad, with an amazing gladness, to succour her in need.

A man came running, and said that General Cromwell was needed in Tockwith village, where some trouble had broken out among his men. The mystic disappeared. The Cromwell of sheer flesh and blood showed himself. "Trouble, is there?" he snapped. "I've a short way with trouble of that sort. As for you, Lady Ingilby, the password is *Endeavour*, and I would recommend you to secure your retreat at once."

With a half-defiant salute he was gone,

and, as they came again to the place where the Whitecoats lay, a party of Roundhead horsemen, riding by, halted suddenly.

"You are on the King's side," said the leader, with a sharp glance at Christopher. "I am Captain Murray, at your service, of Leslie's Horse. I know you because you all but killed me in that last rally Rupert made. What, in the de'il's name, are you doing here —and with a lady?"

"We are under safe-conduct through the lines. Cromwell gave us the word *Endeavour* not five minute since."

"Well, I need you, as it happens. There are many of your dead in Wilstrop Wood, and General Leslie has a soft heart—after the fight is done—like most Scotsmen. He sends me to find a King's man who can name the dead. 'They have wives and bairns, nae doot,' said Leslie in his dry way, 'and ill news is better than no news at a', for those who bide at hame.'"

Lady Ingilby was not sorry when her request to go with Kit was refused. After all, she had breakfasted on horrors and could take no further meal as yet.

"If he is there, Christopher," she whispered, "you will take me. If you do not find him, well. Either way, there is the God above us."

When they came to Wilstrop Wood—Lady Ingilby staying on the outskirts with three dour Scotsmen as a guard of honour—the wind was rustling through the trees. And from the ground there was a harsher rustle—the stir and unrest of men who could not die just yet, however they longed for the prison-gates of flesh to open.

The red-gold sunlight filtered through the cobwebs spun from tree to tree of Wilstrop Wood. And even Murray, who counted himself hard-bitten, stood aghast at what he saw. The underwood was white with bodies of the slain.

A great wrath and pity brought Kit's temper to a sudden heat. "Captain Murray," he said, "these dead have been robbed of all that hides their nakedness. I say it is a foul deed. Better have lost the fight than —than this."

"You will tell it to the world?" stammered Murray.

"Yes, if I win free of this. It shall be blazoned through the North, till even the dull-witted Southrons hear it at long last."

Murray halted irresolute. If the Scotsman had been of grosser make, Kit would have joined this company of King's men who slept in Wilstrop Wood. It was easy, with the men he had at call, to silence this hot-headed youngster.

"That is your resolve?" he asked slowly.

"D'ye doubt it? Captain Murray, it is a loathsome business enough to pick the pockets of the dead, but to take clothes and all——"

"The Scots had no hand in it, I tell ye. Our lads hae over-muckle care for the dead of either side. But I aye mistrusted those Psalm-singing rogues. Will ye take it at that?"

"There's a sickness in the pit of my stomach," said Christopher, with tired simplicity. "What is your business with me here in Wilstrop Wood?"

Murray conquered his first impulse to put Kit's tongue out of harm's way once for all. "As I told you, sir, General Leslie's heart is tender as a maudlin woman's—now the battle is won, and his own wounds patched up—and needs must that you identify the dead."

Christopher, who seemed to wear his heart on his sleeve, was a true Dalesman. By letting the world see the froth and bubble of the upper waters, he hid the deeper pools. As they went through the wood, the sunlight filtering through on ground for ever to be haunted, he knew, by the whiteness of their skins, that the greater part of the fallen were gentry of the King's. Instinct, quick to help a man, told him it was unwise to admit the loss of so many officers to the cause, though he knew many faces there—faces of men who had shared fight or bivouac with him somewhere between this and Oxford.

"They must rest where they lie, for all the help I can give you," he said impassively, "and may God have mercy on their souls."

"Sir, I wondered at your calm," snapped Murray; "but now I understand. All you Papists have that quiet air of ease."

"Up in Yoredale we heard nothing of the Pope, but much of prayers for those who crossed the fighting-line ahead of us."

Murray thought he made nothing of this lad; yet at heart he knew that, through all the moil and stench of Marston, he, too, was going back along the years—going back to the knees of his mother, whose prayers for him he thought forgotten long since.

As they were making their way through the wood again, a slim youngster, stark naked, lifted himself on an elbow and babbled in his weakness. "Have we won, friends?" he asked, looking at Kit and Murray with starry, fevered eyes.

"Aye," said Murray, Scottish pity warring with regard for truth. "We've won, my laddie."

"Then unfasten this bracelet from my wrist. Oh, quick, you fools—the time's short. Take it to Miss Bingham, out at Knaresborough yonder, and tell her I died as well as might be. Tell her Marston Moor is won for the King."

And with that there came a rattle in his throat. And he crossed himself with a feeble forefinger.

"Dear God," said Murray, "the light about his face! You simple gallants have the laugh of us when it comes to the high affair of dying."

Christopher said nothing, after closing the eyes of a gentleman the King could ill afford to lose. And so they came out of Wilstrop Wood, and found Lady Ingilby again.

"Does he lie there?" she asked sharply.

"I did not see him," answered Kit.

"Then God be thanked. And now 'tis home for Ripley."

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.

DEAR LITTLE HANDS.

DEAR, tender little hands that are so pale,
So helpless and so small, so child=like frail,
So scented and so sweet, I think they are
More like white rose-leaves lifted from a jar
And laid upon my hand, which, should I close,
Would turn them all to dust—the dust of rose.

Fingers more white? Ah, I have seen them, too.
Fingers more soft? Ah, maybe so—a few.
Whiter and slimmer, yes; but not so pure.
Indeed, they well might tap at Heaven's door
Without affront to those Blessed Ones within—
So kind, so gentle, and so clean of sin!

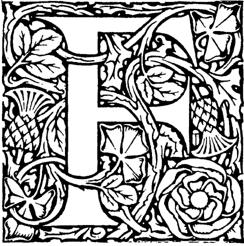
Like wee white birds your little fingers flit
About the room, alighting for a bit
To touch a book to gold, a plant to bloom,
Flecking with sunlight all the dusky room;
Until at last they flutter to my breast
And turn my heart to gold, like all the rest.

Oh, marvellous, magic fingers, white as milk,
Subtle as snowflakes, softer than warm silk;
So soft, so white! But, oh, with such great art,
That when they build their nest within my heart,
Failure takes flight, and weakness and despair,
And strength and peace abide for ever there!

LLOYD ROBERTS.

TIME LIMIT CRICKET

By J. E. RAPHAEL



FROM the remarks one has frequently heard this summer, it might almost be imagined that cricket was slowly but surely dying, and that it was giving place, as the national summer pastime, to lawn tennis or golf. If this opinion were really correct, it would be worse than a pity: it would be a disaster. Far be it from me to say anything in disparagement either of lawn tennis or golf. Of the latter I am an execrably bad, a very irregular, but nevertheless a devoted follower. It casts no aspersions, however, to suggest that neither can take quite the place of dear old cricket. Only from the great team games like cricket and football are the lessons of collective responsibility and combination in their wider aspects properly to be acquired. The full meaning of discipline and unselfishness, the development of the individuality to the point, when necessary, of its subordination to the common end—all, in fact, that is involved in the phrase "playing for one's side"—these are things that pleasing amusements like tennis and golf can only hint at. By their very nature they cannot do more.

I do not believe we have sufficiently appreciated the importance of the "social" games in developing precisely those qualities which are essential to good citizenship. One can freely admit that the educational is not the only consideration that should influence our attitude towards various games. A great function of sport is to provide recreation and exercise; and for the man with limited leisure at his disposal, it may well be questioned whether cricket necessarily provides in one afternoon a sufficiency of exercise to serve his purpose. If he be not a regular bowler, he may often—particularly if he be an indifferent bat—find himself sitting in the pavilion while his own side are batting, and quite possibly he will have little running about when it is their turn to field. This disadvantage does not apply to tennis. Much exertion, at any rate, is entailed even in losing a love set. Cricket matches have also a habit occasionally of "fizzling out." Both sides may have completed their innings an hour or more before the time for drawing stumps; and when play is then continued, there is rarely much keenness or interest in the proceedings.

Can nothing be done to minimise these drawbacks? As regards the last, there is certainly a remedy, and one that is not only real good fun, but can be made into hard exercise for all. Why not divide the time remaining equally between the two teams, and give the victory to those who score the larger number of runs in the given period? It is quite remarkable how little this idea has caught on. The probable reason is that people do not realise how exciting such a contest can be. Now, time-limit cricket, being somewhat different in its object from the ordinary variety, is really a distinct game. There is, further, almost as much difference between the half and the one hour limit as between one and two day matches. With a longer time to bat, the question of losing wickets may be a very material factor, and it is quite likely that through the employment of hurricane methods, a whole eleven may be outed in an incredibly short space of time. When a side fail to keep in for the allotted period, their opponents are naturally entitled to take whatever time is left and add it to their own portion.

As yet the time limit game is in much the same position as Rugby football was before 1871. It has not been codified, with the result not only that many valuable minutes are usually wasted in arranging the preliminaries and deciding what shall be the rules; but most of the players remain in ignorance of what regulations have been agreed to. I will not attempt here a tentative standardisation, but shall try rather to describe the play and to suggest some of the best variations that have come

under my personal ken. First of all, the time must be decided on, and quite a lot of fun can be had out of even twenty minutes each. I hardly think that less than that—*i.e.*, forty minutes altogether—is worth while. There is the alternative that each team shall have the same number of overs, which has much to commend it, in that the fielding side gets no advantage out of the time taken up in changing positions after each over.

It is no good attempting definitely to fix the number beforehand. Those in first will bat by time, count being kept of the number of overs bowled. The others will then receive the same quantity. But to have the greatest excitement I prefer the former alternative. Time being the essential factor, both elevens must see to it that none is lost. The batters naturally have every inducement to save the minutes; and it is not only those at the wickets who will be busy with this object. The others have to be ready to dash in when their turn comes for batting, and they will be advised to spread themselves round the ground to "retrieve" the ball very quickly when boundaries have been scored. Attention to details like these eliminates the wastage of a considerable number of seconds. On many grounds, we may note in passing, it will be a distinct save to try for fours instead of sixes.

The fielders must make up their minds to a very strenuous existence. They must change their places at the double after each over; they must race after the ball, whether it is a certain boundary or not, so as to return it without delay to the bowler; in fact, it must be a point of honour to gain as many seconds as they can for their opponents. Should everybody bowl in turn—say, three overs each—or should the bowling be managed as in ordinary cricket?—is another point that will have to be arranged. The first method is generally the more amusing, though I am not sure that the other does not ensure a better game. A bowler has to realise that his good balls are almost as likely to be hit as the bad ones. Perhaps the best thing he can do is to try to keep a good length on the wicket. To score off such bowling requires a risk of some sort to be taken every time it is attempted. Few people, moreover, know the right way to hit at straight bowling. They usually hit across — an obviously dangerous proceeding, and one that is not necessary.

It is surprising the number of runs that can be obtained in even half an hour when men definitely set out for it. Your biggest hitter, be it remembered, is by no means necessarily your quickest scorer. As I have previously endeavoured to show in The Windsor Magazine, the art of rapid scoring lies in timing the ball correctly, and the secret of timing does not consist in the mere application of brute strength. Most players, I think, will find it easier to get the ball away regularly if they take the bat back as a preliminary to a stroke. There has been growing up a tendency to rely on the wrists and forearms to supply the necessary power for a shot, and to ignore the assistance of shoulder and body swing, which are responsible for the true follow through. B. J. T. Bosanquet employs a wristy forearm with great effect, but the same cannot be said about many of his imitators. Few have sufficient physical strength, for one thing; and there is not much doubt that a previous take back adds security to one's balance, to say nothing of helping to keep the bat straight as it is hitting the ball.

Another very important feature in time limit cricket is good running between the wickets. The non-hitter must be backing up every ball. And here let me say that, under the circumstances, I do not think it necessary for the bowler to obey the unwritten law about not running out an indiscreet backer up. He—*i.e.*, the indiscreet backer up—is taking undue advantage of the convention, and his side should be made to suffer. The other extreme must not, of course, be indulged in; there must be no waste of time or trickery or continual striving to secure this, at best, unsatisfactory method of getting rid of a batsman. To run successfully between wickets, it is well to go for the first run as if a second were regularly a certainty. Frequently number two will then be a possibility, at any rate. When both men are ready, opportunities offer themselves in large quantities. Just *after* the fieldsman has thrown in the ball from, say, the country, is an example of what to look out for. If the return be not a brisk one, two runners who understand each other will get home safely time after time. To deep third man and towards the leg boundary are other directions in which the second run is too frequently missed. I should like to see Wilfrid Rhodes and Jack Hobbs playing under a time limit. The field assuredly would very rapidly begin to understand what is meant by running, and they would have to be extraordinarily clever to catch either of the two napping. Apart from their judgment, they are both of them so extraordinarily

quick in turning. You will not get many second runs if you are right past the wicket after your first. Now, in ordinary cricket, you will have the chance of getting back your breath ; in the kind we are considering, there ought to be no time for the purpose. This may make only ten minutes' batting so exhausting that it is a moot point whether a fresh performer would not be able to continue a more rapid rate of scoring. When he feels this is the case, the temporarily tired bat should have no hesitation in making room for the newcomer by going to the length of getting out straight away himself. This should also be the action of a man who finds himself regularly missing the ball whenever he has a beat or does not find himself capable of keeping up the necessary scoring pace. Such drastic conduct belongs, however, to the refinements of the game. In the ordinary way, and apart from tiredness, good running will compensate for the absence of several fours.

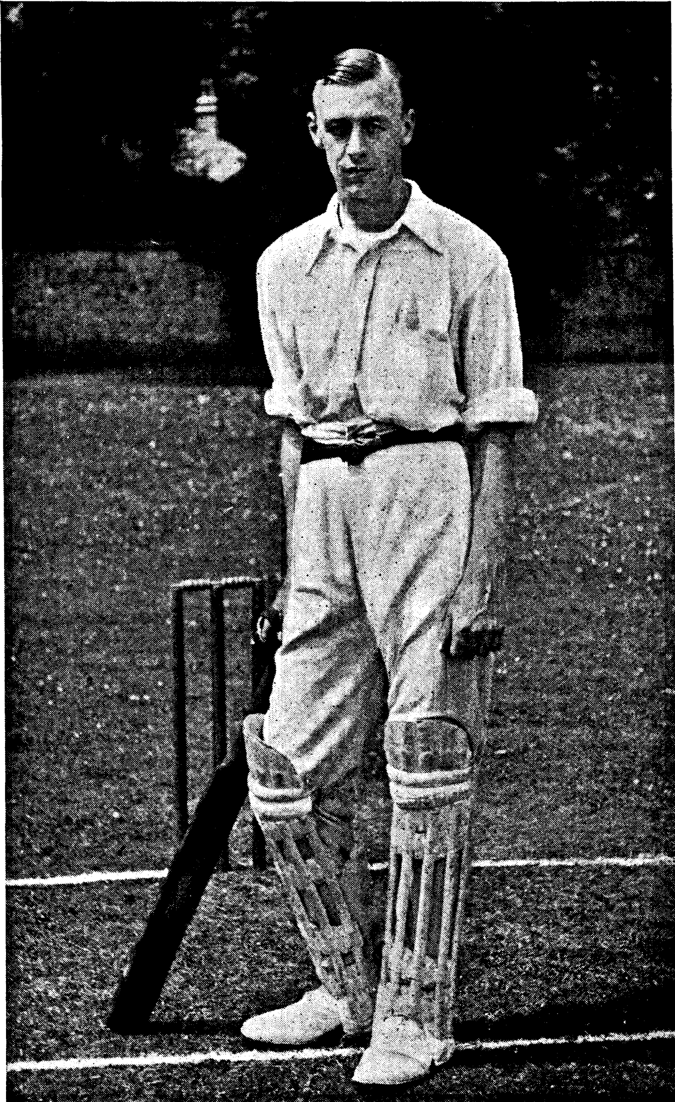


Photo by] [*Hawkins, Brighton.*

MR. J. E. RAPHAEL.

Enough has been said to show that time limit cricket does not consist merely in wild slogging. An abundant use of the intelligence is required, and good tactics pay enormously.

I have heard it objected to the game that the rate of scoring being so tremendously in excess of that obtainable by ordinary cricket methods, the disparity would be held up to the disadvantage of the latter in such a way as to modify the principle of play that a ball should be treated on its merits—*i.e.*, played when it is deserving of respect, and punished in proportion to its "naughtiness." It is suggested that, as it is, the bat has usually too much the whip hand over the ball, and that the poor bowlers would be even worse off if batsmen did not pay them the compliment of treating their best efforts with caution. Now, if greater enterprise were attempted in batting, I believe it would have the effect of increasing the run-getting. But the bowler would be compensated by the larger number of wickets that would undoubtedly fall to his share.

The reproach of slowness cannot be hurled with justification against club cricket

generally. The real difficulty is that there are any number of class bats and but a handful of bowlers who have any claim to be considered even third-class. But in county cricket there are many occasions when the scoring might be accelerated with advantage to all but the relatively indifferent bat. It might wipe out many of his calibre—and not a bad thing, either. The type I am alluding to includes the people who sit down to "keeps" on a billiard table wicket. Provided there is some knowledge of playing with a straight bat, and provided no liberties are taken, very little skill will enable a batsman to stay in all day under such circumstances. And runs will come sometime and somehow. I do submit, however, that this is not cricket as she should be played. When a man has played himself in, he ought to be expected to make use of the shots that Nature and training have given him. If he has no strokes, or does not display them, then he should not be considered a first-class cricketer, however long he may stay at the wickets when everything is in his favour. This, I submit, should be the test of batsmanship. It is not setting too high a standard.

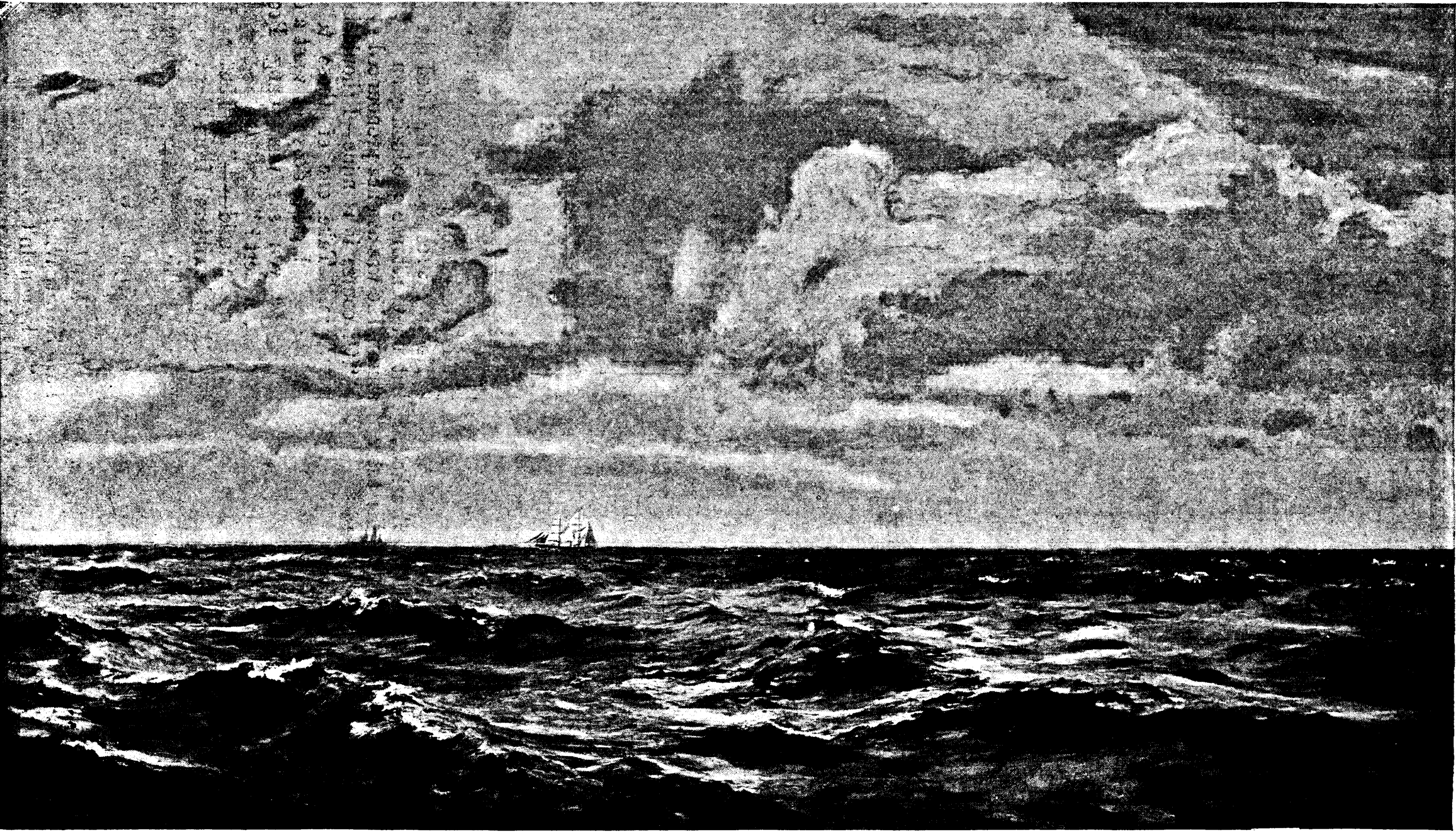
In time limit cricket it is the man with the greatest variety of strokes who will do best in the long run, and one great reason why I advocate it—on the right occasions—is because I believe the result would be an all-round improvement in batting, and club bowlers, perhaps, would be encouraged to think a little more about the length they ought to keep. The fact that the fieldsmen have to be more or less continuously on the move will help to fix their attention on the game. That fielding is so often looked on as drudgery is in large measure due to lack of interest brought about by scantiness of work. There is as much pleasure to be obtained from fielding, when it is rightly approached, as from either of the other great branches of cricket.

TRANQUILLITY.

THOU, whose peace no tempest mars,
Loveliness no passion scars;
Vision never cloud obscures,
Never earthly dross allures;
Whence can thy strange beauty be,
Whence thy rapt serenity?

Thou, whose soul no shadow touches,
Whose pure heart no soilure smutches;
In whose house no discord wakes,
From whose lips no murmur breaks;
Whence the secret hast thou caught
Of thy still ethereal thought?

EDGAR VINE HALL.



"PERFECT WEATHER FOR A CRUISE." BY HENRY MOORE, R.A.

From the picture in Mr. Philipson's collection.

"THE NUT"

By NORMAN INNES

Illustrated by G. L. Stampa

"IS this my house or yours?" The Squire glared at his second son. "To think that you should dare to invite one of your disreputable companions——"

"But Dick——"

"Is eminently disreputable, I tell you, sir, and no fit acquaintance for your sisters. Your friends, as I gathered from Mr. Browne, are as little credit to the University as you are yourself."

"Oh, dad, I am sure Mr. Browne said nothing against Bob," interposed Miss Sparkett from the further end of the breakfast table, coming to the rescue of her unlucky brother, to whom her liking for his college tutor, who had spent the first week of the vacation at Northbourne Hall, was something of an enigma.

"My dear Edith, will you permit me to speak in my own house, at my own table? Though my old friend Browne may not have said so much in so many words, he gave me the distinct impression of being far from satisfied with Robert."

"Old rotter!" muttered Mr. Sparkett, junior, though scarcely crediting his tutor with telling tales out of school.

"It is impossible for me to hear you if you insist on speaking with your mouth full."

"I have asked Dick," stammered the youth.

"And once again I ask you whether this is my house or yours?"

"But, dad, I have met Dick Brown, and I am sure——"

"You have met him, Constance?" The Squire turned upon his younger daughter.

"When I was up at Cambridge last year," replied the girl, unabashed.

"I am deeply grieved to hear it, and this undesirable acquaintance shall not be resumed." The speaker cleared his throat portentously, and addressed his son, whose casual invitation to a friend for a week's stay at the Hall was the cause of all the trouble. "I beg that you inform your young companion at once by telegram that his presence is not desired at Northbourne. And let me add that, since you wish for company, I have made up my mind to follow your tutor's advice, and communicate with his son——"

"Mr. Bernard Browne?"

"My dear Edith, may I speak in my own house without interruption? I repeat, I intend sending an invitation to my old friend Walter Browne's son. Whether his name is Bernard or Belshazzar, is nothing to the point. What weighs with me is the fact that he took a First-Class in Classics, and is fully capable of supervising your brother's course of reading during the vacation."

"Rotter!" muttered Bob Sparkett again.

"If you must interrupt me, pray speak intelligibly, Robert. Where is my pencil?" Mr. Sparkett searched in his pockets, and, having gone through them conscientiously, demanded with rising irritation: "Which of you has taken my pencil?"

No one, it seemed, had robbed the Squire, but on Constance producing an ill-pointed stump, she was at once pronounced guilty.

"Of course it is mine—I should know it anywhere. Take one of those telegraph forms; your brother does not want a dozen. What did you say was young Browne's address, Robert?"

"I never said——" Master Robert looked up bewildered from the telegram he was preparing.

"Can't you give a plain answer to a plain question? What is young Browne's address?"

"One hundred and twenty-seven Hyde Park Street, W., I believe."

"Why couldn't you have said so before?" cried his parent irascibly.

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Here Miss Sparkett saw fit to interfere. "I thought it was Sixty-three Hobart Place, S.W."

"I wish you wouldn't all speak at once. Now, listen to me, Constance. 'Come to-day. Meeting three p.m. from Euston. Sparkett, Northbourne.' Have you got that down and correctly addressed? Is your telegram finished, Robert?"

Miss Constance, somewhat flustered, replied in the affirmative; her brother, in answer to the question addressed to him, had to own he had not yet finished. In his confusion his pencil broke.

"Fill in the address, Con," he whispered.

"Sixty-three Hobart Place, isn't it, Bob?"

"One hundred and twenty-seven Hyde Park Street," cried her father. "What a time you are, child!"

"But, father, I think——"

"I wish you would not think, Edith. I can't hear myself speak, and you will certainly confuse your sister."

The latter, it must be owned, paid but little heed to her parent's staccato protests and commands; she was reading, with mingled pleasure and disappointment, her brother's composition. "Don't come. Revered parent mad. Writing. Sparkett."

"Have you finished, Constance? Give these to Wilkes." The butler had entered the room in answer to a peal of the bell. "Tell him to take them to the post office at once, and see that the Blue Room is ready. I am expecting a visitor to-night."

"I do call it rot!" Mr. Robert Sparkett had closed the smoking-room door. "Never knew the governor in such a fume. I pity old stodger Browne's nephew if he thinks I am going to read with him."

"I wish 'The Nut' were coming instead."

"The who?" Miss Sparkett glanced reprovingly at her sister.

"Well, they call him 'The Nut' up at The Hall. I have met Mr. Brown."

"And I have met Mr. Bernard Browne," rejoined the elder lady. "I am sure he is a good deal nicer than your friend, and, since he is going to be our guest, I hope Bob will treat him civilly."

The latter shrugged his shoulders. "Did I ask him here?"

"Is it your house?"

The youth coloured.

"What a rotter you can make of yourself, Edie! I'm hanged if I speak to the chap!" And, with that, Mr. Robert Sparkett, undergraduate of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, took himself off in high dudgeon to the stables. Unluckily for Mr. Bob, the Squire had not recovered his equanimity by lunch-time. He snapped at his daughters and ignored his son's existence till the meal was all but finished, when he announced that he wished the latter to meet the expected guest.

Bob Sparkett's face clouded. "But there are Heaton and Wilkes——"

"Heaton has asked my permission to go over to Southolt this morning, and I am sending Wilkes to Ipsley about some hay."

"I'll go, if you like, dad," said Miss Sparkett, to the amazement of her family, who knew her dislike for driving in the dark.

"Nonsense, Edith! And please permit me to speak. I was about to add, when you saw fit to interrupt, that it is a compliment to a guest to be met by one of the family personally."

Miss Sparkett, unabashed by the reproof, nodded as if to endorse her father's dictum.

"How am I to know the chap?" growled the victim.

"Mr. Bernard Browne is tall, good-looking——"

"How do you know that, Edie?" The younger sister's interest was aroused.

"I met Mr. Browne at Cambridge the summer before last—that is, if——" The young lady paused, somewhat confused. Luckily her parent, having taken it for granted that his son would meet the guest, was deep in *The Morning Post*.

"I'll bet you old stodger's nephew is nothing of the sort. Now, if it had been 'The Nut'——"

"Ah, if it had only been 'The Nut'!" echoed Constance Sparkett, as they filed out of the dining-room.

It was "The Nut." Mr. Sparkett, junior, clutched at an iron column with one hand, and at a passing porter with the other, on catching sight of Mr. Brown in the act of alighting from the London train. Mr. Richard Brown, setting eyes on his friend at the same moment, simulated a like astonishment by staggering backwards and collapsing upon a truckload of luggage.

"Dick!" Young Sparkett's amazement was genuine enough. "What on earth brings you here?"

"Well, I like that!" The other addressed himself to the indignant owner of the luggage. "Did you ever hear such colossal cheek? What am I doing here? Gentlemen, I will explain," he continued, turning for a wider audience to the guard of the train, a couple of ticket-collectors, and half a dozen loafers. "I will lay bare my secret. I am—

I make the confession with shame—the prospective guest of yonder congenital idiot, who is about to profess utter ignorance of my personality."

Robert Sparkett was far too bewildered to contemplate such a course.

"You didn't get my wire, then?" he stammered.

"On the contrary, I have it, and, what is more, will produce it." As Mr. Brown dived into an inner pocket of a capacious overcoat, two of the porters seized the opportunity for removing him from the luggage. "Gentlemen, unhand me! Behold my passport to the ancestral halls of the Sparketts!"

Waving a telegram dramatically in the faces of his hearers, he held it out for his friend's inspection.

"Come along, old man!" cried the other. "I'm jolly glad you're here, but that wire was not written by me. It's from the governor, and, though addressed to you, was meant for someone else, who, instead, must have got a telegram from me saying that the old man had cut up rough, and forbidden him to come down to Northbourne."

Telling a porter to follow them to the dog-cart with the luggage, he led Mr. Brown from the platform, and, ere the lights of Alchester were left behind, had caught something of the latter's buoyancy of spirit. It was the guest who showed signs of uneasiness.

"You can manage it all right; it will be time enough to talk of slipping back to town when the other Browne turns up. The governor is sure to take to you as soon as he sees you."

"But there are your sisters."

"You know Connie."

"What about Miss Sparkett? I don't know her."

Bob whistled. "And she knows the other chap. But I think Edie will play the game. When it comes to a rag, we hang together, as a rule."

"But if this other fellow turns up?"

"He is not in the least likely to. I wired to him that the governor was simply mad with rage, and even if he makes head or tail of it, he certainly won't come down. All that's wanted is a little bluff; nothing could be easier."

"Oh, nothing! You've convinced me of that," rejoined the other, a leaven of sarcasm in his tones and distinct misgiving in his mind, as the trap drew up before Northbourne Hall.

"Well, I'll back you up, and so will Connie."

"But there is Miss Sparkett," repeated the visitor, realising the quarter whence danger threatened, as he followed his friend up the steps.

"Yes, there she is." Master Bob spoke cheerily enough as he led the way into the hall. "And there's the governor! Buck up, old man, and play the game!"

Mr. Richard Brown played the game, and an uphill game he found it at the start, but, as the second son of the house expressed it, "The Nut" played himself into form.

"Glad to see you, my boy." The Squire was geniality itself. "We knew you could get down at a few hours' notice, but weren't quite sure whether we had hit on the right address."

Mr. Brown went so far as to produce the telegram he had exhibited at the station, and which he now replaced in his pocket with the utmost care. Then followed his introduction to the ladies. "The Nut" realised the gravity of the ordeal. Edith Sparkett bowed stiffly, meeting his glance with a stare that was most disconcerting. Her sister, though more cordial, was obviously shaking with merriment; the fact that Bob Sparkett's face was convulsed in winks and frowns did not add to her composure.

"You have met my brother, Mr. Brown," began Miss Sparkett uncompromisingly, her gaze never flinching. At this juncture Constance came to his rescue by suggesting tea, at the conclusion of which the Squire was soon deep in discussing the course of reading his visitor proposed, while Robert Sparkett found himself engaged in some delicate diplomatic work with the ladies of the household.

"I call it disgraceful, Bob."

"But, Edie, you will play the game? It's the fault of the telegrams, that have somehow gone wrong. After all, father has invited him."

Miss Sparkett looked doubtfully at her brother and younger sister. The precise reason for the state of her temper was a mystery to the other two.

"I think father ought to be told. He's bound to find out, and what will happen when Mr. Browne—Mr. Bernard Browne—comes down?"

"He won't come, Edith. Don't you understand he has got the wire I meant for 'The Nut'? It's sure to put him off."

"Surely you are not going to tell father, and spoil it all?" pleaded Constance.

"Certainly not," rejoined the indignant lady, with a toss of her head and an odd

inflection in her voice which woke the other's misgivings.

Meanwhile Mr. Richard Brown had made satisfactory headway with the Squire, admittedly no classic. With consummate tact his visitor pooh-poohed the necessity for scholarship, giving it as his opinion that

"'What's your father to me? You are mad, sir!'"

the youth of the present day would be the better, not for an intimate knowledge of the literature of Greece and Rome, but for the sturdy virtues of their parents, a love of law and order, a repudiation of modern political heresies, and, above all, respect for those in authority. Ten minutes later he was giving Mr. Sparkett, junior, a lively and highly-coloured account of the interview.

"If you don't look out, you will overdo it," said the latter, nettled that "The Nut" should have been discussing him with his parent.

At dinner the visitor made further advances in the Squire's good opinion, and, to Bob's thinking, considerably overdid it. Young Sparkett, who had entered upon the adventure with the keenest enjoyment and no little awe, realised that the jest was hardly developing upon the lines he had imagined. He resented the attitude adopted by his friend. and was conscious that his sisters thoroughly appreciated the situation; even Edith seemed mollified. It was a work of supererogation as offensive as childish for "The Nut" to catechise him upon the various courses of lectures he had attended the previous term. Once or twice, when he floundered for an answer, his father nodded grimly, while his younger sister was convulsed with laughter.

"Half-time, old sport," the victim muttered, whereupon "The Nut," who had eaten his dinner impassively, with only an occasional glance at Constance Sparkett, raised his brows.

"What was that, Robert?" The Squire's brows had come together ominously.

"Your son, I fancy, made use of a simile drawn from the football arena, which, I confess, is a little out of place at your table." A fleeting spasm of repulsion crossed the visitor's face. "Young men of the present

day lack polish on the football field as well as amid more refined surroundings."

Mr. Robert Sparkett, whose performance as "half" for his College had been stigmatised as deficient in polish, writhed beneath the thrust.

After dinner Bob sulked and plotted vengeance, the Squire slept peacefully whilst his eldest daughter busied herself with a letter for the morning's post, and Mr. Richard Brown had a lively "hundred up" with the younger Miss Sparkett in the billiard-room. At ten-thirty the head of the house said good-night to his visitor at the bottom of the stairs.

"We shall start with a little Virgil and Xenophon to-morrow, sir," said the latter genially. "I have no doubt that if your son has the smallest aptitude for the classics, I shall have little difficulty in finding it."

"He's found it," chuckled Bob Sparkett, who had been listening in the main corridor, as a thud and an exclamation, expressive of strong annoyance, were almost instantaneously followed by the jar of some metal object struck by a heavy weight, which in its turn was drowned in a splash.

Mr. Richard Brown, on entering his bedroom in the west wing, had been greeted with a wet sponge full on the nape of the neck, and the next moment, barking his shins on the edge of a hip-bath, had stumbled on hands and knees into a foot of ice-cold water. When the Squire arrived upon the scene, he found the young gentlemen engaged in the bitterest recriminations.

"Unheard of!" At white-heat the autocrat of the village had dispatched Robert Sparkett to his room. "How dare he treat a guest of mine like this in my house? I must apologise!"

"Pray don't, sir." "The Nut" was quick to recover his temper.

"I insist on apologising. Let me know at once if there is a recurrence of this hooliganism."

Though the friends were reconciled before midnight, to outward appearance there was an atmosphere of tension at breakfast the following morning. Bob Sparkett insisted in addressing the visitor as "Sir"; the latter responded with the easier familiarity of "My boy," on the strength of which Miss Constance promised herself a full week's enjoyment. Her sister, though amused, had reasons of her own for not anticipating so long a period of entertainment. The Squire, however, persisted in detecting signs of insubordination and hostility in his unlucky son, and, to the disgust of his hearers, announced his intention of having an early luncheon and taking his guest for a walk.

"What rot, when we might have had a try for some snipe!" said Master Bob, in the seclusion of the smoking-room. "The fact is, you have overdone it with a vengeance, old man. The governor's much too keen on you. I wish you joy of the walk, but somehow you deserve it. You will have a time—a complete history of the game laws, the Alchester drainage scheme, and the powers and responsibilities of a Justice of the Peace."

All these the visitor got, with a good many more, before they reached Alchester, by a circuitous route of rather more than five miles. In the town the Squire had business with a local solicitor.

"I may be half an hour, I may be longer," said he, on the steps of the lawyer's office. "You might have a look round the place and meet me here later on."

Mr. Brown was relieved. His head was swimming, and there being nothing to see in Alchester, had there been sufficient light for a tour of inspection, he made a bee-line across the High Street for a confectioner's, before which a yellow-wheeled dog-cart was waiting in the charge of a commissionaire. Making his way into a large tea-room behind the shop, he seated himself at a table, ordered refreshment, and picked up a periodical. It was hopelessly out of date, and after a couple of minutes' perusal, he tossed it aside and glanced round the room. The next moment his longing for tea had vanished. Seated at a table not half a dozen paces from him were a man and a woman. The latter, Miss Edith Sparkett, was facing him. Apparently she had been watching him since his entrance. Her glance was cold to freezing, but the flicker of a smile was at play at the corners of her mouth, as, leaning forward, she said something to her companion.

"My bill," stammered Mr. Brown, dimly realising the occasion called for speedy and decided action.

"But you ordered an egg," protested the waitress.

"My train's just going; I had clean forgotten it." He rose from his chair, but, as he did so, the girl turned away to answer a bell at the further end of the room. Miss Sparkett and her companion had risen also. Long ere Mr. Brown could make up his mind as to his line of conduct, she had reached the shop. Her escort, bill in hand, followed her quickly. As "The Nut" beckoned

limply to the waitress, he had a vision of the pair mounting into the yellow-wheeled vehicle, which was out of sight when at last he reached the entrance. However, as if to make amends for the disappearance of the dog-cart, he found himself face to face with the Squire.

"Here you are!" cried Sparkett. "I got through my business sooner than I expected. Is anything the matter?"

"I—I wasn't feeling just the thing," stammered his guest. "In fact, I—I'm feeling far from well."

"The rabbit at lunch, I expect. Have some tea."

"I've just had some."

"Have some more, then, with me." The Squire bustled into the shop. Mr. Brown had some more tea, but it did nothing to improve his condition.

"It must be the rabbit," repeated Sparkett, upon whom the other's evident uneasiness was not lost. "You'll be all right when you get home."

"If you don't mind, I think I had better get home—to town, I mean."

"To town? My dear boy, what nonsense! To think of anyone taking himself off to London just because he had eaten too much rabbit at lunch!"

"Rabbit!" The sufferer started violently, precipitating a third of the Squire's tea into the saucer. "Did I eat rabbit?"

"Two helpings."

"Good gracious, you don't mean that?" Mr. Brown sank back in his chair. "And the specialist distinctly told me that I must never touch it! There's nothing for it but to get back to town by the next train."

"Rubbish, man! What you want is some brandy. You can walk as far as the station, and there we'll take a fly." And, in spite of his protests, to the station "The Nut" was marched, dosed with brandy, and thrust into a cab, his mind in a state of chaos. He would have persuaded himself that his fears were groundless, the odds were against Miss Sparkett's companion proving to be his namesake whose place he had usurped, and yet a guilty conscience prompted the gloomiest forebodings.

"It's indigestion," insisted the Squire authoritatively.

"No," faltered his companion. "On the contrary——"

"Don't contradict me on the subject of indigestion. Indigestion it is."

The patient shook his head, but made no audible remark.

"Whipper's cabs are a disgrace, an outrage," pursued the other, mistaking his companion's moans for the creaking of the ramshackle vehicle. "You have been like this before, I suppose?"

"Only twice." Mr. Brown shuddered. "The third attack, they say, may be fatal."

"Don't you believe it. Doctor Drencher will put you right in a couple of hours."

They reached The Hall at last, by which time "The Nut" was in a state bordering on collapse. Indeed, so awkwardly did he mount the steps leading up to the porch, that the Squire, on whose arm he was leaning, all but missed his footing.

"Bless my soul, man!" gasped the latter. And then suddenly annoyance gave way to blank surprise as a tall figure emerged from before the fire with some signs of suppressed excitement.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Sparkett?" began the apparition, which Brown recognised in a moment.

"You are, sir. May I ask what you are doing here? I will not see anyone on business at this hour, as my butler should have told you. Have the servants all gone mad?"

"On that point, sir, I can give you no precise information," rejoined the stranger, "but I must ask you to explain immediately——"

He got no further.

"Must, sir, to me, in my house!" The Squire was incoherent, blind with passion, so blind, indeed, as to be utterly oblivious of the scared face of his younger son, raised above the balustrade which ran round the gallery at the head of the stairs, or of the fact that the invalid's arm was no longer in his.

"My father——" stammered the other with rising heat, which failed, however, to keep pace with Sparkett's.

"What's your father to me? You are mad, sir, and should be under restraint! If——" From the tail of his eye he had caught sight of "The Nut" making his way up the stairs on hands and knees. "Bless my soul, what's the matter with that young lunatic?"

"But your telegram," continued his latest visitor, unfolding a piece of paper he held in his hands, "what does it mean? 'Don't come. Revered parent mad. Writing. Sparkett.' Let me tell you it is of no moment to me whether your servants are sane or the reverse, but since my father is,

I presume, in your house, I claim the right of inquiring as to his condition."

Settling his glasses on his nose, the Squire scanned the telegram, and then stared at his *vis-à-vis*.

"Your name, sir? Who sent you this telegram?"

"My name is Browne."

"Browne?" The gold-rimmed pince-nez dropped. "Bernard Browne! Browne is here!" stammered the bewildered magnate.

"As I understand by your telegram, sir," replied the other, "from which I gather that Mr. Browne is suffering from some seizure."

"Seizure? Rubbish! It's no more than indigestion."

"Then why explicitly state that my father is mad, Mr. Sparkett? To say the least of it, such a jest is in the worst taste. Let me refer you to the wording of your wire, which was delivered at my rooms in Hobart Place yesterday morning. I happened to be away."

Equally at a loss, the men fronted each other in silence, and it was left for Miss Edith Sparkett, who emerged from the drawing-room at that moment, to throw the first rays of light upon the obscurity of the situation.

"This is Mr. Bernard Browne, father, as he has told you himself. Mr. Bernard Browne, the son of Mr. Walter Browne, who——"

"Then who—who is the impostor who has just sneaked up the stairs?"

"I think he is Mr. Brown, dad," replied his daughter imperturbably—"at least, I understood he was Mr. Brown. But perhaps Bob or Connie——"

In a flash the Squire's mental horizon was illuminated. He turned, without a word to his old friend's son or to Miss Sparkett, and, taking the stairs two steps at a time, plunged down the corridor leading into the west wing. Entering Mr. Richard Brown's room, he ran full tilt against Mr. Robert Sparkett, whom he had fast by the arm in a moment.

"What are you doing here?" he cried, pointing to the bed, on which lay an outstretched figure. "And what is he doing there?"

"I'm afraid he's been taken ill," faltered the wretched Bob, whose nerves had been upon the rack since the unlooked-for appearance of Mr. Bernard Browne in his sister's company.

"Ill! Who is ill? Answer me that, sir!" Dragging his son with him, he strode to the bed. "What business have you in my house? Why are you lying here?"

The patient raised himself upon his elbow with a groan. Doubt, reproach, and intensest suffering were written on his face.

"One question at a time, my dear sir"—the speaker pressed his hands to his brow—"and slightly lower tones, if you please. I am in your house at your invitation. I am in this bed——"

"At my invitation? What on earth do you mean, you impudent dyspeptic?"

"The Nut" caught his breath as if in pain.

"Would it be possible for you to moderate your tones, Mr. Sparkett? Thank you. The slightest noise, you know, is agonising." He thrust one of his hands beneath the pillow. "Here, sir, is what I take to be your invitation."

With a strange misgiving, and yet with an inkling of the truth, the Squire snatched a telegram from the outstretched hand. He read slowly: "Come to-day. Meeting three p.m. from Euston. Sparkett, Northbourne." And, producing a similar slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket, he turned upon his son. For a moment he eyed him in silence.

"Robert, am I mad?"

Robert coloured. "No, not—not raving mad—wrathy, I meant," he stammered. And then, with a glance at the sufferer: "Not mad like 'The Nut.'"

"'The Nut'!" snorted Mr. Sparkett, crushing the two telegrams in his hand. "I certainly owe Mr. Bernard Browne an explanation. For the life of me, I scarcely know whether Mr. Richard Brown should ask my pardon, or I his; but before dinner to-night, you, Robert, shall certainly apologise to the three of us."

THE ONLY WORD.

GENIAL FOREIGNER: Ah, Miss Ethel, you vos sing most putiful! Der is only von vord in der English lanckvidge dat describes it—und I haf vorgotten it!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

HOLIDAY TRIOLETS.

(*He soliloquising.*)

She was smiling afar,
While I strolled on the pier
In my new Panama;
She was smiling afar.
Quite a conquest, ha, ha!
Oh, the sweet little dear,
She was smiling afar,
While I strolled on the pier.

(*She soliloquising.*)

What a smirking young fool,
In that bad-fitting hat;
Newly fledged from his school
He must be! What a fool!
How intolerably cool,
Blinking there like a cat;
What a smirking young fool,
In that bad-fitting hat!

Arthur Compton-Rickett.

A REMINISCENT gossip records of Mark Twain that once when he was being shaved by a very talkative barber, he was forced to listen to many of his anecdotes.

The barber had to strop his razor, and when he was ready, brush in hand, to commence again, he asked—

"Shall I go over it again?"

"No, thanks," drawled Mark. "It's hardly necessary. I think I can remember every word."

THE professor was delivering the final lecture of the term. He dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that each student should devote all the intervening time to preparing for the final examinations.

"The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?"

Silence prevailed. Suddenly a voice from the rear inquired—

"Who's the printer?"

A MAN of considerable wealth, and very conscientious as well, was obliged to dismiss his gardener for dishonesty.

As the gardener had a wife and family dependent upon him, however, the rich man gave him a "character" and framed it in this way—

"I hereby certify that John Dodge has been in my employ as a gardener for three years, and during that time he has got more out of the garden than any other man I have ever employed."

A LITTLE boy had listened, absorbed, to the story of the Ark, and at its conclusion said: "But did they have two mice in, auntie, and two blackbeetles?" "Yes," was the reply. "Oh, then they'd never have got Cook in!"

OUR LIMITATIONS.

THIS is an anticipative age. We eat, or rather munch, predigested foods; read the night editions of our papers at noon; propose babies in the cradle for membership in our clubs; have our life insurance policies mature while we are alive and hearty. We devise methods of careful culture that should people our land with prodigies; by an improved system of wills we control the destinies of many generations yet to be; and we decide for all time what shall be classic in literature and art. We put into type the obituary notices of men and women still in their prime; we buy and sell crops before they are planted, and pay dividends on mines that have not yet yielded enough metal for an assay. By psycho-therapy we cure people before they have ailments, and with the aid of devoted mediums peep behind screens and through trap-doors into eternity. We have developed so much wisdom, such fatidical foresight, that we have come to speak almost patronisingly of posterity.

Yet our failures have been as pronounced as our triumphs. Our utter and unaccountable lack of success in predicting next year's styles in fiction, warships, psychology, or women's head-gear, and our hopeless inability to forecast to-morrow's meteorological performances, should certainly modify our blustering. Nor should we forget the ideal future that we promised ourselves, and the Brobdingnagian article that was handed us.

THE KIND ACTION.

BOY SCOUT (to burglar in a hurry): Pardon me, sir, but I think you must have dropped this string of pearls!

WRAPPED in his dressing-gown, and with feet encased in slippers, Franz Liszt, the composer, was sitting comfortably one evening in his arm-chair, ready for work and inviting inspiration. On the floor above, in the apartments of a banker, a noisy musical *soirée* was in progress. Dance had succeeded dance, when suddenly the door of the banker's room opened, and Liszt entered, still wrapped in his dressing-gown. The astonishment of the company may be imagined. With slow steps Liszt walked toward the piano, and the young player who was sitting at it quickly left his placc. Liszt sat down at the instrument, carelessly swept his fingers over the keys as if to play, and then suddenly shut it up and put the key in his pocket. With the same tranquil air with which he had entered, he went out and returned to his room, where he worked at his ease.

A MAN who had taken an interest in the "back to the land" movement, and had gone so far as to invest in a bungalow, met a friend who was anxious to know how he had prospered.

"Was that one of those portable bungalows you bought?" asked the friend.

"I believe it was," replied the other rather ruefully. "The wind soon carried it away."

IN a "general knowledge" paper, a boy declared that all he knew of Mr. Pickwick was that he was the inventor of steel pens, which came as a blessing to men.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

From a photograph by Campbell Gray

Photo by] [*Daily Mirror.*

THE BLACK WATCH LEAVING ALDERSHOT FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

THE MEN OF THE ALLIED ARMIES

AND THEIR GREAT TRADITIONS

By EDGAR WALLACE

NAMUR — Malplaquet — Waterloo — Nivelle — Oudenarde — well might the men of the Expeditionary Army, studying the map of the country through which they lately passed, hail these names as familiar, for once again, after a lapse of from one hundred to two hundred years, the men of regiment after regiment found themselves traversing places which were inscribed in gold thread upon their silken colours—ground across which their heroic predecessors had fought and died for the honour of their country, and to the everlasting glory of the battered battalions.

Belgium, and especially that line which has lately been held so gallantly, is the traditional battlefield of the Army, and there could have been no more inspiring accident of war than that which brought them to the scene of their ancestors' triumph. That it was less than accident, we know. Belgium and Poland were foredoomed to be the cockpit of Europe. Strategically and geographically, Belgium, at any rate, offered the most advantageous field for the moving of colossal forces. For the first time in military history every British regiment of foot will, in all probability, be represented in the field; and, if it so happens, we shall not find, at the conclusion of the war, that curious circumstance which we now find, namely, that certain regiments have not inscribed upon their colours the name of a single European battle. These regiments include the 2nd Dragoons, the 19th Hussars (which regiment makes up for the deficiency

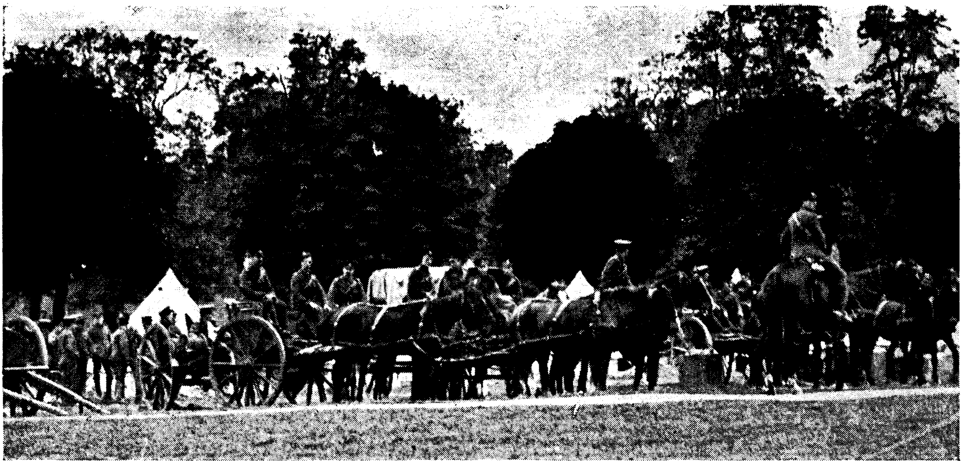


Photo by] [*Clarke & Hyde.*

ROYAL ENGINEERS.

by having on its colours the unexpected battle honour "Niagara"), the Leicestershire Regiment, the Cheshire Regiment, the Royal Sussex, the Welsh Regiment, the North Staffordshire Regiment, the Leinster Regiment, the Royal Munsters, and the Dublin Fusiliers. None of these regiments has hitherto fought on any European battlefield. It is a remarkable fact that not only the Napoleonic wars, the Marlborough campaigns, but the Crimean War passed these regiments by without engaging them.

The explanation for this is to be found, so far as the Napoleonic wars are concerned, in the American War of Independence, which employed quite a large proportion of the Army; and it is also to be found in the fact that several of the regiments named were originally in the pay of "John Company"—the Honourable East India Company. The Leicesters, Cheshires, and the Royal Sussex have "Louisburg" on their colours, whilst one regiment at least claims "Detroit," a fact which will be of some interest to the good citizens of that flourishing city. In this connection, it may be said that many of the traditions of the British Army were born in America. The East Yorkshire Regiment, for instance, earned their nickname, "The Snappers," in that war, for, running short of ammunition, they disguised the fact—being assured that in the general roll of musketry from the enemy their deception would pass unnoticed—by raising their guns and "snapping" the triggers, as though they were actually firing. It has passed into the legendry of the regiment that the enemy, overawed by this

Photo by] [*Clarke & Hyde.*

A BRITISH HOWITZER BATTERY IN ACTION.

Photo by] [*Bassano.*

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER,
Secretary of State for War.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH,
Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force.

Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN.
With the Expeditionary Force.

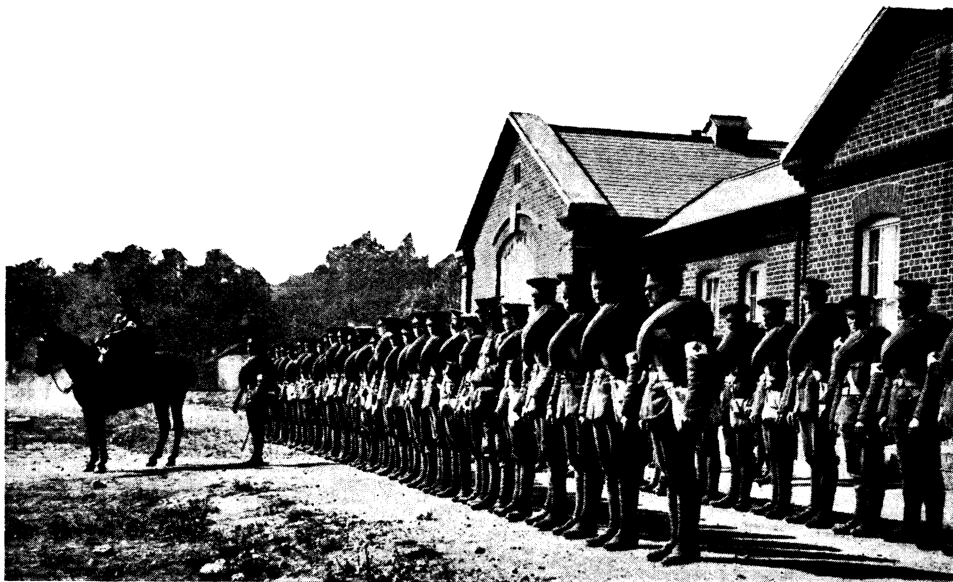


Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

THE SANITARY DETACHMENT OF THE R.A.M.C.

evidence of inexhaustible supply of munition when they had been led to expect a shortage, retired.

The 60th (King's Royal Rifle Corps) was actually raised in America under the title of the "62nd Royal American Provincials." The regiment, as it was then constituted, was largely made up of Germans. The 29th (Worcester Regiment) fired the first shots in the American War of Independence, whilst the 32nd (The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) owe their nickname, "The Red Feathers," to a singular act of chivalry in that same war.

The regiment had surprised an American column and had badly mauled it, the Americans losing 300 killed. Thereupon the colonists had vowed neither to give nor to take from the 32nd any quarter. The 32nd Regiment was not dismayed, but it was

Photo by] [*Clarke & Hyde.*

MOUNTED INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY,
Chief of Staff to Sir John French.

Photo by] [*Maull & Fox.*
MAJOR-GENERAL EDMUND ALLENBY.
With the Expeditionary Force.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.
With the Expeditionary Force.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*
MAJOR-GENERAL W. P. PULTENEY.
With the Expeditionary Force.

Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN BOULOGNE.

anxious that no other British regiment should suffer from such drastic treatment, and it notified its enemy that in future the regiment would be distinguished by the wearing of a bunch of red feathers, so that no mistake should be made. Though the feathers are no longer worn, red is employed as a backing for all badges, and when on foreign service the regiment is distinguished by wearing thin red "slips" to the pugarees of its helmets.

Yet another regiment with a peculiar active service record is the Prince of Wales' North Staffordshire Regiment. This is one of the few regiments—I think the Durhams is the only other—which has fought over the old battle-grounds of Cyrus and of Alexander the Great. Through the wonderful mountain passes of Bushire and South-Western Persia this regiment established a fine record.

The 60th Rifles is not the only regiment in the Army with a record of Germanic influence. There was a very strong leaven in the beginnings of the Leinster Regiment, now one of the most Irish of the Irish Corps, though a large proportion of the regiment were Liverpool Irish a few years ago.

The Leinsters earned their nickname of "The German Legion" in the old days—probably on account of the large number of soldiers of that nationality who came over

Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN BOULOGNE.

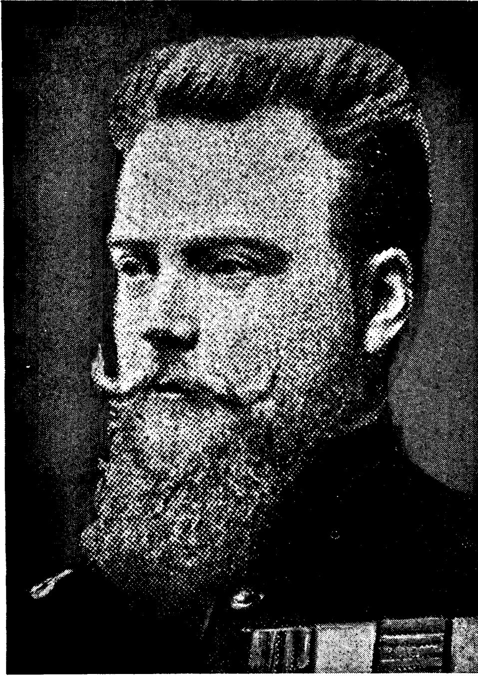


Photo by] [*Central News.*

GENERAL LEMAN,

Commander in the heroic defence of Liège by the Belgians.

with the regiment when it was incorporated in the British Army—for this, too, was another of John Company's forces, as were the Dublin Fusiliers ("The Lambs"). The battle flag of this splendid regiment would puzzle any but a close student of our history overseas. Very few, indeed, will be able to place the battles of Mundy Droog, Amboyna, Banda,

Photo by] [*H. Manuel.*

GENERAL JOFFRE,

Commander-in-Chief of the French Army.

and Beni Boo Ally, which are four of the twenty odd honours they carry. Like that of the Kaiser's Regiment, the motto of the Dublin Fusiliers is *Spectamur agendo* ("We are judged by our deeds").

The tiger in the regimental crest may usually be taken to indicate a converted East India regiment, an exception being the Leicestershire Regiment, whose tiger is of a

GENERAL BARON WAHIS,

Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian Army.

variety unknown to the zoologist—namely, a green one. This is worn in consequence of having, in the Nepaulese wars, captured a royal banner which bore this curiosity of heraldry.

Few of our regiments carry more than a name on their colours to remind them of their association with Belgium, but one which is imperishably associated with one of the great fortresses now familiar to us all, is the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, whose motto is *Virtutis Namurcensis Præmium* ("The reward of valour at Namur"), they having assisted in reducing the fortress in 1695.

A GROUP OF BRITISH AND FRENCH OFFICERS PHOTOGRAPHED AT A FRENCH CAMP.

(From left to right in front): Major-Gen. Allenby, Lieut.-Gen. Sir James Grierson, who died from heart failure soon after the Expeditionary Force had reached France, Lieut.-Col. Vicomte de la Panouse, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Douglas Haig.

Many of the nicknames which are attached to regiments are obsolete, but some there are which stick. I doubt whether "The Red Feathers," of whom I have spoken, are ever called "The Lacedemonians." Yet that is a title which they once bore, due to a former colonel having halted the regiment whilst it was under a heavy fire and delivering a long address on the courage and valour of the Lacedemonian legions in battle; but other nicknames there are which have stuck.

No present-day soldier would hesitate to tell you that "The Holy Boys" were the Norfolk Regiment. The Norfolks have a figure of Britannia as their crest, and this was mistaken by the Spanish peasantry in the days of the Peninsular campaign for a medallion of the Virgin Mary. The Norfolks, by the way, have "Rule Britannia" as their regimental march, the only British regiment enjoying this distinction.

Nor would any doubt exist, if "The Die-hards" were mentioned, that the regiment referred to was the Middlesex. This, I think, is one of the strongest held of all the nicknames. The Middlesex has always been a splendid fighting unit, and never forgets that at Albuera, under a terrible fire, it held a position regarded as untenable, its Colonel

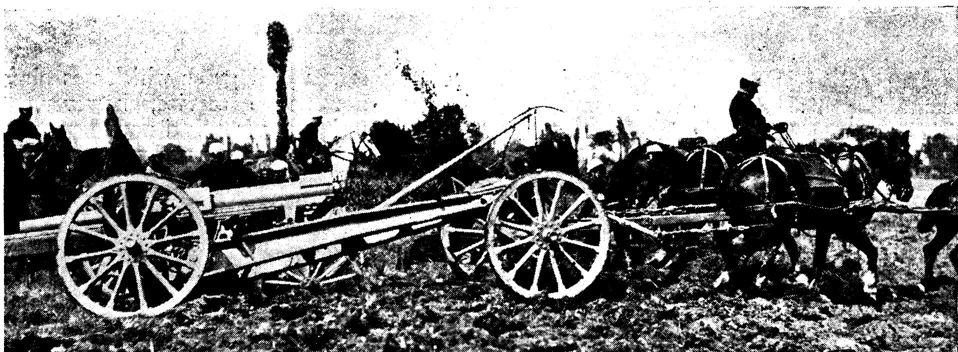


Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

THE NEW FRENCH SIEGE GUN.

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

A FRENCH MITRAILLEUSE SECTION.

Photo by] [*Hennebert.*

MEN OF THE FRENCH REGIMENT OF TIRAILLEURS.

(Ingliss) riding up and down the line, encouraging his men with the injunction, "Die hard, men, die hard!"

"The Kamarhas" is a title which still sticks to the Cameron Highlanders, though few know its origin. It comes from the Gaelic "Ca ma tha?" ("How are you?"), addressed by its commander, Sir Allan Cameron, to his kindred who formed the regiment in its inception. There is one "Devil's Own" regiment to-day, the 88th Connaught Rangers; and in the 93rd (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) there is a corps which bears a nickname familiar wherever the English language is spoken. This is the famous "thin red line" leaving only a dull green which was almost black. For active service, however, the colour of the kilt is khaki nowadays. The Black Watch distinguished itself in the Peninsular War and again at Waterloo.

It is impossible within the scope of this article to deal adequately with the regiments and their distinctions *seriatim*. There is no regiment which is not a rich mine of romance, no flag but carries some eloquent history in a score of pregnant words. It is a customary honour paid to friendly monarchs on the Continent to appoint them honorary colonels of our crack corps. The Kaiser is Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st Royal Dragoons, which was hurried home from

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

FRENCH CAVALRY ON THE MARCH.

which stood off charge after charge of Russian cavalry in the Crimean War. A regiment always of peculiar interest to our French allies is the Lancashire Fusiliers, for it furnished the guard at Longwood, St. Helena, on the night of Napoleon Bonaparte's death.

The Black Watch (42nd Highlanders), about which a rumour of disaster was falsely circulated in the early days of the war, owes its name to the fact that when the regiment was amalgamated from distinct Highland companies into a complete regiment, the difficulty of blending the different tartans —Campbell, Grant, and Munro—was got over by omitting all the bright colours, South Africa at the beginning of the war. The Kaiser has always taken a great interest in the regiment, a circumstance which adds a curious point of interest to his part in the war. The crest is, appropriately enough, an eagle, and the motto "Let me be judged by my deeds." The Czar's regiment is the famous Scots Greys, and the aged Emperor of Austria's is the King's Dragoon Guards, who were in India when the war started.

For the present campaign a new unit of the British Forces has been formed in what is to be known as "The Sanitary Detachment." It is composed of one officer, one warrant-officer, and 70 men, all drawn from the

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

A PATROL OF FRENCH DRAGOONS.

R.A.M.C. These men have been specially trained to act as sanitary inspectors.

Amongst their numerous duties they will test all water supplies, and inspect the meat and general food supplies in all towns and villages which our troops may have to pass through.

The officer, besides being a fully qualified Army surgeon, is a specialist in all kinds of fevers.

Many and splendid are the traditions of the French Army. There is that corps which for generations has preserved the precious fiction of including on its strength that heroic young nobleman who fought and died in its ranks. His is the first name called on parade, and it is the duty of the senior non-commissioned officer to answer, "He has died upon the field of honour."

It was in connection with this roll-call at the departure of the regiment, after the outbreak of hostilities, that there was witnessed one of the most moving and emotional scenes which the outbreak of the war called forth. The whole regiment, unable to contain itself, roared with one voice: "Vive la France!"

Who has not heard of the Foreign Legion, that "scallywag brigade" of which Ouida wrote so convincingly and with so little accuracy? "The hardest regiment in the world," they have been described by military

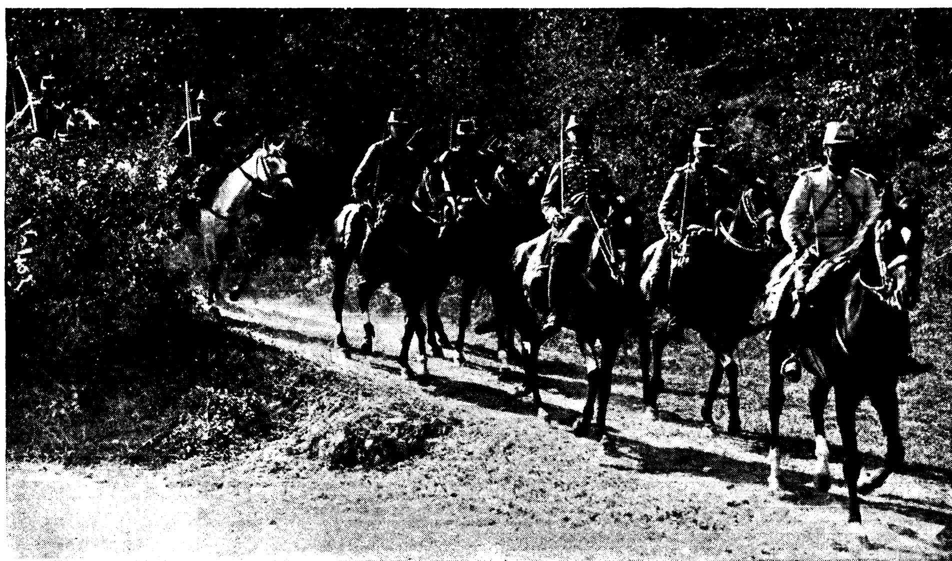


Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

A FRENCH CAVALRY PATROL

experts, and certainly their training and their discipline are like iron.

It is curious, remembering the large number of coloured troops which we have in our service, that France, with smaller colonial possessions, should have been the first country so far to put a coloured corps in the field. These are the famous Turcos, which is the slang phrase for "tirailleurs." "Tirailleurs" means, as near as possible, "marksmen."

The Turcos, however, are not a negro staple articles of diet. Being an Arab, he is capable of enduring tremendous hardships, and of living under conditions which would prove impossible to the European; and in this connection it may be mentioned that he carries some hundred pounds of equipment when on the march.

The uniform resembles that of the Zouave, that picturesque semi-Turkish costume with which the average reader will be acquainted. The difference between the Zouave and himself is, of course, that the Zouave is a white

Photo by] [*Hennebert.*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS IN THE FIRING LINE WITH HIS ARMY.

regiment, the larger proportion being pure-blooded Arab stock. There are a few French and a few negroes, and the officers and non-commissioned officers are in the main French. This is one of the sturdiest colonial regiments in the world, not excluding our own Ghurkhas—I am using the word "colonial" in its broadest sense—and France employed them in the campaign of 1870.

The Turco is a fairly easy man to feed; semolina and a little vegetable, and occasionally a modicum of goat's flesh, form his

man enlisted for service in Algeria. Even to this day the memory of the Turcos' furious charges in 1870 remains in the German Army.

The Belgian soldier, whose prowess is the revelation of the campaign, owes his present efficiency to a system of conscription which the present War Minister introduced. Before this it was possible for a man who had drawn the "unlucky number" to "purchase" a substitute for a few pounds. But valour in the Belgian soldier is no discovery.

FRENCH DRAGOONS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONTIER.

Drawn by W. B. Wollen, R.I., from a sketch made near Nancy by Philip Gibbs

Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

BELGIAN INFANTRY MARCHING TO MEET THE ENEMY.

It is the habit of those who read history loosely to speak in disparaging terms of the Belgian soldiers at Waterloo, "who," says one historian, "retired from the field of battle and did not draw rein until they reached Brussels."

What is forgotten is that, a day or so previous to this fight, the Belgians had fought a most gallant battle at Quatre Bras against Ney. Indeed, the part the British played on that historic field was inconsiderable by the side of the Belgian feat of arms.

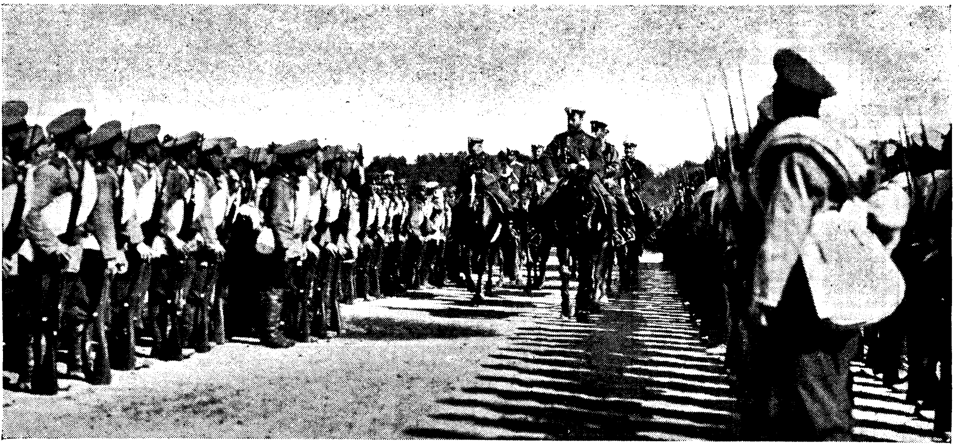
They held a position from early morning with magnificent tenacity, disobeying the order to retire, and it was not until 2.30 in the afternoon that the British Army came up to their relief.

The Belgian regiments are largely made up of "industrials," and there is a legend that one regiment, chiefly recruited from the

Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

A GRIM WAR HARVEST.

Belgian outposts concealed behind the cut corn, which in all probability can never be harvested.



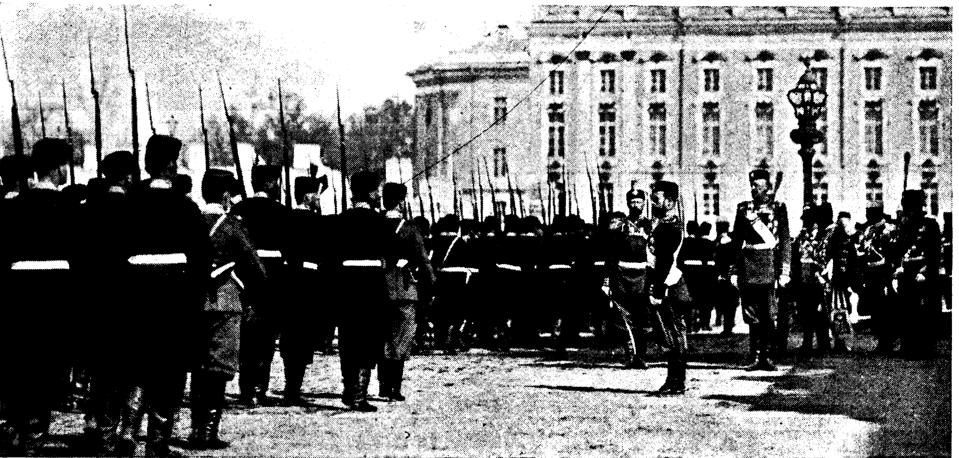
THE RUSSIAN ARMY: THE CZAR REVIEWING THE TSCHERKASKY REGIMENT.

small-arms makers of Liège, improved on the Government rifle served out to them with so many extraordinary devices that it was necessary to prohibit "improvement" by a general order.

Their light artillery is one of the best of its kind in the world, and, remembering the small number of men in the Army, the cavalry units are remarkably well trained.

The cyclist corps is a very effective branch of the Army, and the cyclist battalions have well justified their foundation in the present war. The cycle can be folded up and carried on the back as part of the soldier's kit, and the men march thus when the roads are bad or when it is necessary to cross broken ground. The cyclists suffered considerably from the operations of the enemy's armoured motor-cars, strangely enough, so that we saw a new and an old form of pleasure-making pressed to the savage usages of war.

The outstanding feature of the Russian Army—and, for the matter of that, of the Russian peasantry generally—is the deep religious feeling which animates all ranks. Religion plays a big part in the everyday life of the Army, and some regiments possess ikons which are regarded as of considerable potency. The famous Guard Corps are supposed to be the finest heavy infantry in the world. Contrary to the general belief, the men are as alert and as emotional as their French comrades, and the discipline combines the rigid character of the German with the fraternal and friendly association between officer and man that we see in France. The traditions of the innumerable regiments differ in point of appeal with the region from which the army corps are raised, but in one thing they bear a strong resemblance—a profound reverence for the Czar, which can be likened only to the spirit which



THE RUSSIAN ARMY: PARADE OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD GRENADIERS BEFORE THE CZAR.

Two photographs by Bulla, St. Petersburg.

animates the Japanese Army in their regard for the Mikado.

A story typical alike of this devotion and of the attitude of the Czar toward his people is told of a peasant who received orders to mobilise when on his way through the forest leading a cow to pasture land. The village postman read him the mobilisation order, and without hesitation the man left his cow with the postman and started off for the military centre where he had to report himself. It was a year before he came back from Manchuria, and his first task was to discover the cow. The postman disclaimed all knowledge of the beast, and the man complained to the head of his village. Eventually the story of the reservist and his cow reached the Czar. Something like a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the whereabouts of the animal—a commission which must have cost the value of many beasts—and eventually a solemn finding was issued which found everything but the cow. Eventually a cow was sent from the Czar's own farm, and was exhibited by the reservist at all the country fairs for a consideration. It is no wonder that the man's regiment now bears a nickname which may be euphemistically translated "The Cow-Finders."

The old feudal traditions die hard in Russia, and the personal bond between officer and men is a very strong one. Regiments raised in one district are more frequently officered by landowners and members of the governing caste from the same section of country, and this fact accounts for the excellent *morale* of the regiments.

THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE FRENCH FORCES AT ALTKIRCH.

A sketch from an artist at the front, finished by Gilbert Holiday.

THE TWO GRAND DUCHESSES

By
JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY G C WILMSHURST

ON the Moika Canal, in Petersburg, not so very far from the Nevsky Prospekt, there is a restaurant before whose shining door-lights every Russian gourmet uncovers and bows his head. Cubat's is an excellent place at which to lunch or dine—especially to lunch—and certainly deserves its great reputation. Pivato's is smaller, quieter, and has its friends; Ernest's, out in the islands, is by no means to be despised; Donon's is all very well, *but* when summer comes, and the leaves of the trees are out full, when the evening air is soft and warm and fragrant, when the little blue stars have ceased to shiver in that Northern sky, and have drawn nearer and become yellow and still and lazy in their courses, then in all the European world east of Paris—and I do not except even Yar or Mavritania in Moscow—there is no such lovely spot to dine as at Contant's on the Moika Canal, and there is no such food and wine as you eat and drink there, no such music as the Italian orchestra on the terrace plays for you as you sit over your dinner.

You go in from the Canal through a long passage, through the winter restaurant, empty now save for the Zakouska buffet, where you may pause, if you like, and eat your *hors d'œuvres*, standing, Russian fashion, and so you come into a deep garden of tall trees and many little white tables, and soft electric lights up in the tree-tops, and gravel underfoot, and the sound of voices and laughter and of music from the band on the terrace, and hurrying waiters who carry bottles of burgundy with extreme tenderness, as if they were new babies instead of old wine, and mustn't be wakened until bitten into.

At the very back of the garden there is a long covered gallery like a pergola, which

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contains one or two rows—I forget which—of tables, and at the two sides there are, instead of similar galleries, little open octagonal pavilions painted yellow and white, with red roofs and white curtains round about them. When you desire to entertain anyone with whom you do not wish to be seen in public, or who does not wish to be seen with you, you engage one of these minute retreats, and Contant does the rest. The same cool evening breeze that bathes the common throng out beyond steals in to you there; the same incomparable food is smuggled, from behind, upon your secluded table; you hear the voices and the laughter, the clink of sabres and the ring of spurs; the boy contralto in the band sings sentimental songs of Italy with a sob of passion that seems to be breaking his exiled young heart; between the curtains that shut you in from the world you peep out to see how many of your friends may be seated within a hundred feet of your privacy; and then you drop the curtains again and turn your eyes across the little table.

Young Mr. Manners, attached to the American Embassy, leaned back in his chair with a sigh of repletion and began to stir a lump of sugar into his coffee.

"I like this place," said he, nodding his head emphatically. "I think it is the pleasantest place in Europe to dine. I like the food and the drink. I like the trees and the band, and the pretty ladies in Paris hats, and the pretty officers with them. I like the gay spirit that everybody brings here—as if there wasn't a care in the world—and I like to think that the stout gentleman yonder with the grey beard, who looks as if he imported German sausages or exported Russian caviare, is very possibly a police spy, and that fair lady with the enormous pearls is very possibly another.

"I like to think," said young Mr. Manners, nodding towards the row of blithe little curtained pavilions, the nearest of which was not more than fifteen feet from where he and his friends sat, "I like to think that in one of those kiosk things there may be a young and beautiful Grand Duchess, who has stolen away from the paternal palace to dine with a handsome subaltern of hussars whom she adores, but can never, never marry.

"I like," said he, smiling back at the laughter of his friends, "I like to think that something secret and romantic and delightful like that may be at this moment going on in the kiosk nearest us, the one I'm looking at. And why not? In Russia anything is possible."

And at just that moment, as if his words had carried across the fifteen feet to the people within the pavilion, which in that general babble of talk and music they couldn't possibly have done, the curtains parted a little way, and a woman looked out.

She may have imagined that, with her back to the light on her own table, and a tall tree just before the kiosk shutting off the glow from the nearest electric globe, she was safe from recognition, and so, perhaps, she was, save by those at the two or three near-by tables. She looked at first over Mr. Manners's head, a swift glance that swept the big garden in a wide circle, then dropped her eyes and met those of the young man seated below. For a moment she stared at him intently, as if she were trying to remember where they two had met before, then uttered a sudden exclamation, stepped back, and the white curtains fell into place once more.

Young Manners leaned forward excitedly over the table.

"I say," he demanded, "I say, did any of you see that woman's face just now—did you?" Neither the Lembergs nor Paul de Vries nor Baron Sholtz had chanced to be looking in that direction, but old Steinbrücke, the German First Secretary, who never confessed that he had missed or was ignorant of anything, nodded heavily, saying—

"Yess, I haf seen de lady." And the little Countess Shishkine, who seemed to reflect something of the young American's excitement, asked—

"Why, what about her?"

"I've met her," Manners said. "That is, I met her in a very informal fashion five months ago, when I first came to Petersburg. I met her just once, and she was very, very kind to me. Then I never saw her again until a moment ago, and I have never known who she was. Do *you* know?"

"Yes," said the Countess Shishkine, "I know. I'll tell you presently. Where did you meet her?"

"At a dance at the Maximov Palace."

"Ah, yes," the little Russian lady interrupted. "Yes, of course, that explains it. It is an extraordinary house—a true *salon*. One finds everything there, from Royalty to Argentine *rastas*."

"It was my first big party here," young Manners went on. "I knew no more than twenty people in all Petersburg, and so I was rather helpless, and had to be towed, as it were, from port to port. Well, once I was

stranded. A man came and claimed a quite lovely Polish girl I'd been sitting out a dance with in a deserted room. It left me quite alone, and I was standing in the middle of the room, looking, no doubt, very forlorn, when in came this woman I'm asking you about, with two officers. I remember that she had on a clingy green satin dress, and looked very beautiful indeed. She saw me there alone, and started to move away, then she turned back and bowed and smiled and beckoned me up. She said—

"'I haven't seen you in so long. Come and talk English to me. I am forgetting all the words.' And she sent away the two officers and sat down and talked to me for fifteen minutes, until some people came whom I knew.

"Now that," said the American Attaché, "that is what I call generosity. That woman had never seen me before. She hadn't the remotest idea whom I was. She saw a young man alone and embarrassed in a strange house of a foreign country, and went far out of her way to put him at his ease. I have never forgotten her nor what she did, and I have always hoped we might meet again.

"It would be delightful," he said, laughing, "to find that she is the pretty Grand Duchess out on a lark that I spoke about a little while ago, because I should like to think that Grand Duchesses are capable of such acts of kindness, and that *noblesse oblige* is not just a pleasant phrase."

"Well," said the little Countess Shishkine, "it isn't often that we have even one of our wishes come true in this world, to say nothing of two at once. You are *en veine* to-night, my friend. The lady behind the curtains yonder is the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna. But I confess that your story about her surprises me, for she has the reputation of being rather selfish and hard, as well as very eccentric."

The others about the table all exclaimed in low, cautious voices, and turned to stare at the close white curtains of the little pavilion, wondering what the deuce the Grand Duchess Natalia was doing in a public restaurant, but remembering at the same time the august young lady's reputation for flying in the outraged face of almost all the conventions that exist, and invariably doing as she chose in all things save the one thing that gossip reported to be the thing nearest her heart, and that was to drag her cousin, the Grand Duke Viktor, through the portal of the Cathedral of the Annunciation in the Kremlin at Moscow—a desire hitherto thwarted by the Grand Duke's infatuation for another lady altogether, one not, unhappily, of his own station in life.

But while the others exclaimed and whispered together, and told inauthentic stories they had heard about the Grand Duchess Natalia, and about Viktor Gregorovitch's affair, young Manners nodded his head and smiled with an honest and genuine delight.

"There are few things," he said, "that could please me more than discovering my kind and charming unknown lady to be a Royalty. It makes me think so much better of Royalty, about whom I had begun to be a little discouraged." And afterward he said—

"I wish I might some day find something to do for her, by way of paying back a part of what she did for me, but I'm afraid that day will never come. Royalty and I have rather dropped out of each other's lives these latter days. . . . She's very pretty, isn't she? If I really liked fair women, I suppose I should think her beautiful. I didn't know Grand Duchesses were ever beautiful—except in fairy-tales. Perhaps fairy-tales are true tales, after all . . . history. I shouldn't be surprised."

He had a horrid habit of eating caviare on little bits of brown bread at the end of his dinner, by way of a savoury, even though he had already, at the outset, devoured a large quantity of it at the Zakouska buffet, and he demanded some now, asking the others if they wouldn't join him in his feast. They refused with scorn, saying it was a disgusting thing to do, or even to see done, besides being quite ruinous, as caviare is very expensive in its own home. In fact, on second thought, they declined altogether to witness the scene, especially as it was rather late, and some of them had to motor out to Krasnoe-Selo. So they shook their heads at him, and the little Countess Shishkine whispered that she hoped the white curtains of the little kiosk would part once more before the evening was done, and they went away and left him alone.

He was glad, because he didn't want to talk any more. He wanted to think about the young woman of exalted station who sat hidden near-by, to recall the delightful quarter-hour he had passed beside her in the Maximov Palace, and to marshal before the eye of his memory all he had ever heard said of the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna. They didn't help him much, these stories. He couldn't at all reconcile them with the sweet and gracious lady who had been so

kind to a young stranger, and he frowned and drove them out of his mind—a lot of ill-natured club and drawing-room yarns—gutter gossip—he wouldn't permit them to poison the air of the garden where she sat dining.

He ordered another liqueur, and laid his cigarette case on the cloth before him, and sank lower in his chair, turned a little towards that shelter where she was, and waited and watched. He felt, for some inexplicable reason, quite calmly certain that, as Marfa Shishkine had said, the white curtains would part once more that evening, and he would see her face again. He wondered who was with her there in the yellow pavilion. He had seen the waiters come and go, half concealed by a row of shrubs, and he had seen two officers standing or moving quietly about in the far shadows, as if they might be on guard there. Once another officer came hurrying down the path behind the shrubbery—a middle-aged man with a grey beard—and remained a little while and went away again. And when he went, Manners thought that another man went with him—a younger man in civilian's clothes—but he could not be quite sure.

Then, as he sat there watching, he caught his breath suddenly, and the cigarette dropped from his hand upon the gravel, for at last the white curtains stirred and parted, and the lovely lady who had befriended him once more looked out. She looked not over his head, but straight down before her, where he sat, and her eyes met his straight. She made no sign of recognition. She stared at him straight and hard for a long instant, the curtain dropped again, and she was gone.

There had been little or no expression in that still face. He knew that his thought was wild and fantastic, and he laughed at it even while it formed itself in his mind; yet, in some strange and not-to-be-explained fashion, he felt sure that the Grand Duchess was in trouble, perhaps in danger, and that her glance out from behind the curtains had been a mute appeal for help. The thing was beyond reason; neither logic, nor common-sense, nor physical evidence had any part in it. It was a feeling.

A waiter spoke softly beside him, and he turned with a start.

"*Shto?*"

"A lady in the kiosk yonder, she would like to speak to the gentleman, if he would be so kind."

"With *me?*" young Manners said. "Are you sure it was with me?"

"*Da*, the *Angliski gospodin.* If the *gospodin* would be so kind——"

Manners, a young man walking in a dream, arose, took his hat and stick, and went where he was led.

He found her alone, standing within the little curtained enclosure, and he managed somehow to observe that she was in full toilet—one of those barbaric toilets of Persian parentage, all blue and mauve and gold, which had that year come into fashion, with a head-dress like a little close turban of the same strong colours. She looked, he thought, just as a Russian Grand Duchess ought to look.

She turned her eyes upon him gravely as he bowed before her.

"You *are* the British Attaché I met at the Maximov Palace last winter?" she asked. "I have not made a mistake?" And he said—

"I am an American, ma'am, but we did meet last winter. You were exceedingly kind to me. I have wished there was some way of showing how grateful I was, and am."

"Perhaps there is a way," she said, still looking at him, "though what I did was nothing—a trifle—the slightest possible courtesy to a stranger in my country. Why do you say 'ma'am' to me?"

"Well"—he was a little embarrassed—"you're Royalty. You see, when I talked with you last winter, I didn't know who you were. I've never known until to-night—until Countess Shishkine caught a glimpse of you here, and told me that you were the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna."

She looked at him still gravely under her straight brows, then abruptly turned away and stood for a moment fingering one of the table ornaments.

"You said a moment ago," she began at last, "you said you had hoped to find yourself able to do me a service. Was that a polite phrase, or did you mean it?" And she faced him suddenly, and he saw that her face was white and drawn and strained.

"I should be very glad," said he, "to do anything in my power."

"It might prove beyond your power," she warned him. "It might be a forlorn hope." And at that he smiled.

"One can but try. Let me try."

She took a deep breath and bent towards him.

"You know my name, but I do not know yours. What may I call you?" He told her, and she nodded.

"Listen! I came here to-night to dine

with a gentleman. Oh, he will be back in a moment. You will recognise him. I might as well say at once that he is the Grand Duke Viktor Gregorovitch. It was a foolish thing to do, a perfectly mad thing. But I did it, and now—they have found out, and they are waiting outside at the door."

"Who?" asked the American. "Who are waiting?" And she said impatiently—

"Those who must not see me in his company. It is too long a story to tell you here. My—my forthcoming marriage to Viktor Gregorovitch is not looked upon in certain quarters with favour. I have been forbidden to see him. I tell you it is too long to explain now. The point is that if I leave this place to-night with the Grand Duke, or alone, I shall be taken by those men at the door. I shall be hurried out to Peterhof or to Tsarskoe Selo, and imprisoned there—yes, imprisoned just as securely and as hopelessly as if I were in the Peter-Paul fortress or in the Schlüsselburg."

"*You!*" cried the American Attaché. "*You*—a Grand Duchess! Why——"

But she interrupted him.

"You do not know this country. Everything is possible here."

He shook his head in a kind of outraged wonder, but presently asked: "What is it I can do?"

"There is," she said, "a chance, a desperate chance, that if I leave Contant's with you, they will think I have been with you all the evening — they will think they were misinformed, and let me pass, especially as you belong to one of the Foreign Embassies. They are afraid of the Foreign Embassies. On the other hand, they may take the chance, and arrest you as well as me."

She looked into his eyes.

"I cannot ask you to run such a risk. I can only say that I am in danger, and that you might just possibly be able to save me. I can only leave it in your hands."

"This life, ma'am," said young Mr. Manners, "is a long succession of risks. Only few of them are in so good a cause. Shall we go now?"

She covered her face with her hands, and he saw that the hands were trembling. She gave a single sob, and seemed to be herself again. She even managed to smile at him.

"You are a brave gentleman, Mr. Manners. We must wait until Viktor Gregorovitch returns. Ah, he's coming now!"

Manners heard voices, and presently a tall young man, of a singularly pleasing countenance, came from the darkness without into the light of the kiosk.

"Are they still there?" the lady asked him in French, and he answered—

"Yes, Varin and half a dozen men with a closed carriage." He saw the American and stopped short, demanding sharply: "Who is that gentleman?"

She went to him, drawing him a little apart, and began to talk—no doubt, to explain—in low and hurried tones, and in Russian, so that young Manners, whose Russian was still in its infancy, caught only an occasional word. The Grand Duke listened with little exclamations of astonishment and concern, and once, Manners thought, of something like protest. But at the end he came forward and held out his hand, saying—

"If you will take this risk, monsieur, you will be doing a very great service to us both —a greater service than you realise. I think you will never regret it."

"I'm sure of that, sir," young Manners said. "And I've been thinking of something that may make it all very much easier. Once I wanted, as a kind of lark, to escape from here without being seen, and Anton, the *maitre d'hôtel*, showed me a way. It leads back from this garden, under a house and across a stable-yard, and comes out, through a new building that is under construction, upon the Kazanskaya. I would suggest that you, sir, go to the street entrance of the restaurant here, and stand there for ten minutes as if you were waiting to see the coast clear. That will keep the men on watch together, and meanwhile the Grand Duchess and I will have slipped out and got away. I'll have my motor sent round to the Hotel Victoria in the Kazanskaya, and I'll pick it up there. It's only a step."

The Grand Duke Viktor caught him by the shoulders, and, to the young American's intense embarrassment, there were tears in his eyes.

"You have saved us, monsieur," he said unsteadily. "You have saved us when we were utterly lost. I cannot thank you. I have not the words."

But the other man shook his head.

"They might be words wasted, sir. We're not free yet. The way may be blocked, or there may be a second party waiting in the Kazanskaya."

"That is true," said the Tsar's cousin gravely. "We must be prepared for failure as well as for success. Are you armed? Have you a weapon?"

"The American turned his back, but he could not close his ears."

"He heard the Grand Duke Viktor say: 'Doushka, it may be the end!'"

"A weapon!" cried young Manners in horror. "Good Heavens, no! What should I want a weapon for in Petersburg?"

Viktor Gregorovitch put a hand into his coat-pocket and withdrew a small flat magazine pistol.

"Take it," he said. "Use it if you have to." He looked towards the woman for whose safety they were planning. "She must not fall into their hands. At the very worst"—he seemed to be speaking to the lady now rather than to the American Attaché—"at the very worst, if there is no chance of escape, give her the pistol. She will know what to do." He spoke very earnestly indeed, but not at all as if he were proposing anything terrible or out of the usual course of events, and young Manners, with a long breath, took the little black weapon and slipped it into his pocket. The world about him had begun to seem very fantastic and unreal. He was still a man walking in a dream.

Then those two who loved each other moved close together and stood looking each into the other's eyes. The American turned his back, but he could not close his ears. He heard the Grand Duke Viktor say—

"Doushka, it may be the end!" She did not answer him in words. There was a little silence, and young Manners thought the two standing there so close together kissed, perhaps for the last time in this world. But presently the lady touched him on the arm and said—

"Let us go." Her face was white, still, and drawn, but her eyes were dry. "Viktor Gregorovitch," she said, "has gone to show himself at the gate. On the way he will tell them to send your motor to the Kazanskaya. Come!"

So they slipped out from the little lighted pavilion and down behind the row of thick shrubs, and through another row, and came to the little door in the wall. It was unlocked, for the men who swept the garden in the morning carried their refuse that way to dump it in the stable-yard beyond. They passed under the low arch of a granary, and Manners said—

"Hold up your skirt here, ma'am. It's wet and none too clean." But she answered him—

"Never mind my skirt! Hurry!" They crossed the broad stable-yard under the stars, and, from somewhere within, a dog heard them and began to bark, and the American's charge, who had not flinched before Viktor Gregorovitch's pistol, was frightened and clung to her guide's arm. They came to the half-erected walls of a new house which was being built there, and had to pick their way with care between heaps of stone and barrels of cement and of plaster. And then there was a locked door.

"This is new," young Manners said. "I was afraid of something like this." He lit a match and examined the door, which was a flimsy thing fastened by a padlock. The lady began to weep there in the darkness with long and strangling sobs, but he spoke to her sharply.

"We're not done for yet. Help me to look for tools—any iron thing—even a strong stick." And, lighting matches as they went, they searched the unkempt rooms from end to end. There was nothing to be found, and for a moment the man stood still and despaired. Then he thought of the stable-yard, and, making his charge wait where she was, he ran back there, felt about in the dark, and found a pick.

He prised the staple from the flimsy door with slow and noiseless care, and they found themselves under an open arch that gave upon the street. Manners peered out, and the Kazanskaya was clear save that a little way to the right, before the modest door-lights of the Hotel Victoria, his motor stood at wait. In another moment they were rolling swiftly towards the lights and clatter of the Nevsky Prospekt.

"I will go to the house of some friends across the river," she had said to him. "I shall be safe there." Manners did not know the street she mentioned, but he saw that, after they had crossed the Troitsky Bridge, they went on out of the long Kamenoortrovsky Prospekt past the Peter-Paul fortress, past the bright gate of the Aquarium music-hall, past the Alexander Lyceum, and turned presently off to the left into a street of villas and garden walls.

She said to him—

"Come in for a few minutes. You have saved my life and his, too—Viktor's. We can't just part in the street, perhaps for ever, after that."

She left him alone for a brief time in a room whose long open windows gave upon trees, and the smell of lilac in flower and the sound of water splashing in the darkness. But presently she was back again.

"What did you mean," he asked her, "by saying that I had saved your life and the Grand Duke's? Your liberty for the time being may have been in danger to-night, but surely—your life! Grand Duchesses

aren't murdered by the police or other authorities at this day of the world."

"Grand Duchesses may take their own lives at this day of the world," she said. "Why did you think Viktor Gregorovitch told you, in the last extremity, to give me the pistol?"

"To defend yourself with, of course, if I hadn't the nerve to do it."

"No, my friend, it was to prevent my being taken alive. To-morrow he would have known that I had to—do it, and he would have followed me. They have sworn to part us, and we—we have sworn that they shall not succeed. So, you see, you have saved us both—for a little while."

"For a little while?"

"Ah, in Russia who can see more than a little way ahead? We live under a shadow here—not the shadow of the poor little *bourgeois* out at Krasnoe-Selo, but of a great impersonal machine—a monster as ruthless and as terrible as the Spanish Inquisition. High and low, we are all in that shadow, and for any one of us it may on any day grow darker than the night."

She stood beside one of those open windows, a lovely and a tragic figure, her beautiful head, in its Persian turban, between her upraised hands. Then quite suddenly the dark mood seemed to drop from her as if it were a cloak falling from her white shoulders about her little golden feet.

"At least," she said, "we have, thank God—and you—to-day to live in. Let us smile while to-day lasts. Stay with me a bit. I shall not sleep after this night's happenings, and I think you won't, either. Talk to me. Help me to laugh. I want so very, very badly to laugh."

* * * * *

She was altogether wonderful then, or, looking back upon that hour when the dream had been dreamed out to its end, she seemed to him so. They had faced danger, perhaps death together. That is said to draw people very close, and it may have been so with these two. He could remember only broken and unsatisfactory fragments of the things she said, but knew that he had found in her wit with no sting, wisdom with no touch of heaviness or pedantry, laughter and tears very close together, and a kind of tender sweetness that was like the flavour of old music half forgotten. She talked, he remembered, quite freely of her love for the Grand Duke Viktor. His mind even retained some of the things she had said—memorable words. And once she went to the piano and played and sang a little Russian love song that she said was Viktor Gregorovitch's favourite song. It sounded sad, as most Russian music does, but she said it wasn't.

Then at last it came time for him to go, and they stood together near the door.

"I ought," she said, "to find words to thank you, but I cannot. You must just remember that, owing to you, there are love and life in the world that would, but for you, have been crushed out of it. We may never meet again, for I mean to try to escape from Russia within the next few days. I may succeed and I may fail, but I must try, for I cannot go on as I have been going. I suppose"—she looked at him deprecatingly—"you, with your connection at your Embassy, you couldn't manage by some hook or crook to get me a—false passport, could you—an American passport?"

That cut him to the soul.

"Ah, have I got to fail you?" he cried. "Have I got to refuse you something, after all?" But she saw the pain in his face, and caught up his hands in hers.

"No, no. I'm sorry. Oh, I'm so very, very sorry! I unask what I asked. I didn't mean it. Believe me, the words came of themselves quite on the impulse of the moment. You *must* believe that I didn't plan them. You must forget what I said. I wouldn't, for my life nor even for *his*, ask you or wish you to do a dishonourable thing. I shall manage, somehow. He will manage for me. Forgive me, my friend, and go. It's very late." She gave him her hands, and he kissed them, and went away down the stairs and out to the street, a young man walking in a dream.

He encountered the little Countess Shishkine a day or two later, who asked with great interest if his Grand Duchess had made a second appearance that evening at Contant's, and was pleased to learn that she had. The good lady was really quite excited over the rather mysterious presence of her august compatriot in that place, and talked on at some length about the Grand Duchess Natalia and about her eccentric behaviour, and about the Grand Duke Viktor's love affair with the widowed young Countess Vasmetzova. Manners heard her, though with an impassive face, and smiled only when she had gone on. It occurred to him to wonder if all gossip about great people was as grotesque as this.

He felt very sure that he was never to see

her again. He had had his wonderful hour. He had seen her, touched her hands, played his little part in her life's drama, and the hour was gone. But at the end of a week he received by post a note. It was on plain white paper, without distinguishing mark of any kind, without date, address, or signature. It said—

"Come to me for five minutes to-morrow, Tuesday, at four. I want to see you once again, if only for a moment, for, after your great service a week ago, we parted horridly. I said a dreadful thing, and you went away with it in your ears. We mustn't part, perhaps for ever, like that."

He was embarrassed as to whom he should ask for at the door of the house, but he found no question necessary. He was admitted without a word, shown into that same room whose windows gave upon a garden of trees, gold and green now under the afternoon sun, and in a moment she appeared.

She was a variable lady. She had as many moods as the turbulent Russian sky. She came to him to-day hurrying from another room, full of a suppressed excitement, her face flushed, and, in some fashion not to be expressed, reckless—the face of a woman desperate and glad together, the face of a great gambler in life. She said—

"Ah, you came! I was afraid you mightn't—after that night a week ago. But I had to try for you. It is good-bye, my friend. This time it is good-bye in earnest." She came close to him, holding his arm, leaning nearer to whisper in his ear.

"To-night Viktor goes on a special mission from the Emperor to Berlin—a special train at midnight from the Varshavsky Station. And I go with him. We shall never return. I wanted you alone of all people to know."

He stared at her.

"But how? Good Heavens, how? It's impossible." And she laughed, but not with mirth.

"Nevertheless, I mean to try. And how, I cannot tell even you. If it fails, we know what we shall do, Viktor and I.

"And now you must go. I have only this moment for you. There is so much to be done. Perhaps we shall meet again somewhere abroad. Perhaps not again in this world. In any case, you have come, *mon ami*, very close to us, to him and to me, and we're grateful. I wish I could tell you how grateful." She looked into his eyes, and her eyes were soft and very tender. She leant suddenly closer still to him, pressing against his arm, and, before he knew what she meant to do, kissed him on the cheek.

At the door she said—

"Later on it is possible that you may learn something that will make you think ill of me. Try not to think too ill. Whatever I have done that you mayn't like, I have done, remember, more for *his* sake than for mine, because I loved him so."

Once, on the stairs, he looked back, and she was still standing at the door of the little drawing-room—a tall and lovely figure with tender eyes.

He went that night, with two or three friends from his own and the British Embassy, to a dinner and dance out at Krasnoe-Selo. After dinner more people came in from the country houses round about, and towards eleven there was a mild excitement among the party when it was rumoured that certain Royalties had promised to appear.

Young Manners had but a poor time of it, and passed through the evening like a man with a pain or a secret sorrow. His hostess encountered him, late in the evening, standing alone against a doorway and staring distractedly at the opposite wall. She asked if he had been presented to the Royalties, and he said he rather thought not—he didn't remember. She looked at him and laughed.

"My friend, I believe you to be in love. Well, rouse yourself long enough at least to meet the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna, for she's rather a character."

Young Manners roused himself unmistakably. He all but cried out.

"Here?" said he. "The Grand Duchess Natalia here to-night?"

"Why not?" his hostess asked him in some surprise, and he said hastily: "Why, indeed?" But he began to be a very little afraid of some unknown terrible thing.

They went into the ballroom, and he was led to a corner where a tall, fair young woman stood with two others and a little group of officers. At first he thought it was *she*. Certainly there were undeniable surface resemblances — the height, the colour of hair, the general contour of the face. But certainly also the resemblance ended there. This young woman looked tired and a little bitter, and her face wore that odd mask of perfect impersonality that all Royalties seem early in their lives to acquire and to conceal themselves behind.

He felt a little dizzy, and became aware

that his hands were trembling. He saw the Grand Duchess's lips move, and knew that she was speaking to him, but he seemed to be quite deaf, and could hear nothing. Together with the bewilderment and the horror that struggled in his brain, there began to grow a great and furious rage—a rage so tremendous that it was almost unbearable. He seethed and burned with rage. It seemed to him that he must presently burst with it.

He took a step nearer to that tall young woman in the corner and raised his shaking hands. It seemed he hadn't much voice, but with what he had he said—

"Let me speak to you alone for one moment, ma'am. Just one moment, I beg you! It's important—I mean, important to you, and there's very little time." He wrung his hands. "Please! I tell you it's important. You must hear it!"

She stared at the excited young man, this tall and somewhat disdainful lady. She looked from him to the others about her with an embarrassed laugh, and back again, and she must have seen that, for some strange reason, the young man was in deadly earnest, for she made at last a little gesture, and the others drew away and left the two alone.

"This is, I am afraid, not quite the usual thing," said the Grand Duchess Natalia; "but if you have something of great importance to tell me, I wish, of course, to hear it. Only, please, be quick."

"I'll be quick, right enough!" said he. "Just tell me first that I haven't by some chance heard your name wrong. You *are* the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna?"

"I have always believed so," she answered him, and young Mr. Manners sighed. He said—

"To-night, at twelve o'clock, the Grand Duke Viktor leaves Petersburg on a special train from the Varshavsky Station for Berlin, and with him goes, or tries to go, a lady who was, some time ago, pointed out to me in a restaurant as the Grand Duchess Natalia, and who afterwards permitted me to believe that that was her rightful name. They mean, I believe, to get married abroad, and never to return to Russia."

The Grand Duchess's pale and rather wintry face may have turned the slightest shade paler, the very least bit bleaker than it had been before, but it certainly betrayed neither astonishment nor emotion. Once she looked down at her hands, and, as if for some obscure reason they displeased her, she put them behind her back.

"Tell me all you know, please," she said, when he had finished speaking. "Everything, from the first." And briefly and hurriedly he told her everything he could recall. It may have taken him five minutes.

At the end she looked away across the room, over his shoulder, for a little space in silence.

"I suppose there must be a motor outside here. Someone must have come out from Petersburg in one. How long would it take to motor from here to the Varshavsky Station?"

"Forty minutes in my car," said he, "running fast."

"What time is it?"

He looked, and it was ten minutes before eleven.

The Grand Duchess met his eyes. "I must stop this thing. He has always listened to me—up to a point—when no one else could do anything with him."

"I think nothing could stop him to-night, ma'am," said young Mr. Manners, "nothing but death." But the Grand Duchess answered haughtily—

"It does not matter what you think. I must try. Can you have your motor ready in five minutes?"

"In three," he said. "You will find me waiting outside. I'll drive myself."

He got his coat and a cap, and went out to order the motor to be brought round; but though he went as quickly as he could, he went heavily, too, for a revulsion of mood had already begun in him. That red mist of rage and fury, over the trick that had been played upon him, had begun to lift and vanish, and through it he saw a face against the darkness and he heard a voice in his ears.

After all, the dishonest card she had played he had put into her hand himself. She had not forced it upon him. Fighting for her love and her life, and for another life, too, she had used what desperate weapons she found at hand.

He began to regret.

A tall figure, wrapped warm in a furred coat, slipped alone out of the house and mounted to the seat beside him.

"Drive fast!" said the Grand Duchess Natalia, and he said a lifeless "Yes," and threw in the clutch.

They swung presently into the long high road that stretched across the plain, straight like a taut ribbon, to the capital, and the Grand Duchess, leaning forward impatiently, said—

"Now you can drive faster."

He turned his face.

"There's plenty of time—time to spare."

They ran for a mile or two swift under the starry sky. But the man who was driving saw always before him against the gloom a woman's face with sweet and despairing eyes.

"Whatever I have done that you mayn't like, I have done, remember, more for *his* sake than for mine, because I loved him so."

The American uttered a sound that was like a sudden oath, leant forward, and the big car slowed and stopped dead. It was in the open high-road between two fields.

"What is the matter?" the Grand Duchess cried. "Why are we stopping?" For a moment he thought of pretending an accident, but gave it up. He raised his hands a little way from the steering-wheel and dropped them again.

"I can't do it. I'm sorry."

"What can't you do?"

"I can't go on with this. It's like murder—perhaps it *is* very real literal murder. Even though they tricked me, I can't sell them out like this."

She caught him by the arm, and he saw her face, white and drawn and fierce in the starlight.

"Do you know what this means? Do you know what he is doing to-night? He is running away. He is deserting his country and his Emperor and his people. He is a deserter. Because he is infatuated with a worthless woman, he is turning his back on every duty, every obligation he has in the world."

"He wants happiness, I suppose," young Manners said dully. "I suppose he thinks he has a right to a little love and freedom." But the Grand Duchess shook her head.

"We who are born royal have no rights. We have only duties—obligations. Viktor Gregorovitch is not a man like you, free to follow his inclinations. He is a cousin of the Emperor. He might even have one day to take the crown."

"There are half a dozen lives between him and that," the American pleaded, "and half a dozen others just behind him. Give him his happiness! He wants it so! I tell you I know. I've seen them together. I tell you if you had seen what I have seen, you wouldn't be running him to earth to-night. You'd say: 'Go! Be happy, and God bless you!'"

To his unspeakable amazement, the Grand Duchess Natalia gave a sudden dry sob and cried out—

"Do you think I *like* doing this thing to him? I—— Olga Vasmetzova is not the only woman who loves him. I love him, if you care to know. He is the only thing in this world that I love. And I can't see him ruin himself for ever."

Young Mr. Manners leant forward once more very slowly, and the car began to move.

"Promise me one thing," he said. "The Countess Vasmetzova shall not be imprisoned nor harmed. She shall be allowed to leave Russia and live abroad wherever she likes."

"I will do what I can," Natalia Feodorovna said after a moment's hesitation, and the car leapt forward into the night.

At the steps of the Varshavsky Station a man in the uniform of a general officer came forward to hand the Grand Duchess out of her seat. He said—

"I received your Highness's telephone message. I have a dozen men here, and the station has been searched. His Highness is on the platform inside, but as yet no lady has arrived."

They went, all three, inside to the long *perron* where the special train lay waiting. There were few people about the ill-lighted enclosure, for the last regular train had departed an hour since. The Grand Duke Viktor stood near the door of the single sleeping-car which, with a luggage van and a trailer, made up the train. He was in "civil," with a long overcoat and a travelling cap, and he was smoking and chatting with two or three of the officers of his suite, while, somewhat apart, another little group of officers in their smart uniforms and long capes, stood at ease and waited.

The Grand Duchess Natalia went forward to where her cousin stood beside the sleeping-carriage, but young Manners, the high collar of his motoring coat turned up about his face, hung back and watched. He saw the Grand Duke freeze suddenly stiff in the middle of a word and gesture. He saw that handsome and winning face turn deathly white. He saw terror and despair come into the smiling eyes. He saw the Grand Duke's hand go swiftly into the side-pocket of his coat, and he knew what it was seeking there.

It may be that the Grand Duchess saw all this, too, but, if so, she made no sign. She said to her cousin, who stood dumb before her, dumb and desperate and watchful—

"I heard you were leaving Petersburg, Viktor, and came away from a party to say to you *au revoir!* Who goes with you?"

The Grand Duke tried to speak and could not. He tried again, and said in a dry whisper—

"These—gentlemen."

The two little groups of officers drew themselves up and saluted, and Natalia Feodorovna gave them a perfunctory bow. She looked silently at her cousin, but after a bit turned her eyes away and stood for some little time gazing at nothing, and behind her the young American Attaché and the gentleman in the general's uniform waited. It was as if, within herself, she were coming to some decision.

How long she would have stood there silent, no one knows, but presently the station-master, followed by a little troop of underlings, came hurrying down the platform and bowed low before the Grand Duke Viktor.

"If your Highness is ready——" he said.

The Grand Duke looked towards his cousin, a white, still look, and, without taking his eyes from hers, he said—

"I am ready." And he added something which must greatly have puzzled that station-master. He added—

"For whatever may come." The hand that was in his coat-pocket, grasping some hidden thing, stirred a little, and he seemed to wait for the Grand Duchess's word.

"*Bon voyage*, Viktor," said the Grand Duchess Natalia suddenly, "*bonne chance!*" And she went forward and laid her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him on both cheeks. He made an odd sound in his throat that was neither a word nor a cry, and turned away into the sleeping-carriage, followed, after they had once more come to attention and saluted, by the two little groups of officers who formed his suite. Viktor Gregorovitch stood by an open window with his head bowed and bent, and the Grand Duchess watched him, as it seemed, a little apathetically. The station-master blew his whistle, and the engine answered it. The train began imperceptibly to stir.

"*Bonne chance*, Viktor!" said the Grand Duchess once more. "Good luck to you!" He bent his head lower still as he stood there by the open window, and the train, moving more rapidly, carried him away out of sight towards the frontier and whatever might for him lie beyond, out in the broad world.

Then the Grand Duchess turned to the gentleman in the uniform of a general officer, and thanked him for coming at her summons.

"Happily," she said, "I was misinformed, or else the plan I feared was at the last moment abandoned."

She got into the motor, moving a little heavily, as if she were tired.

"I think," she said to young Mr. Manners, "I think I will ask you to take me to the Anetchkoff Palace—on the Fontanka Canal, you know. My aunt is there, and will take me in." And she did not speak again until they had covered the short distance, and were under the great *porte-cochère* of the palace, and the doors beyond were standing open for her. Then she got down, and the two of them stood for a moment together in the light from within the house.

"I suppose," the Grand Duchess said slowly and as if grudgingly, "I suppose she looked very well in that hussar's uniform. I am hardly the one to judge. But it is a pity she had to cut off her hair. She had very decent hair. Well——"

The American Attaché gave a loud exclamation—

"Great Heavens! You saw her, too? You knew she was there? Then—what—why——"

The Grand Duchess put up her hands over her mouth, and she was shaking like a woman with palsy.

"Have you ever loved anyone?" she asked. "Have you ever loved anyone?" And she turned, with an exceedingly bitter cry, and ran into the Anetchkoff Palace, and the great doors closed behind her.

TSCHAUDJO HORSEMEN, SOUTH-CENTRAL TOGO, AND THE FIRST EUROPEAN LADY TO JOURNEY INTO NORTHERN TOGO.

TOGOLAND

THE GERMAN COLONY TAKEN BY THE ALLIES AFTER THE DECLARATION OF WAR

BY C. L. McCLUER STEVENS

The following article is based upon details supplied by a gentleman, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who recently returned from leading a small private expedition into the almost unknown hinterland of the country. In the course of his journey the photographs that illustrate it were taken.

ON the West African seaboard, stretching from Dahomey on the east to the Gold Coast Colony on the west, is a low, narrow strip of palm-fringed sand, thirty-two miles in length, upon which beat unceasingly the thunderous surges of the Atlantic. Near the middle of it is a curiously lopsided little pier, projecting from the shore beyond the surf line, and terminating at the seaward end in a fairly substantial wharf or jetty.

Back of this jetty and pier, to which it affords the only means of access, lies Lome, the Capital of Togo, a pretty little town of bamboo bungalows and white stucco houses, with green jalousies taking the place of windows. Practically the whole of the European population of Togo, about three hundred in all, reside at Lome; in the thirty thousand odd square miles of hinterland there were, at the time when Britain seized the country, not more than about a score of white people, and these were, without exception, German officials, either civil or military.

Roughly, Togo extends 300 miles from south to north, and it may be divided into three approximately equal districts by ruling two parallel straight lines across the country from east to west. The first of these lines would cut across near the rail-head at Atakpame, about 110 miles from the coast.

All Togo south of this line is inhabited by a comparatively civilised race of natives, most of whom wear some sort of clothing, and amongst whom coined money is the regular currency. They do not habitually carry arms, and as a general rule, although they belong to different tribes, they dwell in amity with one another and with their European masters. In this region are many good roads, and three lines of railway—the main line from Lome to Atakpame, and two smaller branch lines.

The other imaginary parallel line of demarcation would cut across country a little way beyond Sokode, a Government station about 100 miles north of Atakpame. The country lying between these two places may be described as semi-civilised. There are no railways, but a good Government road extends from Atakpame to Sokode, and there are rest houses at the end of each stage of fifteen miles or thereabouts. The natives dwelling in this district are almost invariably armed, many of them using poisoned arrows, and intertribal wars are not unknown.

KONKOMBWA WARRIOR IN FULL WAR-DRESS, WEST-CENTRAL TOGO.

ANOTHER TYPICAL WARRIOR.

Coined money is used, but cowries, salt, and brass or copper rods, constitute the usual currency. Some of the tribes, such as the Konkombwa and the Tschokossi, habitually go nude, or nearly so; others, the Tschaudjo, for instance, are fully clothed, but very warlike and independent.

The third division, extending from a little way north of Sokode up to the borders of the French Soudan, is, or was, nominally under the control of a District Commissioner, a certain Captain von Hirschfeld, whose headquarters are at Mangu, a Government station on the banks of the Oti, the principal river of northern Togo. His authority, however, extends only so far as the rifles of his soldiers will carry, for the tribes hereabouts are hostile and treacherous. Indeed, it was only about a couple of years ago that one of them, the Tschokossi, made a concerted attack upon Mangu itself, and were only driven off after fierce fighting, in which the casualties on both sides were exceedingly heavy.

When the news came, shortly after the declaration of war with Germany, that a British force had seized Lome and occupied part of the Togo hinterland, people not unnaturally asked why. The reason is not far to seek.

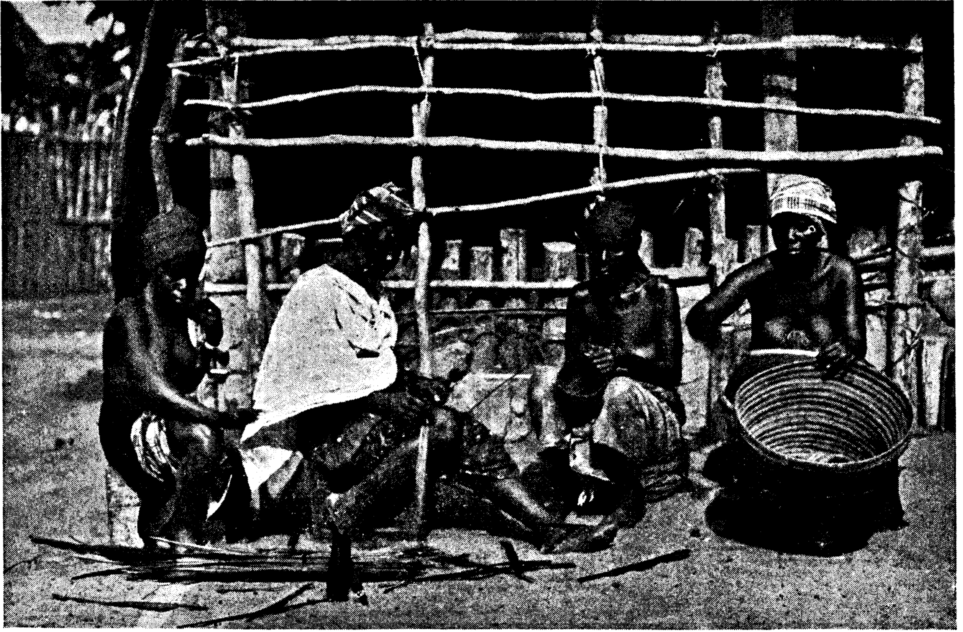
A few miles north of the rail-head at Atakpame, at a place called Kamina, there is situated the biggest wireless station in the world outside Europe. From it, communication could be kept up with Nauen, just outside Berlin, 3,450 miles distant, with the other German wireless stations in the Cameroons, and at Windhuk in German South-West Africa, as well as with Tabora in German East Africa, and with the Palaos and Caroline Islands. The big station at Kamina was, in fact, a receiving and distributing centre for messages from Berlin. Through it also German ships in those waters could be warned, and German cruisers instructed. By seizing it we paralysed the wireless heart of Germany in Africa.

A NATIVE WOMAN AND CHILD.

Less than three years ago this immense wireless station had no existence. Kamina itself was just an ordinary African bush village with bush all round it—a dense scrubby tropical jungle, uninhabited and uninhabitable. Then there came along a corps of German surveyors and artificers. Roads were cut, a temporary light railway was built from the permanent rail-head, and a big square space was cleared in the heart of the wilderness. Workshops and houses for the workmen sprang up as if by magic, and hundreds of tons of material were dragged by puffing, panting little engines up the steep grades from Lome and dumped down at Atakpame.

Thousands of natives were impressed for the work. They came from the most distant parts, shepherded by black soldiers: naked Gourma people from the north-west, fierce and wild-looking; stalwart Konkombwa from the south-central region; pagan Kabre and Tamberma mountaineers from the far north-east; Dagomba and Tschokossi from the Togoland Soudan, and many others. All these were forced to labour under the provisions of the Native Tax Act, by which so many days' work may be exacted by the Government each year in lieu of a money payment; and as, in accordance with the invariable native custom, they all brought their women with them, an immense permanent camp—called in Togo a "sungu"—presently sprang up about Kamina, wherein dwelt at one time as many as three or four thousand men, women, and children.

When completed, the installation comprised a power-house, receiving and dispatching



BASKET-MAKING AT BAFILO, SOUTH-CENTRAL TOGO.

NATIVE LOOMS.

rooms, strongly-built stone houses for the officials, and no fewer than nine great steel towers, varying in height from 250 feet to more than 400 feet. It has only just been finished. Even so late as February last, although the operators there could receive messages from Berlin, they could not send them, the dynamos and turbines not having then arrived. Indeed, it was not until June that the final installations were completed, and the station put in complete working order. It is at least a somewhat curious coincidence that the completion of this great enterprise, constituting the last and most important link in Germany's world-wide wireless system, should have been followed almost immediately by a declaration of war. The wireless system used by the Germans, it may be of interest to note, is not that of Mr. Marconi, nor anything resembling it. It is a home-manufactured article, "made in Germany," in fact, and it is called the telefunken system. Telefunken means "sounding spark," and this exactly describes it. Sounding sparks — that is what you are listening to. The signals resemble very much musical notes—a series of notes all of the same tone and pitch —played on an ordinary whistle.

SECTION OF NATIVE IRON-SMELTING FURNACE, NEAR BANJELI, WEST-CENTRAL TOGO.

BIG COMMUNAL CORN-BIN, KONKOMBWA COUNTRY, WEST-CENTRAL TOGO.

The native population of Togoland numbers probably about one and a half million, made up of many diverse tribes in various stages of social evolution. Thus, the Tschaudjo of the south - central region are fairly civilised, are fine horsemen, go, as a rule, fully clothed, and profess the Mohammedan religion. The Tschokossi and Gourma people of the extreme north, on the other hand, are frankly pagan,

TAMBERMA FORT, MANGU, NORTHERN TOGO.

and live almost as did the men of the Stone Age. Their only weapons are bows and poisoned arrows, salt is practically the only currency, and both men and women either go entirely nude, or wear, in some districts, loin-cloths of undressed bark or aprons of green leaves.

The most interesting tribe are the Konkombwa, whose country lies between that of the Tschokossi and the Tschaudjo, but a little more to the west. Although they are still only in the bow-and-arrow stage of martial evolution, they are exceedingly brave and warlike, and the Germans have not even yet succeeded in completely subduing them. A Konkombwa warrior in full war-dress is probably as picturesque a sight as is to be seen anywhere in Africa.

NATIVES GAMBLING FOR COWRIES, SOUTHERN TOGO.

On his head he wears a helmet, elaborately decorated with cowrie shells and surmounted with a pair of big, graceful horns of the roan antelope. The quiver in which he carries his poisoned arrows is of rhinoceros hide, also ornamented with cowrie shells. Except for his loin-cloth, he is quite nude; but his jet-black skin shines like satin, and round his arms, from wrist to shoulder in some cases, are many bangles of brass and copper alternating. A curious iron rattle—the noise of which, so he imagines, is calculated to strike terror into his enemies—and a horse-hair switch attached to a heavy brass ring which he wears round his wrist, complete, with his bow, his equipment.

Generally speaking, the Togo natives dwell in wattle and daub huts, clustered together anyhow; but the Tschkossi of the extreme north inhabit curious fortified villages, access to which can only be gained by clambering up a notched stick used as a ladder. Another tribe, the Tamberma, who live in the mountainous country of the far north-west, build themselves regular forts of refuge, constructed on quite scientific principles.

Nearly all the tribes make some attempt at cultivating the soil, and in some cases they raise quite luxuriant crops of millet and guinea corn, which is stored, in certain parts of the country, in curious three-legged bins of enormous size. The one shown in the illustration, for instance, is capable, when full, of holding between two and three tons of grain, sufficient to supply the whole village for an entire year. In other ways, too, the people of the centre and south, at all events, show that they are some distance removed from pure savagery. They cultivate cotton, for instance, and weave it into cloth of an excellent quality, using curious wooden looms of exceedingly primitive construction. Iron, too, is mined and smelted by the Konkombwa. The ore is dug out by slave women captured in raids against their neighbours, the Dagomba, and others, and is afterwards smelted by the men in clay furnaces of rude but efficient construction. In yet other parts of the country, excellent leather is tanned, from which is manufactured elaborately ornamented leathern mats—an industry peculiar to Togo. Basket-making from the stem of the palm leaf is also extensively carried on; and the Tschaudjo women and girls make very beautiful beads—hard as ivory and possessing a sheen and gloss like pearls—from the outer shell of a species of palm nut.

Togo is not an unhealthy place of residence for Europeans, except in the low coast belt, where malarial fever abounds. Amongst the natives, however, sleeping sickness, which first put in an appearance in the country about eight or nine years ago, is said to be causing many deaths. This is especially so in southern Togo, where a tsetse fly belt extends from a little way south of Sokode to about twenty miles north of Lome. In this area horses cannot be used, and they can only be convoyed across it by night, when the dreaded insect sleeps. By day they must be kept inside fly-proof huts and carefully watched. The journey across that portion of the fly belt extending from the rail-head to near Sokode occupies about six days, so that to convoy horses from the coast up country is a somewhat tedious and costly business.

Game is scarce in Togo, except in the wild Soudan country of the extreme north, beyond Mangu, where are numbers of antelope, roan, and puka, and many leopards and hyenas. The rivers hereabouts, too, swarm with crocodiles and hippopotami, and in the mountainous Kabre country of the north-west elephants are to be found.

THE FACE

By HERBERT WOTTON WESTBROOK

Illustrated by E. H. Shepard

HEN I proposed myself for a short visit to Carfield the other day, and received an answer so evasive that I took the hint and did not go, I was naturally shocked; and in the City I did not hesitate to tax Lewis with it.

I must do him the justice to say that he looked awkward. But I do think that he need not have told me that "Evangeline seemed rather off me just now."

After all I have done for Lewis! But wait until you have heard the facts, then you can judge for yourself.

My cousin, Lewis Miglett, had, with my assistance, built up an enormous seed business before he met Evangeline; and, soon after his marriage, he was given East Broadshire to fight in the Unionist cause.

He took Carfield, and came to me and asked me to be his agent. I refused. I had never undertaken a political agency. I knew nothing of the work, and thought that Lewis ought to employ somebody who thoroughly knew the ropes.

Lewis said "No." Anyone could do it. He did not desire to be boxed up with a stranger. As for the work, he said that a political agent's equipment was complete if he had a knowledge of advertising. "And you, Johnnie," Lewis justly volunteered, "are really good at that."

I was. What I had done in the way of advertising Lewis's seeds was the talk of Finsbury Circus. When he put me with his advertising department, Lewis, under the guise of nepotism, struck a shrewd blow at his competitors. His board of directors had repeatedly congratulated me on my work. Sales had bounded up after the publication of my poster:—

> "THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA LA . . ."
>
> are the result of
>
> MIGLETT'S SEEDS.

But the coping-stone of my endeavours was the idea of the Miglett Face.

You know it, of course—that grave, beautiful English contour beneath a pale blue sun-bonnet. It is posted on a thousand hoardings, printed in the advertisement pages of a thousand illustrated papers. Underneath is the simple legend "A Flower"; and in rather larger letters, "Buy Miglett's Seeds." Of course you know it. As I look back now on the affair, I fancy that it was Evangeline's mother who was the cause of the trouble.

It is my theory that, at some moment during her not too successful visit to Carfield, Evangeline's mother said to Evangeline: "Evangeline, you must assert yourself!"

Or, again, it may have been Evangeline's Brazilian temperament that made the thing possible.

However that may be, the fact remains that Evangeline became possessed of a sort of jealousy of the Miglett Face. At least, that is what Lewis told me when I had agreed to be his political agent. Naturally I was dumfounded.

"It cannot be possible!" I cried.

"Come down to Carfield to-morrow," said Lewis gloomily, "and sound her."

Lewis lacks, as I think, the finer taste in his vocabulary. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I replied, "than to ascertain, as far as I can, Evangeline's feelings towards the Miglett Face. I am mainly responsible for it."

"By Jove, yes," said Lewis unnecessarily, "it's all your doing, you ass!"

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"And I'm proud of it," I added.

On that very hot September afternoon on which I arrived, Carfield, standing back from the road that led down to the town, was a cool oasis set in the midst of a parched, overheated countryside. Two artistic gardeners had managed to keep the lawns green and to make a show of bright flowers—it was more than their places were worth not to do so in the circumstances. There were cool trees, too, outside the house; and, inside, the rooms, though low-pitched, were airy.

But the atmosphere, which should have been so restful, was, sure enough, charged with a discordancy that emanated from Evangeline.

I had no need to sound her, to quote Lewis's disagreeable metaphor. She herself tackled me about the Face before dinner.

"Johnnie," she said, "don't you think that Lewis is being very unreasonable?"

"In what way?" I asked cautiously.

"Don't pretend he hasn't discussed my proposal with you," she said.

"You want your face to be the Miglett Face—isn't that your idea?"

"I insist upon it."

I shook my head.

"There's no such word as 'insist' in business," I said sapiently.

"You mean it would be bad for Lewis's business?"

"Not necessarily."

"Oh, that settles it," she remarked, and changed the conversation.

At dinner I was happy to realise that I had come to Lewis's rescue with success. Evangeline was in good spirits. Lewis was quiet, but that was, I guessed, the sober quietude of a man whose domesticity had been recently repaired.

I had good excuse to feel complacent at what I had done. So gratified was I that I could hardly restrain myself from saying across the table to Lewis: "See, Lewis, I have fixed up the whole thing within a few hours of my arrival."

When Evangeline had left us, I waited for Lewis to thank me, and to set him at his ease, I said, going to the open window: "How scented the air is, Lewis!"

Lewis's reply was an oath.

"I don't see," he went on, "what good you can do by insulting Evangeline about her appearance. That's not the way to help. This extraordinary mania of hers to have her own face substituted for the Miglett Face is utterly absurd, but that does not alter the fact that her own face is a most exquisitely beautiful one. I thought you admired it, too?"

Pleasant, was it not? However, I kept my temper. I laughed.

"Of course I admire Evangeline's face, Lewis," I said. "As far as looks go, I think that she beats the Miglett Face hollow. But it was hardly diplomatic to say that to her in the circumstances."

"What do you mean—in the circumstances?" growled Lewis.

"Well, it would have weakened our case," I explained.

"'Not necessarily,' as you're so fond of saying," said Lewis nastily. "Concession is the basis of all diplomacy."

"I'll have another shot to-morrow," I said.

"You won't get the chance," said Lewis. "She's going to stay with her mother to-morrow, and MacSlainey, the artist, is going to do her in four sittings, and the picture is to be reproduced in colour for distribution by your department."

"You've let her do this?" I gasped.

"I had to, after you made that bloomer," he retorted, and suddenly switched off to the temper of his constituency.

* * * * *

On the authority of the owner of the Carfield local Unionist paper, I learned that there was nothing particularly exacting to be done by Lewis's political agent until there was at least a chance of an election. For the present, Lewis was to "establish his personality"—I quote Mr. Yillicks, speaking in the inner office of *The East Broadshire Sentinel*—in the constituency at large, and attend, at long intervals, meetings held by the local organisation.

"When things begin to move will be time enough for you to worry about details," Mr. Yillicks said easily; "and even then your sub-agent, Jerry Worley, will do most of the grind. He's an old hand."

For the present the only fixture was the opening of the Rifle Range, which was to be done by Lewis, who had once held a Regular commission, and was now doing his best for the Territorials.

Just as I was about to leave Yillicks, he called me back.

"There's a business matter I want to discuss with you," he said. "We could do with some Miglett advertising, you know."

I shook my head.

"Our campaign is all worked out," I assured him. "We've got our provincial press contracts all arranged in advance, and

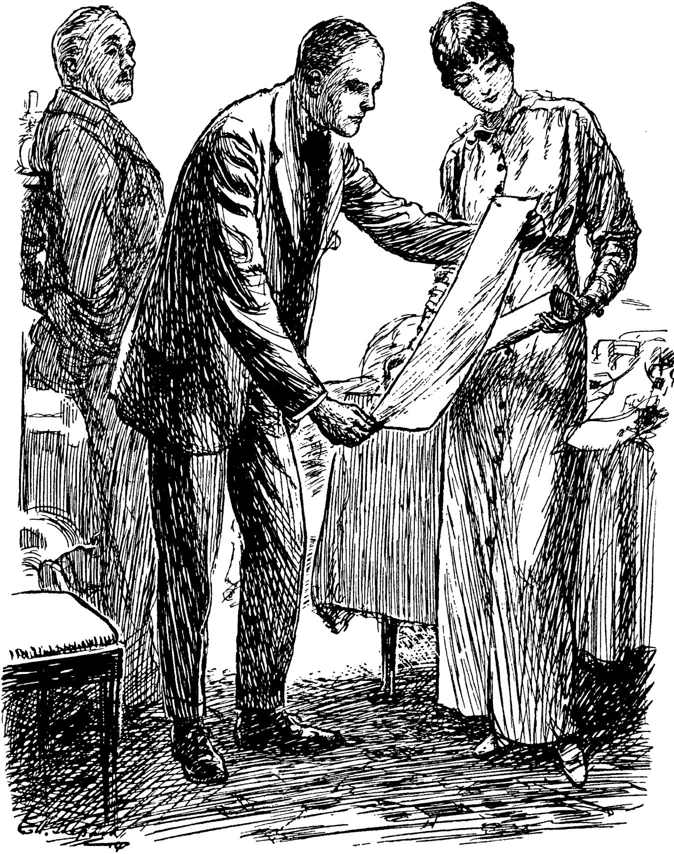
I'm afraid neither of the two East Broadshire papers carry enough circulation for us."

"Neither ?" echoed Mr. Yillicks in a scandalised voice. "Neither? But why drag in *The Argus ?*"

"Why not ?" I asked.

"Because *The Argus* is going to try to keep Mr. Miglett out."

"Advertising is not a political question," I reminded Mr. Yillicks.



"'You like it, Johnnie?' she said."

"I think," he replied, "that in this case it ought to be. *The Argus* has turned Mr. Miglett over to its funny man."

"Why ?" I asked.

"Compulsory military training," said Yillicks.

"I don't see anything funny in that," I remarked.

"No," answered Yillicks. "But then you're not a professional humorist."

It occurred to me, as I walked home, that my refusal to give him an advertisement had irritated Yillicks; but I was determined to consult Lewis before doing so. He was very reasonable.

"Stretch a point, if you can, Johnnie," he said. "But it rests entirely with your own judgment."

*   *   *   *   *

Next morning I went to Lewis's study to tell him that I had decided to buy some space in Yillicks's paper if the price was satisfactory; but, having entered the room, I stepped back as though stung by an adder. Evangeline and Lewis were having trouble, and, if there is one thing more than another that upsets me for the day, it is a row between the legally united.

I was just about to withdraw, when Lewis said, pointing to a roll of paper lying in front of Evangeline on the table—

"Have you seen the new Miglett Face, Johnnie ?"

I shook my head.

"May he have a look at it, Evangeline ?" asked Lewis.

People have no right to speak in that tone of voice. It depresses.

"Evangeline has got an advance proof of herself from the printers, Johnnie," Lewis continued.

Evangeline did not turn a hair.

"You like it, Johnnie ?" she said, unrolling it for my inspection.

"Rather," I replied. What else could I say ? It was beautifully done.

"Your department won't be ashamed of it ?" she went on.

But Lewis's temper had gone.

"I thought it was you who ran our advertising," he said, and gave a nasty laugh and went out of the room.

"Isn't he cross ?" smiled Evangeline.

"Why on earth are you doing this ?" I said. "You must see that you can't have England plastered with your face advertising your husband's business. His constituents down here would see it in *The East Broadshire Sentinel.* It isn't done, Evangeline—it isn't done."

"And that," she observed, "is exactly why I am going to do it. Lewis shouldn't have married a Brazilian."

"But what you are doing is 'so un-Brazilian'!" I expostulated.

"I meant," she explained, "that Lewis should not have married this particular Brazilian. My mother, you know, is ashamed of Miglett's Seeds, and she cannot believe that I do not feel the same. That's one reason why I mean to be the Miglett Face. Another reason is my Aunt Leonora. You have never seen her—luckily for you. She is about five years past her first youth and she weighs sixteen stone. Awful things, Johnnie, happen to Brazilian women five years after their first youth. Either it's their body or else it's their mind that weighs sixteen stone. It is because they are so slack. They will not take the trouble to learn things. I saw that when I was fifteen, and I told mother that, if she did not let me go to Paris to be educated, I would run away with the chauffeur. As you can imagine, mother let me go. I am now very well educated—not just on the surface, but deeply."

"But what is that to do with the Miglett Face?" I inquired.

"It is the easiest way by which I may begin to identify myself with Lewis's work in life. I have not yet studied the technical part of the seed trade. I have not had time. I have been steeping myself in English politics; but directly the election is over, and I have placed Lewis in Parliament, I shall help him with his business. For the present, my face will increase his business to a large extent. I am ambitious for Lewis. He must be very, very rich to do all that I have planned that he shall do as a politician."

It sounded fairly plausible, but I was still loyal to Lewis.

"This is a funny country, Evangeline," I said, "and the fact remains that, if your face is published by Yillicks in his advertisement columns, Lewis will look a fool."

"Oh, if Lewis does not admire my face——" she replied.

"But he does," I protested, which was no doubt why, in the end, he was prepared to let her have her own way.

* * * * *

It was indeed a mere fluke that extricated my cousin. He was saved by a little misunderstanding which I had with the footman, for it so happened that shortly after lunch, in the absence of Lewis, who had gone to an informal consultation with the secretary of the Rifle Range, both Yillicks and Radvern, the *Argus* man, called almost at the same time. From the lawn I commanded a turn of the road from the town, and I saw both the newspaper men advancing at a distance, Yillicks on foot and Radvern on a bicycle. Yillicks led, but I calculated that Radvern would not be far behind him at the house. In the circumstances I thought it better to interview them separately, and, going indoors, I ordered the footman to show one into the billiard-room and the other into the study. On the lawn at the back of the house was Evangeline.

"I wish you would entertain Yillicks for a moment," I told her. "He'll be in the billiard-room."

"Yillicks?"

"He runs the Conservative local paper," I said.

We waited until they had both arrived, and then we went indoors.

"I shan't be long with Radvern," I said, as I stood at the study door, "though it's a good opportunity for you to talk politics to old Yillicks. He's rather a useful man."

"I will," she said, walking towards the billiard-room.

In the study, however, Yillicks, not Radvern, was standing. I suppose the servant had made a mistake or had not heard me distinctly.

"Hullo!" I said. "You here, Yillicks?"

Yillicks laughed.

"That's hospitable," said Yillicks.

"Have a cigar," I said, and gave him one of Lewis's best Larangas.

"I say," he grunted, as he lighted it, "didn't I see Radvern come in just after me?"

"I believe he is in the house," I replied.

"I hope that someone's with him," said Yillicks. "I don't trust Radvern where politics are concerned. He's a crank. He's as unscrupulous over an election as a collector is who is left alone in a china gallery."

"That's all right," I said. "Mrs. Miglett's with him."

"Which reminds me," said Yillicks, "that that plan of ours for the opening of the Rifle Range is too risky."

"What plan?" I asked.

"Oh, it was before your time. I got it from Jerry Worley, and he had it from Mrs. Miglett. Jerry and I fixed it up so that Miglett's first shot at the inauguration would hit a bell, and the bell-push would release a Union Jack. He couldn't miss, because it

would all be worked behind the scenes. It was Mrs. Miglett's idea. The bell was to have an electrical attachment, and, even if Miglett's shot went a mile wide, the effect would be the same. I told Jerry that it was the inspiration of a genius. Don't tell Mrs. Miglett I said so, but it really won't do. You see, if Radvern got hold of it, there'd be the devil to pay. I've thought of something better and safer. We'll get a running man made, and, for Miglett's benefit, will have it moved across so slowly that he simply can't miss. He's not a bad shot, is he?"

"Quite passable," I said.

"Then he will be certain to hit the thing, and Radvern won't be able to say a word."

Yillicks smoked half his cigar before he left. At the porch he pointed to Radvern's bicycle and said—

"Thanks for giving me the new advertisement; but you won't let *The Argus* have it, will you?"

"Not at any price," I said, "if he's such a mean cur as all that." And Yillicks walked off as I entered the billiard-room.

"Ah, here he is!" said Evangeline.

Radvern got up.

"I've enjoyed our talk so much, Mrs. Miglett," he said to her; and to me: "Could you spare me a few minutes on business?"

"Certainly," I replied rather grimly.

Evangeline excused herself.

"I want you to give us the new Miglett Face," he said. "I've been hearing all about it, you know."

"I am sorry," I answered, "but I am afraid that that is impossible."

Radvern sighed. There was a pause.

"Do you know," he said softly, "that it has just occurred to me that Mrs. Miglett did not quite catch my name?"

"No."

"No. I fancy she has been under the impression that my name is Yillicks."

I started.

"Did you tell her that you were Yillicks?"

"No. On the contrary, it was she who practically told me I was Yillicks."

"You enlightened her?"

"Again, no. It would not have been polite, would it? Besides"—the brute grinned—"it was I who was being enlightened."

Radvern took up his walking-stick and impersonated a rifleman.

"Bang!" said Radvern, and pointed to the mantelpiece.

"Well?" I said weakly.

"Listen, the bell! See, the Union Jack!" What a diabolical laugh the man had!

"You—er—sounded Mrs. Miglett?" I suggested. Somehow, dealing with persons of Radvern's class, I suppose we all find Lewis's phraseology the most effective.

"She regarded me as—er—'one of us.'" It was part of this man's colossal impudence that he himself seemed to choose his words with a certain condescension, as though he were fastidious. "Well, good-bye," he said, moving towards the door. "I must be off to the office. I've got a special to write for *The Argus*. What about 'Miglett Never Misses' as a title?"

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "The thing is not to be done. The bell-push scheme is not to be carried out."

"I shouldn't be surprised," he said coolly.

He exasperated me.

"Look here, Radvern," I cried, "you can't prove anything, you know, unless you've got the office-boy concealed behind the curtains!"

Radvern shook his head indulgently.

"Oughtn't it to be 'arras'?" he inquired blandly.

"You can't prove anything," I repeated.

"You've got me there," he said. "Well, I must really be going. I am so sorry I can't have the new Miglett Face. It would have been a tremendous attraction for our front-page-next-to-reading-matter column. I am unlucky."

His fingers were on the handle.

"I do hope that it will not be very painful to any of you to contradict publicly what I am going to print."

I knew I was crimson. I suppose I should have rushed at him.

I won't defend my unheroic conduct, except to mention that he had two stone and about six inches to the good, and that I suddenly saw a chance to keep the good old tried and printed Miglett Face alive.

"Are you open to a compromise, Radvern?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied at once.

"In that case, you can have the Miglett Face—the old one."

"The old one?"

"There won't be a new one," I said.

Radvern said: "Thirty-two weeks at our usual rates?"

I nodded.

Radvern said "Thanks."

"Don't mention it," I murmurred.

"I should hate to have another misunderstanding," grinned the fiend; "I was not expressing gratitude to you for the

advertisement. I prised that out of the solid rock with my own weapons, as it were. No, I was uttering a note of gratitude to you for sparing me the task of writing that special. I dislike work intensely. I leave it to my assistant as often as ever I can."

It was dangerous, but I could not resist the shot. "Rumour said that you were a political enthusiast?"

He remained unruffled.

"A pressman is always a pressman first."

Watching his sturdy figure mount the bicycle and merge into the high-road, I was joined by Evangeline.

"I think that we will stick to the old Miglett Face," I said.

Evangeline turned on me with cold anger.

"I thought that that had all been settled."

"So did I," I observed; "but, thank goodness, I now see a way out."

"Is it something that Mr. Yillicks has said?"

"No," I replied, with absolute veracity.

"I am glad to hear it," she said. "He was enthusiastic when I told him that my face was in future to advertise Lewis's business. He predicted great things of it."

"I dare say," I hazarded. Then I added: "Do you know that Yillicks has dropped that rifle trick of yours?"

"You're quite wrong there, Johnnie. Mr. Yillicks is strongly in favour of it."

"What makes you think that, Evangeline?" I inquired pleasantly.

"He said so," she replied, "only a minute ago in the billiard-room. You're utterly mistaken if you imagine he doesn't believe in my scheme."

"There has been a mistake, Evangeline," I said; "but it does not directly affect me. It affects Lewis. The man you entertained in the billiard-room just now was not Yillicks."

She flushed.

"Don't be silly," she said. "Of course he was Mr. Yillicks. He said he was Mr. Yillicks."

"From what he told me," I amended, "he didn't say he was not Yillicks."

There was a pause.

"Then who was he?" she asked.

"Radvern—Radvern of *The Argus*, the man who would do anything, practically anything, to crush Lewis's candidature."

"He'll publish every word I've said," she said, in a low, frightened voice.

"Precisely," I added, "and Lewis will be laughed out of the county." Crushed as she was, she displayed pluck in facing the thing.

"Johnnie," she said, "can you get me out of this, without Lewis knowing?"

"On one condition," I replied.

"That is?"

"That the order for the new Miglett Face is countermanded."

"This is a trick of yours."

"Very well. Go to Lewis and complain."

She hesitated.

"Evangeline, I've been making inquiries about the origin of our present Miglett Face. It appears, as Radvern would write, that it is a composite face—that is to say, it is not done from any one model, but from three."

"Why do you tell me that?" she asked.

"Because, Evangeline, our method of advertising Miglett's Seeds caused you, in secret, excruciating pangs of jealousy."

She was furious, but I knew that she would never let me give her away to Lewis.

* * * * *

And now they send me an evasive telegram.

It is surely rather hard, considering that it was entirely through me that Lewis won the seat at the bye-election last autumn, and that the old Miglett Face is still on the hoardings. I can only conjecture, however, that she told him everything at the declaration of the poll, and that he forgave her, and that it is their humour to throw me, both of them, to the wolves.

THE·HOLY·FLOWER

BY·H·RIDER·HAGGARD

ILLUSTRATED·BY MAURICE·GREIFFENHAGEN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The famous hunter and explorer, Allan Quatermain, while shooting big game, met an American doctor, who for some years had wandered about South and Eastern Africa collecting butterflies and flowers. To the natives he was known as "Dogeetah," but white people called him "Brother John." From him Allan Quatermain heard of a wonderful orchid with blooms of extraordinary size and marvellous beauty, with a monkey's head outlined on every bloom. A healthy root of this plant, he maintained, would be worth twenty thousand pounds; but all he could show was a single bloom, without any root. This had come into his possession in the country of the Mazitu, beyond the western boundary of whose territory was a large and fertile land, supposed to be an island in the midst of a great lake. The name of both this territory and its inhabitants was Pongo, which was also the native name for a gorilla, and the god of the Pongo people was said to be a gorilla, whose worship was combined with that of the wonderful orchid. One night, while camping near the Pongo border, the Doctor was awakened by a solitary visitor, Kalubi, the Chief of the Pongo, who had come to the famous master of medicine to have his hand cured of a wound made by the bite of a terrible monkey, of which he declared they all went in fear in his native land. The explorer's curiosity was further kindled by the report that "a white goddess" was said to preside over the Holy Flower. Allan Quatermain returned to England for the purpose of ascertaining whether rich orchid collectors would be willing to finance an expedition in search of the unique flower, and enlisted the enthusiasm of a young man named Somers. Arrived in South Africa, the two men organised their expedition, but without learning the whereabouts of Brother John. Having bargained with a Portuguese trader to take them and their native attendants up the coast to Kilwa, for their start inland, they found that he was leagued with Bey Hassan, a half-breed of Kilwa, in the slave trade. Hassan gave them accommodation in a deserted mission house beside a ruined church, and they began to suspect that the former occupants must have met with foul play, but could learn nothing from Hassan. On its journey up country, the expedition was some weeks later confronted by a large army of Mazitu, and the Englishmen were conducted to King Bausi's head town of Beza, where they were subsequently joined by Brother John, and on the arrival of an embassy from the Pongo country to propose a treaty with the Mazitu, they arranged to journey into that unknown land as King Bausi's ambassadors, despite the stipulation that they should go without firearms. Meantime they had learned that Brother John was the missionary whose ruined house they had seen at Kilwa, and that for the past twenty years he had explored the land in the hope that his wife, carried off by slave-traders, might still be alive. In that hope Brother John joined them for their journey into Pongoland, under the escort of Komba, the ambassador to King Bausi's court, who brought them to Rica Town, the Pongo capital. There they were visited secretly by the Kalubi, who told them of the monstrous ape revered as a god, and his own fear that he himself would be the creature's next human victim, in fulfilment of a superstition that its life was prolonged by the killing of successive rulers of the realm, whose spirits then entered into it, unless the Englishmen would help him to outwit the high priest Motombo and kill the great ape. After they had been conducted into the presence of the hideous Motombo, however, this plan was betrayed to him by Komba, who had listened outside their hut when the Kalubi was with them, and they were condemned to be taken across a wide lake and left on the shore of the god's domain, where the monster savagely attacked them, proving to be an enormous gorilla. One of their Zulu attendants had, however, brought a rifle concealed in his bamboo staff when the rest of the party were obliged to leave their weapons behind them, and after the monster had killed both the Kalubi and one of the native servants, Allan Quatermain shot it through the head, and its reign as a "god" was over. Beyond its territory they discovered, living on a fertile island, the two white women who tended the wonderful orchid, and found them to be indeed the long-lost wife and daughter of Brother John. Making good their escape with the two women only by killing first the Motombo, and then, after they had reached Rica Town again, the new Kalubi, Komba, they finally reached their Mazitu friends on the other side of Lake Kirua, after a final encounter with their pursuers so desperate that they were obliged to leave the great plant of the Holy Flower behind in their assailants' hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRUE HOLY FLOWER.

WHEN I came to myself again, it was to find that I had slept fifteen or sixteen hours, for the sun of a new day was high in the heavens. I was lying in a little shelter of boughs at the foot of that mound on which we flew the flag that guided us back over the waters of the Lake Kirua. Near by was Hans, consuming a gigantic meal of meat, which he had cooked over a neighbouring fire. With him, to my delight, I saw Mavovo, his head bound up, though otherwise but little the worse. The stone, which probably would have killed a thin-skulled white man, had done no more than knock him stupid and break the skin of his scalp, perhaps because the force of it was lessened by the gum man's-ring which, like most

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Zulus of a certain age or dignity, he wore woven in his hair.

The two tents we had brought with us to the lake were pitched not far away, and looked quite pretty and peaceful there in the sunlight.

Hans, who was watching me out of the corner of his eye, ran to me with a large pannikin of hot coffee which Sammy had made ready against my awakening; for they knew that my sleep was or had become of a natural order. I drank it to the last drop, and in all my life never did I enjoy anything more. Then, while I began upon some pieces of the toasted meat, I asked him what had happened.

"Not much, Baas," he answered, "except that we are alive who should be dead. The Maam and the Missie are still asleep in that tent, or, at least, the Maam is, for the Missie is helping Dogeetah, her father, to nurse Baas Stephen, who has an ugly wound. The Pongos have gone, and, I think, will not return, for they have had enough of the white man's guns. The Mazitu have buried those of their dead whom they could recover, and have sent their wounded, of whom there were only six, back to Beza Town on litters. That is all, Baas."

Then, while I washed—and never did I need a bath more—and put on my underclothes, in which I had swum on the night of the killing of the Motombo, that Hans had wrung out and dried in the sun, I asked that worthy how he was after his adventures.

"Oh, well enough, Baas," he answered, "now that my stomach is full, except that my hands and wrists are sore with crawling along the ground like a babyan (baboon), and that I cannot get the stink of that god's skin out of my nose. Oh, you don't know what it was! If I had been a white man, it would have killed me. But, Baas, perhaps you did well to take drunken old Hans with you on this journey, after all, for I was clever about the little gun, wasn't I? Also about your swimming of the crocodile water, though it is true that the sign of the spider and the moth, which your reverend father sent, taught me that. And now we have got back safe, except for the Mazitui Jerry, who doesn't matter, for there are plenty more like him, and the wound in Baas Stephen's shoulder, and that heavy flower which he thought better than brandy."

"Yes, Hans," I said, "I did well to take you, and you are clever, for had it not been for you, we should now be cooked and eaten in Pongoland. I thank you for your help, old friend. But, Hans, another time please sew up the holes in your waistcoat pocket. Four caps wasn't much, Hans."

"No, Baas, but it was enough, as they were all good ones. If there had been forty, you could not have done much more. Oh, your reverend father knew all that"—my departed parent had become a kind of patron saint to Hans—"and did not wish this poor old Hottentot to have more to carry than was needed. He knew you wouldn't miss, Baas, and that there were only one god, one devil, and one man waiting to be killed."

I laughed, for Hans's way of putting things was certainly original, and, having got on my coat, went to see Stephen. At the door of the tent I met Brother John, whose shoulder was dreadfully sore from the rubbing of the orchid stretcher, as were his hands with paddling, but who otherwise was well enough and, of course, supremely happy.

He told me that he had cleansed and sewn up Stephen's wound, which appeared to be doing well, although the spear had pierced right through the shoulder, luckily without cutting any artery. So I went in to see the patient, and found him cheerful enough, though weak from weariness and loss of blood, with Miss Hope feeding him with broth from a wooden native spoon. I didn't stop very long, especially after he got on to the subject of the lost orchid, about which he began to show signs of excitement. This I allayed as well as I could by telling him that I had preserved a pod of the seed, news at which he was delighted.

"There!" he said. "To think that you, Allan, should have remembered to take that precaution, when I, an orchidist, forgot all about it!"

"Ah, my boy," I answered, "I have lived long enough to learn never to leave anything behind that I can possibly carry away. Also, although not an orchidist, it occurred to me that there are more ways of propagating a plant than from the original root, which generally won't go into one's pocket."

Then he began to give me elaborate instructions as to the preservation of the seed-pot in a perfectly dry and air-tight tin box, etc., at which point Miss Hope unceremoniously bundled me out of the tent.

That afternoon we held a conference, at which it was agreed that we should begin our return journey to Beza Town at once, as the place where we were camped was very malarious, and there was always a risk of the Pongo paying us another visit.

So a litter was made with a mat stretched over it, in which Stephen could be carried, since fortunately there were plenty of bearers, and our other simple preparations were quickly completed. Mrs. Eversley and Hope were mounted on the two donkeys ; Brother John, whose hurt leg showed signs of renewed weakness, rode his white ox, which was now quite fat again ; the wounded hero, Stephen, as I have said, was carried ; and I walked, comparing notes with old Babemba on the Pongo, their manners, which I am bound to say were good, and their customs, that, as the saying goes, were "simply beastly."

How delighted that ancient warrior was to hear again about the sacred cave, the crocodile water, the mountain forest, and its terrible god, of the death of which and of the Motombo he made me tell him the story three times over. At the conclusion of the third recital he said quietly—

"My lord Macumazana, you are a great man, and I am glad to have lived if only to know you. No one else could have done these deeds."

Of course I was complimented, but felt bound to point out Hans's share in our joint achievement.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "the Spotted Snake Inhlatu has the cunning to scheme, but you have the power to do, and what is the use of a brain to plot without the arm to strike ? The two do not go together, because the plotter is not a striker. His mind is different. If the snake had the strength and brain of the elephant, and the fierce courage of the buffalo, soon there would be only one creature left in the world. But the Maker of all things knew this and kept them separate, my lord Macumazana."

I thought, and still think, that there was a great deal of wisdom in this remark, simple as it seems. Oh, surely many of these savages whom we white men despise are no fools.

After about an hour's march we camped till the moon rose, which it did at ten o'clock, when we went on again till near dawn, as it was thought better that Stephen should travel in the cool of the night. I remember that our cavalcade, escorted before, behind, and on either flank by the Mazitu troops with their tall spears, looked picturesque and even imposing as it wound over those wide downs in the lovely and peaceful light of the moon.

There is no need for me to set out the details of the rest of our journey, which was not marked by any incident of importance.

Stephen bore it very well, and Brother John, who was one of the best doctors I ever met, gave good reports of him ; but I noted that he did not seem to get any stronger, although he ate plenty of food. Also Miss Hope, who nursed him, for her mother seemed to have no taste that way, informed me that he slept but little, as, indeed, I found out for myself.

"O Allan," she said, just before we reached Beza Town, "Stephen, your son" —she used to call him my son ; I don't know why—"is sick. The father says it is only the spear-hurt, but I tell you it is more than the spear-hurt. He is sick in himself." And the tears that filled her grey eyes showed me that she spoke what she believed. As a matter of fact, she was right, for on the night after we reached the town, Stephen was seized with an attack of some bad form of African fever, which in his weak state nearly cost him his life, contracted, no doubt, at that unhealthy crocodile water.

Our reception at Beza was most imposing, for the whole population, headed by old Bausi himself, came out to meet us with loud shouts of welcome, from which we had to ask them to desist for Stephen's sake.

So in the end we got back to our huts with gratitude of heart. Indeed, we should have been very happy there for a while, had it not been for our anxiety about Stephen. But it is always thus in the world. Who was ever allowed to eat his pot of honey without finding a fly or perhaps a cockroach in his mouth ?

In all, Stephen was really ill for about a month. On the tenth day after our arrival at Beza, according to my diary—which, having little else to do, I entered up fully at this time—we thought that he would surely die. Even Brother John, who attended him with the most constant skill, and who had ample quinine and other drugs at his command, for these we had brought with us from Durban in plenty, gave up the case. Day and night the poor fellow raved, and always about that confounded orchid, the loss of which seemed to weigh upon his mind as though it were a whole sackful of unrepented crimes.

I really think that he owed his life to a subterfuge, or, rather, to a bold invention of Hope's. One evening, when he was at his very worst, and going on like a mad creature about the lost plant — I was present in the hut at the time, alone with him and her—she took his hand and, pointing to a perfectly open space on the floor, said—

"Look, O Stephen, the Flower has been brought back!"

He stared and stared, and then to my amazement answered—

"By Jove, so it has! But those beggars have broken off all the blooms except one."

"Yes," she echoed, "but one remains, and it is the finest of them all."

After this he went quietly to sleep, and slept for twelve hours, then took some food and slept again, and, what is more, his temperature went down to or a little below normal. When he finally woke up, as it chanced, I was again present in the hut with Hope, who was standing on the spot which she had persuaded him was occupied by the orchid. He stared at this spot and he stared at her—me he could not see, for I was behind him—then said in a weak voice—

"Didn't you tell me, Miss Hope, that the plant was where you are, and that the most beautiful of the flowers was left?"

I wondered what on earth her answer would be. However, she rose to the occasion.

"O Stephen," she replied in her soft voice, and speaking in a way so natural that it freed her words from any boldness, "it is here, for am I not its child?" Her native appellation, it will be remembered, was "Child of the Flower." "And the fairest of the flowers is here, too, for I am that Flower which you found in the island of the lake. O Stephen, I pray you trouble no more about a lost plant, of which you have seed in plenty, but make thanks that you still live, and that, through you, my mother and I still live, who, if you had died, would weep our eyes away."

"Through me?" he answered. "You mean through Allan and Hans. Also it was you who saved my life there in the water. Oh, I remember it all now. You are right, Hope. Although I didn't know it, you are the true Holy Flower that I saw."

She ran to him and, kneeling by his side, gave him her hand, which he pressed to his pale lips.

Then I sneaked out of that hut and left them to discuss the lost flower that was found again. It was a pretty scene, and one that, to my mind, gave a sort of spiritual meaning to the whole of an otherwise rather insane quest. He sought an ideal flower, he found the love of his life.

After this, Stephen recovered rapidly, for such love is the best of medicines, if it be returned.

I don't know what passed between the pair and Brother John and his wife, for I never asked. But I noted that from this day forward they began to treat him as a son. The new relationship between Stephen and Hope seemed to be tacitly accepted without discussion. Even the natives accepted it, for old Mavovo asked me when they were going to be married, and how many cows Stephen had promised to pay Brother John for such a beautiful wife. "It ought to be a large herd," he said, "and of a big breed of cattle."

Sammy, too, alluded to the young lady, in conversation with me, as "Mr. Somers's affianced spouse." Only Hans said nothing. Such a trivial matter as marrying and giving in marriage did not interest him, or perhaps he looked upon the affair as a foregone conclusion, and therefore unworthy of comment.

We stayed at Bausi's kraal for a full month longer whilst Stephen recovered his strength. I grew thoroughly bored with the place, and so did Mavovo and the Zulus, but Brother John and his wife did not seem to mind. Mrs. Eversley was a passive creature, quite content to take things as they came, and, after so long an absence from civilisation, to bide a little longer among savages. Also she had her beloved John, at whom she would sit and gaze by the hour, like a cat sometimes does at a person to whom it is attached. Indeed, when she spoke to him, her voice seemed to me to resemble a kind of blissful purr. I think it made the old boy rather fidgety sometimes, for, after an hour or two of it, he would rise and go to hunt for butterflies.

To tell the truth, the situation got a little on my nerves at last, for wherever I looked I seemed to see there Stephen and Hope making love to each other, or Brother John and his wife admiring each other, which didn't leave me much spare conversation. Evidently they thought that Mavovo, Hans, Sammy, Bausi, Babemba and Co., were enough for me—that is, if they reflected on the matter at all. So they were, in a sense, for the Zulu hunters began to get out of hand in the midst of this idleness and plenty, eating too much, drinking too much native beer, smoking too much of the intoxicating *dakka*, a mischievous kind of hemp, and making too much love to the Mazitu women, which, of course, resulted in the usual rows, that I had to settle.

At last I struck, and said that we must move on, as Stephen was now fit to travel.

"Quite so," said Brother John mildly. "What have you arranged, Allan?"

With some irritation, for I hated that sentence of Brother John's, I replied that I had arranged nothing, but that as none of them seemed to have any suggestions to make, I would go out and talk the matter over with Hans and Mavovo, which I did.

I need not chronicle the results of our conference, since other arrangements were being made for us at which I little guessed.

It all came very suddenly, as great things in the lives of men and nations sometimes do. Although the Mazitu were of the Zulu family, their military organisation had none of the Zulu thoroughness. For instance, when I remonstrated with Bausi and old Babemba as to their not keeping up a proper system of outposts and intelligence, they laughed at me, and answered that they never had been attacked, and, now that the Pongo had learnt a lesson, were never likely to be.

By the way, I see that I have not yet mentioned that, at Brother John's request, those Pongos who had been taken prisoners at the battle of the reeds were conducted to the shores of the lake, given one of the captured canoes, and told that they might return to their own happy land. To our astonishment, about three weeks later they reappeared at Beza Town with this story.

They said that they had crossed the lake and found Rica still standing, but utterly deserted. They then wandered through the country and even explored the Motombo's cave. There they discovered the remains of the Motombo, still crouched upon his platform, but nothing more. In one hut of a distant village, however, they came across an old and dying woman, who informed them with her last breath that the Pongos, frightened by the iron tubes that vomited death, and in obedience to some prophecy, "had all gone back whence they came in the beginning," taking with them the recaptured Holy Flower. She had been left with a supply of food because she was too weak to travel. So perhaps that flower grows again in some unknown place in Africa; but its worshippers will have to provide themselves with another god of the forest, another Mother of the Flower, and another high priest to fill the office of the late Motombo.

These Pongo prisoners, having now no home, and not knowing where their people had gone, except that it was "towards the north," asked for leave to settle among the Mazitu, which was granted them. Their story confirmed me in my opinion that Pongoland is not really an island but is connected on the further side with the continent by some ridge or swamp. If we had been obliged to stop much longer among the Mazitu, I would have satisfied myself as to this matter by going to look. But that chance never came to me until some years later, when, under curious circumstances, I was again destined to visit this part of Africa.

To return to my story. On the day following this discussion as to our departure we all breakfasted very early, as there was a great deal to be done. There was a dense mist that morning—such as in these Mazitu uplands often precedes high, hot wind from the north at this season of the year—so dense, indeed, that it was impossible to see for more than a few yards. I suppose that this mist comes up from the great lake in certain conditions of the weather. We had just finished our breakfast, and rather languidly—for the thick, sultry air left me unenergetic—I told one of the Zulus to see that the two donkeys and the white ox, which I had caused to be brought into the town, in view of our near departure, and tied up by our huts, were properly fed. Then I went to inspect all the rifles and ammunition, which Hans had got out to be checked and overhauled. It was at this moment that I heard a far-away and unaccustomed sound, and asked Hans what he thought it was.

"A gun, Baas," he answered anxiously.

Well might he be anxious, for, as we both knew, no one in the neighbourhood had guns except ourselves, and all ours were accounted for. It is true that we had promised to give the majority of those we had taken from the slavers to Bausi when we went away, and that I had been instructing some of his best soldiers in the use of them, but not one of these had as yet been left in their possession.

I stepped to a gate in the fence, and ordered the sentry there to run to Bausi and Babemba, and make reports and inquiries, also to pray them to summon all the soldiers, of whom, as it happened, there were at the time not more than three hundred in the town. As perfect peace prevailed, the rest, according to their custom, had been allowed to go to their villages and attend to their crops. Then, possessed by a rather undefined nervousness, at which the others were inclined to laugh, I caused the Zulus to arm, and generally made a few arrangements to meet any unforeseen crisis. This done, I sat down to reflect what would be the best course to take if we should happen to be attacked by a large force in that

straggling native town, of which I had often studied all the strategic possibilities. When I had come to my own conclusion, I asked Hans and Mavovo what they thought, and found that they agreed with me that the only defensible place was outside the town, where the road to the south gate ran down a rocky wooded ridge with somewhat steep flanks. It may be remembered that it was by this road and over this ridge that Brother John had appeared on his white ox when we were about to be shot to death with arrows at the posts in the market-place.

Whilst we were still talking, two of the Mazitu captains appeared, running hard and dragging along between them a wounded herdsman, who had evidently been hit in the arm by a bullet.

This was his story. That he and two other boys were out herding the king's cattle about half a mile to the north of the town, when suddenly there appeared a great number of men dressed in white robes, all of whom were armed with guns. These men, of whom he thought there must be three or four hundred, began to take the cattle, and, seeing the three herds, fired on them, wounding him and killing his two companions. He then ran for his life and brought the news. He added that one of the men had called after him to tell the white people that they had come to kill them and the Mazitu who were their friends, and to take away the white women.

"Hassan-ben-Mohammed and his slavers!" I said, as Babemba appeared at the head of a number of soldiers, crying out—

"The slave-dealing Arabs are here, lord Macumazana. They have crept on us through the mist. A herald of theirs has come to the north gate, demanding that we should give up you white people and your servants, and with you a hundred young men and a hundred young women to be sold as slaves. If we do not do this, they say that they will kill all of us save the unmarried boys and girls, and that you white people they will take and put to death by burning, keeping only the two women alive. One Hassan sends this message."

"Indeed," I answered quietly, for in this fix I grew quite cool, as was usual with me. "And does Bausi mean to give us up?"

"How can Bausi give up Dogeetah, who is his blood-brother, and you, his friend?" exclaimed the old general indignantly. "Bausi sends me to his brother Dogeetah that he may receive the orders of the white man's wisdom, spoken through your mouth, lord Macumazana."

"Then there's a good spirit in Bausi," I replied, "and these are Dogeetah's orders spoken through my mouth. Go to Hassan's messenger and ask him whether he remembers a certain letter which two white men left for him outside their camp in a cleft stick. Tell him that the time has now come for those white men to fulfil the promises they made in that letter, and that before to-morrow he will be hanging on a tree. Then, Babemba, gather your soldiers and hold the north gate of the town for as long as you can, defending it with bows and arrows. Afterwards retreat through the town, joining us among the trees on the rocky slope that is opposite the south gate. Bid some of your men clear the town of all the aged and women and children, and let them pass through the south gate and take refuge in the wooded country beyond the slope. Let them not tarry. Let them go at once. Do you understand?"

"I understand everything, lord Macumazana. The words of Dogeetah shall be obeyed. Oh, would that we had listened to you and kept a better watch!"

He rushed off, running like a young man and shouting orders as he went.

"Now," I said, "we must be moving."

We collected all the rifles and ammunition, with some other things—I am sure I forget what they were—and with the help of a few guards whom Babemba had left outside our gate, started through the town, leading with us the two donkeys and the white ox. I remember, by an afterthought, telling Sammy, who was looking very uncomfortable, to return to the huts and fetch some blankets and a couple of iron cooking-pots, which might become necessities to us.

"Oh, Mr. Quatermain," he answered, "I will obey you, though with fear and trembling."

He went, and when a few hours afterwards I noted that he had never reappeared, I came to the conclusion, with a sigh, for I was very fond of Sammy in a way, that he had fallen into trouble and been killed. Probably, I thought, "his fear and trembling" had overcome his reason and caused him to run in the wrong direction with the cooking-pots.

The first part of our march through the town was easy enough, but after we had crossed the market-place and emerged into the narrow way that ran between many lines of huts to the south gate, it became more

"'Look, O Stephen, the Flower has been brought back!'"

difficult, since this path was already crowded with hundreds of terrified fugitives, old people, sick being carried, little boys, girls, and women with infants at the breast. It was impossible to control these poor folk; all we could do was to fight our way through them. However, we got out at last, and, climbing the slope, took up the best position we could on and just beneath its crest, where the trees and scattered boulders gave us very fair cover, which we improved upon in every way feasible, in the time at our disposal, by building little breastworks of stone and so forth. The fugitives who had accompanied us, and those who followed, a multitude in all, did not stop here, but flowed on along the road and vanished into the wooded country behind.

I suggested to Brother John that he should take his wife and daughter and the three beasts, and go with them. He seemed inclined to accept the idea—needless to say, for their sakes, not for his own, for he was a very fearless old fellow. But the two ladies utterly refused to budge. Hope said that she would stop with Stephen, and her mother declared that she had every confidence in me, and preferred to remain where she was. Then I suggested that Stephen should go, too, but at this he grew so angry that I dropped the subject.

So in the end we established them in a pleasant little hollow by a spring just over the crest of the rise, where, unless our flank were turned, or we were rushed, they would be out of the reach of bullets. Moreover, without saying anything more, we gave to each of them a double-barrelled and loaded pistol.

(*To be continued.*)

PAST AND PRESENT.

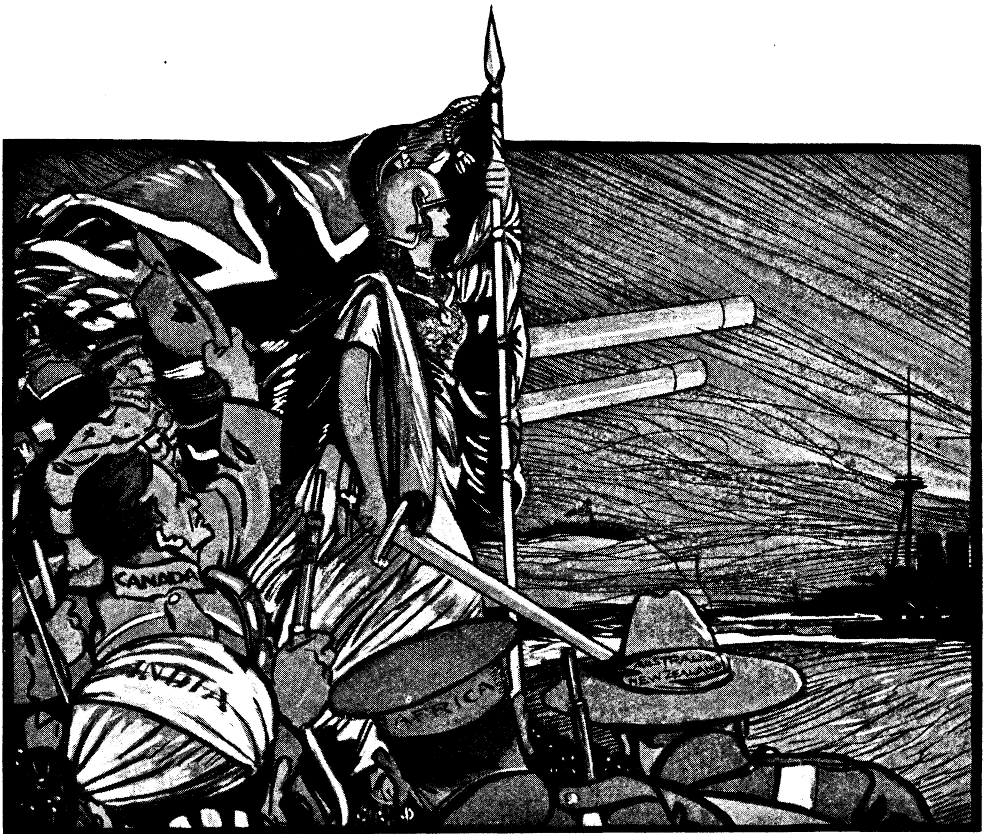
SPIRITS of Effingham, Hawkins and Drake,
  Frobisher, Raleigh the brave,
Seem in this moment of menace to wake,
  Joining us out of the grave.

England they fought for and England they saved,
  Spite of the strength of the foe;
All the reward or the honour they craved
  Enemies' downfall to know.

Still in the veins of their countrymen runs
  Blood of these heroes of old,
Courage as steadfast in hearts of our sons
  Beats and a valour as bold.

Spurred by the thoughts of those glorious deeds
  Wrought by our sires unafraid,
Fired by resolve in this hour of our need,
  So are our hearts undismayed.

EDITH DART.



THE EMPIRE'S SPLENDID RALLY TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY

SECOND ARTICLE

IT is a happy circumstance, and one of still happier augury, that some of the finest expressions of patriotism to be found in our national literature, though phrased originally when their first speakers scarcely glanced beyond the horizon which surrounded the British Isles, have to-day the larger meaning which the growth of the great British Empire has given them. Thus we find the glowing confidence which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Faulconbridge at the end of "King John" as modern as though written for the present crisis, reading into the words only the fuller consciousness of our Empire, for the beloved but lesser name of the Mother island alone :—

> This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

How vividly the Mother Country's over-seas children are animated by this kindling sentiment of inherent patriotism has been abundantly revealed, day by day, with increasing activity and purpose, ever since the record of its first fine manifestation was sent to press in our preceding number.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

COLONEL HUGHES,

Canadian Minister of Defence, who is organising the Canadian troops for the Mother Country.

Day by day the great Overseas Dominions have added to their tribute of loyal aid, while the smaller individual communities of this far-flung Empire have tendered loyally of their utmost resources. From North to South, from East to West, to expand the famous line of Rudyard Kipling, "the tested chain holds fast."

Canada's Contributions.

Canada's first offer of help, chronicled in our former article, has been much more than made good. Her Expeditionary Force consists of 20,000 men, and she has also placed the cruisers *Niobe* and *Rainbow* and two submarines at the disposal of the Government. But she has gone far beyond this in generous patriotism. A private citizen, Mr. J. C. Eaton, has given a battery of machine guns. A Montreal millionaire, Mr. J. K. L. Ross, has given £100,000 for military and naval purposes, a Province gives a like sum, and the Bank of Montreal provides £20,000. Last month we noted Canada's gift of 98,000,000 lbs. of flour. To this must now be added 4,000,000 lbs. of cheese, and Alberta's gift of 500,000 bushels of oats for the use of the Imperial Army. Unanimity has quenched party. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, has given his whole-hearted support to Sir Robert Borden and the Ministry in all war preparations. "Canada," he said, "could be depended upon to respond to any call for aid that might come from Great Britain. In Canada there was but one mind." The Expeditionary Force can,

Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

SIR WILFRID LAURIER,

Former Premier of Canada, and now Leader of the Opposition.

TYPES OF CANADIAN CAVALRY: A BRANDON SQUADRON OF THE 12TH MANITOBA DRAGOONS.

if need arise, be greatly augmented. The Dominion Parliament's vote of a £12,000,000 war credit is sufficient proof of Canada's determination. Other gifts include a ship from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, to be used for the Canadian women's hospital work. Nova Scotia is sending 100,000 tons of coal, "for any purpose that may best serve the Empire." From Newfoundland comes an offer of 500 men for service abroad

TYPES OF CANADIAN INFANTRY: THE CALGARY RIFLES.

Two photographs reproduced by courtesy of "Canada."

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE HON. J. S. T. McGOWEN,

Premier of New South Wales.

and another 500 for home defence. Canadian volunteering went ahead rapidly, and in the first fortnight of the war more than 100,000 had offered their services. Canada, like the sister Dominions, will do her utmost to encourage Imperial trade. Her own financial position, like that of Australia, is strong. French and British Canada stand as one to face the crisis. Provinces that offered to equip regiments are now being asked to help in other ways, probably with food and supplies, as the Militia Department already has all the troops necessary for the first contingents.

Australia's Aid.

Australia, as we saw in our previous article, promptly made known her resolve to send an Expeditionary Force of 20,000 men, and to place her navy at the disposal of the British Admiralty. Her battle-cruiser *Australia*, it is worthy of remark, holds a gunnery record over all other Dreadnoughts. No section of the Australian community is inactive in the good work. The arming and equipment of the troops went ahead at full speed; local bodies and municipalities vied with one another in gifts of money and in kind. The Lord Mayor of Melbourne started a Patriotic Fund, which in a few days stood at £45,000, and is still rising. The Lord Mayor of Sydney followed suit, the banks, the Stock Exchanges at the great centres of commerce intimated handsome subscriptions running into hundreds and thousands of pounds. The Australian cricket clubs and jockey clubs

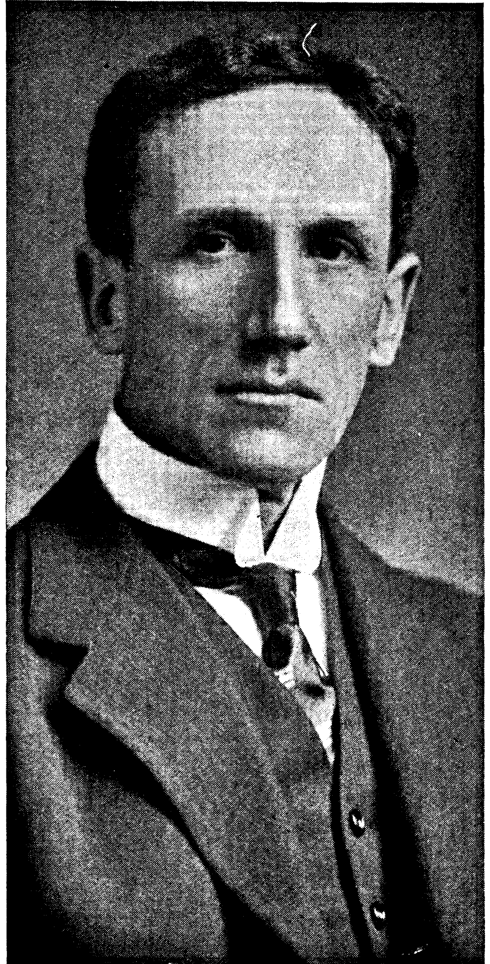


Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE HON. W. A. HOLMAN,

Attorney-General of New South Wales.

AUSTRALIAN CAVALRY: THE VICTORIA LIGHT HORSE.

proved their liberality by large subscriptions. Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson, wife of the Governor-General, took an active part in establishing the Patriotic Fund. Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson has offered his Fifeshire residence, near the Rosyth naval base, to the Government for use as a military hospital. The women of Australia have

AUSTRALIAN FIELD ARTILLERY.

Two photographs reproduced by courtesy of "The British Australasian."

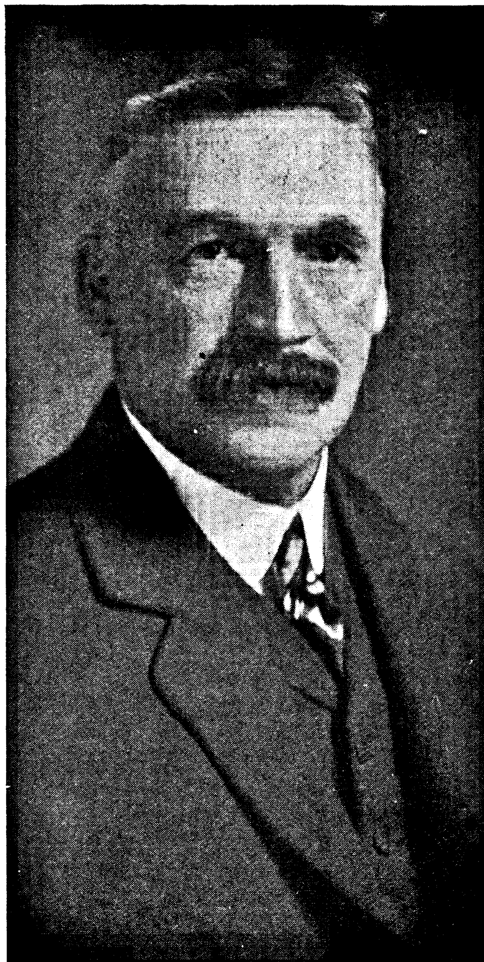


Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE HON. A. H. PEAKE,

Premier of South Australia.

whole of the contingent of cadets which visited London for the Coronation has volunteered as a unit for oversea service.

Foodstuffs and Supplies

were generously offered. A Melbourne firm gave 1,000 lbs. of the best butter, a Dutch firm presented 42,000 packets of cocoa to the troops, the Dixon Trust of Sydney gave £5,000 to start a fund for providing England with flour and meat. Business men everywhere set themselves to maintain the trade of the Empire, and politicians in Australia, as elsewhere, sank all differences in order to present a united front to the common enemy. It is worth noticing that Mr. Cook, the Federal Prime Minister, has remarked that the crisis has found Australia at a moment

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE HON. W. A. WATT,

Premier of Victoria.

equipped a Volunteer Field Service Hospital, which numbers among its nurses Lady Dudley, wife of a former Governor-General.

Another Noteworthy Australian Worker

is Lady Reid, wife of Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner for Australia in London. She is President of the Australian War Contingent Association, which has been formed to look after the welfare and comfort of the Australian Expeditionary Force. The list of activities is inexhaustible. Here we can mention only a few of the most representative, but all are doing their part. Men have joined the Expeditionary Force with the most enthusiastic readiness. The

Photo by] [*Central News.*

ULSTER VOLUNTEERS LOYAL TO THE EMPIRE: THE GREAT PARADE AT LARNE.

of exceptional prosperity and financial strength. Money pours freely for all purposes. The trustees of the estate of the late Mr. Edward Wilson, one of the proprietors of *The Melbourne Argus*, have set aside £10,000 to alleviate in Victoria distress arising out of the war. All is cool and business-like. The Victorian Minister of Public Instruction and Labour has stated that the State Ministry will proceed with their public works policy as if no war were in progress. The Premiers of all the Federal States have agreed to provide free transport for men and horses going to the front. The Commonwealth has indeed made good the words of her Premier's first speech after the declaration of war, when he declared that "Australia is ready, aye, ready!"

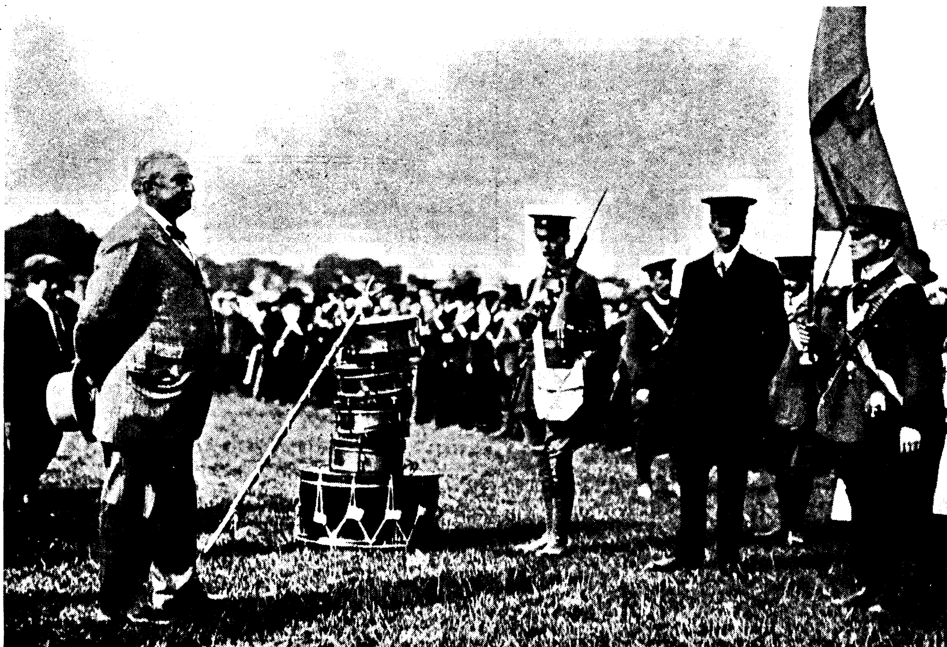


Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

IRISH NATIONALIST VOLUNTEERS LOYAL TO THE EMPIRE: MR. JOHN REDMOND, M.P., PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE MARYBOROUGH CORPS.

New Zealand's Loyalty.

New Zealand's instant promise of its naval force and a contingent of 8,000 men, to be maintained at that strength as need for reinforcement arises, was recorded in our former article. Mr. Allen, Minister of Defence, has since stated that he cannot accept all who have volunteered for service in the National Reserve, because it would be impossible to train them. The Labour Party offered a regiment. The Empire Defence Fund went up by sums of £10,000 daily. The New Zealand Sports Protection League has promoted a movement to send meat and dairy produce to English people who may feel the pinch of want during the war. And Australasia generally is making it her care that meat and produce supplies shall not be diverted from the home markets.

Photo by] [*Bourne & Shepherd, India.*
H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR.

Photo by] [*Bourne & Shepherd, India.*
H.H. THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

South African Unanimity.

South Africa is solid for the Union Jack. General Botha, whose words we quoted in our former article, has the unqualified support of his political opponent, General Hertzog, the leader of the Dutch Party in the Union Legislature. No more striking proof of the unity and determination of South Africa could be found than General Hertzog's attitude. The Mayor of Cape Town has telegraphed to assure Mr. Asquith of the citizens' "joyful support." Everywhere throughout the Union volunteers have flocked enthusiastically to join the forces of defence against foreign aggression.

In addition to the offers of service from India already noted, there comes a touching story of the native Ruler of Rewa, who asked the Viceroy: "What orders from His Majesty for me and my troops?" This is only typical of the devotion of every native prince to the Imperial cause. The Punjab Chiefs' Association have expressed the desire

of the Punjab aristocracy to serve Britain in war as well as in peace. Malik Umer Haquet Khan, speaking for the Mohammedans of India, offers any service the Government may think fit to accept. Already we have given a long list of native princes who have placed their all at the King-Emperor's disposal. A number of ruling chiefs have also offered hospital ships of 300 beds, and these generous gifts the Government has accepted. Indian students in London offered to enlist, but this is not considered expedient, and it has been suggested that they engage in hospital work. Gifts of

Photo by] [*Bourne & Shepherd, India.*

H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF JODHPUR, K.C.S.I.

money pour in from wealthy Indians. The Ceylon Tea Planters' Association have promised 1,000,000 lbs. of tea for the use of the troops in the field.

At home recruiting goes on apace, and Lord Kitchener has got his first 100,000. Old Dominion Service men at present in England have a scheme to embody themselves once more in a Dominions Mounted Corps, 2,000 strong. The originator is Mr. J. Norton Griffiths, M.P. for Wednesbury, formerly adjutant of Lord Roberts's bodyguard. He has seen much service in Africa. Mr. Roger Pocock's Legion of Frontiersmen is also ready to take the field.

Of the unity of Ireland we have already spoken. Mr. Redmond has followed up his memorable statement in Parliament with a spirited address to the Irish Nationalist Volunteers. That force is no less ready and eager for service than the Ulstermen. "North and South," said Mr. Redmond, "Catholic and Protestant, and whatever the origin of their race—Williamite, Cromwellite, or old Celtic—would stand shoulder to shoulder to preserve the good order and the peace of Ireland, and to defend her shores against any foreign foe." The Government, he added, would soon arm and equip a large part of the force. To the Ulstermen, already equipped, Sir Edward Carson has spoken in a strain of similar encouragement and patriotism. England's difficulty is no longer Ireland's opportunity. The Empire tackles her gigantic and toilsome task heartened by the approval of all her sons and the sympathy of the civilised world. The fight may be long and fierce, but Great Britain's men and women throughout the world count no sacrifice too dear a price to pay for liberty.

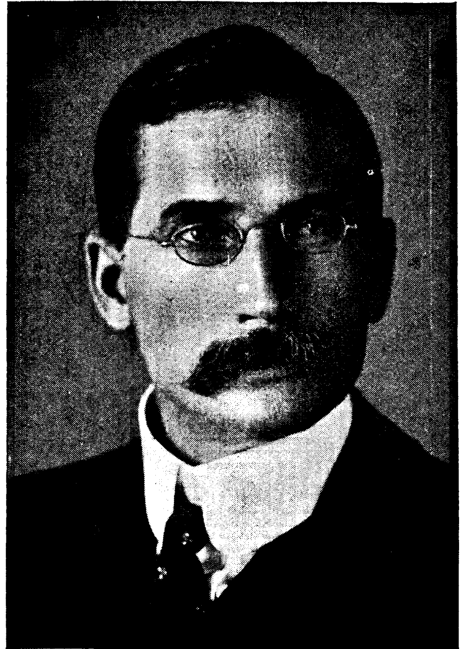
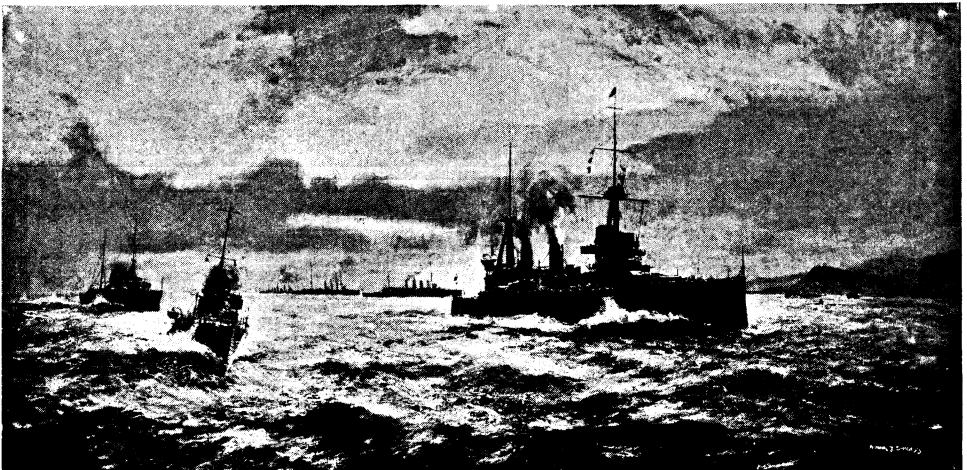


Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

GENERAL HERTZOG,

The Dutch Leader in the Union of South Africa Legislature.



"THE FLEET OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH AT SEA." BY A. J. W. BURGESS.

FULL FATHOMS DEEP

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Charles J. Crombie

HUGH LLANBERIS sat at the door of his hut, looking out over a stretch of sand and desert that was as hard and hopeless as his own horizon. For five years he had toiled and sweated there, making bricks without straw and coaxing a lean dividend from the elusive alluvial gold. He was the only Englishman—indeed, to all practical purposes, the only white man there. He had melted in the sun and shivered in the rain; he had known every illness that that poisonous peninsula specialised in, and the miracle was that he still lived. There was always a chance, however, of a nip from some poisonous snake, or a knife in his ribs at the hand of one of his "Greasers;" but there—he was as hard as whipcord and as fine as a star.

Five years! It seemed like five centuries since he had turned his back upon the old grey house at Cwmgwilt, had seen the last of the sheep and the grouse on the hillside, and the brown trout lying on the gravel amidst the weeds. It was all very well to be a Llanberis of Cwmgwilt, with twenty generations of ancestors behind him, very well to take pride in the doings of the race when it had been a power in the Welsh Marches, but there was no getting away from the fact that, when Hugh turned his back upon it all, there was very little left beyond the old house and some few thousand barren acres of sheep pasture and some miles of excellent trout-fishing. Had Hugh's uncle, Ronald Llanberis, been desirous to sell the place, he would have been lucky to see ten thousand pounds for it, and the mortgagees would have claimed the greater part of it then.

And that was not all. Some ten years ago, before Ronald Llanberis's father died, the then head of the house had executed a deed of trust whereby he charged the property with five thousand pounds and half the upset value in favour of his second son, Hugh's aforesaid father. Now, no one had known of this save the elder son, Griffith, and when his father died, Griffith had concealed the fact, and none was any the wiser, with the solitary exception of old Elspeth Morris, an ancient Scotch nurse and retainer of the family, who knew everything. She was a stern old Puritan enough, and her duty had been clear. But because she had loved and worshipped Gwendolen Llanberis, who was Hugh's cousin and the daughter of his uncle, she had forgotten her duty and her honour, and had meant to go down to her grave with the secret of this hidden in her heart. She had juggled with her soul and her conscience by assuring herself that Gwendolen and Hugh would marry some day, in which case no harm would be done. But, unhappily, Hugh turned out to be made of different stuff to the modern decadents of his house, who lived a life of semi-starvation, warming themselves at the ashes of the dead-and-gone glories of the house. True, he had come to some understanding with his cousin, but he had bound her to nothing and held her to no promise, though they had vowed to exchange letters regularly. Then the letters ceased, for the lovers could not know that the man who had been capable of robbing his own brother was not likely to stop at suppressing letters of which he did not approve. He had other views for Gwen—which came to nothing, by the way—but that is no part of the story.

Then, at the end of four years, the failing heart in old Elspeth's breast broke the bars of silence, and she wrote to Hugh telling him the truth. She knew nothing, of course, of the suppressed letters; she thought that Hugh had forgotten Gwen, and in the girl's proud silence she read an

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indifference which had grown mutual. But she did write freely and tell Hugh of the night that old Griffith had died and handed the deed of trust to his elder son. And she spoke freely of what happened before the old man was laid in his coffin—how the man who had betrayed his trust crept into the dead man's room in the blackness of the night and concealed the deed in the grave-clothes of the corpse. And there it lay now inside the leaden coffin in the family vault of the Llanberises, which was under the floor of the old chapel connected with the house.

This story Hugh had read ages ago outside the door of his hut, and he had smiled bitterly to himself as he tore the letter in pieces. What did it matter? What did anything matter now? Five years ago he might have raised money on that deed to sufficiently start him in some sound business. But by this time, no doubt, the old estate had gone from bad to worse, till in all probability there was not enough left to cover the mortgages. And Gwen had forgotten him. No, he would stay where he was and fight it out to the bitter end. He heard, a month or two afterwards, that old Elspeth was dead, and the secret of Ronald Llanberis's perfidy was his own entirely. And so, through the thin years and the lean, haggard months, he worked on till this very evening, when he sat outside his hut, as was his usual custom, smoking his pipe and turning over a month-old batch of English newspapers for the fiftieth time. It seemed to him that he had read them even to the last thing in the way of an advertisement. He reached for one now and turned it over listlessly. Then a familiar name caught his eye, and he bent to read. And this was what jumped to his gaze:—

"Settlement of Cwmgwilt Case.

"The Chief Arbitrator yesterday announced his decision with regard to the litigation which has existed for the past three years between the executors of the late Mr. Ronald Llanberis, of Cwmgwilt, and the Corporation and Citizens of Slagborough. It is now five years since the Slagborough Corporation obtained the necessary Parliamentary powers to purchase the whole of the Cwmgwilt watershed for the purpose of forming a series of reservoirs. Mr. Llanberis contested the case and lost it. All this time the work has been going on, and now the great water scheme has been practically completed at an outlay of some six millions. It is rather strange that the completion of the work, and its formal opening in November by Royalty, should come just at the time when the arbitration claim has been settled. Their award is to the effect that the Slagborough Corporation pay Mr. Llanberis's executors the sum of a hundred and thirty thousand pounds and all costs."

Hugh laughed aloud as he dropped the paper. It seemed absurd, extravagant, and altogether outside the bounds of reason. At the most sanguine valuation the property at Cwmgwilt was not worth a tithe of the money. But there was the paragraph, gravely set out in a responsible London paper, and there was no more to be said.

No more to be said—yes, but a good deal more to be done; for if this amazing thing were true, then Hugh was the owner of sixty thousand pounds at least, and perhaps more. If that charge now lying on the breast of a dead man in a lonely vault meant anything, it meant that old Griffith Llanberis intended his two sons to share and share alike. There would be a scandal, of course, for it would be impossible to open that lead coffin without a faculty, and this would have to be applied for in open Court. It would be just the sort of case to appeal to the public imagination. It would be easily gripped by the talons of the popular press, and everybody would know that the last proud owner of Cwmgwilt was nothing less than a scoundrel and a thief. Hugh found himself wondering what Gwen would say when she knew everything. Still, he was not going to hesitate on that account. He told himself bitterly that all the finer feelings had been ground out of him between the millstones of adversity. Why should he stay here, walking arm-in-arm with malaria and manslaughter, when the bed of down and the dew of the dawn waited for him at home?

He sat there dreaming and picturing the old house as he had seen it last. He could see himself loitering on the bridge crossing the Gwilt, and lazily watching the trout as he waited for Gwen. And he could see the happy light in her eyes as she came towards him, could see a flush on her face and the smile on her lips. She had been a beautiful girl in those days, and Hugh idly wondered what she was like now. It struck him presently, with a kind of shock, that to-day she could not be more than twenty-three. Why had he regarded her as so much older? It was probably because his own five years of penal servitude had been too long, for

there are years that pass and die with the bloom still on them, and years that hang till they are grey and haggard.

A week later, and Hugh came down to the coast. He thrust his way homeward in a filthy little tub of a steamer, reeking and smelling of the bottomless pit, but he took no heed of this. At any rate, he had the green sea under his foot, and his face was turned homewards. It was good to find himself once again in London, to taste the delights of a real bath in a real hotel, and find himself once more in the garb of civilisation. There was no need to worry about money for the moment, for the five years had been saving ones, and Hugh's bank manager was quite politely pleased to see him. It mattered nothing, either, that the month was October, that the skies were heavy and grey, and that the country had been swept for days by torrents of rain. At the end of his first week Hugh hied himself away to Paddington, and thence by long and tortuous stages to the little fishing inn where the tourists came and stayed, at the top of the hill. But the tiny hostel, with its diamond-paned windows and black oak settles, was no more. It had given place to a modern, up-to-date hotel, boasting every convenience and making its own electric light. Where the silent valleys had been, and where the sheep had grazed on the hillside, were enormous masses of masonry, and down there in the hollow, where Hugh had caught his first trout, was a gargantuan dam of solid concrete and stone and steel, a mile long, and measuring two hundred feet at least at the apex. The old grey house itself stood in the midst of a wild desolation, stripped of its foliage and given over entirely to offices, where the engineers with their staff of a thousand men were working. Over yonder, where the grouse used to lie, the hillside was dotted with hundreds of bungalows, street upon street of tiny houses, where the army of workmen lived. The streets were noisy with the clamour of children, and somewhere in the distance a brass band was playing, and playing remarkably well. Hugh rubbed his eyes as he tried to take all this in. It was as if the Geni of the Lamp had been here, had come as the presiding genius of labour and wrought this miracle in a single night.

One or two of the engineers had overflowed into the hotel, and after dinner—a six-course meal served by waiters in evening-dress—Hugh had forgathered with one of them.

"Oh, you are one of the family, are you?" the young man asked. "Been abroad, eh? Yes, I've had some myself. You'll pardon me, but I hope that you are going to benefit out of that tidy little lump of money our people had to shell out. Anyway, I'm glad it's settled, because we want to open in November."

"You found a lot of local prejudice?" Hugh asked.

"Good Heavens, yes! Anybody would think we were guilty of sacrilege! That uncle of yours fought us tooth and nail. And yet you won't mind my saying that the money would have been a perfect godsend to him. He would have been lucky with a fifth of it. Still, it's ratepayers' money, and nobody worries about that. Now we shall be able to get on. We have tried almost in vain to get the chapel removed and all the bodies of your ancestors taken away and buried elsewhere."

"I hadn't thought of that," Hugh exclaimed. "I suppose you are going to pull down the house as well?"

"Oh, dear, no! We shall submerge the whole thing. There's not a house in the valley that won't be a hundred feet under water by Christmas. We are making a chain of four big lakes, which will be fed by the Gwilt and its tributaries. I wonder if anybody realises how many billions of gallons of water run to waste every winter down this valley. Why, it drains about a third of the watershed of Plynlimmon! Slagborough will have a grand water-supply, and no one will be a penny the worse. We shall fill up the valley to the level of the forests and stock the lakes with trout. This will be a fine place for tourists some of these days. I dare say this sounds all very strange, and looks queer to you, who were born here, but we have done nothing to spoil the romantic beauty of the place. I pointed this out yesterday to Miss Llanberis, and she agreed with me."

"You are speaking of my cousin?" Hugh said in a dazed sort of way. "You will think it a strange question, but would you mind telling me where she's living? You see, I have been off the map so long that I am quite a stranger to my own people."

"I know the feeling," the other man said sympathetically. "I once spent a year myself practically alone in a Peruvian forest. There's a farmhouse over yonder, on the high ground, kept by a man named Price. I believe Miss Llanberis has had rooms there for two years."

It was still raining heavily when Hugh

rose in the morning. Big clouds rolled down the hillsides, the great drops fell hissing on the dead heather. Down below, the river ran yellow and turbid, and high up amongst the big dams a swarm of gangs of men were at work like bees around a hive. Over it all there seemed to hang a tense atmosphere, which had behind it a suggestion of anxiety and presentiment of coming danger. As Llanberis toiled up the hillside, he began to find out for himself what this meant. The engineers were anxious about the temporary dams which they had erected to divert the current of the Gwilt until such time as it was possible to fill up the mighty lake, and the hands of Royalty should set the crystal waters flowing along the huge aqueducts to Slagborough.

And now those mighty stanks were brimming with the yellow flood, and if one of them gave way, then there would be a lurid story of death and disaster along the lower reaches of the Eland Valley. Human foresight had not made allowance for these record floods, and the temporary dams were beginning to rock and tremble ominously.

"I don't like it," one of the engineers whispered to Hugh. "If much more water comes down, we shall have to anticipate events and turn the Gwilt back into its proper channel. A few hundred pounds of dynamite would do that; in fact, the explosion of the dynamite by electricity is precisely what Royalty will have to do. Then the water flows into the valley, and yonder big dam forms the lake. It is quite simple, and, if you ask me, I should like to see it done now. We are taking pretty big risks, Mr. Llanberis."

But Hugh had only followed this vaguely. He looked away from the silent valley up the hillside, where the rain was beating heavily, and there he could see a solitary figure, hooded and clad in mackintosh.

There was something in the carriage of the woman standing there, a turn of her head and the swaying of her slender form, that was strangely familiar to Hugh. Well, he would have to meet her some time, he told himself. He came behind her presently and called on her by name. She started and turned, her pale face aflame, a great gladness in the wide, grey eyes. Impulsively she held out her hands to him, her lips unsteady yet smiling a welcome as she uttered his name. And just for a moment Hugh hesitated. He had not expected anything like this—he was startled and embarrassed. It was only for a fraction of time, but it was enough to freeze the smile on the girl's lips and wipe the gleam of welcome from her eyes. It almost seemed to Hugh as if he had imagined this welcome on the part of Gwendolen, but now she stood before him calmly, as cold and inhospitable as the wild, grey rain beating on the hillside.

"So you have come back," she said. "You are just in time to see the end of the old place. I suppose you know that the house yonder will be two hundred feet under water in a few weeks?"

"So I understand," Hugh replied. "And you—is it your intention to remain in the neighbourhood?"

"Only till I have seen the last of it. I don't know why I stay. I feel like a woman in a dream watching her own funeral. I suppose I shall get used to it in time—used to strangers and the knowledge that I am the last Llanberis left besides yourself. Yet people say I am fortunate. They say that I am rich despite myself. Ah, I would go back to the old life gladly—the life of five years ago!"

She was appealing to him again, unconsciously telling him secrets with her eyes which her lips would have scorned to utter. What did it mean? Hugh wondered. He had suffered at the hands of Gwendolen's father, he had suffered those lean years largely because she had turned her back upon him. And yet she was taking the situation for granted—she seemed to ignore the way in which she had treated him.

"Yes, I understand you are rich," Hugh said somewhat bitterly. "It will be a welcome change. It did not so much matter when we were children, but the pride of a race that did not mind the claims of poor creditors is a miserable thing at the best."

He had it on the tip of his tongue to say more. He restrained an impulse to tell Gwendolen the truth. It would be better, perhaps, that the case should be stated through his solicitors. Even as he stood there he could see, beyond the drifting curtains of rain, the old house and the little chapel beyond, where his claim to half Gwendolen's fortune lay concealed in a scabbard of lead. He would let things drift for the moment, even as those responsible had let drift the pressing question of the removal of the graves of Cwmgwilt. There was no time to say any more, either, for two of the engineers came and stood alongside them. Their faces were grave and anxious, and they spoke to one another almost in whispers.

"I must go now," Gwendolen said.

"Perhaps you will come and see me before you leave the neighbourhood."

Hugh murmured something in response, and Gwendolen turned away and slowly climbed the hillside. It was only when Hugh was alone once more that Gwen's smile and the glad, warm welcome of her eyes came back to him. He wondered and he wondered. It was possible that the man who had stooped to rob him of his inheritance might have fallen low enough to tamper with correspondence. Yes, Gwendolen had been unfeignedly glad to see him. He might have known what that look in those proud grey eyes meant, for he had seen it there once before on a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. He would see her again and tell her plainly what for the last five years had been in his mind. He brooded over it; he came back to his hotel through the roaring night and wet to the skin, and yet hardly conscious of his condition. He was tired and worn, and anxious for a good night's rest. Not one of the engineers appeared at dinner-time, so that there was no excuse for staying up.

Hugh woke from uneasy dreams conscious of the fact that someone was hammering on his door. He could see by his watch that he had not been in bed more than an hour; he could hear the roar and fret of the rainstorm outside. He invited the disturber in.

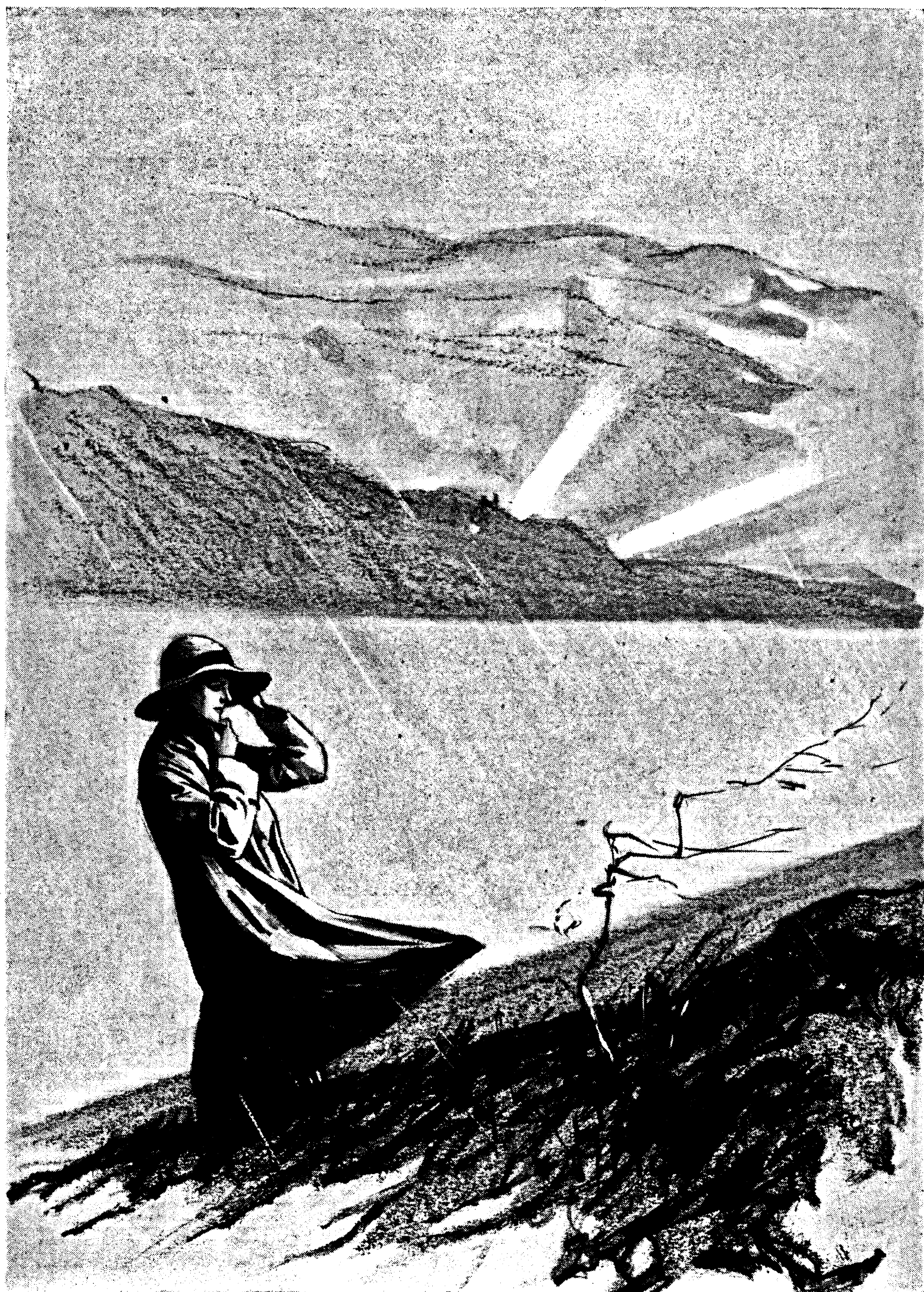
"I thought you would like to get up and see it, sir," the waiter said. "They've decided to blow up the temporary dam, sir. If they don't bring the Gwilt down the old valley, she'll burst the stanks, and there will be a hundred lives lost before daylight. They're going to use twelve hundred pounds of dynamite."

Hugh stumbled out of bed without delay. There was something in the situation that gripped him. There was danger here—a livid peril in which a handful of men were fighting against the forces of Nature. Just for a moment it did not occur to Hugh exactly what this might mean to him. A few moments later, and he was speeeding up the hillside, fighting his way against the storm of wind and rain. There was no need for him to pick and choose his footsteps, for the valley below, where the grey house stood, and the slopes of the hills were vivid with great stabbing lanes of flame. The hills seemed to be girt about with the huge flarelights that turned night into a kind of infernal day. Down below you could see a crowd of men staggering away from the grey house, bearing burdens of all kinds, for the human rats were leaving the sinking ship, so to speak, and the engineers were carrying their precious plans and instruments with them. It seemed like chaos, but it was a chaos out of which system and order were being rapidly evolved. On the far side of the hill, beside the mounds and giant struts of timber that formed the temporary dam, a score of men were at work. The light was so powerful that Hugh could actually see the glint of flame on a copper wire that led to a battery far above his own head. It was impossible to hear anything for the roar and strife of the storm, but these men seemed to be working with perfect understanding, and comprehended exactly what those swaying lanterns were saying.

All this Hugh watched with the deepest interest and a fascination that made his breath come fast. It seemed impossible to believe that this scene, like some wild nightmare inspired by one of Doré's pictures of Dante's Inferno, should be taking place in that peaceful, slumberous valley, where a year or two ago the catching of four-pound trout was an event of importance. He stood there, beaten by the rain and buffeted by the storm, until the valley was as empty as a desert—stood there till he saw a rocket rise high in the sky and fall in streams of gold and pallid blue. Then there came a muffled roar, an upheaval of a portion of the hillside, and a concussion that sent the solitary watcher reeling backwards. As the smoke cleared away, there came another roar, longer and more deep-throated, as millions of gallons of turgid water rushed down the hillside in a headlong torrent. It seemed almost a matter of minutes before the yellow flood creamed about the foot of the old grey house, then rose upward steadily till only the tops of the chimneys could be seen. And then there flashed upon Hugh the full significance of this weird and midnight fight between man and the forces of Nature.

"Well, my bad luck has dogged me from the start," Hugh muttered. "There goes my last trail of evidence, and the secret must lie for ever in the graves of Cwmgwilt at the bottom of the lake. A fitting burial-place for the race, perhaps, whose curse has ever been pride and procrastination. Gwendolen can enjoy her fortune now undisturbed, and I will go back and serve out the rest of my sentence."

He spoke calmly and without the slightest trace of bitterness, and, strange to say, felt no anger in his hour of defeat. Indeed, he was glad. He knew in his heart of hearts



that he had never meant to fight this defenceless girl or advance a single finger to set free the flood-gates of scandal and disgrace. It was all over now, anyway. The wild, grey dawn would see a brimming lake, flush to the summit of the great dam, and down there, under the fretting waters, the secret of the house and his own patrimony would lie for ever. He turned his face towards the downward path, and there, at the end of one of the fierce, white lanes of light, stood Gwendolen.

He could see that the tears had been streaming down her face, but her eyes were dry now, and filled with a sadness that touched him in spite of himself.

"He turned his face towards the downward path, and there . . . . stood Gwendolen."

"It is very unfortunate," he said. "It is ever the same old story, Gwendolen. But I would not grieve over that. It is a fitting end to the race. It matters little whether our ancestors are in the air or under the water, for they will sleep as peacefully in their lead coffins and rise as surely when the time comes."

"Oh, it isn't that," Gwendolen murmured. "It is the feeling of being so horribly alone. I feel like a delicate flower that has been taken from some congenial soil and planted in a desert. You can only grow heather in its proper place. And now there is no one left but myself. Was there ever anybody so helpless as I?"

"With a fortune like yours——"

"But it is not mine," Gwendolen cried. "Half of it is yours. I know that was the intention of our grandfather, because I was told so. And suppose I had it all? Suppose you refused to take your proper share? Oh, I know I can't compel you to—I know you'll say that there is not one scrap of evidence in existence."

"That would be no more than the truth," Hugh smiled.

"I cannot deny it. There was a time when you and I were friends and, perhaps, something more than friends."

"There is no perhaps about it. I went away to seek my fortune. I wrote to you of my hopes and fears, to tell you how I was getting on; but no reply came—not one word from the girl——"

"Hugh!" Gwendolen cried. "Hugh, how could you possibly believe that I could so soon forget? And all the time I was waiting and longing and pining for your letters. Then, when they did not come, I thought that you had gone out into the world and met someone you liked better. When I saw you this morning, I began to hope, but you were so cold and distant. Perhaps, in the course of time——"

She stopped and said no more. But her eyes were speaking to him again, and Hugh read in them the words that she could not utter. He, too, took a step towards her and laid his hands upon her shoulders.

"It is no question of the future," he said. "Gwen, I have never changed. I have grown harder and more callous, perhaps, but no one has taken your place. I came back —well, never mind what I came back for. That and the memory of it has been washed away to-night, and by daylight will be buried 'full fathoms deep,' as old Shakespeare says. We will divide the money, but not in the way you suggest. We will build the old house once more, high up on the hillside, and the Llanberis shall be a power in the land again. It shall be your home and mine, and the money shall be spent equally between us for the good of ourselves and those who, I hope, will come after us. And if people call me a fortune-hunter——"

"They would not dare," Gwendolen cried indignantly, "and it would be a vile falsehood if they did."

Hugh smiled as he kissed her tenderly on the lips.

"Yes," he said, "my conscience is quite free from that reproach."

THE EVENING LAND.

CORNFIELDS on either side did stand,
As I went through the evening land,
In living sheets of deepening gold,
Along the vale, across the wold.
The distant moor lay vivid blue
Against the sky, itself heaven's hue.
That evening land was very fair,
No single marring touch was there.

Summer flowers now had faded, rose
Nor honeysuckle bloomed, but those
Regiments of ragwort, tansy tall,
And wild, unfettered, over all,
Bracken fronds green grew branching, free,
Along the lanes, across the lea.

As I went through the evening land,
Where cornfields either side did stand,
Friendly the distant hills and near,
The rain-washed air was crystal clear;
The evening's peace unto the heart
Stole gently, making me a part
With brooding hill and quiet sky,
'Neath which the harvest fields did lie.

"THE BATTLE OF CRECY, 1346: THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY AND HIS FORCES ROUTED BY ENGLISH TROOPS UNDER LORD TALBOT." BY T. GRAINGER.

BRITAIN'S CONTINENTAL WARS

A RETROSPECT AND A MORAL

BY PROFESSOR W. ALISON PHILLIPS

WE are at the beginning of the greatest war of all history, incomparably the greatest. The first mighty shock of the millions in arms against each other has been felt, and already the whole habitable globe has felt some of the ruinous effects of the terror so long threatening, so many times expected, and so often postponed. It has come at last, this terror. It has come, and it finds us unafraid. It has brought with it to these islands even a kind of exultation and buoyancy, as of one recovering from a long sickness. For, indeed, we were growing sick of ourselves, sick of our party quarrels, whether in religion or politics, which loomed so formidably large and have suddenly fallen into so strange an oblivion. For when the War Lord sent his challenge over the sea, expecting confusion of counsel and the embittering, to his comfort, of fratricidal strife, a silence fell upon our land, and then all this United Kingdom was one voice, uttering grim defiance to the insolent demand.

One voice—for the first time in all the long history of the nations that compose our people. For never, since we were bound together in allegiance to a common crown, has opinion been so united in favour of a national war. To our enemies the sudden revelation of this unanimity must have come with the force of an unexpected and staggering blow. How could they expect it? Apart from the menace of our internal dissensions, the report of much talk had come to them over the water, significant of another temper—England, secure in her island fastness, had no concern with the affairs of her Continental neighbours, and must on no account suffer herself to be entangled in them. They forgot one thing—England has a national conscience. Difference of opinion there might be as to the question of her interests in this quarrel;

as to the question of her duty there could be none. We had pledged our word in a solemn treaty to maintain the neutrality of Belgium, and we had to keep our word. Whatever other motives lay behind our action, it was the wanton attack of Germany upon Belgium that was the immediate cause of our declaration of war; and it was this that finally justified it even to those visionary and unpractical spirits among us for whom even the forging of the weapons of defence had seemed a crime against humanity.

But why did we make these promises that we are now in honour bound to keep? Why did we "entangle" ourselves on the Continent with treaties and *ententes?* Why, after sixty years, are we once more sending our armies over the seas to fight in a European quarrel? We have done so many a time before, sometimes wisely, sometimes foolishly, sometimes triumphantly, and sometimes to meet disaster. But never since the tragic adventure in the Crimea in 1854, so glorious in its incidents and so futile in its results, have our armies fought on the soil of Europe; and it is a hundred years since British troops last crossed the Channel. Why have we broken this long tradition of insularity? And what, in respect of its motive and its aim, is the relation of this war to all those others which Great Britain in the past has waged upon the Continent? These are the questions to which it is here proposed to attempt an answer.

As a people we are not distinguished for our knowledge of history, yet our historical memory is long. Unlearned Englishmen, for instance, may know nothing of the causes of the Hundred Years' War, have no notion of the whereabouts of Gascony and Guienne, and be quite ignorant of the quarrels of French Kings and their feudatories who were also Kings of England; but they remember Crecy and Agincourt; the Black Prince is still a national hero, whose recently discovered account-book made good copy for a popular newspaper; and that ruinous adventurer, Henry V., as idealised by Shakespeare, is the official hero of every high school. But—in spite of its abiding popularity—this war, or series of wars, was in no sense directed to really national ends. It was but a feudal *mêlée* on a large scale, or at most a struggle of dynasts greedy of power and territory. Not idly is Joan of Arc revered as a heroine in England as well as in France, and it was a happy day for both when, in 1453, the Anglo-Gascon host was crushed, and the attempt to unite England and France under a single crown finally defeated at the hard-fought battle of Castillon.

Yet the struggle had aroused the national consciousness of the English and given them a taste for foreign adventure and conquest which survived the Wars of the Roses, carried on by memories of the French wars, the persistence of which is witnessed by the plays of Shakespeare. So far, however, as dreams of conquest on the Continent are concerned, the sixteenth century had seen the last of them. When, in 1513, the young Henry VIII. landed at Calais with 25,000 men, to attempt to reassert the ancient claims of the Plantagenets, he soon discovered that conditions in Europe had altered, and that there was no longer scope for such ambitions; and the speedy result was a treaty of alliance with France, sealed by the marriage of his sister Mary with Louis XII. In 1557 the loss of Calais, the last English foothold in France, in a war undertaken by Queen Mary solely in the interests of her husband, Philip II. of Spain, finally removed the chief temptation to these aggressive adventures. From this time begins the series of wars of which the present one carries on the tradition: wars, that is to say, which—whatever gains they have brought to Great Britain—were, almost without exception, essentially wars of *defence.*

Now, these wars, whatever other motives may have combined to inspire them—such as, *e.g.*, sympathy with persecuted Protestants abroad or commercial rivalry—were mainly dictated by one political principle which, though not defined as an axiom of diplomacy until the eighteenth century, was operative, as it were instinctively, in the minds of English statesmen as early as the days of Elizabeth. This principle is known as that of the Balance of Power, and from the British point of view it means that no Power should be allowed to acquire such a preponderance on the Continent as to imperil the independence of Great Britain and that dominion of the seas by which this independence is guaranteed. As a corollary, it has always been rightly maintained that this dominion, and consequently the safety of England, would be specially endangered by the acquisition by any Great Power of the Low Countries, with their great navigable rivers and magnificent ports, owing to their position within striking distance of our shores and the facilities they would give for building up a sea-power equal to or greater than our own.

"THE VICTORY OF AGINCOURT, 1415: HENRY V. GIVING THANKS TO GOD." BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

"Non nobis, Domine!"

The threatening Power in the latter half of the sixteenth century was Spain. The Habsburg dominions had been divided on the death of the Emperor Charles V., but his son, Philip II. of Spain, was lord also of the New World beyond the ocean, with its tribute of fabulous wealth, and in the Old World of Naples and Sicily, of Milan and Franche Comté and the Netherlands. His power at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign bestrode the world, as Burleigh put it, "with one foot on the land and the other on the sea." By the end of her reign the menace of it to English liberty had passed for ever. In the main, the struggle of which this was the outcome had been fought upon the sea. What Englishman has not heard of the fame of Drake, or Frobisher, or Grenville, or is ignorant of the story of the defeat in 1588 of Philip's "Invincible Armada," broken in a week's running fight up the Channel by the harrying of the English sea-dogs, and scattered by the winds of God in pitiful wreck on all the coasts of the northern seas? Englishmen, however, also fought upon the Continent of Europe, though with sadly less credit. Elizabeth recognised something of the importance for England of the struggle of the people of the Netherlands against Spain, and it was not sympathy with fellow-Protestants that moved her to assist them. But her assistance was half-hearted, and the expedition of 5,000 foot and 1,000 horse which in 1585 set out, under the Earl of Leicester, to the support of the revolted Dutch provinces, ended, two years later, in failure and disgrace. It is not pleasant to read, even at this distance of time, of the traitorous surrender of Deventer and Zutphen by their English commanders. That the Hollanders secured their independence at last was little due to English aid; it is to England, however, that they ultimately owed its maintenance, as we shall see.

The next British expedition to the Netherlands was in 1625, and was the outcome of the futile war with Spain, into which James I., just before his death, had been dragged by his son Charles and his favourite Buckingham. Its result was even more disastrous and disgraceful than that of the last; for the English troops, left in Holland without money or supplies, simply rotted away without doing anything. It is a relief to pass from these records of corruption and incompetence to the story of Oliver Cromwell, the founder of the British Army and of the British Empire. The foreign wars of the Commonwealth were also mainly fought at sea, against the Dutch—now grown into a formidable sea-power—from motives of commercial and colonial rivalry, against Spain, in something of the old Elizabethan spirit, as the Power most formidable to Protestant interests, and in order to wrest from her some of the spoils of the Indies. It was against Spain that Cromwell, in 1657, made an alliance with France, and sent an expedition of 6,000 men to the Netherlands. On June 4, 1658, the English Ironsides won fresh renown at the Battle of the Dunes; but the national hero of these wars is Admiral Blake, who, three years before, after establishing the supremacy of the British flag in the Channel, had made it supreme also in the Mediterranean.

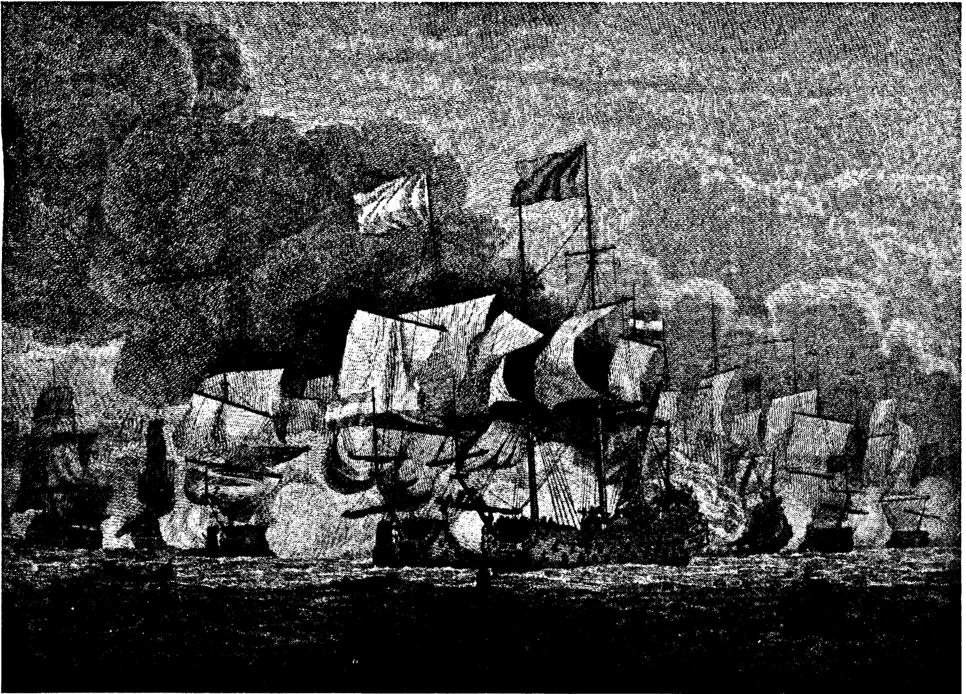
The great place of Cromwell in the long history of England's warfare cannot be exaggerated. It was not only that he inspired respect for the power of Great Britain throughout the length and breadth of the Continent, but he set a new tradition for British foreign policy, which, though often obscured, has never wholly perished—the tradition of national altruism. "God's interest in the world," he declared, "is more extensive than all the people of these three nations. God has brought us hither to consider the work we may do in the world as well as at home." These are noble words, which have found an echo in the language of the greatest British statesmen ever since. They proclaimed a breach with the Machiavellian statecraft which remained, and in some quarters yet remains, an evil inheritance from the corrupt counsels of the Italian tyrants of the Renaissance. They may profitably be compared at the present moment with the appeal of the Kaiser, of whose religious sincerity there is no reason to doubt, to a Providence purely Prussian.

It was, however, towards the close of the seventeenth century that the great epoch of England's Continental wars began, and that the principle of the policy by which they were inspired was definitively established—the principle, that is to say, of the Balance of Power. It was France that now, and for more than a hundred years to come, threatened this balance, and it was therefore against France that all England's battles on the Continent, from Steenkirk in 1692 to Waterloo in 1815, were fought, the Germans throughout all this period being our allies. At first, indeed, the full peril to this country of Louis XIV.'s ambitions for the expansion of France were not realised; and, as a result

"THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588." BY P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A.

of the shameful alliance of Charles II. with the French King, it was in concert with England that Louis in 1672 set out to the conquest of the Netherlands. His plans were wrecked on land by the genius and indomitable will of William of Orange, elected Stadtholder in that year by the Dutch States-General, and of Admiral de Ruyter at sea; and the French alliance, which brought neither credit nor profit, and had from the first been hated by the English, did not last long. When, as the result of the Revolution of 1688, the Prince of Orange became King William III. of England, the British forces were added to those of the Grand Alliance formed by him against France, the first of many such coalitions. It is interesting to note that in 1695 the citadel of Namur, the great fortress destined to play so important a part in the present war, was stormed by the British Grenadiers, a victory commemorated in the famous marching song.

The war of the Grand Alliance was closed by the treaty signed at Ryswick on October 30, 1697, by which Louis surrendered all his acquisitions since 1672, except the city of Strassburg. This proved, however, no permanent settlement, and three years later the death of Charles II. of Spain without a direct heir, and the persistence of Louis XIV.—in spite of his treaty obligations—in pressing the claims of his son Philip to the succession, led to a fresh coalition against him. Opinion in England, in spite of the obvious menace of a family alliance which should reinforce the overgrown power of Louis XIV. with all the forces of Spain and the wealth of the Indies, was at first opposed to war. But in 1701 Louis roused the anger and fear of the British by recognising the Old Pretender, son of the deposed James II., as King of England; and William took advantage of this changed temper to declare war on France in 1702. He died in March of the same year, and the conduct of the operations abroad devolved upon the Duke of Marlborough, husband of the dominant favourite of his successor, Queen Anne.



"DEFEAT OF THE DUTCH FLEET, 1653, BY THE BRITISH FLEET UNDER ADMIRAL BLAKE." BY R. CLEVELY.

The annals of the war that followed are among the most glorious of the British Army; the victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet are not forgotten among our people, and the name of Marlborough, for all the evil qualities of the man, is that of a

"BLENHEIM, 1704: THE STORMING OF THE VILLAGE, THE KEY OF THE FRENCH POSITION, BY THE DISMOUNTED 2ND NORTH BRITISH DRAGOONS (SCOTS GREYS)." BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

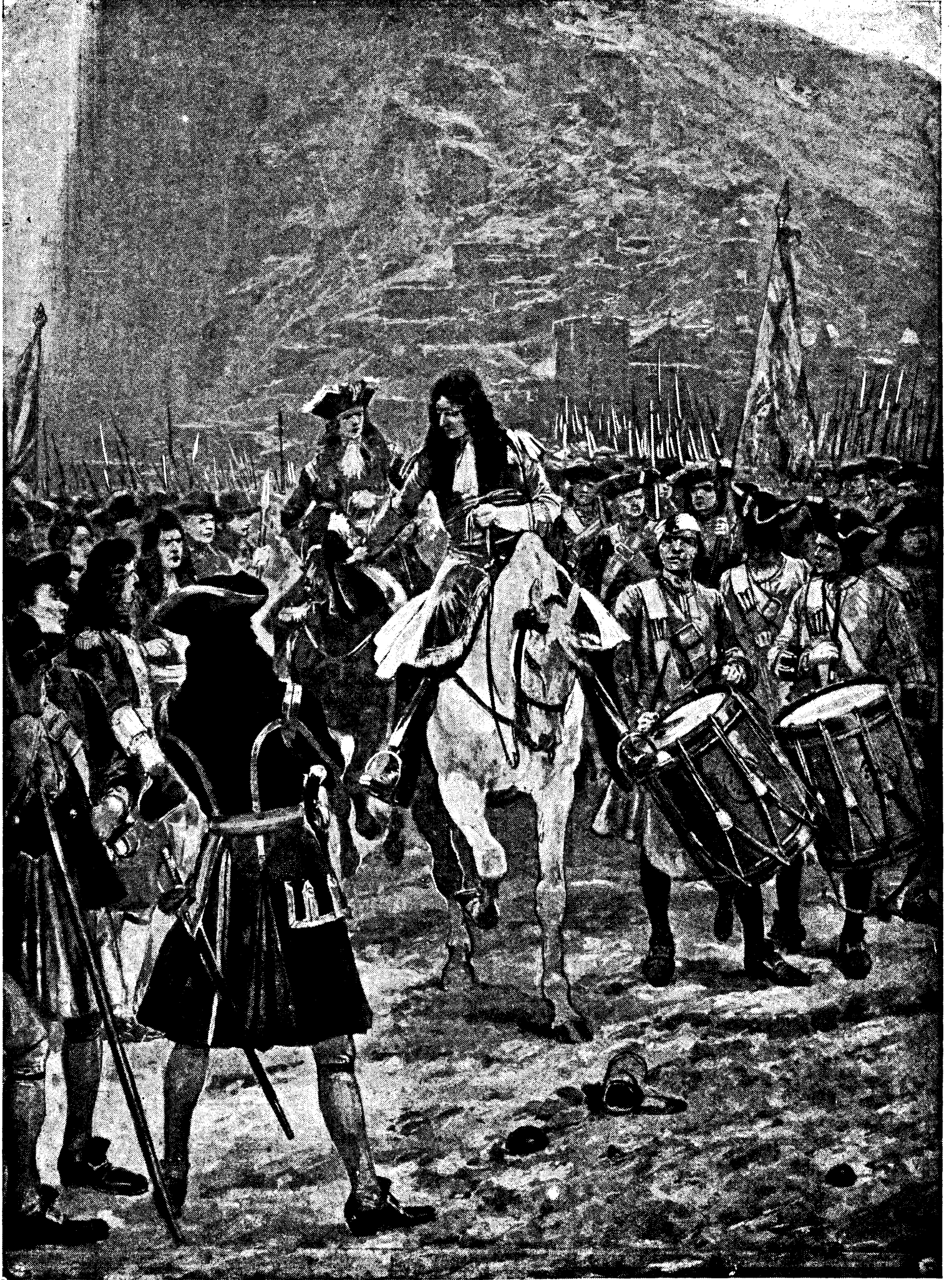
national hero. The war lasted eleven years, and the Treaty of Utrecht, by which it was concluded in 1713, was somewhat in the nature of a compromise. Great Britain conceded the right of Philip to the crown of Spain, but with certain safeguards, including the cession of some of the Spanish territories. In Europe the most important of these cessions, from the British point of view, were that of Gibraltar, captured in 1704, which has ever since assured to us the command of the entrance to the Mediterranean, and that of the Spanish Netherlands, which a year later came under the dominion of the House of Austria. From France we received a great extension of our empire in North America—Newfoundland, Acadia, or Nova Scotia, and the Hudson's Bay territory, as well as the island of St. Kitts in the West Indies.

Most significant, from the point of view of the present, were the provisions for safeguarding the Netherlands against French aggression. France not only agreed to their separation from Spain, but admitted the principle embodied in the Barrier Treaties of 1709 and January 1713, between Holland and Great Britain, *i.e.*, the right of the Dutch, with the consent of the future sovereign of the Spanish Netherlands, to garrison a line of fortresses along the French frontier. The terms of the Barrier Treaty of 1713 were included in the treaty signed between France and the Emperor at Rastatt in 1714. To preserve or to restore this barrier became henceforth a cardinal principle of British Continental policy. This has ever since recognised that the safety of Great Britain is bound up with the independence of the Netherlands, which must never be allowed to fall under the sovereignty of a great maritime Power.

With the accession of George I. in 1714, the Continental policy of Great Britain became complicated by the fact that the Kings of England were also German princes, as Electors of Hanover, and that in the case of the two first Georges they were more concerned with the interests of their Electorate than with those of their kingdom. The war with France, then, which broke out in 1743, was in no sense a national war, Great Britain being but remotely interested in the question of the Austrian succession, and the victory of Dettingen, on June 27, is mainly memorable for Englishmen as having been the last occasion on which an English King appeared on the field of battle. So far as Great Britain was concerned, the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed in 1748, merely restored matters to what they were before the war, among the restorations being that of the barrier fortresses to the Dutch. Her sole new gain was the right to send annually one ship to trade with the Spanish colonies, hitherto barred to her commerce.

Far more momentous were the results for England of the Seven Years' War, which broke out in 1756, as the outcome of a coalition of Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, and Saxony, formed against Prussia for the purpose of crippling the power of Frederick the Great. That in the end his power was not crippled, but confirmed, was in the main due to his own astounding military genius. The part played by Great Britain in the war, as Prussia's sole ally, was dictated less by the defensive principle of preserving the Balance of Power than by the determination of "the Great Commoner" Pitt to use the opportunity for building up the British Empire beyond the ocean. It was thus a national war and a war of conquest, though not of conquest upon the Continent. British armies went to the assistance of the Prussians, and it was the English infantry, under the command of Ferdinand of Brunswick, who, on August 1, 1759, won the battle of Minden by charging and routing the French cavalry. But the main victories of Great Britain were won beyond the ocean—in India and North America. Before the long war on the Continent had been brought to an end, the French dominion in India, in spite of the genius of Dupleix and Lally, had been overthrown by Clive, and the French colonial empire in Canada, in spite of the high qualities of Montcalm, had been conquered by Amherst and Wolfe. The foresight of Pitt had been justified, and the result of England's intervention in the Seven Years' War on the Continent was to lay wide and strong the foundations of the British Empire. France, indeed, took her revenge; but the part she played in securing the independence of the revolted colonies in British North America and the creation of the United States, reacted ruinously upon herself, the example of the American Revolution contributing not a little to the extreme developments of the Revolution in France, by which, in 1792, the monarchy was overthrown.

Into the part played by Great Britain in the wars against revolutionary France, and, later, against Napoleon, it is impossible to enter at length. The principle that inspired her action was, however, from first to last



"THE MARQUIS DE SALINES LEAVING GIBRALTAR WITH THE SPANISH TROOPS AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE ENGLISH, 1704." BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

abundantly clear: it was the old principle of preserving the European Balance, and, above all, of securing the Netherlands from domination by a great foreign maritime Power. It was not the execution of Louis XVI., though this fired the war spirit of the loyal English, that determined Pitt to wage war *à outrance* against the Revolution; it was that revolutionary France turned almost at once from the defensive to the offensive and became a conquering Power, and especially that she had early overrun the Low Countries and incorporated them in the Republic. It was this fact which, from first to last, made peace between Great Britain and France impossible until, in 1814, with the fall of Napoleon, France was once more reduced within her ancient limits. In the case of all the coalitions of which Pitt was the soul and inspiration, the treaties of alliance stipulate, in the event of victory, for the independence and strengthening of the Low Countries as a barrier against France. It was in pursuance of this policy that, by the first Treaty of Paris in 1814, the Kingdom of the Netherlands was formed by uniting the Austrian and Dutch provinces under one crown, and that, after Waterloo, this kingdom was strengthened by the enforced cession by France of further barrier fortresses.

The question of the Low Countries was, of course, not the only one at issue between France and Great Britain during the great war. The Peninsular War, for instance, arose out of Napoleon's attempt, in 1808, to establish his brother Joseph as King of Spain, and thus to revive, in a more dangerous form, the policy of Louis XIV. against which England had fought in the War of the Spanish Succession. But the principle of the independence of the Netherlands, on which the serious peace negotiations of 1796 broke down, and which was finally, so far as France is concerned, established by the victory of Waterloo, is that which is of the greatest interest in its bearing on the origins of the present war. Throughout, Great Britain has been perfectly consistent in this matter, ever since she had a Continental policy worthy of the name. With changed circumstances the guarantee of the principle has changed, but the principle remains. In 1831 the Powers, in conference in London, sanctioned the principle of the separation of Belgium and Holland, whose union had proved a lamentable failure, but at the same time they excluded all princes of the five principal European dynasties from the Belgian throne, so as to prevent its falling into the hands of a Great Power; and when Louis Philippe, disappointed of the hope of securing the crown for his son, the Duc de Nemours, attempted to obtain the restoration of at least some of the territory ceded by France in 1815, Palmerston stood firm upon the treaties and declared roundly that the moment France should start upon a career of aggression she would find England ranked among her enemies. By the Treaty of London of November 15, 1831, by which the Powers recognised Leopold of Coburg as King of the Belgians, the neutrality of Belgium was placed under international guarantee, and this guarantee was renewed by solemn treaty at the final settlement of the Belgian question in 1839. It only remains to add that in 1870, in consequence of Bismarck's publication of a proposal made by the French Ambassador Benedetti for the annexation of Luxemburg to France, by way of "compensation" for the strengthening of Prussia, Great Britain demanded an absolute guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium, which was signed at Berlin on the 8th and at Paris on the 11th August.

From this brief sketch of England's Continental wars, it will be seen how large a part this question of the Netherlands has played in them. To prevent their falling into the hands of a Great Power, actually or potentially hostile to us, we fought in turn with Spain and France; it is mainly for the same reason that we are now at war with Germany. France, turned to peaceful habits under the *bourgeois* Republic, has long ceased to be a menace to Europe; she has loyally abided by her engagements to respect Belgian neutrality, and therefore the cordial friendship between the French and English peoples, after centuries of enmity, has been rendered possible. For years past, on the other hand, Germany has been building up a sea-power against us, and it has been all too clear that, under the disguise of a policy of defence, she has been preparing for a war of aggression and conquest. In the light of recent events, it is idle to suppose that, had Great Britain, by remaining neutral, left her a free hand at sea, she would not have seized the Low Countries, and still more idle to think that, in the event of her final victory, she would have again surrendered them. And with the German military empire supreme on the Continent, and holding the seaboard from the Bight of Heligoland to Dunkirk, where would be that sure command of the sea that is so essential to our prosperity

"THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, 1815: THE CUIRASSIERS CHARGING THE HIGHLANDERS." BY FELIX PHILIPPOTEAUX.

From the original in the South Kensington Museum.

and our safety? Where would be the guarantee of the continuance of that great fundamentally peaceful commonwealth of nations which we call our Empire? Therefore this war is a struggle for our very existence, and must be fought to the bitter end. The great war which closed a century ago proved the capacity of our people for making enormous sacrifices for a great national end. Happily there are no signs that this stubborn and courageous temper has changed.

Fundamentally, too, the aim of this war is the same as that waged against Napoleon, namely, to secure the peace of the world by overthrowing military imperialism and establishing a just equilibrium in Europe. From her former Continental wars Great Britain has always derived certain material advantages. How they added to her oversea Empire, up to and including the Seven Years' War, has already been shown. The war against revolutionary France and Napoleon also contributed to the expansion of the British Empire, notably in the acquisition of the Cape of Good Hope, the nucleus of the present South African Union, and of Malta, the base of our Mediterranean sea-power. But in the spirit in which Great Britain approached the final settlement after the war there was a notable change. On the ocean and in the narrow seas she was supreme; the oversea possessions of France, and of her allies and dependents, were all in British hands. All these she might have retained. Yet one of the first acts of Castlereagh when, in 1813, he joined the Allied headquarters at Châtillon, was to announce in the name of the British Government the intention of restoring the greater part of these conquests to France at the final peace, as the best evidence that Great Britain had fought for no selfish ends, but in the interests of Europe, which were also her own. It was largely this attitude which gave to Great Britain so strong a moral weight in the counsels of the Powers during the next ten years.

No one could suspect at the present time that in taking up arms we are inspired by a lust of conquest and expansion, and in any case it would be foolish to divide the lion's skin before he is slain. Yet it would be well to remember the precedent of 1814–1815, and to realise that, in the event of the ultimate victory of ourselves and our allies, our influence on the issue of the momentous debates that must follow will be vastly increased if it be universally recognised that we have fought, not in the spirit of aggrandisement, but in order to defend our legitimate interests and, with them, those of Europe and of the world at large.

WAR AND PEACE.

THEN rode gaunt War, a horseman fierce and old,
Winding his horn where mighty pathways met;
Grey his worn visage; as a stone hard set
The long pent ridges of his forehead's mould;
Bleak the tremendous survey of his cold
Indomitable eye; his body's sweat
Within his blasting note called, calling yet
Till like a rocking world the thunder rolled.

That was the clash of arms, the battles' fray:
Peace heard it, crouching in a desolate spot,
Prisoned by foes, the friends of yesterday,
Her honour doubted, and her faith forgot;
Shameful her bonds: nor one should fall away
Till War with bloody hands undid the knot.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

BULLET

By JESSIE POPE

Illustrated by Thomas Maybank

"I'M not very much taken up with sporting women," said Sandys Minor, who was sticking stamps in Henfrey's album.

"Can't say I am, either," agreed Riddell, who was setting Henfrey's butterflies on a sheet of cork covered with blotting-paper.

"Eighteen months ago I should have said the same," remarked Henfrey, who was sitting on a hammock-chair with his feet on the window-sill, watching the rain; "but something that occurred at Shrapley Grammar School—the benighted hole I was at before I came to this one—made me alter my opinion. I should like to tell you the yarn—it will amuse you while you work—but I don't know if I ought to."

"Why not?" asked Riddell and Sandys Minor together.

"Yes, why not?" said Henfrey meditatively. "She's back in her own country, and Heaven knows where poor old Bullet is."

"Who's Bullet?" said Sandys.

"He was a fellow at Shrapley School. We called him Bullet on account of his head—not that he was a bad-looking chap. In fact, he was rather a pal of mine, and did a lot of little useful jobs for me in one way and another. But he was absolutely barmy on one subject, which was the cause of all his troubles; for poor old Bullet was keen as mustard on being a hero, and had the roughest luck in always missing the op. by a hair, when it came his way. What started him on that lay was 'The Badge of Bravery,' which the Head presented publicly each year to the chap who'd done what he considered was the bravest deed in the three terms. I never went in for it myself, but I got my money's worth in watching poor old Bullet. He was a 'trier,' and no mistake. He set his heart on getting that Badge, and he worried himself nearly off his dot about it. He used to mug up the newspapers and clip cuttings out of them about fellows stopping runaway horses, and saving people in front of express trains, and swimming ashore with ropes from wrecks, and all that silly sort of business. One day I remember he came to me with a cutting about a fellow in London who had gone down a poisonous sewer after his asphyxiated mate. I said: 'Well, you can't have a shot at that, old chap, because, as far as I know, there aren't any sewers in Shrapley.'

"'Of course there are,' he said. 'Any fool knows that, but I doubt if anybody ever goes down 'em.'

"'Well, they're welcome to, for me,' I said, 'and they can stop down, as far as I'm concerned.'

"'Oh, you make me tired!' said Bullet, with white patches coming in his cheeks, as they always did when he got excited. 'You put your own comfort before saving life and getting into the London papers. I don't expect I shall ever do that, but if I don't get the Badge and make *The Shrapley Mercury* give me a paragraph, I'll—I'll eat my boots!'

"I said: 'They'd give you a column if you did that; but, after all, you wouldn't be saving anybody else's life, but only losing your own.'

"'That's just it,' he said gloomily. He never made a joke himself, or saw one, so to comfort him I told him about all the brave things my relations had done, and how my aunt's step-uncle had once got a V.C.; but that made him more down in the mouth than ever.

"It was Wednesday afternoon, I remember, and we were walking along the Freeston Lane at the time. There had been a sharp frost since Sunday night, and Freeston Pool was frozen over—bore all right on the edges,

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but was rather groggy in the middle. So was the Canal, and no one in their senses would have thought of going on either; but when we came to a gap in the hedge, we saw half a dozen little Shrapley kids sliding about on the middle of the Canal, and the ice bending up and down under their blighted little boots.

"'My crimes,' said Bullet—that was a great expression of his—'they'll be through the ice in a moment!'

"I said: 'What's the odds? There are lots more kids.'

"Bullet gave me a glare and pushed his way through the gap, and began running down across the field to the Canal. I followed, for I saw, from the white patches in his cheeks, that he was thinking about the Bravery Badge and his column in the local rag.

"'Don't be a silly ass and go after 'em!' I called out. 'Shout at 'em! They'll come off all right.' But he went on in his pig-headed way, so I yelled at the kids myself. They stopped sliding and looked round, and when they saw it was only us, they put their fingers to their blighted little noses and yah'd back. Then Bullet shouted, but unfortunately his voice was breaking, and he only made a rum sort of bleating noise, and the kids tried to mimic him and sauced us more than ever.

"That got Bullet's hair off. He was very touchy just then about his voice, and I don't wonder, for when he talked his voice sounded like a mouse scratching the skirting-board, and when he shouted it was like a dog-fight.

"One of the kids—a little chap about eight, with red hair—gave such a good imitation of it, that Bullet made a rush at him, with the idea of saving his life in the first place and giving him a jolly good hiding in the second. I tried to stop him, but it was no good. He just said, 'If anything happens, give my love to Mother, and let them bury the Badge with me in my coffin,' and blundered on the ice. However, he hadn't taken two steps on the ice before up went his heels and down he came a regular perler on the back of his head. The kids began to laugh, so did I; but when we saw he didn't get up, they took fright and ran across to the other side and off to Shrapley or Freeston, or wherever they came from. Bullet was only knocked out for a bit, but the worst of it was, he got a couple of hundred lines, when he got back, for going on the ice. The Head's sister happened to be driving by just as Bullet was picking himself up, and she reported him, as she always did if she got the chance. I wanted to explain matters, but Bullet said no—it was only his usual luck, and he'd got to abide by it. And, after all, as I pointed out, he'd been the indirect means of saving the kids' lives by frightening them off the ice, and he agreed, though, as he said, indirect means weren't a ha'porth of use when it came to winning the Badge.

"But Bullet's next shot really ought to have scored, for it had all the makings of an act of valour and a picturesque par. in the local rag combined. In fact, it was such an easy and showy bit of heroism that I'm not sure I shouldn't have had a try at it myself if I hadn't guessed I should have got more fun out of it by leaving it to old Bullet.

"We were both bicycling up the Shrapley High Street—I was on my old crock and Bullet on his new bike. His voice was all right again, for it was the beginning of the summer term, and I was yarning to him about having driven my uncle's motor-car for fourteen miles absolutely alone and without a license, when all at once he said: 'Look!' and I looked. About fifty yards in front of us, on the other side of the road, a baby's perambulator was outside a draper's shop, with a curly-haired kid in it, while the mother or nurse, or whoever it was, was buying something inside. It turned out to be stockings. The pram had evidently been left safe enough, but the kid, being rather full of beans, by jerking itself backwards and forwards, had evidently got a move on it. Anyhow, when Bullet cried 'Look!' the pram was travelling gently down the asphalt pavement—which had a slant of about one in twenty—towards the road. The baby was sitting still enough now, but its mouth was wide open, so were its eyes, and it was evidently in a blue funk about what was going to happen. Bullet began to pedal like mad, and though I was twice the pace on my old bike to what he was on his new one, I thought, under the circs, I'd let him have first show, and, as things turned out, I'm jolly glad I did. Fast as he went, he didn't go quite fast enough, and he was ten yards from the kerb just as the pram came tilting over it. He jumped off his bike backwards, flung it away from him, and plunged at the pram with a sort of stagger, in consequence of not being used to that way of getting off, and as the pram heeled over sideways with a clatter on the road, poor old Bullet collapsed on top of it and the kid too.

"I don't think I ever heard such a squall as that kid set up. The mother came tearing out of the shop with a pair of stockings waving in each hand, and followed by the shopkeeper, who evidently thought she was running off with them, just as Bullet was disentangling himself from the pram and trying to jerk it on its wheels again. At the same moment a policeman strolled round the corner and took the whole thing in at a glance—as they always do.

"'So you've been riding furious, 'ave yer, and knocked the baby over?' he was saying to Bullet as I rode up.

"'No, I haven't,' replied Bullet, in his dogged, obstinate sort of way.

"'Be ashamed of yourself, and tell the truth,' said the shopkeeper.

"'Oh, my little darlin', look at the bump on your 'ead!' wailed the mother.

"'Wow! wow! wow!' screeched the baby.

"'What's yer name an' address?' said the policeman, glaring at Bullet, who, silly ass that he was, would certainly have given it if I hadn't explained how the whole thing happened. Not that they would have believed me, only, fortunately, it was a muddy day, and I showed them the marks of the pram wheels across the pavement."

"Was the baby hurt?" said Sandys Minor.

"I don't know or care," replied Henfrey. "I know Bullet was—as far as his feelings went, that is—for he'd knocked two chunks of paint off his new bike, besides smashing his bell, when he threw it on to the road, and, instead of thanks, he only got dismissed with a caution. I really thought he was going to blub when we rode off again.

"'If it hadn't been for you,' he bleated, 'I might have been locked up.'

"I said: 'Well, take my advice, and leave the rotten Badge alone for the future.'

"He said: 'No jolly fear! I'll get it, or die in the attempt!'

"I said: 'That's quite likely, and the only show you'll get in *The Shrapley Mercury* will be an account of the inquest.'

"He thought a bit.

"'Well, that would be better than nothing,' he said, "now I come to think of it; besides, brave men rarely live to be old. The lives of really top-hole heroes are always short.'

"'Well, it won't be a short life and a merry one as far as you are concerned,' I said.

"'But I'm not a hero yet, either,' he replied, 'though I'm going to have another try. Perhaps the luck will turn next time.'

"Sure enough it did, and this is how it happened.

"It was about a fortnight before the end of the summer—Bullet's last term—and we had gone down to the woods by the river at Hexby to catch butterflies. By the way, that's the place for Camberwell Beauties—those river-flats. You can get swarms there if you're lucky. We hadn't been lucky, but we'd got a mixed bag in the killing bottle, and we were sitting down in the shade of some trees for a cool down—for it had been a jolly hot job—when we saw a woman, or she might have been a lady, walking along the towing-path. She didn't see us, because we were sitting among the bracken, but we had a good squint at her because she looked a bit out of the ordinary. In the first place, she was rather fat, though she wasn't very old—anything between twenty and forty—I'm no judge of women's ages. She'd got very fair hair and very blue eyes and a very pasty face. She was carrying a bag and a parasol, and she kept putting her hand to her head, stopping and looking at the water, and then looking all round, and back at the water again. There was a little shanty sort of place on the river bank further on, and when she got to it she peeped into the window, and then, after another look at the water and another look round, went inside. When she came out in a few minutes, we saw she had taken her hat off and left her parasol and bag behind. After glancing behind her, she went down to the bank, looking more pasty-faced and worried than ever.

"'What's her game?' I said. But Bullet didn't answer, and I saw the white patches were coming out on his cheeks, and he was watching her like a rabbit watching a boa-constrictor, or the other way on.

"'My crimes! She's going to—she's going to——' he whispered. 'I believe she's going to—— There! I knew she was!' For, as he spoke, she went to the edge of the bank and threw herself in the water.

"Before I could say 'Knife!' Bullet jumped up, rushed across to the tow-path like a lunatic, and dived in after her. The river was about fourteen feet deep, and Bullet was by no means a strong swimmer, and he'd got his boots on, which makes a lot of difference. But it didn't seem to make much difference to him, to start with, anyhow, for when a chap's set his heart on being a hero, it takes a lot to knock the stuffing out of him. I'm no good in the water myself—as you fellows know, I take

about two hundred and sixty-five strokes to get across the shallow end of the bath—so all I could do was to look on, and shout to some chaps in a motor-car I could see coming along the Hexby Road, who, as luck would have it, had also seen the woman in the water and Bullet's plucky plunge after her; and they left the car in the road and ran down to the tow-path, where the trees blocked their view of what was going on in the river, which was this.

"Bullet came up first, looking as much like a startled codfish as anything I ever hope to see; but the woman hadn't made her appearance, which was curious, and Bullet evidently determined to dive for her. But unfortunately he never can get under water without something to take off from; he just gets his head down and slashes the water with his legs, and fancies he's right under, like an ostrich in the sand. He was doing this trick a bit more savagely than usual, when the woman's head popped up close by. Her back was turned to Bullet, and she didn't see him; but, to my astonishment, I saw that, instead of thrashing the water with her arms as drowning people always do, she was quietly treading water after what had been a record long swim underneath. When Bullet came up from what he thought was a dive and saw her, he made a furious dash and caught her by the back hair. It was the rummiest sight I ever saw, though I didn't laugh till afterwards. She turned with a scared, gulping sort of cry, tried to shake herself free, and both went under, but only for a minute, for up they bobbed again, the lady shouting something in a foreign language, and Bullet gasping and choking like a grampus, and struggling and fighting with her to get her in the proper position to be towed ashore. They kept going under and up again, but Bullet stuck to her like a leech, till all at once she wrenched her arm free and got him a fair crunch under the chin. That knocked him out, apparently, and down they both went again for the third time. When they came up, I saw the woman was swimming on her back, using a powerful leg stroke only, as she'd got her hands under Bullet's shoulders and was bringing him back to shore in absolutely topping style. The two men in the motor-car appeared through the trees just as they had reached the bank, and helped me pull them out of the water. One of them happened to be a doctor, and he laid Bullet out and brought him round, and said it was the pluckiest thing he'd ever seen; and it was pretty clear that as they'd only seen the beginning and the end of the affair, they thought Bullet was the life-saver and was naturally exhausted by his struggles in bringing such a big woman ashore.

"As she was evidently a foreigner of some sort, she couldn't make much of what they were saying, but she stood and looked at poor old Bullet in a very tender-hearted sort of way while they were bringing him round. Presently they helped him into the motor-car to give him a lift back to the school, which was jolly decent of them, because they happened to be touring, and it meant they'd have to go back on their tracks for five miles. There wasn't room for me, and the lady had gone back into the little shanty, and I was going to walk home, when I saw something gleaming on the bank. It was a big gold medal on a thin chain, which had evidently caught on something and snapped when she got out of the water. I picked it up and looked at it. Fortunately, I'd mugged up enough German to understand it had been given Fraulein Elsa Moenich on winning an open swimming competition at some place I couldn't read. I ran after her just as she reached the shanty. She was jolly glad to get it again, but she seemed a bit puzzled.

"'How he fall in?' she said.

"'He didn't,' I replied. 'He dived in to save you.'

"'To save me! It is incredible!' she said. 'He drown—he clutch, he struggle—I save 'im—the poor little one!'

"'But he thought you were going to commit suicide,' I said. 'You jumped in with your clothes on.'

"Streaming wet as she was, she suddenly stopped and looked at me out of her big blue eyes, and, shaking back the wet golden hair from her face, showed her white teeth in the jolliest laugh possible.

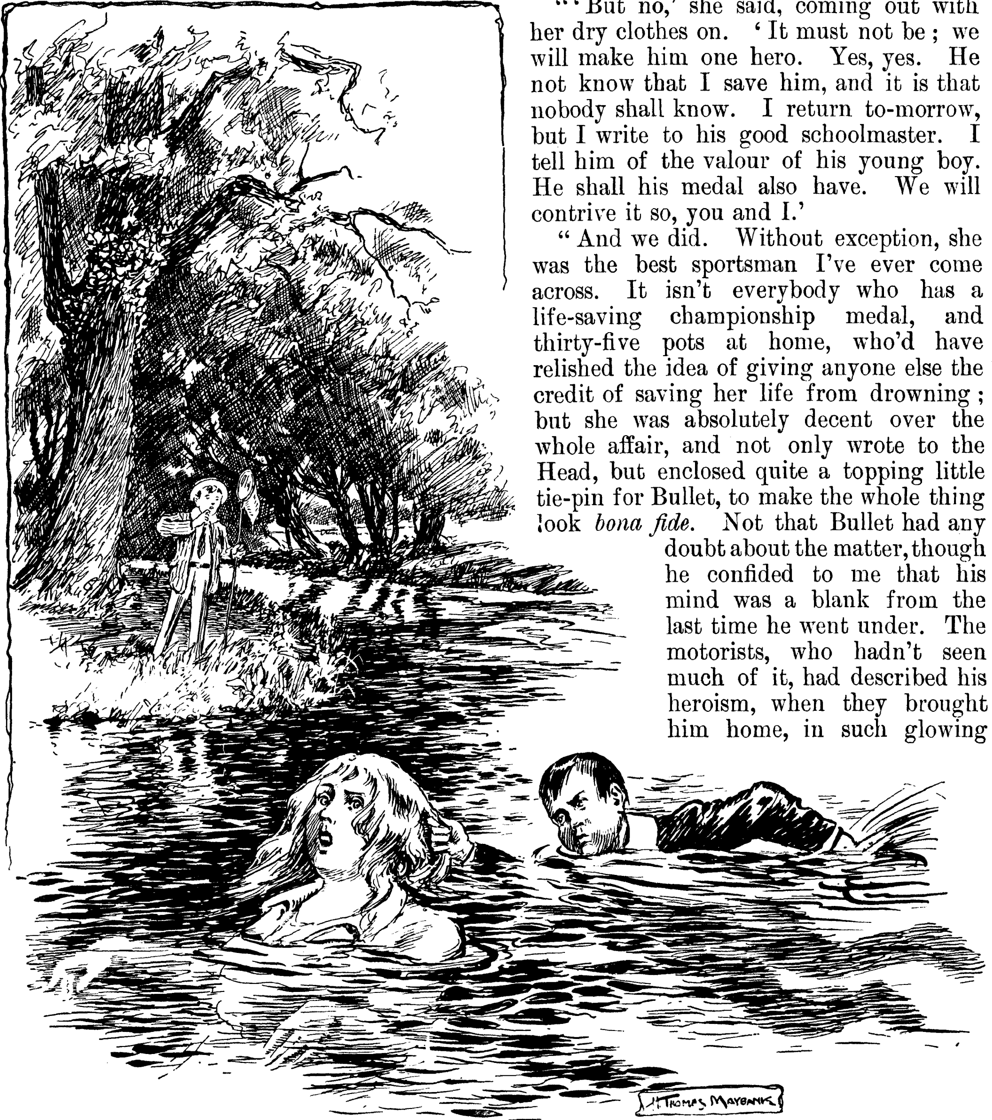
"'But it is one great mistake,' she said. 'I practees to swim in my clothes—old, old ones. I leave my bag and my hat in the small house. It is for the what you call championship of my own native land I try to win. I stay here in your beautiful country with my good friends at Hexby one month. I come each morning early, when there is no one near, for my practees; but to-day I pack my trunk—I return to-morrow. My head ache. I say I have one more practees—it my head will make well. It is true—the pain it is gone. But it is that I must change the wet things for the dry ones. Wait for me; tell me about the poor little boy.'

"So I stood outside the shanty while she changed, and then told her about poor old Bullet, and how much he wanted to be a hero, and win the Badge of Bravery, and all the croppers he had come over trying to get it. 'Ah, the poor one,' she said, 'I grieve for him! He looks so pale, so sick.'

"'And he'll look sicker,' I said, 'when I get back and tell him he's been trying to save a champion swimmer.'

"'But no,' she said, coming out with her dry clothes on. 'It must not be; we will make him one hero. Yes, yes. He not know that I save him, and it is that nobody shall know. I return to-morrow, but I write to his good schoolmaster. I tell him of the valour of his young boy. He shall his medal also have. We will contrive it so, you and I.'

"And we did. Without exception, she was the best sportsman I've ever come across. It isn't everybody who has a life-saving championship medal, and thirty-five pots at home, who'd have relished the idea of giving anyone else the credit of saving her life from drowning; but she was absolutely decent over the whole affair, and not only wrote to the Head, but enclosed quite a topping little tie-pin for Bullet, to make the whole thing look *bona fide*. Not that Bullet had any doubt about the matter, though he confided to me that his mind was a blank from the last time he went under. The motorists, who hadn't seen much of it, had described his heroism, when they brought him home, in such glowing terms that the Head was all over Bullet. Of course, I kept mum, and shouted and cheered as loud as anybody when the Badge was given publicly. At the same time I was jolly glad when the end of the term came and Bullet left, covered with glory, because I was in a blue funk that somebody would give it away. But nobody did. The foreign lady had gone back to Germany. Whether she won her championship or not, I can't say, but I know one thing, and that is, she jolly well deserved to," remarked Henfrey in conclusion; and Riddell and Sandys Minor quite agreed with him.



"He made a furious dash and caught her by the back hair."

A STAGE ROMANCE

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Illustrated by Stanley Davis

WELL, really! What would the girl do next?

The question was asked in a tone of almost tragic despair by the Rector of Brayle, who had just read a letter from his daughter, and looked round the room as if he expected an answer from the portraits of his ancestors hanging on the walls.

But neither mezzotint, stipple, nor line-engraving showed the smallest sympathy. The familiar faces of men and women alike seemed to imply that their concern with the affairs of the house had ceased with their demise, and the freaks of a wilful child who happened to bear their name could not disturb their now impregnable serenity.

The Rector went to the side-table and helped himself from the breakfast dishes sizzling over their heater, took his seat, and read the letter again.

"Dearest Daddy," it ran, "I am going on the stage. Mr. Trent has given me a part in 'The Hour-Glass,' which is to be produced at the Siddons Theatre in three weeks' time. I shall be so busy rehearsing that I shan't be able to come home, so you must look after the dogs. And I think I shall have Rollo to live with me in London, but I'll write to you about that later. Tell Warner to put Aunt Sally out to grass. If I want to ride before the winter, I can do with Punch. Give Punch a lump of sugar and a kiss from his missus. Aunt Alice says that as I have made up my mind to disgrace the family name, and nothing *she* can say is of any use, she won't have me here any longer. So I have taken some perfectly *sweet* rooms in Westminster, all dark and panelly, but as clean as ninepence, and you must come and see me in them.

"Daddy dear, you must make me an allowance. Six pounds a week ought to do for the present. We reckon everything by weeks on the stage, you know. Mr. Trent is going to give me two pounds, and with my own I shall scrape along; but you might send me thirty pounds now, as I must get some frocks, and I hate being in debt.

"Break it to Granny. I shan't disgrace the family name, tell her, because I am sure I shall make a great success. But in case I don't, I'm going to call myself Helen Brentwood. So nobody need know who I am, and Aunt Alice says *she* will certainly keep it dark, because, if anybody found out, she should sink into the earth with shame.

"Darling Daddy, I know you'll be much happier without me in the house, although I know you love me dearly. But I do order you about so, don't I? Still, I do love you as much as you love me, and when you feel frightfully dull, you can always come up and stay with me, and we'll have great fun together.

"No time for more now. A hug and a kiss from— ELLEN.

"P.S.—I really couldn't go on at Brayle any longer. It's so *frightfully* dull, except in winter, and Granny is so *awful!*

"P.P.S.—Uncle Jim laughs at it, but he has promised Aunt Alice not to tell anybody."

"Break it to Granny!" Yes, that would be an agreeable task!

Granny, otherwise the Countess Dowager of Lastingham, ensconced in state at Brayle Court, whose demesnes were divided from the garden of Brayle Rectory by a light iron fence, was accustomed to pervade his quiet life with advice, which he usually followed for the sake of peace. It was a small step from advice to censure, and one which she not infrequently took. She would certainly take it now—in fact, she would be "awful," as Ellen very well knew; and he dreaded her awfulness, and was without Ellen's power of escape from it.

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Preparation for the coming interview, in the form of selecting suitable openings, as one did when one sat down to write a sermon, took his mind off the consideration of Ellen's latest escapade as it affected himself. Her first postscript gave the kind, easy man a prick of compunction. Had he shown his only child so plainly that, much as he loved her, it was like giving him a holiday when she went away on a visit? His wife had managed him, his mother managed him, his daughter, since she had grown up, had managed him; and he did so like *not* to be managed. Only this morning, with his mother confined to the house with a slight chill, and Ellen away, he had risen—rather later than usual—with pleasurable anticipations of an undisturbed day with his books and in his garden. He had been going to enjoy it so much, and now he would not enjoy it at all.

But he must not shrink from his duty. Half an hour later, with a sigh of self-pity, he walked through his peaceful garden, gay with flowers in the soft spring sunshine, and loud with the music of birds, and took the path that led up to the terraces of Brayle Court.

II.

"Well, upon my word, Henry! To come and tell me a tale like that! The girl ought to be whipped and sent to bed, and you, apparently, intend to sit down and do nothing!"

"Well, dear mother, what *can* one do? You know what Ellen is."

"Yes, I do know what she is—a spoilt, mischievous, thoroughly naughty child. And it is you who have spoilt her, Henry. The fact is, you are so indolent that you allow everybody about you to go their own way, and when trouble comes of it, you come to me to get you out of the mess. It's lucky for you that you have me to come to. If Ellen had been brought up entirely under your care, I tremble to think *what* might have become of her. Show me her letter."

Fortunately the postscripts had been written on another sheet, and Granny was not confronted with the charge of her own awfulness.

She was a small but determined-looking old lady, who held herself very upright and scorned the ease of a low chair, although not at the moment in the most robust of health. She was dressed in a gown of rusty black, and wore over her meagre shoulders an ancient woollen shawl. The thirty pounds that Ellen had demanded for frocks would have dressed her grandmother for years. She had been such a great lady in her day that she could well afford to indulge her taste for the oldest of clothes, and sat in her large and richly-furnished room, a great lady still in spite of her attire, such as her housekeeper would long since have consigned to the rag-bag.

"It is outrageous!" she said when, with sundry grunts of displeasure and disgust, she had read through the letter. "Taken rooms in Westminster! As if she were a girl out of a bunshop or a post-office! What can James have been thinking of to allow her to do such a thing?"

"She says that he laughs about it," said the Rector.

"Laughs about it? Where does she say that? She doesn't mention him at all."

"Oh!" He had forgotten that that piece of information had been given in the postscript. "No, it is Alice she mentions, isn't it?"

"Yes; but she says nothing about her laughing. I wish you wouldn't let your wits wander, Henry. It is a habit that is growing on you, owing to the idleness of your life. It seems that Alice has turned her out of the house. She had no right to do that without communicating to me. Alice must always be managing everybody, and she always manages wrong. I was against James marrying her from the first. All the women of that family are dictatorial but ineffective. Now, what is to be done about this? There you sit, twiddling your thumbs, while your only daughter is going to perdition. You must go up to London at once, this morning, and stop this."

"I would willingly go up if I thought I could stop it, but I know very well that I can't."

"No, I don't suppose you can. Ellen can twist you round her little finger, and would end, I dare say, by persuading you to go on the stage yourself—as a heavy father, I believe they call it in the profession. Profession! Pah, I've no patience! I must go myself; there is nothing else for it. Ring the bell. I will send a telegram to Alice to say I am coming."

"But, dear mother, you are not well enough to go, are you?"

"No, I am not. But I am going, all the same. Ring the bell, and, for goodness' sake, don't look as if there was nothing to do in the world but sit still!"

III.

THE Dowager's descents upon her son's house in Grosvenor Square were few and far between. Otherwise, her daughter-in-law would certainly have brought herself to suggest that she should seek quarters of her own when she came to London. For the old lady found it difficult to accept the fact that another reigned where she herself had once been supreme, and her visits were generally paid in order to impose her will with regard to some question that could not be settled by correspondence. Or, to use Lord Lastingham's phrase, she never came unless she wanted trouble.

He himself was out when she arrived, in time for a late luncheon. He had forgotten previously to tell his wife that he had to keep a most important engagement at half-past two o'clock, but the omission hardly justified her in accusing him of running away and leaving her to do it all.

Or perhaps it did justify her, for it appeared that the story of an important engagement was only intended for his mother's consumption.

"Well, my dear, I never keep anything from you," he said, "and I don't mind admitting that a quiet rubber of bridge at the club, if I can get one so early, will suit me better than a rough and tumble with my respected parent. You calm her down, and I will undertake to come back before dinner and make myself pleasant to her. I *ought* to go on to the House of Lords, but I must do my duty as head of the family. Good-bye! Best of luck!"

But probably Lady Lastingham was not really averse to "doing it all," although she had no intention of conducting her side of the coming controversy as a process of calming down.

The engagement between the two ladies was short and sharp, and ended in a truce. Lady Lastingham would take no responsibility whatever for what had happened while Ellen had been "under her roof," and as for refusing to keep her under it, it appeared that she had been misrepresented.

"What I said was that, when the performances began, she could not live here. Surely that is reasonable! Would *you* have allowed her to live here as an actress, and go to and from this house and the theatre every night?"

"Most certainly I should have allowed her to do nothing of the sort. But she has not become an actress yet, and never will. By turning her out of the house now and letting her go and live entirely by herself, you have done the very thing to confirm her in her insane idea."

It seemed, however, that Lady Lastingham had not turned her niece out of the house, but had begged her to stay in it—at least, until she had heard what they had to say at home as to her proceedings—and she had refused to do so.

"What she really wants," she said, "is complete independence, and this going on the stage is just an excuse for it."

The Dowager grudgingly withdrew her displeasure with her daughter-in-law, and, after further conversation, announced her intention of going at once to Mr. Trent and letting him know how impossible it was that his new recruit should be allowed to fulfil her engagement.

"If the man has any sense," she said, "he will see it. I never found it very difficult to deal with that sort of person when there was a necessity. They are easily awed, and will do anything for social recognition. You had better come with me, Alice, and, if he behaves himself, you might send him a card for one of your parties, and his wife, too, if he has one. That will make up to him for anything."

Mr. Trent, however, did not prove to be a suitable subject for the proposed course of treatment. The cards of the two Countesses of Lastingham procured their admission to his dressing-room at the Siddons Theatre, where he was rehearsing the forthcoming play. The Dowager was somewhat scandalised at finding herself in such a place, her daughter-in-law secretly gratified. They were received by a stately gentleman, whose elaborate courtesy would not have disgraced a Chesterfield, but, upon the subject of their visit being revealed, he allowed it to be seen that countesses were nothing accounted of amongst his acquaintance, and gave them politely to understand that if there was any condescension in Ellen's connection with his theatre, it was on his side and not on hers.

"Posturing mountebank!" was the Dowager's murmured comment, as they followed him along a narrow passage to the front of the house, where he had invited them to see the closing scenes of the play in which Ellen was rehearsing. But she had not found it possible to get past his air of slightly affronted surprise at being expected to move in a matter which was none of his business, and she was impressed against her will by his obvious indifference to her granddaughter's place in the world. She

decided later that this indifference had been a clever piece of acting, and that his cold statement of willingness to release Ellen from her engagement, if she herself should wish it, was mere bluff. But this was only to console herself for her failure to impress him in the least with her superiority. Insignificant jackdaw he might be, strutting in peacock's plumes of social equality—with herself or anybody—but his manner had been so correct

Trent, with some stiffness, "that Miss Brentwood's relationships shall not be mentioned. I have no wish that it should be thought that I encourage amateurs in my theatre."

He left them with a bow. Lady Lastingham thought he seemed a very respectable sort of man, but the Dowager said that he had the manners of a hairdresser and the appearance of a valet.

"'I'm afraid I've been making some mistake,' he faltered."

that she had found herself unable to set him in his proper place, and needed all the consolation she could obtain for one of her few failures in that respect.

He conducted the ladies to the dress-circle, and undertook to send Ellen to them when the rehearsal, which was nearly over, should be finished.

"Please do not mention our names in the hearing of others," said the Dowager.

"We have already agreed," replied Mr.

Ellen, whose part was a secondary one, but represented a young lady of title, was going through a scene of love-making with a young man representing a marquis, whose attentions to her filled her grandmother with painful disgust.

A busy gentleman, with a free manner and a slight Cockney accent, was interrupting them every minute or so with suggestions for more realistic action.

"That's better, my dear," he was saying

encouragingly, when the two ladies first turned their attention to what was going on. "But it's plain that you haven't mixed much with the nobs—at least, not when they're making love to one another."

He then proceeded to give a lively imitation of the way a young woman belonging to the "nobs" might be expected to treat a declaration of love. Ellen, with a clear laugh, amended her action, and was ably supported by the young man who was taking the part of the male "nob."

The Dowager snorted with disgust. This was beyond everything! She would have liked to have the young actor who was "pawing" her granddaughter about well whipped and turned out into the gutter, from which no doubt he had originally sprung.

And the worst of it was that Ellen didn't seem to mind it. She was looking very pretty, and was apparently in excellent spirits, for she played her part with a light merriment that brought forth frequent commendations from the stage-manager, who now seemed satisfied that she had caught the elusive manner of love-making "nobs." But to allow herself to be embraced, and to all appearances even kissed, by this impudent young actor, who had not the decency to conceal his enjoyment of the part for which he had been cast—this was more than the Dowager could stand.

Fortunately, the scene between them came to an end very shortly, and soon after the play itself ended; otherwise she might have been impelled to rise in her place and denounce the whole indelicate affair.

Ellen came round to them. "Why, Granny dear," she said, with her brightest and most engaging smile, "how sweet of you to come and see me! Don't you think I did it rather well?"

"Ellen," said the Dowager, "I am outraged and sickened. You will come back to Grosvenor Square with us now, and down to Brayle with me to-morrow."

Ellen went back with them to Grosvenor Square—to tea. The next morning her grandmother returned to Brayle alone.

IV.

Granny was beaten—an experience that had seldom fallen to her lot. She didn't like it, and in her anger said very terrible things. But she did not say the most terrible of them to the person at whose hands she had been vanquished. Ellen laughed at her and coaxed her by turns, and although the old lady was extremely annoyed with her, she left her with a feeling that, after all, the girl inherited her high spirit of independence from herself, and that probably the ability to take care of herself, which came from the same source, would prevent any serious results from her latest freak. It ought not to be difficult to keep her identity hidden under the stage name she had chosen, and in a few months she would most likely have got tired of her experience, and would be quite ready to come back to Brayle, like a good girl, in time for the winter's hunting.

In the meantime, however, the poor Rector suffered much, and was made to feel that it was he who was almost entirely to blame for what had happened.

As the summer went by, and Mr. Trent's play still kept the boards, Ellen's escapade gradually ceased to arouse the strong invective of her grandmother, until one morning she was horrified out of her five wits by reading in a newspaper which made a feature of theatrical gossip, and which she took in surreptitiously for that reason, a paragraph to the effect that a marriage was to be expected shortly to take place between Mr. Robin Hart and Miss Helen Brentwood, both of whom were playing in "The Hour-Glass" at the Siddons Theatre.

The old lady remembered only too well that Mr. Robin Hart was the young actor whom she had seen going through a love scene with her granddaughter and so disgustingly "pawing her about." Her outraged feelings at this horrible outcome of the whole horrible business sent her almost running down to the Rectory, where she found Ellen's father peacefully seated at his books.

He was almost as much disturbed as she was. "I wonder if it can be true?" he said. "What is he like?"

"What is he like? Why, like every other young stage clown — good-looking in a vulgar sort of way, but as common as dirt! To think that a girl of our name should fall so low! But it is your fault, Henry, for allowing her to have her own way. You ought to have brought her down here by force and locked her up till she had come to her senses."

The Rector forbore the obvious retort, but said that a stage marriage was really going too far, and ought to be stopped.

"Of course it ought to be stopped. But who is going to stop it? It is quite certain *you* can't. I shall have to go up again myself. I gave way before, against my better judgment. This time I shall *not*

give way. Tell them to make Ellen's room ready. She shall come down with me this evening."

So the intrepid old lady went up to London once more, undeterred by her previous failure, and this time drove straight to her granddaughter's rooms in Westminster. She gave the cabman his proper fare—another of her habitual economies—and was not in the least displeased at being taken by him for an old woman who could not afford an extra sixpence, and at being ironically addressed as such.

"You oughter taken a 'bus, ma'am," said the cabman. "You'll never be able to buy yourself a new bonnet if you go spending your money on kebs."

She did, indeed, in her shabby clothes, which she had not had time or inclination to alter for her journey, look like an old lady to whom "kebs" would be a high extravagance, but no consciousness of her appearance lessened the air of authoritative displeasure with which she burst upon her granddaughter.

Ellen was lunching. She looked extraordinarily pretty and fresh and happy, and refused altogether to be put out by her grandmother's sharp speeches. She insisted upon feeding her, and, while preparations were being made to that end, laughed gaily at the terrible things that were being said to her.

"But, Granny darling," she said, when at last they sat down again at the little gate-legged table, "you don't know him. When you do, I am sure you will love him just as much as I do."

What the Dowager would have replied to this absurd speech can only be conjectured, for at that moment a loud noise was heard on the stairs, and there burst into the room an old gentleman with white whiskers and a red face, evidently in a very disturbed state of mind.

"No, no," he was heard to say, as the door was somewhat violently opened. "I insist upon seeing Miss Brentwood at once. If her grandmother is with her, so much the better."

He shut the door behind him. He had in his hand the paper from which Lady Lastingham had drawn the terrible information of the proposed marriage, and pointed to what was probably the informative passage, as he said rather wildly: "I've come about this. It mustn't be! I can't have it! I'll do anything, pay anything, to get the boy out of it! Now, let's talk sense. For goodness' sake, let's talk sense, all three of us. I've come all the way up from Hampshire to do it. Don't let's have any scenes."

He put his hat on one chair and sat down on another and mopped his brow.

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the Dowager. "Is the man mad?"

This set him off again. "My good woman," he said, "I can't allow this marriage to take place. I've nothing against the young lady at all—nothing whatever. And I've nothing against you, ma'am; but you've only got to look in the glass to see that it simply won't do. I've no doubt you're a very respectable woman in your own class of life, but I can't have your granddaughter marrying my son. That's flat. Now, let's talk sensibly. I've got plenty of money, and I don't suppose *you* have. I'll be generous with you. I'll give you an annuity. I'll put you into a little shop. I'll do anything you like, if you'll tell your granddaughter that it won't do. She's a nice girl and a good girl—I can see that, though what she wants to keep on laughing like that for, I can't tell. But I'm sure she won't want to stand in a young fellow's light. I'll give *her* money—more than she'd get if she brought an action. Now, can't we settle it on those terms? Come, now, let's be sensible."

He put his head on one side to observe the effect of his summons to sense, but lifted it again to stare at Ellen, whose laughter now broke out into a clear trill, while her grandmother in vain struggled for adequate powers of self-expression.

"I presume, sir, that you are Mr. Hart," she said in her stateliest way, "the father of the young man who has had the audacity to——"

He cut her short. "My name is not Hart," he said. "My son took that name when he made this foolish experiment of going on to the stage. I am Sir John Hartover, and Robert is my only son. I simply cannot and will not allow him to marry an actress. My good woman, I'm sure, if you think it over calmly, you will see it yourself. You have a sensible face, and your appearance is *most* respectable. I should say, to look at you, that at one time or another you must have been in good service. You *must* see my point of view. Now, will you be sensible and come to terms?"

It says much for the Dowager's power of concentrating herself on essentials that at this point she turned to Ellen and said;

"Did you know of this? Did you know that this young man was not a mere actor?"

"Oh, yes, Granny dear," said Ellen, the tears of laughter still standing in her eyes. "We found out about each other very soon. I didn't tell you, because I thought it would be such a nice surprise for you. We haven't told anybody, and the people who put it in the paper were only guessing."

These communications passed over the old gentleman's head. He made a further appeal to the old lady. "Now, *do* let's be sensible," he pleaded. "My son is a very clever young fellow, and writes plays, and so forth. He said he wanted actual experience on the stage, and, much against my will, accepted an engagement at the Siddons Theatre. But I stipulated that he should not play under his own name, and that nobody should know who he was. I never thought that *this* would happen; and, in fact, it *mustn't* happen. You *are* beginning to see that now, aren't you?"

The Dowager rose from her seat. "You had better tell Sir John Hartover who I am," she said to her granddaughter. "If he is what he says he is, and his son is otherwise desirable, I withdraw my opposition to the marriage."

Ellen also stood up. "I am not acting under my own name, either," she said. "My grandmother is Lady Lastingham."

The old gentleman's chin dropped and his eyes opened. On her feet, with her head held high, the old lady looked to him no longer as if, at one time or another, she had been in good service. "I'm afraid I've been making some mistake," he faltered.

"I'm afraid you have," said the Dowager, in grim good humour. "But I'm much obliged to you, all the same, for offering to put me into a little shop."

AUTUMN.

TURNED to gold by an Alchemist's finger,
Crimson'd and scorched by his kisses hot,
The motionless leaves that weary linger,
By the sun, their lover, forsaken, forgot,
In a noiseless rain on the earth fall dead;
Summer and swallow alike are fled.

Yet the thrushes sing of a new year's mating,
Of nesting and eggs that the months will bring;
The aspens hear, and in patience waiting,
Wrap warm their buds till the time of Spring;
For the secret is known at the heart of Earth,
That Death is only a name for Birth.

Autumn mists round my life are creeping,
Days are shortening to one long night;
Spring will come, though I be sleeping,
Lovers will walk by the hawthorn white;
For me, when the winter of Death is past,
Shall I find, somewhere, springtime at last?

J. M. KRAUSE.

THE WHITE HORSES
BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. J. GOUGH

XI. THE HOMELESS DAYS

MARSTON MOOR was fought and ended. A mortal blow had been struck at the King's cause in the North; and yet the Metcalfes, rallying round Lady Ingilby at Ripley, would not admit as much. The King *must* come to his own, they held, and Marston was just an unlucky skirmish that mattered little either way.

York capitulated, and Squire Metcalfe, when the news was brought at supper-time, shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a pity," he said. "We must get on without the good town of York—that is all."

Lady Ingilby glanced across at him. For the first time since Marston Moor she smiled. "And if all is lost, will you still believe that the world goes very well?"

A great sob broke from the Squire, against his will or knowledge. "Lady Ingilby, there are fewer Metcalfes than there were," he explained shamefacedly. "I went through Marston Fight, moreover. It is not my faith that weakens—it is just that I am human, and my courage fails."

None spoke for a while. The mistress of Ripley, on her knees in the chapelry, or busying herself about her men's needs, had learned what the Squire had learned. Those who had gone through the stress and anguish of the late battle, and the women who had waited here between closed walls for news to come, all caught the wonder of this moment. It was as if some Presence were among them, interpreting the rough strife of sword and pike.

"If there were two Metcalfes left of us all," said the Squire, his big voice humorous in its gentleness, "we should still believe that all was well with King Charles. And, if one fell, t'other would be glad to be the last to die for his Majesty—and may God bless him!"

The moment passed. It was too intimate, too filled with knowledge of the over-world, for long continuance. Metcalfe filled his glass afresh. The men were glad to follow his good example.

"Your health, Lady Ingilby—your good health," said the Squire.

While they were drinking the toast, the outer door was opened hurriedly, and a little, wiry man came in. His face was tired, and his clothes were stained with rain and mud.

"Gad, here's Blake!" laughed Kit Metcalfe. "Blake, the rider—I saw him bring the Metcalfes into Oxford."

Blake nodded cheerily. "Life has its compensations. I shall remember that ride down Oxford High Street until I die, I think. Lady Ingilby, I've a message from your husband, for your private ear."

A great stillness had come to Lady Ingilby, a certainty of herself and of the men about her. "He was always a good lover. You can give his message to the public ear."

"He escaped from Marston with twenty men, and hid in Wilstrop Wood. There was carnage there, but your lord escaped. And afterwards he fell in with Prince Rupert, returning with volunteers from the garrison at York. He bids me tell you he is safe."

"Was that all his message, Mr. Blake?"

"No, it was not all, but—but the rest is for your private ear, believe me."

"I—am very tired. My courage needs some open praise. What was my lord's message?"

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Blake stooped to whisper in her ear, and Lady Ingilby laughed. Keen youth was in her face. "Gentlemen, it was a vastly tender message. I am proud, and—and a woman again, I think, after all this discipline of war. My husband bids me hold Ripley Castle for as long as may be, if the Metcalfes come."

"There never was much 'if' about a Metcalfe," said the old Squire. "Our word was pledged before ever Marston Fight began."

"Oh, he knew as much, but you forget, sir, that many hindrances might have come between your pledged word and yourselves. You might have died to a man, as the Whitecoats did — God rest their gallant souls."

The Squire's bluntness softened. The tenderness that is in the heart of every Yorkshireman showed plainly in his face. "True. We might all have died. As it is, there are many gaps that will have to be explained to the goodwife up in Yoredale."

And again there was a wonder and a stillness in the hall, none knowing why, till Lady Ingilby broke silence. "Such gaps need no explaining. They are filled by a golden light, and in the midst of it a rude wooden cross, and over it the words 'For Valour.' There, gentlemen, I weary you with dreams. Lest you think me fanciful, let me fill your glasses for you. It will do you no harm to drink deep to-night, and the sentries are ready at their posts."

They could make nothing of her. Gay, alert, she went about the board, the wine-jug in her hands. The message from her lord that Blake had whispered seemed to have taken a score years from her life, as strong sun eats up a rimy frost. When she bade them good-night and passed out, it was as if a spirit of great charm and well-being had gone and left them dull.

On the morrow there was work enough to keep them busy. The fall of York had sent Cromwell's men like a swarm of bees about the land. Dour and unimaginative in battle, they ran wild when victory was theirs. Men who had been plough-boys and farm-hinds a year since were filled with hardy glee that they had helped to bring the great ones low. Some of their officers could not believe—honestly, each man to his conscience—that there was any good or usefulness in gentlemen of the King's who wore love-locks because it was the habit of their class, and who chanced to carry a fine courage under frivolous wearing-gear.

The Squire of Nappa was roused, somewhere about five of the clock, by a din and shouting from the courtyard underneath his bed-chamber. At first he fancied he was back on Marston Field again, and raised a sleepy challenge. Then, as the uproar increased, he got out of bed, stretched himself with one big, satisfying yawn, and threw the casement open.

The summer's dawn was moist and fragrant. His eyes, by instinct, sought the sky-line where, in Yoredale, hills would be. Here he saw only rolling country, that billowed into misty spaces, with a blurred and ruddy sun above it all. The fragrance of wet earth and field flowers came in with the warm morning breeze. He was a countryman again, glad to be alive on a June day.

Then he returned to soldiery, looked down on the press of men below, and his face hardened. "Give you good-morrow, Cropheads," he said gently.

"And who may you be?" asked the leader of the troop.

"A Mecca for the King. Ah, you've heard that rally-call before, I fancy. Your own name, sir?"

"Elihu Give-the-Praise."

"Be pleased to be serious. That is a nickname, surely."

A storm of protest came from the soldiery, and Elihu took heart of grace again.

"Idolaters and wine-bibbers, all of you," he said, vindictiveness and martyrdom struggling for the mastery. "Since I forswore brown ale and kept the narrow track, men know me as Elihu Give-the-Praise."

"Then, as one who relishes brown ale, I ask you what your business is, disturbing a Riding Metcalfe when he needs his sleep."

"Our business is short and sharp—to bid you surrender, or we sack the Castle."

"Your business is like to be long and tedious," laughed the Squire, and shut the casement.

He crossed to the landing and lifted a hale cry of "Rouse yourself, Meccas! What lads you are for sleeping!" And there was a sudden tumult within doors louder than the din of Puritans outside. It was then, for the first time, that Lady Ingilby, running from her chamber with a loose wrap thrown about her disarray, understood the full meaning of clan discipline.

The men who answered the rally-call were heavy with sleep and in no good temper; but they stood waiting for their orders without protest. When the Squire told them

what was in the doing, their faces cleared. Sleep went by them like a dream forgotten.

The Roundheads underneath fired some random shots, as a token of what would follow if there were no surrender; and, in reply, spits of flame ran out from every loophole of the Castle front. They were not idle shots. Elihu Give-the-Praise, with a stiff courage of his own, tried to rally his men, in spite of a splintered arm; but a second flight of bullets rained about them, and panic followed.

"A thrifty dawn," said the Squire of Nappa, as if he danced at a wedding.

For that day, and for three days thereafter, there was little sleep within the Ripley walls. Parliament men, in scattered companies, marched to replace the slain and wounded. There were sorties from the Castle, and ready fire from the loopholes overhead; and in the courtyard space lay many bodies that neither side could snatch for decent burial. There was not only famine sitting on the Ripley threshold now, but pestilence; for the moist heat of the summer was not good for dead or living men.

In the middle watch of the fourth night, Squire Metcalfe heard a company of horsemen clatter up to the main gate. He thrust his head through a casement of the tower—the loopholes had been widened in these modern days—and asked gruffly the strangers' errand.

"Surrender while you can, Nappa men," said the foremost horseman.

"It is not our habit."

"There's a company of Fairfax's men—a thousand of them, more or less—within call."

"Ay, so are a thousand cuckoos, if you could whistle them to hand. Who are you, to come jesting at the gates?"

"Nephew to Lord Fairfax, by your leave."

"That alters matters. I'm John Metcalfe, and aye had a liking for the Fairfaxes, though the devil knows how they come into t'other camp. Their word is their bargain, anyhow."

Fairfax laughed. The sturdy bluntness of the man was in keeping with all he had heard of him. "That is true. Will you surrender, leaving all arms behind you?"

"No," said the Squire of Nappa. "Bring your thousand cuckoos in, and I promise 'em a welcome."

He shut the casement, called for his son Christopher to take his sentry-place, and sought Lady Ingilby.

"There's a good deal to be done in five minutes," he said, by way of breaking the news to her.

"Oh, you think only of speed these days, and I—believe me, I am tired."

"'Tiredness butters no haver-bread,' as we say in Yoredale. There are two ways open to us—one to surrender by and by, the other to ride out to-night."

"But my husband—oh, he left me here to hold the Castle."

"For as long as might be. He'll not grumble when he learns the way of our riding out. Better leave Ripley now, with honour, than wait till they starve us into surrender."

He had his way. In silence they made their preparations. Then Metcalfe lifted a noisy rally-cry as he led his men into the courtyard. And the fight was grim and stour. When it was done, the Metcalfes turned—those who were left—and came back for the womenfolk; and some of the white horses, saddled hastily, fidgeted when for the first time they found women's hands on the bridle.

Michael was one of those who gave his horse, lest a woman should go on foot; and at the courtyard gate, while the press of folk went through, he halted suddenly.

"Kit," he said, "there's li'le Elizabeth braying as if all her world were lost. 'Twould be a shame to forget her, after what she did for me at York."

Christopher was young to defeat. "It's no time to think of donkeys, Michael," he snapped, humour and good temper deserting him in need.

"I defend my own, lad, whether Marston Moor is lost or won. I'm fond of Elizabeth, if only for her skew-tempered blandishments."

When he returned from the humble pent-house where they had lodged the ass, the Squire had got his company ready for the march, and was demanding roughly where Michael was.

"Here, sir," said Michael, with the laugh that came in season or out.

"Making friends with your kind, lad," snapped the other. "Well, it's a thrifty sort of common-sense."

The odd cavalcade went out into the dewy, fragrant dawn. About the land was one insistent litany of birds—thrush and mavis, sleepy cawing of the rooks, and shrill cry of the curlews and the plover. A warm sun was drinking up lush odours from the rain-washed fields and hedgerows.

"Eh, but to see my growing corn in Yoredale!" sighed Squire Metcalfe. "As

'tis, lads, we're heading straight for Knaresborough, to learn how they are faring there."

Joan Grant had been content, till now, to sit Christopher's horse and to find him at her stirrup.

"I do not like the Knaresborough country," she said, with gusty petulance.

"Not like it? Their garrison has kept the Cropheads busy."

"Oh, ay, Master Christopher! There's nothing in the world save sorties and hard gallops. To be sure, we poor women are thrust aside these days."

"What is it?"

"What is it, the boy asks. I thought you grown since Yoredale days; and now, Kit, you're rough and clumsy as when you came a-wooing and I bade you climb a high tree—if, that is, you had need to find my heart."

They rode in silence for a while. Christopher thought that he had learned one thing at least—to keep a still tongue when a woman's temper ran away with her. But here, again, his wisdom was derided.

"I loathe the tongue-tied folk! Battle, and audience with the King, and wayfaring from Yoredale down to Oxford—have they left you mute?"

"Less talkative," he agreed; "I've seen men die."

For a moment she lost her petulance. "You are older, graver, more likeable. And yet I—I like you less. There was no need—surely there was no need to—to let others tell me of the ferry-steps at Knaresborough."

"The ferry-steps?"

"So you've forgotten that poor maid as well. I pity Miss Bingham now. Why do women hate each other so? Instead, they should go into some Sisterhood of Pity, hidden away from men."

"They should," assented Christopher; "but few of them do, 'twould seem."

"And now you laugh at me. Oh, I have heard it all! How pleasantly Nidd River runs past the ferry-steps! She is beautiful, they tell me."

"I have no judgment in these matters. Ask Michael—he was there with me in Knaresborough."

Michael had chanced to overtake them at the moment, Elizabeth following him like a dog. "Nidd River—yes, she is beautiful."

"It was Miss Bingham we talked of. I—oh, I have heard such wonderful tales of her. She glamours men, they say."

Michael, for a breathing-space or two, was silent. Then he recaptured the easy-going air that had served as a mask in harder times than this. "She glamoured me, Miss Grant—on my faith, she did—whenever Kit would leave her side. The kindest eyes that ever peeped from behind a lattice."

"Miss Bingham seems to be prodigal of the gifts that Heaven has given her."

"True charity, believe me—to spend what one has, and spend it royally."

"She seems, indeed, to be a very perfect hoyden. Oh, I am weary. Marston Moor is lost. Ripley is lost. Are we going to ride for ever along dusty roads?"

"Three of us go on foot—Kit the baby, Elizabeth, and I. We have no grumbles."

She turned on him like a whirlwind. "If the end of the world came—here and now—you would make a jest of it."

"'Twould sweeten the end, at any rate. There's Irish blood in me, I tell you."

From ahead there sounded a sharp cry of command. "Hi, Meccas, all! The enemy's in front!"

War had lessened the ranks of the Metcalfes, but not their discipline. Michael and his brother clutched each a horse's bridle, after helping the women to alight, and sprang to the saddle. Even Elizabeth shambled forward to take her share of hazard, and Joan found herself alone. And the gist of her thoughts was that she hated Kit, and was afraid that he would die.

She watched the Metcalfes spur forward, then slacken pace as they neared the big company coming round the bend of the road. The old Squire's voice rang down-wind to her.

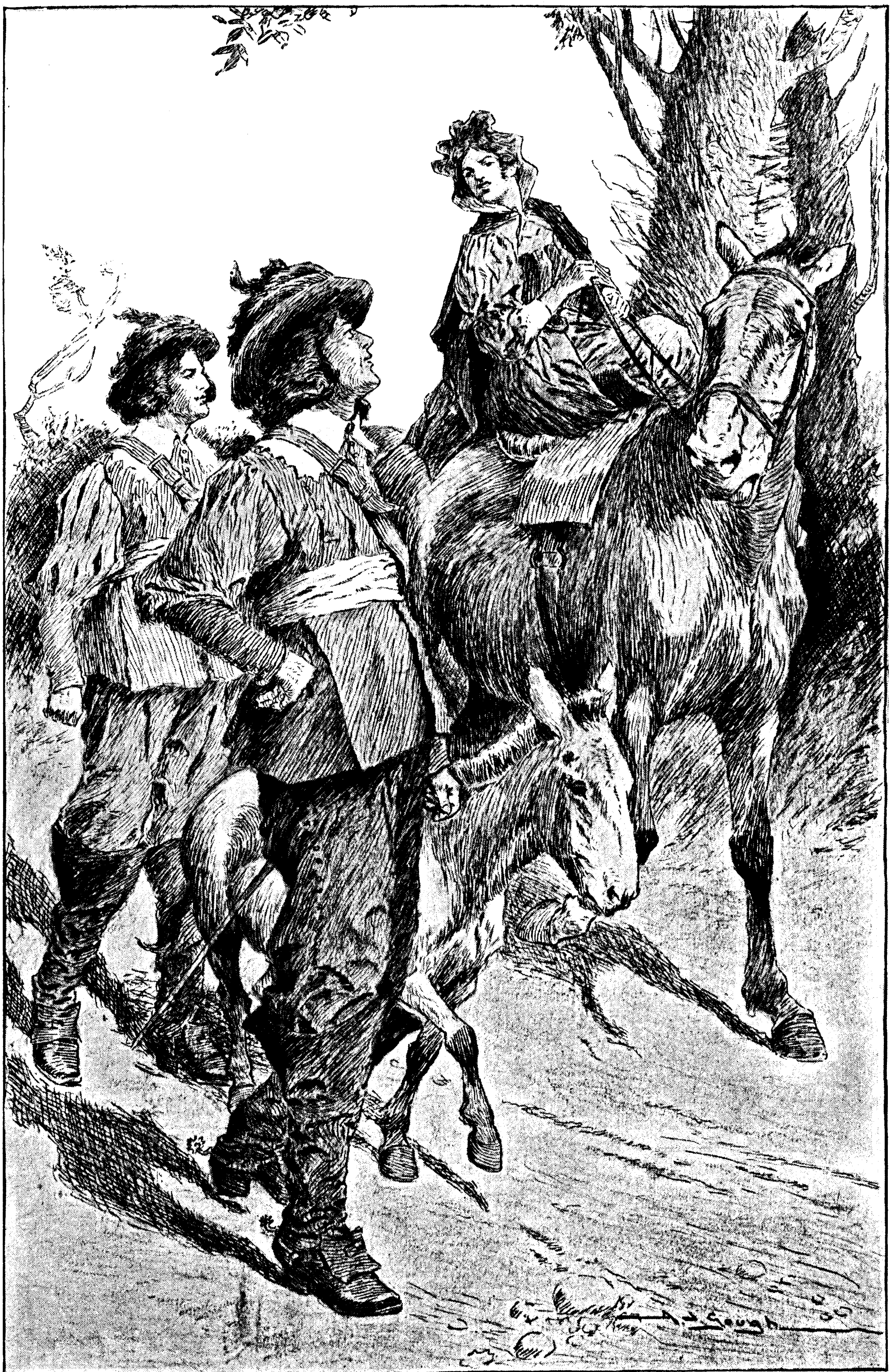
"King's men, like ourselves? Ay, I see the fashion of you. And where may you be from, gentles?"

"I'm the late Governor of Knaresborough, at your service."

"And I'm the Squire of Nappa, with all that the Cropheads have left of my Riding Metcalfes."

The Governor saluted with extreme precision. "This almost reconciles me to the loss of Knaresborough, sir. We have heard of you. Give you good-day," he broke off, catching sight of Michael and Christopher. "We have met in happier circumstances, I think."

There is nothing so astounding, so muddled by cross-issues and unexpected happenings, as civil war. Not long ago Marston Moor had heard the groans of Cavaliers as they lay naked to the night-wind



"'If the end of the world came—here and now—you would make a jest of it.'"

and prayed for death in Wilstrop Wood. York had surrendered. The garrisons of Knaresborough and Ripley, met together on the dusty high-road here were weak with famine and privation. Yet they stood chatting—the ladies of both garrisons passing laughter and light badinage with the men—as if they were gathered for a hunting-party or falconry. The intolerable pressure of the past months was ended for a while, if only by disaster; and from sheer relief they jested.

Joan Grant, in the middle of the chatter, edged her mare near to a sprightly horsewoman who had just dismissed Michael with a playful tap of her whip across his cheek.

"You are Miss Bingham? Ah, I guessed it."

"By what token?"

"By your beauty, shall we say? Gossip has so much to tell about it, and about the Vicarage garden, with Nidd River swirling past the ferry-steps."

They eyed each other with the wariness of duellists. "The good Vicar is fortunate in his garden," assented Miss Bingham, with the most charming courtesy.

"And in his water-nymphs, 'twould seem. I think you would be like some comely dream, say, on an April evening, with the young leafage of the trees for halo."

"Oh, it is pleasant to be flattered. But why this praise of me? We were strangers not an hour ago."

"I have heard so much of you. You were so kind to the men who sortied from Knaresborough and returned with wounds. You sat by the ferry-steps—all like a good angel—and bound their hurts afresh when they smarted. Oh, indeed, we have heard of your pleasant gift for healing."

While they faced each other, there came the thud and racket of horse-hoofs down the road. The rider drew rein amid a swirl of dust, cleared his eyes with a hand that trembled, and looked from one face to another. His tired face lit up when at last he saw the Governor of Knaresborough.

"Give you good-day, sir. I was riding for your aid."

"The devil you were," growled the other. "The man sups lean who trusts to *my* help, Graham. Knaresborough's in other hands since—since Marston."

"It would be. I had forgotten that. But you're here."

"What is your need, lad?"

"A few men to help me, over at Norton Conyers. I rode to ask if you could lend them me."

"All of us, if we're needed. We were jesting on the road here for lack of other occupation. What is it? But, first, is your uncle safe—tough Reginald Graham? I love him as I love the steep rock-face of Knaresborough."

"It was this way. My uncle would have me near him at Marston. We were with Rupert on the right wing, and were close behind one of the Riding Metcalfes—I know not which, for they're all big men and as like as two peas in a pod—and saw him cut Cromwell through the throat. We were together when we broke the Roundheads and pursued too far. It was when we came to the ditch again, and found Leslie there with his Scots, that I lost Sir Reginald. I took a wound or two in the stampede that followed, and was laid by in a little farmstead near Wilstrop Wood. The goodwife was kind to me—said she had lost a bairn of her own not long since, trampled down by flying horsemen at the gate."

"Ay, lad; but why d'ye not get forward with your news of Sir Reginald?"

"Because I cannot trust myself to speak of him without some folly in my throat. Give me time, sir—give me time. I got about again in a day or two, and stumbled home somehow to Norton Conyers. And I—I met a black procession—all like a nightmare, it was—journeying to the kirkyard. So I joined them; and one man nudged another, and asked who this was coming in his tatters to the burial without mourning-gear. And I pointed to my wounds and laughed. 'Mourning-gear enough,' said I. 'Mourners go in blood and tatters since Marston.' And then, they tell me, I fell and lay where I fell. That was all I knew, till I got up next day with all my limbs on fire."

There was silence among those looking on—a deep and reverent silence. This youngster, out of battle and great pain, had captured some right-of-way to the attention of strong men.

"When I was about again, they told me how it chanced. Sir Reginald took a mortal hurt at Marston, but rode with the best of his strength to Norton Conyers. He found Lady Graham at the gate, waiting for news of him; and he stooped from saddle, so they say, and kissed her. 'I could not die away from you, wife,' he said."

"Ay," growled the Governor, "he was like that—a hard fighter and a lover so devout that his wife had reason to be proud."

"She tried to help him get from horse;

but he shook his head. 'The stairs are wide enough,' was all his explanation. Then he rode in at the main door and up the stair, and bent his head low to enter the big bed-chamber. He got from the saddle to the bed, lay with his eyes on fire with happiness, and so died."

"A good ending," said the Squire of Nappa roughly, because he dared not give his feelings play. "What I should call a gentleman's ending—leal to King and wife. Oh, you young fool, no need to make a tragedy about it!"

Graham answered gamely to the taunt that braced him. "As for that, sir, tragedy is in the making if no help comes to Norton Conyers. We had word this morning that a company of Roundheads was marching on the Hall—the worst of the whole brood—those who robbed the dead and dying in Wilstrop Wood."

It was not the Governor of Knaresborough who took command. Without pause for thought of precedence, Squire Metcalfe lifted his voice.

"A Mecca for the King, and bustle about the business, lads!"

The road no longer showed like a meeting-place where idle gentry forgathered to pass the time of day. The Governor, with some envy underlying all his admiration, saw the Metcalfes swing into line behind their leader.

"Our horses are fresh," explained the Squire over shoulder, with a twinge of punctilio. "Do you follow, sir, and guard the women-folk."

"I shall guard them," said the Governor, laughing quietly.

Miss Bingham saw Joan watching the dust swirl and eddy in the wake of the Riding Metcalfes, saw that the girl's face was petulant and wistful. "He did not pause to say good-bye," she said, with gentlest sympathy.

"I did not ask him to."

"But, indeed, men are fashioned in that mould. I am older than you, child."

"So much is granted," said Joan sharply.

"And women are fashioned in their mould, too, with feet of velvet and the hidden claws. Yes, I am older. You drew blood there."

"Miss Bingham, I am in no mood for petty warfare of our sort. Our men have done enough, and they are riding out again. We women should keep still tongues, I think, and pray for better guidance."

"How does one pray? You're country-bred, and I am not." The voice was gentle, but the sideways glance had venom in it. "It comes so easily to you, no doubt—scent of hay, and church bells ringing you across the fields, and perhaps *he* will meet you at the stile, to share the self-same book—is that what prayer means?"

"No," said the Governor, interposing bluntly. "Ask Lady Derby what prayer means—she who has made Lathom House a beacon for all time. Ask Ingilby's wife, who held Ripley for the King's wounded—ask Rupert——"

"The Prince—is he, too, among the listeners to church bells?" asked Miss Bingham airily.

"To be precise, he is. I talked yesterday with one who was at York when Rupert came to raise the siege. The Prince was spent with forced marches, dead-weary, soul and body. He had earned his praise, you would have thought; but, when they cheered him like folk gone mad, he just waited till the uproar ceased, and bared his head. 'The faith that is in me did it, friends, not I,' he said, and the next moment he laughed, asking for a stoup of wine."

"He cared for his body, too, 'twould seem," murmured Miss Bingham.

"A soldier does, unless by birth and habit he's an incorrigible fool. I've even less acquaintance than you with prayer; but I've seen the fruits of it too often, child, to sneer at it."

"To be named child—believe me, sir, it's incense to me. Miss Grant here was persuading me that I was old enough to be her mother. I was prepared to kneel at the next wayside pool and search there for grey hairs."

"Search in twenty years or so—time enough for that. Meanwhile we have to follow these hot-headed Metcalfes, and discipline begins, Miss Bingham."

"Oh, discipline—it is as tedious as prayer."

The Governor cut short her whimsies. "The tedium begins. This is no ballroom, I would have you understand."

Miss Bingham sighed as their company got into order. "Why are not all men of that fashion?" she asked languidly. "It is so simple to obey when one hears the whip, instead of flattery, singing round one's ears."

Joan glanced at her in simple wonderment. She had no key that unlocked the tired, wayward meaning of this woman who had played many games of chess with the thing she named her heart.

The Metcalfes, meanwhile, had gone

forward at a heady pace. As of old, one purpose guided them, and one rough master-mind had leadership of their hot zeal. They encountered many piteous sights by the wayside—stragglers from Marston, Knaresborough, York—but the old Squire checked his pity.

"It's forrard, lads, forrard!" he would roar from time to time, as they were tempted to halt for succour of the fallen.

His instinct guided him aright. When they came through the dust of thirsty roads and the dead heat of a thunderstorm that was brewing overhead, to the high lands overlooking Norton Conyers, they caught a glint below them of keen sunlight shining on keen steel.

"It's always my luck to be just in time, with little to spare," said Blake, the messenger, who was riding at the Squire's bridle-hand. "D'ye see them yonder?"

Metcalfe saw a gently-falling slope of pasture between the Roundheads and themselves, with low hedges separating one field from another. "Tally-ho, my lads!" he laughed. "I'll give you a lead at the fences—a Yoredale sort of lead."

The Parliament men checked their horses, gaped up at the sudden uproar, and had scarce braced themselves for the encounter when the Metcalfes were down and into them. The weight of horseflesh, backed by speed, crashed through their bulk, lessening the odds a little. Then it was hack, and counter, and thrust, till the storm broke overhead, as it had done at Marston, but with a livelier fury. They did not heed it. Time and again the yell of "A Mecca for the King!" was met by the roar of "God and the Parliament!" And Squire Metcalfe, in a lull of the eddying battle, found the tart humour that was his help in need.

"Nay, I'd leave half of it out, if I were ye, after what chanced in Wilstrop Wood. Fight for Parliament alone, and all its devilries!"

That brought another swinging fight to a head; and the issue shifted constantly. The lightning danced about the men's armour. The thunder never ceased, and the rain lashed them as if every sluice-gate of the clouds were opened.

Very stubborn it was, and the din of oaths and battle-cries leaped out across the thunder-roar, stifling it at times.

"The last shock, Meccas!" cried the Squire. "Remember Wilstrop Wood."

In the harsh middle of the conflict, the Squire aimed a blow at the foremost of the Roundheads who rode at him. His pike dinted the man's body-armour, and the haft snapped in two. Little Blake rode forward to his aid, knowing it was useless; and, with a brutish laugh, the Roundhead swung his sword up.

And then, out of the yellow murk of the sky, a friend rode down to the Squire's aid—rode faster than even Blake had done on the maddest of his escapades. Kit, unpressed for the moment after killing his immediate adversary, saw a blue fork of flame touch the uplifted sword and run down its length. The Roundhead's arm fell like a stone dropped from a great height, and lightning played about horse and rider till both seemed on fire. They dropped where they stood, and lay there; and for a moment no man stirred. It was as if God's hand was heavy on them all.

The Squire was the first to recover. "D'ye need any further battle, ye robbers of the dead?" he asked.

Without further parley they broke and fled. Panic was among them, and many who had been honest once in the grim faith they held saw wrath and judgment in this intervention.

The Metcalfes were hot for pursuit, but their leader checked them. "Nay, lads. Leave the devil to follow his own. For our part, we're pledged to get to Norton Conyers as soon as may be."

His kinsmen grumbled at the moment; but afterwards they recalled how Rupert, by the same kind of pursuit, had lost Marston Field, and they began to understand how wise their headstrong leader was.

The sun was setting in a red mist—of rain to come—when they reached Norton Conyers; and an hour later the Governor of Knaresborough rode in with the mixed company he guarded. The men of his own garrison, the women-folk of Knaresborough and Ripley, odds and ends of camp-followers, made up a band of Royalists tattered enough for the dourest Puritan's approval.

"Where is li'le Elizabeth?" asked Michael plaintively. "For my sins, I forgot her when the Squire told us we were hunting the foxes who raided Wilstrop Wood."

"Who is Elizabeth?" snapped the Governor, in no good temper.

"Oh, a lady to her hoof-tips, sir—loyal, debonair, a bairn in your hands when she loves you, and a devil to intruders." He turned, with the smile that brimmed out and over his Irish mouth. "Meccas all, the

Governor asks who Elizabeth is. They knew in Oxford, and praised her grace of bearing."

A lusty braying sounded through the lessening thunder-claps, and a roar of laughter came from Michael's kinsmen.

"Twins are never far apart, if they can help it," said Christopher. "It is daft to worry about Elizabeth, so long as Michael's safe."

From long siege on land there comes to men something of the look that mariners have whose business is with besieging seas. The Governor's eyes were steady and far away. He seemed bewildered by the ready laughter of these folk who had ridden in the open instead of sitting behind castle walls. But even his gravity broke down when Elizabeth came trotting through the press, and looked about her, and found Michael. She licked his hands and face. She brayed a triumph-song, its harmony known only to herself.

"One has not lived amiss, when all is said," laughed Michael. "You will bear witness, sir, that I have captured a heart of gold."

The Governor stopped to pat Elizabeth, and she became an untamed fury on the sudden, for no reason that a man could guess.

"I—I am sorry, sir," Michael protested.

"Oh, no regrets. She is a lady to her hoof-tips, as you said, and my shins are only red-raw—not broken, as I feared."

It was well they had their spell of laughter in between what had been and what must follow. When they came to Norton Conyers, it was to find the mistress dull with grief, and hopeless. All she cared for lay buried, with pomp and ceremony enough, in the kirkyard below. She was scarcely roused by the news that fire and rapine would have raided the defenceless house if the Riding Metcalfes had not come on the stroke of need.

"I thank you, gentlemen—oh, indeed, I thank you. But nothing matters very much. He waits for me, and that is all."

She was past argument or quiet persuasion. They ate and drank their fill that night, because they needed it—and their needs were the King's just now—and on the morrow, when they had cursed their wounds, and prayed for further sleep, and got up again for whatever chanced, they found Graham's widow still intractable. They told her that the safety of many women-folk was in her hands.

"I trust them to you," she said. "There's an old nurse of mine lives up in a fold of the hills yonder. They will not find me there, and I care little if they do. Meanwhile, I shall get down each night and morning to pray for the soul of a gallant gentleman who has unlocked the Gate" —her eyes were luminous with a temperate fire—"unlocked it a little ahead of me. He has left it on the latch."

The Squire bent to her hand. "Madam," he said, his roughness broken up, as honest moorland soil is broken when it is asked to rear pleasant crops—"madam, I've a wife in Yoredale, I. She carries your sort of heart, I think. Of your charity, pray for her till I come."

"I shall pray, sir."

And so the Riding Metcalfes went from Norton Conyers, with an added burden of women-folk, but with a sense of rosemary and starshine, as if they had tarried for a while in some wayside Calvary.

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.

DUSK

ONE moment, flaming clouds of gold
Swung swift before the blast:
Now all the sky is dark and cold,
And all the glory past.

One moment, my rapt soul was fired
With the sun's force and glow:
Now is the golden flame expired,
Now all the lights are low.

EDGAR VINE HALL.

ENTERPRISE AND OPPORTUNITY IN A YOUNG COUNTRY

IV. THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

By A. B. TUCKER

LAST month we discussed the merits of British Columbia as a land that wants Englishmen, and in the course of the article referred to the fact that most Englishmen had heard something of the attractions of the Province. This month we are devoting our attention to the Province of Quebec. How many Englishmen know much of Quebec? Not many, I fear. In the minds of most English the Province of Quebec means French Canada, a part of the world where an Englishman would, perhaps, think that he was not wanted. Indeed, he might be excused for thinking so, when he is told so by people who pretend to know Canada, and who say that the French Canadians are doing their best to keep out English settlers. These people seem to ignore the fact that the Provincial Government issue attractive pamphlets for distribution in this country, setting forth all the many advantages which the Province has to offer to settlers. The Provincial Government is French-Canadian, and it is absurd to suppose that it would invite settlers to come into the Province if the sentiment of the people was against such a policy. It is an unfortunate fact that, while in parts of Quebec Protestants and Catholics live side by side without any friction whatsoever, there are not wanting bigots on both sides who strive to stir up strife and bitterness between the two. But so far from there being any real animosity, I do not think it is too much to say that in no part of Canada is the English settler more fairly treated and more welcome than he is in parts of Quebec. Of course, for his own sake, the English settler would not choose a district where all the people were French. He would be too lonely amid such neighbours, all speaking French. But even if he did choose such a district, he would find the French-Canadian is devoted to his Church and to his native tongue, but this does not make him discourteous to strangers of another faith and another tongue. It is because he has been given by Great Britain freedom to practise

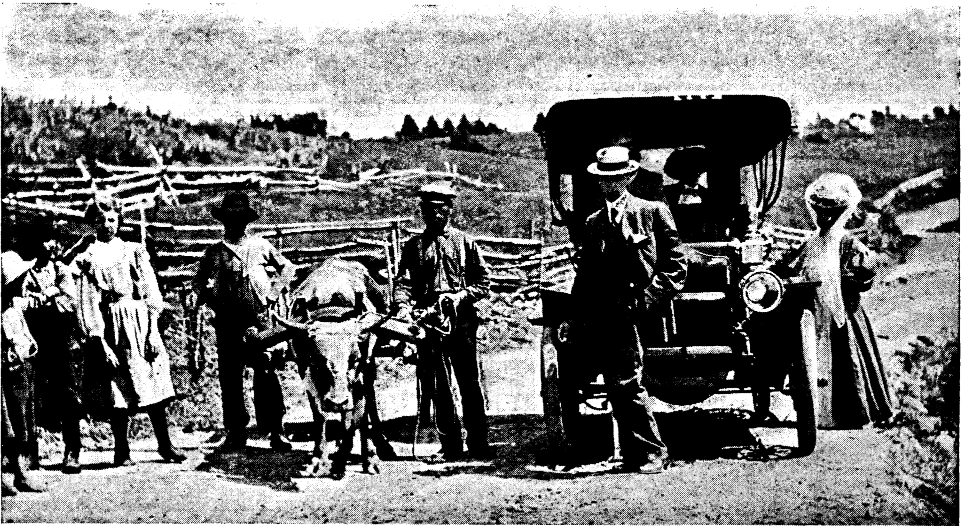
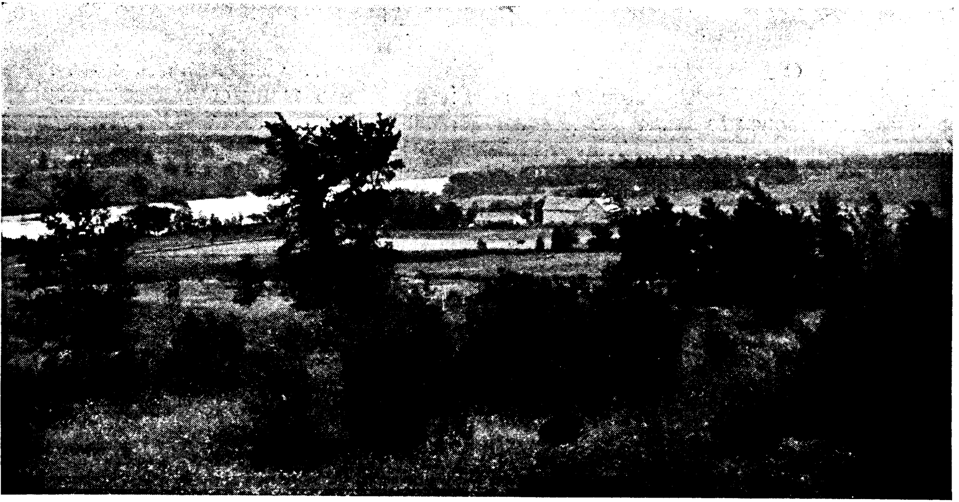


Photo supplied by] [*The Canadian Pacific Railway.*

THE OLD AND THE NEW, AT NEWPORT PORTAGE, QUEBEC.



DOYLE'S FARM ON THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER, RICHMOND, QUEBEC.

his religion and the right to speak his own language that he is a loyal subject of King George. I once heard a distinguished French-Canadian thus express his sentiments: "We French-Canadians," he said, "are loyal to the British flag because Great Britain has given to us liberty of language and liberty of pray-God."

The Eastern Townships.

But this reference to French-Canadians is by the way. I do not intend to recommend a young Englishman to settle in a district where he would have no neighbours but French-Canadians. I am, on the other hand, thinking of a district in the Province of Quebec where French and English have joined hands in striving to attract English settlers into their beautiful region of farming country. The Eastern Townships—township is the English translation of the French word *canton*—form a distinct and clearly-defined territory on the map of Canada. The territory, which is called "The Garden of Agriculture of Quebec" and "The Switzerland of America," on account of its beautiful scenery, comprises the counties of Brome, Compton, Drummond and Arthabaska, Megantic, Missisquoi, Richmond and Wolfe, Shefford, Sherbrooke, and Stanstead, and forms the south-east corner of the Province, lying between the forty-fifth and forty-sixth parallels of latitude, and bounded on the south and east by the United States of America. The district is only a week's journey from Great Britain, and is two thousand miles

ON A STOCK FARM IN QUEBEC, BELONGING TO MR. F. R. CROMWELL, M.P.

nearer to the Old Country than are the Prairie Provinces. It therefore costs a good deal less money to reach the Eastern Provinces, which alone is a point worth remembering.

The Climate.

The Eastern Townships possess a very healthy climate, as is shown by the very low death-rate in the district. There is much misunderstanding about the climate of Canada, and very exaggerated impressions prevail regarding the severity of the winter. But even the snow which covers the ground in the winter months is not without its advantages. It makes excellent roads, and, moreover, has a beneficent effect on the soil. The air is dry and keen, and the cold is felt far less than one would suppose. Indeed, Canadians who come to England in winter find our damp, cold atmosphere very trying; and they feel the cold here more than they do when at home. In the Eastern Townships the winter is enjoyable. All the world is out in sleighs, and the young people revel in all kinds of winter sports. One settler in this district writes of it saying: "For many reasons it is a good country to live in. In the first place, it has a good climate. I have never known a better, and have tried a good many countries, among them Australia, England, Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, Ontario, and West Canada. Then, again, what is very important to many of us, the surrounding country is magnificent. Often one can see a vast extent of country in every direction. From fifty to sixty miles can be seen with the greatest ease, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere. And, lastly, the Eastern Townships seems to be as good a farming country as any other part of Canada."

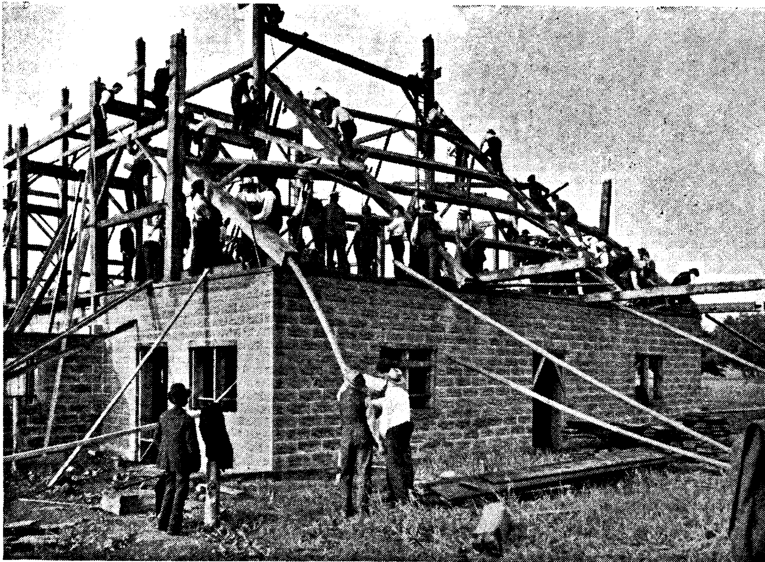


Photo by] [*W. James.*

CANADIAN BUILDING ENTERPRISE: PUTTING A ROOF INTO POSITION.

Conditions Very English.

Mixed farming prevails in the Eastern Townships as it does in England; indeed, farming is generally carried on on much the same lines as here. Moreover, much of the scenery, as you travel through the rolling land, reminds you of the English countryside. In the Eastern Townships the pioneer work of clearing the land has been done, and the newcomer has none of that rather heart-breaking work to do. At the same time, there is plenty of room for newcomers. From various causes there are always farms to be had. Lord Aylmer, who was Governor-General of Canada in 1831, wrote home saying that he thought he was within the mark in saying that 500,000 might be added to the population of the Eastern Townships with a certainty of raising sufficient agricultural produce for their own subsistence and for the purposes of commerce necessary for their other wants. He added that the district appeared to him to be the most eligible for settlement of any he had visited. People to-day—eighty years after this letter was written—know that Lord Aylmer's estimate was well within the mark. The present population of the Eastern Townships is about 250,000, or only one-half of what this particular section of Canada could support in comfort and prosperity. In the Eastern Townships, as I have already mentioned, mixed farming is the rule. You

will not find there vast tracts of land under wheat, as in the Prairie Provinces, nor will you see great fruit orchards such as are to be seen in the Niagara district; but the farmer raises wheat for his own use, and grows as fine apples as any in the world for himself and the local market. The variety of apple known as Mackintosh Red, as grown in the Province of Quebec, is delicious. But it is not to wheat and fruit that the Eastern Townships farmer looks for his revenue. These products are, so to say, of secondary importance.

Photo by] [*Presby.*

ON A FARM AT MELBOURNE, COUNTY OF RICHMOND, QUEBEC, OWNED BY MR. JOHN GALBRAITH.

A Typical Farm and its Produce.

Let us look for a moment at a typical Eastern Townships farm. After we have admired its beautiful surroundings and noted that it is well watered—for the country abounds in rivers, streams, and lakes—and that it is well wooded with fine trees, let us inquire into what it produces. The average farm of, say, 250 acres should keep about 40 head of cattle, 50 sheep, and five or six horses and, of course, some pigs and chickens. Roughly speaking, the farm is divided into three sections—cultivated land, pasturage, and woodland—each of which is equally profitable and necessary. The pasturage sustains through the summer the cattle and sheep and such horses as are turned out to graze. The woods furnish fuel for the house and for sale in the village, and, what is more important, the sap for the far-famed maple sugar, for which the Eastern Townships are celebrated. From the cultivated portion of his farm the farmer should take, say, 80 tons of hay, a good supply of ensilage corn, turnips and carrots for winter feed for his live-stock, two or three hundred bushels of potatoes, a few hundred bushels of oats, barley, and other grains, and a good supply of vegetables.

Amid all the various phases of farming in the Eastern Townships, three stand out prominently as the great revenue producers. They are dairying, live-stock raising, and maple sugar manufacture. First and foremost of these is dairying; its importance has grown immensely within recent years, as Canadian dairy products have won a firm place in the British markets.

The Importance of the Dairy Industry.

The importance of this industry is shown by the fact that farms are leased on the basis of the number of cows they are able to maintain. Eastern Townships butter and cheese have a high reputation. A leading

produce merchant of Montreal recently estimated the production of these commodities in the Eastern Townships represented a revenue to the farmers of not less than £1,200,000. This sum should be doubled when more settlers go into the country and the farmers get all the help they need. The better organisation of co-operative societies, which is being urged as a need of the district, would materially increase the farmers' profits, for the industry, profitable as it is to-day, is only in its infancy. Closely allied to the dairy industry is that of live-stock raising. The milk and cream go to the butter and cheese factories, and the skim milk to the pigs. It is only recently that the farmers in the Eastern Townships have turned their attention to the production of bacon for export, and realise what handsome profits can be made thereby. The Provincial Department of Agriculture has been endeavouring lately to educate the farmers in this direction. Cattle and horse-breeding, again, are successfully carried out in the district. Sheep-raising, though profitable, is not so much favoured by the farmers as is the raising of horses and cattle. A visit to the agricultural show at Sherbrooke, the chief town of the district, would convince anyone that live-stock of all kinds of a very high quality can be raised in the Eastern Townships.

The Maple Sugar Industry.

We now come to a branch of farming in the Eastern Townships with which the Englishman is unfamiliar, namely, the making of maple sugar. While in many other parts of Canada the maple flourishes, it is not everywhere that it is so useful as it is in the Eastern Townships. Special weather conditions during the months of March and April are required for the production of the maple sap, which by the boiling process is converted into the far-famed maple sugar. A frost at night and a rising temperature of from forty to fifty degrees during the day are necessary for the obtaining the maple sap. This is the feature of the weather in this part of the Province during the latter part of March and the first week or two of April. The average farm has from 600 to 1,000 maple trees available for sugar-making, though there are some where three or four thousand trees are brought into use as maple sugar producers. The average yield of sugar is from two to three pounds to the tree. It is estimated that sixteen quarts of sap will make a pound of sugar. So great has become the demand for maple syrup that many farmers dispose of their whole output in that form. The season for obtaining the maple sap fortunately comes at a time when the farmer is not pressed with other work, and the syrup or sugar made from the sap adds very greatly to his revenue.

Help for the Newcomer.

Every effort is made in the Eastern Townships to assist the newcomer and to see that he is fairly treated. The people of the district are eager to promote the bringing in of settlers. There has lately been started the Eastern Townships Immigration Society, which aims chiefly at bringing in farmers and farm labourers. The Quebec Government has voted a grant towards the funds of the society, the usefulness of which is recognised. At the head of the society are leading residents in the Eastern Townships, French as well as English, men who are giving up time for nothing to the furthering of the society's aims. The society helps the farmer to choose a farm, and sees that he gets a fair bargain, and it places the farm labourer. The best farms of from 150 to 300 acres range in prices from £400 to £600. The purchaser need not pay the whole price down, but can pay by instalments. It is advisable for a young man going to this district—as with other parts of Canada—that before purchasing a farm he should learn local conditions by serving for a time as a farm hand. Wages, including board and lodging, range from £2 to £7 a month, according to the usefulness of the man. It would be advisable for anyone thinking of going to this attractive district of Canada to see or write to Lieutenant-Colonel Pelletier, the Agent-General for the Province of Quebec, whose office is in Kingsway.

Colonel Pelletier, in discussing the subject of this article with the writer, said: "I thank you very much for bringing to the attention of the English public the Eastern Townships district, its climate, its conditions, its typical farming and products, and its dairy and maple sugar industries. Everything you say is true and accurate. In the name of the people of the Eastern Townships, I endorse what you have said, as I am convinced that both English settlers and Eastern Townships will benefit from it."

Any questions asked by readers of this series of articles will be willingly answered by the writer.

THE MATCH-MAKERS

By LAURENCE NORTH

Illustrated by Charles Pears

HE visit of the Professor was a time of anxiety for the Unwise Parent and his wife. Their guest, a confirmed bachelor, with his particular, donnish ways, might not altogether know how to make allowance for the inevitable commotion of three stirring children in the house, and although the Engineer and his sisters were, on the whole, well-behaved—still, there were risks, undeniable risks.

To lay down laws would have been a mistake. Repression would have made the Professor unpopular in the little world, and when the reaction came, it would have brought disaster. It was, however, suggested that any plays of the bear-garden order should be carefully removed to a far corner, as the Professor did not like noise.

"But," said Margaret, who is the noisiest person of the bunch, "don't hith own children never play at bears ?"

It was gently broken to her that the Professor had no children.

"Poor old man !" said Margaret. "Hathent he got no money to pay the doctor to bring him thome ?"

It was further added that the Professor was not married.

"Ith he tho very ugly ?"

"Oh, no, not at all ugly ; he just prefers to live with his books. He has no time to think about anything else."

"He has a housekeeper, I suppose ?" said the Goblin, with lofty wisdom.

"No, not even a housekeeper. He lives in college, and another old man looks after him."

"What is the other old man's name ?"

"Jinks."

"'Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines' ?" the Goblin quoted.

"Well, that's what we used to call him, but he isn't really. Now run away ; I'm busy. And remember, when the Professor comes, don't tease him with questions."

"Couldn't he answer them ?" the Engineer asked. "I meant to consult him about my plans for an improved aeroplane."

"Well, one day, perhaps, you may, but don't rush him. Now run away and play, all of you."

"Won't he never be mallied ?" Margaret flung a parting shot from the door.

"Oh, yes, he may, if he sees somebody he likes and who likes him. But he's quite happy as he is. Now, do run away."

"You *are* a rash man," Marjorie said, when the door closed at last. "They'll say something quite terrible and perhaps upset our amiable plot."

"*Your* plot, dearest, not mine. By the way, have you told Miss Lavinia ?"

"Yes, I ran in to see her this morning. I told her, quite casually, that we expect the Professor to-morrow."

"What did she say ?"

"She merely said 'Indeed,' and changed the subject. But she blushed that delicate charming colour of hers and looked so prettily fluttered that I really believe——" Marjorie stopped and went over to the window. "There," she cried, "Moggridge has staked those sweet-peas most carelessly ! I must run out and speak to him at once."

As she passed, her husband saw that her flight had less to do with Moggridge's iniquity than with her anxiety to hide her emotion. He understood, for this visit of the Professor's was Marjorie's opportunity to play Providence to two people whom she adored, two people whose lives had been made emptier than they should have been by an old misunderstanding. She had been duly warned of the dangers of playing Providence, especially in an affair of this kind ; but chance, she said, had given her an opening, and she meant to seize it boldly,

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yet with diplomacy. It was a serious risk, for the Professor was set in his bachelor ways, which the nominal Head of the House told his wife only an earthquake could alter now.

"Well," said Marjorie, "it's time the earthquake happened."

"Take care," said her husband, "that you're not upset in the upheaval."

"I'll risk it," said the bold woman.

The Unwise Parent lit his pipe and tried to go on with his work, but his wife's scheme intervened. He had his doubts, for he knew that the Professor was touchy, and might resent any too obvious attempt to meddle in his intimate affairs. The great man did not know that, some eighteen months earlier, Miss Lavinia Hayling had come to live in Darley End, and had established herself in Celandine Cottage, where she and her possessions exhaled a sweet, old-world fragrance that redeemed a residential quarter not wholly free from the reproach of being rather new. Between Miss Lavinia and Marjorie there was the delicate friendship that not seldom grows up between governess and pupil, and continues a delightful relic of schoolroom days and a perpetual spring of affection through later life. Fortune had not been altogether unkind to Miss Lavinia. She had escaped in good time from servitude. An aunt had left her more than sufficient means, together with the plenishing of a fair old house, and, despite a lifelong disappointment, she had known how to carry her regrets with a brave smile. Now that she was just a little elderly—the children thought Auntie Lavinia a very old lady indeed—she still kept the charm of her youth and a share of beauty that men of her own period found altogether delightful. Her figure, slender but nowise angular, permitted her to dress, and dress exquisitely, in the mode. Her complexion permitted her to wear, without reproach, hats that in some women of her age would have seemed a grotesque affectation of girlishness. It was Miss Hayling's chief triumph that no one would have dreamed of calling her an old maid. But her worldly gear, if it made life very easy and pleasant to Lavinia, had been in a sense her undoing. It had come at an inopportune moment. John Erskine, then just in the beginning of his fame as a mathematician, but as yet without the reward that had since come to him through his epoch-making inventions in applied science, heard of Miss Hayling's coming into money—much money—as a man hears the closing of an inhospitable door. For he was young and very proud. He would not have it said that he had climbed to eminence by hanging on to any woman's skirts. He believed in his own powers, but he knew that a struggle lay before him—a struggle that he must face unaided, if he were to reap the full satisfaction of effort. Marriage with Lavinia would have advanced by many years the success of his earlier inventions. It would have given him capital and leisure at a critical moment; but lest the world should call him adventurer, he yielded to his own pride, forgetful that the woman he loved and who loved him had also her claims. In the selfishness of his independent spirit, believing that he was playing an unselfish part, he kept silence when he should have spoken. Lavinia, whose inheritance had brought her an exquisite, tremulous joy in the prospect of saving Erskine many years of struggle, and of giving his genius the opportunity it needed, fell away, chilled before his inexplicable coolness. She had run to him with her great news, expecting him to share her pleasure, only to meet something that was almost a rebuff. Just in time she had checked all she had meant to say about her hopes. It filled her with quivering shame even to think of them after that. There had been no formal engagement between them, but she had thought their understanding so perfect, and now and now——

"Oh, those proud, unaccountable Scotsmen!" she told herself, with secret tears. "One can never understand them quite. Perhaps their own womenkind may, but I—I am English. How terribly race tells! But he might have known—he might have known how gladly—how gladly I would have done him this little service! He might have considered *my* point of view just a little."

But to John Erskine, in those days, his own point of view was paramount and all-sufficient.

So they drifted apart, without open quarrel or bitterness, taking their separate paths in life, each vowing never to look back. But with Erskine the vow was qualified. When he had succeeded, he would look back, with honour. But when that day came, he found that he had spoken too late. A little note of two lines—"I fear, John, we are not in the perfect sympathy that would justify such a step now"—showed him something of his folly. But he had saved his face before the world, and—well, his work was all he wanted. Obstinately he shut his eyes to the

emptiness of his life. A man in his position was better single. Distraction was fatal to his pursuits. Yes, yes, it had been a mad freak. Women were a delusion and a snare. So he considered the incident closed, and faced old bachelorhood with a grim smile. In time he grew a little crusty, persuaded himself that he was a woman-hater, and delighted the Combination-Room with acid quips at woman's expense. Colleagues repeated his epigrams, which filtered down to undergraduate circles, where they were handed about with irreverent appreciation.

"Woman," he had said, "is the revenge Chaos has taken upon Cosmos."

When Marjorie heard that ungracious speech, she determined to bring a little chaos into the Professor's too well-ordered days. "It is time," she said, "that Jinks's reign came to an end. Those two fogies require a judicious separation."

How she was to carry it through, her husband had not the ghost of a notion. Being a man, he asked her to outline a practical plan of campaign.

"I really haven't got one," she said, with admirable audacity. "The great thing is to get Dr. Erskine here. The rest I leave to Fate and the little God of Love."

The Unwise Parent quaked inwardly, for he knew that the Professor was a shy bird.

"Don't," said the Unwise Parent, "fling Miss Lavinia at his head, or he'll run away."

"My dear, do you take me for an utter fool? I am not going even to ask her here while Dr. Erskine is with us."

"Suppose she should call?"

"She will not call. My news to her this morning settled that."

This conversation was held in the cool of the early summer evening. Husband and wife were sitting together in the garden on a rustic seat just beneath the night nursery window. They believed that the children were safe in the Land of Nod. Had they happened to look up, they would have seen three white-clad figures, indistinct in the twilight, taking a surreptitious airing overhead and craning their necks, at a perilous angle, over the window-sill.

The Parents rose to go indoors. The two nighties and one suit of pyjamas vanished without noise, and rearranged themselves, knees to chins, on the top of the Goblin's bed. Such formal conclaves they called the Council Fire.

"Wah!" said the great Chief Safety-Valve. "My braves, the pale-faces plot mischief against our well-loved Chieftainess, Aunt Lavinia. They would do to her I know not what."

"Fling her at his head," the Goblin quoted. "That was what Daddy—I mean the treacherous pale-face—said."

"But Mummy—er—the pale-faith thquaw thaid 'No,'" Margaret objected.

"He does not obey her—always, and she, too, is a plotter. Likewise he is strong and active, and could easily fling the hapless Lavinia——"

"Daddy wouldn't do anything so ungentlemanly. What he said was a metaphone."

"*Metaphor*, you silly! A metaphone's a little house telephone. And hark ye, young squaw, such talk is not the talk of the Council Fire. Offend but once more, and the great Chief Safety-Valve makes tracks to his own teepee and plans this war without your aid. It is scarce fitting that Safety-Valve should consult with squaws."

"I am no squaw; I am the young brave Flash-in-the-Pan."

"And I is the young blave Wooden Nutmeg."

"Dash it all, so you are! I quite forgot, kids. Sorry. But time presses; the enemy is at hand. The treacherous pale-face Chief meets the Invader at the 9.30 train. Sleep not, O Flash-in-the-Pan and Wooden Nutmeg, for to-night we hit the trail for the lodge of our well-beloved Lavinia, that she may be warned of her peril, Likewise must we scout on the tracks of this stranger, that we may know his ill-favoured face betimes. Wah! The Council is at an end. Hand over the pipe of peace, if there's any left—the stick of choc, goosey. Girls are so literal!

"Hist!" said the great Chief Safety-Valve, as he retreated to his own room. "When I whistle, be ready and glide from your lodges, silent as snakes in the grass."

II

Miss Lavinia's house stood about five hundred yards distant from the children's. The gardens adjoined, not on the next-door plan, but back to back. Between the two fences at the end ran a little belt of wood, where the Indians camped and went on the war-path. Aunt Lavinia knew the wigwams of the tribe, and was not too old in spirit to take her part occasionally in the raids, the forays, and the more peaceful assemblies of the noble red men. She contributed royally to tribal feasts. Access to the Indian Reservation was obtained by little wickets

specially let into the fences for the convenience of the two households. They saved going round by the road, which meant quite half a mile.

To-night Miss Hayling sat beside the open French window. She had not lighted the lamp, for she preferred to think in the dark, and her thoughts were curiously disturbing. Marjorie's news had not been altogether welcome. It meant complications she would rather avoid, an awakening of old emotions she had thought were lulled to sleep for good and all. Along the road rattled the station cab. She knew what that meant. It brought an unsought intrusion into her quiet life. Another sound! The click of the wicket gate. Not at this time of night? She was growing absurdly fanciful. A foolish old woman!

But yet surely that was a rustle in the laurels. Something was moving there. Burglars! Trembling, Miss Lavinia rose to ring for her maid. No, perhaps it was only Nick off his chain. She sat down again and listened, trying to laugh at her own fears. Silence. All right. But there was an uncanny sense of living presence close at hand.

"Who is there?" she called, and her voice shook a little.

"Hist!" came a stage whisper just outside the window. "Not a word! It is friends."

Flat on its stomach, a dim figure, followed by two others, wriggled in at the window and moved snake-wise across the carpet up to Miss Lavinia's chair.

"You!" she exclaimed. "You naughty children! What do you mean by frightening me like this? Get up at once and run home to bed before you catch your death of cold."

But the three hunched themselves about her feet in the Council Fire formation.

"No lights," said the voice of the great Chief Safety-Valve. "O Chieftainess, your faithful tribesmen have come long leagues through the forest to save you from instant peril."

Miss Lavinia lit the lamp and looked at her visitors. Well, they had put on slippers and dressing-gowns, caps also. But even then they must be packed off without delay.

"What will mother say? Come, I'll take you back at once."

"Not till Safety-Valve has spoken."

It was a fine warm evening. There was little risk of colds. Miss Lavinia fell into the spirit of the familiar play. She knew her words,

"Safety-Valve and Flash-in-the-Pan and Wooden Nutmeg must speak as we go. Be quick, or you will all find yourselves at the torture-stake, if the pale-face Chief and his squaw catch you. Here are pipes of peace to keep out the cold. Now come along at once."

Safety-Valve, his mouth full of chocolate, mumbled some protest, but Miss Lavinia shoo'd him and Flash-in-the-Pan forward. She picked up Wooden Nutmeg in her arms.

"Now, what is all this?" she asked prosaically, as the procession moved through the shrubbery.

"It is the Invader——"

"The treacherous pale-face Chief would fling you at his head."

"No, Mummy, the pale-face thquaw, thaid he wathn't to."

"Have you all had nightmare, my pets, or what?"

"Safety-Valve heard what he has heard, and, O Chieftainess, why do you not speak the talk of the tribe. It is not the game."

"The game is back to bed, and no nonsense. I've a good mind to take you right in and deliver you up to justice. But you meant to be kind, so, if I can, I'll smuggle you upstairs."

"But *he* is there now, the Invader. We peeped over the banisters and saw him arrive. We do not like him. He is old and ferocious, with a bushy grey beard. His voice is like the north wind. We came to tell you what he is like, so that you may know your enemy. Oh, do not be carried off! There would be sorrow in the lodges of Safety-Valve's people if their Chieftainess dwelt no more among them."

"Don't come in, Auntie. We'll scoot upstairs easy. They're having supper just now—nobody'll see us."

"Well, perhaps I'd better not, Goblin. Good-night, good-night, good-night! Don't play such tricks again. Wave a hanky out of the nursery window if you get safe upstairs. I don't want trouble, really, for my braves. Night-night, pet Nutmeg! Now, shoo, fly!"

The little figures padded across the lawn, entered the open window of the drawing-room and disappeared. A minute later a fluttering handkerchief, just visible in the dusk, told that the escapade had ended safely.

Miss Lavinia turned back and re-entered her own ground. "Forewarned," she

murmured, "is forearmed. But, really, it's too bad of Marjorie. So," she added, "his beard is grey, is it? I wonder how it becomes him!"

III.

"We shall be very proud and stiff," said the Goblin next morning, as the Three went downstairs to be introduced to the Professor.

That excellent man was on the verandah, smoking his pipe with the Unwise Parent. He eyed the children with ferocious humour, bending bushy brows upon them, a little uncertain in his manner, but unable to disguise his natural kindliness. The children's instinct for a friend responded to their guest's mood. They were disarmed in spite of themselves.

"Hullo, hullo!" cried the Professor, pointing his pipe at them. "Well, well, here you are! How d'ye do, my dears?"

They shook hands gravely and said, "Quite well, thank you," in the most correct manner

"Into the circle of braves rushed the Professor."

"A mathematical head, that," the Professor remarked aside to the House-Father, nodding at the Boy. "Well, young man, what's *your* chief interest in life?"

"Oh, I think aeroplanes, just now. I'm making one. If you like, I'll show you the working plans."

"Plans, eh? Yes, by all means trot them out."

The Boy ran away and returned with a big roll of cartridge-paper. Dr. Erskine sat down and examined the queer drawings with professional gravity. "Got your model finished?" he asked.

"No, I haven't saved up enough yet to get the wood and stuff."

"Ho, ho! Well, perhaps we can hurry up things a little. Do you think you could untie this parcel, and you, and you, small ladies?"

There was a minute's frantic scrambling with strings and wrappers. Then delighted "Oh's!" from the Three.

"Thank you very, very much, Dr. Erskine."

The toy aeroplane was very gorgeous, so were the dolls. The Wooden Nutmeg offered the kiss of gratitude, which the Professor took manfully.

"Now run away, infants," their mother said. "I'm going to take Dr. Erskine for a walk."

That cunning woman had a plan. About this hour Miss Lavinia usually worked in her front garden. Marjorie timed her walk so that she could lead the Professor past the point of interest just at the right moment.

Her heart beat rather riotously as they drew near the gate, but outwardly she was cool, and replied easily to her guest's amusing small-talk. Yes, there was Lavinia snipping off dead rose-leaves from one of her bushes quite close to the fence. She could not possibly ignore the passers-by.

But, as Fate would have it, Miss Lavinia had just finished her morning's work. She picked up her gardening basket and, without glancing towards the road, moved slowly up to the house. There was something suspiciously stubborn and intentional, Marjorie fancied, in the set of Miss Lavinia's shoulders and the determined presentation of her back view. Had she seen them? If so, she must have had eyes in the back of her head. But Marjorie knew quite well how faithfully a woman's instinct can serve her in such cases. That confirmed her suspicions. So, then, it was war, or, at any rate, armed neutrality.

"Pretty cottage, that," said the Professor, putting up his eyeglasses. "My hat!" he exclaimed, stopping short, as his glance fell on Lavinia's retreating figure. "Shoo, go away, wasp!" He flicked the brim of his Panama with unnecessary fervour.

"Not stung?" asked Marjorie, who had neither seen nor heard any wasp.

"Oh, not at all, not at all!" The Professor moved on rather confusedly. Marjorie smiled. If she had failed in one point, she had scored in another. To think that a crusty old bachelor should be almost as much upset as a callow youth by the sight of —well, an old acquaintance, say, and in stout gardening shoes, too!

But the Professor gave no further sign. He asked no questions, and Marjorie felt, at the end of this walk, that she had made no progress. If only she had not told Lavinia! But even then that was no excuse for to-day's little drama of apparent unconsciousness. Perhaps it was real. Perhaps—— The next move she could not foresee. Things were rather at a standstill.

Things were by no means at a standstill. Forces, of which Marjorie knew nothing, were driving the aforesaid "things" at a very satisfactory pace.

IV.

The Professor had, at one stroke, made himself popular in the little world. The House-Mother had to shield the great man from attentions that might have grown boring. But he protested that he was not annoyed. He superintended the flights of the new aeroplane, his gift; he held learned discussions with the Engineer over the machine of that small boy's invention. Somehow—the Parents did not inquire too minutely, but it was after a visit to the village carpenter's—the Engineer had come into possession of abundant material, and a framework was taking shape. The inventor's talk grew fearfully expert in the terms of applied mechanics. Further, the elder genius appeared as handy-man extraordinary in the mending of dolls, dolls' cradles and perambulators So he cut both ways, as it were. Over an evening pipe, he assured his host that he was having the time of his life.

"To-morrow," he said, "I am to be solemnly admitted blood-brother of a tribe of noble red men, whose wigwams, I understand, smoke in the wood there at the bottom of the garden."

"A mark of the highest favour," said his host. "My humble *rôle* is usually that of the hated pale-face Chieftain."

"So I understand. Further, I am to be

offered in marriage a beautiful but somewhat aged chieftainess of the tribe, an entirely mythical personage, no doubt."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Marjorie, who had come in on the Professor's last words. "I fear," she added, with some haste, "those kiddies are a bit of a worry to you, Professor."

"Not at all, not at all. They've given me a new lease of life." He sighed and changed the subject. Marjorie shot a mischievous glance at her husband. She returned to the attack.

"Aged, you said the bride was to be?" she asked, trying to disguise the interest in her tone.

"Yes, I was informed that she was quite old, just like myself. The Goblin said, 'Entirely suitable.' She's a quaint little puss. Further, I was told that my presence at the Council Fire was to be a huge surprise for my imaginary spouse."

"I wish you joy," said Marjorie, laughing. "Of course we'll send a wedding present."

"I didn't think I'd come to this," the Professor answered, "but one never knows one's luck."

"Some people don't," Marjorie remarked with meaning, "until it takes hold of them unawares. Now I must see that the tribe is safely tucked up." And she left the men to their pipes and talk of old times.

Upstairs she found the tribe seated at the Council Fire on the Goblin's bed. She played eavesdropper for a little.

"The great Chieftainess is awfully keen. She is bringing out tea and her jolliest little scones, lots of them, to the pow-wow."

"Hope it doethn't lain."

"No, fear, Nutmeg. The glass is going up."

"Does the noble Chief White Bear know his part?"

"Oh, all right. *I've* coached him. When we're all seated, I'm to give the long call of the coyote, and he knows what to do then. For many moons we have mourned him as dead on his last great hunting in the regions beyond the Saskatchewan. It will be a joyful meeting."

"Lie down at once. Go to your own room, Boy." This from the door. There was a sound of scuttling feet.

Marjorie tucked up her brood and asked no questions.

V.

THE next afternoon was lovely. The conspirators said humbly that Auntie Lavinia had arranged an Injin tea in the wood. They might go, might they not? "Certainly," said their mother.

About four o'clock, the Three, in correct Indian file, struck the trail and disappeared among the trees. The Engineer had painted his face elaborately and wore feathers. An attempt to paint his sisters' faces had been vetoed, but there was no objection to feathers.

Already the Chieftainess was at the trysting-place, and the feast was spread. A spirit-kettle could be quite a good real council fire, when one made due allowances.

"Wah!" said the three braves in unison, after they had seated themselves.

The Chieftainess handed out the pipe of peace. When each had bitten off a sufficient portion, Safety-Valve spoke.

"O Sister, long have you dwelt in our lodges, but no brave has sought you in marriage. This is not good. Once we would not have let you go at any price, but we have found in our last hunting an old Chief, whose heart is kind and good as your own. To Safety-Valve, Flash-in-the-Pan, and Wooden Nutmeg he brought perfectly ripping presents, and he plays with them as if he were not an aged warrior. He has no child or wife to amuse him in his old age. Therefore, Sister, on him the tribe will bestow you with good-will. I have spoken."

The Chieftainess had listened aghast to the harangue.

"Children, children, what nonsense is this?" Then she remembered her part in the play—it was only a play, though a queer one this time—and began: "But your Sister desires not to leave the lodges of her own people. She is quite, quite happy——"

An ear-splitting coyote call cut Miss Lavinia's speech short. In reply, from the edge of the wood rose a whoop like a hurricane. There was a sound of crashing underwood, and into the circle of braves rushed the Professor, playing his part for all he was worth.

The laughter faded suddenly out of his eyes when he saw more braves at the Council Fire than he had bargained for.

He lifted his Panama ceremoniously. "I—I beg your pardon. I did not know——"

There he came to a full stop.

Lavinia had risen, all fluttering confusion. "She went," the Goblin told her mother afterwards, "perfectly lovely pinky up to the top of her face. Then she got rather white, and we thought she was going to blub, but she didn't. She just held out her hand and said, 'How do you do, John? This is rather surprising.'"

"And then?" Marjorie asked eagerly.

"And then," the Goblin continued, "the Professor said, 'Very surprising, but a great pleasure, I assure you. However, we must not destroy the illusion.' What's illusion, Mummy?"

"Oh, the 'let's pretend.'"

"So they both sat down, and Auntie made tea, but we did most of the eating. They just sat and looked at each other, and didn't say much. Then Safety-Valve said: 'Wah! O Sister, this is the great Chief White Bear, of whom we spoke. He has been on a long hunting. He is big Medicine, very brave, and has taken many scalps. He is not of our people, but his tribe is friendly to ours. With good-will your kinsmen give you to him to be his squaw.'"

"And what did Auntie say to that?"

"She just got very pinky again and said: 'Another cup of tea, John?' Then she broke up the council in rather a hurry, and told us to run home."

"And where is the Professor now?"

"Oh, she asked him if he'd like to walk back with her to carry the picnic-basket and see the roses in her garden. And he said: 'With the greatest pleasure, Lavinia, but I don't need to go so far as your garden to see its sweetest flower.' Wasn't he ridiculous, and wasn't it funny they knew each other's names like that?"

"Yes," Marjorie agreed, "very funny indeed, my pet. You have really managed beautifully, you curious children—far better than I."

The Goblin is still puzzling her little head over her mother's last words.

THE RED HEART.

OVER the hill and over the moor,
When dark clouds barred the sunset o'er,
Grey flintstones lay my path before.

"Give me a sign!" I had asked the Lord,
"A flower, the flash of the lightning's sword,
A spoken word, or the call of a bird."

The day passed by and no sign came,
Either in word, or deed, or name,
Either in water, earth, or flame.

I only found on the moorland lone,
When every hope had fled and gone,
A rose-red heart in a blue-grey stone.

As fell the dusk, as fell the dew,
And the seven curlew whistled through;
Nor do I need to ask of you

What meant this token; full well I knew
God sent this answer—a token true,
The rose-red heart in a stone grey-blue.

TWO AT A TOURNAMENT

By E. C. DAWSON

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills

ROM the Town Hall platform Mrs. Biddle beheld the concrete results of six weeks' labour, and was satisfied, on the whole. Her Bridge Tournament, organised on behalf of the local hospital, bade fair to be an unqualified success.

Below her reached an ordered array of tables, each conspicuously numbered and furnished with two bridge-markers and two packs of cards; furthermore, small type-written slips, transfixed with drawing-pins, set forth the names of the competitors assigned to open play thereat.

All grades of the social scale were represented, and in the disposition of the players Mrs. Biddle felt she had acquitted herself with a nice discretion. Thanks to a carefully utilised amalgam of social nondescripts, the extremes would be blent in a harmonious whole.

The town clock chimed seven-thirty; she left the platform and passed majestically down the hall, summoning her husband and daughter *en route.*

"Time the doors opened," she commented. "Come along, Robert; you must assist me to receive. Mabel can stand on my other side, to hold my bouquet if need be, and make herself generally useful. And remember, Robert, I shall want you to escort the best people to their tables. This list shows how everyone is placed. Lady Evelyn and the Trinder Hall party, Sir Richard Langley and the Honourable Mrs. Grieve, are all in the row near the platform; the numbers range between twenty and thirty. I've managed that they'll be playing in their own set, more or less, the whole evening."

"Pah!" retorted Mr. Biddle contemptuously. "You're more of a snob, Caroline, than all the Peerage put together. Anyway, I'd have given five hundred to the hospital outright to avoid this tomfool business. Let the people who want to play bridge do it quietly in their own homes or at the club. Who cares for a mix-up of this sort, and what's the end of it all? Prize teapots and fancy collar-boxes, and a midnight feed of wine-cup and indigestible cakes."

Mabel Biddle laughed merrily. She was a youthful, engaging blonde, of simple manners and quite disproportionate wealthiness.

"Don't worry, Dad," she said. "I'll telephone for a tin of digestives to the factory; that will counteract the cakes."

"You will do nothing of the sort," Mrs. Biddle interposed. "I have ordered everything necessary in the way of refreshments, and I dislike my arrangements interfered with."

Her tone was comprehensible when it is explained that the Biddle money had been, and continued to be, made by biscuits; thus she excluded them from her menu on public occasions as vulgarly suggestive of advertisement. Only in connection with her daughter's matrimonial prospects were biscuits ever hinted of, and, in marrying Mabel, Mrs. Biddle meant to storm some exclusive, if impoverished, social stronghold, and establish herself within the sphere of its influence for ever.

While officially ignorant of this intention, unofficially it afforded Mabel scope for much secret merriment and boundless flirtation.

She received the rebuke anent the digestives in silence. Meanwhile the municipal doorkeeper approached, showing signs of restiveness; without, the populace clamoured at the doors.

Mrs. Biddle shook out her amber-coloured gown, artfully designed to tone down *embonpoint* to pleasing plumpness, collected her bouquet from Mabel, and ordained the extinction of her husband's cigar.

"Everything ready," she commented. "Then Green may open the doors."

The doors opened; an indiscriminate

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crowd filed in, and in due course were marshalled by the doorkeeper into the presence of the hostess.

Mrs. Biddle switched on and off a welcoming smile in a comprehensive range of styles, radiated subtle, solicitous charm where it was due, and accorded the rank and file just the right note of graceful yet distant cordiality.

The Bruce-Bents approached. Mr. Bruce-Bent, in his professional capacity of architect, had designed the local hospital, and subsequently, at its opening, shaken hands with Royalty, since when his wife had assumed an insufferable air of superiority. Between Mrs. Bent and Mrs. Biddle the keenest social rivalry existed. Each viewed the other's triumphs with contemptuous chagrin.

The present was Mrs. Biddle's crowded hour.

"Quite a lot of tables," drawled Mrs. Bent.

"Everyone coming," purred Mrs. Biddle.

"Frightfully mixed," snapped the architect's wife. "Where have you put Leslie and me?"

Mrs. Biddle handed her bouquet to Mabel and studied the list.

"You and Mr. Bent open at Table Eleven," she announced. "Your opponents there will be Dr. Elsley and his *fiancée*, Miss Bell."

"Oh!" snorted Mrs. Bent. The couple mentioned came under the nondescript heading. Though the doctor went "everywhere," his *fiancée* did not; thus it was impossible to definitely determine their status in the social scheme. Once they were married, the lady would be taken up or the doctor turned down, and until then you were delighted to meet the doctor and neutrally civil to Miss Bell.

With a microscopic smile, Mrs. Biddle next received the head of her husband's bakery staff. He was followed by a blue-blooded barrister, who visited at the most exclusive houses, and cherished the *grande passion* for Mabel. This Mrs. Biddle was prepared to consider, in default of a more desirable suitor for Mabel.

She greeted him charmingly.

"Dear Mr. Findon, how nice of you to come! So many of the younger men took tickets and backed out at the last. I'm giving you a delightful partner."

Dear Mr. Findon smiled at Mabel.

"No, not Mabel," Mrs. Biddle pursued. "I'm reserving her as one of the stop-gaps in case any of the players fail me at the last. Yours is Miss Trouville."

Mr. Findon faded reluctantly in Miss Trouville's direction. Mrs. Biddle proceeded to give ear to the doorkeeper, primed with a telephone message.

"Mrs. Mann regretted to say that her boy had developed measles. Would the money be refunded on the tickets, failing which, she and her husband were quite prepared to come."

"Great Scott!" gasped Mr. Biddle. "Tell 'em this business is to help the hospital, not to run an epidemic through the town."

The doorkeeper retired. A rotund lady escorted by a bald-headed gentleman entered unannounced. The latter, in response to one-third of a smile from his hostess, applied an ear-trumpet to his ear.

"Speak up," he urged encouragingly, "but don't holler right into it, because that makes me fairly jump."

Mrs. Biddle looked haughtily dubious; she could think of nothing to "holler." The rotund lady came jovially to the rescue.

"He hears anythink and everythink with that trumpet," she said; "it's invallyable at these progressives. People have such a habit of muttering that the best of us don't always hear the calls."

Mrs. Biddle nodded unbending acquiescence and retired conclusively behind her bouquet.

A gentleman in blue serge and a fancy waistcoat next confronted her. The waistcoat doubled spasmodically across the middle. Mrs. Biddle also bowed. Having re-arrived at the perpendicular, she stared, politely, of course, but with dismissal in her eye.

But the waistcoat did not pass; it heaved unhappily, and seemed to indicate impending speech, though the wearer failed to become articulate.

"Something on his chest," murmured Mr. Biddle, and with characteristic humanity proceeded to ascertain the cause.

It was simple enough. There had been a tiff; the waistcoat's young lady had defaulted.

"That's all right," responded Mr. Biddle; "we have others on hand on purpose to fill the vacancies. My dear"—to his wife—"how about giving this young fellow Mabel?"

Mrs. Biddle parried the suggestion with a mere lift of her eyebrows. Then she focussed the wearer of the waistcoat and demanded his name.

He emitted a sound suggestive of pigs or wigs. Mrs. Biddle glanced down her list and with a flash of inspiration paused at the letter H.

"Higgs—ham and beef," was the simple entry.

She addressed her husband.

"There's a Miss Bunn from the fishmonger's without a partner. Find her and introduce them."

Mr. Higgs found himself gently propelled from the Presence; Mrs. Biddle sighed with an air of satisfied generalship and glanced down the fast-filling hall.

"There's some hitch at Table Six; find out what it is," she commanded Mabel, "then return as quickly as possible. I can hear Sir Richard Langley in the lobby."

In a moment Sir Richard and a stranger were bowing before her; the first, a plain and plaintive knight of middle age, City and East India, retired; the second, a humorous-looking man, sunburnt yellow, who was duly presented as Mr. Peter Clapp.

Mrs. Biddle received them with grace commensurate to the occasion.

"But you should have 'phoned me, Sir Richard," she upbraided, "that you were bringing a friend. It may be difficult to arrange a decent partner for Mr. Clapp at the eleventh hour."

She ran her eye musingly over Mr. Clapp. Mentally she sized him up as City and East India also, and vulgar at that.

"Of course this is not real bridge," she pursued tentatively—"just a flutter in aid of one of my charities. The young people like it."

"I hate it," Mr. Clapp frankly responded, "but if you're the guest of a man, you must do as Rome does. I put up with a lot from Langley for the sake of his cook. Hey, Sir Richard?"

Sir Richard grinned uncomfortably. He had been Langley long before he was Sir Richard, and never forgot it.

The newcomer's free and easy air nonplussed Mrs. Biddle. For the moment she was at a loss to "place" him socially.

"If you don't care about playing," she said at length, "you may like to join my party on the platform. We shall be looking on—keeping things in train generally; it's quite amusing. Sir Richard, *your* partner is the Honourable Mrs. Grieve."

"That must be the grass-widow of the Egyptologist," unexpectedly commented Mr. Clapp. "I met him nosing about the Nile last season; meanwhile Mrs. Honourable was having the time of her life at Cairo——"

"There she is, just arriving," broke in Sir Richard hastily.

"Where?" queried Mr. Clapp. "Oh, I see—in the lobby. Fat woman in purple."

Mrs. Biddle bridled inwardly; in her heart of hearts she knew herself for a fat woman in amber, thus the strictures of the vulgar newcomer reflected upon herself. His intimacy with Egyptologists might be real or assumed; she inclined to the latter view, and, having frigidly presented him to her husband, turned her back on him.

Mr. Clapp and Mr. Biddle instantly fraternised; it was characteristic of Mr. Biddle to make friends with people his wife disliked. The pair stood somewhat apart, watching the unceasing stream of arrivals.

"Ho," Mr. Clapp exclaimed, "here come the Trinder crowd—the whole blessed crew! Haven't seen 'em for an age. Fancy old Trinder out pot-hunting for charity! He's been trying to win the Derby for years."

"He'll win a collar-box to-night, if he's lucky," responded Mr. Biddle, and they both laughed uproariously.

"Mr. and Lady Evelyn Trinder and party!" bawled the door-keeper. He had been a footman before his hall-keeping days, and knew how these things should be done, apart from Mrs. Biddle having told him.

With a little secret thrill of exultation, Mrs. Biddle smiled her subtlest.

The peeress was an immensely tall woman in white, with elaborately dressed hair, also white, banded by a broad cerise ribbon. The effect was that of a snow-clad mountain flushed with sunset.

Mr. Trinder duly emerged from behind the mountain. Despite the absence of title, his manner exhaled the atmosphere of rarefied lineage—it was so supremely and unconsciously self-assured.

Also present were the Misses Trinder with attendant squires, and a large, limp young man brought up the rear alone.

Lady Evelyn introduced him as Mr. Gilbert Farrar.

"Staying with us," she explained to Mrs. Biddle. "But his bridge is perfectly awful. Perhaps you could screw him in at a table with your daughter. She's good-natured enough to take pity on him."

The suggestion was made with a certain studied carelessness. Meanwhile, the speaker glanced round in search of Mabel, and happened instead on the features of the vulgar Mr. Clapp. She greeted him instantly in terms of affectionate intimacy, and congratulated him on the inclusion of his name in the last Honours List among a batch of C.S.I.

Mrs. Biddle heard, and was shaken to the

depths. Mr. Clapp's vulgarity now assumed the aspect of noteworthy individuality. She determined to utilise him on the platform from the decorative standpoint, his fitness for the honour being incontestably assured.

As it happened, Mr. Clapp had other views; he spent the evening on the door-keeper's stool in the lobby, smoking cigars with Mr. Biddle and arguing politics.

Under convoy of their host, the Trinder party progressed up the hall to their tables. Mr. Farrar, in accordance with Lady Evelyn's suggestion, remained behind to be presented to Mabel as her partner at bridge. Though quite in the dark as to the young man's identity, the fact that he was hall-marked Trinder Hall sufficed him in Mrs. Biddle's eyes. Mabel, for her part, remarked that his eyes and mouth were frankly humorous, his chin hinted obstinacy, and his brows infinite brain.

He proceeded with deferential ease to make himself agreeable.

"Play much bridge?" he queried.

"Not much, and not that," replied Mabel, "unless I'm obliged."

"Then we're all right," rejoined Mr. Farrar. "I can stand anything but the partner whose expression reminds you you are losing his money as well as your own."

"But we're only playing for love to-night," remarked Mabel.

"Oh, indeed!" murmured Mr. Farrar, with a sudden and ingratiating smile.

Mabel blushed and smiled back, entirely unabashed.

Eight o'clock was now striking; Mrs. Biddle was due on the platform to inaugurate the commencement of play. She passed up the hall on her husband's arm, pausing between the rows of tables to assure herself all was in order. The door-keeper lingered in attendance, carrying a large-sized muffin-bell by the clapper.

An elderly lady intercepted the trio at the platform steps.

"I've paid my money for charity," she said decisively, "but you good creatures won't expect me to progress. It's foolishness, apart from the people who never heard of Dalton. My cousin, Maria Ebert, is at that table in the corner. We've taken off the number, and we shall play five shillings a hundred with Maria's step-sisters all evening. I rely on you to see we are not disturbed."

Mrs. Biddle gave a suave assent.

"Just like Mrs. Lacey to upset my arrangements," she supplemented in a furious aside to her husband. "Have a table put in at once in place of Number Twenty-three, and I'll send four reserves off the platform to play at it."

Her own appearance on the platform was greeted by indeterminate applause, which the door-keeper took upon himself to quell with the muffin-bell.

Taking her stand beside the prize table, Mrs. Biddle handed a page of notes to her husband with a graceful little gesture of command.

The bell continued ringing.

"When you've finished, Green!" Mr. Biddle roared irritably. "We haven't come here to be deafened. I'm waiting to read out the rules."

The doorkeeper temporarily desisted; Mr. Biddle then declaimed the rules, with interpolations of his own.

"Now, if everyone plays up sharp," he urged finally, "we'll hope to get through with it all by eleven o'clock. Don't forget, the bell rings at fifteen-minute intervals throughout the evening, as a signal for the winning couples to move on to their next table. Losers sit still and hope for better luck. Everyone ready for the start? Then let go, Green!"

The bell clanged horribly; simultaneously the cards fluttered out upon each table, dealt at lightning speed.

Mabel and Farrar found themselves the opponents of two maiden ladies, passing middle age. One of the latter dealt.

"Is your discard from strength or weakness?" Farrar queried of Mabel meanwhile.

"Oh, anything," Mabel responded—"whatever I happen to have most of."

Mr. Farrar groaned genially.

"I say, are you keen on winning to-night?" he asked. "Because in that case we'd better depend on me. Make it no trumps every time, if there's half a chance, and trust to my pulling it off. Gambling no-trumpers are my speciality," he added with a brilliant smile.

Then he lowered his voice a trifle and quoted some doggerel musingly—

> "Full many a call is left that might have been
> Chanced a No-trumper, were you not afraid;
> Full many a time two aces and a queen
> Have passed it to the melancholy spade."

"No trumps!" called the lady who had dealt, with ominous asperity. Evidently she did not mean Mr. Farrar to have it all his own way in pulling things off.

He did so, notwithstanding, to the extent of four over-tricks. The maiden ladies regarded the achievement with a certain

dubiousness, and Mr. Farrar proceeded to deal.

"No trumps!" he announced, after the briefest scrutiny of his cards, and pulled it off that time with a grand slam.

"'We haven't come here to be deafened. I'm waiting to read out the rules.'"

Their opponents now exchanged glances eloquent of undisguised suspicion; Mabel noted it, and unhappily her sense of humour got the better of her. She buried her face in her handkerchief and paid no heed to the call.

"Clubs!" snapped the dealer, twice in ten seconds, and met with no response from Mabel beyond a stifled giggle.

"No one asked me if I might to clubs," Mr. Farrar prompted.

Thus admonished, Mabel asked if she might to clubs. Her partner promptly doubled and made another slam.

There was no doubt now in the minds of the maiden ladies that they were playing with a sharper of the worst type, although in the last round he gave away the odd trick through sheer carelessness.

"We move on, I think," he said, after placidly adding up the score and presenting it to be checked by their opponents. Neither of the latter deigned response.

"If our luck holds," he continued, turning quite unabashed to Mabel, "we can begin to think about setting up house with the teapot. I see it's labelled First Prize."

He accompanied the suggestion with such a daring and engaging smile that the maiden ladies pursed their lips in horror. Mercifully, Mr. Green created a diversion with the bell, and Mabel and her partner moved on.

At their next table they found themselves confronted by the gentleman with the ear-trumpet and his rotund partner. The latter loquaciously introduced herself as Mrs. Hudson and her partner as Mr. Tiffin.

During the deal her eyes roved avariciously to the platform.

"Them teapots and things put me in mind of a wedding," she commented. "There was one in our neighbourhood last week; such quantities of presents—I counted four claret jugs."

"Carriage clocks?" murmured Mr. Tiffin, elevating his trumpet too tardily.

Mabel buried her face in her handkerchief again, on the verge of collapse.

"No trumps!" called Mr. Farrar, with much presence of mind, and saved the situation.

He made the odd trick and flung down his cards. "The rest are mine, too," he said, "best clubs, best diamond, and the ace of spades."

"Not so fast, if you please," retorted Mrs. Hudson; "we'll see those tricks played out properly."

"Play them out, young man," Mr. Tiffin acquiesced sternly.

But the rest proved to be Farrar's, as he had said, and within the stipulated fifteen minutes he and Mabel had the majority of the tricks to their credit, and were entitled to move on again.

"Seems that it's going to be a habit," Farrar said; "but that's my usual luck—pauper's luck. Every blessed picture in the pack when there's nothing doing, and at the club everlastingly the other way."

"Really?" rejoined Mabel, with unfeigned interest.

"Yes," Mr. Farrar pursued, with a sudden burst of confidence, "some philanthropic society ought to take up my case. Here am I, pitched almost penniless on the world by a father who collects Old Masters and a mother who collects new clothes. I've never had enough money in my life," he added dolefully. "Have you?"

"Yes—that is, no," replied Mabel, with swift dissimulation. It flashed on her that here was a situation teeming with much piquant possibility. She wished to be loved for herself alone, and this fascinating, flirtatious stranger was evidently unaware she was Biddle's Biscuits. She determined to make the most of the opportunity before the secret leaked out.

"Secretarial work is very badly paid," she said deprecatingly.

"By Jove," Mr. Farrar exclaimed, "what an odd coincidence! I'm on the secretary job as well—up at Trinder's. Lady Evelyn offered me the post only last week. Between you and me, I'm quite incompetent, and she knows it, but she does the stable accounts for me—in fact, all the brain-work—on the sly. She's the soul of good nature, but pig-headed. Insisted on dragging me off to this function with the rest of 'em, goodness knows why. Now, of course, I'm glad."

He smiled at Mabel with such devotional ardour that she mantled with the most becoming blushes.

"I say, what a ripping colour you have!" he pursued admiringly. "And that frock is the true and heavenly turquoise, like your eyes. I bet it's not paid for—couldn't be out of a secretarial salary. The *tout ensemble* is a joy for ever—not one girl in a thousand could dare it."

"You must have had a lot of practice in making pretty speeches," returned Mabel complacently.

"I have," replied Mr. Farrar.

The admission had the effect of enraging Mabel. She gathered the turquoise dress about her and passed in icy silence to their next table.

There the deal fell to her; she called spades, notwithstanding that her hand contained a magnificent sequence in hearts.

Her partner watched them fall in incredulous silence. During the opponents' deal he voiced more plaintive doggerel in reproof—

"Let not ambition overrate the hand,
Nor caution leave you shivering on the shore,
No call proclaim until you've duly scanned
The short and simple annals of the score."

"The score has nothing to do with it, at progressives," retorted Mabel, "seeing it's the number, not the value of the tricks, that counts."

"Quite so," Mr. Farrar rejoined readily, "but it's essential to the rhyme."

He left it to her when his deal came round. She promptly called spades again, and laid down thirty aces in dummy.

He made no comment beyond a stifled sigh.

In the final round she trumped his card of re-entry; he quoted again in sad recrimination—

"And those to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
Who trump your entry with persistent smile,
Explaining after, in their simple way,
The suit had not been touched for quite a while."

"It was not forgetfulness," retorted Mabel maliciously; "I did it on purpose."

"I thought so," responded Farrar blandly. "You're not so nice as at first. I've no idea what I've done, but if I'm to be snubbed in this way, I can't go on winning you the teapot."

Despite herself, Mabel's natural sunniness asserted itself in smiles.

"Thank goodness!" sighed Farrar in relief. "Believe me, I wouldn't for the world offend you. Now let's go ahead again after the teapot."

But the teapot was lost them; they sat out nine successive clangings of the bell in the same seats. A succession of victorious opponents moved on, and spread the report that the wealthy Miss Biddle's bridge was quite childish, and her partner too busily engaged in flirting with her to pay proper attention to the game.

In the final round a married couple took them severely to task.

"Is this bridge?" queried the lady bitterly. "My husband and I took our seats at this table when the bell rang."

"Play stops at eleven," the husband supplemented sarcastically. "You and your partner can finish your chat over the refreshments."

"Shall we?" queried Farrar eagerly of Mabel, and her only response was a negative little sigh.

"Mamma will want me," she said.

Eleven duly struck. Mr. Green was on time with the bell, and the sustained splendour of his attack made it evident that curfew would not ring again.

There was a stir on the platform. Mrs. Biddle arose with her platform party and despatched the masculine element into the hall to collect the scoring cards.

They walked as men rudely awakened from slumber and bored to tears.

Mr. Biddle tardily joined his wife, and with creditable perspicacity took Mr. Clapp along with him as a peace-offering.

Mrs. Biddle dissolved in graciousness. Then a happy thought struck her. She sent Mr. Clapp with a gushing impromptu message to Lady Evelyn Trinder, begging that she would present the prizes.

Lady Evelyn acquiesced. Striding on to the platform, she ensconced herself in an arm-chair beside the prize table, and proceeded to sweep the body of the hall with her lorgnette.

Among the rows of competitors frantically totalling their scores, she lighted on Farrar and Mabel, and smiled complacently.

Contingently, Mrs. Biddle beckoned her daughter.

"Oh, bother," Mabel exclaimed, "I must go! There's mamma signalling. She wants me to hang on to her bouquet or something."

"Where?" queried Farrar, and marked the only lady possessed of a bouquet with blank surprise. "Surely you don't mean the hostess!" he pursued. "Mrs.—let me think now—I don't remember catching her name or yours."

"Biddle," said Mabel curtly.

"It seems familiar," he pondered.

"Probably, on hoardings and with the cheese course," returned Mabel grimly, and waited for light to break on him.

It broke; he looked wildly incredulous.

"Yes, we're biscuits," she supplemented frigidly.

"Ah," he said reproachfully, "and you let me assume you were only brains!"

A poignant interval ensued. More light seemed to break on Mr. Farrar, but with reference to some matter of personal import.

"Great Scott! So that's why I'm down here," he murmured. "I begin to understand her ladyship's little game."

Having voiced this conclusion, his embarrassment was sudden and complete, thereby forcing on Mabel also an inkling as to her ladyship's little game.

She blushed and rose from her seat.

"We'd better go on the platform," she said confusedly. "There's mamma signalling again."

Mr. Farrar escorted her moodily through the hall. The hearty voice of Mr. Clapp reached them at the foot of the steps, demanding an introduction to the exceedingly pretty girl in blue.

The masterful tones of Lady Evelyn interposed.

"Clapp, come here," she said. "Mrs. Biddle has sent for her daughter to help check the scores. Farrar can help her, though arithmetic isn't his strong point.

All the same, he's not such a fool as he makes himself out." This last in parenthesis to Mrs. Biddle.

Mr. Clapp reluctantly disposed himself in a chair adjacent to Lady Evelyn's.

"I must really be introduced to that pretty girl in blue," he repeated. "You told me yourself it was time I settled down."

"Yes, but not with Mabel Biddle," retorted Lady Evelyn. "I want her for Bertie Farrar. Most desirable in every way. Such a thoroughly nice girl, and, of course, a post would be found for him in the biscuit works. They'd be lucky to get him, too. He's bound to succeed at something—lots of brain and initiative, and that's what's wanted in an advertising business. Bertie will invent all sorts of clever posters and new names for the biscuits."

Mr. Clapp carefully scrutinised Mabel and Farrar.

"Doesn't seem promising," he announced. "Farrar looks as surly as a bear, and the girl's being apologetic over something."

"Her money," commented Lady Evelyn. "Evidently he found out about it. When I got him down here as Edward's secretary, I never hinted there was a desirable heiress around. He might have ignored her out of sheer perversity, or been hypercritical. I planned the meeting rather effectively for to-night. At a function of this kind one may be anybody or nobody, and a word from me was enough to ensure their being partners. As you see, they've taken one another at face value—precisely as I wished."

"All the same, it doesn't look promising," persisted Mr. Clapp, with another glance over his shoulder. "They're not checking scores, and hardly pretending to. They're horribly and mutually embarrassed. Farrar has lost the use of that facile tongue of his, and the girl is blushing sadly and madly fifteen times a minute."

"And that," retorted Lady Evelyn triumphantly, "was my experience with Trinder when we commenced to fall in love. Nothing could be more auspicious. Mark my words, now, you'll be having a card for the wedding within the next few months."

THE WOODLAND COUNTRY.

THE heather-moors are beautiful, in purple fold on fold,
The gorse among the boulder-stones aglow with green and gold.
The hills rise, treeless, crest on crest, to far-off sky and sea—
But the wild woodland country is the only land for me.

The little Essex spinneys where the primrose carpets blow,
The peaceful open cornlands and the meadows lush and low,
All hushed and still in springtime, are as fair as they can be—
But the wooded, wild hill-country is the only land for me.

For there the beech-woods, wide and dark, o'er hill and valley dream,
While golden on the fallen leaves faint flecks of sunlight gleam;
Ablaze with flowers, the southern slopes too steep for grass or tree—
The lovely woodland country is the only land for me.

The rough hill-country farmer has a living scant enow,
For there the shallow furrow flashes white behind the plough;
Too high for wheat, too poor for stock: "Plague on the land!" says he—
But the barren woodland country is the only land for me.

And in the magic autumn nights, when autumn leaves are red,
How can I rest for thinking of the land where I was bred?
How can I stay for longing, wherever I may be?
For the dear woodland country is the one land for me.

VALENTINE FANE.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA,
IN HIS UNIFORM AS AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL.

From a photograph by Boissonnas & Eggler.

Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations*

CAVALRY.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY

AND ITS NEW IDEALS

By SASHA KROPOTKIN

IT is almost impossible for anyone who has not actually travelled through Russia to realise what it means to mobilise the Russian Army. The task is gigantic. Even the construction of an army in times of peace in so large a country is not an easy matter.

The army drawn from an Empire with a population of one hundred and seventy-one millions is naturally a very large one, and includes a number of different nationalities. From men dwelling within the Arctic Circle to the swarthy Orientals of the Caucasus, all serve under a flag which to many of them conveys but little, so remote is all that it stands for from their own distant corner of the world. Nearly all the peoples constituting the Russian Empire come under the law of conscription. There are, however, some who are so uncivilised that they are not even pressed into service.

The standing Russian Army may not appear so very great in comparison with the population; but then the real fighting strength of Russia lies not only in her standing Army, but also in her reserve forces, and these are immense. Indeed, they are so vast that to many they appear almost limitless. A short time ago a contemporary spoke with enthusiasm of the twenty millions which Russia could, if necessary, put into the field. Without going to such extremes, the figures may safely be given—and this is rather a low than a high estimate—as one million two hundred thousand of all ranks as the peace strength, and seven millions when the first four lines of reserves have been called out.

The difficulty which is often encountered, where there are very numerous reserves, is their equipment. A great deal of attention has been paid to this in Russia, and, as far as can be seen, no fault can be found with the arrangements which were made to meet this difficulty.

The permanent Russian Army is composed

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Photo by] [*Bulla, Petrograd.*

THE PAVLOFF REGIMENT ON THE MARCH.

of such diverse elements, and is so unwieldy, that it has been found necessary to divide it into three separate armies—the army of European Russia, that of the Caucasus, and the Asiatic Army. These are practically distinct one from another, and even the terms of service vary slightly in each.

The general terms of service are three years' active service—beginning at the age of twenty—in the infantry, field and foot, and in the artillery. Then fifteen years in the reserve and five years in the *Opolchénié*. Into the *Opolchénié*, of which there are two categories, enter also the most fit of those who have been rejected for military service on the grounds of health, extreme poverty, and so on. During service in the reserve two trainings, of six weeks each, have to be undergone.

There are certain exemptions from military service, as already mentioned, on the ground of health and poverty, also in the case of a widow's only son. A more important exemption is that of students, whose service may in certain cases be deferred. In other cases one year's service is accepted, when this is voluntary, and is performed before the age to serve has been reached. From such volunteers—who belong mostly to the more educated classes—the majority of officers required for the reserve are drawn. These have, of course, to pass an examination before being accepted.

On the whole, the service Russia claims from her sons is not a light one. An English soldier's pay is princely when compared to the fifty kopecks (one shilling) a *month* which the Russian private receives. This is increased to sixty kopecks in the case of a bombardier, and to one rouble (two shillings) for non-commissioned officers. The mournful folk-songs which are sung by the women in the villages, when the conscripts leave, are an eloquent proof of the popular conception of the hardships of a soldier's life. In certain districts these songs have been forbidden by the authorities on the ground that they have a bad influence on the recruits. It is, indeed, only natural that an agricultural population, in which every able-bodied male is an

Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

INFANTRY IN CAMP.

Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

A COSSACK SQUADRON.

important and profitable factor, should bewail the loss of its best men. But no sooner is there a rumour of war than the men go willingly. This is the more remarkable when one remembers that Russians are undoubtedly the least bellicose of all nations. Of course, the women weep—where do they not?—and it cannot be said that the men go joyfully; but Russian patriotism is deeply rooted, and is in reality to a great extent a love for the land—for Mother Russia, as the peasants call their country. It is this love which tears the peasant from his fields and makes him ready to face ruin and death rather than cede a foot of his country to any foe.

If there was a lack of enthusiasm during the Russo-Japanese War, it was to a great extent because Russia herself was not being actually threatened. Manchuria was too far away—the bulk of the Russian nation did not even know before the war that such a place existed.

Far more privileged than the ordinary soldier is the Cossack. The Cossacks are an extremely important factor in the Russian Army. This is partly owing to the fact that they alone of all Russians are warriors by tradition. This tradition dates from the fifteenth century, when the Cossack—a free and armed settler—roamed far afield with an indomitable spirit of adventure. His very name signifies in Tartar "a lightly

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

THE CZAR REVIEWING TROOPS NEAR PETROGRAD.

equipped freebooter." And the fact that to-day the Russian Empire stretches from the Black Sea to the Pacific Ocean is largely owing to the enterprise of the Cossacks.

At the present time there are eleven Cossack communities in Russia. These represent an aggregate population of about 2,000,000, and supply the Army with over 180,000 fully equipped soldiers. The Cossacks are an agricultural people, and hold their land by military tenure from the Government. In return they give service for life. They enjoy, on the whole, greater privileges than the average Russian peasant, owning far more land and having retained a system of self-government in their villages. Altogether, they own about 140,000,000 acres of land, scattered along the Asiatic frontier of Russia. The regiments of Cossack soldiers are usually stationed in the same districts where the Cossack communities are. Beginning service at the age of nineteen, the Cossack soldier receives his first two years' training while living at home. After this he is drafted into a regiment in his own district. In this regiment he spends four years, at the end of which he passes into a second regiment for another four years. During this period, though he is allowed to live in his own home, he retains his equipment and is liable to service at any moment. After this the men pass into yet a third regiment, but are only called out for an annual three weeks' training. Only then do they pass into the reserve. Thus, though they may engage in the peaceful cultivation of their land, they are, nevertheless, soldiers bearing arms during the greater part of their lives, and the only interests they have, apart from their fields, are military ones.

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

HUSSARS.

Every Cossack is a born horseman. From an early age he learns to ride, and he rides not as an ordinary human being, but as only a Cossack can ride. The amusements which the Cossacks provide for themselves nearly always take the form of riding or shooting competitions. They perform extraordinary feats in both—riding bareback, hanging head downwards from the saddle, standing erect without even a hand on the reins, and so on. These feats roused great enthusiasm when they were seen at the Horse Show in London, but their chief interest lies in the fact that they are performed in actual battle, and successfully, too. Some weeks ago a detachment of Cossacks, most of them hanging limply from their saddles, was sighted by some German troops. The Germans naturally concluded that these men were severely wounded, and would therefore be easy to capture or to kill. But no sooner had they approached than they found themselves surrounded by numbers of perfectly sound men, who immediately attacked them furiously. The Germans, seeing the almost dead come to life so rapidly, fled.

The Cossack soldiers are nearly all mounted, and they provide their own horses—the tough, intelligent, swift little horses of the Steppes—and their own equipment. They are invaluable in reconnoitring and in throwing up earthworks. Like the Turks, they will entrench themselves in an incredibly short time, burrowing like moles. Their horses are trained to lie down and to act as a screen while the men, hidden behind them, shoot over their bodies.

Photo by] [*Sport & General.*

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS
Commander-in-Chief.

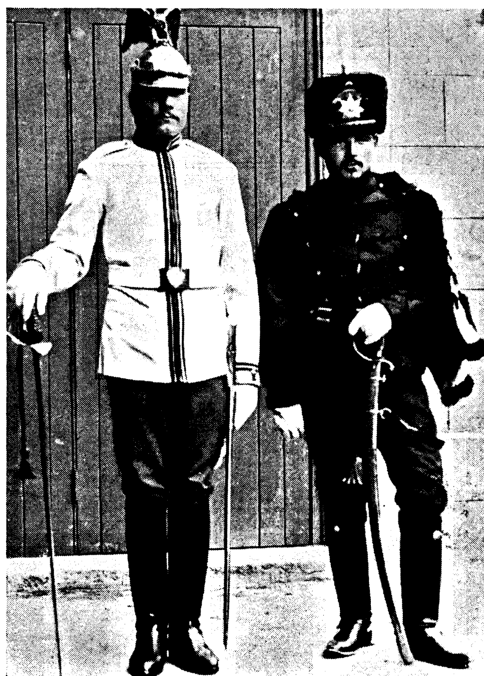


Photo by] [*Sport & General.*

A HUSSAR OF THE GUARDS. ONE OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

The Cossacks who come from the river regions — the Don and Dnieper — are the best pontoon-bridge builders in the world, and the Cossacks from the Caucasus will find a way through the most impassable mountains. They have proved invaluable in the advance of the Russian Army through the marshes of Eastern Prussia and the mountain passes of the Carpathians. Perhaps one of their most wonderful performances is a mode of attack which they have. This is known as a "lava" attack. They spread their line and, breaking in the middle, gallop in an enveloping movement towards the enemy; they then draw in and cut into the enemy's ranks. This attack rarely fails to disorganise the enemy completely. Indeed, the sight alone of attacking Cossacks is sufficiently terrifying. The high fur cap (papaha), the flowing long coat (kaftan),

the galloping horse, and the wild yell which they emit, all combine to produce a terrifying effect.

Perhaps the most valuable quality of the Cossack forces is that they can be mobilised in a few hours. When the announcement of this war reached their villages, it came as one word only: "War." In a few hours the regiments were ready and waiting to receive orders to march. Not until two days later came further news as to what countries were involved in the war and where it was being fought.

At the beginning of this war many people waited anxiously to see what stuff the Russian Army was made of. That it was great in numbers was a consoling thought; but the reverses it had suffered, and the stories of its inefficient organisation during the Russo-Japanese campaign, were remembered, and there was a distinct feeling of disquiet.

These fears have been allayed by now, but to many it seems almost inexplicable that this army, advancing steadily, successfully, and smoothly, should be the same army which suffered defeat after defeat ten years ago in Manchuria. The explanation is very simple. It is not the same army. These men who are now in the field are the regular Russian Army, perhaps the greatest army in the world.

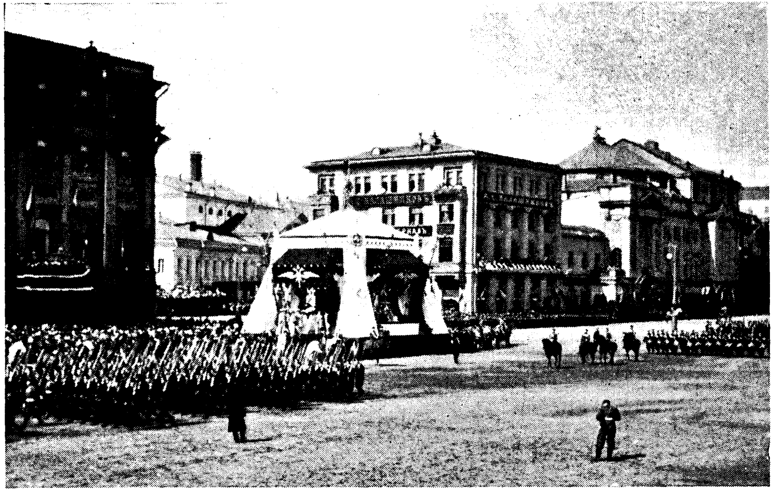


Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

A REVIEW BY THE CZAR IN MOSCOW.

Now, during the first part of the Russo-Japanese campaign—in fact, up to the battle of Liao-Yang in September, 1905—no regular Russian troops were engaged at all. To quote General Kuropatkin's own words: ". . . the burden and heat of the campaign were borne by five East Siberian

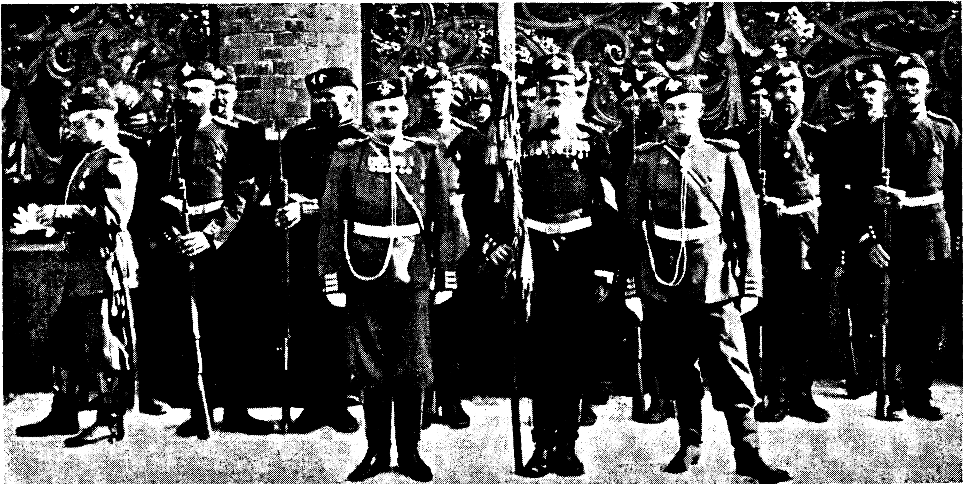


Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

INFANTRY OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

Rifle Divisions." The first troops from European Russia arrived months after the beginning of the campaign. In fact, during the entire campaign the Russian Army only received reinforcements in driblets.

Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

IN A RUSSIAN TRENCH.

These Siberian troops, drawn mostly from the settlers, were often composed of older and heavier men—a distinct disadvantage. They were supplemented by regiments composed of volunteers drawn in twos and threes from regular regiments, and placed under newly commissioned officers, often boys of eighteen. Naturally, no officer let the best men of his regiment be taken for the new regiments, and these soldiers, under strange and inexperienced officers, were not a particularly useful addition to the Army. But all this was as nothing compared to the incredible difficulties of getting the Army to Manchuria. It is difficult, in fact, to realise the magnitude of the task. The problem set was to transport vast numbers of men and their entire equipment over 7,000 miles on a single line of railway. The wonder is that it was ever accomplished at all.

Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

IN A CAMP.

Naturally there was a tremendous delay in bringing up reserves and in clearing away the wounded. For instance, 100,000 men were lost (killed, wounded, and sick) during the five months between May and October, 1905, and only 21,000 men were received to replace them. There was, perhaps, a certain amount of muddling and disorganisation—more trains might have been run, and so on—but then, as General Kuropatkin has said:

"We had to fight with one eye on the West." There was always the fear that some Western Power might take advantage of the opportune moment to settle her own accounts with Russia.

And yet, with all these difficulties—fighting in a strange and hostile country; facing an army which was receiving rapid reinforcements; hampered by difficulty in bringing up their own reserves; dragging transport cars by horses only across the frozen Lake Baikal—had peace not been declared when it was, Russia would have won the campaign in the end.

Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

WOUNDED MEN OF SEVERAL REGIMENTS AT THE RED CROSS SOCIETY'S QUARTERS.

To put it briefly: At the time when the Portsmouth Treaty was signed, the Russian Army was, for the first time since the declaration of hostilities, in real force—that is, 1,000,000 strong. The Japanese, on the other hand, were becoming exhausted. The prisoners who were taken towards the end were quite old men or very young boys. Discontent was growing in Japan itself, and the financial position was becoming critical. Also the *moral* of the Japanese Army was considerably lower than at the beginning of the war, whereas the *moral* of the Russian troops was very much higher than at the beginning of the war.

Amongst other things which the Russo-Japanese War proved was the truth of the words written by Von der Goltz: "Modern wars must be waged by armed nations, not by armies." In other words, no country can hope for success when waging an unpopular war. The contrast between the feelings of the Russian people at the time of the Japanese War and now is tremendous. That war was unpopular. There can be no doubt about the *universal* popularity of this war in Russia.

As has already been pointed out, the mobilisation of the Russian Army is an enormous undertaking, and, owing to the great distances, delay is almost inevitable. The time usually allowed for mobilising the standing Army, with the first line of reserves, is twenty-one days. This time it was

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

OFFICERS AND MEN IN CHARGE OF A PORTABLE MARCONI WIRELESS STATION.

accomplished even sooner, chiefly owing to the extraordinary rapidity with which the news was spread in the sparsely populated districts. In the Province of Orenburg, where the farms are twenty and thirty miles apart, the mobilisation was accomplished in eight and a half hours.

Russia's great danger has always been the lack of railways to the German and Austrian frontiers. Germany alone has seventeen; Russia only five. But by using Moscow as the chief centre for collecting the troops, the trouble was minimised, Moscow being well connected with the whole of Russia and also with the lines carrying to the frontier. The smoothness with which the mobilisation was carried out is, no doubt, greatly due to the reforms introduced in the Army since the Japanese War.

There was during that war a considerable shortage of officers, and of the existing ones many were incompetent and also unpopular with their men. After the war 37 per cent. of the existing officers were removed from

Photo by] [*Central News.*

SCOUTS, WITH A FIELD-TELEPHONE AND RANGE-FINDER.

Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

RUSSIAN RED CROSS WORK: BRINGING THE WOUNDED IN TO A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL.

practically no chances of promotion.

Great attention is also paid to keeping the officers up-to-date in their knowledge of military matters. Special evening classes are held in connection with each regiment, and their attendance is compulsory. Problems of all kinds are set at these lectures, and their solution must be presented at the following lecture. Facilities are afforded in obtaining the latest military works in all languages, and the officers are expected to read them and to be *au courant* of all innovations. The officers are encouraged to take an active and practical interest in

the Army, most of them being drafted into the provinces in administrative capacities. The standard of personal merit was greatly raised. An officer who is known to drink, gamble, or ill-treat his men, has now

their men. This they do, and frequently spend most of their spare time reading to the soldiers, writing their letters for them, and taking them to cinematographs where films of an educational value are shown. The

Colonel Rodzeanke. Captain d'Exe. Captain Plechkoff.

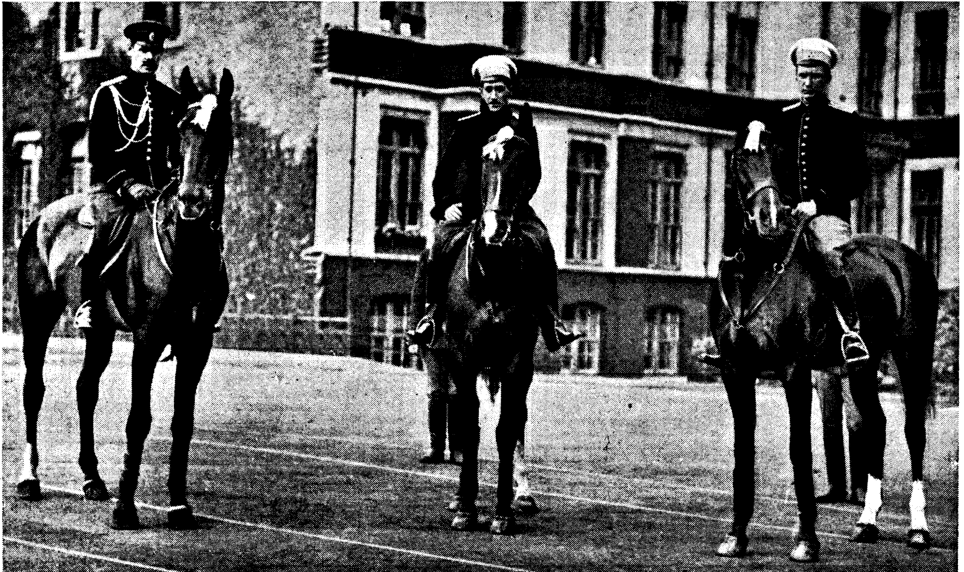


Photo by] [*Sport & General.*

OFFICERS WHO WON THE KING EDWARD VII. GOLD CHAMPION CUP AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW IN LONDON.

Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

THE PREOBRAJENSKY REGIMENT MARCHING PAST THE WINTER PALACE.

importance of the excellent relations which mostly exist between the men and their superiors is being proved in this war. A regiment may be as loyal as possible, yet, if there is hatred between officers and men, that regiment is useless the moment it gets into a tight corner.

Practically the whole ideal of what an army should be has changed since the Russo-Japanese campaign. Up till then the Russian Army was modelled on the German pattern. That is to say, the chief strength of an army was supposed to lie in the actual masses of men which could be thrown against the enemy. The fallacy of this conviction was proved in that war, for though the Russians were beaten several times by superior numbers, the Japanese victories could not be attributed to numbers *alone*. Their superior organisation, equipment, and training were equally important factors. And Russia had the courage to discard all the old military ideals and to replace them by newer ones. Since then the Russian soldiers have been trained to attack in open formation instead of in compact masses; to use their rifles intelligently, to develop their powers of markmanship and to group their fire. They have also been taught to advance in short rushes. In short, the army depends far more on its mobility than on its massed attacks. All this is proving of the greatest value in this war, because, had these changes not been effected, Russia would to-day be fighting Germany with German methods and inferior German ammunition, or what she could

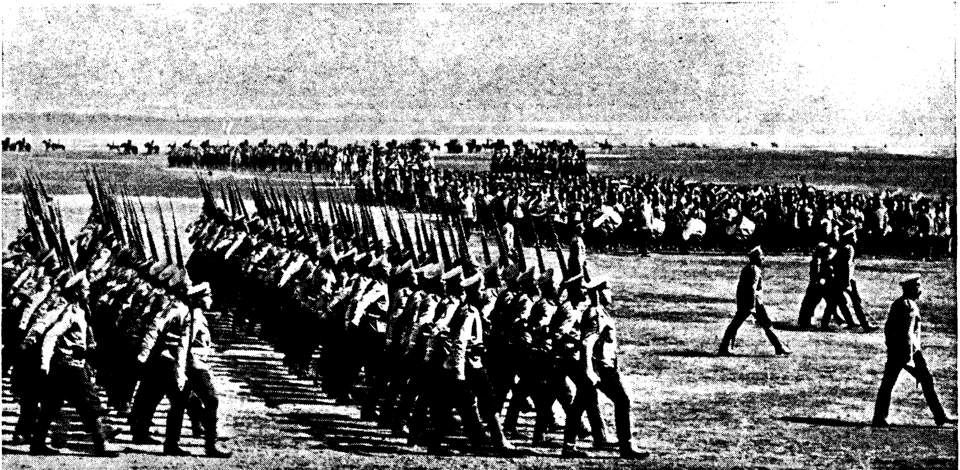


Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

A REGIMENT OF INFANTRY MARCHING PAST.

get of it. The projectiles used in the Russo-Japanese War were of German manufacture, and were worthless.

Russia has been wise enough to discard Prussian military ideals, and to reorganise her Army on lines more compatible with her own characteristics—to make it more efficient by making it more human and less machine-like.

The Army now devotes six months instead of three to manœuvres. Of these, three months--instead of six weeks--are spent in camp. Also far less time is devoted to parades and more to proper drilling. The old guns and rifles have been almost entirely replaced by newer patterns, the rifle carried being of a much lighter pattern. The artillery has been reorganised, the French artillery being taken as a model.

It would be far too lengthy to enumerate in detail all the changes which have been effected, but the important improvements in the aerial fleet, which is now very numerous, must be mentioned.

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

ARTILLERY.

THE SILENT CAMP.

IN heaven, a pale uncertain star
Through sullen vapour peeps;
On earth, extended wide and far,
In all the symmetry of war,
A weary army sleeps.

The heavy-hearted pall of night
Obliterates the lines,
Save where a dying camp-fire's light
Leaps up and flares, a moment bright,
Then once again declines.

Black, solemn peace is brooding low,
Peace, still unbroken, when
There comes a sound, an ebb and flow,
The steady breathing, deep and slow,
Of half a million men.

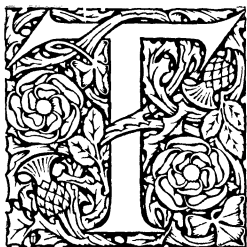
The pregnant dawn is drawing nigh,
The dawn of power or pain;
But now, beneath the mournful sky,
In sleep's maternal arms they lie
Like children once again.

JESSIE POPE.

A LONDON STORY

By S. MACNAUGHTAN

Illustrated by Robert McCaig



THIS is a story of events which happened in Canada, and in the city of London, Ontario. They concern the doings of a man and a girl who fell in love with each other, and who thought that a very unusual circumstance, and who met each other "unexpectedly," and were astonished; and who wrote verses about their feelings, and said (and never meant it for a moment) that they intended to put these at the back of the fire, and forgot to do so, and read them aloud (in the later stages of the love affair), and who dreamed of each other (or said they did, whether they had done so or not), and who got fonder of each other every day. It was, in fact, one of those ordinary love affairs, which the chief actors therein always believe to be an entirely new thing, and happening for the first time in the history of the world. And the only unusual thing about it was that the man had been in prison and was trying to forget the fact, and that the girl knew all about it and never said a word.

The man had been to Western Canada in the days of his early and somewhat riotous youth, and he had played the fool pretty badly when he got there, and would probably have come through this phase in a perfectly satisfactory manner, and have lived a godly, righteous, and sober life ever afterwards, and forgotten all about the days of his foolishness, had it not been that one fine day, or, to put the matter more exactly, one very black night, he and some kindred spirits got into a much worse row than usual, and the row meant revolver shots, and was concerned also with whisky and cards and other things which riotous youth had best leave alone until it can approach them with judgment and discretion. And it ended in youth getting a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment pronounced upon him without the option of a fine, because money was found in the wrong man's pocket, and no one could give a very clear account of anything, and the particular youth who had gone to the West did not bear a spotless character.

He served his time in New Westminster Penitentiary, Vancouver, B.C., and he served it under the name of Pete Johnson, which was the only pseudonym he could think of at the moment; and when he came out of prison, he saw what an unmitigated fool he had been, and dropped the title of Pete Johnson. Having got his discharge, he worked his way in quite a sober fashion to Eastern Canada, and began to work in an unostentatious way in London, Ont. He had had his lesson, and was all the better for it. But just because, at the bottom of his heart, he was a thorough good fellow, he was deadly ashamed of the Vancouver incident, and never intended, as long as he lived, to say anything about it. (In those days, it should be remarked, he had made up his mind that he would never fall in love and never marry.) The six weeks in the penitentiary at New Westminster had made a big black patch in his life, and he never liked looking at it or thinking about it. But it remained like a shadow which seemed to follow him even when the sun was in mid-heaven, and the one consolation of his life was that no one knew anything about it.

As a matter of fact, several people knew, and one of them—an English cousin in whom was no manner of guile, and who looked upon the whole incident as rather a lark—told the girl with whom the youth was in love. The youth's name, when he ceased to be Pete Johnson and went back to the one which his godfathers and godmothers had given him at his baptism, was Nat Hastings, and the girl's was Rose, and the third principal character in the story was a sneak called Matthew Sparkes—no one else

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need concern us very much. Matthew was a smug youth, who told lies and never got into trouble, and he will appear in these pages oftener than we quite like him to do, for he made things very uncomfortable for a young man whom we greatly liked, in spite of his faults, and who carried about a burden with him for many years of his life, and might just as well have told the lady of his choice all about it. For, while he thought he was keeping his secret as close as the grave, he was telling it to her quite plainly and loudly with every day that he lived, and she was longing for him to speak openly about it and take her into his confidence, and be consoled and comforted. But, being a wise woman, she waited and held her tongue.

She knew quite well that boys who go West are very often in circumstances which make getting into trouble remarkably easy. They go to practically a new country, and one where the air is intoxicating. Everything is possible, and public opinion to them is not a matter of great moment. Home is a long way off, spirits are high, good fellows detest mugs, and a certain wholesome-mindedness keeps many boys out of mischief. But Nat had gone to the devil quickly and pretty successfully, and although he had buried his past out of sight, and could not bear to rake it up again, and although he contrasted his present life with what had gone before it almost as an old man looking back at the follies of youth is able to contrast and weigh them, he had an agonising thought constantly with him that he had been a criminal and had slept in a cell. He did not consider this a lark—he had suffered far too deeply to call it by so contemptuous a name—but he wished to goodness he could forget all about it, and, being an honest youth, he wished to goodness that people would not now think so well of him.

For Nat Hastings had prospered—he had prospered extraordinarily, and was universally respected, and this used to hurt him horribly. He was always trying to repudiate his character for steadiness and for being truthful and honourable. His very humility made him conspicuous in a country where humility is rare, and the respect in which he was held increased in direct measure to the humble opinion he had of himself. Everyone liked him and everyone trusted him. With the first job that he got, an instance of extreme scrupulosity branded him for ever as an honest man. A financier intent on "graft" had tried to "get at" the youth, and had failed to do so, and this so much astonished the gentleman in question that he actually chaffed Nat's employer about the straight-laced young fellow he had at the office, and told quite openly the story of the bribe he had offered, of which he was not the smallest degree ashamed, and of its refusal.

"I suppose this is some Sunday-school boy you have got hold of, with his head filled with high-falutin' ideas!" he said.

Even his employer said: "I shouldn't have thought any the worse of Nat if he had taken it. It was a small matter."

Mr. Landells, of the well-known firm of Landells and Mercer, solicitors, heard of the incident, which seemed a trifling one to all concerned, and thought he would like to have Nat in his office. He began to make inquiries about the young man, and found that the answers which they invoked were all eminently unsatisfactory, and he told Mrs. Landells all that he had heard. She delighted him, as she had a habit of doing, by agreeing heartily with his only half-formulated scheme, and said at once: "Give him a chance. Just think if it had been Fred!"

From the time the decision was made, and Mr. Hastings took up his position on the office stool, until the present day, his employers had had little or no fault to find with him. He was steady and industrious, as well as being honest; and he was so little self-assertive that he began to be a power in the office of Landells and Mercer. Before long he began to reap rewards. He rose, first, to a place of trust, and then to one of intimate confidence with the senior partner. While other men were still in a subordinate position, he was gaining an "interest" in the well-known legal house, and people began to envy the lucky girl who should marry him! Socially, he was as great a success as he was in his work. He belonged to the Country Club and to all the other good clubs in the place; he played tennis in beautiful big gardens belonging to rich people on Saturday afternoons, and he had been asked to become a prominent member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and had astonished everyone, and pleased them also, by saying modestly that he did not feel he was good enough, and must decline the post.

There were those who said his humility was overdone. And that is a thing which is hardly ever said of anyone. Still, his unworthiness seemed to be a matter of genuine conviction on the young man's

"She got up and left the table, and Nat followed her."

part, and he stuck to his decision in spite of everything that was said to him.

The girl he loved was crying inwardly all this time, and wishing she could comfort him ; but he hardened his heart and made up his mind definitely that he would not propose to her.

This, as a fact, is not a matter on which men exercise much prerogative. There came a day in autumn when there was a picnic in the maple woods, when the man and the girl were left severely to each other. They were not chaffed, as they might have been, because it was known that the girl came from the Old Country, and it was feared she might be dignified. But no one would have anything to do with them during the whole afternoon ; and later on, through no fault of their own, they very naturally got lost. Rose was sufficiently independent not to bother her head very much about a chaperon, but she did wonder where the rest of the party had gone ; and when evening fell, and she and her lover found themselves alone, she experienced a great deal of bliss and satisfaction in being taken care of by him, and this so upset all the poor young man's calculations that he did what every other lover would have done, and begged to take care of the beautiful Rose now and for ever afterwards.

"As for taking care of me," thought Rose, with a smile, "poor darling fellow, I want to take care of him!"

They plighted their troth to each other on the mutual understanding of taking care and guarding and cherishing and loving and understanding for ever and ever, Amen. And Rose waited to hear all about her dear boy's lurid past in Vancouver, and not one word of confession came. She could hardly say to him, even in the most intimate moment: "You have been in prison, haven't you?" And Hastings found it quite impossible even to mention the horrid word, so they rejoined the picnic party, which, after all, was not so difficult to find as they had imagined. And this time they were met by smiles, and were sent home in a little carriage together, and even, it has been reported, had an old shoe slyly tied to one of the wheels of the conveyance.

In the days that followed, Nat told himself many times that he ought to make a clean breast of everything, and just confess what sort of fellow he was. But Rose was an orphan, with a widowed mother belonging to her ; also she sang lovely old songs which touched his poor heart, and she looked like an angel when she did so. She was good through and through, and he became so responsive to tender influences that he could not bear to hurt her by speaking of anything of which he was ashamed. All of which things made it excessively difficult for a man of the criminal class, as the unhappy young fellow called himself, to explain anything to her. Had there been a man in the party, he believed he would have told him everything. If the girl had had a father, he would certainly have spoken. As it was, he put his confession off indefinitely.

Now, here is where Matthew the Sneak comes in. Matthew had been to Vancouver once, on a trip which was paid for by his mother, and was intended to improve his mind and to make him capable of talking afterwards of Canada's rapid development. While he was there, he collected a great deal of valuable information and asked endless questions, and once he visited a court of law, where a young man called Pete Johnson was tried for being concerned in a row, and was condemned to six weeks' imprisonment. The affair made no sensation at all; the young man was a stranger, and hardly anyone knew him even by sight. But Matthew had a marvellous memory for faces, and when he saw Nat, years afterwards in London, Ont., he recognised him, and said nothing, because he was not a creature of impulse, and he believed that all knowledge has a certain value if it is used at exactly the right time. He was not needlessly vindictive, and might, in other circumstances, have allowed Mr. Hastings to continue his reformed existence without any interference from himself. But Matthew was in love with Rose, and had more than once thought of proposing to her himself, and had only lacked courage to do so. He liked her better than any other girl he knew, and he did not intend that any man with an undesirable past should have her. He said this to himself several times, and meant it. But his methods of frustrating his rival were not quite those of a white man. Matthew, as a matter of fact, was popularly supposed to have Indian blood in him ; but if that were so, it would seem that it was merely the Indians' cunning he had inherited, and not their finer qualities. He began to lay traps for Hastings, who had no recollection of ever having met him before, and he used to ask him in public whether he had ever been in Vancouver, and how he liked it, and if by any chance he knew the great Lumber Mills just below New Westminster. He

never put the matter more straightforwardly than that—he could not have been straight if he had tried—but he knew the view that convicts can get of the river and the Lumber Mills, and it pleased him to watch his victim flush and stammer when replying to his simple questions.

Nat was living a life that was half torture and half bliss. The more he knew the most adorable girl in the world, the more he loved her, and the more he knew of her, the more he found out how charming she was, and how well-connected. She had relations at home with high-sounding names, who began to write letters of congratulation. She had come out to Canada when her mother married a second time, and very shortly afterwards her stepfather, who was rich and highly respected in London, Ont., died, and she and her mother decided to remain on for a year in the comfortable house with its charming garden which he had prepared for them. Rose loved the naming of the place, with its Thames and Westminster and Piccadilly, and she loved the old town, with its broad tree-shadowed streets and pretty houses, and the air of peace about it. She told the young man all about the places at home which the names in London, Ontario, recalled, and of the great city which the young Canadian must one day see for himself.

Also they went for walks and drives together, and the prosperous Nat had a brand-new motor-car now, in which they used to go for spins in the country. Days were like minutes, and they were so much fuller of bliss than of anxiety that they left no room for retrospect, and the fond youth became like any other happy lover, and was so happy that he hardly seemed to know what he was about. He used to steer his motor-car in a serpentine manner, and did ridiculous absent-minded things, and he never felt a sane person until he was in the company of his beloved, and even then he was not quite sure about his sanity, but only knew that he had got home after some stormy voyaging, and all was well.

The only cloud that he was aware of was that various uncles and friends of his English bride wrote to her and said that the wedding must take place in the Old Country, and, as far as he could gather, it must take place from various large country houses and castles, all of which claimed Rose as their special property. The cloud of which he was not aware took the form of a young man with narrow eyes and high cheek-bones, who had begun, as stealthily as any old trapper, to stalk his prey; but of this his prey was supremely unconscious. Nat Hastings was an open-minded youth, except in one respect, and it would not only have been impossible for him to hit a man from behind, but he never even dreamed that it might be done to himself. Yet all the time Matthew was following him warily and stealthily, and watching him.

What added to the complication of affairs was that Rose was watching *him*. She had never trusted Matthew, and never liked him. She was one of those women who have an infinite capacity for taking care of people. She took care of her mother, and she took care of Nat, and she took care of a host of friends besides. And all of these believed that girls were something of a responsibility, and that this girl in particular would have been quite helpless without their protection.

Her instinct, which was one of the most trustworthy guides to knowledge that ever existed, told her that Mr. Sparkes was not such a good fellow as he professed to be, and she was confirmed in this opinion when she discovered that he did everything from a high sense of duty. If he went to a party, it was always because his sister wanted him to take her, and if he dined out, he believed it would be rude to refuse. If he went for a row, it was not because he wanted to go, but because it was a manly exercise. If he got up at seven o'clock in the morning, it was because he ought to get up early, and if he lay in bed till nine, it was because it was his duty to rest. He had never done anything wrong except tell fibs, and he had done this for so long that he believed himself to be rather a truthful person. A public school might have made a man of him, but he had been educated at home, and he had inherited a large fortune and went to lectures. In whatever clothes he wore he always looked as if he was afraid of getting them spoiled, and he affected a particular sort of soft grey felt hat, which he always replaced on his head with a certain carefulness after he had had occasion to lift it. Some years ago he had made a trip to England, and had come back with a rooted objection to Englishmen, because of an idea which seemed to prevail amongst those whom he met that he wanted kicking badly. It was, perhaps, because Rose was English that he was at first half afraid to marry her. Having overcome his objections, it grieved him very much to find that she was engaged to Mr. Nathaniel Hastings, and before very

long he conceived it to be his painful duty to let people know what sort of a fellow he was. He wanted to be quite sure of his man first, because he had only seen him when he was called Pete Johnson. He thought he could trust his memory for faces, and he determined to go slow. With this intent he asked, as we have seen, many interesting questions about Vancouver, B.C., and more particularly about the city of New Westminster.

One evening, at a dance, he began to give hints to Rose, or, rather, warnings, and the warnings took the form of a number of questions, such as—

"Have you known Hastings long?"

"Where does he come from?"

"Where did he live before he came to London?"

"Who are his people?"

"What was his job before he came here?"

"Do any of your people at home know him?"

And so on through a whole valse, when Rose might have been dancing and enjoying herself.

She smiled when he had finished and said: "It is very good of you to take so much interest in us, Mr. Sparkes, but you have asked too many questions for me to answer all at once. Will you please have them type-written and send them round to-morrow?"

Even when she made her little joke there was a certain superb air about her which Matthew found it a little bit difficult to cope with. All the same, it was just her little superb air which he liked so much, and he hated being snubbed by her, without, however, being the least bit less in love. She was extraordinarily pretty, and he noticed how well she amused men, and how she made them laugh. Once, as he passed a little recess where she was sitting, he heard her say—

"I thought at first you were going to be picturesque."

And the man's voice laughingly replied: "And I thought you were going to be haughty."

"All you Canadians think that of English girls," she retorted, laughing, "while we weave delightful romances about you, and label you in our hearts the strong silent men whom we have learned to love in books."

"In *books!*" exclaimed the young man. "What good do books do us?"

There was a strong touch of disappointment in his voice, and Matthew said to himself, "Another victim, I suppose," and passed on.

He even began to contrast her favourably with some of the girls whom he knew and had been brought up with, and he found that she bowed more prettily than they did, and was more charming to elderly people and more courteous to her mother.

This was disloyal to all the adorable girls in London, Ont., who are particularly winning and delightful, and to his credit, let it be said, that in course of time he married a Canadian wife and entirely changed his mind about everything. At present the English girl had it all her own way with him, and he hated to think she was throwing herself away. He argued that a girl from England knows nothing about young men "out here," and it became more than ever his duty to speak, and to speak soon.

At the dance that evening supper was spread on small round tables in a marquee built in the garden, and when Mr. Sparkes entered with his partner, she exclaimed, "Here are two vacant places!" and seated herself at a table where Hastings and his *fiancée* were eating Canadian cold turkey and ham, and enjoying it very much. He did not choose the place deliberately, but when he found himself at the round table, he decided that the Fates, who are always on the side of laudable intention, had guided him to the spot.

Conversation between couples at dance suppers is not necessary, and the pair opposite him seemed perfectly contented and happy without the benefit of his remarks, but he hazarded, across a goodly spread of mayonnaise and galantine, the suggestion that the ballroom had been hot, and that the supper tent was cold. And then he asked Nat quite suddenly how he liked London.

The young man, in reply, expressed satisfaction in the place, where, indeed, he had been well received and where he had many friends.

"You used to be in Vancouver, usen't you, before you came here?" Matthew went on.

"Yes," said Nat, "I was."

It was no more than a bare answer to a perfectly civil question, and he wondered why Rose broke in sharply, saying—

"Don't compare the two places, Nat! I believe Canadians have hardly got accustomed to Confederation yet, and British Columbians, provoked, may retort that there is snow sometimes in Eastern Canada!"

"Why should they say that?" said Matthew literally.

"It is a libel, of course," she responded

lightly, "but it is wonderful what a man will say when he is roused."

It began to dawn on Matthew slowly that the young lady was laughing. Whereupon, being cross, he pressed his conversation still further, and said: "How long were you in Vancouver?"

"I forget," said Nat.

"I have been there," said Matthew's partner, who, although a quiet girl, thought that she might now have some share in the conversation. "I went to stay with my brother, who is in a bank, because I was perfectly certain he would get into mischief without me."

"Men do get into mischief sometimes in Western Canada," said Matthew sententiously.

"Even in Western Canada!" said Rose, with an adorable little shrug of the shoulders and an appeal to some invisible audience who, from the direction of her gaze, seemed to live in the ceiling.

"Did you like the place?" said the young girl who had spoken before, and Nat replied briefly: "No, I hated it." She began to talk about the scenery, and the conversation seemed to drift away from personal matters until Matthew said suddenly and almost sharply—

"What were you doing out there?"

Rose was drawing on her glove, having finished her cold turkey and a meringue, and she turned to Matthew now with a smile of disarming sweetness and said to him: "It has been whispered to me that Mr. Hastings was following a remarkable career."

Nat looked startled and glanced up suddenly, and Matthew said, half below his breath: "I wish I knew what it was."

"Perhaps you would hardly understand if I told you," the sweet voice went on, "because the work was of such an unusual character."

"I think," said the young girl on Matthew's right, "that, as you have aroused our curiosity, you ought to tell us what it was."

"He was minding his own business," said Rose; and, with a gay little nod, she got up and left the table, and Nat followed her.

Perhaps the conversation and the snub that ended it was what made Matthew's half-formed plans develop into a decision. He thought of the matter all night, and saw quite plainly what it was his duty to do, and in the morning he put on his best grey felt hat and drove in his automobile to the office of Landells and Co., where he asked to see the senior partner and presented his card.

Mr. Landells was a kind-looking man with a firm mouth. He bade the young man be seated, and then began to speak upon the telephone, and throughout the whole of the interview with Matthew he was rung up at intervals, and divided his attention between his visitor and the black mouthpiece of the instrument by his side. So that the conversation was something like this—

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Smart—Sparkes—I beg your pardon. Your mother is well, I hope? (Yes, I am here, who wants me? Well, say I can't possibly see him till twelve o'clock.) I believe your business is important, Mr. Sparkes, or I am sure you would not have called upon me at this busy time of the morning."

Matthew said that his business was important.

Mr. Landells said (into the black mouthpiece): "Yes, tell him the agreement must be stamped, and he can send it round here by hand."

"Now, Mr. Sparkes, I am quite at your service, and am very sorry for the interruptions."

"I think you know Miss Rose Cumberland, an English girl who is staying in London?" Matthew said, crossing his legs and speaking with deliberation.

Mr. Landells nodded and said: "I know her very well."

"She is a charming girl," said Matthew.

"She is a charming girl," repeated Mr. Landells, "but if you have nothing more important to say, Mr. Sparkes," he added courteously, "I must remind you that my time is not altogether at your service."

Mentally, Matthew called Mr. Landells' manner "short." He put out his hand as though to arrest his own flight from the office, and said he would endeavour to be brief.

"Thank you," said Mr. Landells. He toyed with the telephone receiver once more, and shouted down it in a manner which Matthew could not call dignified: "Tell him to go to blazes!" The friend thus addressed made no audible reply, and the telephone ceased ringing for a few minutes.

"She is engaged," said Matthew, "to a young man in your office."

"Yes, to Hastings," said Mr. Landells. He had a long upper lip and shrewd eyes, and when he looked at Matthew, the young man felt glad that he had on his best clothes.

"Do you know anything about the young man?" asked his visitor. "Believe me,

sir," he added, "I don't mean to be impertinent."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Landells drily.

"I just want to ask if you know anything about him?"

"And your reason for asking this rather unusual question?"

"Is that *I* know a good deal!" said Matthew, and felt the dramatic touch in the situation.

"That is interesting," said Mr. Landells.

"The fact is," said Matthew, "I happen to know what took place when he was at Vancouver."

"What took place to him, or what took place in a general way?" questioned the older man. "Mr. Hastings was in Vancouver—correct me if I am wrong—in 1902. That would be about the time of the conclusion of the Boer War."

"Excuse me," said Matthew, "but I was not referring to European politics, but to Hastings' own personal history."

"Thank you," said Mr. Landells, accepting the correction. "Your remarks were a little ambiguous."

A clerk came to the door and asked if Mr. Landells would speak to a client.

"In a few moments," said the old man.

"You will have to give me a little more than a few moments, my friend," said Matthew to himself with satisfaction.

"And now, sir," said the lawyer, placing the tips of his fingers together and bending forward in a courteous manner, "if you will kindly let me know your business, which, I understand, is Mr. Hastings' also."

"I have nothing whatever to do with him," said the young man. He was afraid of being bowed out, and he said hastily, "But I do know that Miss Cumberland is a young girl, and that she is fresh out from England, where none of these things are known."

"These things?" queried Mr. Landells.

"Yes, sir, these things," said Mr. Sparkes impatiently. "Miss Cumberland is, I understand, very well connected in England, and this should make her doubly careful. And I consider it a duty I owe both to her and to her relations——"

"Who have written to you, perhaps?"

"No."

"Then let us confine ourselves to the young lady first, and we can go on to the relations afterwards," Mr. Landells said.

"You are responsible for Nat Hastings' position in London," Matthew said.

"I was not aware of it," said the lawyer.

"But he occupies a very high post in your office, and he has been very well received here, owing to you."

Mr. Landells bowed again. He was a man who could do so in a manner which almost took the form of speech. His upper lip seemed to lengthen as he bowed, and his grey eyes assumed a look more shrewd than common, and were filled with humour. At this instant his bow said as plainly as possible, "Sir, you flatter me too much," and Matthew Sparkes winced a little when he made it.

"I don't think it is fair," he blurted out, much more bluntly than he had meant to do, "for a young man to go about everywhere and be received by the best people, and to let them know nothing about himself."

"His history, then, is an interesting one?" queried Mr. Landells.

"I don't know about it being interesting," said his young visitor, "but I do know this: Nat Hastings served a sentence of six weeks in New Westminster Gaol—I saw him myself at the trial."

"That is indeed a most interesting history," said Mr. Landells.

"What I think is this," Matthew went on, feeling encouraged. "We have taken him at his own valuation——"

"I understood you to say it was at my valuation," interrupted the lawyer.

"Well, we have admitted him amongst us," the young man went on, "without really knowing anything about him, and now he has got engaged to a girl newly out from England, who has no means of finding out the truth."

"Except what he likes to tell her," said Mr. Landells, his upper lip drawn further down, and his prominent teeth showing from beneath it.

"I venture to suggest," said Matthew, "that if she knew he had been a gaol-bird she would not marry him."

"And perhaps I should not have received him into this office?" said Mr. Landells.

"I could hardly imagine your doing so," was the reply.

Mr. Landells took up the telephone receiver and held it to his ear, raised the mouthpiece to his lips, and said in a delightfully conversational voice: "I am afraid I must put off our meeting, dear sir, until a young man who is with me has finished showing me my duty, and has completed settling the love affairs of a charming young lady, and until, too, he has finished

blackguarding a young fellow with whom he is on friendly terms, and—— No, it's all right. I can't tell you when the interview will be over, but he seems in no hurry to go."

When he laid down the telephone, Matthew had disappeared through the door, and could be heard descending the office staircase in a hurry. Mr. Landells smiled down the telephone, and, taking up his morning paper, he continued reading it, while Matthew put his nice grey felt hat on his head and got into his automobile, and told the chauffeur to drive anywhere he pleased, but to drive quickly.

For a long time the next step in his round of duty did not seem to be apparent to him, and he had to enjoy, as well as he could, seeing a very happy couple increase in joyousness and in devotion to each other as the days rolled by. He was afraid to indulge in any more little gibes and taunts, veiled though they might be, against the happy couple, because he was inordinately afraid of the wit which one of them possessed, and of the unbridled use which she made of her tongue.

He said nothing until one day he found everyone talking about Nat Hastings in a manner that he could not approve. Nat, it appears, had gone into the country to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Landells. They had one well-beloved boy—Fred, to wit—a little pickle of twelve years old who, with a boon companion of the same age, went out skylarking one night, pretending to be brigands or highwaymen, or Heaven knows what. But the upshot of it was that Master Landells, leading the way through the pitch-dark night, fell into a quarry half-filled with water, and was rescued by Nat, who, hearing cries, went to the boy's assistance, and, with nothing to guide him but Master Landells' yells, dived fifty feet into the water at the bottom of the quarry, and brought the nearly exhausted child safe to land and subsequently to his home.

It was shortly after this—and perhaps the chronology was a mere coincidence—that Matthew finally decided that it was his duty to tell Miss Rose Cumberland just the sort of man she was going to marry.

In answer to his inquiries at their house during the following week, he heard that Miss Cumberland and her mother had sailed for England. Matthew therefore went to Mr. Hastings himself, and so unpleasant was his interview with that gentleman that it hardly seems expedient to describe it. It began tamely and in a gentleman-like manner, and in the extreme dejection of a certain poor fellow called Nathaniel Hastings, who had not a word to say in his own excuse, but it ended in a royal and splendid finale when Nat kicked Mr. Sparkes downstairs, and, seizing pen and paper, wrote a full account of himself and his past and all that concerned him that very moment to Miss Rose Cumberland, and told her what a fool he had been, and how unworthy of her, and he ended up by saying that he would love her till the day of his death, but from this day forward she was perfectly free, and he would await her letter telling him that the engagement was broken off, or, if she preferred it, he would understand without being told that not writing meant that all was over between them. He posted the letter, and for a fortnight he wondered how miserable it was possible for a man to be. At the end of the fortnight he was without a letter, and he began to add up a wearisome sum over and over again in his head: "My letter left by the mail on Friday, and would get to England the following Thursday. Suppose she had written at once, I should have received her reply on the Friday following—or, at the latest, Saturday, or, at the very latest, the following Monday. Suppose she were away from home, it might even be Wednesday before I heard." But Wednesday came, and Thursday, and Friday, and still there was no letter; and after one more agonising week, when Mr. Landells looked at him with his upper lip drawn down and said nothing, he sent him to England on very important business, and told him he would feel greatly obliged if he would start at once.

Nat would have liked to wait for one more mail, just to see if there was a letter, but his departure was accelerated by the senior partner and by Mrs. Landells, who packed his trunk for him, and seemed in as great a hurry as her husband to get rid of him. Master Landells, now recovered from his ducking, which had been followed by a serious illness, was the only person who seemed to mourn his departure, and he confided to the despairing young man that it was all rot his going at all.

"I am going home on business," said Hastings.

Upon this the vulgar little boy pulled down one corner of his eye and inquired: "Do you see any green there?"

But Nat was too much out of sorts to trouble his head to inquire into cryptic utterances of this description. In moody fashion he took train to Montreal, and from there shipped to England.

As a fellow-passenger he was not a success. Most of the people who had anything to do with him on board ship were bored almost to tears by the absent-minded young man, who never joined in games nor in walks, nor seemed to care what he was reading, nor joined in dances on deck. He forgot to say "Good-bye" to anyone at parting, and no one noticed the omission, and he set his foot for the first time in the Old Country, feeling as hopeless and out of luck as it is possible for a young man to do.

He arrived late one winter afternoon, and saw a fog for the first time, and was completely baffled by it, and wondered what London was like behind the enshrouding veil which enveloped it. He tried to seek Rose at the address she had given him, and learned that no cabs were running, and that it would be quite impossible to reach the place he mentioned. In his despair he asked a sympathetic waiter in the hotel where he lodged if there was "anything to do," and heard that there was a theatre actually next door, which would not involve creeping through the fog in a cab, and that tickets could be had at the office.

He went to the play, and never heard a word of the whole performance, for sitting in front of him in the stalls was Rose Cumberland and a young man. He did not like to say, even to himself, that she was flirting with him, but she was certainly keeping him very well entertained in the old Rose Cumberland manner, and it hurt him horribly that she had consoled herself so soon and so easily. He knew now why it was that fellows drown themselves, and he slipped out of the theatre as soon as the performance was over, and went back to his hotel, and believed he lay awake all night, and no doubt was very restless for several hours.

In the days that followed he wandered about London, and tried to take an interest in all that he saw, and wondered at the great streets, and went to see the Horse Guards and St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and he drove about on the tops of omnibuses in order to see the splendid pageant of London. And all the time he wanted nothing in the world but to have Rose beside him, and he knew, once and for all, that without her there was a settled dulness over every single thing in this wide world.

He met her quite suddenly as she came out of church one Sunday, and she gave a little scream of surprise, and then began to laugh, and said: "But why give a poor girl heart complaint?"

"I didn't mean to give you heart complaint," he said miserably.

She began heading him to the Park, without his knowing it, and they went through a side gate and crossed the Row, and he said suddenly, "How beautiful this is!" just because Rose was with him.

She looked eastward and said, "That's Apsley House," without seeming to take a great interest in the information she gave, and all the time she was leading him away from the crowds, which were streaming past the Achilles statue, and they went to a big open space where some early crocuses were coming up through the grass, and where fat pigeons strutted about, and sparrows were taking bread out of an old man's hand.

When she had got him safely detatched from the rest of the world, she said, "Well, Nat?" and waited for him to speak.

The invitation was followed by a prolonged silence.

"Did you get my letter?" he said at last with a burst.

"No," she said, and added, "I suppose you got mine?"

Before giving the information which follows, the reader is asked to remember that these were two very foolish young people, both deeply in love, and therefore both completely absent-minded. They told each other every detail of the posting of the letters, and into which letter-box they had put them. Miss Cumberland was almost loquacious on the subject. She said: "I went out myself because I would allow no one else to post it, and I took it to the red pillar-box at the corner of the square, because I always see a very nice young postman clearing that box regularly, so I knew it would go safely. Then I came home, and I watched for nearly an hour at the drawing-room window until he came and unlocked the little door in front of the box and took away the bag. So I *know* it went."

Nat said: "I took mine to the General Post Office, and asked what time the home mails were going, and heard that I should just catch the one outward bound for England." Nat became dramatic in his account of the incident. He said: "I heard the thing rattle down into the bottom of the box, and I knew it was gone for ever——" He stopped himself from saying anything else, and Rose took up the wondrous tale and said: "Two letters cannot have gone astray." She also remarked that the Post Office was getting very careless, and she had it in her mind to speak seriously to the young

postman who cleared the pillar box at the corner of the square.

"It is too bad," she said.

"It is unpardonable," ended Nat. He said he felt like having somebody's blood. "What address did you put on the letter?" he went on.

She thought that rather a silly question, and replied: "I think I know your address, Nat dear."

"You know there are two Londons?" he asked.

She, as it began to dawn upon her that she had done something excessively foolish, said, without a moment's hesitation, that there was only one London in the world, and it was situated in Eastern Canada, where the dearest, the best, etc., etc., etc., lived.

And, of course, when she put it so charmingly, Nat had to forgive her everything. He himself was not prone to absent-mindedness, but he began to have awful qualms, and to wonder whether he had put anything but London on his envelope. He could not be sure what he had done; his mind had been in a ferment at the time. No, for the life of him, he could not remember putting London, England, upon the envelope, and he could think of no better excuse for himself than to say, in the manner of Rose: "But, of course, there is only one London in the world, and it is London, England, where the most wonderful, the most lovely, the most desirable——"

"Perhaps both letters are at the Dead Letter Office," said Rose brilliantly—they each admitted that they had written on foolscap paper, unaddressed, because they had so much to say—and when they found that the minds of each of them had played the same trick, they were so delighted and so unashamed of their stupidity that they began to talk nonsense about it, and Rose said that mistakes were the only things that ever turned out well, and that anything which brought her lover to England must be the very highest form of wisdom. Thereupon Nat suddenly remembered all that the important letter contained, and ceased to talk nonsense, and then and there, off by heart, he repeated every syllable of it. When he had finished, he refused to meet her eyes, but kept his own fixed on the green trees in the Park and the gleaming Serpentine beyond, with the little children playing at its edge, and said, miserably and penitently: "It's not a nice story."

"It's not nice," said the lady calmly, "and it's not even new."

He looked at her quickly.

"I heard it years ago," she said.

* * * * *

They reached home that afternoon about five o'clock, and believed—or said they believed—that they were in time for lunch.

The moral of this tale has been lost sight of, we are afraid, but they lived happily ever afterwards, and Mr. and Mrs. Landells smiled, and sent a handsome cheque when they heard that the wedding was to take place three weeks after Mr. Hastings' arrival in England, and Fred—that vulgar little boy—said oracularly, "What price business?" and added, "You don't find any flies on me!"

HEIMWEH.

FAR horizons lift untravelled, but my feet are sore,
Never down the ribbon road shall they tarry more;
Other feet shall journey sunward; other hands shall twine
Posies from the drooping bough, trumpets from the vine.

From a window, rose-embowered, often Fancy leads
Down along the ribbon road, dreaming by the meads;
Fairy voices in the twilight sing the songs I knew,
Hidden fingers touch my eyelids, charm away the dew.

When the winds upbraid the shutters, and the leaves are dead,
When the ice has stilled the brook, and snow is on my head,
Gladly by the whimpering flames, with book upon my knee,
I'll sit alone, in dreams explore the lands I'll never see!

W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ.

THE SCIENCE OF SLAUGHTER

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

IN letters of fire 1914 will stand out in the world's history, a year of challenge and elemental change. It found the British citizen at peace with himself and all men. He beamed upon Old Age Pensions and National Insurance, he read of champions in Parliament who defended pit ponies and the wild birds which heedless women wore in their hats. A truly humanitarian era, one good to live in, with a backward glance of pity for the past, for Dark Ages when men acted as brutes, and lust and murder, lawless force and cold cruelty, marked the lives of high and low alike.

How the citizen was roused from his dreams we know too well—how with little warning the whole social fabric crashed about his ears, amid the smoke of ruined cities, the holocaust of homes and cosmic combat drenched with the blood and tears of millions. Deafened and dazed with the shock of empires—much as the gunner is dazed at sea—our citizen took down his "Statesman's Year-Book" to see the forces engaged and the cost of "armaments"—a vague term associated with The Hague and with heavy taxes to be repealed by Pacts of Peace and Parliaments of Man.

Wrangling nations would be soon unknown. No thought was given to a world-war, for the citizen could not grasp such an upheaval. "Forty million men!" he murmured. "And peace went up in price till it reached five hundred million pounds a year!"

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

GUNS READY FOR MOUNTING.

Forty million men? Aye, and millions more, if you reckon closely the number of men from Calais to Constantinople who gave the best years of their lives to the trade of slaughter. Our citizen thinks of it in the past tense, for he has hope—he *must* hope! For a generation we stood in terror of the untrimmed lamp which at last exploded and swept away the fevered order of things which can never be again. Poor citizen, the loyal husband and father of a family—he sits in sombre meditation.

Can it really be, as Cicero says, that man's

natural state is war? And is it true—in the classic German phrase—that racial destinies are "not decided by votes and speeches, but by blood and iron"? Christianity, our citizen thinks, is wholly whelmed in the Nietzschian will-to-power and the ruthless policy of might. "You must leave the people you march through only their eyes to weep with." These are the words of Bismarck himself, the idol of the Teutonic race.

The loving-kindness of Christ is but one of the "slave-virtues" which the new Prussian fiercely scorns. But he will find his superman has feet of clay. He will come back to beauty, back to Galilee when the Corsican ideal is dead and Neronic splendours fade in the light of a lovelier sun.

How far off then will seem those perverse days when the dropper of aerial bombs on a sleeping town was a hero to be honoured and hailed, when seven millions were paid for the four "Inflexibles," whilst cancer research went begging, and had shame cried upon it for cruelty to guinea-pigs and mice. Oh, a strange world, my masters!

Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

FINISHING OFF GRENADES.

The truth is, that ship-shattering and manslaughter were *the* two industries of the twentieth century in its first two lustra. The ablest brains were at work upon them—alike of chemist, mathematician, and engineer. These trades were a short cut to coronets and wealth and fame, with the lavish favour of kings. At the great works of Krupp—that modern Titan with a

hundred thousand servants and great mines of coal and iron to feed his abattoirs in Essen—we see man-killing, indeed, erected into a science. Who shall say, when the world-war is over, how richly Death was fed by those roaring ovens and mills where the Mailed Fist was forged? The Krupp Works have customers in forty nations. When disarmament was mooted, they took on twenty-eight thousand extra hands to rush gun-mountings for warships.

In fact, Krupp's is an international clearing-house for every deadly device which the wit of man invents. From these works came Germany's field artillery, so shrewdly served and remorselessly directed by a cloud of aerial engines. The two together have accounted for 90 per cent. of our wounded in this war. But Essen keeps its secrets well, and "secrecy," as Great Frederick said, "is the supreme virtue of politics and war."

Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

JAPANESE SHELLS, EACH WEIGHING FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.

And so the Krupp Works kept a few surprises in reserve. There were the 16-inch howitzers, for instance, which reduced the fortress of Namur in a day. Each shot produced an earthquake convulsion. No such engine had ever been seen upon the field of battle; guns of lesser size were thought immobile and mounted in cement and stone. They were set on great pedrail wheels, and away they thumped with forty horses hauling and the men talking of a new era in military engineering.

Further "surprises" were the bomb-throwing guns, the rocket camera that goes up like a firework and down by parachute, and the 22-lb. picrite shells dropped from the skies upon harmless civilian homes. Nothing like these things for terror, or throwing a nation into that state of *Kriegsgefahr* which the Prussian holds is half the battle.

And note the reaction of this violence. "How can we disarm," cried France, "with a million men ready to swarm over the frontier in a few hours?" So the breath of fear fanned the science of slaughter until the tortured world was aflame.

Now, my space is small and the subject huge, therefore we will not here inquire into the uneasiness of nations or that state of nerves which could send Holland to her dykes to practise flooding, and make Kurdish porters in Stamboul drop farthings in a hat towards the cost of ships which were seized by us in the hour of peril. In panic of this kind, we have spied upon each other these twenty years. Sir John Fisher's Dreadnought set all the naval yards a-flurry: Germany at Stettin and Dantzig, Austria at Fiume, Russia at Nicolaieff, Italy at Spezzia—even Japan at Kuré, where laughing babes and doll-like women play around floating fortresses of steel, and 50-ton guns which could wreck a town in two shots.

The same anxious vieing extends to the rifle. We think our Lee-Enfield a better weapon than the French Lebel or the German Mauser, handier—because 7 inches shorter—than the Russian "3-line" or the Austrian Mannlicher. Our rifle fires thirty-four shots a minute, and its bullet is merciful whilst stopping its man—a point

Photo by] [*London News Agency.*

A BRITISH SIEGE-HOWITZER AND MEN OF THE ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

Photo by] [*Central News.*

BRITISH HEAVY ARTILLERY FOR SIEGE PURPOSES.

of high military value. Thus its nickel ball may pass clean through two human bodies and perforate lungs or intestines without a fatal issue. The old soft bullet made a frightful wound, flattening against bone and ripping out tissue in ghastly style.

Our Service rifle is made at Sparkbrook in ninety-four parts, involving over a thousand operations from the crude wood and bar iron to the finished and tested weapon, a delicate and beautiful piece of mechanism. In one of the shops a "viewer" looks down the barrel for errors of deflection, and detects one so slight as the four-thousandth part of an inch. The tests are comprehensive. In America the examining board at Springfield, Massachusetts, fire at pine boxes filled with red plastic clay to represent flesh and blood, or frozen beef carcases are used. Nations less humane use worn-out live horses and even human corpses, sad unclaimed derelicts from the public morgue.

Also at Sparkbrook are our bayonets made and our swords, "the white arm," as professionals call it, "of vivid import and great moral value!" Both are tested grimly—the sword with a terrible cavalry stroke on a massive block of teak, a stroke which would cut a man in two at the waist.

Now, having armed our man, let us train him. He goes to school at Hythe in a place of patience and kindly "nursing." For his rifle is a complex and ticklish weapon, with a way of its own, just as an engine has, or a ship. It will kill at two miles if due heed be paid to sighting, trajectory, and air-resistance—terms which convey little to the new recruit.

Officers also come to Hythe for the five musketry courses. The novice learns how to hold his rifle, how to stand, kneel, and lie prone, aiming and firing in all positions. He takes the weapon to pieces, learns how to care for and oil it. In time the two become a unit, a drop in the sea of Force and a factor in the fate of nations. Even his cartridge Tommy picks to pieces, exposing the sixty strands of cordite, mere threads instead of black powder.

"Theoretical principles" come next, but the recruit is not dismayed. Big words, he begins to find, may hide very simple acts, but you must *know* them. Thus, trajectory turns out to be the line of the bullet's flight—it falls a foot in a hundred yards, so one must calculate in aiming. Now

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

FRENCH INFANTRY WITH MITRAILLEUSES.

Photo by] [*Record Press.*

THE NEW GERMAN SIEGE GUNS, WITH "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS, USED AGAINST THE BELGIAN AND FRENCH FORTS.

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

FRENCH SIEGE GUNS.

come fire discipline, target practice, range-parties, individual and volley-firing.

The targets are realistic dummies moved by wires or running on rails. There are wooden cavalry, bobbing "heads and shoulders," armoured trains, and wooden batteries of guns quite vividly served. Tommy enjoys this work, and hopes he will one day equal Sergeant Lloyd's record—eleven rounds in thirty seconds with eleven hits.

Our recruit is getting on. He soon thinks for himself, he judges distance well on smooth and rolling ground. At eighty yards he sees a man's eyes, at one hundred and fifty the buttons of his tunic. At four hundred yards the face becomes a dot, but leg and arm movements are still seen. At one thousand yards a line of men is a mere belt, yet the trend of their march is noticeable. And so on. It is no insular boast, no partial praise, but the sober fact that Atkins is the best-trained shot in Europe. His instructors frown upon reckless firing, like that of the Russians, for instance, at Liao Yang, where one regiment shot off a million and a quarter rounds, until their stocks were charred and bayonets so distorted with the heat as to be almost useless.

As to artillery, we train our gunners at Okehampton, and give each battery six hundred shells for a fortnight's practice, which means a trifle of £750 gone up in smoke! The "fourth arm," as the aerial service is now called, guides the gun, which by this aid searches the trenches in a systematic way with shrapnel or even lyddite shell of enormous power.

At Okehampton the three artilleries are trained—Field, Garrison, and Horse, the latter a very dashing branch that gallops into action to support cavalry. A battery consists of six guns, each drawn by six horses, and the cost of such a unit is about £5,000. The shrapnel fired is a big egg of forged steel with an explosive charge in the base which blows off the head and scatters one hundred and sixty bullets. Shot with a time-fuse, this fearful missile rains its shower down, but with a percussion-fuse it lands in a group of men, to explode upward and outward with awful effect.

Photo by] [*Record Press.*

AN ARMOURED MOTOR.

The Germans, by the way, have tried many ways of baffling or deadening the fall of shrapnel shell. Before their Belgian trenches they laid tons of wire coils specially brought from Hamburg. This was said to prevent explosion, or, at any rate, keep down the flying fragments which have so wide and deadly a radius. "For man-killing," says Colonel W. Hope, V.C.—himself a chemist, inventor, and scientist—"what we want is

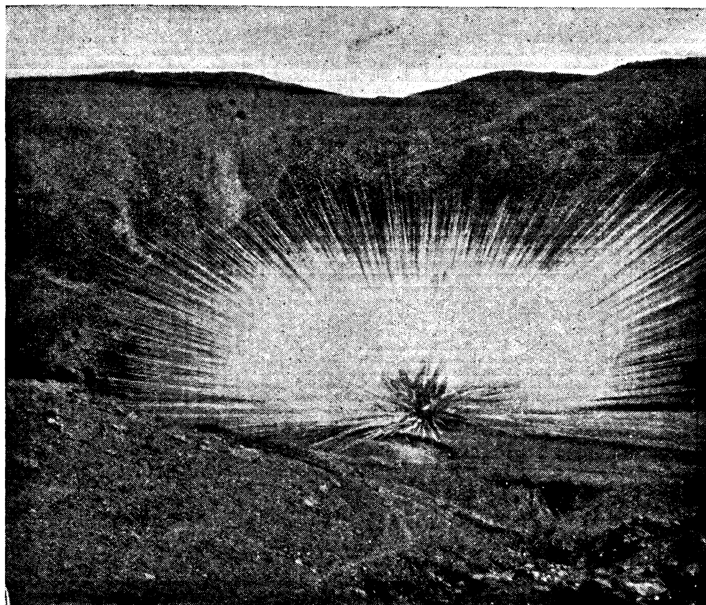

Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

AN EARTH MINE EXPLODING.

advice, "then click on your bayonets. Should these break, up with your butts. After that a knife—your feet—aye, and the teeth that rend, the fingers of unrelaxing strangulation." This is the spirit for which the professional hungers, the spirit which the citizen hopes will pass with the Great War.

"Disarmament?" echoes the harassed soldier. "Away with your silly tales of sheep and wolves in the same fold! When did a proud people agree to lose in a court what it could gain by the sword? Tut, tut, man! Read history and review engines of slaughter, from the stone axe and ham-stringer to scythed chariots and elephants indorsed with towers. Killed and maimed? Why, certainly. But not even Gravelotte's bloody field of twenty-six thousand equals Germany's industrial casualties in a year.

the maximum attainable concentration of bullets and shell-splinters the moment the shell bursts." This is the soldier's voice, the professional view.

"Six volleys, men," was Dragomirov's

Photo by] [*Cribb, Southsea.*

EXPLOSION OF A LAND MINE.

Man's a combative beast; cross him, and the trumpet rings to war. Look at his record. It's offence and defence all through, from the palisaded village by the lake to the ring fortresses of Vauban and Brielmont."

Here I may touch upon the military engineer, a man of many devices, the army scientist in the strictest sense of the term. He, too, has a school of his own at Chatham, where, as a novice, he sits on a sanded floor and plays sinister games with child-like zest. He builds toy redoubts and batteries, he defends villages with wire entanglements which may deal death at a touch. For our engineer is also an electrician. His field-work course deals with trenches and guns upon the foe. The attack and defence of positions, ports, and forts, are planned by the military engineer. He surveys and maps, and collates intelligence. He looks after the army's water, for typhoid can be more deadly than any fire. He is chemist, too, and photographer, a scholar and a mathematician, with a sound knowledge of military history, strategy, and tactics, modern languages and international law. Earl Kitchener and General Joffre belong to this branch of the Service, which offers supreme scope for capacity, hard work, and the finely concentrated mind. Even the humble sapper is something of a scientist—an electrician, perhaps, a layer of

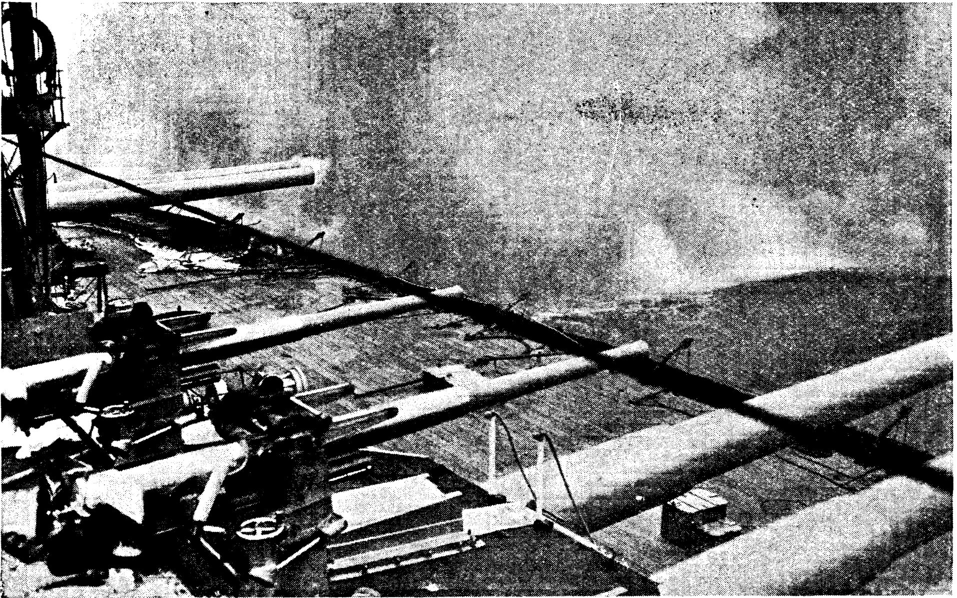

Photo by] [*Cribb, Southsea.*

A DREADNOUGHT GOING INTO ACTION, RAILS DOWN AND ALL MOVABLE GEAR CLEARED AWAY.

earthworks, with "fougasses" or land-mines, pits strewn with canisters of gun-cotton and filled in with scrap iron, stones, and soil—a man-trap of the most dreadful kind. One touch of a button, and a whole regiment is blown into eternity, and its remains identified only by such linen tags as the Japanese sewed upon their men before Port Arthur.

The engineer is also architect, bridge-builder and destroyer. He has to do with rafts and pontoons, with railways, field-telegraphs, searchlights, and military obstacles. He can build or demolish as occasion calls. Whole streets and factories were blown up in Paris to give free play to the fire of defensive harbour mines, and a wizard with the pick and shovel.

So by sea and land we have offence and defence in oscillation; drowsily enough, in certain epochs, but quickening to fever when arrogance and tyranny menace the world's peace. Suddenly the guns go off, the social order goes down in horrors revolting to read of in cold blood, although reacting callously upon the men engaged.

"There's no visible enemy," says Captain Soloviev, of the Siberian Rifles, "and at first our fellows were strangely irresolute and insecure. They fired rapidly, nervously. But this phase passed: they became amazingly simple and everyday in their demeanour, even

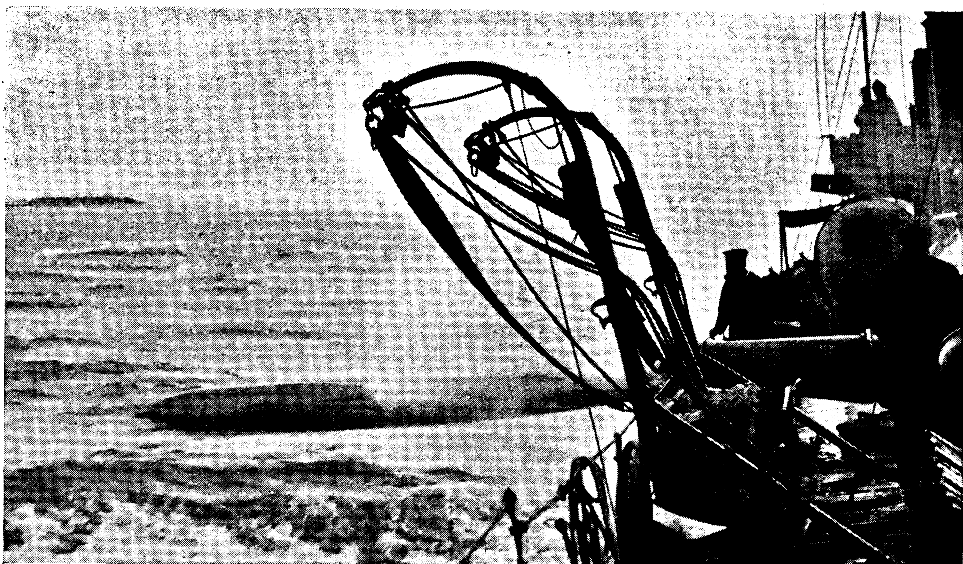

Photo by] [*Gale & Polden.*

FIRING A TORPEDO FROM A TORPEDO-BOAT.

playing marbles in the trench with bullets from shrapnel shell!" This acceptance, this indifference to war's terror, is universal, else war could not be waged at all.

And the scale of the slaughter! After a recent battle, 62,000 German discs were found in sacks, and each disc was a human life. In the last Franco-Prussian conflict, 200,000 men were slain, in the Far East over half a million, and 700,000 in the American Civil War.

And at sea, whether they would or not, the nations have had to lay down giant ships of brief life and stupendous cost—two millions each, indeed—and clothed with armour rare enough to rank among the

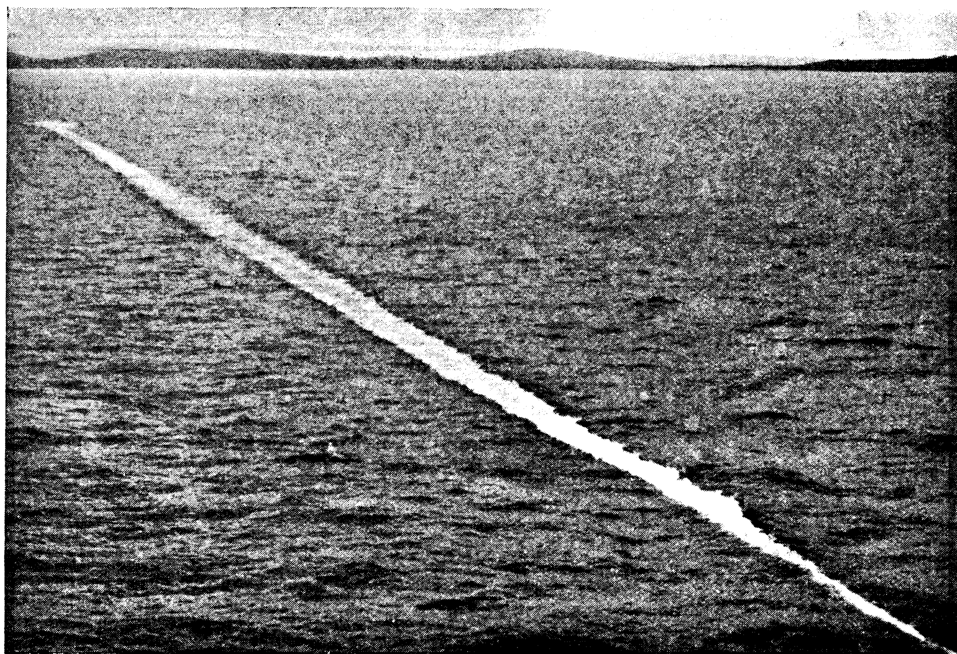

Photo by] [*Cribb, Southsea.*

THE TRACK OF A TORPEDO FIRED FROM A SUBMARINE.

precious metals. Mere gun platforms, we may call them, with the speed of a train and the volcano's own power.

Let them fire a broadside, and a fortune goes up in smoke, though nothing but the water be hit. Now and then they need a realistic target, an outworn sister of their own, with her doomed hull marked out in squares and a crew of dummy seamen aboard, mute witness to the havoc of the guns. We offered the old *Belleisle* in this way, and the French gave their *Bayonnaise* to the torpedoes. These object-lessons are very costly, if also very necessary. To reduce the *Belleisle* to ruin cost £200 a minute, but our recent battering of the *Hero* was so huge a thing that questions were raised about it in Parliament. When new, this vessel was worth £450,000; even her scrap-heap price touched £50,000.

No such weapon exists as the wire-wound naval gun of the capital ship, with its shrunk-on hoops of steel, which resist an explosion of inconceivable force. The battle-cruiser *Lion* throws a 1250 lb. shell that will pierce 22 inches of iron at 5000 yards. Single-handed she could engage and sink the entire British Fleet reviewed by Queen Victoria fifty years ago—our first steam navy which contained our first ironclad, the old *Warrior*, with her 5-inch belt backed with 18 inches of teak. From that day forth began the duel between gun and armour plate, with the gun always just ahead, as we also see on land. Witness the great forts of Namur, which simply collapsed before the new 16-inch howitzers of Krupp.

To the novel *Warrior* the artillerist replied with the Palliser shot of chilled and pointed iron. And so he won—for a time. In 1879 came the "compound plate," with its face of welded steel and its wrought-iron backing. This turned and broke up the Palliser shot, but was presently pierced by a new shell of high carbon-forged steel. Warship armour thickened to 22 inches and halted there, owing to the enormous weight of such a covering.

Photo by] [*Cribb, Southsea.*

INSPECTING ARMOUR PLATE THAT HAS BEEN TESTED BY PROJECTILES.

The baffled plate-man now brought out the Harvey process, which Krupp still further improved. Armour was soon less thick and had a surface uncuttable as faceted diamond. Thus the 9-inch belt on the vitals of the *Lion* equals 27 inches of wrought iron. Meanwhile the gun had gone ahead still further, thanks to Sir William Armstrong and Professor Abel, with his slow-burning powders and nitro-cellulose compounds, of which each nation has its own kind.

All this vieing is, of course, enormously costly. To lay down a plant for armour plate of a new type may involve an outlay of £400,000, and is not available for any ordinary industry. And, like all things connected with slaughter's science, the process passes out of date; the plant must be scrapped as its produce is scrapped, and the ship that carries it also. In Sheffield and Liège, in Essen and Newcastle, to name but a few centres, one sees the stupendous forges that turn out engines of military offence and defence. And there are vast proving-grounds where these costly things are tested before officers whose business it is to see that their governments get full "value for their money" in man-killing or protection.

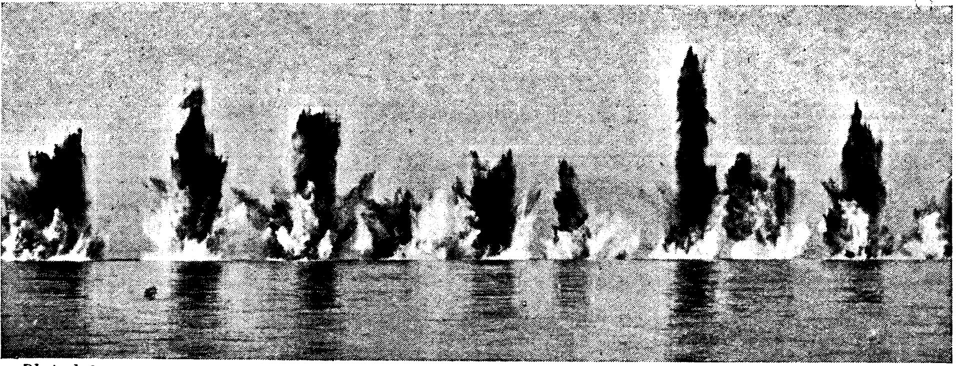

Photo by] [*Sport & General.*

SUBMARINE COUNTER-MINE EXPLOSIONS.

The test of a new armour plate may cost £2,000, and upon such a patch of steel the fate of nations may depend. It is no secret that France would have warred with us over the Fashoda affair but for secret tests made against an 11-inch British plate with French and Russian guns whose velocity was lowered to get a range of 4000 yards. The most powerful of these weapons failed to make a breach, and Britain had her own way—her capital ships went unmolested.

The mission of these, be it said here, is not to wait, but to seek out and destroy in war. Therefore the battleship has many enemies, of which the most dreaded is that mobile mine, the torpedo. To launch this weapon, as everybody knows, special vessels were invented, and other vessels designed to prey upon these and destroy them. Now, the torpedo is at once the most delicate and destructive missile which this peculiar science has devised. It is a cigar-shaped envelope of steel filled with elaborate mechanism and compressed air. A gyroscope controls it, and in the war-head is a detonating cap which sets off a charge of 200 lb. of gun-cotton.

Here is a risk with a profound influence upon naval construction. How is the torpedo to be kept from striking the hull? Or, if struck, how divide that hull so as to make it

Photo by] [*Gale & Polden.*

THE POSITION IN WHICH SUBMARINE MINES ARE FIXED.

unsinkable? The missile is let slip from a tube, and takes the water like a live thing, with propellers in swift revolution. It can be set so as to travel at a given depth and at any desired speed. Each costs over £1,000, and at practice the torpedo comes to the surface, showing smoke by means of calcium phosphide, thus enabling it to be picked up. Axel Orling, the Swede, is producing a torpedo to be steered with rays of light—a thing to follow its prey like a trained hound, and come back to heel when baulked, or outmanœuvred.

Of all the ingenious types of warships —offensive, defensive, and reparative—there is little space to tell — of the submarine flotilla and its "parent," of mine-sowing cruisers like the *Naiad* and *Iphigenia*, and that floating foundry the *Cyclops*, with its strange array of chimneys, its huge electric motors and cranes, and a trained crew of 350 non-combatants, mainly artificers of all grades, able to replace the "lame duck" in the battle line, provided her injuries are not too serious.

One is here reminded of the naval diver, that patcher of warships whom every warship carries. He can do a day's work deep in the sea's heart, repairing the havoc wrought, placing collision mats, clearing the propeller-blades of floating *débris*, or cleaning the ship's hull—a process which may add a couple of knots to her speed and make all the difference between salvation and destruction. These divers are trained in a tank school at Portsmouth, and very weird the pupil looks in his rubber suit and monstrous copper helmet with its life-lines and air-tubes, telephone and electric lamps.

But naval warfare, vast as its ramifications are, always comes back to the gun and its swift concentrated devastation in the first few minutes of fight. Our seamen-gunners learn their work at Whale Island, in Portsmouth Harbour, which is known, by a curious fiction, as H.M.S. *Excellent*.

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

A NEW QUICK-FIRING GUN ON A FARMAN BIPLANE.

The school term at Whale Island is a highly technical course, to which may be added navigation, torpedoes, ammunition and explosives, as well as electricity and hydraulics. We can build a giant ship in two years, but it takes three times as long to produce a first-class naval gunner. No wonder, then, that we hide him when battle begins. We wall him in steel towers, and there is not a man to be seen as the Dreadnought ploughs into action at two-and-twenty knots. She is a mass of machinery—steam, hydraulic, and electric, great and small, fine and gross. But the man actuates all, the man is still behind the gun, though its processes are mainly mechanical, and accurate

beyond the fancy of any romancer who ever wrote of war by sea or land.

The new captain is really the gunnery officer perched in the fire-control one hundred and thirty feet above the vengeful roar—a cool scientist surrounded by the most marvellous instruments of precision which man ever conceived. There are stereoscopic telescopes, range and deflection-finders, and a whole system of electric wires down the mighty tripod legs of the new mast. These wires move dials before the watching eyes of gun-layers and sight-setters, whose ears are plugged with wool and clay to protect them from total deafness when the monsters begin to bark.

Far aloft, in the fire-control, the officer watches the flight and fall of shells, and corrects from time to time any optical errors of his instruments. A wonderful clock at his side tells him the range from second to second. It is all very frigid, a matter of science—poles apart from the more human fighting of Nelson's day, when the guns of that "band of brothers" could singe an enemy's timbers or set them ablaze. At Trafalgar they glided to action at three knots, and five hundred yards was far fighting indeed. Now it may be ten miles!

And in the heated casement an awful silence reigns between mighty crash and crash, save for the clang of breech-blocks that weigh a ton, and the fateful tick of indicators, the sharp call of electric bells that say "Now!" to unimaginable might. Eight miles of steel wire are wound round the chamber of the gun to resist a shock that would lift 48,000 tons. And the shell, one of 850 lb., leaves the muzzle at 4000 feet a second—it would reach the moon in five days! Of wrought iron it could pierce 44 inches. That shell will rise higher than Mont Blanc's crest and drop fifteen miles off upon an enemy's ship, slipping through the sea in fancied security at twenty knots.

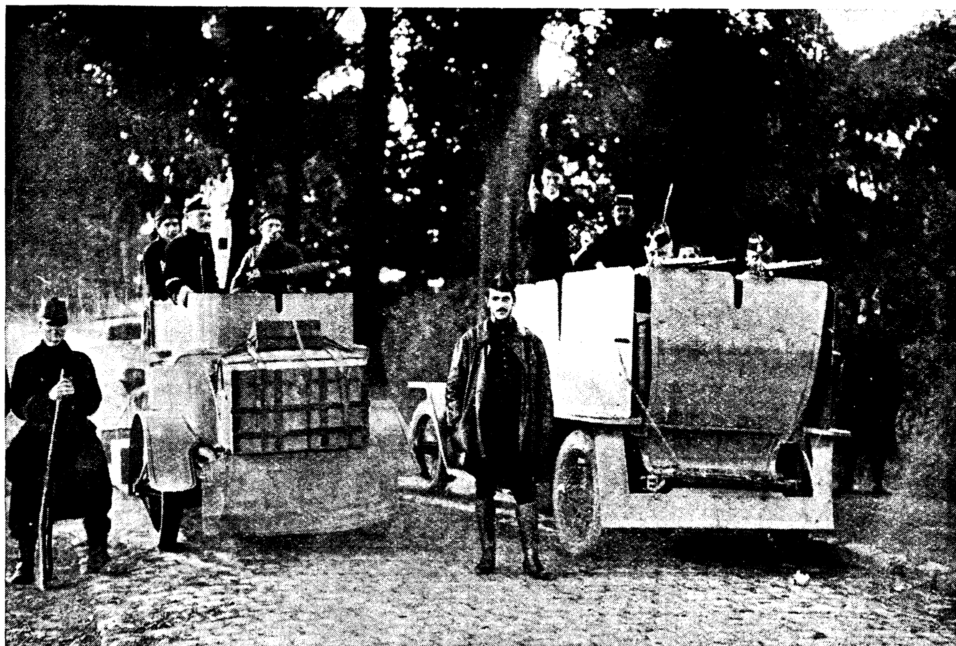

Photo by] Mitrailleuse. Sharpshooters. [*Farringdon Co.*

BELGIAN MOTOR-CARS ADAPTED FOR WAR.

Can the science of slaughter go farther than this? And the cost of it to all the nations! At top speed the capital ship vomits smoke worth £5,000 a minute. All is mechanical, but the man is the brain of all. To-day our seamen-gunners are no groggy dare-devils, but keen, quiet men with nerves of steel and trained imaginations under perfect control.

"War," said Von Moltke, "is the natural state of man." The pensive citizen hopes not, and turns the page of history in awsome

doubt. He knows now how the nations have been whipped into this "science," how fine minds have long worked in secret with government moneys, visited now and then by confidential agents of the Christian Powers.

"Is it finished?" the thinker is asked. "That autosight of yours, that plan for leaving bridges intact, but so mined that the passage of unsuspecting troops will depress the bridge and touch a wire that will blow them all sky-high? Or that new rifle with a machine gun's power—the 'devil's spout,' with a flat trajectory and velocity of a mile a second?

"That model water-plane, or that new aerial which drops a sheaf of steel arrows from a height of 1500 feet and spreads them mechanically over an area of 200 yards, transfixing every living thing?" Murder from the starlit skies, murder upon earth along a battle front of 200 miles, vengeful murder on the sea and even underneath it—can this man-killing go farther? Our scientists laugh at the question.

"We've only begun," they'll tell you with appalling zest. "*We'll make war impossible at last!* It'll be too refined, altogether too horrible for the world to face. So we're on the pacific road, after all!" They tell of future battleships of fifty thousand tons, wallowing monsters of low freeboard and a speed of fifty knots; little or no top hamper, no funnels, but a bridge for navigation and a fire-control station with sixteen enormous guns below it. They will outclass our best to-day, as these outclass Collingwood's, or as the nitro-compounds outclass gunpowder as a propellant. We hear of armoured cars that will take the place of horses. And the horse, too, is trained at Aldershot, at Saumur, and Ypres. He must leap and climb, he must stand still under fire, and lie prone as a protection to his rider, who fires from behind this living screen. And the cavalry horse must also swim when bridges are destroyed. Out of eighty thousand horses, Napoleon lost sixty-five thousand in six months in his campaign across the Niemen.

To the ambulance dog and the carrier pigeon I can give but the briefest mention. These, too, are impressed into war and their instincts harnessed to the terrible science here described. Compressed foods will lighten the work of commissariat convoys in the field. We hear of soundless guns projected, and to be fed with endless belts of ammunition; of new explosives surpassing in violence cordite, lyddite, or melinite, the present pride of our professors of ballistics.

We have hints of fortress-pieces controlled by wireless from afar, of winged torpedoes, and shells full of poisonous gas and smoke, which are to search trenches more effectively than any shrapnel can do. There is talk of land battleships—great tortoise-backed cupola cars armed with guns able to blow a city out of their path. Is it any wonder that the Russian Czar was shocked and called a conference of peace at The Hague?

Alas, it sounds like mockery to recall that Palace in the Wood where the first conference was held, and smooth views were passed back and forth for decency's sake. We have seen man-killing on the universal scale, and France alone with seven hundred thousand men ready to replace casualties in the firing line. The world-war must be fought out to the end at a cost of blood and treasure so enormous that the mere line of ciphers in pounds sterling would convey but the vaguest meaning.

For money is all-powerful in war. "We have won before with the silver bullets," our Chancellor said. "We financed Europe in the greatest war we ever fought." And that way, by the process of wearing down, comes peace—the final "Cease-fire," and a *Kritik* with stern civilisation as umpire, guided, after all, by

> . . . a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

THE WHITE HORSES
BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

ILLUSTRATED BY A J GOUGH

XII. THE YOREDALE AUTUMN-TIDE

IT was no usual comradeship that held between the Royalists who gathered in one company after Marston Moor was lost to the King. They travelled through vile roads —roads broken up by incessant rains—and camped wherever they found a patch of drier ground for the night's sleep. But never for a moment did they lose the glamour that attached to the person of King Charles. Like a beacon-light, the thought of the half-vanquished Stuart went steadily in front of them. Their strength lay in this—that, whether death or life arrived, they knew the venture well worth while.

The life had a strange savour of its own. The Nappa Squire, the late Governor of Knaresborough and its officers, Lady Ingilby —all had known the weight of harsh responsibility so long as the King's cause was alive in the North. The cause was dead now. There was no need to be at strain, sleeping or waking, with the sense that it rested with each of them to keep the monarchy secure. There was asked of them only a haphazard and stimulating warfare, of the sort dear to all hillmen.

Scarborough Castle fell, and when the news was brought—they were dining at the moment in a wooded dell between Beamsley and Langbar—the Governor lifted his hat with pleasant gravity.

"God rest the gentlemen of Scarborough. They have earned their holiday, as we have."

Michael was busy with the stew-pot, hanging gipsy-wise on three sticks above a fire of gorse and fir-cones. "It's hey for Skipton-in-Craven," he said, with a cheery smile. "I aye liked the comely town, and now the King will know that she was the last in all the North to stand for him."

"Maybe Skipton has fallen, too, by this time," chided the Squire. "You were always one for dreams, Michael."

Michael was silent till the meal was ended. Then he mowed a swath of thistles with his sword, and brought the spoil to Elizabeth, tethered to a neighbouring tree. She brayed at him with extreme tenderness.

"Now that we're well victualled, friends," he said lazily, "who comes with me to hear how it fares with Skipton?"

The Governor did not like the venture— the hazard of it seemed too great—but Squire Metcalfe did.

"How d'ye hold together at all, Michael?" roared the Squire. "So much folly and such common-sense to one man's body—it must be a civil war within yourself."

Michael glanced at Joan Grant with an instinct of which he repented instantly. "It is, sir. Since I was born into this unhappy world, there has been civil war inside me. I need an outlet now."

"You shall have it, lad."

"And you call this common-sense?" asked the Governor, with good-tempered irony.

"Ay, of the Yoredale sort. A blow or two in Skipton High Street—who knows what heart it might give the garrison."

"I must remind you that we have women-folk to guard, and our wounded."

"But, sir, this is a Metcalfe riding, all like the olden time. We never meant your Knaresborough men to share it."

Yet some of the Knaresborough men would not be denied; and the Governor, as

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he saw the sixty horsemen ride over and down to Beamsley-by-the-Wharfe, wished that his private conscience would let him journey with them. He stood watching the hill-crest long after they had disappeared, and started when a hand was laid gently on his arm.

"It is hard to stay?" asked Lady Ingilby.

"By your leave, yes. Why should these big Metcalfes have all the frolic?"

"Ah, frolic! As if there were naught in this life but gallop, and cut and thrust, and—sir, is there no glory in staying here to guard the weak?"

The Governor was in evil mood. He had seen the King's cause go, had seen Knaresborough succumb, had watched the steadfast loyalty of a lifetime drift down the stream of circumstance like a straw in a headlong current.

"Lady Ingilby," he said wearily, "there is no longer any glory anywhere. It has gone from the land."

"It is here among us. Till we were broken folk, I did not know our strength. None but the Stuart, friend, could have kept us in such friendliness and constancy. Oh, I know! I saw you glance round for your horse when the Metcalfes went—saw your struggle fought out, sir—and, believe me, you were kind to stay."

They finished their interrupted meal at leisure; and it was not till about four of the clock that Miss Bingham, who had strayed afield to pick a bunch of valley lilies, came running back to camp. The two men in pursuit blundered headlong into the enemy before they saw their peril, and they found scant shrift.

Miss Bingham, thoroughbred beneath her whimsies, halted a moment to regain her courage. "These are but outposts, sir," she said. "From the hill-top I could see a whole company of Roundheads."

"Their number," asked the Governor—"and mounted?"

"More than our own, I think, on foot."

"And half of us wounded. Come, gentlemen, there's no time to waste."

His weariness was gone. Alert, masterful, almost happy, he bade the women get further down the hill, out of harm's way. He gave his men their stations—little knots of them cowering under clumps of gorse and broom—until the land seemed empty of all human occupation. Only Elizabeth, the wayward ass, lifted up her voice from time to time, after finishing the last of the thistles Michael had given her. And suddenly, as they waited, the Governor let a sharp oath escape him.

"This comes of letting women share a fight. In the name of reason, why is Miss Bingham running up the hill again?"

They peered over the gorse, saw the tall, lithe figure halt, clearly limned against the skyline. They heard her voice, pitiful and pleading.

"Parliament men, I am alone and friendless. Will you aid me?"

A steel-capped Roundhead showed above the hill-crest. "There are plenty to aid such a comely lass as thee," he said, his rough Otley burr cutting the summer's silence like a blunt-edged knife.

"Then follow quickly."

The Governor laughed gently as he watched Miss Bingham turn and race down the hill. "A rare plucked one, she," he muttered, "kin to Jael, I fancy, wife of Heber the Kenite."

She passed close by him on her breathless run down hill and joined the women-folk below. And the next moment the red havoc of it began. The Roundheads saw their leader race forward, thought the enemy close in front, and followed in close order. Down the slope they poured, and every clump of gorse spat out at them with a red and murderous fire. Then the Knaresborough men were up and into them, and when their leader got back to Otley with the remnants of his men, he protested that "he'd fancied, like, they'd ta'en all the hornets' nests i' Yorkshire, but some few thrifty wasps were breeding still."

"Why do you laugh?" said Lady Ingilby, when the Governor came down to tell her all was well.

"Because luck is as skew-tempered as the jackass braying yonder. Have the Metcalfes had such frolic out at Skipton, think ye? And I was keen to ride with them. Miss Bingham, I owe you reparation. When I saw you move up the hill yonder, I cursed you for a woman."

"That was unwise, sir. As well curse Elizabeth because she is a donkey, and yearns for absent friends; or the jack-snipe, because his flight is slanting; or any of us who are made as we are made."

"We thought you light of heart, child, in the old days at Knaresborough. Yet none of us could have planned a neater ambush."

"It was my old pastime, after all. How often have you chided me for luring men into folly? Oh, what wise and solemn

discourses you have given me, sir, on the unwisdom of it!"

"There was wisdom in it this time. But for the ambush, we could not have faced the odds."

For the next hour she busied herself with bandaging the men's hurts; then, with a restlessness that had been growing on her since the Metcalfes went, she climbed the hill again. Only Blake saw her go. Unrest had been his comrade, too, since he found himself sharing this odd gipsy life with the woman he asked least to meet on this side or the other of the grave.

He followed with reluctance and a smile at his own folly. She was standing on the hill-crest, one hand shading her eyes, as if she looked for someone to arrive.

"Does he come, Miss Bingham?" asked Blake.

She turned with a fury that died away and left her helpless. There was derision, heart-ache, pity, in Blake's mobile face.

"Is all forgot, then, Mr. Blake? There was a time in Knaresborough, at the ferry-steps, when you thought kindly of me."

"There was. I ask you for some explanation of the madness. To my shame, the memory came and weakened me years after—when I found myself in Oxford, to be precise, and heard the nightingales. Answer the riddle. How can a thing so slight and empty hinder a grown man?"

"You're bitter, unforgiving."

"Neither. I've ridden too many evil roads to remember bitterness. It is simply that I'm tired and filled with wonder. Tell me why Oxford and the nightingales opened an old wound afresh."

"It goes back to Eve's days, I think," murmured Miss Bingham.

Demureness, coquetry, the hint of tears and laughter in her eyes—all should have disarmed Blake.

"Ay, find other shoulders for the blame," he said impassively.

"As Adam did."

Again the easy insolence failed her at need. She was aware that no nimbleness of tongue could help her now. Blake stood there like some judge whose bias against the prisoner at the bar was hardening.

"After all, you owe me gratitude," she went on hurriedly. "If it had not been that I'm fickle—oh, I admit as much—you would not stand where you stand now. I remember you so well—gay, easy-going, with a tongue that made one half believe your flattery. And now? You're Blake the rider—little Blake—Blake who never tires. I see men lift their heads when your name is mentioned, and hear their praise. Did I do so ill at Knaresborough, to set you on the road?"

"You broke my heart. If that was to do well—why, my thanks, Miss Bingham."

It was then, for the first time, that knowledge came to her, as if a veil were lifted. She saw the years behind. Vanity, pride of conquest, zest in the hunting for hunting's sake—these had been her luxuries. She had not guessed that the sport might cripple men for life.

"Why do you tell me this—you who are so proud and reticent?"

"Not for my pleasure," he answered drily. "There's a lad of the Metcalfes I have a liking for. I would save him from my sort of fate, if that could be."

He could not understand the change in her. She was fierce, vindictive. Through the velvet dalliance of her life the claws flashed out. Then, in a moment, she repented. Her voice grew smooth and insolent again.

"Oh, Puritan, because you have forgotten how to play, you would put all light-hearted folk into prison. Sir, by your leave, I wait here till one Christopher Metcalfe returns from Skipton town. I wish him very well."

"Then Heaven help him, madam!" said Blake, and went down the hill in search of better cheer.

The Metcalfes long ago had come to Embsay, and up the further hill that gave them a clear view of Skipton. The long, grey church, the Castle's sturdy front, the beautiful, wide street, rich in the summer's greenery that bordered it, lay spread before them in the golden sunlight. The market-square was packed with men, and the hubbub of the crowd came up the rise.

The Squire of Nappa had called a halt because their horses needed a breathing-space before they put their project into action. More than once, during the ride out, they had laughed at the humour of their plan, though most men would have been thinking of the extreme hazard. They proposed, in fact, to get behind the Roundheads' position on Cock Hill, to charge them unexpectedly from the rear, and to capture their cannonry by sheer speed of onset.

"It will be a tale to set the whole North in a roar," said the Squire. "And the Royalists up hereabout, God knows, have need of laughter these days."

"Ay, but look yonder, sir," put in Christopher gravely.

The Squire followed the direction of his hand. In the sunlit market-square they saw Mallory, the Governor, ride over the lowered drawbridge. After him came the gentry and the ladies of the garrison, then soldiery on foot; and, last of all, the stable-boys and cooks and scullions, who had ministered for two long years to the needs of those besieged.

Mallory was erect and buoyant. Standards waved in the merry breeze, their colours glowing in the sunlight.

"What does it mean?" asked Christopher. "It is no sortie; yet they ride with heads up, as if life went very well with them."

The old Squire passed a hand across his eyes. Feeling ran deep with him at all times; and now it was as if he looked years ahead and saw the King himself go out in just this fashion, proud, resolute, content with the day's necessary work.

"It means, my lad," he said roughly, "that Skipton-in-Craven has yielded at long last. But she goes out with the full honours of war, and she can boast till the Trump o' Doom that she was the last in Yorkshire to stand for the King's Majesty."

They rode a little nearer to the town. And now they could see that the crowd thronging the High Street was made up of Parliament men, who moved to one side and the other, clearing a route for the outgoing garrison. They saw Lambert ride forward, salute Sir John Mallory with grave punctilio—heard Mallory's voice come lightly on the wind, as if he exchanged a jest—and then the long procession passed, with banners flying, and the tale of Skipton's siege was ended.

"Best turn about, Metcalfes," growled the Squire. "We can do nothing here. There'll be the women wanting us out Beamsley way, and Michael has his donkey to attend to."

"True," assented Michael. "All's gone—Marston, York, Skipton—but Elizabeth is with us still. There's many a kick left in li'le Elizabeth."

So—with laughter, lest they cried—the Metcalfe men took route again for Beamsley. And the Squire rode far ahead, with a stormy grief and a sense of utter desolation for companions.

Kit, seeing his father's trouble, was minded to spur forward and help him in his need; but Michael checked him.

"He has the black dog on his shoulders. Best leave him to it."

"Why, yes. That is the Metcalfe way. I had forgotten, Michael."

When they neared the hill that was the last of their climb, up and over into Beamsley, they saw the slim figure of a woman, tall against the sky; and, as they came nearer still, Michael—whose sight was like a hawk's—told them that Miss Bingham was waiting there to bring them back.

"Kind and sonsy, she," laughed one of the late garrison at Knaresborough.

"You will unsay that, sir," said Christopher.

"There's nothing to unsay. Kind and sonsy—daft hot-head, you might say that of your own mother."

"In a different tone. You will unsay it."

"And why? We Knaresborough men seldom unsay anything, until our windpipes are cut clean in two."

"There's for a good Irishman!" said Michael, putting his bulk between the combatants. "He'll talk, says he, when his windpipe is in two. They could not better that in Tipperary."

So the quarrel was blown abroad by the laughter of their fellows; but Michael, as they jogged up the hill, grew dour and silent. Kit's sudden heat astonished him. He had not guessed that the lad's regard for Miss Bingham went deeper than the splash of a pebble in a summer's pool.

When they reached the hill-top, a fresh surprise awaited him. Miss Bingham was standing there, with pale, drawn face; her eyes searched eagerly for one only of the company, and disdained the rest.

Michael could not believe it. Her easy handling of the world she knew by heart—the levity that cloaked all feeling—were gone. She put a hand on Kit's bridle-arm as he rode up, and forgot, it seemed, that many folk were looking on.

"You are wounded. No? Then how fares it out at Skipton?"

The old Squire had seen the drift of things with an eye as keen as Michael's; and in his present mood he was intolerant of women and all gentler matters. "It has sped bonnily," he snapped. "Skipton has gone down-stream with the flood, Miss Bingham, and there's no more to do, save tend women's vapours and feed Michael's jackass."

She smiled pleasantly at this man in evil mood. "Sir, that is not like you. If your courtesy towards women has gone, too, then chivalry is ended for all time."

The Metcalfes waited for the Squire's rejoinder. None guessed how the rebuke

"Her eyes searched eagerly for one only of the company, and disdained the rest."

would take him ; but all knew how deep he was wading in the chill bog of adversity. They saw him lift his head in fury, saw him relent with hardship.

"Miss Bingham," he said, "there was a sorrow and a madness at my heart. You are right. If I forget courtesy toward women, I forget the wife who bred tall sons for me in Yoredale."

He went apart that night and took counsel of his God, on the high lands where the birds seemed to rise for matins almost as soon as evensong was ended. He came down again for early breakfast in the woodland camp, with all the grace of youth about him, in high spirits, ready for the day's surprises.

From that day forward, the first strangeness of their gipsy life grew to be familiar, usual. Little by little the Parliament soldiery went south or westward, to share in the attack on Royalist garrisons still unaffected by the disastrous news from Yorkshire; but the country was infested by roving bands of cut-purses and murderers—men who had hung on the skirts of civil war, ready to be King's men or Levellers, when they knew which side claimed the victory.

It was the exploits of these prowling rascals that set many a story going of the outrages committed by true Roundheads, who had no share in them ; but the Squire of Nappa was not concerned with public rumour or the judgment of generations to come after. His whole heart—all the untiring watchfulness that had made him a leader of picked cavalry—were centred on this new, appalling peril. Day by day the raff and jetsom of the country moved abroad in numbers that steadily increased. They were not dangerous in the open against the disciplined men of Knaresborough and Nappa ; but they asked for constant vigilance, as if the wolf-packs of old days had returned to haunt these moorland solitudes.

They were heading by short stages to Nappa ; for, as the Squire explained, there was room enough in house and outbuildings to house them all, and they might well hold it for the King, if the chance of war brought the tumult North again.

"A hard-bitten bulldog, you," said the Governor of Knaresborough.

"Ay, maybe. I guard my own, and there's a sort of bite about a Mecca when he's roused."

"There is, sir—a thrifty bite, they say."

Their route was hindered, not only by prowling vagabonds, but by the men who fell sick by the wayside, now that the stress of the big fight was ended, and they had leisure to take count of wounds. Miss Bingham went among the fallen, bandaging a wound here, giving a cup of water there, bringing constantly the gift she had of soothing sick men's fancies.

Once—it was when they camped on Outlaw Moss, and the gloaming found her nursing little Blake — the Governor and Squire Metcalfe halted as they made their round of the camp.

"So Blake has given in at last," said the Squire. "Pity he didn't learn that lesson years ago."

"That is true, sir," said Miss Bingham gravely. "With a broken heart, there's no shame in lying down by the wayside. He should have done it long since."

The Governor laughed, as if a child's fancy had intruded into the workaday routine. "The jest will serve, Miss Bingham. We know Blake, and, believe me, he never had a heart to be broken. Whipcord and sinew, he—rides till he drops, with no woman's mawkishness to hinder him."

"No mawkishness," she agreed. "I give you good-night, gentlemen. He needs me, if he is not to die before the dawn."

"Oh, again your pardon," said the Governor roughly. "You played in Knaresborough—you were always playing—and we thought you light."

"So I am, believe me, when men are able to take care of themselves. It is when they're weak that I grow foolish and a nurse."

Metcalfe and the Governor were silent as they went their round, until the Squire turned abruptly.

"My wife is like that," he said, as if he had captured some new truth, unguessed by the rest of a dull world. "Ay, and my mother, God rest her. Memories of cradle-days return to them when we are weak; they show their angel side."

"There's only one thing ails Miss Bingham —she's a woman to the core of her. Eh, Metcalfe, it must be troublesome to be a woman. I'd liefer take all my sins pick-a-back, and grumble forward under the weight, and be free of whimsies."

Through the short summer's night Miss Bingham tended Blake. She heard him talk of Knaresborough and the ferry-steps —always the ferry-steps. She learned all that she had seemed to him, and wondered how any man could view any woman through

such a pleasant mist of worship. Then she listened to the tale of his rude awakening, and winced as he spoke in delirium words that could never be forgotten. And then again they were watching Nidd River swirl beneath them, and he was busy with a lover's promises. When he slept at last, wearied by the speed of his own fancies, she sat watching him. A round, white moon had climbed over the edge of Outlaw Moss. She saw the lines of hardship in his face—lines bitten in by harsh weather of the world and of the soul.

"Poor Blake," she thought, "ah, poor li'le Blake!"

From the foolery that had been her life till now there came a gust of sickliness. Blake could not live till dawn. She would go afield while they were hiding him under the earth, would bring wild-flowers and strew them broadcast over his resting-place. She would pray tenderly at his graveside.

Already she half believed these pious exercises would recompense Blake for the loss of all he had cared for in this life. He would know that she was there, and look down on the fret and burden of his heart-break as a thing well worth the while. She would smother his dead grief with flowers and penitence.

It was Blake himself who disordered the well-planned poetry. He did not die at dawn. They waited three days on Outlaw Moss till they knew that he would live, and four days afterwards until his old laugh returned, and he could get his knees about a saddle. Then they went forward a stage on the slow journey out to Nappa.

Miss Bingham stood between the old world and the new; and that experience, for any man or woman's soul, is hazardous. She saw herself in true outline. As others gambled with gold and silver pieces, she had played with hearts. She had not known the value of the stakes; but now she understood. One by one, in memory's cold procession, she saw them pass—Blake, his young soul on fire with worship; Anstruther, who had persisted in throning her among the stars, and who was now, they said, no company for any gentry save those of wayside taverns. She hid her eyes. Spoiled, wayward, she resented the discipline of penance. Day by day she thought more of Christopher, and welcomed his sturdy self-reliance as a shield against her past.

Day by day, too, Joan Grant grew more silent, more aloof from the haphazard routine of their life among the hills. And the whole camp looked on, afraid for their idol, Christopher, afraid for Joan, great loathing for Miss Bingham growing in their midst.

Miss Bingham, well aware of the hostility, did not know whether her heart were hardened or softened by it. It was as if she stood in the thick of a northern March—sunshine on one side of the hedge, sleet and a bitter wind on the other. But there came a day when she carried her troubles to a little ferny glen hidden deep among the pastures and the heather. Their morning's route had brought them near to Hawes, the grey village that gathers the five spreading Yorkshire dales into its hand as a lady holds an open fan. The camp was busy, dining on odds and ends—mutton, cabbage, herbs, all pilfered and all stewing fragrantly in a pot reared gipsy-wise over a fire of wood—and Miss Bingham heard their laughter come up the breeze.

They had raided a barrel of home-brewed ale that morning, and were toasting Blake at the moment.

"Here's to li'le Blake, who never tires," said the Squire.

"Why should he?" put in Michael. "Women have never troubled him, I wager."

"At your age, youngster, to go flouting the good sex!" growled the Governor.

"Your pardon, sir. The sex has flouted me. I'm envying Blake because he had mother-wit to steer wide of trouble. Even Elizabeth, who dotes on me, is full of the most devilish caprices."

Kit grew impatient of it all. He was in no mood for the banter and light jests that eased the journey home to Nappa. There was a fever in his blood, a restlessness whose cause was known to every man in camp except himself. He sought some hiding-place, with the instinct of all wounded folk; and his glance fell on a wooded gorge that showed as a sanctuary set in the middle of a treeless land.

He came down the path between the honeysuckle and the flowering thorns. There was a splash of water down below, and he had in mind to bathe in some sequestered pool and wash away the heat and trouble of the times.

He found the pool, green with reflected leafage, deep and murmurous, and saw Miss Bingham seated at its brink. She turned with a smile of welcome.

"I knew that you would come, my Puritan. There is room beside me here. Sit and tell me—all that the waterfall is singing—the might-have-beens, the fret and burble of this

life—the never-ending wonder that men should die for their King when there are easier roads to follow."

"Ask the stream." Kit's laugh was unsteady, and his voice seemed to come from far away. "To die for the King—it may not be ease, but surely it is happiness."

"Talk to me. Tell me how he looked—the King—when you saw him there in Oxford. And Rupert? His name alone brings back the old Crusading days, before we grew tired of poetry."

She beguiled him into talk. She spun a web about him, fine as gossamer and strong as hempen rope. All the route south to Oxford—the return by way of Lathom House—the queer way of their entry into York—took on a new significance and glamour as she prompted him with eager, maidish questions.

"So you came to York as a Puritan? There would be no great disguise in that, as I have told you often. Ah, no wrath, I pray you! Women laugh at—at those they care for, lest they care too much."

Kit seemed to be in some poppyland of dreams. He had travelled that country once already in Miss Bingham's company—at the ferry-steps in Knaresborough. Then he had been weak of body, recovering slowly from a sickness she had nursed. Now he was hale and ruddy; but there is a weakness of great health, and this found him now. Gallop and trot over perilous roads, rude bivouacs by night, and rough-handed war by day—these had been his life since, long ago, he had left the yellowing Yoredale harvest. He was weary of the effort, now that it was over; and all the gardens he had known, all the ease and softness of summer skies, were gathered round this woman who shared the glen with him.

"And there was Marston," she said, breaking the silence.

"Ay, God knows there was Marston. Rupert, the Squire, and I—the three of us lying in a bean-field, listening to the wounded there in Wilstrop Wood—I can hear the uproar now."

"Ah, forget it! It is over and done with. You have earned your ease."

Kit believed it. The poppy-odours were about him, thick as the scent of flowering beans that had all but sent Rupert and himself to their last sleep at Marston. The strong, up-country gospel whispered at his ear that no man earns his ease this side the grave. He would not heed the whisper. It was good to be here with the lapping water, the smell of woodland growth, the woman who cast pleasant spells about him.

A great pity stirred in her, against her will. She grew aware of things beyond the dalliance of each day's affairs. Here, weak in her hands, was a man to be made or marred; and he seemed well on the way to lose all because she bade him. Compunction came to her. She was minded to laugh out of court this grave affair, and send him out, as she had done others, with great faith in her own instability.

Yet she was powerless. The war her men-folk had waged against the adversary—their simple faith in kingship threading all their days, of fight and drink and banter, with a golden skein—had touched the heart that had been cold till now. By his own strength he must win through this combat she had forced on him—or by his own weakness he must take her hand and lead her through the years that must for ever be made up of broken vows.

Kit got to his feet, paced up and down irresolutely. He was fighting for the kingship of his soul, and all the glen went dizzying by him. It was a simple matter that brought back the memory of ancient loyalty and faith—just the song of the water as it splashed down its ferny bed. He glanced sharply round, saw the fall of the stream, with sunlight and the glint of shadowed leafage on its ripples. He remembered just such a waterfall, just such a sheltered glen, away in Yoredale.

The poppy-sleep was on him still. Yoredale was far away, and Joan's tongue was barbed with nettle-stings these days. Better to take his ease, and have done with effort. He glanced again at the water splashing down its steep rock-face; and suddenly he stood at attention, as if the King confronted him. It might be his fancy; it might be some chance play of light and shade, made up of dancing water and leafage swaying in the summer's breeze; but the thing he saw was a sword, silver-bright—a big, two-handed sword with its hilt clean against the sky, and its point hidden in the pool below. He stood for a moment, bewildered. Then a great sob broke up the grief and hardship that had been his since Marston.

She followed the pointing of his finger, but saw nothing save water slipping down the cool rock-front. Then she glanced at his face, and saw that the days of her sorcery were ended.

A forlorn self-pity numbed her. If he

had broken faith with Joan Grant, she would have recompensed him—have been the tenderest wife in Christendom, because he had found her womanhood for her—had taught her heart to beat, instead of fluttering idly to every breeze that roamed.

"Sir, I hate you most devoutly," she said. "Get up to the wood again. I used to laugh at all good Puritans, and the memory would hurt me if you stayed."

Kit was never one to hide his light or darkness from a prying world. The whole camp had seen his madness, had marvelled at the change in him—his sudden tempers, his waywardness, his hot impatience for fight of some kind—with his fellows, or with any roaming band of enemies that chanced to cross their path. Now they wondered that he went among them with a new light about his face, a gaiety that was not so heedless as of old, but riper and more charitable.

"The Babe grows up," said Michael to the Squire, as they jogged forward over sultry roads.

"It will be a thrifty growth, lad. If I could say as much of thee, I'd be content."

"Oh, I'm past gibes, sir. Elizabeth, alone of you all—she understands me. We have long ears and long wits, she and I. Believe me, we are wise."

They came at last to their own country, and the Knaresborough men wondered why jest and high spirits ceased among the Riding Metcalfes. They did not guess how rooted in the homeland were the affections of these men who had gone abroad to play their part in the big issue of King and Parliament. They could not divine the mist of tenderness and yearning that veiled their eyes as they saw the slopes of Yoredale run to meet their eager gallop. Wounds, havoc of battlefields that had seen brave hopes lost, all were forgotten. They were back among the greening corn again.

The Squire lost courage, for the first time since the riding out, when he reached the gate of his own homestead and saw his wife run forward in answer to the rousing challenge of "A Mecca for the King!"

She came to his saddle, lifted up her face, as a bride might do for the nuptial kiss. She looked for Kit, the well-beloved, and for Michael. Then her glance ran to and fro among the company, seeking for remembered faces; and memory found many gaps. She faced her husband. There was accusation in her voice; for she had sat at home with weariness and fear and abnegation, and all her strength was gone.

"Where are the rest?" she asked.

"Serving the King, wife, wherever they be. I'll go warrant for a Metcalfe beyond the gates of this world."

With a coldness that dismayed them, she counted her living Metcalfes. "A hundred and twenty rode out. Fifty and two return. The sunshine hurts me."

"They did well—no man can do more."

Those looking on saw courage struggle through her weakness, and in their hearts they knew that warfare had shown nothing finer. "I—I shall pray that this bitterness may go from me. I shall hope to tell them—oh, a little later on—that it is good to die for the King's Majesty."

They saw her waver, saw the old, indomitable pride return.

"Metcalfes, well done—oh, well done. I am proud of my living—and my dead."

"God rest their souls, wife. They have harvested their corn."

As the weeks passed on, and grief and wounds alike were healing, a new unrest stole in and out among the men quartered in Nappa's hospitable house and outbuildings. They were idling here. If Marston Moor had killed the cause in the North, there was battle doing further south.

The Squire's wife watched it brewing, this new menace to all that was left of her happiness. She knew that it was idle to resist or to persuade. She had bred men-sons for the King's service, and must abide by it.

Joan Grant was younger to experience. First-love was hindering her vision of what her man must do before he came to his kingdom; and she quarrelled openly with Christopher, as they came home together through the gloaming August fields.

"So you are weary of me in a month?" she said, halting at the stile. "Ah, the pity of it! It was here—or have you forgotten?—that I bade you climb high if you would find my heart. And you climbed, and—and found it, and now you talk of battle—only of battle and the King."

All his world seemed to fail him—the will to ride out again until there was no more asked of him but to return and claim her—the certainty that she would be the first to give God-speed to his errand—all were drowned in this storm of tears and petulance that broke about him. Yet he remembered the sword that had stood, its point in the woodland stream, its hilt against the clear blue sky above. He did not waver this time, for his love was no beguilement, but a spur that urged him forward.

"I go," he said roughly.

"And if you lose me in the going?"

"Then I lose you—there's no choice."

She got down from the stile, rebellious, fitful as a gusty spring. It was only when they neared the homestead that she turned, her eyes bright and eager, and touched his hand. "I am glad—oh, I am glad!" she said.

Late that afternoon Miss Bingham and little Blake had gone for a moorland ride together. Blake had made a false recovery from his weakness, as soon as he learned that there was to be another riding out; had insisted that he must get his mare in trim again by daily rides. And Miss Bingham had insisted that his nurse went with him, lest he fell by the way.

In all her wide experience of men she had not met one so gay, so tranquil, so entirely master of what had been, of what was to come, as this little Irishman whose health had gone down the stream of high adventure. With a broken heart and a broken body, he thought only of the coming rides through lonely night-roads, of Meccas riding again for the King they served, of the dust and rain of circumstance. He remembered droll stories, flavoured by Irish wit and heedlessness. He fell, between whiles, into passionate hope of what was to come, when the King came to his own in the south country, by help of the Riding Metcalfes, and drove the rebels from the North. Then, with a gentleness that laughed at itself, he explained that it was good to have sat on the ferry-steps at Knaresborough.

"I lost—but the stakes were well worth winning. The Blakes were ever gamblers."

She had great skill in tending the wounded. In the man's face she read many signs of bodily weakness. His voice—his detachment from the gross affairs of life—told their own tale. But she did not look for it so soon.

At the gate of the farmstead, as he was opening it for her to pass through, Blake fell from the saddle, and tried to rise, and could not.

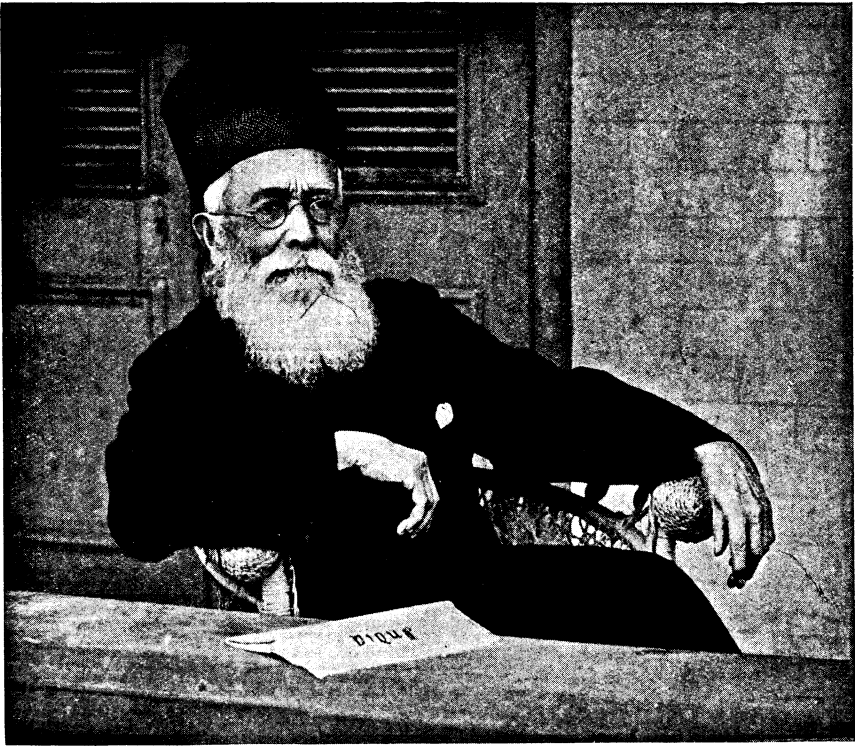
When Joan and Kit Metcalfe returned—it might be a half-hour later—they found Miss Bingham kneeling at the dead man's side. And her face, when she lifted it, was a woman's face—grave, charitable, tender with some forward hope.

"Here's little Blake," she said. "He rides very well, my friends."

BRIDGES.

THERE shall be bridges binding land and sea,
Bridges of living men;
Some shall be used well and most valiantly,
Some shall lead back again;
Some shall be crumbled underfoot, rebuilt
Sturdy and hard at length,
Blood fired to finer action and blood spilt
Knit in one bridge's strength;
Some shall stand guardian on a hostile sod,
Misdoubt their foe, and dread;
Some as the trackings of a fleeing god
Over wide places spread.
Bridges stretched farther than the stretching seas,
Linking the world's domain,
Bridges of springing faith and purgèd ease,
Bridges of living men;
War shall be stemmed and baulked and crushed; by these
Peace shall come home again.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



DADABHAI NAOROJI,

India's "Grand Old Man," now nearly ninety years old.

EDUCATED INDIA

AND HER AID TO THE EMPIRE

By SAINT NIHAL SINGH

WHILE the hearty manner in which the ruling Princes of India have come forward to the defence of the Empire has been received with enthusiasm in Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions, few people in these isles and in the outlying parts of the Empire have grasped the full significance of educated India's rally round the Union Jack.

Probably there is no better way to bring home to the average reader the immense importance of the educated classes of Hindustan sinking their political differences with the British-Indian Administration for the time being, and thereby enabling the whole Empire to present a united front to the enemy, than by considering that Germany would not have thrown down the gauntlet to Great Britain had she not felt certain that India's discontent would flare up into rebellion, just as she imagined that civil war in Ireland was imminent. The Teutons were so sure that India would revolt that numerous cartoons depicting the Dependency up in arms against Britain appeared in the German press. Impartial and responsible persons who have been able to get away from Prussia have brought the news that an Indian revolution was counted on in influential circles as a contingency which could be relied upon to embarrass Great Britain in fighting the Teutonic hordes.

That Germany should bank upon India's rebellion was only to be expected. For years the German press has given prominence to news paragraphs and special articles depicting, in a lurid light, India's discontent with British rule. It has been stated that educated

Indians were tired of the British yoke; that they hated their rulers because they monopolised all the paying posts in the Government, and kept the ruled from exercising any power over Indian finance or any other branch of the Administration; and that Indians who had passed through the Indian Universities, and especially those who had obtained higher education in Europe and America, chafed at being denied freedom of press and speech, and at being relentlessly pursued by the spies of the British-Indian

BAL GANGADHAR TILAK,
Leader of the Indian Nationalists.

Government. Some of the articles, in addition, dwelt upon the drain of India's wealth by the British, upon the grinding of the Indian population by unbearable taxation and rack-rents, and charged the Administration with being responsible for the frequently recurring famines in the Peninsula by neglecting to provide adequate irrigation facilities. Some papers have even said that Britain purposely kept education backward in India, and encouraged strife amongst its diverse races and creeds, so that the British Empire in the Dependency might endure.

These articles must have been written, or, at any rate, inspired, by Indian anarchists, a colony of whom has existed in Berlin and other German University centres during recent years. Hindu revolutionaries have published a scurrilous sheet from the Kaiser's capital, inciting the people of India to wage war against the King-Emperor, and this organ, which bore the significant name of *Talwar* (Sword), has been broadcasted in Hindustan, despite the vigilance of the Indian police. From information that has leaked out, it is but natural to presume that influential Germans have countenanced, if they have not directly helped, this unholy propaganda.

Whatever the truth of this may be, educated India has demonstrated to Great Britain and to the entire world that Germany played the fool in imagining that Hindustan would try to snap the bonds that united it to Britain the moment it found its Western overlord involved in war in Europe. Happy to relate, the entire community, which in normal times effectively used the press and platform to agitate grievances of various sorts against the British-Indian Administration, has unanimously decided altogether to drop agitation of all kinds and to volunteer to help Britain in every possible manner to defend the Empire.

It sends a thrill of pleasure through the heart of everyone to read the stirring appeals that leaders of Indian opinion are making to their followers, urging them to flock to the British standard. In some ways the most inspiring of these apostrophes has been indited by India's Grand Old Man—Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji—who is nearing ninety, who spent the best part of his long life in organising the movement for Indian self-government *within the Empire*, who for a time represented a British constituency in the House of Commons, and, as he himself puts it, has been all his life "more of a critic than a simple praiser of the British rule of India." Writing from his retreat in the small fishing village of Vesava, on the shores of the Bay of Bombay, he thus has exhorted his countrymen:—

"What a calamity to the world is at present happening! The war in Europe. What is our Indian place in it? We are a people of the British Empire. Let us see what our duty and position is.

"If ever India expects to attain to her former glory, on the advanced character and scale of modern British civilisation, of

THE HON. BHUPENDRA NATH BASU,

Who is helping to organise an Indian Medical Corps.

liberty, humanity, justice, and all that is good, great, and divine, it shall be at the hands of the British people, and with the British people as self-governing members of the British Empire.

"We are, above all, British citizens of the great British Empire, and that is at present our greatest pride. On the other hand, is Britain engaged in the present struggle for some selfish purpose, for the extension of her own dominion and power? No, it is simply for keeping her word of honour and for righteously discharging a solemn obligation for the peace and welfare of minor and weak Powers.

"Fighting as the British people are at present in a righteous cause, to the good and glory of human dignity and civilisation, and, moreover, being the beneficent instrument of our progress and civilisation, our duty is clear—to do everyone our best to support the British fight with our life and property . . . .

"Yes, I have not the least doubt in my mind that every individual of the vast mass of humanity of India will have but one desire in his heart—*viz.*, to support to the best of his ability and power the British in their glorious struggle for justice, liberty, honour, and true human greatness and happiness.

"The Princes and people of India have already made spontaneous offers, and until the victorious end of this great struggle, no other thought than that of supporting wholeheartedly the British nation should ever enter the mind of India."

No less stirring is the message addressed to educated Indians by the leader of the Indian Nationalists, Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak. He is reported by Reuter to have said, in the course of a speech delivered at Poona, that "the present . . . was not the time to press for reforms. They (Indians) must sink all differences. The presence of their rulers was desirable even from the point of view of self-interest."

Here in the United Kingdom an equally touching incident has been furnished by Mr. Lajpat Rai, who has been striving hard to induce his countrymen in these isles to volunteer for medical service to troops engaged in the firing line, and in other ways to render help to the Empire. Mr. Lajpat Rai not long ago was considered so dangerous to the continuance of British rule in India that he was removed from his home and kept in confinement for a considerable time without any charge being preferred against him, and without being allowed a trial in any court of law in or out of India. Even when he was freed, he was not told why he

LAJPAT RAI,

Who now shows his loyalty to the Empire by various activities.

had been thus summarily deported and kept in confinement. Those who know him best consider that there was no ground for entertaining any suspicions as to his doing anything to undermine British-Indian rule.

THE HON. S. P. SINHA,

Who is raising a corps of soldiers from the ranks of Bengalee barristers.

In any case, Mr. Lajpat Rai's present action speaks for itself.

It is no less significant that Dr. James Cantlie, M.B., M.A., the Harley Street specialist who did so much to befriend Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who overthrew the Manchu dynasty in China, is being assisted in organising a medical aid contingent from amongst Indian doctors residing in Great Britain, and Indian students studying medicine at various British Universities, by the Hon. Bhupendra Nath Basu. Mr. Basu is an enthusiastic advocate of the rights of his countrymen, and during normal times employs impassioned oratory in voicing his opinions on this subject.

Over in Calcutta a Bengalee barrister—Mr. S. P. Sinha—who has the reputation of earning the largest income of any barrister, English or Indian, practising in Hindustan, and who has held the highest office in the Indian Government ever given to a son of the soil—is endeavouring to organise a volunteer corps from amongst his Indian colleagues at the Bar, and is also engaged in stirring his countrymen up to rally to the Empire's defence. The full meaning of this will be better understood when it is explained that barristers — and especially Bengalee barristers — have been the most active amongst Indians to start, propagate, and organise political agitation.

The action of educated India shows that even those who were regarded by many well-informed Britons as the natural enemies of Pax Britannica are acting as its friends. Their absolute suspension of political agitation, and their desire to take an active part in the defence of the Empire, has a value all its own. It enables the authorities to make use of the British and Indian (Native) Army in India, whose strength, combined with that of the Army and armed police in the employ of the Rajahs, exceeds 400,000 in peace times.

Those who do not intimately know India may well marvel at the loyalty which Indian political agitators have displayed at this juncture. But those who know the situation in the Dependency from the inside have understood right along that Indians of all ranks of life, of all classes, of all religions, and of all races, cherish warm sentiments towards Great Britain, and that India can be relied upon to stand firmly by the Empire in any crisis that it may have to face.

Only the unsophisticated will wonder at Indian loyalty to the King-Emperor and affection for the British people. The Britons have placed Hindustan under a great debt of gratitude. They have given the Peninsula peace from internecine warfare after centuries of sectarian, racial, and political strife. They have established a stable government which is impartial in its treatment of the various

races and creeds. They have organised and maintained enlightened institutions. They have promoted the material welfare of India by making communication easy and expeditious by means of railways, good roads and bridges, post, telegraph, telephone, etc.; by carrying out large irrigation projects; by establishing Imperial and Provincial Agricultural Departments to advance agriculture and industry; by encouraging the co-operative credit movement amongst agriculturists and artisans to safeguard them from the extortion of avaricious Shylocks; and by maintaining colleges and schools to impart instruction of all grades in agriculture, industry, and commerce. They have improved the intellectual condition of the people by providing an extensive system of universities, colleges, and schools to impart higher and elementary education. They have advanced the moral and spiritual welfare of their charges by guaranteeing freedom of conscience. Much still is crying out to be done, but a great deal has been accomplished.

Shivden Singh, recently at Oxford. Devinder Singh, Barrister-at-Law.

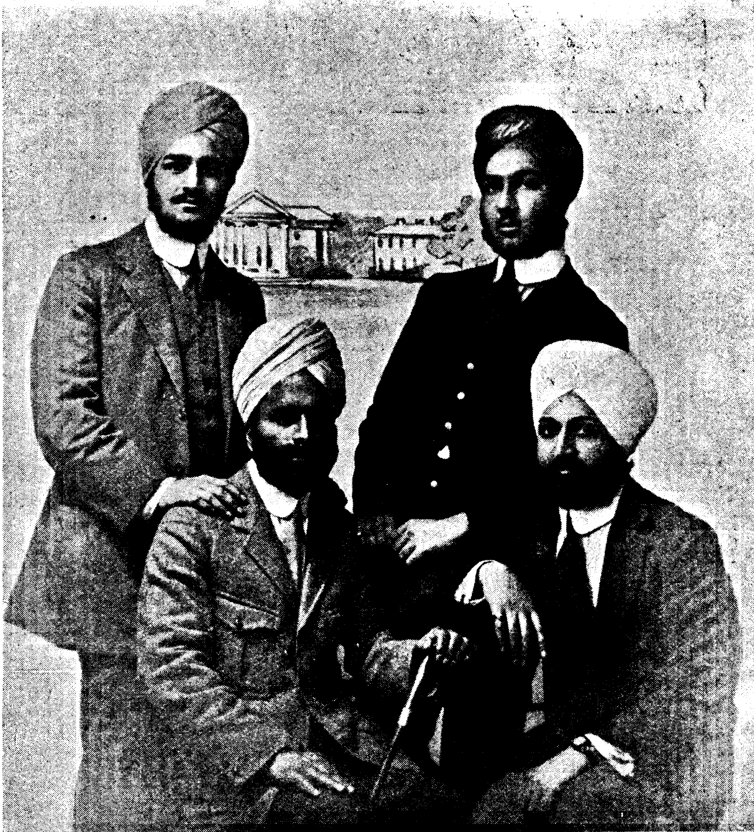


Photo by] [*Scott Wilkinson, Cambridge.*

Malik Mukhain Singh, Barrister-at-Law. Basheshar Singh.

TYPES OF SIKH STUDENTS IN ENGLAND: THREE BACHELORS OF ARTS OF CAMBRIDGE AND AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE.

The system of education that Great Britain has given Hindustan, despite the defects that it may have, has enabled educated Indians to assimilate the culture of the Occident. This has made it possible for Indians to understand and appreciate British institutions and ideals, and a large number of them have become Anglicised to a greater or less degree.

What wonder, then, that India should long to stand shoulder to shoulder with the British in their death-grip with Germany?

The Kaiser's action has thrown light upon the trend of the Indian movement for self-government. It has shown that Indians of

all political schools desire to do nothing to subvert Britain's authority in Hindustan. It has indisputably demonstrated that they do not desire to cut themselves adrift from the British Empire. All responsible Indians are proud of their connection with Great Britain, and at this juncture, *as well as in normal times*, wish to strengthen, and not to weaken, their country's tie with the Empire.

THE PIPER.

Those who went by this way
Spoke of their huts together, and the huts
Seemed far, so far away. . . .
—ROUMANIAN FOLK-SONG.

WE are coming, we are coming, from the reaping and the sowing,
From sheep-shearing by the river, from the fields of smouldering weeds.
It's a long, long way we're going, and whither is no knowing;
The piper came by piping, and we follow where he leads.

From the tending of mild oxen, from the mill-wheel and the churning,
We are flocking, comrades, brothers, like a swarm of summer bees.
Where the noonday sun is burning, down the lane that has no turning,
The piper pipes to follow over lands and over seas.

Past seas, rocks, sandways, comrades, the piper's pipe is shrilling,
The feet that follow fall as close as rain-drops on the leaves.
All we, willing or unwilling, we have taken the King's shilling—
The boatman left his fishing and the thresher left his sheaves.

On the bare ground sleeping, dreaming, we dream of cattle lowing,
Of the barnyard and the home-door, and the women at the loom.
It's a long, long way we're going, and whither is no knowing,
And the piper wakes us piping through the cannon's heavy boom.

And we tread the sodden stubble, the bullets whistle straying—
A blinding blaze, a haze of smoke beneath a hidden sun.
But we hear the piper playing, though where there is no saying,
Beyond—beyond the battle, where a new march is begun.

UNA ARTEVELDE TAYLOR.

AND THE OTHER LEFT

By DORNFORD YATES

Author of "The Brother of Daphne."

Illustrated by Charles J. Crombie

" NYBODY would think you were bored to find me here," said Bill Courtier.

"Would they? I simply didn't know you were coming. That's all."

"What's that to do with it? Why——"

"Oh, everything. And now, if you don't mean to go and fish, or anything, do be quiet and let me read."

With that, the Hon. Dolly Loan bent her fair head once more over her novel and turned over a page with an aggrieved air. The slight frown hanging about her straight brows suggested concentration, which had been disturbed once and really must not be disturbed again. Courtier started to fill a pipe thoughtfully.

Hitch a fortnight in Scotland on to the end of a London season, and you will swear by the simple life—till you are once again standing in the hall at the Carlton, considering the advisability of going on to a Supper Club. It was the fourth day of August, and Dolly Loan and her companion were sitting on the verandah of the Flows' shooting-lodge at Yait. Forty-six miles from the nearest post office, all among woods and mountains and broken, scrambling waters, Yait is as retired a pleasaunce as ever was known. Half its charm lies in its inaccessibility. Once drift into the shelter Yait affords, and people simply cannot get at you. In these stressful days it is, as it were, Sanctuary.

When his old friends, the Flows, had asked Bill Courtier to make one of the small house-party, he had been forced to refuse the invitation. They and he were alike sorry, but it could not be helped. He had promised to go to Dorset only the day before. Then, at the last moment, his prospective hostess had been taken suddenly ill, so he had wired joyfully to the Flows to know if he might come to Yait, after all. The text of his telegram was characteristic.

"*Dorset stunt off have you a bed left I have some lip haven't I.*"

So was their reply.

"*No but you can sleep in the stable yes but then you always had.*"

Which was how Bill Courtier came to be staying at Yait, and why Dolly Loan was greatly surprised to find him there, when she arrived two days later.

The two were old friends. At least, they had known one another pretty intimately for three years. Dolly was twenty-four and pretty enough to figure in one or other of the weekly periodicals more or less frequently. Sometimes she was described as "The Beautiful and Talented Daughter of Lord Merlin," sometimes as "A Society Favourite." Once her photograph had been entitled "An English Rose." And it wasn't a bad description, either. For she was English to the tips of her pointed fingers, and as fresh as a rose, new-opened, or ever the sun is high.

With eyes half closed, Courtier regarded her meditatively, sitting there, reading with a little air of severity that he did not understand. This was a Dolly that he had not seen before. He was one of the few who had ever beheld her serious; once he had seen her sad. Once, too, in his presence she had flashed out at staid Tag Ewing, a brother-subaltern.

The three had been sitting together at Ranelagh. Out of mischief Dolly had demanded a cigarette. As soon as it was alight, "I suppose you think I oughtn't to smoke, Mr. Ewing," she had said mockingly. Very gently, "Not here or now," he had answered. Dolly had gasped, and then turned on Ewing and rent him for an "impertinent preacher." The next moment she had flung the cigarette away, caught her offender by the arm and was crying: "I'm sorry, Tag.

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I know you're right, and I'm sorry. I'm just a child, Tag, aren't I ?" she added artlessly.

"Yes," said Tag solemnly.

So Courtier had seen her angry. But her demeanour this August afternoon was something quite new. And, since he believed he knew her better than anyone, he could not get over it. Possibly she was tired, for Yait was a hundred odd miles from her father's lodge in Argyll, and she had not long arrived, after motoring all the way. Possibly. Yet the soft colour of health springing in her cheeks, her easy, upright pose in her chair, her very intention upon her book gave the lie direct to such a notion. Besides, she had just had a cold bath.

The eyes that Courtier was watching stole up and away from the page to gaze for a minute over the peaceful glen and the toss of the steep woods beyond. Then the faint frown died, and for an instant the lips moved ever so slightly. The next moment the Hon. Dolly shut her book with a bang.

"If the man isn't going to amuse me," she said, "I shall go off for a walk."

And the tone was the tone of Dolly. If taken aback, Courtier was visibly relieved.

"I like that," he began. "You go and——"

"I dare say I do. Why shouldn't I ? I am Dolly."

"That's the devil of it."

"What I really want to know," said my lady, "is why my host and hostess were not here to receive me."

"Probably because, as you said, you are Dolly. By the way, did you bring a paper ?"

With a faint smile, his companion shook her head.

"I'm afraid not," she said slowly. "I'm so sorry. It's awful not having anything to read sometimes, isn't it ? Here," she added suddenly, picking up her novel, "you can have this. I'm going——"

"From bad to worse," said Courtier, taking the book, to send it skimming the length of the verandah. "Pretty rapidly, too. There are times when I almost fear for you."

"You don't ?" said Dolly with sudden interest. "How awfully exciting ! Do your knees knock together ? When you're fearing, I mean ? By the way, that novel cost six shillings, and now you've broken its back."

"Have you change for a sovereign ?" said Courtier, feeling in his pocket.

"No, but you can pay me to-morrow," said Dolly. "This is splendid. Isn't there anything else you can destroy ? I'm saving up for a new sponge, you know."

"I absolutely refuse to contribute towards your aquatic ventures," said Bill firmly. "To my great personal inconvenience, you have occupied bathrooms for an outrageous time all over England on more occasions than I like to remember. The six shillings must be spent upon another copy of the same novel. I have long wanted to see you turn over a new leaf."

"Good old Bill!" said Dolly, laying a small hand upon his sleeve with a maddening smile. "And he's never said how he likes my nice new brogues."

"Who looks at the moon before sunset ?" said Courtier gallantly. "My eyes never get any further down than your ankles."

Dolly Loan broke into a little peal of laughter.

"A compliment !" she cried delightedly. "When did he think it out ? Oh, Bill, you'll be worthy of your name yet."

Courtier laughed.

"If you're like this at twenty-four, what'll you be in ten years' time ?" he said.

"Thirty-four," said Dolly pensively. "By that time I shall probably have one husband and two children, and instead of saying I'm pretty, they'll call me handsome. But that's a long way ahead. A long, long way . . . . So you got here on Sunday ?" she added suddenly.

The other nodded.

"After starting on Thursday, too. Nothing but trouble with the car after I crossed the border. When Tag comes, I'll have the engine down."

"He'll be here to-morrow, won't he ?" said Dolly, gazing into the distance over the sunlit woods.

Courtier nodded.

"Complete with papers," he said.

"More papers"—musingly.

"Well, Doll, I haven't seen one for five days, and——"

"Neither have I. We only get two posts a week at Ferret. And I didn't look at Saturday's lot when they came. Somehow, I don't want papers when I'm up North. I like to forget there's any news or any roar or bustle going on in the world."

"I'll be like that in a week," said Bill. "But the spirit of town life takes a little while to die."

He paused and let his eyes wander luxuriously over the prospect before them. The solemn peace over all lent the scene something more than dignity. Natural grandeur had taken on the majesty that is of silence alone. After a moment—

"It's wonderful to think the 'buses are still swinging down Piccadilly, isn't it?"

"They're not," said Dolly with conviction. "London's been a great dream. That's all. And now we've woken up."

"But they are," said Courtier. "And the traffic's writhing through the City, and the pavements of Regent Street are crammed, and taxis are crawling up Bond Street, and queues are beginning to form up for theatres and music-halls, and——"

"'*But I'm here,*
And you're here,
So what do we care?'"

Dolly flung out the words of the song with inimitable *abandon*. She had a sweet voice. Bill Courtier joined in.

"'*Time and place*
Do not count. . . .'"

As they finished the chorus—

"As sung on the London—if you please—music-hall stage, Edison Bell Record," said Bill. "Much virtue in Lond—I mean dreams."

A step on the verandah made them look round. The next moment a man-servant was at Courtier's side with a telegram.

"For me?" said Bill surprisedly.

"Yes, sir."

"A wire for someone at Yait!" yawned Dolly. "The population of seven will faint with excitement. How on earth did it come?"

As the servant opened his mouth to reply—

"My God!" said Bill quietly. And then, "My God!" again.

Then he stood up quickly.

"Bill, what's the matter?" cried Dolly, laying hold on his sleeve. There was that in his face that frightened her.

Courtier turned to the servant.

"There's no answer," he said. "And I want my things packed at once."

"Yes, sir."

As the man left the verandah, Courtier handed Dolly the form.

It ran—

"*Return instantly France and Germany at war England certain to declare on Germany to-night.—Tag.*"

"Oh, Bill!" breathed Dolly, rising.

For a moment the two stood looking at one another. Then Courtier broke into a light laugh and crossed to the balustrade.

"Quick work," he said, knocking out his pipe on the rail. "And now don't talk for a minute, Doll. I want to think."

Leisurely he began to fill his pipe, and a moment later he fell a-whistling the refrain whose words they had been singing together. Abstractedly, though, for his brain was working furiously. Dolly Loan never took her eyes off his face. He did not look at her at all.

When the pipe was filled, he pressed down the tobacco, folded his pouch very carefully, and slipped them both into his pocket. Then he turned to the girl.

"I shall go straight for Edinburgh," he said. "Will you lend me your car?"

"Of course. In fact, I'll come——"

"No. You'll stop here. Your chauffeur can come to take the car back. If I can't get a train at Edinburgh, perhaps I'll go for Carlisle. And now may I tell him to get her ready?"

"Yes."

He passed quickly across the verandah to the room behind. At the wide open door he turned.

"So it's come at last," he said, with a great light in his eyes. "'Made in Germany.' 'M! They make a lot of rotten things there; we'll see how they can make war." Here his glance met Dolly's. "Good little girl," he said gently. "I'll write to you on a drum. Don't go away. I'm coming back to say 'Good-bye.'"

Dolly stared after him. Then she sat down in a chair and tried to think. She read the telegram over again dazedly. All the time the lilt of the music-hall ditty danced in her head mercilessly. War! Yes, of course. What of it? There had been wars before. The war in South Africa, for instance. But this . . . not twenty hours from England. Perhaps not ten. And all among the places she knew. Rheims, Strassburg with its red roofs and its old cathedral, the one spire looking like some lonely twin; Cologne and the curling Rhine; Frankfurt with its proud Palm Garden; Dresden, the dear sleepy place where she had been at school. Her thoughts leaped for a second to the cool house in Lessingstrasse, with the plane trees along its front and the old stone fountain that never played. War! Still, it was not the thought of the "area" that wrought the catch in her breath. Familiarity with places made it exciting, rather. But . . . Courtier was her very good friend. He was—well, he was Bill—Bill Courtier. No, Bill. That was all; but it was a great deal. As for Tag. . . .

She got up and leaned over the balustrade. *So what do we care? Time and place do not count.* The mockery of the words blazed at her, while at the back of her brain the haunting number ramped tirelessly on. There rose and fell the sunlit landscape, calm and exquisite as ever, but not for her eyes, so black the magic of the flimsy form in her hand. Looking now, she found the sunlight brazen, the smile upon the face of Nature grim, the almighty peace of the place nought but a giant satire, bitter indeed. *So what do we care? Time and place——*

"I like that man," said Courtier, stepping out of the smoking-room. "He uses his brain. Most servants would have started packing my trunk. He's pushed the things I'll want into a suit-case, and says he'll send the other luggage after me. Your chauffeur's a good sort, too. Simply spreading himself. As soon as he's ready, he's going to sound the horn. I've just about got time for a cigarette. One for you, Doll?"

Mechanically she took a cigarette from his case. When he had lighted it for her—

"Sorry I shan't see the others. Just show them the wire, and they'll understand."

She nodded.

"Don't look so serious, Doll," he said suddenly. "It's only going to be another dream, you know, and when it's all over, we'll come back here and wake up."

She raised her eyes at that and swung round. So they stood facing one another.

"I can't laugh, Bill," she said quickly. "I don't believe you've appreciated it yet. Perhaps you never will. Soldiers are like that. Besides, it's—it's their show now. Only lookers-on. . . . And I think I've appreciated it—realised what it means—all at once. And it's awful."

For a moment Courtier looked at her—the thick dark hair parted above the left temple, sweeping over the right, and piled high at the back of the little head, the steady brown eyes strangely solemn for once, the lips that were made for laughter unnaturally set; below them, the lift of the chin, very dainty, and the soft white throat, standing for tenderness. Then he threw his cigarette away and laid his hands upon her shoulders.

"Doll," he said.

Her lips formed the word "Yes?"

"Doll, I'm going away for a while, but I'm coming back, and then we'll have better times than ever we had before. And —oh, Doll, I love you better than anything in the world. I always have. And I want to marry you when I come back . . ." He stopped, dropped a hand from her shoulder, and turned to gaze at the woods and the glen and the sinking sun. And a great smile swept into his face, a boy's smile, the smile of a child. "There!" he went on triumphantly. "I've wanted to say that for years, and somehow I never could."

He seemed to speak with pride, almost with defiance.

The Hon. Dolly Loan never moved.

"You've — wanted — to say that — for years," she repeated dully. "You've wanted . . . Oh, why——" She checked the wail in her voice suddenly. "Bill, you mustn't speak to me like this. Not now, or ever again. You see, I just can't, Bill. Not marry you. I'm awfully fond of you, but . . . It's difficult to explain. I'll tell you one day, and then you'll—you'll understand. I mean—oh, Bill, I'm so sorry!"

The words came with a rush at the last, anyhow.

Courtier stood motionless, staring into the distance, his one hand still on her shoulder. Then he took a deep breath. She could feel him pull himself together. A moment later the hand slipped away, and he turned.

"That's all right, Doll," he said simply.

"Oh, Bill!"

He laughed easily.

"Anyway," he said, smiling, "I'll write to her. On a drum, too."

The gruff hoot of a motor-horn came from the other side of the lodge.

Very gently he raised her slim right hand to his lips, smiled and nodded. Then for a moment he held the fingers tight.

"Good-bye, lass," he said.

As he turned—

"Bill," said Dolly.

"Yes, dear?"

"I'd like you to kiss me, all—all the same."

He would have kissed her cheek, but she put up her warm red mouth and slid her arms round his neck.

* * * * *

The stuff had to be fetched somehow. That was clear. And there it was, waiting at Lence, twenty-three kilometres away. Nitro-glycerine.

"Let me go, sir," said Courtier. "It's an officer's job, and you can't ask a raw chauffeur chap to take it on. Not that he wouldn't, every time. But. . . . And Ewing'll come with me. He's a better mechanic than I am, supposing she did break down."

"My two Englishmen?" said the French general. "How should I spare you?"

"For less than an hour and a half, sir."

"I would have sent Pierrefort," muttered the other.

But the daring driver lay face upwards in the white moonlight, with one foot twisted under him and an explosive bullet in his heart. Beside him sprawled the ruin of a great automobile.

"We ought to go now, sir, if we're to get it to-night," said Ewing.

For a moment the general stared at the two young Guardsmen who were attached to his staff. Then—

"After all," he said slowly, "it is Englishmen's work. Listen. I am not sending you. Only I give you the leave to go. But I bid you return safe. That I command. Take Librand with you. He is a good soldier, though he does not know the front from the back of a car."

"Thank you, sir."

The Frenchman rose to his feet suddenly.

"After all, the good God is in heaven," he said.

* * * * *

The forty-horse-power Clement had seen better days—merrier ones, any way. Once she had carried a great touring body, rich in leather upholstery, its panels gleaming, the sheen of its fittings matchless—a dream, all blue and silver. Beauty had been handed out of her doors. Gallantry had sat at her wheel. Laughter and dainty voices had floated from under her hood. More than once love had been made above her floor-boards. At Biarritz she had been the car of her year. So, for a while, she had flashed through life handsomely. To be exact, for some thirty months, and miles without number. Thereafter she had been purchased by a garage at Lyons. She had been given a landaulette body, built for another car, and the syndicate hired her out, as and when she was wanted. That was often. Never silent, she had become noisy, but she still went like the wind. Sometimes she was greedy, but so long as they gave her her fill, she never went wrong. So, for two years. Then one day they put a van-body on her, and she went to the war.

"What about head-lights?" said Courtier suddenly. "The moon——"

"May be able to do without them coming back," said Ewing, wiping his hands on a rag, "but going—no; must have them. As for their attracting attention, they'd hear us, any way."

Courtier laughed.

"Right-o," he said. "And here's Librand." The man came up panting. "Sergeant," he added in French, "give me a hand with this petrol. No. Go and get some water in a can. We must give the old lady a drink."

Ten minutes later they swung out of a side-street on to the Lence road. Somewhere a clock struck the half-hour. Half-past three. Three minutes later they were clear of the little town.

If the French could hold Otto, as they were holding Lence, for another three days, all would be very well, and the allied forces would be up to and in possession of the twenty odd kilometres of country that lay between. At the moment the enemy were attacking both the towns vigorously, for they were seemingly more than reluctant to advance between them—though there was nothing to bar their way—till one of the two, at any rate, had been reduced. For the time being, therefore, the road from Otto to Lence was no man's land. In three days it would probably be in the hands of the Allies, any way. Till then there was nothing to prevent the enemy taking it, if they pleased. According to aviators, they had not pleased up to six the evening before—nine and a half hours ago.

It was awfully cold. That was thanks to the pace at which they were going, as much as the night air. Courtier was "putting her along" properly. By his side sat Ewing, his hands thrust deep into his great-coat pockets, his eyes fixed, like the other's, on the broad white ribbon of road ahead of them, straight for miles at a stretch. The sergeant sat on the foot-board, with his feet on the step. A strap had been buckled across to keep him in.

"Isn't it glorious?" said Courtier suddenly. "Just the night for a joy ride. Wish I'd got some thicker gloves, though."

"Joy ride?" said Ewing indignantly. "This is, without exception, the most horrifying experience I've ever had. I know you're supposed to be a good driver, but if I'd realised you could get this pace out of the old 'bus, I swear I'd never have come. For Heaven's sake, steady her for the corner, man."

"No corner, old chap. It's the shadow that cottage is throwing. See?" They flashed by the whitewashed walls. "And now don't make me laugh, Tag. We've got to get there, you know."

"That," said Ewing, "is exactly my point. Besides, it's all very well, but I came out

here to be shot, not to have my neck broken. This isn't the Gordon-Bennett, you know." Here they encountered a culvert, and the van leaped bodily into the air. "I warn you," he added severely, "that if you do that again, you may consider yourself under arrest."

He stopped. Courtier was shaking with a great silent laughter. Consciously or unconsciously his usually serious brother-officer was in form this night of the nights. At length—

"Oh, Tag," he gasped, "you are a fool. How's the sergeant getting on?"

"Died of fright at the culvert," said Ewing gravely, "about three miles back. Thank Heaven, here's a bit of a rise."

They flew by cross-roads and on up the long, slight gradient. It could not be called a hill.

"That's the main road to Very," said Courtier, with a jerk of his head to the right. "I remember this part well. It's flat again in a moment for about half a mile. Road runs through a wood. There you are. Then there's a fairly steep hill with another wood at the top. There's a corner there, I know."

"Where?" said Ewing.

"On top of the hill in the wood. Not this one. We're just about half-way. Hullo!"

The thud of a big gun sounded in the distance. For the first time Librand shifted in his place on the foot-board.

"Having another smack at Lence," said Ewing. "Or was it behind us?"

Courtier shook his head.

"No. It was Lence way all right. Listen."

Two more thuds followed each other in quick succession. There was no doubt about the direction this time. The attack upon Lence had been renewed.

And now they were out of the wood and taking the hill with a rush. Half-way up, Courtier slipped into third, and the van roared out of the moonlight and into the next wood grandly. The land lay exactly as he had said. As they rounded the corner, Librand shifted again and peered into the darkness beyond the scudding beam of the head-lights. He was looking a little towards the left.

"What is it, sergeant?" said Ewing, speaking in French. "You're the wrong side for the Germans, you know."

"Ah! My lieutenant will forgive me. I was not thinking of the enemy. There is somewhere here a sudden gap in the wood. In daylight one stands there and looks away down into the valley. There one can see a little farm. I have seen it so very often, but not now for thirty-seven years. It is the farm where I was born, my lieutenant," he added naïvely, as if everyone was born at some farm or other.

"Thirty-seven years, and now it's too dark," said Ewing. "What a shame! You must look out for it on the way back." And he pointed to the grey look in the sky over towards the East.

"But no, my lieutenant," said the Frenchman. "It will be too dark still. Besides, I shall be on the other side then. It does not matter at all. I shall see it again one day. Two fortune-tellers have said this. I am to die there, where I was born. It is a good thing to know," he added contentedly.

For a moment there was silence. Then—

"So?" said Courtier. "Thanks very much. I know you're not superstitious, Tag, but I rather think we look out for this precious wood on the way home."

"I hope you will," said Ewing. "That corner's just the place for a nasty skid."

The van fled on over the broad highway. Here, for a quarter of a mile, tall silent poplars lined it on either side, their shadows ribbing the pale road with darkness; and here low, thick-growing bushes marked the edge of a stream that ran by their side for a while, and then curled captiously off under their feet, so that the way rose and fell to suffer its passage. Now they swept through a village, whitewashed houses—deserted—on either side. In the short street the steady mutter of the engine swelled into a snarl, that shore through the silence fiercely. By rights, dogs should have bayed the matter furiously. . . . And so again out into open country. Under the still moonlight the landscape slumbered very peacefully—untroubled slumber that even the dull thunder ahead could not ruffle.

Five miles later they slowed down for the Lence outposts.

As they ran into the town—

"Twenty-one minutes to the tick," said Ewing, looking at his watch. "And not a sight of a German all the way. If we don't strike the blighters on the way home, I shall ask for my money back."

* * * * *

By the time the van had been laden with its grim cargo, cock-crow had come and gone. A faint grey light had stolen into the sky, spoiling the moon of her splendour,

lending to ways and buildings a look of dull reality in place of the illusive livery of black and silver they had worn before. Men and things were invested with a stern workmanlike air. Which was as it should be, for there was vital work to be done, and done quickly.

Smoking easily, Courtier and Ewing stood talking with three French officers, the better for the hot *café-au-lait* with which they had just been served. On the other side of the van, Librand was exchanging experiences with two or three comrades-in-arms. From time to time he applied a can of hot coffee to his lips with evident relish. Under the supervision of a sergeant, French soldiers were putting the finishing touches to their bestowal of the explosive. It was not the sort of stuff to have slipping and sliding about at every bend of the road.

At length the packing was over, two soldiers scrambled out of the van, and the sergeant closed and fastened the high back doors, lifting the cross-bar into its place and thrusting the pin through the staple. The Clement was ready for the run of her life.

"The carriage waits," said Courtier, throwing away his cigarette. "Come along, brother, or we shall miss the curtain-raiser."

He spoke in French, and the three officers laughed wonderingly.

"You are brave fellows," said one of them. "It is not everyone who would escort Madame Nitro-Glycerine to the theatre."

"She is no worse than other women," said Courtier. "You take a girl to the theatre. If she does not like the play, she blows you up."

The next minute he had started the engine.

As he was settling himself at the wheel—

"Better let me have your revolver," said Ewing. "You wouldn't be able to use it any way."

With a sigh the other handed over the weapon.

"Now I really feel like a chauffeur," he said disgustedly. "Is the sergeant all right?"

"Yes."

Crying their good wishes, the French officers stepped back from the van. Courtier let in the clutch, and she began to move.

"*Au revoir. Bon voyage*," called the Frenchmen.

"*Au revoir*. So long," came the reply.

Then they swung out of the sentried yard into the cobbled street.

The firing had slackened a little. At one time, whilst they were waiting at Lence, it had been very heavy. The town's reply seemed to have silenced one of the enemy's guns, but beyond a shattered searchlight, the besieged had suffered little or no damage.

"What's the time?" said Courtier suddenly.

"Five-and-twenty to five," said Ewing. "I didn't think the loading would have taken so long."

"Nor did I. However." They turned out of the market-place on to the Otto road. "S'pose I mustn't go all out now," he added gloomily. "Not with this precious potted meat on board."

"As long as you've got her in hand," said Ewing. Then: "Did you mark where the culverts came?"

The other nodded.

"Three, weren't there?" he said.

"Yes. I'll tell you when to stand by."

Two minutes later they were clear of the outposts.

Like the little town behind them, the road and the countryside had taken on a look of soberness. With the grey light of dawn, the shadows had fled. Fantasy, with all her shining train, was gone westward. The brave show the moonlight had made was over. The world about them seemed to be cleared for action.

As before, the sergeant sat on the footboard at Ewing's feet. After a while he plucked a great revolver from under his coat, and held it ready for use in his right hand. With the left he laid hold of the strap that should keep him in. Above him Ewing sat motionless, his hands deep as ever in the great pockets of his coat, his eyes never lifting from the pale road tapering into the distance. Courtier leaned comfortably against the short back of the seat, his chin lifted a little, smiling easily into the rush of the air, that swept over the lower half of the wind-screen steadily, like a long, cold wave. He might have been driving up from Newmarket, after a good day.

So presently they came to the silent village, and the stream flowing beyond it, and the long ranks of poplars lining the way.

As they dropped into the wood, Ewing made as though he would draw his hands out of his pockets. Then he changed his mind suddenly, and let them stay where they were. A smile at his own impulse flickered over his face. But Courtier had seen the movement with the tail of his eye and laughed outright.

"As the officer fell, the mass shivered and broke—too late."

"Ewing fired with his left hand . . . his right arm lay across Courtier's shoulder."

"'Just the place for a nasty skid,'" he quoted amusedly, taking out the clutch.

And it would have been, if the road had been at all greasy. All the same, they rounded the corner carefully, to see the German uniforms seventy paces away.

Infantry, about a hundred strong, marching towards them in a dense mass: all on the slope of the steep hill midway between the upper and the lower wood.

At one and the same moment they saw and were seen. For a fraction of a second they stared—the one at the other. Then, with a cry, Courtier let in the clutch and pressed the accelerator right down. . . .

It was their only chance, and slight as a hair at that. Death in front of them, death swaying behind them . . . Put an odd bullet into the body of the van, and all in Lence and Otto alike would know the fate of their nitro-glycerine.

The Clement leaped forward like a thing gone mad. The grey mass had halted, and an officer was shouting and fumbling at his holster. Ewing fired with his left hand, resting his wrist on the wind-screen; his right arm lay across Courtier's shoulder. He would cover him on that side if he could. The sergeant was on his feet firing.

As the officer fell, the mass shivered and broke—too late. Into and over the grey uniforms—that was the way of the van. Literally she ploughed her way through, heaving, rocking, leaping, hurling herself along, hoarse screams of agony and terror ringing her round. Courtier clung to the wheel desperately, helping her all he could. Ewing had lost his balance and lay on his side on the seat, his right arm stretched behind Courtier, blazing away over the Stepney wheel. The sergeant was leaning out at the side, wielding his empty revolver, roaring like one possessed, roaring, roaring.... Then a German officer fired full in his face, and he pitched forward heavily on to the broad highway.

It was the only shot the enemy fired. The miracle had happened, and they had come through—they and the death swaying behind them.

"Is she all right?" said Ewing, meaning the van.

The other nodded.

"I think so. Don't ask me why? Thank God, it was foot," he added jerkily. "I couldn't have done it to nags."

"Bet there are more behind," said Ewing laconically, trying desperately to reload. The pace was against him. "Those chaps had come from Very."

"And turned at the cross-roads?'

"Exactly."

"We'll be there in a second, now. If the others aren't up——"

"We can go as we please for the rest of the way to Otto. If they are . . ."

"She'll never stand it again," said Courtier. "The steering'll go. Besides—— That's done it," he added quietly.

They were out of the lower wood by now, and there, at the foot of the rise, was the head of a German column wheeling out of the road on the left-hand side—the road that led to Very. Only the head of a column, a bare handful of men—so far. But behind, beyond, blocking the road to Otto, utterly cutting them off, was drawn up a squadron of Uhlans, waiting to see the infantry over the cross-roads.

"Straight at 'em," said Ewing. "And when we're well in, if they haven't plugged the nitro stuff, I'll do it mys—— No!" he roared suddenly. "No! Take the road on the right, Bill. Take the road on the right."

"I'll try," yelled Courtier. "She'll break in half, but I'll try."

It is a cool-headed fellow who will stand fast and take deliberate aim, full in the path of an onrushing car. Had they but known of the death that lay in the van, so easy to loose, it might have been otherwise. The few men that had wheeled stared and shrank back dazedly. Others, unseeing, came on out of the Very road, treading upon the heels of those in front. In a moment all was confusion. Some of them turned to fly, one tripped and fell in the road. And, behind, the front rank of the Uhlans shouted and raved impotently.

The Clement tore down the slope desperately. If she could take the corner, her way was fairly clear. The stumbling, shouting, frantic mass of men was writhing on the very cross of the roads. On two sides their comrades and the Uhlans blocked their chance of safety. A few had started to rush down the road on the right.

As they reached the cross-roads, Courtier jammed on the foot-brake and wrenched the wheel round. With a rending noise of tyres, the great body swung over, pivoting, as it were, on the front wheels and tilting terribly. Half-way about, her side met the jam of men like a wall, flying. She just shuddered and swung on, sweeping the broken bodies against the whole behind, and then breaking them in turn. . . . Somebody fired.

It was all the work of a moment, for in

the midst of her swing, Courtier straightened her up and let her go. As she leaped forward like a slipped hound, an officer, screaming in German, thrust out his left hand and fired point-blank over the near-side wing.

Courtier shook the blood out of his eyes and glanced at the seat by his side. Ewing was still there.

"My aunt!" he said. Then: "I thought you were gone that time. I held myself in by the wheel."

"Put her along," said Ewing thickly.

Then the road curled, and they pelted into the shelter of a belt of trees. They were through.

Nevertheless, they fled along swiftly, watching and waiting for an odd road on the left. So they should come to Otto, or on to the Otto road . . . .

The level-crossing they struck after seven kilometres came as a glad surprise. No trains running, they had forgotten about the line. And now it was only a matter of raising the tall bar—there was the windlass at hand—and pounding along the railway track to Otto. They were as good as home.

Courtier slowed down wearily, for the fiftieth time brushing the trickle of blood away from his eyebrows. A bullet had whipped across his forehead, just cutting the skin.

As the van came to a standstill—

"Oh, Tag," he said, merriment trying to struggle into his voice, "what a life!"

As if by way of answer, Ewing slid round sideways, with his chin on his chest. Just in time to catch him, Courtier realised with a shock why the screaming officer's bullet had not exploded the nitro-glycerine . . . .

He got him out and made him as comfortable as he could in the grass by the wayside. After a little he died quietly, as he had lived.

He spoke for a moment or two, just at the end—queer, muttering words, with no brain behind them.

"Doll . . . ." The other started ever so slightly. "Dolly girl . . . . always . . . . Love her long lashes and . . . . on the fifth, Doll. So we'll be at Yait together, and then . . . . I promise. Not even Bill, till the . . . ." He sighed contentedly. Then, "A marriage has been arran——"

The poor voice faded. There was a sharp struggle for breath, blood fighting with air in the lungs desperately. Courtier raised him a little, and the blood sank back beaten. But the effort had been too much. A moment later he sighed very wearily, settled his head in the crook of the other's arm, and just slipped out.

* * * * *

Fifty minutes later the Clement, her head-lights smashed and bloody, her wings stained and buckled, blood and hair on her steps and wheels and dumb irons, slowed down between the low platforms of Otto's railway station. And Courtier sat at her wheel listlessly, a dirty handkerchief bound about his forehead, and an old and stricken look in his strong young face. Behind him, the body of Ewing, which had shifted helplessly with every jolt of the van, came to rest easily, with its white face pressed against the packing of the carefully stowed explosive.

THE VIGIL.

THE drum-beats and the heart-beats
Of the nation fill the air—
The drum-beats call to glory,
And the heart-beats call to prayer;
For the drums are full of courage,
And our hearts are full of care.

The brave hearts and the strong hearts
Of the nation rise in might—
The brave and strong are ready
To defend the cause of right;
And the nation, grim and silent,
Watches through the awful night.

The sad hearts and the fond hearts,
Sorrow they without surcease—
The fond hearts see no morrow,
And the sad hearts no release;
For the night is filled with terror,
And there is no sign of peace.

The drum-beats and the heart-beats
Will again break on the air—
The drums will roll triumphant,
And our hearts give thanks in prayer
For the night is swiftly passing—
See, the morning dawns more fair!

PAUL DERRICK.

THE·HOLY·FLOWER
BY·H·RIDER·HAGGARD

ILLUSTRATED·BY MAURICE·GREIFFENHAGEN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The famous hunter and explorer, Allan Quatermain, while shooting big game, met an American doctor, who for some years had wandered about South and Eastern Africa collecting butterflies and flowers. To the natives he was known as "Dogeetah," but white people called him "Brother John." From him Allan Quatermain heard of a wonderful orchid with blooms of extraordinary size and marvellous beauty, with a monkey's head outlined on every bloom. A healthy root of this plant, he maintained, would be worth twenty thousand pounds; but all he could show was a single bloom, without any root. This had come into his possession in the country of the Mazitu, beyond the western boundary of whose territory was a large and fertile land, supposed to be an island in the midst of a great lake. The name of both this territory and its inhabitants was Pongo, which was also the native name for a gorilla, and the god of the Pongo people was said to be a gorilla, whose worship was combined with that of the wonderful orchid. One night, while camping near the Pongo border, the Doctor was awakened by a solitary visitor, Kalubi, the Chief of the Pongo, who had come to the famous master of medicine to have his hand cured of a wound made by the bite of a terrible monkey, of which he declared they all went in fear in his native land. The explorer's curiosity was further kindled by the report that "a white goddess" was said to preside over the Holy Flower. Allan Quatermain returned to England for the purpose of ascertaining whether rich orchid collectors would be willing to finance an expedition in search of the unique flower, and enlisted the enthusiasm of a young man named Somers. Arrived in South Africa, the two men organised their expedition, but without learning the whereabouts of Brother John. Having bargained with a Portuguese trader to take them and their native attendants up the coast to Kilwa, for their start inland, they found that he was leagued with Bey Hassan, a half-breed of Kilwa, in the slave trade. Hassan gave them accommodation in a deserted mission house beside a ruined church, and they began to suspect that the former occupants must have met with foul play, but could learn nothing from Hassan. On its journey up country, the expedition was some weeks later confronted by a large army of Mazitu, and the Englishmen were conducted to King Bausi's head town of Beza, where they were subsequently joined by Brother John, and on the arrival of an embassy from the Pongo country to propose a treaty with the Mazitu, they arranged to journey into that unknown land as King Bausi's ambassadors, despite the stipulation that they should go without firearms. Meantime they had learned that Brother John was the missionary whose ruined house they had seen at Kilwa, and that for the past twenty years he had explored the land in the hope that his wife, carried off by slave-traders, might still be alive. In that hope Brother John joined them for their journey into Pongoland, under the escort of Komba, the ambassador to King Bausi's court, who brought them to Rica Town, the Pongo capital. There they were visited secretly by the Kalubi, who told them of the monstrous ape revered as a god, and his own fear that he himself would be the creature's next human victim, unless the Englishmen would help him to outwit the high priest Motombo and kill the great ape. Their plans were betrayed to the Motombo by Komba, who had listened outside their hut when the Kalubi was with them, and they were condemned to be taken across a wide lake and left on the shore of the god's domain, where the monster savagely attacked them, proving to be an enormous gorilla. One of their Zulu attendants had, however, brought a rifle concealed in his bamboo staff when the rest of the party were obliged to leave their weapons behind them, and after the monster had killed both the Kalubi and one of the native servants, Allan Quatermain shot it through the head, and its reign as a "god" was over. Beyond its territory they discovered, living on a fertile island, the two white women who tended the wonderful orchid, and found them to be indeed the long-lost wife and daughter of Brother John. Making good their escape with the two women, only by killing first the Motombo, and then, after they had arrived at Rica Town again, the new Kalubi, Komba, they reached their Mazitu friends on the other side of Lake Kirua, after a final encounter with their pursuers so desperate that they were obliged to leave the great plant of the Holy Flower behind in their assailants' hands. While sojourning with the friendly Mazitu, they suddenly learned of the approach of the slave dealer Hassan and his troops, and had to prepare at once for an attack.

CHAPTER XX

THE BATTLE OF THE GATE.

By now heavy firing had begun at the north gate of the town, accompanied by much shouting. The mist was still too thick to enable us to see anything at first. But shortly after the commencement of the firing, a strong hot wind, which always followed these mists, got up and gradually gathered to a gale, blowing away the vapours. Then from the top of the crest, Hans, who had climbed a tree there, reported that the Arabs were advancing on the north gate, firing as they came, and that the Mazitu were replying with their bows and arrows from behind the palisade that surrounded the town. This palisade, I should state, consisted of an earthen bank, on the top of which tree-trunks were set close together. Many of

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these had struck in that fertile soil, so that in general appearance this protective work resembled a huge live fence, on the outer and inner sides of which grew great masses of prickly pear and tall finger-like cacti. A while afterwards Hans reported that the Mazitu were retreating, and a few minutes later they began to arrive through the south gate, bringing several wounded with them. Their captain said that they could not stand against the fire of the guns, and had determined to abandon the town and make the best fight they could upon the ridge.

A little later the rest of the Mazitu came, driving before them all the non-combatants who remained in the town. With these was King Bausi, in a terrible state of excitement.

"Was I not wise, Macumazahn," he shouted, "to fear the slave-traders and their guns? Now they have come to kill those who are old and to take the young away in their gangs to sell them."

"Yes, king," I could not help answering, "you were wise. But if you had done what I said, and kept a better look-out, Hassan could not have crept on you like a leopard on a goat."

"It is true," he groaned, "but who knows the taste of a fruit till he has bitten it?"

Then he went to see to the disposal of his soldiers along the ridge, placing, by my advice, the most of them at each end of the line, to frustrate any attempt to outflank us. We, for our part, busied ourselves in serving out those guns which we had taken in the first fight with the slavers to the thirty or forty picked men whom I had been instructing in the use of firearms. If they did not do much damage, at least, I thought, they could make a noise and impress the enemy with the idea that we were well-armed.

Ten minutes or so later, Babemba arrived with about fifty men, all the Mazitu soldiers who were left in the town. He reported that he had held the north gate as long as he could in order to gain time, and that the Arabs were breaking it in. I begged him to order the soldiers to pile up stones as a defence against the bullets, and to lie down behind them. This he went to do.

Then, after a pause, we saw a large body of the Arabs, who had effected an entry, advancing down the central street towards us. Some of them had spears, as well as guns, on which they carried a dozen or so of human heads cut from the Mazitus who had been killed, waving them aloft and shouting in triumph. It was a sickening sight, and one that made me grind my teeth with rage. Also I could not help reflecting that ere long our heads might be upon those spears. Well, if the worst came to the worst, I was determined that I would not be taken alive to be burned in a slow fire or pinned over an ant heap, a point upon which the others agreed with me, though poor Brother John had scruples as to suicide, even in despair.

It was just then that I missed Hans, and asked where he had gone. Somebody said that he thought he had seen him running away, whereon Mavovo, who was growing excited, called out—

"Ah, Spotted Snake has sought his hole! Snakes hiss, but they do not charge."

"No, but sometimes they bite," I answered, for I could not believe that Hans had showed the white feather. However, he was gone, and clearly we were in no state to send to look for him.

Now, our hope was that the slavers, flushed with victory, would advance across the open ground of the market-place, which we could sweep with our fire from our position on the ridge. This, indeed, they began to do, whereon, without orders, the Mazitu to whom we had given the guns, to my fury and dismay, commenced to blaze away at a range of about four hundred yards, and, after a good deal of firing, managed to kill or wound two or three men. Then the Arabs, seeing their danger, retreated and, after a pause, renewed their advance in two bodies. This time, however, they followed the streets of huts, that were built thickly between the outer palisade of the town and the market-place, which, as it had been designed to hold cattle in time of need, was also surrounded with a wooden fence strong enough to resist the rush of horned beasts. On that day, I should add, as the Mazitu never dreamed of being attacked, all their stock were grazing on some distant veld. In this space between the two fences were many hundreds of huts, wattle and grass-built, but for the most part roofed with palm leaves, for here, in their separate quarters, dwelt the great majority of the inhabitants of Beza Town, of which the northern part was occupied by the king, the nobles, and the captains. This ring of huts, which entirely surrounded the market-place except at the two gateways, may have been about a hundred and twenty yards in width.

Down the paths between these huts, both on the eastern and the western side, advanced the Arabs and half-breeds, of whom there appeared to be about four hundred, all armed with guns and doubtless trained to

fighting. It was a terrible force for us to face, seeing that, although we may have had nearly as many men, our guns did not total more than fifty, and most of those who held them were quite unused to the management of firearms.

Soon the Arabs began to open fire on us from behind the huts, and a very accurate fire it was, as our casualties quickly showed, notwithstanding the stone *schanzes* we had constructed. The worst feature of the thing also was that we could not reply with any effect, as our assailants, who gradually worked nearer, were effectively screened by the huts, and we had not enough guns to attempt organised volley firing. Although I tried to keep a cheerful countenance, I confess that I began to fear the worst, and even to wonder if we could possibly attempt to retreat. This idea was abandoned, however, since the Arabs would certainly overtake and shoot us down.

One thing I did. I persuaded Babemba to send about fifty men to build up the southern gate, which was made of trunks of trees, and opened outwards, with earth and the big stones that lay about in plenty. While this was being done quickly, for the Mazitu soldiers worked at the task like demons, and, being sheltered by the palisade, could not be shot, all of a sudden I caught sight of four or five wisps of smoke that arose in quick succession at the north end of the town, and were instantly followed by as many bursts of flame, which leapt towards us in the strong wind.

Someone was firing Beza Town! In less than an hour the flames, driven by the gale through hundreds of huts made dry as tinder by the heat, would reduce Beza to a heap of ashes. It was inevitable; nothing could save the place. For an instant I thought that the Arabs must have done this thing. Then, seeing that new fires continually arose in different places, I understood that no Arabs, but a friend or friends were at work, who had conceived the idea of *destroying the Arabs with fire.*

My mind flew to Sammy. Without doubt Sammy had stayed behind to carry out this terrible and masterly scheme, of which I am sure none of the Mazitu would have thought, since it involved the absolute destruction of their homes and property. Sammy, at whom we had always mocked, was, after all, a great man, prepared to perish in the flames in order to save his friends!

Babemba rushed up, pointing with a spear to the rising fire. Now my inspiration came.

"Take all your men," I said, "except those who are armed with guns. Divide them, encircle the town, guard the north gate, though I think none can win back through the flames, and if any of the Arabs succeed in breaking through the palisade, kill them."

"It shall be done!" shouted Babemba. "But, oh, for the town of Beza, where I was born! Oh, for the town of Beza!"

"Drat the town of Beza!" I halloed after him, or, rather, its native equivalent. "It is of all our lives that I'm thinking."

Three minutes later the Mazitu, divided in two bodies, were running like hares to encircle the town, and though a few were shot as they descended the slope, the most of them gained the shelter of the palisade in safety, and there at intervals halted by sections, for Babemba managed the matter very well.

Now only we white people, with the Zulu hunters under Mavovo, of whom there were twelve in all, and the Mazitu armed with guns, numbering about thirty, were left upon the slope.

For a little while the Arabs did not seem to realise what had happened, but engaged themselves in peppering at the Mazitu, whom, I think, they concluded were in full flight. Presently, however, they either heard or saw.

Oh, what a hubbub ensued! All the four hundred of them began to shout at once. Some of them ran to the palisade and began to climb it, but, as they reached the top of the fence, were pinned by the Mazitu arrows and fell backwards, while a few who got over became entangled in the prickly pears on the further side and were promptly speared. Giving up this attempt, they rushed back along the lane with the intention of escaping at the north gate. But before ever they reached the head of the market-place, the roaring, wind-swept flames, leaping from hut to hut, had barred their path. They could not face that awful furnace.

Now they took another counsel, and in a great, confused body charged down the market-place to break out at the south gate, and our turn came. How we raked them as they sped across the open, an easy mark! I know that I fired as fast as I could, using two rifles, swearing the while at Hans because he was not there to load for me. Stephen was better off in this respect, for, looking round, to my astonishment I saw Hope, who had left her mother on the other side of the hill, in the act of capping his second gun. I should explain that during

our stay in Beza Town we had taught her how to use a rifle.

I called to him to send her away, but again she would not go, even after a bullet had pierced her dress.

Still, all our shooting could not stop that rush of men, made desperate by the fear of a fiery death. Leaving many stretched out behind them, the first of the Arabs drew near to the south gate.

"My father," said Mavovo in my ear, "now the real fighting is going to begin. The gate will soon be down. *We* must be the gate."

I nodded, for if the Arabs once got through, there were enough of them left to wipe us out five times over. Indeed, I do not suppose that up to this time they had actually lost more than forty men. A few words explained the situation to Stephen and Brother John, whom I told to take his daughter to her mother and wait there with them. The Mazitu I ordered to throw down their guns—for, if they kept these, I was sure they would shoot some of us—and to accompany us, bringing their spears only.

Then we rushed down the slope and took up our position in a little open space in front of the gate, that now was tottering to its fall beneath the blows and draggings of the Arabs. At this time the sight was terrible and magnificent, for the flames had got hold of the two half-circles of huts that embraced the market-place, and, fanned by the blast, were rushing towards us like a thing alive. Above us swept a great pall of smoke in which floated flakes of fire, so thick that it hid the sky, though fortunately the wind did not suffer it to sink and choke us. The sounds also were almost inconceivable, for to the crackling roar of the conflagration, as it devoured hut after hut, were added the coarse yelling voices of the half-breed Arabs, as in mingled rage and terror they tore at the gateway or each other, and the reports of the guns which many of them were still firing half at hazard.

We formed up before the gate, the Zulus with Stephen and myself in front, and the thirty picked Mazitu, commanded by no less a person than Bausi, the king, behind. We had not long to wait, for presently down the thing came, and over it and the mound of earth and stones we had built beyond began to pour a mob of white-robed and turbaned men, whose mixed and tumultuous exit somehow reminded me of the pips and pulp being squeezed out of a grenadilla fruit.

I gave the word, and we fired into that packed mass with terrible effect. Really, I think that each bullet must have brought down two or three of them. Then, at a command from Mavovo, the Zulus threw down their guns and charged with their broad spears. Stephen, who had got hold of an assegai somehow, went with them, firing a Colt's revolver as he ran, while at their backs came Bausi and his thirty tall Mazitu.

I will confess at once that I did not join in this terrific onslaught. I felt that I had not weight enough for a scrimmage of the sort, also that I should, perhaps, be better employed using my wits outside and watching for a chance to be of service, like a half-back in a football field, than in getting my brains knocked out in a general row. Or mayhap my heart failed me and I was afraid. I dare say, for I have never pretended to great courage. At any rate, I stopped outside and shot whenever I got the chance, not without effect, filling a humble but perhaps a useful part.

It was really magnificent, that fray. How those Zulus did go in! For quite a long while they held the narrow gateway and the mound against all the howling, thrusting mob, much as the Roman called Horatius and his two friends held the entrance to some bridge or other long ago at Rome against a great force of I forget whom. They shouted their Zulu battle-cry of *Laba! Laba!*—that of their regiment, I suppose, for most of them were men of about the same age—and stabbed and fought and struggled and went down one by one.

Back the rest of them were swept, then, led by Mavovo, Stephen, and Bausi, charged again, reinforced with the thirty Mazitu. Now the tongues of flame met almost over them, the growing fence of prickly pear and cacti withered and crackled, and still they fought on beneath that arch of fire.

Back they were driven again by the mere weight of numbers. I saw Mavovo stab a man and go down. He rose and stabbed another, then fell again, for he was hard hit.

Two Arabs rushed to kill him. I shot them both with a right and left, for fortunately my rifle was just reloaded. He rose once more and killed a third man. Stephen came to his support, and, grappling with an Arab, dashed his head against the gate-post so that he fell. Old Bausi, panting like a grampus, plunged in with his remaining Mazitu, and the combatants became so confused in the dark gloom of the overhanging smoke that I could scarcely tell one from the other. Yet the maddened

Arabs were winning, as they must, for how could our small and ever-lessening company stand against their rush?

We were in a little circle now, of which, somehow, I found myself the centre, and they were attacking us on all sides. Stephen got a knock on the head from the butt-end of a gun, and tumbled against me, nearly upsetting me. As I recovered myself, I looked round in despair.

Now it was that I saw a very welcome sight, namely, Hans—yes, the lost Hans himself, with his filthy hat, whereof I noticed even then the frayed ostrich feathers were smouldering, hanging by a leather strap at the back of his head. He was shambling along in a sly and silent sort of way, but at a great rate, with his mouth open, beckoning over his shoulder, and behind him came about one hundred and fifty Mazitu.

Those Mazitu soon put another complexion upon the affair, for, charging with a roar, they drove back the Arabs, who had no space to develop their line, straight into the jaws of that burning hell. A little later the rest of the Mazitu returned with Babemba and finished the job. Only quite a few of the Arabs got out and were captured after they had thrown down their guns. The rest retreated into the centre of the market-place, whither our people followed them. In this crisis the blood of these Mazitu told, and they stuck to the enemy as Zulus themselves would certainly have done.

* * * * *

It was over! Great Heaven, it was over, and we began to count our losses. Four of the Zulus were dead, and two others were badly wounded—no, three, including Mavovo. They brought him to me, leaning on the shoulder of Babemba and another Mazitu captain. He was a shocking sight, for he was shot in three places, and badly cut and battered as well. He looked at me a little while, breathing heavily, then spoke.

"It was a very good fight, my father," he said. "Of all that I have fought, I can remember none better, although I have been in far greater battles, which is well, as it is my last. I foreknew it, my father, for, though I never told it you, the first death lot that I drew down yonder in Durban was my own. Take back the gun you gave me, my father. You did but lend it me for a little while, as I said to you. Now I go to the Underworld to join the spirits of my ancestors, and of those who have fallen at my side in many wars, and of those women who bore my children. I shall have a tale to tell them there, my father, and together we will wait for you, till you, too, die in war!"

Then he lifted up his arm from the neck of Babemba, and saluted me with a loud cry of *Baba! Inkoosi!* giving me certain great titles which I will not set down, and, having done so, sank to the earth.

I sent one of the Mazitu to fetch Brother John, who arrived presently with his wife and daughter. He examined Mavovo and told him straight out that nothing could help him except prayer.

"Make no prayers for me, Dogeetah," said the old heathen. "I have followed my star"—*i.e.*, lived according to my lights—"and am ready to eat the fruit that I have planted, or, if the tree prove barren, then to drink of its sap and sleep."

Waving Brother John aside, he beckoned to Stephen.

"O Wazela," he said, "you fought very well in that fight. If you go on as you have begun, in time you will make a warrior of whom the Daughter of the Flower and her children will sing songs after you have come to join me, your friend. Meanwhile, farewell! Take this assegai of mine and clean it not, that the red rust thereon may put you in mind of Mavovo, the old Zulu doctor and captain with whom you stood side by side in the battle of the gate, when, as though they were winter grass, the fire burnt up the white-robed thieves of men who could not pass our spears."

Then he waved his hand again, and Stephen stepped aside, muttering something, for he and Mavovo had been very intimate, and his voice choked in his throat with grief. Now the old Zulu's glazing eye fell upon Hans, who was sneaking about—I think with a view of finding an opportunity of bidding him a last good-bye.

"Ah, Spotted Snake," he cried, "so you have come out of your hole, now that the fire has passed it, to eat the burnt frogs in the cinders! It is a pity that you who are so clever should be a coward, since our lord Macumazana needed one to load for him on the hill, and would have killed more of the hyenas had you been there."

"Yes, Spotted Snake, it is so," echoed an indignant chorus of the other Zulus, while Stephen and I and even the mild Brother John looked at him reproachfully.

Now, Hans, who generally was as patient under affront as a Jew, for once lost his temper. He dashed his hat upon the

The Battle of the Gate.

ground and danced on it, he spat towards the surviving Zulu hunters, he even vituperated the dying Mavovo.

"O son of a fool," he said, "you pretend that you can see what is hid from other men, but I tell you that there is a lying spirit in your lips. You called me a coward because I am not big and strong as you were, and cannot hold an ox by the horns; but at least there is more brain in my stomach than in all your head. Where would all of you be now had it not been for poor Spotted Snake, 'the coward,' who twice this day has saved every one of you, except those whom the Baas's father, the reverend Predikant, has marked upon the forehead to come and join him in a place that is even hotter and brighter than that burning town?"

Now we looked at Hans, wondering what he meant about saving us twice, and Mavovo said—

"Speak on quickly, O Spotted Snake, for I would hear the end of your story. How did you help us in your hole?"

Hans began to grub about in his pockets, from which finally he produced a match-box, wherein there remained but one match.

"With this," he said. "Oh, could none of you see that the men of Hassan had all walked into a trap? Did none of you know that fire burns thatched houses, and that a strong wind drives it fast and far? While you sat there upon the hill, with your heads together, like sheep waiting to be killed, *I* crept away among the bushes and went about my business. I said nothing to any of you, not even to the Baas, lest he should answer me: 'No, Hans; there may be an old woman sick in one of those huts, and therefore you must not fire them.' In such matters who does not know that white people are fools, even the best of them? And, in fact, there were several old women, for I saw them running for the gateway. Well, I crept up by the green fence, which I knew would not burn, and I came to the north gate. There was an Arab sentry there left to watch.

"He fired at me. Look! Well for Hans his mother bore him short." And he pointed to a hole in the filthy hat. "Then before that Arab could load again, poor coward Hans got his knife into him from behind. Look!" And he produced a big blade, which was such as butchers use, from his belt and showed it to us. "After that it was easy, since fire is a wonderful thing. You make it small, and it grows big of itself, like a child, and never gets tired, and is always hungry, and runs fast as a horse. I lit six of them where they would burn quickest. Then I saved the last match, since we have few left, and came away through the north gate before the fire ate me up—me, its father, me, the Sower of Red Seed!"

We stared at the old Hottentot in admiration; even Mavovo lifted his dying head and stared. But Hans, whose annoyance had now evaporated, went on in a jog-trot mechanical voice—

"As I was returning to find the Baas, if he still lived, the heat of the fire forced me to the high ground to the west of the fence, so that I saw what was happening at the south gate, and that the Arab men must break through there, because you who held it were so few. So I ran down to Babemba and the other captains very quickly, telling them there was no need to guard the fence any more, and that they must get to the south gate and help you, since otherwise you would all be killed, and they, too, would be killed afterwards. Babemba listened to me and started, sending out messengers to collect the others, and we got here just in time. Such is the hole I hid in during the battle of the gate, O Mavovo. That is all the story which I pray that you will tell to the Baas's reverend father, the Predikant, presently, for I am sure that it will please him to learn that he did not teach me to be wise and help all men, and always to look after the Baas Allan, to no purpose. Still, I am sorry that I wasted so many matches, for where shall we get any more now that the camp is burnt?" And he gazed ruefully at the all but empty box.

Mavovo spoke once more in a slow, gasping voice.

"Never again," he said, addressing Hans, "shall you be called Spotted Snake, O little yellow man, who are so great and white of heart. Behold, I give you a new name, by which you shall be known with honour from generation to generation. It is '*Light in Darkness*.' It is '*Lord of the Fire*.'"

Then he closed his eyes and fell back insensible. Within a few minutes he was dead. But those high names with which he christened Hans with his dying breath clung to the old Hottentot for all his days. Indeed, from that day forward no native would ever have ventured to call him by any other. Among them far and wide they became his titles of honour.

* * * * *

The roar of the flames grew less, and the tumult within their fiery circle died away. For now the Mazitu were returning from the

last fight in the market-place, if fight it could be called, bearing in their arms great bundles of the guns which they had collected from the dead Arabs, most of whom had thrown down their weapons in a last wild effort to escape. But between the spears of the infuriated savages on the one hand, and the devouring fire on the other, what escape was there for them? The blood-stained wretches who remained in the camps and towns of the slave-traders, along the eastern coast of Africa, or in the Isle of Madagascar, alone could tell how many were lost, since of those who went out from them to make war upon the Mazitu and their white friends, none returned again with the long lines of expected captives. They had gone to their own place, of which sometimes that flaming African city has seemed to me a symbol. They were wicked men indeed, devils stalking the earth in human form, without pity, without shame. Yet I could not help feeling sorry for them at the last, for truly their end was awful.

They brought the prisoners up to us, and among them, his white robe half burned off him, I recognised the hideous pock-marked Hassan-ben-Mohammed.

"I received your letter, written a while ago, in which you promised to make us die by fire, and this morning I received your message, Hassan," I said, "brought by the wounded lad who escaped from you when you murdered his companions, and to both I sent you an answer. If none reached you, look around, for there is one written large in a tongue that all can read."

The monster, for he was no less, flung himself upon the ground, praying for mercy. Indeed, seeing Mrs. Eversley, he crawled to her and, catching hold of her white robe, begged her to intercede for him.

"You made a slave of me after I had nursed you in the spotted sickness," she answered, "and tried to kill my husband for no fault. Through you, Hassan, I have spent all the best years of my life among savages, alone and in despair. Still, for my part, I forgive you, but, oh, may I never see your face again!"

Then she wrenched herself free from his grasp and went away with her daughter.

"I, too, forgive you, although you murdered my people and for twenty years made my time a torment," said Brother John, who was one of the truest Christians I have ever known. "May God forgive you also!" And he followed his wife and daughter.

Then the old king, Bausi, who had come through that battle with a slight wound, spoke, saying—

"I am glad, Red Thief, that these white people have granted you what you asked—namely, their forgiveness—since the deed is greatly to their honour, and causes me and my people to think them even nobler than we did before. But, O murderer of men and women and trafficker in children, I am judge here, not the white people. Look on your work!" And he pointed first to the lines of Zulu and Mazitu dead, and then to his burning town. "Look and remember the fate you promised to us, who have never harmed you. Look! Look! Look, O hyena of a man!"

At this point I, too, went away, nor did I ever ask what became of Hassan and his fellow-captives. Moreover, whenever any of the natives or Hans tried to inform me, I bade them hold their tongues.

EPILOGUE.

I HAVE little more to add to this record, which I fear has grown into quite a long book. Or, at any rate, although the setting of it down has amused me during the afternoons and evenings of this endless English winter, now that the spring is come again, I seem to have grown weary of writing. Therefore I shall leave what remains untold to the imagination of anyone who chances to read these pages.

* * * * *

We were victorious, and had, indeed, much cause for gratitude who still lived to look upon the sun. Yet the night that followed the battle of the gate was a sad one—at least, for me, who felt the death of my friend, the foresighted hero Mavovo, of the bombastic but faithful Sammy, and of my brave hunters, more than I can say. Also the old Zulu's prophecy concerning me, that I, too, should die in battle, weighed upon me, who seemed to have seen enough of such ends in recent days, and to desire one more tranquil.

Living here in peaceful England as I do now, with no present prospect of leaving it, it does not appear likely that it will be fulfilled. Yet, after my experience of the divining powers of Mavovo's "Snake"—well, those words of his make me feel uncomfortable. For when all is said and done, who can know the future? Moreover, it is the improbable that generally happens.*

* As the readers of "Allan Quatermain" will be aware, this prophecy of the dying Zulu was fulfilled. Mr. Quatermain died at Zuvendis as a result of the wound he received in the battle between the armies of the rival Queens.—EDITOR.

Further, the climatic conditions were not conducive to cheerfulness, for, shortly after sunset, it began to rain, and poured for most of the night, which, as we had little shelter, was inconvenient both to us and to all the hundreds of the homeless Mazitu.

However, the rain ceased in due time, and on the following morning the welcome sun shone out of a clear sky. When we had dried and warmed ourselves a little in its rays, someone suggested that we should visit the burnt-out town, where, except for some smouldering heaps that had been huts, the fire was extinguished by the heavy rain. More from curiosity than for any other reason, I consented, and, accompanied by Bausi, Babemba, and many of the Mazitu, all of us, except Brother John, who remained behind to attend to the wounded, climbed over the *débris* of the south gate and walked through the black ruins of the huts, across the market-place, that was strewn with dead, to what had been our own quarters.

These were a melancholy sight, a mere heap of sodden and still smoking ashes. I could have wept when I looked at them, thinking of all the trade goods and stores that were consumed beneath, necessities for the most part, the destruction of which must make our return journey one of great hardship.

Well, there was nothing to be said or done, so, after a few minutes of contemplation, we turned to continue our walk through what had been the royal quarters to the north gate. Hans—who, I noted, had been ferreting about in his furtive way, as though he were looking for something—and I were the last to leave. Suddenly he laid his hand upon my arm and said—

"Baas, listen! I hear a ghost. I think it is the ghost of Sammy asking us to bury him."

"Bosh!" I answered, and then listened as hard as I could.

Now I also seemed to hear something coming from I knew not where, words which were frequently repeated and which seemed to be—

"*Oh, Mr. Quatermain, I beg you to be so good as to open the door of this oven!*"

For a while I thought I must be cracked. However, I called back the others, and we all listened. Of a sudden Hans made a pounce, like a terrier does at the run of a mole that he hears working underground, and began to drag or, rather, to shovel at a heap of ashes in front of us, using a bit of wood, as they were still too hot for his hands. Then we listened again, and this time heard the voice quite clearly coming from the ground.

"Baas," said Hans, "it is Sammy in the corn-pit!"

Now I remembered that such a pit existed in front of the huts, which, although empty at the time, was, as is common among the Bantu natives, used to preserve corn that would not immediately be needed. Once I myself went through a very tragic experience in one of these pits, as any who may read the history of my first wife, that I have called *Marie*, can see for themselves.

Soon we cleared the place and had lifted the stone, with ventilating holes in it. Well was it for Sammy that those ventilating holes existed, also that the stone did not fit tight. Beneath was a bottle-shaped and cemented structure about ten feet deep by, say, eight wide. Instantly through the mouth of this structure appeared the head of Sammy, with his mouth wide open like that of a fish gasping for air. We pulled him out, a process that caused him to howl, for the heat had made his skin very tender, and gave him water, which one of the Mazitu fetched from a spring. Then I asked him indignantly what he was doing in that hole while we wasted our tears, thinking that he was dead.

"Oh, Mr. Quatermain," he said, "I am a victim of too faithful service! To abandon all these valuable possessions of yours to a rapacious enemy was more than I could bear. So I put every one of them in the pit, and then, as I thought I heard someone coming, got in myself and pulled down the stone. But, Mr. Quatermain, soon afterwards the enemy added arson to murder and pillage, and the whole place began to blaze. I could hear the fire roaring above, and a little later the ashes covered the exit so that I could no longer lift the stone, which, indeed, grew too hot to touch. Here, then, I sat all night in the most suffocating heat, very much afraid, Mr. Quatermain, lest the two kegs of gunpowder that were with me should explode, till at last, just as I had abandoned hope, and prepared to die like a tortoise baked alive by a bushman, I heard your welcome voice; and, Mr. Quatermain, if there is any soothing ointment to spare, I shall be much obliged, for I am scorched all over."

"Ah, Sammy, Sammy," I said, "you see what comes of cowardice! On the hill with us you would not have been scorched, and it is only by the merest chance and owing to Hans's quick hearing that you were not left to perish miserably in that hole."

"That is so, Mr. Quatermain. I plead

guilty to the hot impeachment; but on the hill I might have been shot, which is worse than being scorched. Also you gave me charge of your goods, and I determined to preserve them, even at the risk of personal comfort. Lastly, the angel who watches over me brought you here in time before I was quite cooked through. So all's well that ends well, Mr. Quatermain, though it is true that, for my part, I have had enough of bloody war, and if I live to regain civilised regions, I propose henceforth to follow the art of food-dressing in the safe kitchen of an hotel —that is, if I cannot obtain a berth as an instructor in the English tongue."

"Yes," I answered, "all's well that ends well, Sammy, my boy; and at any rate you have saved the stores, for which we should be thankful to you. So go along with Mr. Stephen and get doctored, while we haul them out of that grain-pit."

Three days later we bid farewell to old Bausi, who almost wept at parting with us, and the Mazitu, who were already engaged in the rebuilding of their town. Mavovo and the other Zulus who died in the battle of the gate we buried on the ridge opposite to it, raising a mound of earth over them that thereby they might be remembered in generations to come, and laying around them the Mazitu who had fallen in the fight. As we passed that mound on our homeward journey, the Zulus who remained alive, including two wounded men who were carried in litters, stopped and saluted solemnly, praising the dead with loud songs. We white people, too, saluted, but in silence, by raising our hats.

By the way, I should add that in this matter also Mavovo's "Snake" did not lie. He had said that six of his company would be killed upon our expedition, and six were killed, neither more nor less.

After much consultation, we determined to take the overland route back to Natal, first because it was always possible that the slave-trading fraternity, hearing of their terrible losses, might try to attack us again on the coast, and, secondly, for the reason that, even if they did not, months or perhaps years might pass before we found a ship at Kilwa, then a port of ill repute, to carry us to any civilised place. Moreover, Brother John, who had travelled it, knew the inland road well, and had established friendly relations with the tribes through whose country we must pass till we reached the borders of Zululand, where I was always welcome. So, as the Mazitu furnished us with an escort and plenty of bearers for the first part of the road, and, thanks to Sammy's stewardship in the corn-pit, we had ample trade goods left to hire others later on, we made up our minds to risk the longer journey.

As it turned out, this was a wise conclusion, since, although it took four weary months, in the end we accomplished it without any accident whatsoever, if I except a slight attack of fever from which both Miss Hope and I suffered for a while. Also we got some good shooting on the road. My only regret was that this change of plan obliged us to abandon the tusks of ivory we had captured from the slavers, and buried where we alone could find them.

Still, it was a dull time for me, who, for obvious reasons, of which I have already spoken, was literally a fifth wheel to the coach. Hans was an excellent fellow, and, as the reader knows, quite a genius in his own way; but night after night in Hans's society began to pall on me at last, while even his conversation about my "reverend father," who seemed positively to haunt him, acquired a certain sameness. Of course, we had other subjects in common, especially those connected with Retief's massacre, whereof we were the only two survivors, but of these I seldom cared to speak. They were, and still remain, too painful.

Therefore, for my part, I was thankful when at last, in Zululand, we fell in with some traders whom I knew, who hired us one of their waggons. In this vehicle, abandoning the worn-out donkeys and the white ox, which we presented to a chief of my acquaintance, Brother John and the ladies proceeded to Durban, Stephen attending them on a horse that he had bought, while I, with Hans, attached myself to the traders.

At Durban a surprise awaited us, since, as we trekked into the town, which at that time was still a small place, whom should we meet but Sir Alexander Somers, who, hearing that waggons were coming from Zululand, had ridden out in the hope of obtaining news of us. It seemed that the choleric old gentleman's anxiety concerning his son had so weighed on his mind that at length he made up his mind to proceed to Africa to hunt for him. So there he was. The meeting between the two was affectionate but peculiar.

"Hullo, dad!" said Stephen. "Whoever would have thought of seeing you here?"

"Hullo, Stephen!" said his father. "Whoever would have expected to find you alive and looking well—yes, very well? It is

more than you deserve, you young ass, and I hope you won't do it again."

Having delivered himself thus, the old boy seized Stephen by the hair and solemnly kissed him on the brow.

"No, dad," answered his son, "I don't mean to do it again; but, thanks to Allan there, we've come through all right. And, by the way, let me introduce you to the lady I am going to marry, also to her father and mother."

Well, all the rest may be imagined. They were married a fortnight later in Durban, and a very pleasant affair it was, since Sir Alexander—who, by the way, treated me most handsomely from a business point of view—literally entertained the whole town on that festive occasion. Immediately afterwards Stephen, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Eversley and his father, took his wife home "to be educated," though what that process consisted of I never heard. Hans and I saw them off at the Point, and our parting was rather sad, although Hans went back the richer by the five hundred pounds which Stephen had promised him. He bought a farm with the money, and on the strength of his exploits established himself as a kind of little chief, of whom more later, as they say in the pedigree books.

Sammy, too, was set up as the proprietor of a small hotel, where he spent most of his time in the bar dilating to his customers in magnificent sentences that reminded me of the style of a poem called "An Essay on Man"—which I once tried to read and couldn't—about his feats as a warrior among the wild Mazitu and the man-eating, devil-worshipping Pongo tribe.

Two years or less afterwards I received a letter from Stephen, announcing the birth of a son and heir, from which I must quote a passage:—

"As I told you, my father has given a living which he owns to Mr. Eversley, a pretty little place where there isn't much for a parson to do. I think it rather bores my respected parents-in-law. At any rate, 'Dogeetah' spends a lot of his time wandering about the New Forest, which is near by, with a butterfly net, and trying to imagine that he is back in Africa. 'The Mother of the Flower'—who, after a long course of boot-kissing mutes, doesn't get on with English servants—has another amusement. There is a small lake in the Rectory grounds in which is a little island. Here she has put up a reed fence round a laurustinus bush, which flowers at the same time of year as did the Holy Flower, and within this reed fence she sits whenever the weather will allow, as I believe, going through 'the rites of the Flower.' At least, when I called upon her there one day, in a boat, I found her wearing a white robe and singing some mystical native song."

* * * * *

Many years have gone by since then. Both Brother John and his wife have departed to their rest, and their strange story, the strangest almost of all stories, is practically forgotten. Stephen, whose father has also departed, is a prosperous baronet and rather heavy member of Parliament and magistrate, the father of many fine children.

"Sometimes," Hope said to me one day with a laugh, as she surveyed a large and noisy selection of her numerous offspring, "sometimes, O Allan"—she still retains that trick of speech—"I wish that I were back in the peace of the Home of the Flower. Ah," she added, with something of a thrill in her voice, "never can I forget the blue of the sacred lake or the sight of those skies at dawn! Do you think that I shall see them again when I die, O Allan?"

At the time I thought it rather ungrateful of her to speak thus; but, after all, human nature is a queer thing, and we are all of us attached to the scenes of our childhood, and long at times again to breathe our natal air.

I went to see Sir Stephen the other day, and in his splendid greenhouses the head gardener, Woodden, an old man now, showed me three noble, long-leaved plants which sprang from the seed of the Holy Flower that I had saved in my pocket.

But they have not yet bloomed.

Somehow I wonder what will happen when they do. It seems to me as though, when once more the glory of that golden bloom is seen of the eyes of men, the ghosts of the terrible god of the forest, of the hellish and mysterious Motombo, and perhaps of the Mother of the Flower herself, will be there to do it reverence. If so, what gifts will they bring to those who stole and reared the sacred seed?

P.S.—I shall know ere long, for, just as I laid down my pen, a triumphant epistle from Stephen was handed to me, in which he writes excitedly that at length two of the three plants are *showing for flower*.

THE END.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

ITS PAST HISTORY AND PRESENT WORK

By MILLICENT H. MORRISON

THE care of the wounded on the field of battle can be traced back to Homer, where the surgeon Machaon treats the fallen heroes, but such dim beginnings of ambulance work are but the merest foreshadowing of the great and beneficent system which now exists in every civilised country for the aid of the victims of war.

The spirit of the Red Cross is essentially international. Like Christianity, it ignores the frontiers of nations and the barriers of class. Beneath the emblem is inscribed invisibly the motto *inter arma caritas*, the finest paradox of our civilisation, for it means, though the world is at war, yet there is charity for the wounded and dying. With bombs dropped from airships, electrified wire entanglements, mines, and machine-guns, men seem to revert to worse than primitive savagery; yet once an opponent is *hors de combat*, they must show themselves forthwith as Christians and gentlemen. Though war by science and invention has become more horrible, yet by discoveries also in the scientific and moral world, by chloroform, ether, antiseptics, and Red Cross methods, it has become at the same time more merciful.

Long ere this, however, the Red Cross emblem should have been registered and protected by international agreement against abuse and degradation — against being exploited for profit in times of peace, for purposes of treachery by spies in war, and against being used for personal kudos by philanthropic free-lances armed with no authority save the badge they have bought at a drapery establishment. That, however, is a task for the Hague or, rather, for Geneva; for, after all, it is the Hague that has talked most, but it is Geneva, through the Red Cross Convention, that has pushed furthest the binding force of international law, dreaming, it may be, of an international Utopia beyond the extremest wit of a Plato or a More.

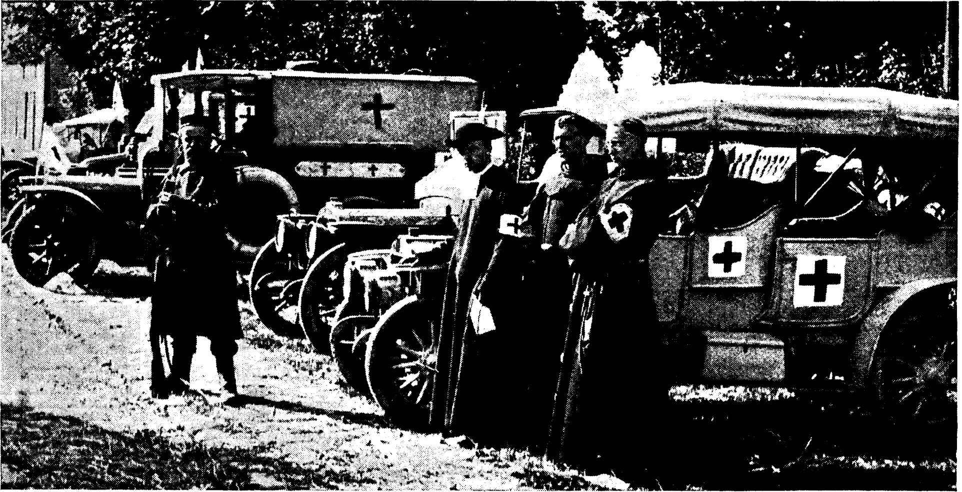

Photo by] [*Central News.*

THE BELGIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY IN THE FIELD.

Of course, the conception of it was long latent in our civilisation. The Crusades brought into existence many charitable brotherhoods, or Hospitallers, of which the richest and most independent was the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem,

later of Rhodes, and then of Malta. But probably even the Knights would have cut off their right hand rather than assist unconverted heathen. Be that as it may, up to the middle of the nineteenth century, ineptitude in the medical service seems to have passed unchallenged; and, anyhow, the chance of life for the wounded must have been not less when lying neglected on the open field than in the mephitic atmosphere of an inadequate hospital.

The Red Cross movement, as we know it, first showed itself at Milan in 1859, in the *salon* of the aged Countess Verri, when M. Henri Dunant, a Swiss gentleman of French Protestant extraction, began to set forth his ideas. By some mishap of travel he had shortly before found himself at Solferino, and witnessed the horrors entailed by one of the most murderous battles of history. After fifteen hours' fighting, Austria left behind 20,000 dead and wounded. But the price of victory—a united Italy—was scarcely less terrible, for the allies, Italians and French, lost an almost equal number.

A sort of inferno followed—a scene that in the past must have repeated itself again and again. The dead and the dying bred pestilence and killed the living by their wounds. Water, food, opiates, shelter, care, consolation, were all lacking, and lacking partly because would-be helpers had no rights known to any nation—at any moment they might be shot down. All this unnecessary suffering went straight home to the conscience of one man, dressed, as it happened, in white, who did his poor best without any distinction of nationality. "*Tutti fratelli!*" exclaimed in compassion the women of Castiglione. Later M. Dunant wrote "Un Souvenir de Solferino," which, without being of much literary importance, marks, with three or four other books of the same class, a milestone on the path of progress. He set forth the big idea of neutralising hospitals, baggage, supplies, doctors, attendants, under some emblem that would be honoured by all combatants, and of supplementing the medical staff of armies, which never could be relied upon to meet all the exigencies of war, by a rearguard of voluntary workers drawn from people of any nation or creed who, unhampered by hate, would be ready to help all in need. In short, he laid down the now obvious principle—the enemy wounded is no longer an enemy.

Photo by] [*Central News*

BRITISH RED CROSS NURSES AT HARWICH BEFORE DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.

M. Dunant himself has declared that as the ideals behind the French Revolution were first promulgated in England, so the seed that germinated at Solferino first found its nucleus in the Crimean War. Then it was that the British War Office, breaking traditions as old as history, ventured upon

Photo by] [*The Farringdon Co.*

QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL WORKING FOR THE RED CROSS SOCIETY AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

the most epoch-making departure of modern times by sending laywomen of good class to stay the pestilence that was killing more than half our sick and wounded, and threatened to leave not a man to return. To put it otherwise—in the Red Crusade against the terrors of war, "Le Monsieur en Blanc" stands over against "The Lady with the Lamp." As a modern Peter the Hermit, he went forth to all the Courts of Europe to rally recruits to the new crusade, enduring apathy and snubs with what fortitude he might. However, in 1863, some fourteen rulers and countries were represented at the first Geneva Conference, and together agreed not only upon certain first principles, but upon the Red Cross emblem—the arms of Switzerland reversed, and akin to our own flag of St. George.

So far success. But M. Dunant continued to devote health, strength, and fortune to further the crusade. We find him now in this country, now in that, appealing to courts, diplomats, ministers, dukes, *grandes dames*, and even learned societies. At length his private means came to an end. In Paris he found himself in poverty and alone, and to such extremity was he reduced that he came to lunching on a halfpenny roll, to hiding the shabby parts of his suit with ink, and to whitening a false collar with chalk. After he had faced for years an almost intolerable wretchedness, friends began to rally round him. The Empress of Russia, to be mentioned later, allowed him a life pension; the Federal Council of Switzerland awarded him the Binet prize of nearly 2,000 francs; and later he gained

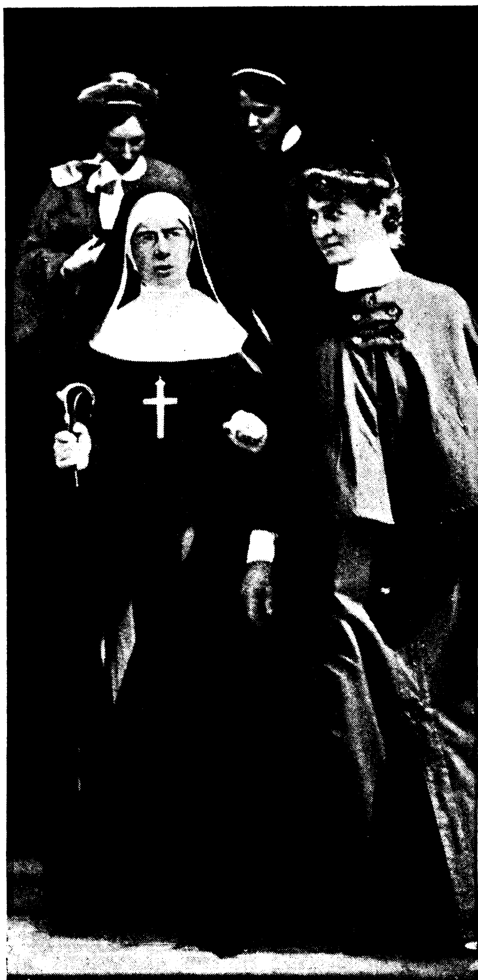

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

BRITISH RED CROSS NURSES LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE TO TAKE UP THEIR DUTIES.

the Nobel prize. So in peace and honour his sun went down some few years ago at Heiden, on the Lake of Geneva.

Among the nations that first welcomed the new movement were France and Germany, in the person of Napoleon III. and William, grandfather of the present Kaiser. At the instigation of Augusta, a union of patriotic German ladies had been established, the branches of which, at Berlin, Bavaria, Dresden, and other cities, were in 1869 united in the Central German Red Cross Society, not unbacked by Bismarck, in the interest of the war he was determined to provoke. So, when the hour struck, Germany was ready, not only with troops, but with hundreds of trained and disciplined nurses; for the women of Lutheran institutions—our own Florence Nightingale had received part of her training at Kaiserwerth—were far ahead of the Sairey Gamp, even then becoming vague and shadowy as Mrs. Harris herself. And in all the years since 1870, Germany has shrewdly cultivated this valuable asset, sending forth from great hospitals scores of army nurses, sworn to be true to the motto "God with us!"

Far different was it with insouciant France. When the war of 1870 broke out, she had practically no resources other than those of the Religious Orders. Since then, however, France has evolved, under sanction of the Associations Law, three wide-spreading Red Cross organisations, the most important being the Union des Femmes de France and the Société de Secours aux Blessés. Their purpose is to find useful patriotic outlet for the emotions of women other than religious, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or even Mohammedan. Though not on all fours with the above, the Sisters of Jeanne d'Arc, of an age akin to the Maid, form a sort of reserve, most influential where most needed, over against lovely Lorraine; and it is not without significance that in the military church above Domremy, Masses are said daily for the regiments whose flags adorn the walls.

Photo by] [*"Topical" War Service.*

A CLASS IN RED CROSS WORK FOR NEW NURSES WHO HAVE VOLUNTEERED: BOY SCOUTS GIVING THEIR SERVICES TO ILLUSTRATE THE DOCTOR'S INSTRUCTIONS.

Among the 40,000 members belonging to the first-named of the above societies, there are no fewer than 10,000 "nurses," certificated for work among out-patients, for six weeks' residence in hospital, and so forth. In this sense, Madame Poincaré, wife of the

distinguished Frenchman of that name, is a nurse. Their mobilisation plans are approved by the War Office, and when war broke out, they marched, as it were, concurrently with the Army, each unit with its nurse major.

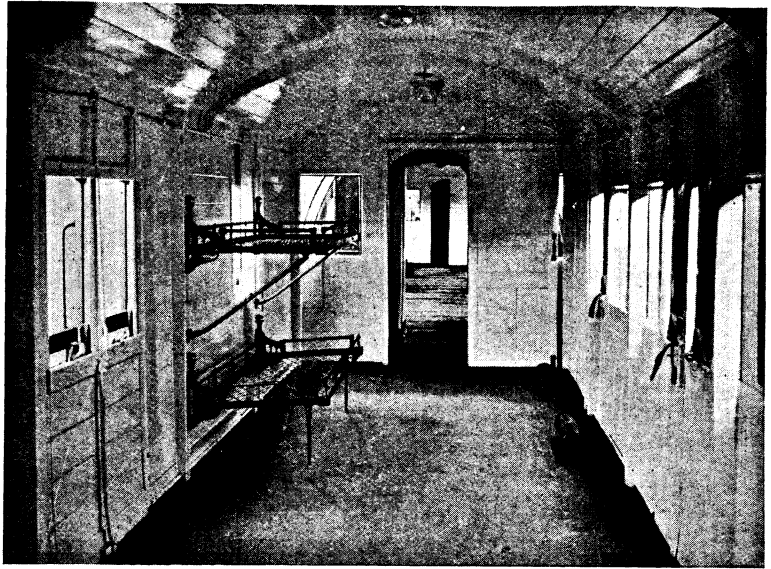

Photo by] [*The Daily Mirror.*

INTERIOR OF AN ENGLISH HOSPITAL TRAIN.

A flourishing little branch of this organisation exists in London, under the emergency supervision of Madame Brasier de Thuy, who, within the first week of the war, received offers of service from fifty trained English nurses. One member sent forth from London for duty at Nancy is Madame Mitsue Laporte, the Japanese widow of a Frenchman, whose only son, an engineer student of an important technical school, is fighting for France. Madame Laporte was trained as a Red Cross nurse in Tokio, served during the Russo-Japanese War at Chemulpo, Korea, and received not only a medal from the Mikado, but another from the Czar of Russia. So West and East mingle.

Belgium, also, as the cockpit of Europe, knew the imperative necessity of Red Cross work, which there links together Catholic and Socialist in one patriotic whole, finding its crown and apex in the palace—now hospital—at Brussels. Staggered, however, by the first shock of the war, she needs terribly the help given her from oversea, and primarily by our own British Red Cross. Thus have gone forth with detachments several of our own aristocracy, and a corps raised primarily at Hampstead

Photo by] [*The Daily Mirror.*

AN ENGLISH HOSPITAL TRAIN.

Garden Suburb; and at Bovigny Castle, in the Ardennes, with the sympathetic help of Queen Alexandra, there is another corps at work under Princess Karadja, who is of Swedish birth.

The Scandinavian countries, Sweden and Norway, stand somewhat removed from the danger zones of Europe; but the Red Cross there also has been organised with increasing effectiveness, in each case receiving support and backing from the Government. But Scandinavia stands out most prominently, in relation to war and peace, through the Nobel Foundation, which has a capital fund of about one and a half millions, and which, in its large-mindedness, is akin to the Rhodes Scholarships. Born at Stockholm, Dr. Nobel invented dynamite and experimented unceasingly with explosives. Then, horrified, as it were, by the forces of evil he had let loose, he sought to make amends by the disposition of the wealth he had accumulated. Of the five annual prizes of money accruing from the interest, four are awarded by Swedish institutions for discovery or invention or improvement in the domain of physics and chemistry, and physiology or medicine, and for distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in literature. The fifth prize goes to the person who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations, the abolition or diminution of standing armies, and the formation and increase of peace congressss. It is awarded by a committee of five persons elected by the Norwegian Storthing, which thus places Christiania in a line with Geneva and the Hague.

Akin to this institution, though the sum available is smaller, is the Fund of the Empress Marie Féodorowna — sister of our own Queen Alexandra, and widow of Alexander III.—administered by the Central Red Cross Society of Russia, for the reward of those most successful in devising means for the alleviation of the sufferings endured by sick and wounded soldiers. Otherwise, in Russia, the Croix Rouge has very distinctive features of its own. The Sisters of Charity, as they call the nurses, are not nuns; they make no religious vow, but their life-work must be a vocation, for they receive no pay beyond food, clothes, and lodging. As single women or widows, a few belonging to the lower classes, a few to the aristocracy, but the majority coming

Photo by] [*Sport & General.*

MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, AND OTHER BRITISH NURSES ARRIVING AT NAMUR.

from the middle classes, they are drawn into Sisterhoods between the ages of eighteen and forty. These Sisterhoods, of which there are about five in Petersburg and seven in Moscow, and others in all Government towns, are attached to large hospitals, in which the students are trained for two or three years before they are allowed to don the Red Cross emblem, which is held so sacred that they must not be seen wearing it at dance or theatre. A proportion get married, and, if left widows, may take up private nursing; but even the well-to-do, if ill at home, prefer to have a Sister of Charity direct from a Sisterhood. Equally ready in case of war are the nuns of such convents as the Martha Maria, at Moscow, founded some few years ago by the Grand Duchess Serge, sister of the Czarina, and including among the devotees a princess and other aristocratic ladies. It seems, then, that Russian women of the middle and upper classes take readily to medicine and nursing, which is not surprising, as the womenfolk of large landed proprietors, living far distant from doctor and hospital, not infrequently dose the peasants and dress their wounds.

The caps worn by most Sisters of Charity might almost be called the national headgear —just a handkerchief folded corner to corner, tied under the chin, hanging in a point behind and leaving the ears free. Round the shoulder is a small cape, though in some Sisterhoods cap and cape are in one, to cover completely the head and shoulders, and leaving only the face visible. At this moment, in Petrograd and Moscow, immense sewing parties are at work, 500 or 600 women being gathered together under Empress or Grand Duchess, for Russia knows well the need of Red Cross work among the sick even more than among the wounded. In war, by the way, sickness has always been more disastrous than the sword; and it should be the work of sanitary and medical services to make it otherwise. Russia sent a contingent to the Chino-Japanese War, but she claimed her help was frustrated by the non-recognition on the part of the Chinese of the neutrality of hospitals. In the decade succeeding, she erected fine

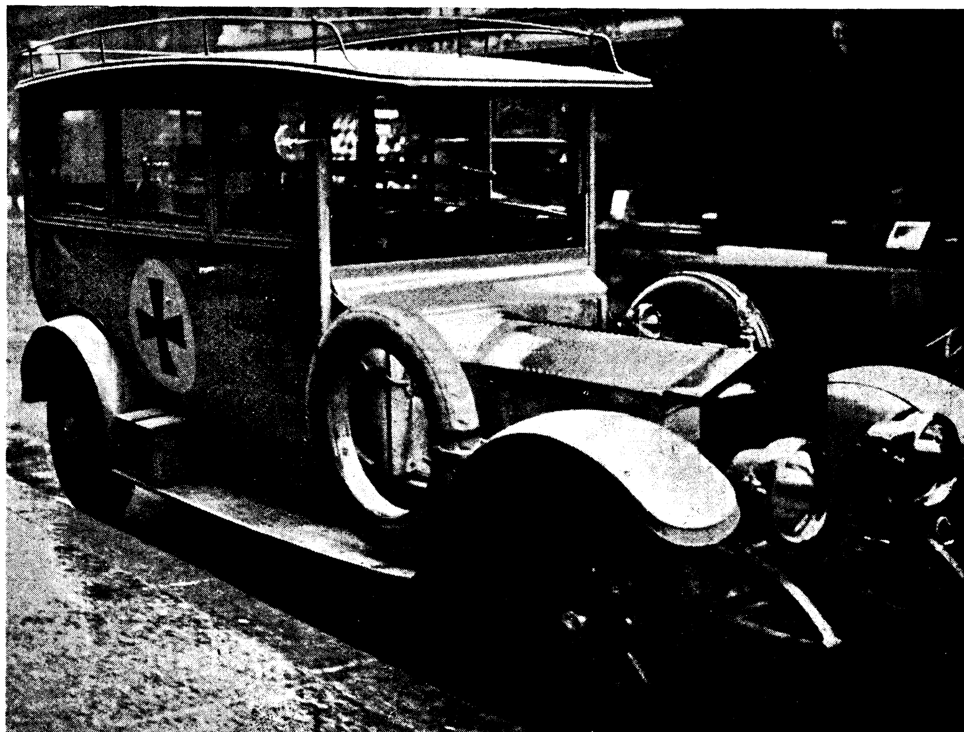

Photo by] [*The Daily Mirror.*

THE HOSPITAL CAR PRESENTED BY AUSTRALIA TO THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY FOR USE AT THE FRONT.

buildings at Port Arthur, and among them, in the Old Town, a spacious Red Cross hospital. Yet Dai Nippon, though not in name a Christian country, honours the Red Cross—a contrast to the Mohammedan world, which, from Algeria to Afghanistan, waves the Red Crescent instead, perhaps — who knows ?—to unite in suffering the otherwise irreconcilable sects of Shiahs and Sunnis as they make their one appeal in the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful.

But in this world-movement the Great Britain of the Far East has the distinction of possessing, perhaps, the largest, best organised, and most influential of Red Cross Societies. The members belonging to it number one million and a half; it possesses, in a suburb of Tokio, a large, well-equipped hospital, the pattern of other Red Cross hospitals throughout the country; and in a central district of the capital are the permanent administration offices and stores. The former are as large or larger than Devonshire House, with special reception-rooms for the Royal Family; the storehouses are built round a courtyard in the rear. These include a museum, showing the achievements of other countries, the evolution of and improvements in hospital, field, and kitchen equipment and uniform. The surgical instruments have special care, a small staff being always at work keeping them in condition for immediate use. There is an annual rally of members in Hibiya Park, over against the moat of the Palace, and always attended by one or more of the Imperial Household, who receive the "Banzais" of 35,000 or 40,000 people, dressed, by the way, in frock-coat or ceremonial hakama. And in such atmosphere of fervour run the words of a "poem" by the late Empress, who spoke of the Red Cross as—

Universal Love,
Overflowing boundaries
Of Empire
Even unto strange lands.
How glorious this Age!

AN AMBULANCE DOG FINDING A WOUNDED MAN.

Photo by "Topical" War Service.

Photo by] [Central News.

AN AMBULANCE DOG TAKING THE HANDKERCHIEF OF A WOUNDED MAN TO CARRY BACK TO THE BEARERS, WHOM HE THEN LEADS TO THE SPOT.

During the earlier weeks of the war, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, the London home of the Duke of Devonshire, was the headquarters of the British Red Cross Society. The needs of the organisation, however, soon outstripped the accommodation possible at Devonshire House, and the Society, with grateful acknowledgments to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, removed to 83, Pall Mall, where, in spacious premises supplied by the Automobile Club

and next door to the Club itself, it continues its beneficent labours. The address, for the sake of our own sick and wounded and for those of our Allies, should stand out as clearly before every non-combatant as do the War Office and Admiralty to those who fight. Already in peace it had done a great work, and at the outbreak of war it was ready with an organised *personnel* of 55,000, representing 1900 detachments of men on the one hand and of women on the other, each including commandant, medical officer or trained hospital nurse, pharmacist, and forty-eight men, or twenty women with experience as nurses and cooks.

But more was wanted, and the philanthropic zeal called forth in response at this time is astounding. Every family in the Empire has laid itself under tribute. Money is always useful. A Rothschild brings personally a cheque for £5,000, a poor widow a silver watch, gold locket, and a few coins. Of emergency hospitals and convalescent homes there is no lack. Each palace or public building in the country seems to be at disposal. But hospital equipment, beds, bedding, ward utensils, are no less necessary; so, too, an infinite number of shirts, pyjamas, socks, soft slippers, etc., of which patterns are easily obtained. But benevolence is not always best expressed by putting in every stitch oneself, otherwise men must stand aside; therefore those possessed of means do well to employ out-of-work sempstresses and other workers.

And the response following "A Call to Arms" for further doctors, nurses, dressers, orderlies, was so large that the best standard has been strictly adhered to. From the field itself come gratifying reports of the excellent working of the great machine of mercy. With admirable smoothness the hospital trains are running the wounded to the nearest port for shipment to England. This is a wise and far-seeing move, for the sufferers have a far better chance of recovery when they are removed entirely from the disturbed area of war. In the present campaign, alas, the neutrality of hospitals has not been respected by the enemy, who has not hesitated to turn his guns upon the Red Cross, and to use that sacred symbol as an ambush for treacherous fire. Consequently the work of doctors, nurses, and bearers, always perilous, has become doubly so, for they are in danger not only when collecting the sufferers in fire-swept areas, but even in those asylums which humanity and the Geneva Convention have declared sacred from attack. The greatest and most fearless devotion has been and is being shown by the Red Cross workers, and some have suffered, not only from chance bullets, but from wanton outrage. Never has the glory of the Red Cross shone so bright as in this war, for the risks are infinitely greater. Never have its methods been so perfect. Modern science and hygiene have instituted precautions for fighting the other enemy, disease, which threatens an army as fearfully as steel or shell. The disinfecting of hospital trains and the system of marking them "Infected" and "Disinfected" is followed out with the utmost rigour. This war on the deadly germ is a notable feature of the present campaign, and is attended with most satisfactory results. Motor transport, too, has brought a new comfort to the wounded. Some forty motor ambulances have been sent to the front by the Red Cross Society, and these, with their easy motion and their swift passage from field to field or base hospital, do much to alleviate the agony of shattered humanity. Never again, despite the inevitable horrors of war—and they are sufficiently grievous—shall the world see the abominations of a Solferino, and its awful aftermath.

A word of practical advice may be added for anyone—that is, everybody—who wishes to give active assistance to the work of the Red Cross Society. All gifts, whether of money or in kind, should be sent direct to headquarters, 83, Pall Mall, London, S.W. No matter from how remote a part of the Empire the gift comes, address it to headquarters, whence the Red Cross distributes to field or base hospitals, or wherever there is need. If the gift is in kind, particular care should be taken to attach a duplicate list of contents to the outside and inside of each parcel.

THE CABIN IN THE FLOOD

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "Hoof and Claw," "The Feet of the Furtive," "Neighbours Unknown," "Kings in Exile," "More Kindred of the Wild," etc.

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

STEPPING into the cabin, Long Jackson said: "If that there blame jam don't break inside o' twenty-four hour, the hull valley's goin' to be under water, an' I'll hev to be gittin' ye out o' this in the canoe. I've just been uncoverin' her an' rozenin' her up, an' she's as good as noo. That's a fine piece o' winter bark ye put on to her, Tom."

From his bunk in the dark corner beyond the stove, Brannigan lifted his shaggy face and peered wistfully out into the sunshine with sunken but shining eyes.

"I was *afeard* there'd be a powerful freshet after this long spell o' thaw atop of all that rain, Long, an' the snow layin' so deep in the woods this winter. I wisht ye'd lug me over an' lay me by the door in the sun fer a bit, Long, ef 'tain't too much trouble. That 'ere sun'll put new life into me bones, in case the jam *don't* break, an' we hev to git a move on."

After this long speech, Brannigan's head dropped wearily back on the roll of blanket that served him as pillow. He had been desperately ill with pneumonia, so ill that it had been impossible for Long Jackson to go in to the Settlements for a doctor; and now, under Jackson's assiduous nursing, he was just beginning the slow climb back to life.

"Think 'twon't be too cold fer ye by the door?" queried Jackson anxiously.

"No, no!" protested Brannigan. "It's the sun I'm wantin', and the smell o' spring stirrin' in the buds. That's the med'cine fer me now, Long."

Long Jackson grumbled doubtfully, holding to the strange back-country superstition that fresh air is dangerous for sick folk. But he yielded, as he usually did where Brannigan was concerned. He spread blankets on the floor by the door—a little to one side to avoid the draught—then carried his partner's gaunt form over to them, and rolled him up like a baby, with his head well propped up on a pile of skins. Then he seated himself on the chopping-log just outside the door, and proceeded to fill his pipe with that moist, black plug tobacco, good alike for smoking and for chewing, which is chiefly favoured by the backwoodsman. Brannigan's face, drinking in the sunshine as a parched lawn drinks rain, freshened and picked up a tinge of colour. His eyes, long weary of the four grey walls of the cabin, roved eagerly the woods that fringed the tiny clearing.

"Anyways," said Long Jackson between puffs, as he sucked the damp tobacco alight, "this here knoll of ourn's the highest bit o' country fer ten miles round, and the cabin's on the highest p'int of it. 'Tain't raly likely the water'll come clean over it, ef the jam *don't* give inside o' twenty-four hour. But it makes one feel kind o' safe havin' the canoe ready."

"Yes, it's the highest bit o' country fer miles round," murmured Brannigan dreamily, soaking in the sun. "An' I'm thinkin' we ain't the only ones as knows it, Long. Will ye look at them rabbits down yander? Did ever ye see so many o' them together afore?"

Jackson looked, and involuntarily laid his pipe down on the log beside him to look again. The woods far down the slope—it was a slope so gentle as to be hardly perceptible—were swarming with rabbits, hopping and darting this way and that over

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the snow. For the snow still lingered under the trees, though only a few patches of it, yellowing and shrinking under the ardent sun, remained in the open of the clearing.

After staring for some moments in silence, Jackson took up his pipe again.

"The water must be risin' mighty quick," said he. "Them rabbits are gittin' sociable all of a sudden. They're comin' to pay ye a call, Tom, this bein' yer fust day up."

"We'll be havin' other callers besides rabbits, I'm thinkin'," said Brannigan, the dreaminess in his voice and eyes giving way to a pleased excitement. This was better than his bunk in the dark corner of the cabin. "What's that, now, way down behind them yaller birch trunks?" he added eagerly. "I guess it's a bear, Long."

"It's two bear," corrected Jackson. "So long as it's jest rabbits, all right, but we ain't entertainin' bears this mornin'. Grub's too scarce, an' bears is hungry this time o' year. Gee! There's two more down by the spring. Guess I'd better git the gun."

"Wait a bit, Long," expostulated Brannigan. "They're so afeard o' the water, they'll be harmless as the rabbits. No good shootin' 'em now, when their pelts ain't worth the skinnin'. Let 'em be, an' see what they'll do. They hain't got no place else to go to, to git out o' the water."

"Let 'em climb a tree!" grumbled Jackson. But he sat down again on his log. "Ye're right, anyhow, Tom," he continued, after a moment's consideration. "What's the good o' spilin' good skins by shootin' 'em now? An' if they're not too skeered to death to know they're hungry, they kin eat the rabbits. An', anyhow, the ca'tridges is pretty nigh gone. Come along, Mr. Bear, an' bring yer wife an' all yer relations!"

As if in response to this invitation, the bears all moved a little nearer, whining uneasily and glancing back over their shoulders, and close behind them could now be seen gleams of the swiftly up-creeping flood, where the sunlight struck down upon it through the leafless hardwood trees. But around to the left and the rear of the cabin the trees were dense evergreens, spruce and fir, beneath whose shade the flood came on unseen.

As the worried bears approached, the belt of rabbits swarmed out along the edges of the clearing, the hinder ranks pushing forward the reluctant front ones. These, fearing the open and the human form sitting before the cabin, tried to regain shelter by leaping back over the heads of those who thrust them on. But far more than that unmoving human figure they feared the whimpering bears and the silent, pursuing flood. So in a very few minutes the rabbits were all in the open, hopping about anxiously and waving their long ears, a few of the bolder ones even coming up to within forty or fifty feet of the cabin, to stare curiously at Long Jackson on his log.

Presently from behind the cabin, stepping daintily, with heads held high and wide nostrils sniffing the air apprehensively, came two young does, and stopped short, glancing back and forth from Jackson to the bears, from the bears to Jackson. After a few seconds' hesitation, they seemed to make up their minds that they liked Jackson better than the bears, for they came a few steps nearer and looked timidly in at Brannigan.

"This ain't North Fork Valley, Long. It's Barnum's Menagerie, that's what it's gittin' to be!" remarked Brannigan, speaking softly, lest he should alarm the does.

"Ay, an' still they come!" said Jackson, pointing with his pipe down the slope to the right. Brannigan lifted his head and craned his neck to see who "they" were.

They were a huge bull-moose, followed by three cows and a couple of yearlings, who crowded close upon their leader's heels as they caught sight of the bears. The great bull, though without antlers at this season, haughtily ignored the bears, who, as he well knew, would have small inclination to venture within reach of his battering hoofs. The little herd had been swimming. With dripping flanks, they stalked up through the trees and out into the clearing, the swarm of rabbits parting before them like a wave. At sight of Jackson on his log, the bull stopped and stood staring morosely. He was not afraid of bears, but men were another matter. After a heavy pondering of the situation, he led the way across the corner of the clearing, then down into the flood again and off, heading for the uplands at the foot of the valley, some five or six miles away.

"He don't seem to like the looks o' ye, Long," murmured Brannigan.

"No more'n I do his'n," answered Jackson. "But I guess he'd 'a' been welcome to stop, seein' as we ain't standin' on ceremony, an' our cards is out to everybody. Come one, come all! But, no, I bar Mr. and Mrs. Skunk. Ye're a soft-hearted old eejut, Tom, an' never like to hurt nobody's feelin's, but I do hope now ye didn't go an' send cards to Mr. and Mrs. Skunk."

Brannigan chuckled. He was feeling better and more like himself already.

"I don't believe they'll be comin'," he answered, evading the point of the invitation. "Like as not, they're cut off in their holes an' drownded, 'less they've took to the trees in time. They ain't no great travellers, ye know, Long."

"I ain't puttin' on no mournin' fer 'em," grunted Jackson. "An' there's another varmint ye hadn't no call to invite, Tom," he added, as the rabbits again scattered in consternation, and a big lynx emerged from a spruce thicket on which the flood was just beginning to encroach. The lynx, too frightened at the rising water to give even one look at the rabbits, glared about her with round, pale, savage eyes. As she caught sight of Jackson, her fur fluffed up and she scrambled into the nearest tree, where she crouched behind a branch.

Brannigan spared but a glance for the terrified lynx, his interest being largely absorbed in the two does, whose trustfulness had won his heart. Just inside the cabin door, and within reach of his arm, was a shelf, whereon stood a tin plate containing some cold buckwheat pancakes, or flap-jacks, left over from breakfast. A couple of these he tossed to the does. Gentle as was the action, the nervous beasts bounded backwards, snorting with apprehension. In a few moments, however, as if coming to realise that the movement of Brannigan's arm had not been a hostile one, they came forward again hesitatingly, and at length began to sniff at the pancakes. For some moments the sniffing was distinctly supercilious. Then one of them ventured to nibble. Half a minute more, and both flap-jacks had been greedily gobbled. Their immense, mild eyes plainly asking for more of the novel provender, the pair stepped a little closer. Brannigan reached for another cake, to divide between them.

Long Jackson got up from his log, tapped the ashes from his pipe, and came into the cabin.

"I'll be leavin' ye to entertain the ladies, Tom," said he, "while I git dinner."

II.

A CLOUD passing over the sun, the air grew sharply cold on the instant. Long Jackson bundled Brannigan away from the door, and shut it inexorably. But as Brannigan refused to be put back into his bunk, Jackson arranged him an awkward sort of couch of benches and boxes by the table, where he made his first "sitting-up" meal. After dinner, the sun having come out again, he insisted upon the door being once more thrown open, that he might drink in the medicine of the spring air and have another look at his menagerie.

"Holy Je-hoshaphat!" exclaimed Jackson, as the door swung back. "This ain't no menagerie we've got here, Tom. It's a Noah's Ark, that's what it be!"

The two does, trembling with fright, were huddled against the wall of the cabin, close beside the door, staring at an immense and gaunt-framed bear, which was sitting up on its haunches on Jackson's chopping-block. More than half the clearing was under water. Five more bears sat near the chopping-block, eyeing the water fearfully and whimpering like puppies. Quite near them, and letting his shrewd eyes survey the whole scene with an air of lofty indifference, sat a red fox, his fur bedraggled as if from a long and hard swim. In two compact masses, on either side of the bears and the fox, and as far away from them as they could get, huddled the rabbits, their eyes fairly popping from their heads. Further away, standing hock-deep in the water, were half a dozen more red deer, afraid to come any closer to the bears. In the branches of the one tree—a spreading rock-maple—which had been left standing near the cabin, crouched a lynx and a wild-cat, as far apart as possible, and eyeing each other jealously.

One of the bears, restless in his anxiety, shifted his position and came a little nearer to the cabin. The two does, snorting at his approach, backed abruptly into the doorway, jamming Jackson against the doorpost.

"Oh, don't mind me, ladies!" said Jackson, with elaborate sarcasm. "Come right along in an' sit down!"

Whereupon the frightened animals, flying in the face of that tradition of the wild creatures which teaches them to dread anything like a *cul-de-sac*, took him at his word. Stamping their delicate hoofs in a sort of timorous defiance to the bears, and ignoring both Jackson and Brannigan completely, they backed into the rear of the cabin, stared about the place curiously, and at length fell to nibbling the hay which formed the bedding of the bunks.

"Did ever ye see the likes o' that for nerve?" demanded Jackson.

"They've got sense, them two," said Brannigan. "They know who'll stand up fer 'em if them bears begin to git ugly."

"As the worried bears approached, the belt of rabbits swarmed out along the edges of the clearing."

"But we don't want the whole kit an' calabash pilin' in on us," said Jackson with decision. "An' we don't want to shet the door and not be able to see what's goin' on, neether. Guess I'd better fix up a kind o' barricade, so's I kin hold the pass in case of them there fee-rocious rabbits undertakin' to rush us."

With a bench and some boxes, he built a waist-high barrier across the doorway, and then he arranged for Brannigan a couch on the table, so that the invalid could look out comfortably over the barrier.

"Reserved seat in Noah's Ark for ye, Tom," said he.

"Hadn't ye better be fetchin' the canoe round to the front, where we kin keep an eye on to it?" suggested Brannigan.

"By Jing, yes!" agreed Jackson. "If one of them slick old bears 'd take a notion to h'ist it into the water an' make off in it, I guess we'd be in the porridge."

He hitched his long legs over the barrier and stalked out coolly among the beasts.

The wild-cat and the lynx in the branches overhead laid back their ears and showed their teeth in vicious snarls; and the rabbits huddled so close together that the two packs of them heaved convulsively as each strove to get behind or underneath his neighbours. The bears sullenly drew away to the water's edge, and the huge fellow perched on the chopping-block jumped down nimbly from his perch and joined the others with a protesting *woof*. The fox stood his ground and kept up his air of indifference, his native shrewdness telling him that the man was paying no heed to him whatever. The deer also did not seem greatly disturbed by Jackson's appearance, merely waving their big ears and staring interrogatively. Jackson picked up the canoe and turned it bottom side up across the doorway. Then he stepped indoors again.

About the middle of the afternoon it became evident that the water had stopped rising. It had apparently found an overflow somehow, and there was no longer any risk of the cabin being swept away. Tired with the excitement, Brannigan fell asleep. And Jackson, with the backwoodsman's infinite capacity for doing nothing, when there is nothing to do, sat beside his barricade for hour after hour and smoked. And for hour after hour nothing happened. When night fell, he shut the door and secured it with special care.

Throughout the night it rained heavily, under a lashing wind which drove the rain in sheets against the rear of the cabin; but soon after dawn the sun came out again and shone with eager warmth. Brannigan awoke so much better that he was able to sit up and help himself to the doorway instead of being carried. The two does, thoroughly at home in the cabin, swallowed the cold pancakes, and kept close to Jackson's elbow, begging for more.

When the door was opened, it was seen that the animals had all been driven round to the front of the cabin for shelter. The space under the upturned canoe was packed with rabbits. But the spirit of the bigger animals, with the exception of the deer, was now changed.

Since the rise of the flood had come to a halt—for the water was at the same mark as on the afternoon of the previous day—the predatory animals had begun to forget their fear of it and to remember that they were hungry. The truce of terror was wearing very thin. The fox, indeed, as Jackson's alert eyes presently perceived, had already broken it. At the very edge of the water, as far away as possible from the cabin and the bears, he was sitting up demurely on his haunches and licking his chaps. But a tell-tale heap of bones and bloodstained fur gave him away. In the darkness he had stolen up to the rabbits, nipped one noiselessly by the neck, and carried it off without any of its fellows being any the wiser. He could afford to wait with equanimity for the flood to go down.

The lynx had come down out of her tree and was crouching at the foot of it, eyeing first the bears and then the rabbits. She turned her tameless, moon-pale eyes upon Jackson in the doorway, and bared her teeth in a soundless snarl. Jackson, wondering what she was up to, kept perfectly still. The next moment she darted forward, belly to earth, and pounced upon the nearest rabbit. The victim screamed amazingly loud, and the packed mass of its companions seemed to boil as they trampled each other underfoot. Growling harshly, the lynx sprang back to the tree with her prey, ran up the trunk with it, and crouched in a crotch to make her meal, keeping a malignant and jealous eye upon the wild-cat on her neighbouring branch.

As if fired by this example, one of the bears made a rush upon the luckless rabbits. He struck down two with a deft stroke of his paw, dashed them to one side to remove them from the too close proximity of Jackson, and lay down comfortably to devour them.

At this second attack, the unfortunate rabbits seemed to wake up to the necessity of doing something radical. Two or three of those nearest the cabin made a sudden dart for the door. They jumped upon the upturned canoe, stared fearfully for an instant at Jackson, then leapt past him over the barrier and took refuge in the furthest corner of the cabin, under the bunk. Jackson, according to his prearranged plan, had made an effort to stop them, but it was a half-hearted effort, and he shook his head at Brannigan with a deprecating grin.

"'*Tain't* exackly healthy for the blame little scuts, out there with the bear an' the wild-cats," said he apologetically. Jackson was quite ready to shoot rabbits, of course, when they were needed for stew; but his soft, inconsistent heart had been moved at seeing the helpless things mangled by the lynx and the bear. Perfect consistency, after all, would be an unpleasant thing to live with in this excellent but paradoxical world.

The words were hardly out of Jackson's mouth when the rest of the bears came stalking up, great, black, menacing forms, to levy toll upon the rabbits. Instantly the frantic little animals began pouring in a tumultuous stream over the canoe and the barrier and into the cabin. Seeing their dinners thus unexpectedly disappearing, the bears made a rush forward.

Jackson, fearing lest they should charge straight into the cabin, sprang for his gun, and was back in the doorway again in a flash, carelessly thrusting aside with his feet the incoming flood of furry, hopping figures, but making no effort to keep it out.

The bears, reaching the packed and struggling rear rank of the fugitives before it could dissolve and gain the refuge, captured each a victim, and drew back again hastily with their prizes, still apprehensive of the silent grey figure of Jackson in the doorway. And in two minutes more all the rabbits were inside the cabin, covering the floor and struggling with each other to keep from being pushed too close to the hot stove. The two does, resenting the invasion, snorted angrily and struck at them with their sharp, agile hoofs, killing several before the rest learned to keep out of the way. One enterprising little animal sprang into the lower bunk, and was straightway followed by the nearest of his fellows, till the bunk was filled to overflowing.

"How'll ye like it, sleepin' along o' that bunch o' bed-fellers, Tom?" inquired Jackson derisively.

"Ye'll sleep with 'em yourself, Long," retorted Brannigan from his place on the table. "*I* didn't let 'em in. They're *your* visitors. Me bein' an invalid, I'm agoin' to take the top bunk!"

Long Jackson scratched his head.

"What's botherin' me," said he, grown suddenly serious, "is them bears. If *they* take it into ther heads to come in an' board along of us, I'm goin' to hev a job to stop 'em. I've only four ca'tridge left, an' ther's six bear. They've et ther rabbits, an' what's one small rabbit to a *rale* hungry bear? Here's the biggest an' hungriest comin' now! *Scat!*" he yelled fiercely. "Scat! You——!" And he added a string of backwoods objurgation that this modest page would never consent to record.

Apparently abashed at this reception, the bear backed away hastily and glanced around at the landscape as if he had had no least thought of intruding.

Brannigan laughed as he had not laughed for weeks.

"That langwidge o' yourn's better'n any gun, Long!" said he.

"Guess it's saved us one ca'tridge, that time!" he acknowledged modestly. "But I'm thinkin' it won't keep 'em off when they get a mite hungrier. Ye kin curse like an Androseoggin lumber jack, but y'ain't goin' to frizzle a single hair on a bear's hide. Now, here they come agin! I'd better shoot one, an' mebbe that'll discourage 'em. Anyhow, they kin eat the one I shoot, and that'll keep 'em from hankerin' so after rabbits."

He raised his gun, but Brannigan stopped him sharply.

"Jest *shet the door*, ye old eejut!" he cried. "Ye know as well as I do that ef ye git a bear rale mad, an' he thinks he's cornered, there's goin' to be trouble. Jest shet the door, that's all!"

"*To* be sure! Why didn't I think o' that afore?" agreed Jackson, kicking the boxes aside and slamming the heavy door without ceremony in the face of the nearest bear, who had already lifted his fore-paws upon the canoe and was peering in wistfully at the rabbits.

With his feet in a foam of rabbits—the creatures seeming to have lost all fear of him—Jackson sat down on a box and lit his pipe, while Brannigan, leaning over from his couch on the table, tried to feed the rabbits with biscuit. The rabbits would have none of it, but the two does, greedy and jealous,

came mincing forward at once to appropriate the attention and the tit-bits.

Presently the air grew unbearably hot and close, with the reek of the crowding animals and the heat of the stove. After the fashion of the backwoodsman, the men endured it till they were gasping. Then Jackson went to the little window—which was not made to open—and prised out the sash with the edge of his axe-blade. He filled his lungs with a deep breath, drew back from the window, then sprang forward again and thrust his head out for a better look.

"*It's broke!*" he shouted. "The water's goin' down hand over fist!"

"It'll save a lot o' trouble," said Brannigan, with a sigh of relief.

By noon the water had disappeared, and the bears, the wild-cat, and the fox had disappeared with it. After waiting another hour, that the hungry beasts might be well out of the way, Jackson opened the door and began to turn the rabbits out. At first they refused obstinately to go, so that he had to seize them by the ears and throw them out. But presently some sign seemed to go round among them to the effect that their enemies were out of the way. Then they all began to make for the door, but quite at their leisure, and soon were hopping off among the trees in every direction. After them, at last, went the two does, without so much as once looking back.

"Durned if the place don't look kind o' lonesome without 'em!" murmured Brannigan.

"Umph!" grunted Jackson. "It's easy seein' t'ain't you that's got to do the cleanin' up after 'em. If ever ye go to hev another party like that, Tom, I'm goin' to quit."

The spring wind, mild and spicy from the spruce forests, breathed through the cabin from the open door to the open window, and a chickadee ran over his fine-drawn, bead-like refrain from the branches where the lynx and wild-cat had been crouching.

WOMEN AND WAR.

WOMEN of England, yours how hard the task,
Service from you how difficult we ask!
Glorious to stand against the leaden hail,
In the mown war-line not to flinch or fail!
Splendid the onrush and the charging cheer,
Yet glorious, too, to check the coming tear;
The doubt by night, to stifle through the day;
The deep alarm not outwardly betray.
Oh, dull expectancy that finds not vent!
Oh, silent anguish that will not lament!
Oh, mad uncertainty from dawn to eve!
Oh, worse to wait than battle to receive!
Heroes are ye, who but the sob repress,
Your victory dumb is victory no less!

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

THE TONTINE

By AUSTIN PHILIPS

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

" WONDERFUL man, Miss Mary, a wonderful man!"

"Yes, Doctor Milburn. He is very—wonderful. And you still find him——"

"Splendid! He grows younger hourly. Such will-power, such self-denial, too. He would be a credit to any doctor. I take pride in him—yes—pride. Good morning, Miss Mary. By the way"—the doctor, young, sleek, self-satisfied, paused at the open door—"you are not looking quite"—his voice rose professionally—"quite as well as I could wish. A leetle more exercise, a thought less serious, and plenty—yes, plenty of food. Good-bye, Miss Mary. Remember, above everything, not so serious. You are young—yes, young!"

"Thank you. I will remember. Thank you very much."

Mary Leicester, answering, looked full at him, finished speaking, hesitated, as if she would say more. But she left her question unasked. The doctor took her hand again, turned, crossed the threshold, went down the wide-flagged steps, got into his waiting car. The butler, Wix—he had been hovering in the background—came forward, closed the nail-studded door. Mary Leicester passed through the picture-hung entrance-hall, went up the great oak staircase, crossed the landing, paused outside a room. She knocked. A voice answered. Mary Leicester took a deep breath, hesitated perceptibly, turned the handle, went in.

"You have seen Milburn?"

"Yes, I have seen him."

"Good!"

There was a silence. The hawk-eyed, hook-nosed, skull-capped, white-bearded man by the fireside looked at the girl hard. He wore a black flowered-silk dressing-gown; he sat bent, yet alert of figure, in a chair upholstered in dark velvet, full-seated, high-backed, with deep and draught-resisting sides, each ending in a boss of carved mahogany, on which his lean and large-veined fingers were at grip. His face was the face of the miser of all ages—that hideous egoist that humans shrink from, yet who stays half-brother to all men, since each has a secret meanness that he hides. This man, John Blount—who had been successively debt-harassed, worker, plutocrat, *viveur*, paralytic, valetudinarian, and money saver—was waiting for the question which, as but now of the doctor, Mary Leicester did not ask. And he spoke again.

"Did Milburn tell you about Sir Harry?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I did not ask him."

"Why?"

"Because—because I thought that the news would be bad."

"Bad!" The old man's laughter cackled like devil's dice shaken in a broken cup. "Bad! Yes, of course it's bad. Sir Harry"—the voice made a show of sympathy, mocked hideously, was ill to hear—"Sir Harry is going to die. And I——"

"Oh, don't, don't!" It was the moment, the one moment to ask. At this, the hour of his friend's, his school-fellow's danger, he might listen as he had never listened yet. "I can't bear it! If it *is* to your advantage, how can you be so hard? The money would save Westowe, restore it, set them going again."

"And you would have me die first!"

"No, no. I would have you generous—big. Isn't—I know you set your heart upon winning—isn't the bare winning enough? You don't want the money; they need it. Can't you—won't you share it with them? You——"

"Share it with them, that they might squander it as Sir Harry has squandered?"

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"But——"

"Silence!" John Blount, thin, bent, but eager, rose from his chair, lifting himself by the aid of hands hard-pressed upon its sides. "You are foolish, you have no experience. A man must give to get. I have given—for twenty years I have given; that is why I am alive. Sir Harry has lived. I have existed, because I have meant to win. Sir Harry has played havoc with his constitution. I, who was paralysed—*paralysed*, Mary—have husbanded, have recovered mine. And you think—you ask me—that I am going to win—and lose the spoils!"

"Oh, please——"

"Don't be foolish. Sentiment is ridiculous. I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have played hard, Mary, but I have played fair. Get to your duties. Telephone first to the estate office. I will see Swayne at twelve."

"Yes, I will do so."

Mary Leicester stooped, took tongs and poker, tended to the fire. John Blount, the slave of his obsession, dropped back into his chair again, sat gripping the arms of it, looking at the now requickened blaze, his brain beholding a dream's fulfilment, his eyes staring, seeing nothing at all. The girl—the woman—rose, retired, turned round, regarded him, then, shuddering, went out. She descended the stairs, telephoned, summoning to that study-bedroom, that horrible Inquisition Chamber, the overworked, underpaid estate agent, housed in a rain-rotten lodge. Then she went into the library, which lay to the right of the high and many-pictured hall. The library was her bower of refuge and her sanctuary, the one place, save her own bedroom, where she, a hostage, might find freedom in this Castle of Despair.

She was a hostage. Just that. She had offered herself upon the altar of duty, she who, till her twentieth birthday, just seven years before, had been the stay and succour of her father at the red-roofed, red-walled vicarage; the little mother who had looked after the three motherless boys. Her father had killed himself, cycling home from a cottage bedside, had ridden at high speed into a closed and heavy gate which blocked a bridle-path. They had picked him up dead. They had found him—his stipend was infinitesimal—penniless save for what his furniture would fetch. His family was faced with starvation; the eldest boy was but seventeen. Then John Blount, to the amaze of all the county, had stepped into the breach. He had stepped into it as an investment, with, as always, one single stedfast aim. He wanted to *live*. She would look after him as no hireling could. The stock was good, the girl had health, courage, vitality, youth. And John Blount made an offer which Mary Leicester might not refuse.

He had made it to her a week after the funeral, as she received him in the vicarage drawing-room, her black dress—the fair woman's most perfect setting—making her face, which had charm always, almost beautiful now, showing, as no other dress had ever shown, the full perfection of her rounded figure, that husk of a warm-blooded heart. She had had, in those days, a mouth naturally mirthful, with three tiny perpendicular lines at each side of it—lines quaint, quizzical, humorous, telling of the optimist, proving her happy of outlook and sane. In her cheeks had been dimples. Her eyes were warm and blue. Her complexion was English—the beginning and end of praise.

John Blount had spoken thus—

"I understand that your father—that you have been left without resources. I have come to make a business proposition to you now. Birstall needs a woman to look after it. I think you would look after it well. If you will undertake its management, I will provide for your future. I will house you as I would house my own daughter, and I will pay your dress bills and allow you fifty pounds a year. I will also educate your brothers and launch them in professions, provided you prove efficient and manage my house well. No, don't thank me. It is a business proposition entirely. Come and see me to-morrow morning. I will hear your decision then." With that he left her, sure that she would come.

She came, eager, grateful, on fire to repay a generosity, a quixotism, as she held it, by loyal service given with all her heart, this old man's reputation weighing as nothing against his present deed. She threw herself without reservation into all his schemes for thrift. She worked for him, read to him, played and sang for him, was daughter, clerk, housekeeper, servant, slave. She idealised him, held him magnificent, till the scales fell from her eyes. Then she beheld him cruel, miserly, monster, and egoist, knew herself no more dutiful, grateful, but fate-bound sharer of his parsimony, ally of his selfish schemes. She was become—she knew it—loathed by all on the estate; her

very kindnesses were mis-esteemed, rebuffed. John Blount directed, administered; but it is the *âme damnée*, not the *âme damnée's* master, who earns, in chief, men's hate. And, hated, miserable, and lonely, she had come to see John Blount of Birstall as John Blount of Birstall was—a man with a mania, a creature one-idea'd. Portion by portion, piece upon slender piece, all his heart was laid bare to her. Then, loathing it, she knew his stedfast aim.

He had been the son of the last owner, had succeeded to an impoverished estate. To rebuild, remake his fortune had taken him twenty years. He drifted from stockbroking into the paper trade; forced himself into a big combine, which, fearing him, made him ally and friend. At forty he was a millionaire. Then—he had had no youth, as men count it—he relinquished business, began to live. He lived so fiercely that at fifty a seizure came. He recovered, was resolved not to die, lived sparingly, dieted himself, assumed avarice, that vice, that obsession of the old. And, knowing that a man who has nothing to live for dies full soon, he made himself an objective out of what had been a joke. The Tontine, and its winning—all was subordinate to that. And, subordinating all to it, making it his heart's desire, he was on the eve of succeeding now. Of the ten men who had pooled each their five hundred, only he and Sir Harry Lovett lived to-day. Careless, spendthrift, jolly-hearted Sir Harry was dying in his stuccoed Georgian mansion not four miles away. The Tontine had grown, accumulated, been invested, invested again. To John Blount the money meant nothing save the gratification of greed. To Sir Harry's children the money meant all—which meant to John Blount nothing in the world. To win was his obsession, his life. His meanness was bad. His obsession was unspeakable, a monomania which might well make others mad.

To live in the house of a man who desired the death of others; to know that desire gratified; to hear rejoicing, shameless, callous, as those others died; to be dependent upon one who daily, hourly, minutely desired the death of his oldest friend—a friend who had been good to her father, a man respected, loved, despite his follies, through all the countryside; to live in the house of, to be forced to give sympathy to, a man who desired the death of others—of one other only now—that, these seven years, had been Mary Leicester's life. While, but a fortnight back, true to her pact, faithful to her promise, heedful of her brothers' future, fearful as never of her own, she had sent away out of England, to another hemisphere, the man who loved her, whom she had loved since time of early teen.

Now, in the library, looking out upon the park, she was standing at the window, her forehead pressed against the pane. And she smiled in sort, a smile not bitter, yet of misery, the smile of a child who is prisoned in its bedroom for some slender venial sin.

"I am like Mariana in the poem," she said suddenly, as she had told herself a thousand thousand times. "But I must go on. I must go on to the end!"

She walked to the carved oak writing-table; she sat down to her daily task. John Blount exacted efficiency; he did not, for all his miserliness, let things fall into disrepair, or stint his table or his servants' table; he gave a little to get the uttermost back. But those he bought of, those who worked for him, he, compelling low prices, high efficiency, screwed and ground down by Mary Leicester's aid. She was doing this now, as always—revising, cutting off, refusing, paring bill after already pared bill; the local tradesmen, with their small stocks and exiguous business, forced to deal with Birstall at London prices or to let Birstall custom go. The last ounce ground from farmers for produce. Everywhere the minimum wage, never the mean, the fair one. For seven years it had been the same.

"I am sick of it—sick of it!" she cried aloud suddenly. And she rose and came across the room again to the tall window which gave upon the park, rain-rotten, leaf-strewn, autumnal, dripping, dank and deliquious, with its lake smooth, black, and heron-haunted, where Death lay so friendlily, that Death she coveted so dearly, but which, because of others, she might not take to friend.

"Oh, to die, to die!" she muttered. "Only to change places with Sir Harry—dear Sir Harry, who was—he may be reckless—who was so good and generous to us all!"

To die! But death was not for her. She was a hostage for those others whom she loved. She knew it, turned, walked back again to the desk and task she loathed.

"I must go on—go on with it," she told herself. And she set herself to do the thing of all things most foreign to her nature—to pare, cut down, deny.

The clock began to strike. Of long habit she ceased writing, sat up. On the twelfth stroke, Wix, the butler, entered, stooping,

careworn, grey. He advanced gravely, a salver in his hand. He set it down, then withdrew gravely as he had come.

"Thank you, Wix," said Mary Leicester. And Wix, going doorwards, paused.

"Thank *you*, miss," he said, and went forward again and passed out. Mary Leicester had a lump in her throat. Wix was the one person on the estate who sympathised and understood. Him, likewise, the halter galled; he, too, was a slave. His wife was cook. They had married late and had young children; they had nothing to fall back upon in old age. John Blount, who hated change, who would retain the dependents he made miserable, turned this to selfish use. So long as Wix stayed, Wix's future, by will, was made safe. If Wix left—too old, now, for other situations—there was, for Wix, the street.

Mary Leicester poured the milk from jug to glass; sat sipping, pen in hand. Then the door opened, and again Wix came in.

"Mr. Paine, miss," his calm voice told her. And Wix withdrew once more. Mary Leicester rose. And, as she rose, a prayer rose from her. "Give me strength! O God, give me strength!"

"Mary!"

"Gilbert!"

The man advanced, walking eagerly, face lighted, hands outstretched. His figure was spare and active, his face was lean and tanned, he was of that carriage which the Englishman bears when he has lived much, and cleanly, in lands where the sun is fierce. He was now within a yard of her, he was coming closer still. She retired herself, leaned against the table, put out defensive, yet they were welcoming, hands. He caught them, pulled her to him. She found herself in his arms; she was giving him, despairingly, kiss for passionate kiss. At last she freed herself, drew back to the table again, leaned on it, her palms against its edge.

"You have come"—her words were quick, uneven, reproachful—yes, and glad—"you have come—to make things harder for me!"

"No, no, Mary!"

"Then what—why have you come?"

"I have come"—his voice proclaimed the passion which had brought him back to her—"I have come—to take you away!"

"But we said good-bye a week ago."

"Good-bye? But good-bye was impossible. London told me so—London, the loneliest place in the world. Mary, I had—I simply *had* to come. The ship doesn't go till Saturday; that's—yes, it's five whole days! There's time"—the man's voice rose at her, went high, commanded, implored—"there's time to get married. You *can* come with me to the ranch, Mary. You can—you must!"

"I can't, Gilbert!" Her voice panted, went low. "I tell you—as I told you—I tell you it's no good"

"But you love me!"

"Love you! Don't—ah-h-h, don't!"

"Then isn't that everything?"

"No."

"Then you don't love me—you can't love me, or you wouldn't let me go alone!"

"I do love you!" His doubt, though she denied him, stabbed her tortured heart. "Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, don't—do understand!"

"But I can't understand!"

"You must. I can't come with you."

"Why?"

"Because—oh, I've told you, told you, told you—because of Mr. Blount."

"You've told me—yes. I believe it, when I see you, but I don't—I can't believe it alone."

"You must."

"I can't, Mary. Why—why should you stay here, alone and miserable, the slave and drudge of this man, who makes you abet his meanness, and be blamed for all he does? The house is a prison. He is a gaoler—he's——"

"If it wasn't for him, I should have starved."

"Starved!"

"Yes, starved. Didn't he take me when father died? I had no profession; he adopted me. Yes, Gilbert, I should have starved."

"And now—you're dying!"

"Dying? I——"

"Yes, dying—nearing the end of life—as a woman counts life, at least. Your youth is going from you; he's robbing you of it. I—only *I* can give it you back. I can give you freedom, comfort, happiness—a life that is fit to live. We can be married by special license, sail for the Argentine on Saturday—sail out into the sunshine. Darling, darling!" He had her now in his arms again, was holding her close, was praying her, compelling her with all his heart and soul. "Mary, to stay here is suicide! You must come with me, darling—you must come!"

She forced herself away from him, not roughly, but with quiet, inexorable, moral,

more than physical strength. And she leaned back against the table, fingers gripping the edge of it, fighting her own weakness, driving herself to be strong.

"I can't," she panted presently, "I can't—I can't! As long as he lives, I must stay with him. I promised."

"Break your promise."

"And lose everything! What would become of the boys—their education?"

"*I* will educate them."

"You can't afford it."

"I can."

"No." She smiled at him incredulously, shook a sorrowful head. "No, Gilbert, it would cripple you. You need all your capital; it's now that you have to develop the estate—to give, Gilbert, to get. And I must give to get, too; must give up you, and—and everything, to get the boys launched in the professions."

"And then?"

"I—I shall stay here."

"Stay here, killing yourself by inches, murdering your beauty, your youth! Sometimes it's right to break promises."

"Sometimes, yes, when only the bad suffer for it—not when it spoils innocent people's lives. Ah, Gilbert, won't you understand? I want to come with you—you know it—and if I break my promise, there are the boys. They must have their education. You mustn't cripple yourself. I must go through with it, and keep your respect."

"My respect! Mary!"

"Yes, you'd hate me if I lost it. Don't you see, Gilbert, don't you see? What makes you love me, believe in me, is my keeping my promise to Mr. Blount. If I broke it, even for you, your love wouldn't last. You'd despise me secretly. You wouldn't trust me."

"But——"

"No, Gilbert, you wouldn't, and a woman knows these things. You must wait; if you want me, you must wait. But you must be free; *your* youth mustn't be sacrificed. If in a year or two you meet somebody——"

"Mary!"

"Gilbert, it is so; it *may* be so. Now, you're killing me by making me deny you—go from me. Don't—don't make it hard for me. Good-bye, Gilbert, good-bye, my dear, my dear! Love—love isn't everything, after all."

"But——"

He stopped, stayed silent, so much her eyes implored, so much her pleading had transformed him, so greatly her voice compelled. He had come there on fire to play knight-errant, to rescue her, carry her off. She was stronger than he was, he who had let passion have rein; her courage fired him—as it is woman's mission to fire men—to equal courage, to sacrifice, relinquish, forego. And, setting her upon a pinnacle, he would no longer pull her down. She had been right, right—he knew it—when she spoke of his respect. It was life, just life, and, life being what it is, he would never in his heart hold her so high again if she, the strong, were weak. He was silent very long. His eyes questioned her; her eyes asked and replied. And then at last he spoke.

"You're right, Mary, you're right. I have always known it in my heart. You are strong and splendid. I, who should be strong, have been weak. But London—the huge, big loneliness of it killed my courage. I am sorry, darling. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

Her hands held his hands, she gave him her lips again; once more she tore herself away. He turned. She called after him, but she did not look round.

"You sail—on Saturday," she asked, standing there at the table, fighting the sobs that choked.

"Yes, on Saturday." And he—he, too, fighting, winning—went on towards the door.

"And"—she spoke again breathlessly, one fear devouring her, the fear that if he should return, should implore her a second time, she might not again be strong—"and, Gilbert, you go back to London now?"

"No, no"—his very voice was a shudder—"not to London, Mary, not that. I must go to Worcester. There's my club there—it's home to me, Mary; the club and my friends. If you need me, send for me, write to me. Remember, if you need me, write!"

"I shall need you always, but I shall neither write nor send, except to the ship, and when you are back on the ranch."

"Yes, I——"

He stopped. He turned doorwards, he turned to her, wheeled round again, called "Good-bye," fled from weakness, and was gone. Mary Leicester, dropping into her chair again, put her hands and arms on the desk. In her arms her face lay hidden. She shook, sobbing out her soul. An hour she stayed there, strong no longer, the sport of agony, the plaything of despair. The clock struck twice. Wix entered, saw her prostrate, stayed hesitant, lest he should startle her to fear. Then he coughed kindly, discreetly, behind his hand.

She started, half looked round, remembered herself, looked back again, spoke weakly, sitting now upright, facing the window, seeing nothing at all.

"Is that you, Wix?"

"Yes, miss."

"What is it?"

"Luncheon is served, miss."

"Thank you. I shall not need any. Mr. Blount—Mr. Blount is not coming down?"

"No, miss. Mr. Swayne is with him still."

Mary Leicester answered nothing. Wix stood irresolute, crossed the threshold, shut the door. Mary Leicester pushed back her chair, rose, walked to the window, stood there looking out. The rain fell, heavy and pitiless, splashing from sill to pane, meeting the close-rolled gravel of the gate-towered quadrangle with a noise as of sheep passing in ceaseless multitudes over a road deep in summer dust. Before the quadrangle the park was stretching, its trees dark and dismal, its grass leaf-strewn, autumnal, dripping, deliquious, dank. Below, in the middle-distance, the mere, rain-swollen, overflowing, smooth, black and heron-haunted, holding out promise of death. And Mary Leicester—who might not wed, who must not die, but who must "carry on" for others' sakes—stood at the tall deep window, feeling that it would be good to end everything, to go out hatless into the downpour, to have the rain beat about her brow and the wind blow about her cheeks; that it would be good to win the mere's margin, to stand there, face lifted, palms upward, and, standing there, to cry to high Heaven her gratefulness, and then, plunging, to break bonds, to escape her prison, to seek sweet shelter in the bosom of death. It was indulgence, coquetry, not intention: death was not in her scheme; she did but play with weakness that she might find brief respite from the tension of high deeds. And, presently, the mood passing, the shadow staying, she shrugged her shoulders a little and, in a fashion, smiled. She was a hostage, just a hostage. All hostages have not the fortune of that hostage, Regulus, who died.

The door opened gently; again it was Wix who came into the room. He bore a tray: upon it a soup-plate, silver-covered; toast and a glass of wine. Mary Leicester heard the chink of china, guessed the cause of it, but—her face forbade her—dared not turn round.

"I have brought you some soup, miss." The tray, set down ever so softly on the writing-table, sounded its metallic note. "It"—there was a second's hesitation; then Wix went on again, his voice respectful, firm—"it is not wise to go without food, miss. It only makes things—harder to bear."

"Wix!"

But Wix was gone, swiftly, silently. Mary Leicester fought her tears.

"He understands. Wix—someone here doesn't hate me!" The tears conquered, rolled down unwilling cheeks. She drove herself into swallowing the soup, the toast, the wine; then ran, face drooped, through the great hall, up the oak staircase, on into her own room. She washed the tear-stains, tidied hair and dress, then crossed the landing, going to John Blount's room. And, standing outside it, she heard John Blount's voice raised.

"It's disgraceful—perfectly disgraceful! Go home and recopy those lists. Bring them to me to-morrow, better written. Get back immediately to work!"

"It's—it's that poor, poor Mr. Swayne again!" The girl's heart, bleeding, bled afresh. She retreated, began to seek the stairs. Then her uncle's door opened. Swayne, the estate agent, came out. He was very tall, very near-sighted, dark, habitually pale. Now he was turkey red. He furrowed his myopic brows at her, glared, came past her, ran hurriedly down, rushed out. Mary Leicester's heart, that had been bleeding for him, bled now for herself. "He hates me," she thought. "They all hate me. Oh, to be dead—to be dead!"

Then, as of custom, she knocked at John Blount's door again, heard his answering summons, and obeyed. She found him, flushed and angry, striding up and down.

"That fool—that fool Swayne, he's ten times more trouble than he's worth! His accounts are disgraceful—all blotted! I've sent him back to do them over again."

"But—but there's a new baby. I expect he's been up all night!"

"Babies!" John Blount stopped in his striding, swung round, faced her, glared. "People shouldn't have babies unless they can afford them. Swayne is a fool—a fool!"

Mary Leicester made no answer, drew forward her accustomed chair, took *The Times* from the table, unfolded it, and was about to sit down. But John Blount stayed her. This reading, done daily to the minute, must give way to something else.

"Go to the telephone. Ring up Westowe Hall. Give them my compliments, and ask how Sir Harry does."

"But——"

"Do as you're told!"

Mary Leicester had, as always, to obey. She went out like an automaton, went down the stairs again, rang up, stood waiting, heard reply. "Sir Harry's condition is unchanged. Doctor Cochrane has wired to London for a specialist. He will be here to-night at eight." And then, ere she hung up the receiver, she heard Sir Harry's butler speak to someone who must stand near. "It's that stingy brute at Birstall. I'd like to wring the old vulture's neck!" Mary Leicester let the receiver fall and dangle. She ran headlong up the stairs, feeling herself, as it might be, a minor carrion creature who hung in the vulture's train.

"Well?"

John Blount, fearing good news, hoping for evil, was back in his deep-sided chair, his hands, long, lean, and vein-showing, gripping each a mahogany boss. At her coming he half rose again, then sank back as he heard.

"Oh, no news is good news. Read to me, Mary." Mary Leicester read. But, though she read that financial supplement which was his great and weekly pleasure, he did not listen or heed. He was staring, staring into the fire again, his brain beholding visions, his hands unclasping, clasping, his eyes seeing nothing save the blaze. He was—as these twenty years he had been doing—he was desiring the death of another man.

"The butler was leaning over, guarding Mary Leicester's body, that swayed. And John Blount drank the toast alone."

At last Mary Leicester stopped reading. The silence made him start. He looked up, nodded. Mary Leicester rose, went out. She sought her bedroom, got into her dressing-gown, lay down upon her bed. It was hers to live for others; she was not of the stuff which lives for to-day only, which has no heed of coming hours. She had a job to finish; it was hers to hold on, go through. She would rest; yet she lay there, burning, feverish, hopeless of finding sleep. There had been that day too many horrors in a life that was lived among horrors; too much had happened; too much was yet to come. But in

her brain, and through the very heart and fibres of her, one thought, all-mastering, galloped and leaped and sang.

"If only I can hold on—hold on till night comes! After to-day nothing can, nothing will, nothing, nothing can ever hurt me again!"

Yet upon her, lying there, worn and hopeless, sleep, the capricious, came at last. She lay dreaming dreams that were horrible—dreams that made sleep more awful than wakefulness, dreams in which she knew Gilbert Paine married to another woman; in which she saw Sir Harry, strong, recovered, ride to Birstall once more, and John Blount, Birstall's owner, come cursing to the door, snatch knife, dart forward, drive it into Sir Harry's heart. Sir Harry's cry woke her—his cry which had been her own. Her fire was out. She lit candles, dressed, descended, went into the library once more. To her presently came Wix, silent, tristful, sympathetic, announcing the meal that she would shun. She passed into the dining-room. John Blount was already in his chair. He wore a coat of black velvet; in his buttonhole was a scarlet flower.

"Bring in the telephone, Wix," he said hideously. Wix replaced the tureen lid, went hallwards, returned carrying the portable receiver with its thin, green, serpent coils.

"Put it beside Miss Mary."

Wix obeyed. John Blount unhooked his watch, set it on the table, looked at the butler. The tureen lid was lifted; the meal, odious, unescapable, began. John Blount, hook-nosed and vulturous, began to eat his food with infinite and revolting care. It might have been any night of the nights of those seven years that Mary Leicester had been hostage in that house, save for the receiver on the table, the flower in John Blount's buttonhole, and three other things. The jaws that masticated so meticulously jerked at odd intervals, and the lean, knife-and-fork-holding hands were twitching unceasingly, and the pulses—the blue, large, thin and parchment-skinned pulses of the temples—throbbed and hammered with the rush of excitement-quickened blood. And every now and then he glanced at his watch and smiled.

So, in silence, the meal, the death-feast, began. And presently the roast was on the table, that roast which Mary Leicester took and toyed with, of which the sight sickened her, of which John Blount, whose habit it was to eat most sparingly, ate like a boy who comes home from the playing-fields with all the hunger of youth. And he saw that Mary Leicester ate nothing, and he frowned.

"You are not hungry." His voice was jerky as his jaws, his hands, his veins.

"N-no, I am not hungry. I——"

"Then you must be thirsty. Wix!"

"Sir?"

"Champagne!"

"Champagne?"

Wix had forgot his training; Wix stared at him; Wix gasped out the word. John Blount was beside himself, the obsession had conquered the conqueror, the ancient *viveur* spirit was aflame in him, he had forgotten how to forego. His fist found the table, his voice rose to a shriek.

"Champagne, Wix! Curse you, bring me champagne!"

Wix turned and went cellarwards. John Blount leaned back in his chair. "There will be toasts to drink," he falsettoed; "there will be toasts—toasts!" Mary Leicester, too worn out, too weak to oppose him, all power of resistance in her shattered, went shuddering at the sound, the words of him—just sat gripping at the table with fingers that were ice-cold. And John Blount sat watching her, smiling, smiling horribly; and the veins in his temples pulsed and beat and throbbed, of a blueness incredible against the blackness of his black skull-cap. Wix was now back again, trembling, hesitating, holding the bottle still corked. At him the voice leapt again; upon him were fixed two glaring grey-green eyes.

"Open it! What are you waiting for?"

"But, Mr. Blount——" Mary Leicester, weak to the verge of fainting, made her last protest in vain.

"Silence, Mary! Wix—— By Heaven, man!"

"Yes, sir."

Wix waited no longer; he had done his duty; he could, perhaps *would*, not do more. The wire was clipped, the cork was out of the bottle, a napkin was round its neck. John Blount's glass was yellow and bubbled. Wix walked to Mary Leicester's side. Instinctively her hand closed over the top of her glass. Wix hesitated. John Blount shrieked his wrath.

"Yes, yes, Mary. I insist upon it. I insist. I tell you I insist!"

Mary Leicester removed her hand. She dared not fan his anger, for his sake, not for her own. And the wine showed sparkling in her glass. Then, to her terror, she saw John Blount stand up.

"A toast!" he cried. "A toast! Mary, drink to the Tontine!"

And Mary Leicester, shuddering, for his sake obedient, raised her glass to her lips.

"The Tontine!" she whispered. "The Tontine!"

John Blount drained his glass, set it down again, signed to Wix to refill it, and croaked his question out.

"Were you ever told the full story of the Tontine?"

"No, never. Please, I——"

"Then you shall hear it. Listen!"

Mary Leicester braced herself to bear. Wix shifted imperceptibly towards her. It was as if he feared she might faint.

"There were ten of us—yes, ten of us—at Worcester—members of the county club. I was forty. The others were younger. The last—Sir Harry Lovett—was thirty-nine. We had been dining after the races; we were talking about Tontines. Somebody suggested one. We were all merry—we all could afford it then. So we went in—they all went in—for my benefit, Mary—mine!"

John Blount broke off, chuckled horribly, drained his glass a second time, compelled Wix with his eyes. The glass was filled again. John Blount went on relentlessly. Once more Wix shifted towards Mary Leicester's chair.

"We each put in five hundred. We gave it to a fellow to invest. He was a solicitor, a clever fellow, and honest, as it chanced. The Tontine was nothing till Kaffirs came along. Then the solicitor's broker—another clever fellow, too clever to waste himself on a place like Worcester—foresaw the boom. The Tontine grew like a snowball. It is worth—but I have told you, Mary, what it is worth. It is worth ninety thousand pounds! And I win, Mary, I win!"

John Blount stopped, took his glass again, sipped at it, then drained it, and made a sign to Wix. Once more the man refilled it. Once more the miser resumed.

"Yes, I win, Mary. I—I, who have done without things, denied myself, lived like a hermit—to live. I wouldn't be beaten. I refused to be, though a year after we had pooled the money I had a stroke—a stroke, mark you, that would have taken the heart out of most. I set to work to get strong. And I've beaten them—beaten them, Mary! They're all dead, except me!"

"And Sir Harry!" Mary Leicester managed to speak now, had to say something, had to hear another voice than his. "Sir Harry may recover—we must hope for it."

"Hope for it—hope for it!" John Blount's voice cackled horribly. "He's past—past hoping for! Here, we must have a toast again—the vict——"

Ting-g-g-a!

The ring, sharp, metallic, came to cut him short. Then he was on his feet.

"They're 'phoning!" he shouted. "They're 'phoning—from Westowe! Mary, pick up the receiver. By Heaven, he's dead!"

Mary Leicester did his bidding mechanically. The day had been too much for her strength. And she set the receiver to her ear, answered, and, answering, heard. To her so listening came John Blount's shrilled-out cry—

"What is it? Who is speaking? Quickly! Who is it? Is he dead?"

"It is——" Mary Leicester paused, replaced the receiver, turned round slowly, unable at first to find words. Then she spoke. John Blount was standing facing her, Wix midway between them, working towards Mary's chair.

"It is—it is Doctor Milburn; Doctor Cochrane has called him in. They have been with the specialist, Sir Arthur Forrest-Floyd. Sir Harry has had a relapse. The specialist can do nothing. Sir Harry will be dead within an hour!"

"Dead—dead—dead!"

On the speaking of each monosyllable the old man's voice ascended; then, shrill, cacophonous, came his cry of triumph to the room. "The victor, Mary, the victor, the victor, Mary, I say! *Væ victis!* Woe to the vanquished! Mary, drink the toast!"

But Mary neither answered nor looked. Neither did Wix look at John Blount now. The butler was leaning over, guarding Mary Leicester's body, that swayed. And John Blount drank the toast alone.

"The victor! Woe to the vanquished! The victor! I win—I win!"

He raised his glass, drained it, strove to speak, stood there a moment, his mouth working, those veins in his temples beating like piston-rods, his eyes set and staring hard. He lurched forward, leaned, sagged, swung forward again, fell heavily, lay sprawled and motionless among dish and plate and glass. He had broken a blood-vessel in the brain.

And Mary Leicester and George Wix, who had been hostage and slave to him, were set free. He was dead—dead before Sir Harry Lovett, killed by the joy of victory which had been—defeat.

ENTERPRISE AND OPPORTUNITY IN A YOUNG COUNTRY

V. CANADA'S FRONT DOOR: WHAT NOVA SCOTIA OFFERS TO SETTLERS

By A. B. TUCKER

IT is often remarked by Canadians who come from the Maritime Provinces on a visit to England that they find people over here familiar with the names of towns and cities in the Prairie Provinces, and with the fact that Saskatchewan and Alberta are great grain-producing countries; but they are distressed at the ignorance displayed as to the Maritime Provinces. "Why," said a Canadian the other day, "I met a man who seemed to be fairly well informed on most subjects, and he did not know what I meant when I spoke of the Maritime Provinces." The accusation is, it is to be feared, warranted. Nova Scotia has been called "Canada's Front Door" because it is the nearest of all the Canadian Provinces to the Old Country. It is difficult to realise that if you go to Vancouver, the capital of British Columbia, by way of Halifax, the capital and chief port of Nova Scotia, your journey is not half over when you land at Halifax.

SHEEP ON A FARM NEAR THE SALMON RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA.

Why, then, when Nova Scotia is so much nearer to us, do we hear so little about the Province? There are, I think, two main reasons for this. In the first place, Nova Scotia has never been advertised as have the great wheat-growing Provinces. It has been the policy of the Dominion Government to spend vast sums in advertising free homesteads in the Prairie Provinces, which it has desired to people. The policy has, no doubt, been wise, in that wheat is Canada's greatest asset, and the peopling of the Prairie Provinces has multiplied the output of wheat many times over during the past few

decades. Naturally, the constant and lavish expenditure on advertising of the Prairie Provinces has made them known to the man in the street. Nova Scotia, on the other hand, from lack of the campaign of publicity which is so cleverly carried on for the Prairie Provinces, is to many merely a name.

There is, too, I think, another reason why Nova Scotia is insufficiently known. In the summer months the steamers taking travellers to Canada land them at Quebec and Montreal, historic scenes of Quebec, of Montreal's commerce, of wonderful Winnipeg, of the miles and miles of waving wheat in Saskatchewan, of the majestic Rockies, and so on, but they say no word of Nova Scotia, for they have not seen it. Again, the comparatively few who visit Canada in the winter months, and travel from Halifax by rail to Montreal, get a poor idea of the agricultural land in the Province. In the first place, the country is under snow, and,

BEE-KEEPING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

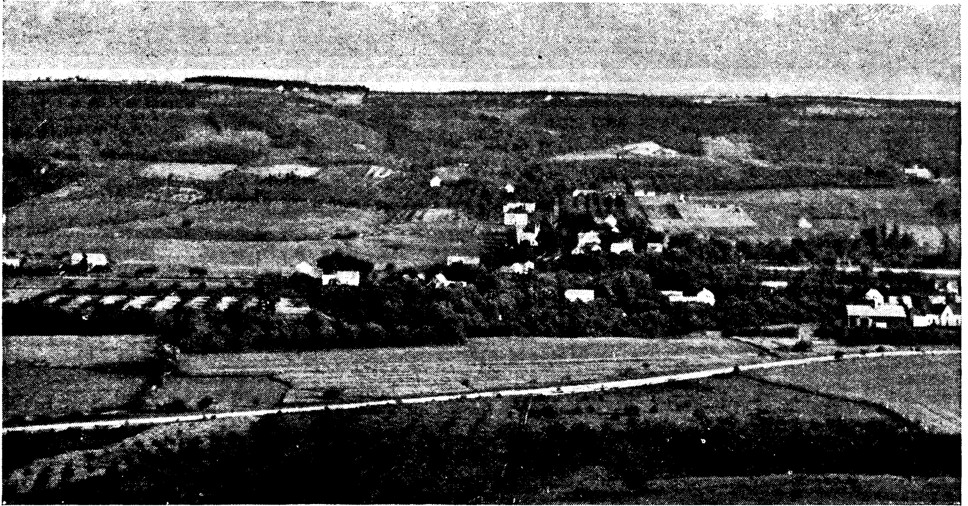
and it is only in the winter months, when the St. Lawrence route is closed, that the traffic comes to Halifax. People in this country who make a tour in Canada by way of a holiday are annually increasing in number. They land at Quebec or Montreal, and very naturally go westward by rail. It is somewhat against the grain to retrace one's steps and travel eastward to the Maritime Provinces. These tourists, who spend a month or two in visiting Canada, come back and talk to their friends about the interesting secondly, the railway only skirts the most fertile districts. The great need of the Province seems to me to be an all-the-year-round service of steamers between Halifax and an English port. If that existed, many people would, no doubt, spend a month in Nova Scotia, and it would not cost much more than a month in Switzerland. In that way the Province would soon become better known, and the Englishman desirous of farming in one of the Dominions might turn his attention more frequently to Nova Scotia

than he does at present. I believe that Nova Scotia only needs to be known to become popular, not only with the settler, but with the tourist.

The Climate.

Almost the first question asked by an intending settler in any part of Canada is: "What about the climate?" I would hasten to assure such an inquirer that Nova Scotia is not in the Arctic regions. Situated in the Temperate zone, from three to six degrees nearer the Equator than the most southerly point in Great Britain, and almost entirely surrounded by the sea, Nova Scotia possesses a temperate, humid climate, well suited to the highest types of agriculture. The warm waters of the Gulf Stream approach very nearly to the south-western end of the Province, and although their influence is partially counteracted by the Arctic currents, which delay spring vegetation about two or three weeks, yet the climate is moderate and free from extremes, the average temperature from July to September being 62 degrees Fahrenheit, and November to March, 26 degrees. Here is what a settler had to say about the climate after a year's residence in the Province:—

"Of the weather, how shall I write? Magnificent days succeed each other in an endless stream—days the like of which I have never before experienced, bright, cloudless, and still, the sun streaming from a firmament of sapphire blue. Then the autumn, with its wonderful tints, the marvellously beautiful days of the Indian summer, precursor of the winter—all these have to be experienced to be believed. To the winter I must admit I looked forward with some concern. One had heard so much of the drawbacks of this season in Canada that I felt the supreme test was drawing near, the test by which my choice or rejection of Nova Scotia would abide. October and November were beautiful, and by December I had taken a house—where we still live—in the world-famous Annapolis Valley, which reminds me of peaceful Norfolk. The winter came, and we revelled in the snow and skating, and many days I found an overcoat unnecessary. Although there was no question about the cold—and you feel it keenly if a wind is blowing—I found the winter less trying, so far as cold was concerned, than at home.



IN THE FRUIT DISTRICT OF THE GASPEREAUX VALLEY.

Some days almost defy description—not a breath of wind to stir the tiniest twig, the landscape, as far as the eye can reach, inches deep in snow, the trees, shrubs, and bushes standing enshrouded in the same white mantle, the sunlight, the ghostly silence, and over all the same cloudless blue sky of mid-summer. Truly a scene to thrill the soul. Spring is tardy and uncomfortable, and is admitted by Nova Scotians to be the worst season of their year. Roads, in parts, are mere miry tracks. Wind, rain, snow, frost, and thaw alternate, with a determination that dismays and a persistency that astounds one, until May is merging into middle age. Then comes the change. Summer, like a fairy, bounds upon the scene, waves her wand over the expectant orchards, fields, and woodlands,

and the world of fruit and flowers leaps into being, maturing with a rapidity that amazes. And what a world it is ! Fruits, wild-flowers, shrubs, grasses, and mosses in endless profusion, to the delight of the Nature-lover and the botanist. Thus we are ushered into summer, and, in brief, I have completed the circle of the year."

Different Kinds of Farming.

I have quoted the above letter at length because the writer, in his appreciation of Nova Scotia, has not, as so many of the advertisements do, forgotten the drawbacks. On the face of it, the letter appears to be thoroughly honest. Now let us look for a moment at farming conditions in Nova Scotia, and see what chances there are for young Englishmen in the Province. The development of agriculture in Nova Scotia has been somewhat remarkable. Owing to the varied resources of the Province, a large proportion of those living upon the farming lands have up to the present not confined themselves to pure agriculture, but have entered into mining, lumbering, fishing, and other enterprises. On this account many of the farms have been neglected, and now need better cultivation. Nova Scotians themselves are ready to allow that in the past their people have not, as a rule, been good farmers. They have excelled in many ways. Many of Canada's best-known statesmen have come from the Province, but farming has been neglected. In old days, when farming implements were crude, and farming was regarded as drudgery, the young men were attracted away from the farms to the cities or to the West. Naturally, the countryside has suffered. To-day there are many excellent farms which have been neglected awaiting a capable farmer to make them sound paying concerns. Anyone travelling through the agricultural districts in Nova Scotia can see farms, where mixed farming has been carried on sensibly and on practical lines, looking prosperous and fertile and with good houses on them.

Photo by] [*Hardy, Kentville.*

CULTIVATION IN THE SPRING: A SCENE NEAR KENTVILLE.

Dairying.

Conditions in Nova Scotia are especially suitable for dairy cattle. Dairying, when properly managed, pays handsomely. It is sometimes objected that dairying entails a large amount of labour, but to succeed in any industry needs hard work. Indeed, the man who is afraid of work had better not go to Canada. Many agriculturists are of the

opinion that the dairy industry is destined to be one of the most important in the Province. They say that quicker returns are obtained from dairying than from any line of farming. At the present time there is imported to Cape Breton Island alone many thousands of dollars' worth of dairy products; and there are hundreds of vacant farms which, in proper hands, could at any rate help to make the Province self-supporting. The farmer in Nova Scotia need have no doubt about being able to market his dairy produce, and at good prices, too. Mr. F. W. Foster, a farmer in King's County, who has made a speciality of dairying in conjunction with fruit-raising, when asked for his opinion, wrote as follows:—

"I have every reason to have great faith in the dairy industry in the Province of Nova Scotia, because for the last fifteen years I have made a speciality of it. Starting in a small way at first, I have built up a profitable herd of dairy cows, that are giving a good profit every day in the year. I also have faith in the dairy because it is not only one of the surest sources of revenue that a farmer can engage in, but also a means of building up a farm, so that two blades of grass can be made to grow where one formerly did. With the exception of one year, we have marketed our dairy products in the form of print butter, which has been shipped to Halifax, and sold to a grocer at a staple price by the year, and for the last ten years have sold to the same firm at very satisfactory prices, receiving as much as 28 cents a pound for nine months in the year. With the excellent pastures and abundance of hay, corn, and roots that can be raised anywhere in our Province, there is no reason why dairying cannot be practised on a large and profitable scale. But our Province is so rich in minerals, lumbering, fishing, and orcharding, that we are slow to make headway in dairying, not because we think it does not pay to carry on dairying in connection with our other branches of farming, but I have heard many men say that life is too short to milk cows for a living, overlooking the fact that they are very great losers thereby."

The members of the Scottish Agricultural Commission who visited Nova Scotia were greatly impressed with the advantages offered by the Province for the development of the dairy and beef-raising industries.

Fruit-Growing.

In no branch of agriculture has such progress been made in Nova Scotia as in fruit-growing. Many men who would not find dairying and stock-raising quite to their taste, would find fruit-growing not only pleasant, but profitable. The development has been remarkable, and shows how suited the country is to the industry. Nova Scotia apples are exported to the amount of over a million barrels annually—two million barrels were exported a few years ago. The principal fruit section is the Annapolis Valley, which really comprises several river valleys, extending from the town of Windsor on the east to Digby on the west. The valley is sheltered by high ridges of hills on the north and south from winds and from fogs. In this beautiful valley the apple tree is the outstanding feature of the landscape. The crying need of the valley is for cultivators and capital. Of course, as in farming all the world over, the fruit-grower has his bad seasons; but these are not many, and on an average he does remarkably well. Not only apples are grown, but small fruits grow well and are in keen demand. These enable farmers with small capital to live while they are bringing the farms to a high state of productiveness. Many of the fruit-growers add bee-keeping and poultry farming to their fruit-growing, and in this way provide against a bad season. These industries are useful, too, in keeping a man going who has planted out a new orchard and has to wait for it to bear. In many districts the co-operative movement is in practice, and the growers save themselves much trouble and expense thereby in grading and marketing their produce.

The Price of Land.

The Government of Nova Scotia does much to help a new-comer in the matter of purchasing a farm. It has made arrangements for the guarantee of the bonds of a Provincial loan company, enabling the settler, as well as the resident in the Province, to receive a loan up to 80 per cent. of the appraised value of farm property at 6 per cent. interest. The Government is authorised also to purchase from time to time real estate in farming districts, subdivide this land into farms, and make the farms practically "ready-made farms" for suitable settlers on easy terms. The price of land varies much according to locality. Farms range in area from fifty to three hundred acres. In many of the districts where mixed farming is carried on exclusively, because the land is not adapted to fruit-raising, farms may be purchased on very

reasonable terms, ranging from £200 upwards; and in some cases, especially where a farm is "run down" for want of proper care, and the owner is a widow or an old man, too old to work, the price may be little above the original cost of the house and farm buildings. In the Annapolis Valley prices are higher. This is especially the case if the land contains several acres of fully developed orchard. Here the price is quite double that paid for land outside the fruit-growing district. In the Annapolis Valley farms with good orchards can be obtained for from £600 to £3,000. These prices are, of course, for farms in good condition. In the Annapolis Valley there are openings for fruit-growers, particularly those who can combine fruit-growing and dairying, but they must be men possessed of shrewdness, intelligence, and perseverance. For such men good farms, perhaps to some extent run out, may be bought at from £10 to £12 an acre.

To any young man thinking of going to Nova Scotia I would repeat the advice I have already given. I would tell him, if possible, to acquire some knowledge of farming before starting, and then to work for six months or a year as a hired man before he bought a farm. In this way he would acquire knowledge of local conditions and would buy with judgment. An application to Mr. John Howard, the Agent-General for Nova Scotia, 57A Pall Mall, would enable a prospective settler to get in touch with a suitable farmer to begin with, and would help the man in many ways.

Mr. Howard, in discussing the subject of this article, said: "I am glad to see that you are making known the opportunities that Nova Scotia offers. People might ask, if the Province offers all the advantages you say it does, why is it not better known? I think the reply to that is that it has not been advertised as much as Western Canada. I believe, if Englishmen understood what Nova Scotia has to offer them, they would make inquiries before settling elsewhere. The present opportunity of securing cheap farms and a big local market is the shrewd man's opportunity.

"Owing to the large industrial developments which have taken place within recent years, men from the land have been attracted to the towns as workers, leaving many openings for practical farmers. This industrial development has also created a much larger local consumption, affording strong home markets to the farmers. Whereas some years ago the Province exported agricultural products, she now has to import upwards of 40 per cent. in order to meet the increased demand.

"The snow is a great asset to the Province, covering as it does the ground in winter, and preventing the frost from penetrating therein to any considerable extent. It also acts as a fertiliser, and when it melts is absorbed by the soil, its presence acting as a safeguard against drought."

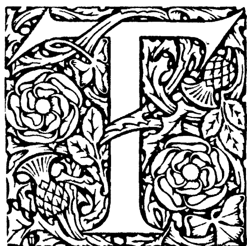
Questions addressed to the writer of this article at the office of THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE will be gladly answered.

A TYPICAL APPLE ORCHARD, NOVA SCOTIA.

SIR TOBY'S WIFE

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST

Illustrated by C. Fleming Williams



THE road sloped abruptly to a river green as emerald. Near the bridge was a ford, where the waters pulsed amongst the pebbles as though it were affected by the distant sea. On the left bank were two empty cottages with rounded gables. One had a strip of neglected garden, riotous with almost sapless, etiolated roses; the other a balustraded court, where valerian red as blood rose from the chinks of the broken pavement. The right bank, whence the road climbed to the strangest of sleepy villages, was embellished with a vast church and an imposing archway with a turret at either end. The grille was absent, its place filled with lichened masonry; beyond, one caught sight of the fantastic dormers of a Jacobean house.

Mary Winterbourne bade the chauffeur stop, and, turning to her companion, a vivacious elderly spinster, expressed her intention of spending a short time in the weird grey town that rose from the bridge to the summit of the hill.

"Never have I seen such a forgotten place," she said. "Nothing can have changed for hundreds of years. I'm not sure that it's real. I believe that, if I closed my eyes for a moment, it would all disappear."

"There's a very real child teasing a cat over yonder," said the chaperon, who boasted a strong American accent. "See, the young wretch is coming along!"

The fat little girl with the pallid face released the struggling kitten and came hobbling along towards the car. Beside a worn mounting-block she stopped and gazed stupidly. The companion held a penny between thumb and forefinger, and asked the name of the place.

"Melton Barnabas," said the child, in the dreariest of voices—"Melton Barnabas."

Once possessed of the coin, she retired without a word of thanks, disappearing in the narrow opening of a winding jennel. The only living thing left in that mediæval street was a great white rooster with a comb bright as fresh blood. Mary Winterbourne left the car and opened the worm-eaten gate of the churchyard.

"Don't follow me, Miss Andrews," she said. "I know you're tired of these old churches."

"I'll be glad to rest, my dear," said the elder lady. "You needn't hurry. I shall probably take a nap. I'm surfeited with these ancient places of worship; there's too strong a scent for my taste."

Mary Winterbourne did not seem to heed her words. She went along the narrow path to the porch, where she heard a faint sound of music, wheezy and wiry as of any hurdy-gurdy. On the opposite side of the aisle a dwarfish old man with a white, fan-shaped beard was slowly turning the handle of a quaintly decorated barrel-organ, the tune being "Sun of my Soul." At the sound of the girl's footsteps he ceased and came to meet her, his feet clicking dully against each other. The nearer he came, the more gnome-like grew his appearance. He effused a strong odour of snuff, and the hair of his upper lip was stained to a bright golden. His black eyes were small and protuberant, the whites crossed with a choleric network.

"Miss would like to see the tombs?" he said, simpering. "'Tisn't often anyone comes, Melton Barnabas being off the main road. But our tombs—they're grand, and no mistake."

Mary Winterbourne took out her purse, found a coin, and dropped it into his palm, careful that her finger-tips should not come into contact with his yellow, hardened skin. He mumbled copious thanks, then drew her attention to a font all carved with centaurs

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and wreathed snakes—a font that might once have been the fountain of some patrician Roman's courtyard.

"Ever since I was a little lad I've wondered about it," said the custodian. "You'd be fair mazed if you knew how many hours I've spent watching the things. There's been times when I could swear I'd seen 'em move!"

The oddness of his speech interested Mary Winterbourne, who, in spite of a fine share of common-sense, was not without love of the fantastic. She eyed him more closely, and her repulsion increased. At moments he suggested the freakish carving of a hidden miserere. She asked him to show her the other objects of interest, since her car was waiting, and she must continue her journey.

"Hurry no man's cattle," said the fellow. "There's enough in Melton Barnabas Church to keep you for days and days. I've been sexton for forty good years now, and I've been learning all the while. If I'd had education with my knowledge, I could write such a book about dead-and-gone folk as has never been writ before. Come this way, miss, and you shall see the Warnard tombs."

He led the way into a dusty side-chapel, whose walls were hidden with altar-tombs of the seventeenth century, the carving as fresh as though of yesterday. Each of these—from beginning to end they covered a period of eighty-five years—was inscribed with "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and with the names of prolific sires and dames.

"A grand family, for sure," said the sexton. "Maybe you noticed their hall, or what's left of it, beside the river? Oliver Cromwell destroyed it—all but one end, where Sir Toby lives now. Eh, dear, I'm blest if here isn't Sir Toby himself!"

A tall and handsome young man came from the porch. He was dressed somewhat shabbily in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, but he wore his clothes with excellent grace. Mary Winterbourne marvelled at the pleasant freshness of his face. He bowed slightly as he passed, and the sexton raised a hand obsequiously to his curiously protuberant forehead.

"You're after your keys, Sir Toby," said the latter. "They'd dropped to the floor o' the pew. You'll find 'em on the seat . . . If you'll follow me, miss, I'll show you the old glass where St. Anthony's training his pig to climb the staff."

The young woman only gave a vague interest to this singular relic, being for the nonce singularly impressed by the personality of the upstanding Sir Toby. A minute later, however, he had left the church, and she was able to give all her attention to the sexton's talk.

"As honest and upright a gentleman as anyone might seek and not find in a twenty miles' march," he said. "That's what I always say, and always shall say, about Sir Toby. Poor as a church mouse, but none the worse for that. And proud as he's poor. Well, he may be proud, seeing as his fore-elders have lived at Melton Barnabas for a good six hundred years. Grand doings, too, there were at the Hall, from all accounts, before Oliver Cromwell's day. The first Sir Toby was a great man at Court. Look ye through this screen and you'll see his tomb."

They had reached a massive screen of worm-eaten oak, whose bosses still bore faint traces of colouring. In the midst of the chapel beyond rose a magnificent altar-tomb of alabaster and Purbeck marble. Beneath the great canopy, charged with warm-hued heraldic bearings, lay the figures of the great Sir Toby and his wife. The sexton, after watching the girl's face in silence, chuckled hoarsely, then drew from his breeches pocket a brightly polished key.

"'Tisn't usual to let strangers in," he said, "particularly since these Suffragetters are ramping about. But for sure you're not one of 'em, and there'll be no harm."

He turned the key in a lock, and part of the screen swung aside, admitting Mary Winterbourne into the dusty chapel. There he pointed with a stubby thumb to the ornate canopy.

"One, two, three, four," he said half to himself. "There's some folks as 'd kill 'em, but, as for me, I love 'em better nor any birds!"

Observing that his companion was somewhat perplexed, he explained that the chapel was frequented by a colony of bats. "Flitter mice we call 'em in these parts," he added. "Innocent things as do no harm."

He climbed beside the figures and unhooked one of the little animals, holding it in his palm quite near Mary's face. "Witty things they are—you'd be surprised to know what tales they do but tell!"

The bat piped shrilly, and Mary drew back in repugnance. He smiled grotesquely and laid it on Dame Warnard's left breast. Then he fumbled in his pocket for another key, and moved towards the wall, where a huge square of black slate was framed between twisted columns of Siena marble.

"The second Sir Toby's tomb speaks for itself," he said. "If ever there was a story, 'tis written there." He looked anxiously towards the outer door, then hastened to the porch and closed it gently.

"'Twouldn't do for Melton Barnabas folk to know I'd shown it to a stranger," he observed, as he returned. "For the matter of that, nobody's seen it but myself for a good twenty years. You'd like to see it, I reckon?"

"To see what?" said Mary in perplexity.

"You ought for to see it," said the sexton, without paying heed, "since for certain you're vastly like the portrait of the second Sir Toby's lady. It hangs in the picture gallery. You'd be surprised if you looked at it. Why, I declare, if you was dressed in old-fashioned outlandish garments, and your hair was all in ringlets, you'd say as you was her reflection!"

Thereupon he inserted the key in the middle of the black panel, which proved fashioned of two leaves like a stately door. The ancient hinges groaned and shrieked, then each side moved slowly forward, and Mary Winterbourne found herself gazing on the second Sir Toby's fantastical tomb.

The young man, carved life-size in marble of startling whiteness, was attired in a loose and flowing shroud. He stood beside a bronze chair, the seat of which was covered with crimson velvet; his right hand was outstretched, as though he were in the act of assisting some invisible person to rise. The Italian sculptor must have been a genius—the whole figure suggested vigorous life rather than death. The head was passably handsome, the features bearing curious resemblance to those of the Sir Toby of to-day.

"See the velvet!" said the old man excitedly. "Who'd believe as 'twas the very same as was put there when yonder gentleman was laid to rest? There's 'broidered on the under-part the date. You'll scarce believe me, miss, but these doors they fit so tight that the leastest moth couldn't enter. When he's closed up, he might as well be in a corked bottle!"

"Why is Sir Toby alone? What is he waiting for?" inquired the girl curiously. "I've never seen anything so strange in my life."

"You may well say that, miss. Why, he's waiting for his wife, and for none other—the madam who's your own picture. Eh, but 'tis a queer story, and no mistake. A rare good-looking, upstanding chap he was—'tis plain to the eye." He turned suddenly and stared into Mary's face. "If you'd been wedded to such a lad, you'd have done what he'd wished. Heavens, but how your cheeks do flame!"

If Mary had been less ardently interested in the whimsical and odd, perhaps the weird gaffer's familiarity might have excited her disgust. As it was, she felt conscious of nought but a powerful desire to know the history of the empty chair.

"I cannot stay here long," she said. "Please tell me all you have to tell."

"If I were to do that, 'twould take me a year and a day," replied the sexton. "It all comes down by hearsay. I had it from my father; he had it from his fore-elders. Sir Toby's waiting for his wife!"

"Was he married?" said Mary, in a voice that sounded in her ears as a stranger's.

"Married? Why, haven't I told you as you might be the woman he chose? Married! Ay, of course he was married, and as happy as a bird on a bough for twelve months only; then he was shot by Cromwell's men when they pillaged the house. He didn't die straight off. I did hear as he lay three days and three nights in his bed."

"His wife was with him?" said Mary.

"Ay, and nearly all the while she sat aside of him, holding his hand. 'Twas then as he planned the tomb—him to wait there till she came. She was to be carved in stone and sit in the chair, and there their images were to bide till the Day o' Judgment."

"And, since he's alone, she never came?" said the girl.

"That's plain enough to see. She mourned him for another twelvemonth, and then, belike thinking the times unsafe for a widow, she fixed her choice on another—a great lord, too, who carried her away from Melton Barnabas. Lies buried in Salton-by-the-Water church, t'other side o' the county. I did hear as she survived Sir Toby by fifty odd years. When Sir Toby died, she'd a bairn a few weeks old. 'Twas by him the line was kept up."

"What does the tomb mean?" said Mary.

"I'd have thought you'd known. After her ladyship 'd been put aside of him, her marble hand in his, him standing just as if he'd heard the last trump, the doors were to be riveted together and never opened again. Poor Sir Toby, I always say, waiting there with his look so expectant!"

Mary Winterbourne was no sentimentalist, yet this bizarre story moved her to a strange

"Then she fainted."

compassion; her eyes became dim with a veil of tears. She turned aside as though about to leave the chapel; the sexton abruptly placed himself between her and the opened screen.

"Nay, miss," he said, in a hoarse voice. "Nay, you'll not leave Sir Toby yet awhile. Poor lonely lad, left by himself all these years! And he looks different, somehow. I could swear he's smiling. Do but look at him!"

"I must go," said the girl. "Please stand aside."

"And you're the living picture of his dame. See, he's well aware as you've come at last. 'Twould be cruel hard to leave him so soon!"

He caught her roughly by the arm and turned her again towards the open tomb.

"I saw his hand move as plain as plain can be; it pointed to the chair where you're to sit."

"How dare you touch me?" cried Mary in alarm.

"Bless my soul, 'tis a pity if I can't please myself," he chuckled—"at my time

of life, when I'm getting on for eighty years! Eh, but 'tis a grand thing, knowing as Sir Toby's wife's come at last!"

For the first time came the conviction that the old man was mad. She was alone with him in the church; in all probability, if she cried out for help, her voice would not be heard. A struggle was out of the question—in spite of his age, his arms were as strong as a chimpanzee's. She had read somewhere that mad folk must be humoured; if she meant to escape uninjured, she must fall in with his whims.

"I'll stay a few minutes longer," she stammered.

"Ay, and that you will," he said. "What do you say to me lifting you to his side, so as you can sit on the chair and hold his hand? My word, but 'twill please Sir Toby to know as you're got back!"

"I'll sit beside him for a moment," said Mary, only half conscious of her words. "I'll climb up; it's easy enough."

Without any further delay, she rose to Sir Toby's side and sat down and took his hand. And the sexton, after a leer of pleasure, forced together the two leaves of slate and turned the key in the lock.

* * * * *

The sexton retired to the west end of the church and began to turn again the handle of the barrel-organ. This time the tune was "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame." A faint crying might have been distinguished occasionally—a sound such as a lost child might make in the midst of a dense forest. After the tune had been wheezed thrice, he sauntered nonchalantly into the churchyard, where he was met by Miss Andrews, the chaperon, who, having enjoyed her nap, was now somewhat uneasy concerning her employer's protracted absence. She addressed a question to the old fellow; he giggled foolishly and jerked his thumb towards the porch. She entered the church and sought everywhere, but found no trace of Mary; then, filled with uneasiness, she prepared to examine the churchyard. As she was passing through the doorway, she heard the vague sound of one in mortal fright, and, rushing towards the gate, stumbled into the arms of Sir Toby himself. After a few hurried and almost inarticulate words, he seemed to understand, and, moving abruptly to the sexton's side, asked him what devilry he had been engaged upon. For reply, the man, choking with hoarse mirth, gave him the key to the Warnard tomb. "'Tis the second Sir Toby's wife as has come to him at last," he said. "Last I saw of her, she was sitting aside o' him, and he'd hold o' her hand!"

"The poor fellow's been strange for years," said the baronet, turning to Miss Andrews. "Please come with me. Heaven forbid that any harm has befallen your friend!"

Although by this time Mary Winterbourne was filled with greater terrors than ever assailed her in any nightmare, she did not cease calling for help. It is true, however, that the air of the closed tomb was oppressive in the extreme, and that the chill of the marble had already begun to impede the movement of her blood. She heard not a sound save that of her voice, and, when she paused for breath, the beating of her heart. The minutes seemed hours; breathing became almost impossible; unconsciously she clung closer to the marble hand. And at the moment when the door was opened, she fainted, and her face was as white as the second Sir Toby's own. His descendant took her gently in his arms, and, followed by the companion, carried her across the churchyard and through a postern that opened to the most wonderful of old-world gardens. There she recovered consciousness and spoke feebly of departing; but the young man insisted on both going indoors to rest. It was as she sat beside a lacquered tea-table, her beautiful colour returned, that he first became aware of a marvellous resemblance. Later he showed the portrait of his Cavalier ancestress, and Mary realised the old lunatic was justified in imagining that she might have been the lady for whom the second Sir Toby had waited so long.

So romantic a meeting might without question end in no commonplace way. Before another six months had gone by, the young folk were married, and although they move little in fashionable society, notwithstanding that Mary's fortune restored the Warnard name to its old lustre, they are as happy a couple as anyone might wish to know.

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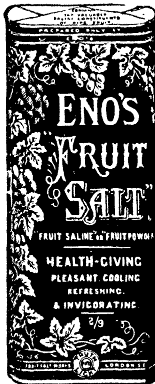

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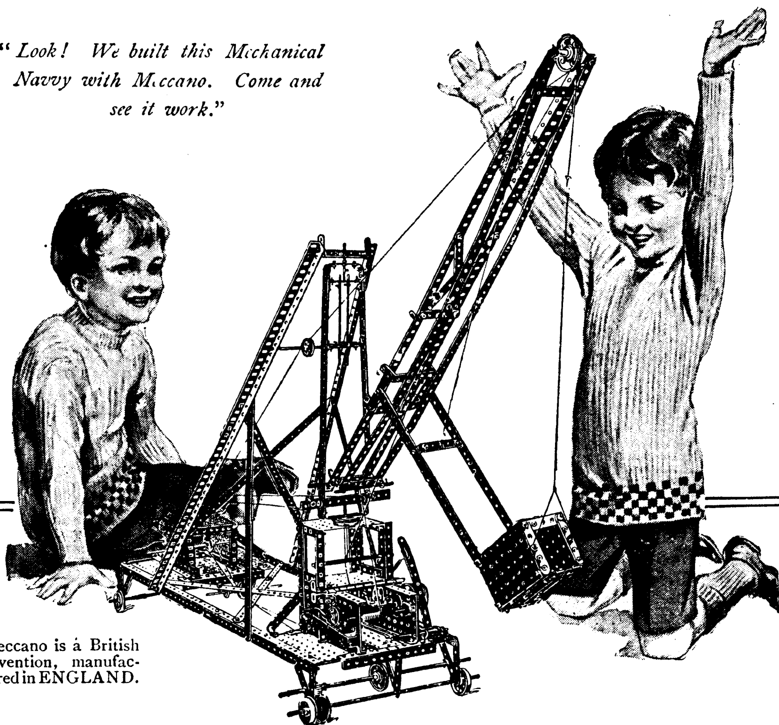

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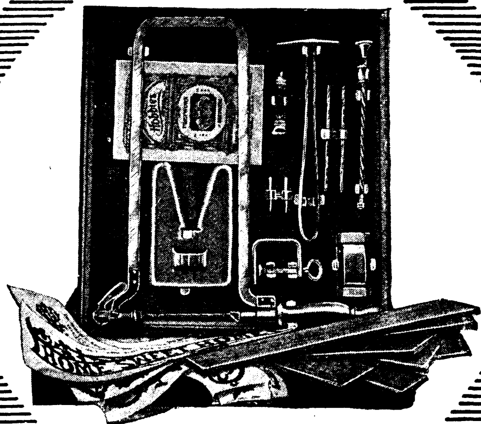

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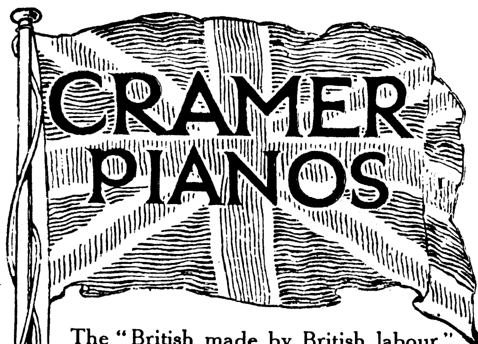

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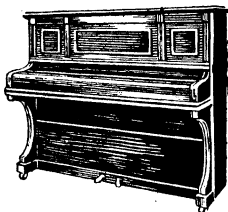

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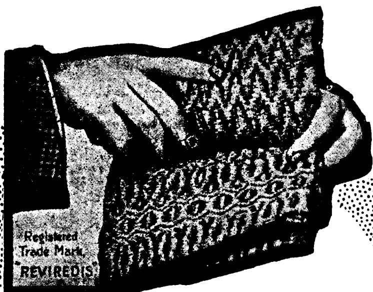

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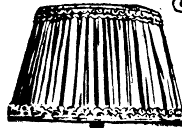

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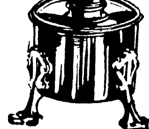

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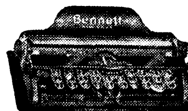

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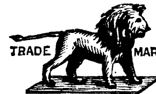

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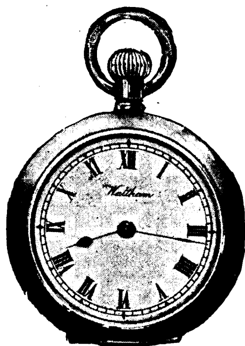

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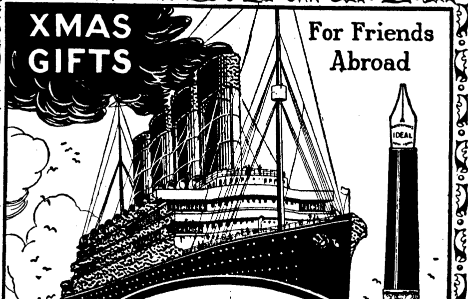

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The Windsor Magazine.

No. 239.

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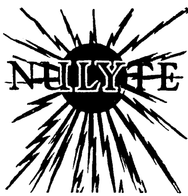

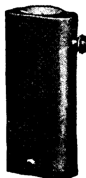

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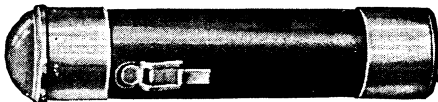

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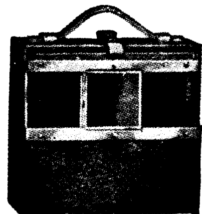

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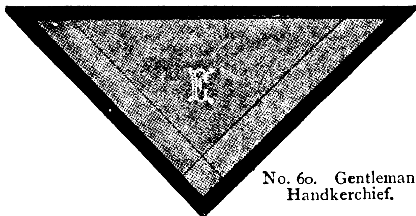

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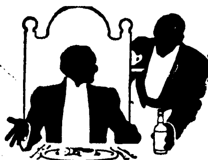

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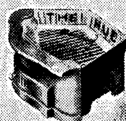

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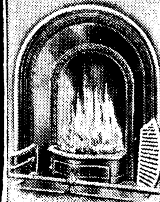

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"My three boys have been taking BRONAMALT for some time with excellent results, and I am using it very largely amongst my patients." 18214 d.—M.D.

"I am very pleased to report the excellent effect your BRONAMALT had on a boy of eight. He had been very ill with a severe attack of Whooping Cough and his convalescence had become so protracted that I was getting somewhat nervous about him. Naturally I tried most of the tonics and oily preparations one usually gives to children, but nothing seemed to give much satisfaction until I gave the boy a sample bottle of BRONAMALT. In a day or two, the boy's guardian came to me, most grateful for the marked improvement in the child,—increased appetite and vitality. I gave her two other bottles I had by me, since which she has procured a fresh supply locally. She cannot speak too highly of the efficacy of your preparation and I fully endorse her views." 6214 b.—M.R.C.S.

"I have recently been giving BRONAMALT to my son, aged 11, when he was recovering from an attack of Influenza and Bronchitis. I am very pleased indeed with the result. I may say that he comes and asks for the usual dose himself, so he evidently finds it pleasant to take." 17214 b.—M.R.C.S.

The originals of the above letters are open to the inspection of any Member of the Medical Profession.

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"I tried BRONAMALT for my son whose appetite was fastidious and digestion not strong. It picked him up wonderfully. I am pleased with the preparation and shall order it when occasion arises. 171013 s.—M.R.C.S.

"I have found BRONAMALT most suitable in cases requiring a stimulating tonic nutrient. I have prescribed it freely for young girls with markedly good results." 18214 d.—M.D.

"I have been using BRONAMALT in practice and in the Hospital since I wrote you last. I have formed a high opinion of its qualities as a useful tonic nutrient in all conditions of depression following severe illnesses in children. It is readily taken and promotes appetite, as well as being a stimulant to the vital functions." 12114 c.—M.D.

"The claim that BRONAMALT is a tonic nutrient is, I think, well established. Its agreeable taste makes it a particularly valuable and acceptable remedy in the treatment of children's disorders due to defective nutrition." 12614 n.—M.B.

"I have tried BRONAMALT since it was introduced to my notice and find children take it quite readily. It certainly improves nutrition and I think it will prove a valuable tonic nutrient." 2614 b.—M.R.C.S.

"I have tried BRONAMALT on two patients, one suffering from debility and severe dyspeptic trouble following Influenza, the other a case of anæmia. Both found considerable help, and I was pleased with the result." 1514 d.—M.R.C.S.

"I think BRONAMALT an excellent preparation, and I shall certainly feel disposed to use it more as it has already done wonders. 131013 m.—L.R.C.P.

"BRONAMALT is the only suitable preparation of Malt that I know of for young boys and girls who have poor appetites and weak digestion." 23114 c.—M.B.

"I used BRONAMALT for a delicate girl with early phthisis and it did her much good. I shall use it in this class of case, which will, in my opinion, benefit by it. 131013 h.—M.D.

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The universal and absorbing interest of the War will add certain new features to this year's

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as compared with its well-remembered predecessors, which have carried the record of magazine enterprise appreciably higher every year. Never before has any interest so completely dominated the public mind of the British Empire with one united inspiration, and it has therefore seemed advisable to gather into this annual double number a group of articles upon themes and problems, Naval, Military, and Civilian, which have been suddenly rendered of paramount inportance by

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and other well-known authors.

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in which that gifted author returns from his sojourn in realms of modern life and thought to the manner of his earlier romances, "The Forest Lovers," "Richard Yea-and-Nay," and the other books which won him a unique place in English letters, and now rank as classics of our imaginative literature. The contribution by

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will be the first of a new series of stories, each complete in a single issue of the magazine, but forming a consecutive story as the record of the travels and experiences of a family circle of light-hearted young people on a holiday abroad. Readers of the author's previous stories, now winning further popularity in book form under the title of "The Brother of Daphne," will realise how entertaining this new theme is likely to prove under Mr. Yates's exhilarating treatment. The stories will be illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst.

MANY COLOURED PLATES

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by such masters of the art that cheers with its witty commentary on contemporary life and manners as

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Many other notable features are included in this

RECORD DOUBLE NUMBER

MORAL VALUE.

"'Ere, quick, Liz! Is my fice clean? 'Ere's a Scout a-comin'.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was one day coming back from shooting, with an empty bag. He did not like to go home without one bird, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, and a farmer leaning on a rail watching them, Sheridan said: "What will you take for a shot at the ducks?"

"Oh," said the stranger, "about half-a-sovereign."

"Done!" said Sheridan, and, paying the man, he fired into the middle of the flock, killing several ducks.

"I am afraid you made a bad bargain," he said.

"Well, I don't know," replied the man "they weren't my ducks."

"I WISH you wouldn't try to sell an airship to my husband," said a lady to a well-known manufacturer.

"Why not, madam, pray?" asked he.

"Because he is not to be trusted with one," replied the wife.

"But, madam, our flying machines are all what we call fool-proof," insisted the expert.

"Yes, ordinarily, perhaps," said the wife, "but you haven't met my husband."

MESSRS. DOOLAN and Rafferty were examining a fine public building with much interest.

"Doolan," said Rafferty, pointing to an inscription cut in a huge stone, "phwat does thim litters 'M D C C C X C V I I' mane?"

"Thot," replied Mr. Doolan, "manes eighteen hoonderd an' noinety-sivin."

"Doolan," said Mr. Rafferty, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez t'ink they're overdoin' this shpellin' reform a bit?"

LITTLE Mary, while visiting in the country, chanced to spy a peacock, a bird she had never seen before. Running quickly into the house, she cried out—

"Oh, Grandma, come out and see! There's an old chicken in full bloom!"

"ONE half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth," quoted the philosopher.

"By Jove," said the sceptic, "I didn't know there were so many people as that who minded their own business!"

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

I like to be liked, but if I'm not,
I do not deprecate my lot;
I like with neighbours all to be
On terms of affability,
But if they pass me with a snub,
'Tis foolish to affect the hub.
If uninvited to a dance,
I put it down to a mischance,
An oversight, a mere mistake—
It causes not my heart to ache.
If, after years of fond pursuit,
I think at last to pluck the fruit,
And cry: "My love, will you be mine,
Oh, face angelic, form divine,
My only joy?" and she replies,
"I'll not be yours at any price,"

talking to the gentleman on her right, she dropped her napkin unconsciously. The bald-headed gentleman, in stooping to pick it up, touched her arm. The old lady turned around, shook her head and very politely said: "No melon, thank you."

A LITTLE girl of five had watched the gardener rolling the lawn, and then cutting the grass with a lawn-mower, and had asked many questions about both operations.

The next day she busily pushed a croquet mallet up and down the lawn, and explained she was cutting it with a mowler.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

MISTRESS: Really, Martha, this water has a very queer taste.

CAREFUL SERVANT (who has been studying the scientific columns): It's all right, mum. There ain't a live germ in it, mum, fer I run it through the sausage-machine.

I'm only sorry that she should
Be thus oblivious of her good.
So from all things I seek to draw
This simple and consoling saw:
To make the best of things is best,
And leave to Providence the rest.

Edgar Vine Hall.

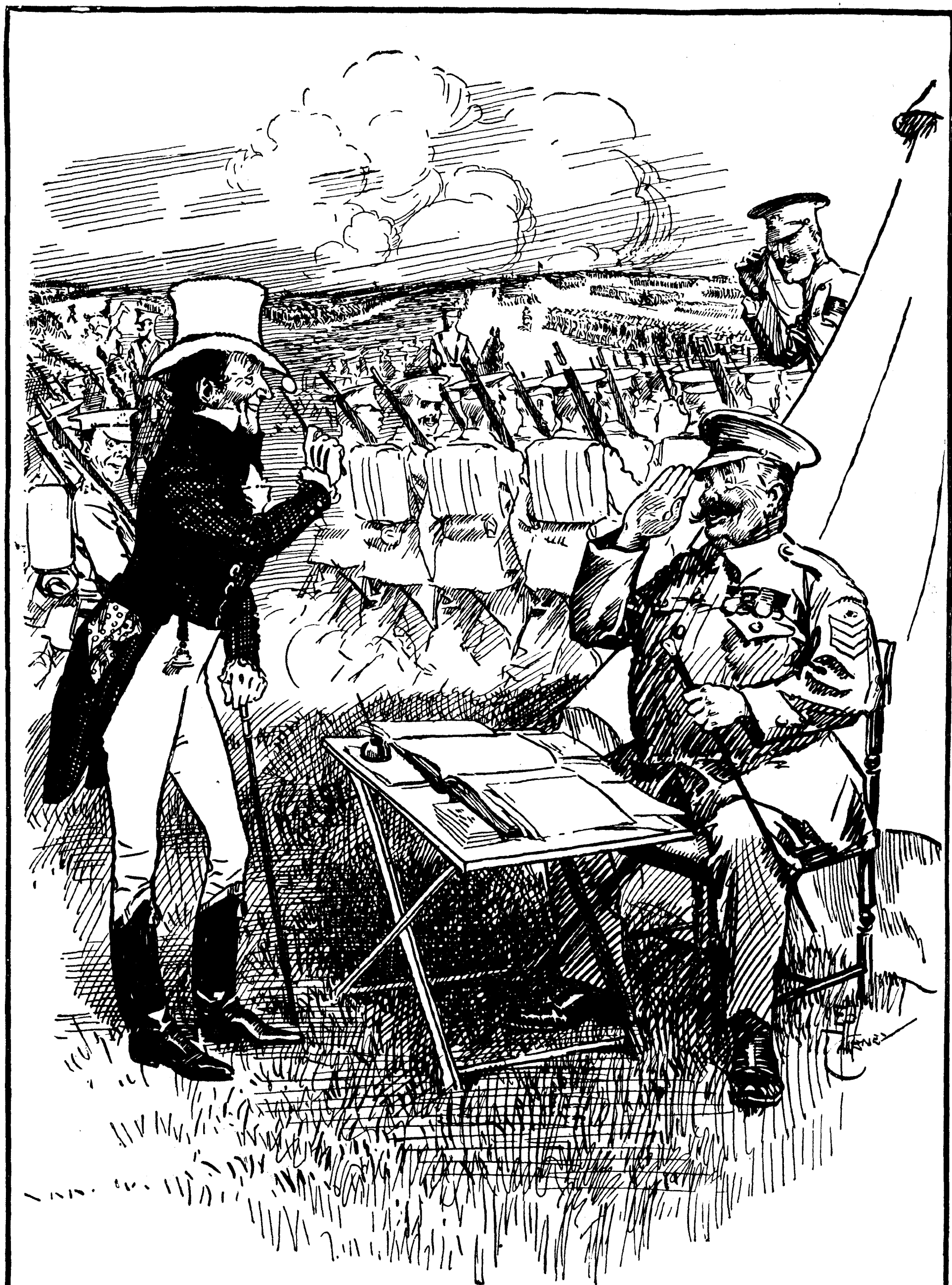
A SHORT-SIGHTED old lady, at a dinner-party one evening, had for her companion on the left a very bald-headed old gentleman. While

"MY goodness!" ejaculated honest Farmer Giles, in the midst of his perusal of a newspaper. "Here's an item about a man that took poison enough to kill ten men!"

"Good gracious!" returned his wife. "Didn't any of 'em get well?"

BROWN: Does he take things philosophically?

JONES: Yes, but he doesn't part with them philosophically.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "How goes the recruiting?"
SERGEANT: "Like yourself, Sir; still going strong."

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OVERHEARD AT THE SEASIDE.

FIRST VISITOR: Are you the gentleman who jumped in and saved my little boy yesterday?
SECOND VISITOR (pleased): Yes, I believe I am.
FIRST VISITOR: Then what on earth did you do with his cap?

ABOUT TELEPHONES.

By one of their victims.

THE telephone is a modern instrument of torture invented to prevent people from thinking continuously. Its principal object is to cut us off from the people whom we desire to know, and to force us into contact with those whom we do not care to meet. To get away from the telephone is impossible. To associate with it is madness. It is a new power in the hands of the bore.

The great difficulty in getting away from the telephone is the fact that there is always the possibility that someone whom you really wish to talk to will call you up. This possibility makes you easy prey for anyone else.

The telephone is the most discourteous instrument ever invented. It does not even knock at the door. It does not send you word in advance that you are wanted. It breaks in upon you in the most insulting manner and at the most critical points.

The only way to prevent its machinations is to provide a license only for those people who are proper persons to talk over the telephone. Nobody ought to be allowed to use it except certain people who are fitted by Nature and temperament to do so; and these should be subjected first to a strict examination.

At present anybody can use a telephone. Any fool is likely to call you up from anywhere at any moment. Each one of us is therefore the victim of unfair mental exposure. Utterly defenceless, we are unable to cope against this new enemy.

MISCHA ELMAN, the violinist, was playing at a reception at a Russian prince's, and, he says, "for an urchin of seven, as I was at that time, I flatter myself I rattled off Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata' finely. This sonata, you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. In one of these rests a motherly old lady leaned forward, patted my shoulder, and said: "Play something you know, dear."

HE was a learned professor, greatly beloved because of his kind heart, but with the common scholastic failing of being very absent-minded. He visited his married niece and listened to her praise of her first-born. When she paused for breath, the professor felt that he must say something.

"Can the little fellow walk?" he asked with every appearance of interest.

"Walk?" cried the mother indignantly. "Why, he's been walking now for five months!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the professor, again relapsing into abstraction. "What a long way he must have gone!"

ARISTOTLE was asked: "Why is love a love of the beautiful?"

He answered: "That is the question of a blind man."

"Is he a finished musician?" asked a man of his neighbours.

"Not yet," was the answer; "but he will be if the neighbours have their way about it."

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

"DON'T cry, little girl. What's your name?"
"Boo-hoo-oo! My name is Joy!"

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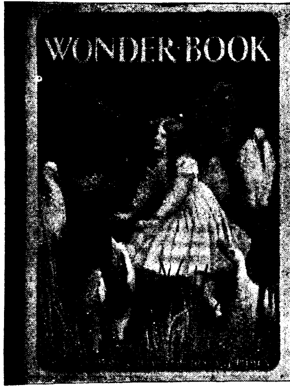

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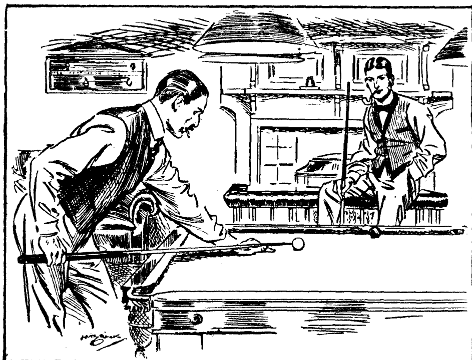

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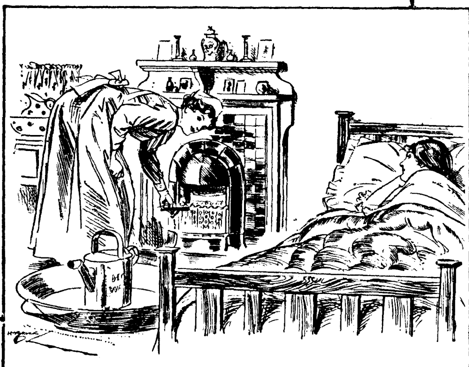

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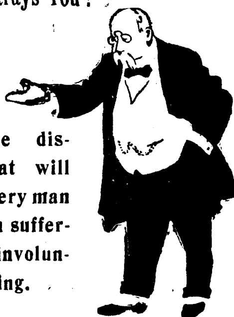

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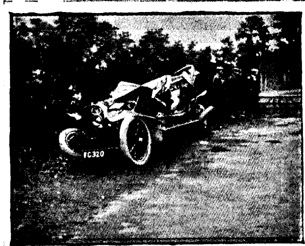

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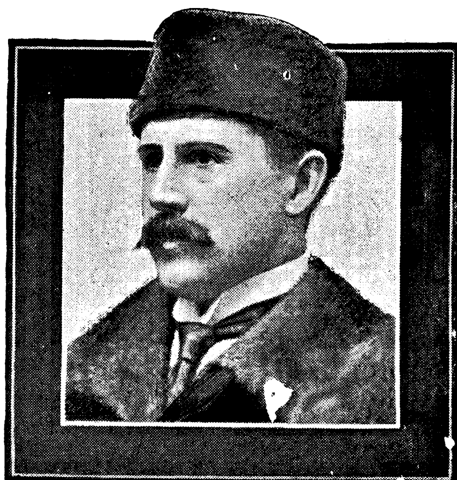

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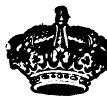

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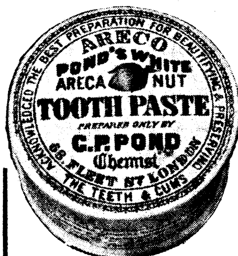

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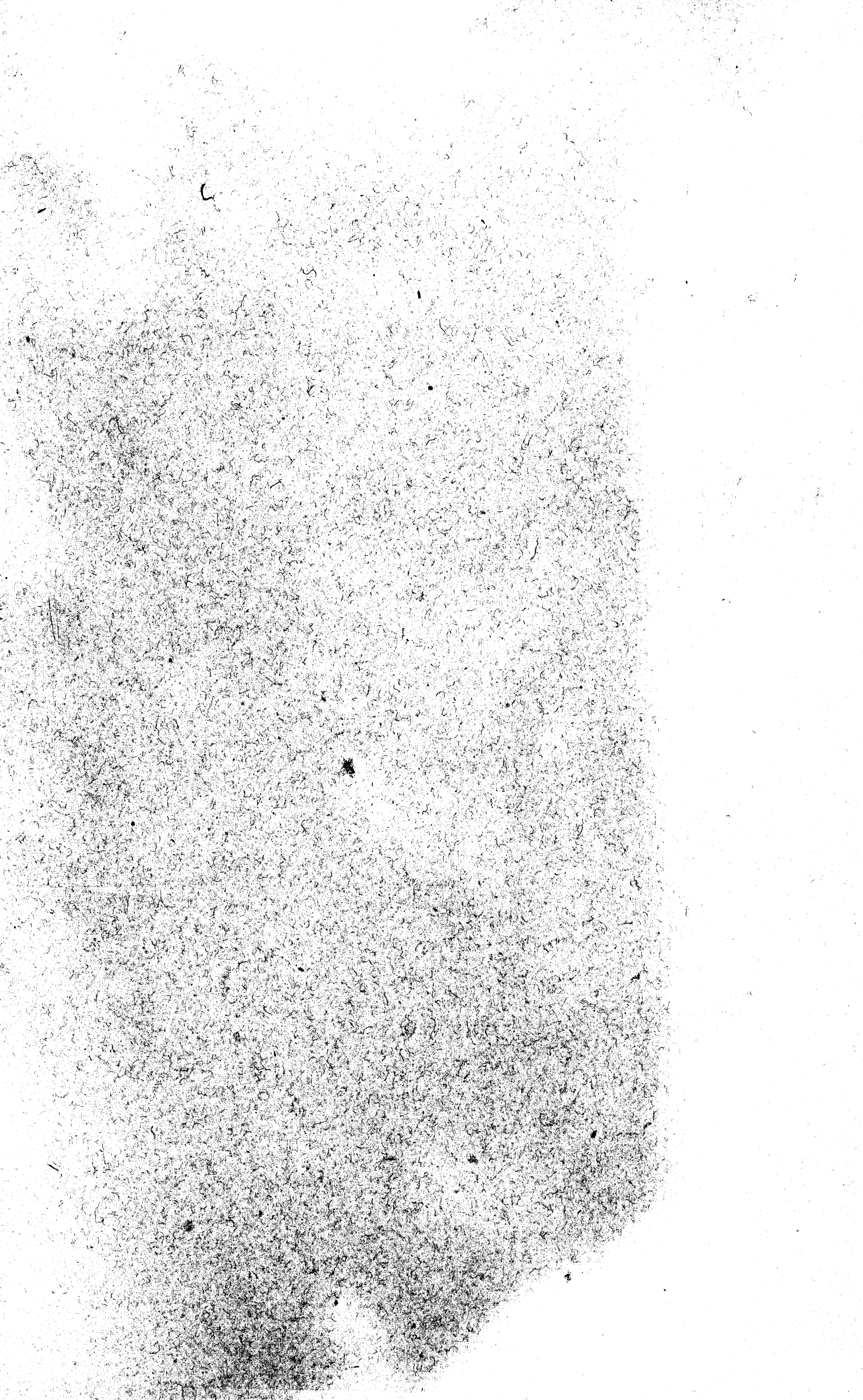
Editorial communications to be addressed "The Editor, Windsor Magazine, Salisbury Square, E.C."



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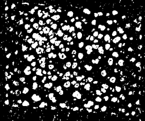

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