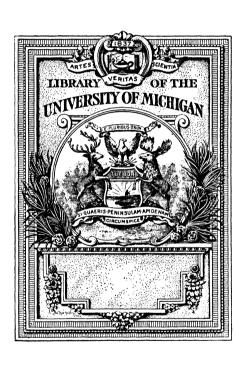
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"FRIDAY." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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THE

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VOL. XXIII

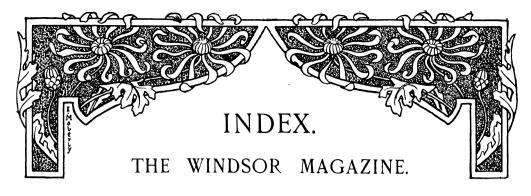
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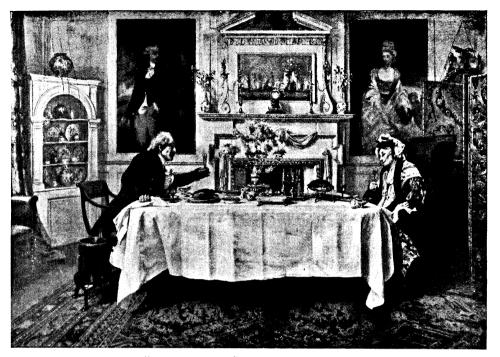
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"DARBY AND JOAN." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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THE ART OF MR. W. DENDY SADLER,

PAINTER AND HUMORIST.

By Austin Chester.

R. DENDY SADLER'S début in Art was brilliant and inspiriting. Fortune herself spread the colours on his palette; Talent dictated to him their application; Fashion saw and pointed the wit and humanity in his subjects; whilst Fame spread his popularity abroad; and popularity, like fire, once kindled, spreads.

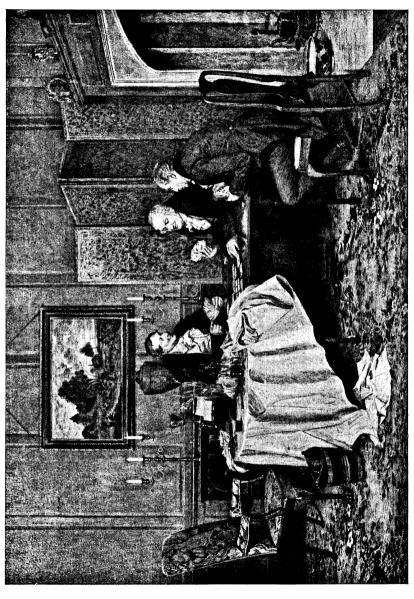
Born at Dorking, in 1854, the son of a solicitor who had migrated there from Horsham, the young Walter Dendy Sadler was first submitted to scholastic rule in the latter pleasant old town, to which his family had returned.

There he grew up amongst friends and neighbours, the old world habits and customs of whom largely influenced his ideas of life. For, as he himself says, "We were a behind-the-times people, and our surroundings in harmony with us. Substantial meals, with home-made wines and

home-brewed beers, satisfied our ideas of hospitality; long-sittings after dinner with nuts and wine set on the beautifully polished table, with later adjournment to the drawing-room and vingt-et-un, or to the smoking-room, where long clay churchwarden pipes, spirit-stands, and hot and cold water were to be found—these were the customs of a select local society in the old-fashioned town of Horsham in which we lived—customs which properly pertained, not to the early 'sixties, in which I remember them, but to some thirty or forty years before."

To connect Mr. Sadler with the manners of eighty years ago seems absurd when one realises that he is as yet a young man, and it would be so did we not remember that habits and dress were both more treasured and more permanent then than they are to-day.

Country people in days without railways and telegrams were never exemplars of the mode, and visual echoes of ancient fashions were to be seen amongst them long after these had faded from sight and memory in Mr. Dendy Sadler, when he attained the age and facility to portray his impressions in paint, exercising his keen eye for the picturesque, chose to represent the life and costume of the earlier part of the nineteenth



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town, where, as La Bruyère says, "one fashion has hardly extinguished another before it is wiped out by one newer still; this gives place to a successor, and that not destined to be the last, so fickle are we."

With a store of quaint, old-time recollections, permanently marked in his memory,

century. Therefore neither the fashion of side-whiskers, baggy trousers, and loud checks worn by men, nor the poke-bonnets, crinolines, and Paisley shawls worn by women, although actually present in his time, find place in his work.

H ϵ also avoids the present period's

uniformity under which Lazarus wears the dress of Dives and there is nothing to mark the difference between the clothes of the two save shabbiness. He avoids also the too florid period of the Regency, with its stock of vast dimensions. its beaver hats cocked impossible atangles, its pantaloons of coloured silks "negligently ruffled," its brag-gart frills, its elaborate snuff-boxes. Bandana handkercanes; the time

when men leered through quizzing-glasses, exuded odours of musk, and simpered to each other over their conquests in arch-amorous moods; the time when foppery reached out



Bandana handkerchiefs and Malacca

"OLD AND CRUSTED." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

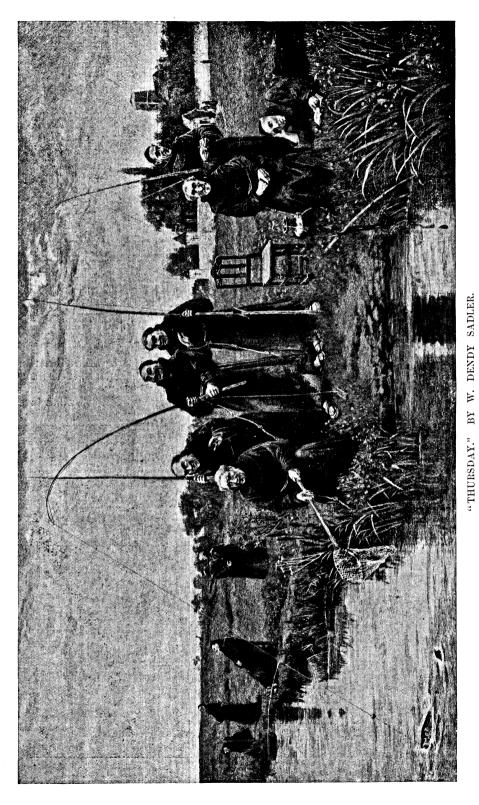
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to touch decorative art; when deportment was a part of education, one of the arts of the time, and men used "red lattice phrases," swore "bold beating oaths," dined at taverns



"A DOUBTFUL BOTTLE." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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Reproduced by permission of Messrs. I. P. Mendoza, Ltd., New Bond Street, W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate. "A PEGGED-DOWN FISHING MATCH." BY W. DENDY SADLER.



" HOME-BREWED." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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and beef-ordinaries, turned their o's into a's, their a's into e's, wrote cocked-hat notes, made "the grand tour," attended cockfights, drank their two or three bottles at a sitting, and took a keen interest in the "ring"; yet were simple, kindly gentlemen, whose manners were "the very pineapple of politeness."

From 1820 to 1840, broadly speaking, embraces the period covered by Mr. Sadler's pictures other than monastic; and it was in the latter years of this period that dress had sobered greatly to an expression of self-complacency; and sophisticated unsophistication may be said to have reigned. Then men had begun to suit their garments to their humour; and if they had not yet learnt the exact division between folly and fashion, little additions, eliminations, modifi-

cations, scarcely perceptible perhaps to eyes uninitiate. were to be seen by the observant. Attire had, in fact, become more susceptible to the personal bias of the wearer; and only a few men continued to exhale an air of extreme artificiality. such as Count d'Orsay, who up to so late as 1849, issuing from the gates of Gore House fresh from the hands of his valet, retained vanity enough to be pleased to find assembled there a mob gathered to view him.

But Mr. Sadler has found the Georgian and Early Victorian costumes to be in the highest degree expressive. There is a marvellous affinity between his wit and the flamboyant days when George the Fourth was King -a period which we love to associate, and this especially at Christmas time, with all that we call Old English. This period shows a dash and gallantry that gave him fine ground to work upon. "The artist," says Goethe, "stands above his art and his subject: above the former since he uses it for his purposes; and above the latter since he treats it after his own method."

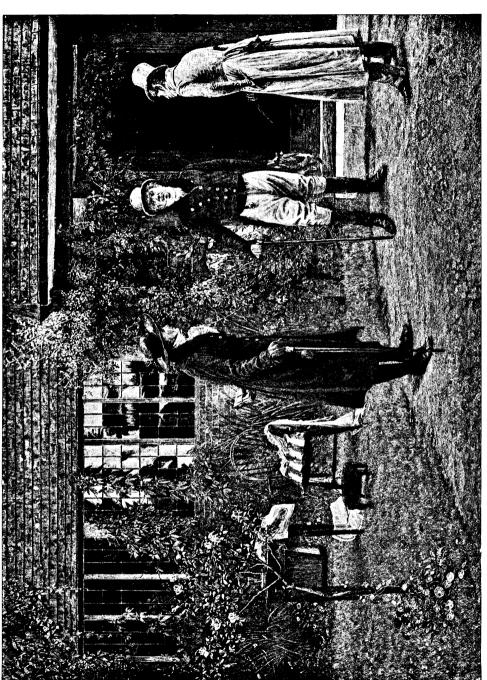
Mr. Sadler, with a faculty of expression akin to wit,

which, as it depends more for its effects on the limning of human feelings than on points of brilliancy in paint, never fails to please, invades the yesterday, in which memories lie in a charmed sleep, with a step so assured, so familiar that, as a natural result, we follow and allow him to show us what he finds there by the light his whimsical, fantastic invention throws upon it. With a touch of his magic brush things past are with us once again: long spell-bound by forgetfulness, old fashions spring to life, and with them old joys, old thrills, old laughter.

He has a waggish, trenchant insight into the weaknesses of human nature. His taste in fun, no less catholic than sound, proves him alive to humour in any and every form,



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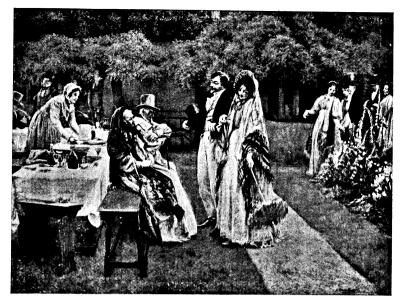


"THE WIDOW'S BIRTHDAY." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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for its versatility is uncommon. He is one of Humour's intimates, and there is nothing forced in the relationship of the two.

Mr. Sadler's gay and spirited pleasantries in paint lack the broadness of the Hogarthian touch, for there is in his work nothing of coarse, personal satire, nothing which smacks of "The Rake's Progress," "The Gamesters," or "The Uninvited Guest"; no analogy even tending to excite moral reflections, no attempt to correct gross



"FOR WEAL OR WOE." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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"THE RIGHT OF WAY." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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popular abuses or the absurdity of prevailing fashions. He is simply a student of human nature, looking at life through a comedian's eyes. He has the happy knack of conveying his ideas with the same precision with which he conceives them.

"There is," as he himself says, "nothing in any of my pictures of the disqualifications which would make them unsuitable to hang on the walls of any room. Many of the characters in them, and many of the subjects of them, are recollections of the days of my youth."

into the domain of mere vulgarity. He knows, as John Leech knew, exactly how far in expression he may go, exactly where it is advisable to stop. The end and aim of his pictures appear to be that they should illustrate an amusing and human idea. They are presentments, whimsical and kind, if at times a little caustic, of some aspect, more or less vital, of the weaknesses of human nature. That he has a notable sense of the essentials in story-telling is peculiarly demonstrated in "The Widow's Birthday," for in this picture, rivalry, jealousy, expecta-



"TODDY AT THE 'CHESHIRE CHEESE." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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It is the prescriptive right of the painter to choose, in addition to the oil or water colour, an extra medium in which to express himself, and that which Mr. Dendy Sadler uses is a humour which approaches near to, but does not touch, caricature.

He assumes the cap and bells, and raps the bladder on the shoulders of a delighted public to call its attention to his work; he deals broadly with the weaknesses of man, yet, though with a natural bias to ridicule, he never oversteps that line which hedges the sphere of fun, or gets pounded for intrusion

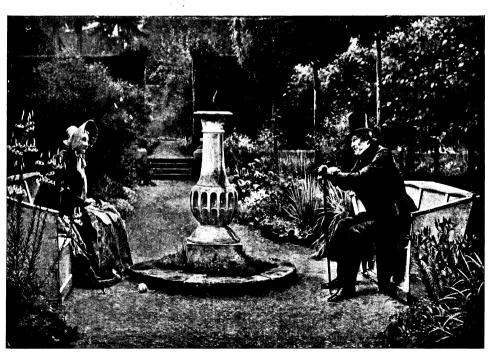
tion—all these feelings which are, as it were, the primary colours of life—are expressed.

His work is entirely free from the errors which have disfigured that of many painters, to destroy the credulity of the public ever desirous to be convinced of truth. Tintoretto put guns into the hands of the Children of Israel! Red lobsters listen to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua! whilst, in more modern times, pictures of classical subjects frequently show similar mistakes. Writing in the Athenaum in 1877, Mr. Birdwood



"THE END OF THE SKEIN." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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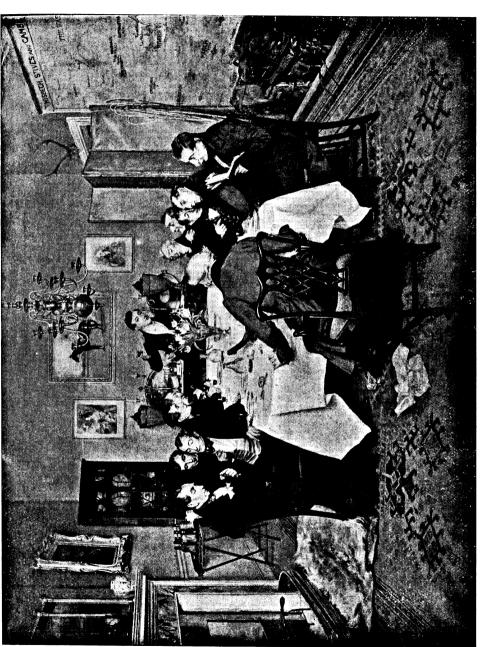


"SWEETHEARTS." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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"THE BAGMAN'S TOAST." BY W. DENDY SADLER.

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pointed out in Mr. Long's picture, "The Egyptian Feast," the inaccuracy of the plantain and the aloe.

One might liken Mr. Sadler to many of his brothers in art: to Leech, to Doyle, to



MR. W. DENDY SADLER AT THE FRONT DOOR OF HIS HOUSE AT HEMINGFORD GREY.

Charles Keene; to all and each of those who share with him the trick of extracting stings from their bites, and who have slandered no man and traduced no woman by their talents. But "comparisons are odorous," as Dogberry says, and there is little to be gained from a system of comparative analysis by which to show Mr. Sadler more deft in technique than this particular man, more polished in work than that, or to prove that he is more individual than was, say, Randolph Caldecott, or by how much he fails to touch the height of grotesque which the fantastic wit of Mr. Stacey Marks achieved.

It was in Dusseldorf that Mr. Sadler commenced his series of pictures of monastic life during the Middle Ages; and his "Steady, Brother, Steady!"—painted when he was twenty-one and still a student in this Rheinland town—was exhibited at Burlington House, and may be said to be the picture on which the foundation of his reputation was built. In Dusseldorf he learnt the technique of his art, since no artist worthy of the

name ever allows himself to be handicapped by lack of that ally of art—craftsmanship. Art is never inadvertent, never unpremeditated, and the rules of the particular branch of it the artist means to follow have always to be learnt—by complicated and laborious process—that his real power, which is outside all rule and purely individual, may be produced through the knowledge and precept he has mastered. Thus only can he project, truthfully, from his inner consciousness, that which is of his own nature. For the essential of art is that it is untransmissible; it comes and goes, reveals and hides itself, like a spirit in the air.

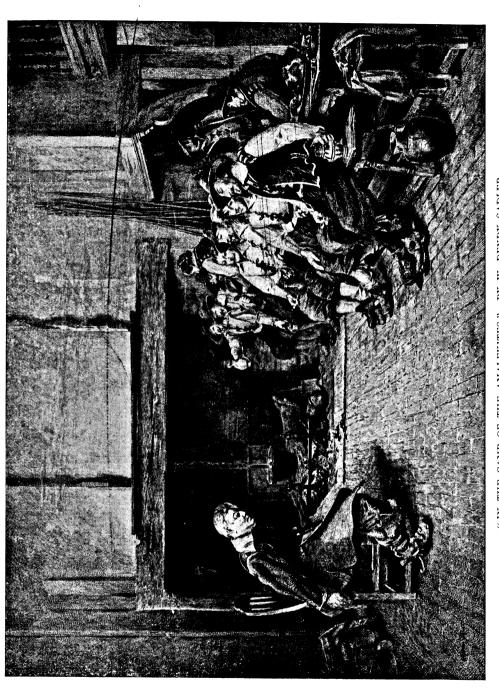
Following up his success with "Steady, Brother, Steady!" Mr. Sadler, still continuing in monastic mood, painted "Thursday," the admirable picture now in the Tate Collection. "Friday," the property of the Liverpool Corporation, a picture, out of the many he has painted, Mr. Sadler confesses his favourite.



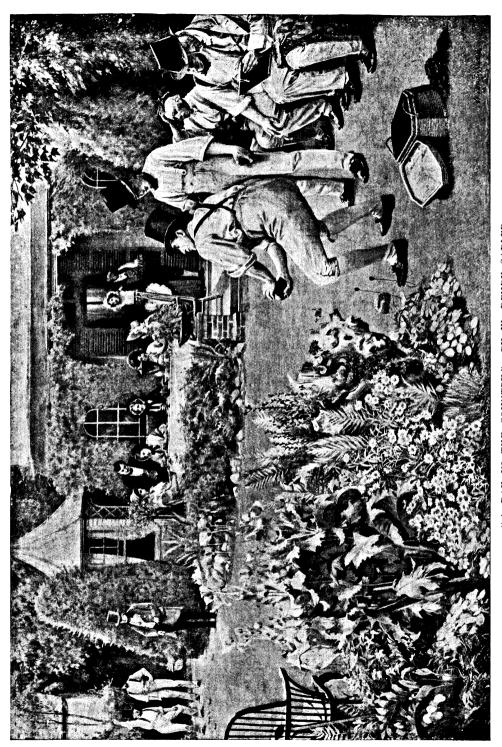
BESIDE THE POND IN THE GARDEN.

Two photographs taken by Miss Dendy Sadler.

And indeed it is one of his best. Intensely studied, it is neither hard nor laboured. With plenty of character, it has no theatrical emphasis, since it depends for its effect as much on acute observation of human weak-



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. L. H. Lefevre and Son, King Street, St. James's, S. W., owners of the copyright and rublishers of the large rlate. "IN THE CAMP OF THE AMALEKITES." BY W. DENDY SADLER.



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. L. H. Lefevre and Son, King Street, St. James's, S.W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate. "A DAY IN THE COUNTRY." BY W. DENDY SADLER.



MR. DENDY SADLER IN HIS GARDEN AT WORK ON THE PICTURE "A DAY IN THE COUNTRY" WHICH IS REPRODUCED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

From a photograph by Ernest Payne, Devonport Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.

nesses as on point of brilliancy in their expression.

"The Visit from Brother Dominic"; "Brother Francis, the Monastery Cellarman"; "Brother Ambrose, the Monastery Gardener"; "Recreation," monks playing blind-man's buff; "The Stranger in the Monastery"; "A Good Story," which hangs

pendant in the Tate Gallery to "Thursday," and depicts a travelling friar telling a laughable anecdote to a high dignitary of the Church; "Habet," the rejoicing over the capture of a lordly fish; "Tis Always the Largest Fish that's Lost," and "A Feast-day." These monastical, piscatorial canvases form, as it were, about a third of the

subject-matter of his output, of which the other two-thirds may be labelled "Convivial" and "Reminiscent-sentimental." "Convivial" includes: "Over the Nuts and Wine," "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" "Chorus!" "Old and Crusted," "His Favourite Bin," "Christmas Time," "The Butler's Glass," "Simon the Cellarer," "A Doubtful Bottle," "The Hunting Morn," "Home-Brewed," "Toddy at the 'Cheshire Cheese,'" "A Day in the Country," "The Punchbowl," "A - Hunting We'll Go," "The Bagman's Toast," whilst on the side of "Reminiscent-sentiment" must be placed "Returning Thanks," "When We were Boys Together," "As the Years Roll By," "My Love to You," and its companion picture, "Same to You, Dear," "Sweethearts," "Constancy," "The End of the Skein," "For Fifty Years," "Darby and Joan," "When We were Young," and "A Partial Critic." In most of these old-age is touched with a graciousness that shows the autumn of life not sere but mellow.

A few pictures, such as "Safer than the Bank," "The New Will," "A Meeting of Creditors," "A Breach of Promise," "Where the Widow Lives," "The Widow at Home," and "The Widow's Birthday," are not so easily to be classified, although they, too, with their various expressions of human feeling appeal equally, with the rest of his work, to Mr. Sadler's enormous public.

There are many private people and many clubs and societies which have complete sets of the reproductions of Mr. Sadler's pictures, and a great many go to America, which is especially appreciative of old buildings, old manners, or any depicted scene round which historic association lingers. And many of the backgrounds of Mr. Dendy Sadler's pictures are painted from places impossible to dissociate from almost national events. Fulham House, that vast structure of brick which has been the residence of the Bishops of London since the time of Henry VII., with one short Cromwellian interregnum, forms the background of his "London to York" and "The End of the Skein." The old hostelry of Fleet Street, the "Cheshire Cheese" tavern, appears in both "Toddy at the 'Cheshire Cheese'" and "The Plaintiff and the Defendant"; whilst "A Doubtful Bottle," painted at Penshurst Place, "The Widow's Birthday," and "Home-Brewed," at Salmon's Farm, near Penshurst, have a Sir Philip Sidney atmosphere about them. The origin of many of his more recent pictures can be traced to St. Ives, Hunts. When Mr. Dendy Sadler took up his residence in this neighbourhood—St. Ivescum-Slepa, as it was once known—he made his way, at the suggestion of his friend Mr. Yeend King, to Hemingford Grey, a little village some two miles out of the town.

Here there happened fortunately to be in the market one of those ideal old houses rarely to be met with, under the shelter of whose eaves climb many creepers, and to whose roof reaches a gigantic pyracantha in

branching profusion.

It is one of those houses the very sight of which suggests rule, simplicity, and charm of living: a life in which there is nothing amiss anywhere: in which there is a place for this and a place for that: in which there are cupboards filled with choice old china: in which lavender is laid amongst the damask: in which, in fact, life reverts to the manners of the times which Mr. Sadler loves to paint.

The garden of this house is of several acres, and includes a favourite spot where Mr. Sadler habitually sits, whence he commands a view of a group of elms now in a wonderful perfection of venerable growth. Beyond these one looks upon the house on the side on which is built his magnificent studio, some thirty by thirty-five feet in area, and so perfectly is this in harmony with the rest of the structure that it appears to have

risen spontaneously with it.

At Hemingford Grey, "of a certainty did Oliver Cromwell walk and look about him, habitually, during the five years from 1631 to 1636 in which he lived in the place." And if tradition makes, as Carlyle asserts, a "sad blur of Oliver's memory in his native county," there are left enough records of his time to make it not difficult for the artist, always an imaginative man, to conjure up and reconstruct scenes of the seventeenth century, as Mr. Sadler does in his "In the Camp of the Amalekites." Should the confident tradition which attaches brewing to the name of his father be not simply "a distracted calumny," it is not unlikely that, in spite of his Calvinistic self-denial, Oliver may have entered the old inns in which Mr. Sadler has found much suitable to paint.

Much "slumberous mumblement" still survives here, in spite of Board-schools.

"Mister, how much may you be gettin' for this 'ere pitchure?" asked mine host of one of the inns where Mr. Sadler was at work. Mr. Sadler, having nothing to conceal, and being in a gregarious mood, named the sum as four hundred pounds. The landlord shook his head, evidently considering the artist enormously overpaid.

"Four hundred pounds for that!" (pointing with scorn at the canvas). "Why, I couldn't

get so much for the old inn!"

Another time one of the frequenters of the public-house in which Mr. Sadler had established himself and the impedimenta of his work, offered him a sovereign to paint his portrait, stipulating, however, that it should be painted from an early photograph of him as a smart young soldier, rather than from the burly figure and alcoholic countenance to which he had attained.

his conscientious accuracy, never alter. A craftsman of singular accomplishment, the humorist has perhaps got and kept the upper hand of the artist, for his is a witty, sly humour, deviated from story into paint.

His rendering of his impression of the periods at whose service he elects to place his talent, is never found wanting in some quality which can interest and amuse; whilst often his results are tinged with a real flash of wit.

Men and women like to see, in a picture, those things represented with which life or tradition has made them familiar; indeed,



Photo by]

A CORNER OF THE GARDEN AT HEMINGFORD GREY.

[Miss Dendy Sadler.

Seven-and-sixpence is a sum that has been frequently offered as purchase-money when some local connoisseur in art has desired to become the possessor of one of Mr. Sadler's pictures, an appraisement of value proving once again the truth of the proverb that a prophet has no honour in his own country.

Those who love on canvas a story—and what interests the many is really the subject, whilst the few alone are interested in the method in which that subject is treated—find in the work of Mr. Dendy Sadler much to afford them gratification.

"The trim assurance of his effects," his attention to detail, his patient ingenuity,

many find it impossible to enjoy that which they do not thoroughly and immediately understand, whilst all are prepared to like work when the artist's observation jumps with their own.

Mr. Sadler is an "anecdotist in colour and form," as Henley says in speaking of David Wilkie. Like the work of Randolph Caldecott, his art is both ingenious and suggestive, always kindly, agreeable, and amusing. It reveals a healthy, vigorous outlook on life, and as he has a perfect gusto of amusing, humanising intention, he may be taken as a most welcome contributor to the joy of the world.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

CHAPTER I.

ENOCH GROUCH'S DAUGHTER.

Y ROUCH! That is the name—and in the interest of euphony it is impossible not to regret the fact. Some say it should be spelt "Groutch," which would not at all mend matters, though it makes the pronunciation clear beyond doubt -the word must rhyme with "crouch" and "couch." Well might Lady Meg Duddington swear it was the ugliest name she had ever heard in her life! Sophy was not of a very different opinion, as will be shown by and by. She was Grouch on both sides - unmixed and For Enoch Grouch married unredeemed. his uncle's daughter Sally, and begat, as his first child, Sophy. Two other children were born to him, but they died in infancy. Mrs. Grouch did not long survive the death of her little ones; she was herself laid in Morpingham churchyard when Sophy was no more than five years old. The child was left to the sole care of her father, a man who had married late for his class—indeed late for any class—and was already well on in middle age. He held a very small farm, lying across two meadows, about half a mile behind the church. Probably he made a hard living of it, for the only servant in his household was a slip of a girl of fifteen, who had presumably both to cook and scrub for him and to look after the infant Sophy. Nothing is remembered of him in Morping- $_{
m there}$ was nothing to Perhaps remember-nothing that marked him off from thousands like him; perhaps the story of his death, which lives in the village traditions, blotted out the inconspicuous record of his laborious life.

Morpingham lies within twenty-five miles of London, but for all that it is a sequestered and primitive village. It contained, at this time at least, but three houses with pretensions to gentility—the Hall, the Rectory, and a smaller house across the village street, facing the Rectory. At the end of the street stood the Hall in its grounds. This was a handsome red-brick house, set in a spacious

Copyright, 1905, by Anthony Hope Hawkins, in the United States of America. Dramatic and all rights reserved. garden. Along one side of the garden there ran a deep ditch, and on the other side of the ditch, between it and a large meadow, was a path which led to the church. Thus the church stood behind the Hall grounds; and again, as has been said, beyond the church was Enoch Grouch's modest farm, held of Mr. Brownlow, the owner of the Hall. The church path was the favourite resort of the villagers, and deservedly, for it was shaded and beautified by a fine double row of old elms, forming a stately avenue to the humble little house of worship.

one numble little nouse of worship.

On an autumn evening in the year 1855 Enoch Grouch was returning from the village, where he had been to buy tobacco. His little girl was with him. It was wild weather. A gale had been blowing for full twenty-four hours, and in the previous night a mighty bough had been snapped from one of the great elms and had fallen with a It lay now right across the path. As they went to the village, her father had indulged Sophy with a ride on the bough, and she now begged a renewal of the treat on their homeward journey. The farmer was a kind man-more kind than wise, as it proved, on this occasion. He set the child astraddle on the thick end of the bough, then went to the other end, which was much slenderer. Probably his object was to try to shake the bough and please his small tyrant with the imitation of a see-saw. fallen bough suggested no danger to his slow-moving mind. He leant down towards the bough with outstretched hands-Sophy no doubt watching his doings with excited interest—while the wind raged and revelled among the great branches over their heads. Enoch tried to move the bough, but failed; in order to make another effort, he fell on his knees and bent his back over it.

At this moment there came a loud crash—heard in the Rectory grounds, and in the dining-room at Woodbine Cottage, the small house opposite.

"There's another tree gone!" cried Basil Williamson, the Rector's second son, who was giving his retriever an evening run.

He raced through the Rectory gate, across

the road, and into the avenue.

A second later the garden gate of Wood-



"'It's his little girl,' said Julia Robins."

bine Cottage openea, and Julia, the ten-yearold daughter of a widow named Robins who lived there, came out at full speed. She too had heard the crash. Seeing Basil just ahead of her, she called out: "Did you hear?"

He knew her voice—they were playmates —and answered without looking back: "Yes. Isn't it fun? Keep outside the trees—keep well in the meadow!"

"Stuff!" she shouted, laughing. "They

don't fall every minute, silly!"

Running as they exchanged these words, they soon came to where the bough—or, rather, the two boughs—had fallen. A tragic sight met their eyes. The second bough had

caught the unlucky farmer just on the nape of his neck, and had driven him down, face He lay with his forwards, on to the first. neck close pinned between the two, and his arms spread out over the undermost. face was bad to look at; he was quite dead, and apparently death must have been instantaneous. Sobered and appalled, the boy and girl stood looking from the terrible sight to one another's faces.

"Is he dead?" Julia whispered.

"I expect so," the boy answered. Neither

of them had seen death before.

The next moment he raised his voice and shouted: "Help, help!" then laid hold of the upper bough and strove with all his might to raise it. The girl gave a shriller cry for assistance and then lent a hand to his efforts. But between them they could not move the great log.

Up to now neither of them had per-

ceived Sophy.

Next on the scene was Mr. Brownlow, the master of the Hall. He had been in his greenhouse and heard the crash of the bough. Of that he took no heed—nothing could be done save heave a sigh over the damage to his cherished elms. But when the cries for help reached his ears, with praiseworthy promptitude he rushed out straight across his lawn, and (though he was elderly and stout) dropped into the ditch, clambered out of it, and came where the dead man and the children were. As he passed the drawingroom windows, he called out to his wife: "Somebody's hurt, I'm afraid," and she, after a moment's conference with the butler, followed her husband, but, not being able to manage the ditch, went round by the road and up the avenue, the servant coming with When these two arrived, the Squire's help had availed to release the farmer from the deadly grip of the two boughs, and he lay now on his back on the path.

"He's dead, poor fellow," \mathbf{said}

Brownlow.

"It's Enoch Grouch!" said the butler, giving a shudder as he looked at the farmer's face. Julia Robins sobbed, and the boy Basil looked up at the Squire's face with grave

"I'll get a hurdle, sir," said the butler.

His master nodded, and he ran off.

Something moved on the path—about a yard from the thick end of the lower bough.

"Look there!" cried Julia Robins. A little cry followed. With an exclamation, Mrs. Brownlow darted to the spot. child lay there with a cut on her forehead.

Apparently the impact of the second bough had caused the end of the first to fly upwards; Sophy had been jerked from her seat into the air, and had fallen back on the path, striking her head on a stone. Mrs. Brownlow picked her up, wiped the blood from her brow, and saw that the injury was slight. Sophy began to cry softly, and Mrs. Brownlow soothed her.

"It's his little girl," said Julia Robins. "The little girl with the mark on her cheek,

please, Mrs. Brownlow."

"Poor little thing, poor little thing!" Mrs. Brownlow murmured: she knew that death had robbed the child of her only

relative and protector.

The butler now came back with a hurdle and two men, and Enoch Grouch's body was taken into the saddle-room at the Hall. Mrs. Brownlow followed the procession, Sophy still in her arms. At the end of the avenue

she spoke to the boy and girl:

"Go home, Basil, tell your father, and ask him to come to the Hall. Good night, Julia. Tell your mother—and don't cry any more. The poor man is with God, and I shan't let this mite come to harm." She was a childless woman with a motherly heart, and as she spoke she kissed Sophy's wounded forehead. Then she went into the Hall grounds, and the boy and girl were left together in the road. Basil shook his fist at the avenue of elms—his favourite playground.

"Hang those beastly trees!" he cried. "I'd cut them all down if I was Mr.

Brownlow."

"I must go and tell mother," said Julia.

"And you'd better go too."

"Yes," he assented, but lingered for a moment, still looking at the trees, as though reluctantly fascinated by them.

"Mother always said something would happen to that little girl," said Julia, with a grave and important look in her eyes.

"Why?" the boy asked brusquely.

"Because of that mark—that mark she's

got on her cheek."

"What rot!" he said, but he looked at his companion uneasily. The event of the evening had stirred the superstitious fears seldom hard to stir in children.

"People don't have those marks for nothing—so mother says." Other people, no wiser, said the same thing later.

"Rot!" Basil muttered again. "Oh,

well, I must go."

She glanced at him timidly. "Just come as far as our door with me. afraid."



"'Sophy Grouch! Sophy Grouch!' she cried."

"Afraid!" He smiled scornfully. "All right!"

He walked with her to the door of Woodbine Cottage, and waited till it closed behind her, performing the escort with a bold and lordly air. Left alone in the fast-darkening night, with nobody in sight, with no sound save the ceaseless voice of the angry wind essaying new mischief in the tops of the elm trees, he stood for a moment listening fear-Then he laid his sturdy legs to the ground and fled for home, looking neither to right nor left till he reached the hospitable light of his father's study. The lad had been brave in face of the visible horror; fear struck him in the moment of Julia's talk about the mark on the child's cheek. Scornful and furious at himself, yet he was mysteriously afraid.

CHAPTER II.

THE COOK AND THE CATECHISM.

SOPHY GROUCH had gone to lay a bunch of flowers on her father's grave. From the first Mrs. Brownlow had taught her this pious rite, and Mrs. Brownlow's deputy, the gardener's wife (in whose cottage Sophy lived), had seen to its punctual performance every week. Things went by law and rule at the Hall, for the Squire was a man of active mind and ample leisure. His household code was a marvel of intricacy and minuteness. Sophy's coming and staying had developed a multitude of new clauses. under whose benevolent yet strict operation her youthful mind had been trained in the way in which Mr. Brownlow was of opinion that it should go.

Sophy's face, then, wore a grave and responsible air as she returned with steps of decorous slowness from the sacred precincts. Yet the outer manner was automatic—the result of seven years' practice. Within, her mind was busy: the day was one of mark in her life; she had been told her destined future, and was wondering how she would like it.

Her approach was perceived by a tall and pretty girl who lay in the meadow-grass (and munched a blade of it) which bordered the

path under the elm trees.

"What a demure little witch she looks!" laughed Julia Robins, who was much in the mood for laughter that day, greeting with responsive gleam of the eyes the sunlight which fell in speckles of radiance through the leaves above. It was a summer day, and summer was in her heart too: yet not for the common cause with young maidens; it was no nonsense about love-making—high ambition was in the case to-day.

"Sophy Grouch! Sophy Grouch!" she

cried in a high merry voice.

Sophy raised her eyes, but her steps did With the same measured not quicken. paces of her lanky, lean, little legs, she came up to where Julia lay.

"Why don't you say just 'Sophy'?" she asked. "I'm the only Sophy in the village."

"Sophy Grouch, Sophy Grouch!" Julia

repeated teasingly.

The mark on Sophy's left cheek grew redder. Julia laughed mockingly. looked down on her, still very grave.

"You do look pretty to-day," she observed,
—"and happy."

"Yes, yes! So I tease you, don't I? But I like to see you hang out your dangersignal."

She held out her arms to the little girl. Sophy came and kissed her, then sat down beside her.

"Forgive?"

"Yes," said Sophy. "Do you think it's

a very awful name?"

"Oh, you'll change it, some day," smiled Julia—speaking more truth than she knew. "Listen! Mother's consented, consented, consented! I'm to go and live with Uncle Edward in London-London, Sophy!-and learn elocution——"

" Learn what?"

"E-lo-cu-tion-which means how to talk so that people can hear you ever so far

"To shout?"

"No. Don't be stupid. To-to be heard

plainly without shouting. To be heard in a theatre! Did you ever see a theatre?"

"No. Only a circus. I haven't seen much."

"And then—the stage! I'm to be an Fancy mother consenting at last! An actress instead of a governess! Isn't it glorious?" She paused a moment, then added, with a self-conscious laugh: "Basil's awfully angry, though."

"Why should he be angry?" asked Sophy. Her anger was gone; she was plucking daisies and sticking them here and there in her friend's golden hair. They were great friends, this pair, and Sophy was very proud of the friendship. Julia was grown up, the beauty of the village, and—a lady! Now Sophy was by no means any one of these

"Oh, you wouldn't understand," laughed

Julia, with a blush.

"Does he want to keep company with you—and won't you do it?"

"Only servants keep company, Sophy." "Oh!" said Sophy, obviously making a

mental note of the information.

"But he's very silly about it. I've just said 'Good-bye' to him—you know he goes up to Cambridge to-morrow?—and he did say a lot of silly things." She suddenly caught hold of Sophy and kissed her half-a-dozen "It's a wonderful thing that's haptimes. I'm so tremendously happy!" She set her little friend free with a last kiss and a playful pinch.

Neither caress nor pinch disturbed Sophy's composure. She sat down on the grass.

"Something's happened to me too, to-

day," she announced.

"Has it, Tots? What is it?" asked Julia, smiling indulgently. The great events in other lives are thus sufficiently acknowledged.

"I've left school, and I'm going to leave Mrs. James's, and go and live at the Hall, and be taught to help cook; and when I'm grown up I'm going to be cook." She spoke slowly and weightily, her eyes fixed on Julia's

"Well, I call it a shame!" cried Julia, in generous indignation. "Oh, of course it would be all right if they'd treated you properly—I mean, as if they'd meant that from the beginning. But they haven't. You've lived with Mrs. James, I know; but you've been in and out of the Hall all the time, having tea in the drawingroom, and fruit at dessert, and—and so And you look like a little lady, and talk like one—and—and I think it's a

shame not to give you a better chance. Cook!"

"Don't you think it might be rather nice to be a cook—a good cook?"

"No, I don't," answered the budding

Mrs. Siddons decisively.

"People always talk a great deal about the cook,"pleaded Sophy. "Mr. a h d Mrs. Brownlow are alwaystalking about the cook-and the Rector talks about his cook too --not always very kindly, though."

"No, it's a shame—and I don't believe it'll happen."

"Yes, it will. Mrs. Brownlow settled it to-day."

"There are other people in the world besides Mrs. Brownlow."

Sophy was not exactly surprised at this dictum, but evidently it gave her thought. Her long - delayed "Yes" showed that as plainly as her "Oh" had, a little while before,

marked her appreciation of the social limits of "keeping company." "But she can settle it all the same," she persisted.

"For the time she can," Julia admitted.
"Oh, I wonder what'll be my first part, Tots!"
She threw her pretty head back on the grass, closing her eyes; a smile of radiant anticipation hovered about her lips. The little girl rose and stood looking at her

friend—the friend of whom she was so proud.

"You'll look very, very pretty," she said with sober gravity.

Julia's smile broadened, but her lips remained shut. Sophy looked at her for a

m o m e n t longer and, without formal farewell, resumed her progress down the avenue. It was hard on tea-time, and Mrs. James was a stickler for punctuality.

Yet Sophy's march was interrupted once more. A tall young man sat swinging his legs on the gate that led from the avenue into the road. The sturdy boy who had run home in terror on the night EnochGrouch died had grown into a tall goodlooking young fellow; he was clad in a college " blazer" and check trousers. and smoked a large meerschaum pipe. Hisexpression

"'If you'd let me through, I'd give you a kiss,' she said."

was gloomy; the gate was shut—and he was on the top of it. Sophy approached him with some signs of nervousness. When he saw her, he glared at her moodily.

"You can't come through," he said firmly.

"Please, Mr. Basil, I must, I shall be late for tea."

"I won't let you through. There!"

Sophy looked despairful. "May I climb over?"

"No," said Basil firmly; but a smile began to twitch about his lips.

Quick now, as ever, to see the joint in a

man's armour, Sophy smiled too.

"If you'd let me through, I'd give you a kiss," she said, offering the only thing she had to give in all the world.

"You would, would you? But I hate kisses. In fact I hate girls all round—big

and little."

"You don't hate Julia, do you?"

"Yes, worst of all."

"Oh!" said Sophy — once more the recording registering "Oh!"—because Julia had given quite another impression, and Sophy sought to reconcile these opposites.

The young man jumped down from the gate, with a healthy laugh at himself and at her, caught her up in his arms, and gave her

a smacking kiss.

"That's toll," he said. "Now you can go

through, missy."

"Thank you, Mr. Basil. It's not very

hard to get through, is it?"

He set her down with a laugh, a laugh with a note of surprise in it; her last words had sounded odd from a child. But Sophy's eyes were quite grave; she was probably recording the practical value of a kiss.

"You shall tell me whether you think the same about that in a few years' time," he said, laughing again.

"When I'm grown up?" she asked with

a slow puzzled smile.

"Perhaps," said he, assuming gravity

anew.

"And cook?" she asked with a curiously interrogative air—anxious apparently to see what he, in his turn, would think of her destiny.

"Cook? You're going to be a cook?"

"The cook," she amended. "The cook at the Hall."

"I'll come and eat your dinners." He laughed, yet looked a trifle compassionate. Sophy's quick eyes tracked his feelings.

"You don't think it's nice to be a cook,

either?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, splendid! The cook's a sort of queen," said he.

"The cook a sort of queen? Is she?" Sophy's eyes were profoundly thoughtful.

"And I should be very proud to kiss a queen—a sort of queen. Because I shall be only a poor sawbones,"

"Sawbones?"

"A surgeon—a doctor, you know—with a red lamp, like Dr. Seaton at Brentwood."

She looked at him for a moment. "Are you really going away?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, for a bit—to-morrow."

Sophy's manner expanded into a calm graciousness. "I'm very sorry," she said.

"Thank you."

"You amuse me."

"The deuce I do!" laughed Basil Williamson.

She raised her eyes slowly to his. "You'll be friends, anyhow, won't you?"

"To cook or queen," he said—and hearti-

ness shone through his raillery.

Sophy nodded her head gravely, sealing the bargain. A bargain it was.

"Now I must go and have tea, and then say my Catechism," said she.

The young fellow—his thoughts were sad

-wanted the child to linger.

"Learning your Catechism? Where have you got to?"

"I've got to say my Duty towards my

Neighbour to Mrs. James after tea."
"Your Duty towards your Neighbour—
that's rather difficult, isn't it?"

"It's very long," said Sophy resignedly.

"Do you know it?"

"I think so. Oh, Mr. Basil, would you mind hearing me? Because if I can say it to you, I can say it to her, you know."

"All right, fire away."

A sudden doubt smote Sophy. "But do you know it yourself?" she asked.

"Yes, rather, I know it."

She would not take his word. "Then you say the first half, and I'll say the second."

He humoured her—it was hard not to—she looked so small and seemed so capable. He began—and tripped for a moment over "'To love, honour, and succour my father and mother.'" The child had no chance there. But Sophy's eyes were calm. He ended "'teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters.' Now go on," he said.

"'To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; To hurt nobody by word nor deed; To be true and just in all my dealing; To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart; To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering; To keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity (the young man smiled for an instant—that sounded pathetic); Not to covet nor desire other men's goods, but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living and to do my

duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call me."

"Wrong!" said Basil. "Go down two!" "Wrong!" she cried, indignantly dis-

believing.

"Wrong!"

"It's not! That's what Mrs. James taught me."

"Perhaps—it's not in the Prayer-book. Go and look."

"You tell me first!"

"'And to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.'" His eyes were set on her with an amused interest.

She stood silent for a moment. "Sure?" she asked then.

"Positive," said he.

"Oh!" said Sophy—for the third time. She stood there a moment longer. Then she smiled at him. "I shall go and look. Goodbye."

Basil broke into a laugh. "Good-bye, missy," he said. "You'll find I'm right."

"If I do, I'll tell you," she answered him

generously, as she turned away.

His smile lasted while he watched her. When she was gone, his grievance revived, his gloom returned. He trudged home with never a glance back at the avenue where Julia was. Yet even now the thought of the child crossed his mind; that funny mark of hers had turned redder when he corrected her rendering of the Catechism.

Sophy walked into Mrs. James's kitchen. "Please may I read through my Duty before

I say it?" she asked.

Permission accorded with some surprise—for hitherto the teaching had been by word of mouth—she got the Prayer-book down from its shelf and conned her lesson. After tea she repeated it correctly. Mrs. James noticed no difference.

CHAPTER III.

BEAUTIFUL JULIA-AND MY LORD.

"IT seemed somehow impossible, me going to be cook there all my days." So writes Sophy at a later date in regard to her life at Morpingham Hall. To many of us in our youth it has seemed impossible that we should pass all our days in the humdrum occupations and the mediocre positions in which we have in fact spent them. Young ambitions are chronicled only after they have been fulfilled—unless when a born autobiographer makes fame out of his failures.

But Sophy had a double portion of original restlessness—this much the records of Morpingham years, scanty as they are, render plain. Circumstances made much play with her, but she was never merely the sport of chance or of circumstances. She was always waiting, even always expecting, ready to take her chance, with arm outstretched to seize Occasion by the forelock; she co-operated eagerly with Fate and made herself a partner with Opportunity, and she was quick to abuse the other members of the firm for any lack of activity or forwardness. "You can't catch the train unless you're at the station—and take care your watch isn't slow," she writes somewhere in the diary. The moral of the reflection is as obvious as its form; it is obvious, too, that a traveller so scrupulous to be in time would suffer proportionate annoyance if the train were late.

The immediate result of this disposition of hers was unhappy, and it is not hard to sympathise with the feelings of the Brown-Their benevolence was ample, but it was not unconscious; their benefits, which were very great, appeared to them exhaustive, not only above what Sophy might expect, but also beyond what she could imagine. They had picked her up from the roadside and set her on the way to that sort of kingdom with the prospect of which Basil Williamson had tried to console her. The Squire was an estimable man, but one of small mind; he moved among the little—the contented lord of a pinpoint of the earth. Mrs. Brownlow was a profoundly pious woman, to whom content was a high duty, to be won by the performance of other duties. If the Squire detected in the girl signs of ingratitude to himself, his wife laid equal blame on a rebellion against Heaven. Sophy knew—if not then, yet on looking back-what they felt; her references to them are charged with a remorse whose playful expression (obstinately touched with scorn as it is) does not hide its sincerity. She soon perceived, anyhow, that she was getting a bad character; she, the cook in posse, was at open war with Mrs. Smilker, the cook in esse, though, to be sure, "Smilker" might have done something to reconcile her to "Grouch." Mrs. Brownlow naturally ranged herself on the side of constituted authority, of the superior rank in the domestic hierarchy. Moreover it is likely that Mrs. Smilker was right in nine cases out of ten, at all events; Sophy recognised that probability in after life; none the less, she allows herself more than once to speak of "that beast of a Smilker." Mere

rectitude as such never appealed to her; that comes out in another rather instructive comment, which she makes on Mrs. Brownlow herself. "Me being what I was, and she what she was, though I was grateful to her, and always shall be, I couldn't love her; and what hit me hardest was that she didn't wonder at it and, in my opinion, wasn't very sorry either—not in her heart, you know. Me not loving her made what she was doing for me all the finer, you see." Perhaps these flashes of insight should not be turned on our benefactors, but the extract serves to show another side of Sophy-one which in fairness to her must not be ignored. Not only was restlessness unsatisfied, and young ambitions starved; the emotions were not fed either, or at least were presented with a diet too homely for Sophy's taste. For the greater part of this time she had no friends outside the Hall to turn to. Julia Robins was pursuing her training in London, and, later, her profession in the country. Williamson, who "amused" her, was at Cambridge, and afterwards at his hospital: a glimpse of him she may have caught now and then, but they had no further talk. Very probably he sought no opportunity: Sophy had passed from the infants' school to the scullery; she had grown from a child into a big girl. If prudent Basil kept these transformations in view, none can blame him—he was the son of the rector of the parish. So, when bidden to the Hall, he ate the potatoes Sophy had peeled, but recked no more of the hand that peeled them. In the main the child was, no doubt, a solitary creature.

So much is what scientific men and historians call "reconstruction"—a hazardous process—at least when you are dealing with human beings. It has been kept within the strict limits of legitimate inference, and accordingly yields meagre results. The return of Julia Robins enables us to put many more of the stones—or bones, or whatever they may be called—in their appropriate places.

It is the summer of 1865—and Julia is very gorgeous. Three years had passed over her head; her training had been completed a twelvemonth before, and she had been on her first tour. She had come home "to rest"—and to look out for a new engagement. She wore a blue hat with a white feather, a blue skirt, and a red "Garibaldi" shirt; her fair hair was dressed in the latest fashion. The sensation she made in Morpingham needs no record. But her head

was not turned; nobody was ever less of a snob than Julia Robins, no friendship ever more independent of the ups and downs of life, on one side or the other, than that which united her and Sophy Grouch. She opened communications with the Hall scullery immediately. And—"Sophy was as much of a darling as ever"—is her warmhearted verdict.

The Hall was not accessible to Julia, nor Woodbine Lodge to Mrs. Brownlow's little cook-girl. But the Squire's coachman had been at the station when Julia's train came in: her arrival would be known in the Hall kitchen, if not upstairs. On the morrow she went into the avenue of old elms about twelve o'clock, conjecturing that her friend might have a few free moments about that hour—an oasis between the labours of the morning and the claims of luncheon. Standing there under the trees in all her finerynot very expensive finery, no doubt, yet fresh and indisputably gay—she called her old mocking challenge "Sophy Grouch! Sophy Grouch!"

Sophy was watching. Her head rose from the other side of the ditch. She was down in a moment, up again, and in her friend's arms. "It's like a puff of fresh air," she whispered, as she kissed her, and then, drawing away, looked her over. Sophy was tall beyond her years, and her head was nearly on a level with Julia's. She was in her short print gown, with her kitchen apron on; her sleeves rolled up, her face red from the fire, her hands too, no doubt, red from washing vegetables and dishes. "She looked like Cinderella in the first act of a pantomime," is Miss Robins' professional comment—coloured, perhaps, also by subsequent events.

"You're beautiful!" cried Sophy. "Oh, that shirt—I love red!" And so on for some time, no doubt. "Tell me about it; tell me everything about it," she urged. "It's the next best thing, you know."

Miss Robins recounted her adventures: they would not seem very dazzling at this distance. Sophy heard them with ardent eyes; they availed to colour the mark on her cheek to a rosy tint. "That's being alive," she said, with a deep-drawn sigh.

Julia patted her hand consolingly. "But I'm twenty!" she reminded her friend. "Think how young you are!"

"Young or old's much the same in the

kitchen," Sophy grumbled.

Linking arms, they walked up the avenue. The Rector was approaching from the church.



Sophy tried to draw her arm away. Julia held it tight. The Rector came up, lifted his hat—and, maybe, his brows. But he stopped and said a few pleasant words to Julia. He had never pretended to approve of this stage career, but Julia had now passed beyond his jurisdiction. He was courteous to her as to any lady. Official position betrayed itself only as he was taking leave—and only in regard to Sophy Grouch.

"Ah, you keep up old friendships," he said—with a rather forced approval. "Please don't unsettle the little one's mind, though. She has to work—haven't you, Sophy? Goodbye, Miss Robins."

Sophy's mark was ruddy indeed as the Rector went on his blameless way, and Julia was squeezing her friend's arm very hard. But Sophy said nothing, except to murmur—just once—"The little one!" Julia smiled at the tone.

They turned and walked back towards the road. Now silence reigned; Julia was understanding, pitying, wondering whether a little reasonable remonstrance would be accepted by her fiery and very unreasonable little friend—scullery-maids must not arraign social institutions nor quarrel with the way of the world. But she decided to say nothing—the mark still glowed. It was to glow more before that day was out.

They came near to the gates. Julia felt a sudden pressure on her arm.

"Look!" whispered Sophy, her eyes lighting up again in interest.

A young man rode up the approach to the

Hall lodge. His mare was a beauty; he sat her well. He was perfectly dressed for the exercise, his features were clear-cut and There was as fine an air of handsome. breeding about him as about the splendid Newfoundland dog which ran behind him.

Julia looked as she was bidden. "He's handsome," she said. "Why-" she laughed low-"I believe I know who it is-I think

I've seen him somewhere."

"Have you?" Sophy's question was breathless.

"Yes, I know! When we were at York! He was one of the officers there; he was in a box. Sophy, it's the Earl of Dunstanbury!"

Sophy did not speak. She looked. The young man -he could be hardly more than twenty—came on. Sophy suddenly hid behind her friend ("To save my pride, not her own," generous Julia explains-Sophy herself advances no such excuse), but she could see. She saw the rider's eye rest on Julia; did it rest in recognition? It almost seemed so; yet there was doubt. Julia blushed, but she forbore from smiling or from seeking to rouse his memory. was proud if he remembered her face from across the footlights. The young man too being but a young man—blushed a little as he gave the pretty girl by the gate such a glance as discreetly told her that he was of the same mind as herself about her looks. silent interchanges of opinion on such matters are pleasant diversions as one plods the highway.

He was gone. Julia sighed in satisfied vanity. Sophy awoke to stern realities.

"Gracious!" she cried. "He must have They'll want a salad! come to lunch! You'll be here to-morrow—do!" And she was off, up the drive, and round to her own regions at the back of the house.

"I believe his Lordship did remember my face," thought Julia as she wandered back

to Woodbine Cottage.

But Sophy washed lettuces in her scullery. —which, save for its base purposes, was a pleasant airy apartment, looking out on a path that ran between yew hedges and led round from the lawn to the offices of the Diligently she washed them, as Mrs. Smilker had taught her (whether rightly or not is nothing to the purpose here), but how many miles away was her mind? far away from lettuces that it seemed in no way strange to look up and see Lord Dunstanbury and his dog on the path outside the window at which she had been performing her task. He began hastily—

"Oh, I say, I've been seeing my mare get her feed, and—er—do you think you could be so good as to find a bone and some water for Lorenzo?"

"Lorenzo?" she said.

"My dog, you know." He pointed to the handsome beast, which wagged an expectant

"Why do you call him that?"

Dunstanbury smiled. "Because he's magnificent. I dare say you never heard of Lorenzo the Magnificent?"

"No. Who was he

"A Duke—Duke of Florence—in Italy." He had begun to watch her face, and seemed not impatient for the bone.

"Florence? Italy?" The lettuce dropped from her hands; she wiped her hands slowly

on her apron.

"Do you think you could get me one?"

"Yes, I'll get it."

She went to the back of the room and chose a bone.

"Will this do?" she asked, holding it out through the window.

"Too much meat."

"Oh!" She went and got another. "This one all right?"

"Capital! Do you mind if I stay and see him eat it?"

"No."

"Here, Lorenzo! And thank the lady!" Lorenzo directed three sharp barks at Sophy and fell to. Sophy filled and brought out a bowl of water. Lord Dunstanbury had lighted a cigar. But he was watching

"I say, were you the other girl behind the gate?"

"I didn't mean you to see me."

"I only caught a glimpse of you. remember your friend, though."

"She remembered you too."

"I don't know her name, though."

"Julia Robins."

"Ah, yes—is it? He's about polished off that bone, hasn't he? Is she—er—a great friend of yours?"

His manner was perhaps a little at fault; the slightest note of chaff had crept into it; and the slightest was enough to put Sophy's quills up.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not? Every reason why she should be," he answered with his lips. His eyes answered more, but he refrained his tongue. He was scrupulously a gentleman—more so perhaps than, had sexes and places been reversed, Sophy herself would have been.



"With a fling-out of her arms, she exhibited herself."

But his eyes told her. "Only," he went on,

"if so, why did you hide?"

That bit of chaff did not anger Sophy. But it went home to a different purpose far deeper, far truer home than the young man had meant. Not the mark only reddened—even the cheeks flushed. She said no word. With a fling-out of her arms

—a gesture strangely, prophetically foreign as it seemed to him in after-days-she exhibited herself—the print frock, the soiled apron, the bare arms, red hands, the ugly knot of her hair, the scrap of cap she wore. For a moment her lips quivered, while the mark—the Red Star of future days and future fame—grew redder still.

The only sound was of Lorenzo's worrying the last tough scrap of bone. The lad, gentleman as he was, was good flesh and blood too—and the blood was moving. He felt a little tightness in his throat; he was new to it. New too was Sophy Grouch to what his eyes said to her, but she took it with head erect and a glance steadily levelled at his.

"Yes." he said. "But I shouldn't have looked at any of that—and I shouldn't have looked at her, either."

Brightly the mark glowed; subtly the

eyes glowed. There was silence again.

Almost a start marked Dunstanbury's awakening. "Come, Lorenzo!" he cried; he raised his hat and turned away, followed by his dog Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Sophy took up her lettuces and carried

them into the kitchen.

"There you are, at last! And what's put

you in a temper now?" asked Mrs. Smilker. She had learnt the signs of the mark.

Sophy smiled. "It's not temper this time, cook. I—I'm very happy to-day," she said. "Oh, I do hope the salad will be good!"

For he who was to eat of the salad—had he not forgotten print frock and soiled apron, bare arms, red hands, ugly knot, and execrable cap? He would not have looked at them—no, nor at beautiful many-tinted Julia Robins in her pride! He had forgotten all these to look at the stained cheek and the eyes of subtle glow. She had glanced in the mirror of love and sipped from the cup of power.

Such was her first meeting with Lord Dunstanbury. If it were ever forgotten, it was not Dunstanbury who forgot. The day had wrought much in her eyes; it had wrought more than she dreamed of. Her foot was near the ladder now, though she

could not yet see the lowest rung.

(To be continued.)

A SHEPHERD SONG.

MY shepherd has a song he sings When lights are low upon the moor; It is a song of lowly things, Of simple hearts and poor.

He sings it when the sun is red, And dry leaves patter crisp and brown; A song of rushes lowly spread And Love all low-lain-down.

A song of Love ere Love is old, White sheep to tend, white wool to weave; A red hap when the day is cold, A song to sing at eve.

A song of youth in hempen gown, A song of love in buckled shoon, A couch of rushes low-lie-down. And in the eve a tune.

My shepherd's song, all lightly blown, He whistles when the night is near; And Love, from out the palace flown, Waits on the moor to hear.

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

A RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES.

I.—ROYALTY.

"IN this Show it is proposed to display the vanities of the week, without

ignoring or disguising the fact that they are vani-ties, but keeping always in mind that in the buying and selling of them there is to be made a profit of Truth. There will be no long faces pulled, and no solemn praises sung over any of the wares, neither will magnifying nor diminishing glasses be used to them; but they will be spread out upon their own sole merits ticketed with plain words. Those who think that the Truth is to be found in the Show will probably buy it; but those who do not will pass on their way to another, and both will be equally right."

Such was the introduction of Vanity Fair to the polite world as composed by its first editor, Mr. Tommy Bowles, on a November day of the year 1868. The "Pilgrim's Progress" had suggested the title of the "Show"; it was not, therefore, inappro-priate that its first leaderette should be modelled upon the style of the famous

Mr. Bunyan.

As the first of the Society papers that have since become more common objects of the London Season, Vanity Fair made no little

stir in Mayfair and clubland. At that period Society still preserved its inexorable barriers.

Agriculture, if depressed, was a source of fair rentals to owners of land: the Kaffir market had not successfully bombarded the citadels of the British aristocracy. The Smart Set were mercifully wrapped in the mists that shrouded alike Mr. Sutro and the future. Vanity Fair, a journal written by the members of an exclusive Society for that same Society, could not fail to create frowns, jeers, and laughter. Men had thinner skins seven-and-thirty years ago. Photography and paragraphy in a score of papers had not accustomed them to stand criticism with complacency. Therefore this innovation amongst papers seemed to many of the elder school a something subversive and dangerous. Yet they read it, whether it met with their approval or no.

Mr. Bowles was fortunate in himself and his staff. He was a popular young fellow who went everywhere and heard the gossip of



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

the hour, whether in Belgrave Square or on Ascot coaches, or on the yachts at Cowes. The Prince of Wales gave him the honour of his friendship, as did the members of his Royal Highness's set. Also Mr. Bowles was a discreet editor and therefore trusted. It is not uninteresting to glance through the lists of his contributors. They demanded anonymity, and that anonymity must be preserved. Yet we find amongst them historic names which have since been popularised as their owners rose to high position as members of the Cabinet, ambassadors who serve their

country well, and generals and admirals to whom the country still looks for its security. It was a staff unique in the history of journalism in those early days.

While it was yet teething, the infant Vanity Fair began to suffer domestic adventures. Its nurse and editor, the mainspring of its originality and humour, journeyed to Paris and was besieged by the Prussians. Yet its guardian angel, Mr. Brooks, still the lithographer of cartoons, came to its rescue, and, encouraged by balloon communications from Mr. Bowles—some of which were so shottorn as to be practically undecipherable —its staff continued to struggle on. There are some persons who believe that the extraordinary efforts made by the besiegers were less directed towards

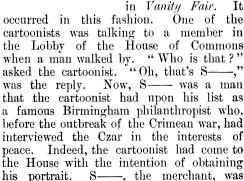
the humiliation of France than prompted by a desire to capture the editor of the journal which had dared to caricature, in ferocious fashion, the features of Germany's first Emperor.

Several numbers of the paper had appeared before the first cartoon was presented to a laughing London. Mr. Bowles had been searching for some new feature of interest, and heard of a certain Pellegrini, an Italian recently arrived in this country, about the same time that a weekly cartoon was suggested to him. The arrangement with Pellegrini was quickly completed, and for many years

that mysterious, peppery, cynical artist was the backbone of the paper, under the title of "Ape."

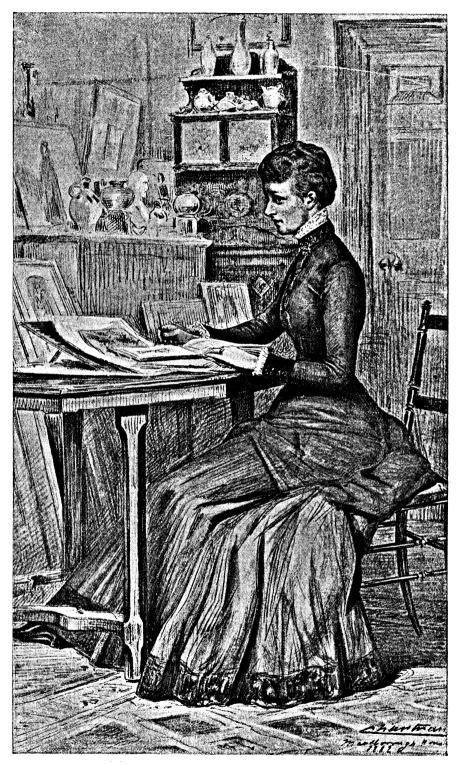
There are many ways into *Vanity Fair*, but there is no way out of it when once the editor has marked you for his own. Ladies have found a place by their beauty, and men by their sheer ugliness. Indeed, on one occasion Mr. Bowles and Pellegrini, walking Pall Mall, hit upon a gallant officer

of such remarkable features that, though they had not the slightest idea as to his identity, they pursued him to his residence, rang the bell, discovered his name, introduced themselves. and caricatured him on the spot, the victim entering into the spirit of the joke with vast good humour. Some have reached immortality by their generosity, and others by their exemplary meanness. The paper that has obtained for its artists sittings from all the kings of Europe will record the features of a great cricketer, golfer, jockey, or billiard - player who deserves his place by an ability high above his fellows. Also it has been possible to get in by accident. On one occasion a worthy merchant awoke to greatness with the discovery of his cartoon





THE DRAWING OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS SKETCHED DIRECT UPON THE STONE BY CHARTRAN.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

As Princess of Wales in 1892. From the drawing for which Her Majesty sat to Chartran in her boudoir at Marlborough House.

in the Lobby on some business connected with a charity in which he was interested. The artist, jumping to conclusions, pursued the merchant, tracked him down, caricatured him, and returned triumphant. It was only at the last moment that an accident discovered the truth. It was too late to secure another portrait; but the way in which Mr. Bowles "Jehued" on that occasion is amongst the proud traditions of Vanity Fair. For he wrote of him—

"No kindlier, simpler, gentler, more upright and honourable a soul ever informed a human body than that which is enveloped in the Quaker outside of Mr. S—— He owned a large portion of the Island of Monserrat, and made chemicals; but Fortune smiled not upon him in commerce, and he has now given himself over to the more congenial pursuit of unpaid philanthropy. His remark-



THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA. "First Violin."

able yet unobtrusive presence very constantly recalls, in the Lobby of the House of Commons, those Quaker characteristics of dress and gentleness which Mr. Bright forswore forty years ago, and it is always prompted by

a desire to do good to some fellow-creature, which all too rarely meets with success, and not always even with attention. He is a good, honest creature."

The two names that have made the



THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. "A military difficulty."

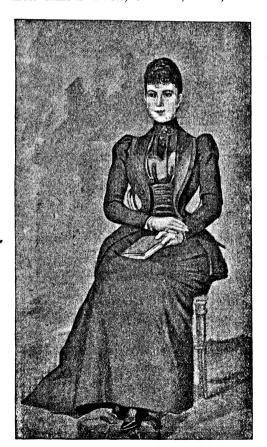
cartoons of Vanity Fair celebrated all the world over are those of Carlo Pellegrini and Leslie Ward. "Ape," the first named, was Italian in his methods as well as in his race. He came from the home of the mime. He was vast in his exaggerations. On one occasion he drew the cartoon of a friend who had helped him financially. It was admirable save for the hands, which were immense, while the subject's were in reality unusually small. "Why did you give me such big hands?" asked the victim. "Look at them—they're rather small." Pellegrini smiled. "I do not care; you ought to have a big hand, my friend," he said, mindful of past generosities.

It was Pellegrini who gave a perfect definition of a caricature. "It must be a comic portrait," he said, "yet with as much

of a man's disposition as you can get into it." Like his editor, he had the honour of the friendship of the Prince of Wales, as King Edward then was.

Leslie Ward, the "Spy" of to-day, rarely attempts the grotesque. He is a better artist than Pellegrini, and his work is admirably finished. The genius of "Spy" dies in his power to bring out the underlying character of his subjects. Often a cartoon seems almost a portrait save to those who know the victim well. Then they discern in it the cunning glance in the eye, the fierce set of the mouth, or the stubborn trick of attitude which reveals the real man. Of recent cartoons, those of Mr. Redmond, Mr. Asquith, Lord Howard de Walden, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell are amongst the best work that Mr. Ward has ever completed.

Besides "Ape" and "Spy," the opportunity of contributing a few subjects has attracted many others. France has lent its aid with Tissot, subsequently one of her most famous artists, Chartran, Coidé, and



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



THE PRINCE OF WALES.
"Our Sailor Prince."

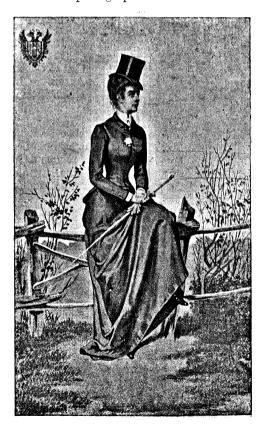
Guth; Germany has sent subjects by Gödeler and an artist who, dealing as he does with royalties, and in fear, perhaps, of lèse majesté, prefers to name himself "Nemo"; Italy has given the paper Prosperi; while of our own countrymen, Bernard Partridge, Carruthers Gould, Witherly, Cuthbert Bradley, son of the author of "Verdant Green," and Max Beerbohm have been, and are, occasional contributors. In the future the work of "Sem," the most famous of modern French cartoonists, will also be found from time to time, while Max Beerbohm and others will occasionally assist Mr. Ward.

Those who remember the famous Belt v. Lawes case, in which Vanity Fair played its part some fourteen years ago, may not have forgotten "the ghost." The attractions of preparing a cartoon were sufficient to make the ghost walk to such good effect that he provided the paper with impressions of both the plaintiff and the defendant. Kings and their ministers, chancellors and members of either House, those who entangle the laws



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.
On a morning drive at Cimiez.

and those who straighten them out again. sportsmen and famous surgeons, men of letters and chiefs of finance—they have all found their way into Vanity Fair. Speaking generally, the victims have submitted with a good grace. The great majority have given sittings with exemplary patience. Amongst the exceptions to this rule, however, was a certain distinguished officer. When his cartoon appeared, he presented himself to the artist in a flurry of rage. His picture was an insult. It had not the faintest resemblance to him. So he declared with appropriate adjectives. A fortnight later, however, he appeared again before the artist. He was in a bashful mood. Presently the secret leaked out. The Prince of Wales. as His Majesty then was, had written to congratulate him on the excellence of the caricature, and had asked if it were possible to secure the original. He had called in obedience to the Frince's wish. Nor must a well-known north-countryman be forgotten who, after his cartoon had appeared, sent a number of photographs to the artist and the



THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

editor in proof of his contention that he was not so fat as he was painted!

The cartoonists have not been without their adventures. The most distinguished of them still speaks with depression of a certain incident in his career which has graven itself deeply upon his recollection. He journeyed to Windsor, where he had been given a sitting by a royal lady. The appointment was in the morning, yet the royalty in question had had the great kindness to appear en grande tenue, full dress with jewels and orders. The artist arranged his easel, agreed with his sitter on the best pose, and then discovered—he had forgotten his paints! Nor were there any to be procured.

Pages, too, might be written concerning the underlines to the cartoons. They have ever been the subject of considerable care, and sometimes they have so happily succeeded in hitting off the character of the victim that a life-long nickname has been the result. The first cartoon ever printed was of Lord Beaconsfield, and under it was transcribed: "He educated the Tories and

dished the Whigs to pass reform, but to become what he is from what he was is the greatest reform of all." The first Lord Houghton, in honourable old age, as "The Cool of the Evening," Mr. Justice Cozens Hardy as "Fair, but not Beautiful," Mr.

Justice Jelf as "Ermined Urbanity," and Mr. Asquith as "Brains," are a few of the many happy inspirations.

Of Vanity Fair there are some further details worthy of recollection. It was the first paper to offer a weekly prize for acrostics. and for many vears it has a m u s e d Society with the Hard Cases which have become. in a manner. historic. In the editor's room are specimens of Hard Cases that have arrived from the Klondyke, from Burmah. from Africa duringthewar -"opened by martial law, as the stamp attests—and, indeed, from all quarters of the world

KAISER WILHELM I.
"Les mangeoit pour soi refraischir devant souper."

where Britishers forgather. Many a knotty point of legal, military, or clerical etiquette has been settled in the columns devoted to this amusing competition.

A notable portrait that I give in this interesting series is one by M. Guth, the French artist, which portrays Queen Victoria

at Cimiez. It appeared in the June of 1897, when all England was preparing festivities to honour the Diamond Jubilee of its Queen. M. Guth was despatched by *Vanity Fair* from Paris to the South of France earlier in the year, and sketched his portrait

from life while Her Majesty was taking her customary morning promenade in the little carriage which so many people who were habitués of the Riviera at that time must freshly remember. It is one of the best portraits that M. Guth

ever produced. Another interesting cartoon is that of Queen Alexandra in the days when she was Princess of Wales. The artist was another Frenchman, a M. Chartran, who, at a later date, became famous for his portraits. M. Chartran visited Marlborough House, and the Princess of Wales honoured him and his paper $\mathbf{b}\mathbf{y}$ granting

him a sitting in her bondoir. It was the first attempt at lithography that the Frenchman had ever made. He sketched on the stone, however, with the same freedom as upon canvas, and, plentifully supplied with pointed lithographic pencils by Mr. Brooks, he achieved a very effective picture, which



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS FREDERICK.



was afterwards submitted to and approved by her Royal Highness. This was in 1882. As "Jehu Junior" said at that time of the royal subject of the cartoon: "She is amiable in disposition, sympathetic without ever approaching familiarity, prudent without ever being prudish, dignified without a touch of haughtiness. In her qualities, as in herself,



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

"Oh, child, may'st thou be less talkative than thy father, but in all else like him!" Adapted from the Greek by Jehu Junior.

all things seem to be proportioned in an exact measure. All those who know her best, best know how thoroughly she deserves to be, as she is, the most universally beloved woman in the British Empire."

Upon June 19th, 1902, appeared the portrait of His Majesty. It was at a busy time, when the Coronation was in preparation, but "Spy's" design met with general favour. Of His Majesty, "Jehu Junior" wrote:

"He is a travelled man, of real culture and many interests. He is a kindly gentleman who can rebuke effectively without rudeness. He is a speaker who knows what to say and

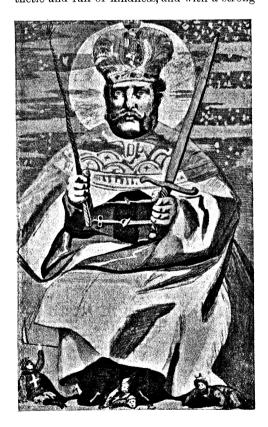


ALEXANDER III. OF RUSSIA.

can say it directly, simply, and with singular modesty, and he can distinguish unerringly between the loyal subject and the sycophant."

It was on May 24th, 1890, that the present Prince of Wales was cartooned by "Spy" under the title of "Our Sailor Prince." In the accompanying letterpress, due credit was given to his Royal Highness for his nautical qualities. Mention, indeed, was made of his prowess in passing a hawser to a disabled torpedo-boat, of which incident it was said that "he did the thing in a style which would have done no discredit to an admiral of the fleet or to the skipper of a tug." Three years afterwards appeared the present Princess of Wales. It was a happy moment, for on the day the paper was published Princess Victoria Mary of Teck became Duchess of York. The cartoon was drawn by Mr. Leslie Ward from life, and

her Royal Highness signed it in expression of her approval, the signature being subsequently reproduced on the cartoon. "If the Princess Victoria Mary be not wholly of English blood,"wrote "Jehu Junior," "at least she is English by birth, by association, and by habit; in manner, in sympathy, and in simplicity of life. Her graceful youth, her proud yet quite unhaughty dignity, her sweet and lovable nature, all give promise that she will justify the warmth of feeling that is to-day shown towards her, and that she will become the idol of the English people even as the Princess of Wales, who is still the most lovable and the most popular woman in England, has become before her. With manners perfectly simple yet wholly dignified, with a presence that is not often given to one so young; with a nature that is sympathetic and full of kindness, and with a strong



ALEXANDER II.
"La civilisation Russe."

sense of duty, she is not only entitled to all the love that has been shown her by her people, but also to the respect that is only given to the good woman. Moreover, she



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

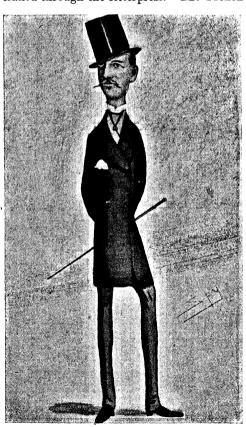
"The Little Father."

has that strength of character and that calm quality of self-control which are most proper to the English lady, of whom the Sovereign is the highest type."

A very pretty marriage announcement, which did the "Jehu Junior" of that day great credit.

Many things have happened in European politics since the cartoon of the Emperor of Austria was first designed. It was published on December 29th, 1877. He was then forty-seven years old. As "Jehu Junior" said of him: "He is a fine soldier and a most gallant gentleman. He loves the Army, and it is now two-and-twenty years ago since he married the most beautiful maiden, who is still one of the most beautiful women in Europe. He has had to deal with the most difficult and dangerous situations that the history of the world has known. He was brought to them unprepared, and so cruel has Fortune been to him that while he has been equally blamed for that which he has and that which he has not done, neither one nor the other has ever had a happy event." The "most beautiful woman" to which "Jehu Junior" referred was herself the subject of a cartoon on April 5th, 1884. It was composed when the Empress was hunting in Ireland. Mention was made in the accompanying letterpress of a curious trick by which she was often able to subdue the most difficult and untractable of hunters. She used a whip in the butt of which was stored a charge of electricity. This charge, as we are assured, had the effect of surprising any animal into reasonable behaviour. It would be interesting to know if this expedient is still practised by trainers at the present day.

The portrait of the present Czar appeared on October 21st, 1897. It was another cartoon by the French artist, M. Guth. The Emperor had then worn the Imperial Crown for nearly three years. The tone of his biography by "Jehu Junior" was frankly optimistic. The roses which M. Guth had scattered on the dining-table before him trailed through the letterpress. The French



THE KING OF GREECE.

alliance had just been concluded—indeed, it was at a banquet in Paris that the cartoonist caught him—and Russian prospects seemed indeed couleur de rose. I do not suppose that amongst the average Englishman at that date the Japanese were held to be much more important than the Thibetans are to-day.

Thirteen years previously appeared a cartoon of Alexander III. by a foreign artist, who, as I have mentioned, concealed his identity, for necessary reasons, under the pseudonym of "Nemo." It is curious to note the prophetic significance of the crucified man upon the Russian crest in the corner of the cartoon. "He is well meaning and very weak," said "Jehu Junior," with some bitterness. "He dislikes the liquor traffic, and he dislikes keeping 40,000 of his subjects in prison; but he has no choice, for the path in which he is to walk is traced out for him, and he must obey the orders of the men who really wield the power attributed to him. Last year he went to Copenhagen to meet his friend and supporter, Mr. Gladstone."

"Spy" was at his best in his caricature of



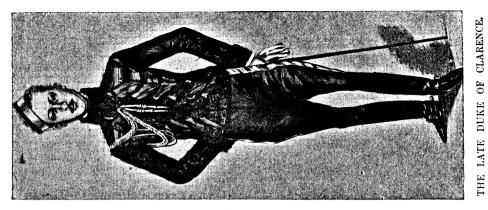
"Un roi constitutionnel."

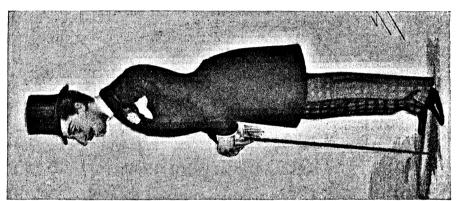


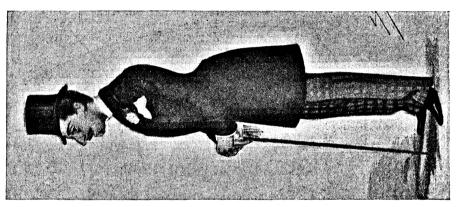
NAPOLEON III.
"Le régime parlementaire."

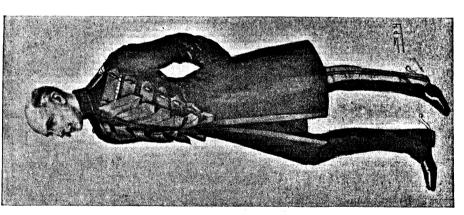
the King of Greece on October 21st, 1876. Fourteen years previously, the Danish Admiral Prince George, then a lad of eighteen, had been presented, after innumerable discussions and diplomatic complications, with the Greek throne. "The advent of Queen Olga, niece of the Emperor Alexander, caused, and still causes," said "Jehu Junior" with startling candour, "the Court of Greece to be one of the most stuck-up and tiresome in Europe, and the countenance of his Imperial relative has not availed to prevent the reign of this unfortunate young man from being one continued series of troubles and anxiety, which have repeatedly driven him to the verge of abdication. The best thing that can be said of him is that he is the brother of the Princess of Wales." "Jehu Junior," as events have shaped themselves, was plainly unfair to King Christian William Ferdinand Adolphus George.

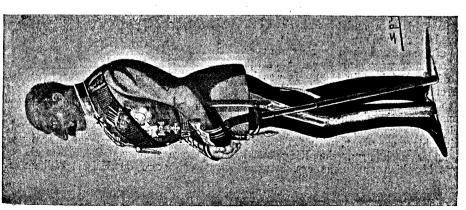
"A very kindly, intelligent King, of honest purpose, who loves his country and his people and his family. A keen numismatist, he owns one of the biggest and best collections of old coins. An earnest auto-









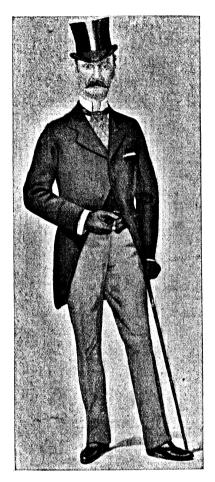


THE DUKE OF TECK.

THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

mobilist and a clever linguist," so "Jehu Junior" summed up the present King of Italy in 1902. In was in 1878 that his father appeared in all the magnificence of



THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

youthful mustachios. The accompanying letterpress was unusually complimentary. Indeed, little could be said about that very brave and gallant gentleman, who worked hard, paid his own and his father's debts, and lived for the welfare of his people.

One of the most admirable caricatures ever published in *Vanity Fair* was that of the King of the Belgians, in 1869. It was by the French artist, Monsieur Coidé, who chose to introduce allegorical effects into his cartoons, thus distinguishing himself from the majority of his brother artists on the paper. Grasping his money-bags, with fat concessions under each arm, the King stood amongst his ships and chimneys, between

an armed France on the one side, and an armed Germany on the other. Indeed, as "Jehu Junior" said of Belgium at that period, the nation "lives in a perpetual state of disquiet, which the most trivial circumstances turn to terror"; but this was before Sedan! The King may have grown older in these thirty-five years; yet his hold on the money-bags is as tight as ever.

Passing by the lonely little King of Spain, sitting in his great chair of State, and staring out into the unknown future, we come to a German group of Royalties. The first is a cartoon of considerable interest, being that of the "King of Prussia, Emperor by the Divine sanction of Krupp," as "Jehu Junior" calls him. It appeared during the



PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Paris siege, when, as I have stated, the editor was conducting the paper by means of private balloons. Coidé, the allegorical, was as severe on Kaiser William I. as

was "Jehu Junior." The artist drew him with Bismarck as his carving - knife, with the blood - red wine spilling down the table, and the various nationalities which Prussia had subdued by force of arms bringing him their humble tribute. "Having crushed the armies of France, he has made war on her people," said the writer. "His piety is one of the most remarkable elements in his character. He believes that the Almighty prefers needle-guns to chasepots, Uhlans to Zouaves, Germans to French, Prussians to Germans, and the King of Prussia as



THE KING OF SPAIN.

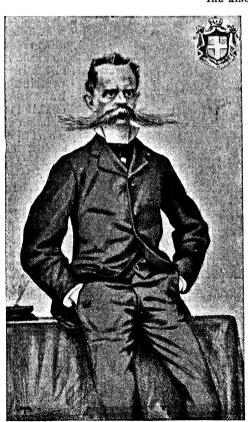
his chosen instrument, to all the world."
"Jehu Junior's"
criticism is indeed reminiscent of the famous Punch epigram:—

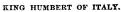
Thank the Lord, my dear Augusta, Napoleon's come an awful buster. 10,000 Frenchmen sent

below,
Praise God from whom all

blessings flow!

The picture of the present Kaiser was one in a group at Cowes, and is not a striking likeness. The Crown Prince of Germany was cartooned this year on the occasion of his marriage. "Jehu Junior" described him as a good-hearted young fellow, very popular with the







THE PRESENT KING OF ITALY.

ladies, and not hostile to England and its customs.

The Crown Prince of Denmark was caricatured by "Spy" in 1895, and "Jehu Junior" was as polite to him as so kind, considerate, and amiable a prince deserved.

In 1902 appeared Prince Charles of Denmark.

To the Duke of Edinburgh Vanity Fair owesits gratitude. He was always an admirer and supporter of the paper. Mr. Leslie Ward visited him on board his flagship, and accompanied him for a cruise, of which the artist speaks as having been peculiarly pleasant. He found great pleasure in the violin, which he practised on board ship. By constant work and energy of execution he finally attained to considerable proficiency in his hobby. Indeed, "Ape" caricatured him as "The

First Violin."

"He is a capital shot," said "Jehu Junior,"

"an excellent sailorman, has a certain wholesome love of skylarking, and is very popular in the profession which is not usually greatly inclined to appreciate good taste and delicacy of feeling." The Duke

had already had his experiences in 1874, for he had been offered, and had refused, the throne of Greece, and had been shot in the back at a picnic in New South Wales by a Fenian named O'Farrell. He was about to become bridegroom to the wealthy Russian

Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna when the cartoon appeared.

In 1870 appeared the late Duke of Cambridge. Alreadythere were whispers of his hostility to progress at the War Office, for we find "Jehu Junior" writing: "He is naturally jealous of any interference with his authority; and from his rank and position he has been enabled to maintain his position against any Secretary of War that ever tried to subordinate Whitehall to Pall Mall." The cartoon was entitled "A Military Difficulty. The criticism was unkind. Yet "Jehu



ABDUL AZIZ, SULTAN OF TURKEY.
"Ote-toi de la que je m'y mette."

Junior" never possesses a conscience, and reflects with candid indifference the facts of the moment.

Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, as they were then, appeared on the 13th of October, 1888. "He has a keen appreciation of character," said "Jehu Junior," "and is able to detect the snob at a considerable distance; and when detected, he will have none of him; yet he wears very high collars. He gives his parents no trouble, and although old enough to have an establishment of his own, he is apparently contented to await his father's will, having no uncontrollable desire to free himself from

paternal restraint." The Duke of Teck was cartooned in 1902, and the Duke of Connaught on June 17th, 1876. The Duke of Connaught—or Prince Arthur, as he was then more generally known --- was hard at work, changing from one corps to another, and learning his business as a soldier. He was, as "Jehu Junior" said of him, "Quite unaffected, yet by no means forgetting his dignity. He is fond of his profession," continued the writer, "and a favourite with all who have the honour of his acquaintance. Nearly all of these have done their best to spoil him, yet he is still quite unspoiled, and although now over twenty-six, his morals are held to be still above all reproach." This kindly criticism is equally true of the Duke to-day.

It was in 1869 that M. Coidé produced another of his admirable allegories, in which Napoleon III. figured. It was in this instance a prophecy as well as an allegory. The

Emperor of the French stumbles tottering forward, supported by a female figure representing a warlike nation. When his army failed him, when his standards did not find their laurel crown, his empire vanished. Feeble he was in 1869, and fallen in little more than a twelvemonth. Yet this weakness was realised by few as surely as by Vanity Fair. "The Emperor," said "Jehu Junior," "has for seventeen years had the whole weight of government on his shoulders; he now calls upon the country to assist him in bearing it, and that not only for his own relief, who now needs it much, but still more for the relief of his successor, who will need it more. For seventeen years France has leant upon him alone, and he has given to her security and order, as well as an enormous increase not only in national dignity, but in material prosperity. Now, worn and sick, anxious above all to give to his government and dynasty a broader and surer basis than can be marked out on any personal system, it is he who leans on France."

Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, appeared in 1869. M. Coidé, the cartoonist, was in a pessimistic mood. But "Jehu Junior" gave full credit to the Turks for the bravery and endurance which they have often shown in the field. "There is a power in Turkey little suspected in Europe" is as true to-day

as it was in '69.

B. Fletcher Robinson,

Editor of "Vanity Fair."

The foregoing article is the first of

AN IMPORTANT SERIES

in which, under this general title, practically

ALL THE CARTOONS OF CELEBRITIES

which have appeared in

"VANITY FAIR"

will be, for the first time, grouped together and republished, in the original colours. Ensuing articles will cover the realms of

THE CHURCH THE ARMY SOCIETY SCIENCE THE POLITICAL WORLD

THE NAVY

THE STAGE

LITERATURE

SPORT MUSIC FINANCE

WITH THE NIGHT MAIL.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

From "The Windsor Magazine," October, A.D. 2147.



T 9.30 p.m. of a windy winter's night I stood on the lower stages of the G.P.O. Outward Mail Tower. My purpose was a run to Quebec in "postal packet 162, or such other as may be appointed"; and the

Postmaster - General himself countersigned the order. This talisman opened all doors, even those in the Despatching-caisson at the foot of the Tower, where they were delivering the sorted Continental mail. The bags were packed close as herrings in the long grey underbodies which our G.P.O. still calls "coaches." Five such coaches were filled as I watched, and were shot up the guides, to be locked on to their waiting packets three hundred feet nearer the stars.

From the Despatching-caisson I was conducted by a courteous and wonderfully learned official—Mr. L. L. Geary, Second Despatcher of the Western Route—to the Captain's Room (this wakes an echo of old romance), where the Mail captains come on for their turn of duty. He introduces me to the captain of 162—Captain Purnall, and his relief, Captain Hodgson. The one is small and dark, the other large and red, but each has the brooding, sheathed glance characteristic of eagles and aeronauts. You can see it in the pictures of our racing professionals, from L. V. Rautsch to little Ada Warleigh—the fathomless abstraction of eyes habitually turned through naked space.

On the notice-board in the Captain's Room the pulsing arrows of some twenty indicators register degree by geographical degree the progress of as many homeward-bound packets. The word "Cape" rises across the face of a dial; a gong strikes: that is all. The South African mid-weekly mail is in at the Highgate Receiving-Towers. It reminds one comically of the traitorous little bell which in pigeon-fanciers' lofts notifies the return of a homer.

"Time for us to be on the move," says

Captain Purnall, and we are shot up by the passenger-lift to the top of the Despatch-towers. Our "coach" will lock on when it is filled, and the clerks are aboard . . .

Number 162 waits for us in Slip E of the topmost stage. The great curve of her back shines frostily under the lights, and some minute alteration of trim makes her rack a

little in her holding-down clips.

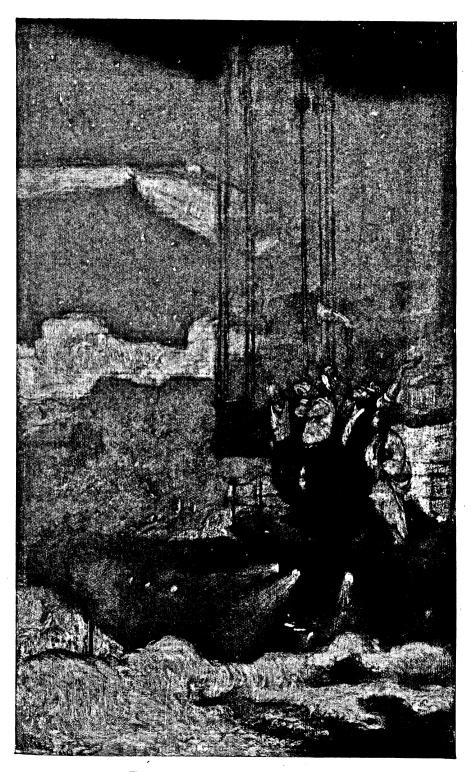
Captain Purnall frowns and dives inside. Hissing softly, 162 comes to rest level as a rule. From her North Atlantic Winter nosecap (worn bright as diamond with boring through uncounted leagues of hail, snow, and ice) to the inset of her three built - out propeller-shafts is some two hundred and fifty feet. Her extreme diameter, carried well forward, is thirty-seven. Contrast this with the nine hundred by ninety-four of any crack liner, and you will realise the power that must drive this hull through all weathers at more than twice the emergency speed of the *Cyclonic*.

The eye detects no joint in her skinplating, save the sweeping hair-crack of the bow rudder—Magniac's rudder, that assured us the dominion of the unstable air, and left its inventor penniless and half-blind. It is calculated to Castelli's "gull-wing" curve. Raise a few feet of that all but invisible plate three-eighths of an inch, and 162 will yaw five miles to port or starboard ere she is under control again. Give her full helm, and she returns on her track like a whiplash. Cant the whole forward—a touch on the wheel will suffice—and she sweeps at your good direction up or down. Open the full circle, and she presents to the air a mushroom head that will bring her up all standing within half the mile.

"Yes," says Captain Hodgson, answering my thought. "Castelli thought that he'd discovered the secret of controlling aeroplanes, when he'd only found out how to steer dirigible balloons. Magniac invented his rudder to help war-boats ram each other; and war went out of fashion, and Magniac he went out of his mind because he said he couldn't serve his country any more. I wonder if any of us ever know what we're really doing."

"If you want to see the coach locked,

Copyright, 1905, by Rudyard Kipling, in the United States of America.



"The mate emerges, his arm strapped to his side."

you'd better go aboard. It's due now," says Mr. Geary. I enter 162 through the door amidships. There is nothing here for display. The inner skin of the gas-tanks comes down to within a foot or so of my head, and turns over just short of the turn of the Liners and yachts disguise their tanks with decoration, but the G.P.O. serves them raw under a lick of grey official paint. The inner skin shuts off fifty feet of the bow and as much of the stern, but the bow bulkhead is recessed for the lift-shunting apparatus, as the stern is pierced for the shaft-tunnels. The engine-room lies almost Forward of it, extending to the turn of the bow-tanks, is an aperturea bottomless hatch at present—into which the coach will be locked. One looks down over the coamings three hundred feet to the Despatching - caisson, whence voices boom upward. The light below is obscured to a sound of thunder, as the coach rises on its guides. It enlarges rapidly from a postagestamp to a playing-card; to a punt, and last a pontoon. The two clerks—its crew—do not even look up as it slams into place with a jar that shakes the whole ship. Quebec letters fly under their fingers and leap into the docketed racks, while both captains and Mr. Geary satisfy themselves that the coach is locked home. Nor perfunctorily nor officially locked, but absolutely and pneumatically one with the glassy-smooth hull. A clerk passes the way-bill over the hatchcoaming; Captain Purnall thumb-marks and passes it to Mr. Geary. Receipt has been given and taken. "Pleasant run," says Mr. Geary, and disappears through a door which a foothigh pneumatic compressor locks after him.

"A—ah," sighs the compressor released. Our holding-down clips part with a tang.

We are clear and lifting.

"I beg your pardon," says Captain Hodgson, and slides back a plate discovering the great colloid underbody port-hole through which I watch million-lighted London slide eastward as the westerly gale takes hold of us. The first of the low winter scud cuts off the well-known view and darkens Middlesex. On the south edge of it I can see a packet's postal light ploughing through the white fleece. For an instant she gleams like a star ere she drops toward the Highgate Receiving-Towers. "The Bombay mail," says Captain Hodgson, and looks at his watch. "She's forty minutes late."

"What's our level?" I ask.

"Four thousand. Aren't you coming up on the bridge?"

The bridge (let us ever bless the G.P.O. as a repository of ancientest tradition) is represented by a view of Captain Hodgson's legs, where he stands on the control-platform that runs 'thwartships overhead. The bow colloid is unshuttered, and Captain Purnall, one hand on the wheel, is feeling for a fair slant. The dial shows 4,300 feet.

"It's steep to-night?" he mutters, as tier on tier of cloud drops under. "We generally pick up the easterly draught below three thousand at this time o' the year. I hate

slathering through fluff."

"So does Van Cutsem. Look at him huntin' for a slant!" says Captain Hodgson. A fog-light breaks cloud a hundred fathoms below. The Antwerp night mail makes her signal and rises between two racing clouds far to port, her flanks blood-red in the glare of Sheerness Double Light. The gale will have us over the German Ocean in half an hour, but Captain Purnall lets her go composedly—nosing to every point of the compass as she rises.

"Five thousand—six, six thousand eight hundred "-the dip-dial reads ere we find the easterly drift, heralded by a flurry of snow at the thousand-fathom level. Captain Purnall rings up the engines, and keys down the governor on the switch before him. There is no sense in urging machinery when Æolus himself will give you good knots for We are away in earnest now—our nose notched down on our chosen star. this level the lower clouds are laid out all neatly combed by the dry fingers of the East. Below that there is a strong westerly blow. Overhead, a film of southerly drifting mist draws a theatrical gauze across the firmament. The moonlight striking through turns the lower strata to silver without a stain except where our lean shadow underruns us. Bristol and Cardiff Double Lights (those statelily inclined beams over Severnmouth!) are dead ahead of us, for we keep the Southern route. Coventry Central, the pivot of the English system, stabs upward once in ten seconds its spear of diamond light to the north, and a point or two off our starboard bow The Leek, the great cloud-breaker of Saint David's Head, swings its unmistakable green beam twenty-five degrees each way. There must be half a mile of fluff over it in this weather, but this does not affect The

"England is overlighted, if anything," says Captain Purnall at the wheel, as Cardiff-Bristol slides under. "I remember the old days of common white verticals that 'ud

show two or three thousand feet up in a mist if you knew where to look for 'em. In really fluffy weather they might as well have been under your hat. One could get lost coming home then and have some fun. Now it's like driving down Piccadilly."

He points to the pillars of light where the cloud-breakers bore through the cloud-floor. 'We see nothing of England's outlines—only a white pavement pierced in all directions by these manholes of variously coloured fire—Holy Island's white and red—St. Bees' interrupted white, and so on as far as the eye can reach. Blessed be Sargent, Ahrens, and the Dubois Brothers who invented the cloud-breakers of the world whereby we travel in security!

"Are you going to lift for The Shamrock?" asks Captain Hodgson. Cork light (green fixed) enlarges as we rush to it. Captain Purnall nods. There is heavy traffic hereabouts—the bank beneath us is streaked with running fissures of flame, where the Atlantic boats are hurrying Londonwards just clear of the fluff. Mail-packets are supposed to have the five-thousand foot lanes and above to themselves, but the foreigner in a hurry is apt to take liberties with English air. 162 lifts to a long-drawn wail of the air in the fore-flange of the rudder, and we make Valencia (white-green-white) at a safe 7,000 feet, dipping our beam to an incoming Washington packet.

There is no cloud on the Atlantic, and faint streaks of cream round Dingle Bay show where the east-driven seas hammer the coast. A big S.A.T.A. liner (Société Anonyme des Transports Aériens) is diving and lifting half a mile below us in search of some break in the solid west wind. Lower still lies a Dane in trouble: she is telling the liner all about it in International. Our General Communication dial has caught her talk, and begins to eavesdrop. Captain Hodgson makes a motion to cut it off, but checks himself. "Perhaps you'd like to listen," he says to

"Argol of St. Thomas," the G.C. whispers. "Report owners three starboard shaft collar-bearings fused. Can make Flores as we are, but impossible further. Shall we buy spares at Fayal?"

The liner acknowledges, and recommends inverting the bearings. The Argol answers that she has already done so without effect, and begins to relieve her mind about cheap German enamels for collar-bearings. The Frenchman assents cordially, cries: "Courage, mon ami!" and switches off.

Their lights sink under the curve of the world

"That's one of Lundt and Bleamer's boats," says Captain Hodgson. "Serves 'em right for putting German compos in their thrust-blocks. She won't be in Fayal tonight! By the way, wouldn't you like to look round the engine-room?"

I have been waiting eagerly for this invitation, and I follow Captain Hodgson from the control-platform, stooping low to avoid the bulge of the tanks. We know that Fleury's gas can lift anything, as the worldfamous trials of '78 showed, but its almost indefinite powers of expansion necessitate vast tank room. Even in this thin air the lift-shunts are busy taking out one-third of its normal lift, and still 162 must be checked by an occasional downdraw of the rudder, or our flight would become a climb to the stars. Captain Purnall prefers an overlifted to an underlifted ship, but no two captains trim "When I take the bridge," says ship alike. Captain Hodgson, "you'll see me shunt forty per cent. of the lift out of the gas and run her on the upper rudder. With a swoop upwards instead of a swoop downwards, as you Either way will do. It's only habit. Watch our dip-dial. Tim fetches her down once every thirty knots as regularly as breathing.

So it is shown on the dip-dial. For five or six minutes the arrow creeps from 6,700 to 7,300. There is the faint "szgee" of the rudder, and back slides the arrow to 6,500 on a falling slant of ten or fifteen knots.

"In heavy weather you jockey her with the screws as well," says Captain Hodgson, and unclipping the jointed bar which divides the engine-room from the bare deck, he leads me on the floor.

Here we find Fleury's Paradox of the Bulkheaded Vacuum—which we accept now without thought—literally in full blast. The three engines are assisted-vacuo Fleury turbines running from 3,000 to the Limit; that is to say, up to the point when the blades make the air bell-cut out a vacuum for themselves precisely as do overdriven marine propellers. 162's Limit is low on account of the small size of her nine screws, which, though handier than the old colloid Thelus-The 'midships engine sons, bell sooner. generally used as a reinforce is not running; so the port and starboard turbine vacuumchambers draw direct into the return-mains.

The turbines whistle reflectively. From the low-arched expansion-tanks on either side the valves descend pillar-wise to the turbine-



"She falls stern-first; slides like a lost soul down that pitiless ladder of light."

chests, and thence the obedient gas whirls through the spirals of set blades with a force that would whip the teeth out of a powersaw. Behind, is its own pressure, held in leash or spurred on by the lift-shunts; before it, the vacuum where Fleury's Ray dances in violet-green bands and whirled tourbillons of flame. The jointed U-tubes of the vacuum-chamber are pressure-tempered colloid (no glass would endure the strain for

an instant), and a junior engineer with tinted spectacles watches the Ray intently. It is the very heart of the machine—a mystery to this day. Even Fleury, who begat it and, unlike Magniac, died a multi-millionaire, could not explain how that restless little imp pirouetting in the U-tube can, in the fractional fraction of a second, strike down the furious blast of gas into a chill greyish-green liquid that drains (you can hear it trickle)

from the far end of the vacuum through the eduction-pipes and the mains back to the bilges. Here it returns to its gaseous—one had almost written sagacious—state and climbs to work afresh. Bilge-tank, uppertank, dorsal-tank, expansion-chamber, vacuum, main-return (as a liquid) and bilge-tank once more is the ordained cycle. Fleury's Ray sees to that; and the engineer with the tinted spectacles sees to Fleury's Ray. If a speck of oil—if even the natural grease of the human finger touch the hooded terminals, Fleury's Ray will wink and disappear and must be laboriously built up again. means half-a-day's work for all hands, and an expense of one hundred and seventy odd pounds to the G.P.O. for radium-salts and such trifles.

"Now look at our thrust-collars. You won't find much German compo there. Full-jewelled, you see," says Captain Hodgson, as the engineer shunts open the top of a cap. Our shaft-bearings are C.D.C. (Commercial Diamond Company) stones, ground with as much care as the lenses of a telescope. They cost thirty-seven pounds apiece. So far we have not arrived at their term of life. These bearings are over fifty years old. They came from No. 97, which took them over from the old Dominion of Light, which had them out of the wreck of the Perseus aeroplane in the years when men still flew tin kites over Thorium engines.

They are a shining reproof to all low-grade German "ruby" enamels, so-called "boort" facings, and the dangerous and unsatisfactory aluminia compounds which please dividend-hunting owners and turn skippers crazy.

The rudder-gear and the gas lift-shunt, seated side by side under the engine-room dials, are the only machines in visible motion. The former sighs from time to time as the oil-plunger rises and falls half an inch. The latter, cased and guarded like the U-tube aft, exhibits another Fleury Ray, but inverted and more green than violet. function is to shunt the lift out of the gas, and this it will do without watching. is all! One tiny pump-rod wheezing and whining to itself beside a sputtering green A hundred and fifty feet aft, down the flat-topped tunnel of the tanks, a violet light restless and irresolute. Between the two, three white-painted turbine-trunks, like eel-baskets laid on their side, accentuate the empty perspectives. You can hear the trickle of the liquefied gas flowing from the vacuum into the bilge-tanks, and the soft gluck-glock of gas-locks closing as Captain Purnall brings

162 down by the head. The hum of the turbines and the boom of the air on our skin is no more than a cotton-wool wrapping to the universal stillness. And we are running an eighteen-second mile.

I peer from the fore-end of the engineroom over the hatch-coamings into the coach. The mail-clerks are sorting the Winnipeg Calgary and Medicine Hat bags: but there is a pack of cards ready on the table.

Suddenly a bell thrills; the engineers at the turbine-valves stand by; but the spectacled slave of the Ray in the U-tube never lifts his head. He must watch where he is. We are hard-braked and going astern; and there is high language from the control-platform.

"Tim's temper has fused on something," says the unruffled Captain Hodgson. "Let's look"

Captain Purnall is not the man we left half an hour ago, but the embodied authority of the G.P.O. Ahead of us floats an ancient aluminium-patched, twin-screw tramp of the dingiest, with no more right to the 5,000foot lanes than has a horse-cart to London. She carries an obsolete "barbette" conningtower—a six-foot affair with railed platform forward, and our warning beam plays on the top of it as a policeman's lantern flashes on the area-sneak. Like a sneak-thief, too, emerges a shock-headed navigator in his shirtsleeves. Captain Purnall wrenches open the colloid to talk with him man to man. There are times when science does not satisfy.

"What under the stars are you doing here, you sky-scraping chimney-sweep?" he shouts as we two drift side by side. "Do you know this is a Mail lane? You call yourself a skipper, sir? You ain't fit to paddle toy aeroplanes in the Strand. Your name and number! Report and get down!"

"I've been blown up once," the shock-headed man cries hoarsely as a dog barking under the stars. "I don't care two flips of a contact for anything you can do, Postey."

"Don't you, sir? But I'll make you care. I'll have your stinking gasogene towed stern first to Disko and broke up. You can't recover insurance if you're broke for obstruction. Do you understand that?"

Then the stranger bellows: "Look at my propellers! There's been a wullie-wa down under that has blown me into umbrella-frames! We're leakin'! We're all one conjurer's watch inside! My mate's arm's broke; my engineer's head's cut open; my Ray went out when the engines smashed; and—and—

for pity's sake give me my height, Captain!

We doubt we're dropping.'

"Six thousand eight hundred. Can you hold it?" Captain Purnall overlooks all insults, and leans half out of the colloid, staring and sniffing. The stranger leaks pungently. He calls—

"We ought to blow back to St. John's with luck. We're trying to plug the fore-tank now, but she's simply whistlin' it away."

"She's sinkin' like a log," says Captain Purnall in an undertone. "Call up the Mark Boat, George." Our dip-dial shows that we abreast the tramp have dropped five hundred feet the last few minutes. Captain Purnall presses a switch, and our signal-beam swings through the night, twizzling spokes of light across infinity.

"That'll fetch something," he says, while Captain Hodgson watches the General Communicator. He has called up the Banks Mark Boat a few hundred miles west, and

is reporting.

"I'll stand by you!" Captain Purnall roars to the lone figure on the conning-tower.

"Is it as bad as that?" comes the answer.
"She isn't insured."

"Might have guessed as much," mutters Hodgson. "Owner's risk is the worst risk of all!"

"Can't I fetch St. John's—not even with this breeze?" the voice quavers.

"Stand by to abandon ship! Haven't you

any lift in you, fore or aft?"

"Nothing but the 'midships tanks, and they're none too tight. You see, my Ray gave out and——" he coughs in the reek of the escaping gas.

"You poor devil!" This does not reach our friend. "What does the Mark Boat say,

George?"

"Wants to know if there's any danger to traffic. Says she's in a bit of weather herself and can't quit station. I've turned in a General Call, so even if they don't see our beam, someone's bound to—or else we must. Shall I clear our slings? Hold on! Here we are! A Planet liner, too! She'll be up in a tick!"

"Tell her to get her slings ready," cries his brother Captain. "There won't be much time to spare Tie up your mate!" he

roars to the tramp.

"My mate's all right. It's my engineer.

He's gone crazy."

"Shunt the lift out of him with a spanuer.

Hurry!

"But I can make land—if I've half a chance."

"You'll make the deep Atlantic in twenty minutes. You're less than fifty-four hundred now. Get your log and papers."

A Planet liner—east bound—heaves up in a superb spiral and takes the air of us humming. Her underbody colloid is open, and her transporter-slings hang down like tentacles. We shut off our beam as she adjusts herself-steering to a hair-over the tramp's conning-tower. The mate emerges, his arm strapped to his side, and stumbles into the cradle. A man with a ghastly scarlet head follows, shouting that he must go back and build up his Ray. The mate assures him that he will find a nice new Ray all ready in the liner's engine-room. bandaged head goes up wagging excitedly. A youth and a woman follow. The liner cheers hollowly above us, and we see the passengers' faces at the saloon colloid.

"That's a good girl. What's the fool waiting for now?" says Captain Purnall.

The skipper comes up still appealing to us to stand by and see him fetch St. John's. He dives below and returns—at which we little human beings in the void cheer louder than ever—with the ship's kitten. Up fly the liner's hissing slings; her underbody crashes home and she hurtles away again. Our dial shows less than 3,000 feet.

The Mark Boat signals that we must attend to the derelict, now whistling her death-song as she falls beneath us in long, sick zigzags.

"Keep our beam on her and send out a general warning," says Captain Purnall, following her down.

There is no need. Not a liner in air but knows the meaning of that vertical beam, and gives us and our quarry a wide berth.

"But she'll drown in the water, won't

she?" I asked of Tim.

"I've known a derelict up-end and sift her engines out of herself, and flicker round the Lower Lanes for three weeks on her forward tanks only. We'll run no risks. Pith her, George, and look sharp. There's weather ahead."

Captain Hodgson opens the underbody colloid, swings the heavy pithing-iron out of its rack which, in liners, is generally cased as a settee, and at two hundred feet releases the catch. We hear the whirr of the crescent-shaped arms opening as they descend. The derelict's forehead is punched in, starred across, and rent diagonally. She falls stern-first, our beam upon her; slides like a lost soul down that pitiless ladder of light, and the Atlantic takes her.

"A filthy business," says Hodgson. "I



"The Mark Boat hangs herself up in her appointed place in the skies."

wonder what it must have been like in the

old days."

The thought had crossed my mind too. What if that wavering carcass had been filled with international-speaking men of all the Internationalities, each of them taught (that is the horror of it) that after death he would very possibly go for ever to unspeakable torment? And not a century since we (one knows now that we are only our fathers re-enlarged upon the earth)—we, I say, ripped and rammed and pithed to admiration.

Here Tim, from the control-platform, shouts that we are to get into our inflators

and to bring him his at once.

We hurry into the heavy rubber suits—the engineers are already half-dressed—and inflate at the air-pump taps. G.P.O. inflators are thrice as thick as a racing man's "heavies," and chafe abominably under the arm-pits. George takes the wheel until Tim has blown himself up to the extreme of rotundity. If you kicked him off the c.p. to the deck, he would bounce back. But it is 162 that will do the kicking to-night.

"The Mark Boat's mad — stark ravin' crazy," Tim snorts, returning to command. "She says there's a bad blow-out ahead, and wants me to pull over to Greenland. I'll see her pithed first! We've wasted an hour and a quarter over that dead bird down under, and now I'm expected to go rubbin' my back all the Pole round! What does she think a postal packet's made of. Gummed silk? Tell her we're comin' on straight."

George buckles him into the Frame and switches on the Direct Control. Now, under Tim's left toe, lies the port-engine accelerator; under his left heel the reverse, and so with the other foot. The lift-shunt stops stand out on the rim of the steering-wheel, where the fingers of his left hand can play on them. At his right hand is the 'inidships engine-lever, ready to be thrown into gear at a moment's notice. He leans forward in his belt, eyes glued to the bow-colloid, and one ear cocked toward the General Communicator. Henceforth he is the strength and direction of 162, through whatever may befall.

The Banks Mark Boat is reeling out pages of Aerial Route Directions to the traffic at large. We are to "secure all loose objects," hood up our Fleury Rays; and on no account to attempt to clear snow from our conningtowers till the weather abates. Underpowered craft can ascend to the limit of their lift, mail-packets to look out for them accordingly: the traffic lanes are pitting very badly with frequent blow-outs, vortices, and

laterals. In other words, we are in for a storm with electric trimmings.

Still the clear dark holds up unblemished. The only warning is the electric skin-tension (I feel as though I were a lace-maker's pillow), and an intense irritability which the gibbering of the General Communicator increases almost to hysteria.

We have risen eight thousand feet since we pithed the tramp, and our turbines are giving us an honest two hundred an

hour.

Very far to the west an elongated blur of light low down shows us the Banks Mark Boat. There are specks of fire round her rising and falling—bewildered planets about an unstable sun—helpless shipping hanging on to her light for company's sake. No wonder she could not quit station.

She warns us to look out for the backwash of the bad vortex in which (her beam shows

it) she is even now reeling.

The pits of gloom about us begin to fill with very faintly luminous films—wreathing and uneasy shapes. One forms itself into a globe of pale flame that waits shivering with eagerness as we sweep by. It leaps monstrously across the blackness, alights on the precise tip of our nose, grimaces there an instant, and swings off. Our roaring bow sinks as though that light were lead—sinks and recovers to lurch and stumble again beneath the next blow-out. Tim's fingers on the lift-shunt strike chords of numbers: 1.4.7; 2.4.6; 7.5.3; and so on; for he is running by his tanks only, lifting and dropping her by instinct. All three engines are at work; the sooner we have skated over this thin ice, the better. Higher we dare not go. The whole upper vault is charged with pale Krypton vapours, which our skinfriction may excite to unholy manifestations. Between the upper and the lower levels— 5,000 and 7,000 hints the Mark Boat—we may perhaps bolt through if

Our bow clothes itself in blue flame and falls like a sword. No human skill can keep pace with the changing tensions. A vortex has us by the beak, and we dive down a two-thousand foot slant at an angle (the dip-dial and my bouncing body record it) of thirty-five. Our turbines scream shrilly; the propellers cannot bite on the wild air; Tim shunts the lift out of five tanks at once, and by sheer weight drives her bulletwise through the maelstrom till she cushions with a jar of the brake

three thousand feet below.

"Now we've done it," says George in my ear. "Our skin-friction that last slide has

played Old Harry with the tensions! Look out for laterals, Tim."

"I've got her," is the answer. "Come up, you crazy old kite!"

She comes up nobly, but the laterals buffet her left and right like the pinions of angry angels. She is jolted off her chosen star twenty degrees port or starboard, and cuffed into place again, only to be swung away and dropped into a new blow-out. We are never without a corposant grinning on our bows or rolling head over heels from nose to 'midships; and to the crackle of electricity round and within us is added once or twice the rattle of hail—hail that will never fall on any sea. Slow we must, or we shall break our back, pitch-poling.

"Air's a perfectly elastic fluid!" roars George above the tumult. "Elastic as a

head sea off the Fastnet!"

He is less than just to the good element. If one intrudes on the heavens when they are balancing their volt-accounts; if one disturbs the High Gods' market-rates by hurling steel hulls at ninety knots across tremblingly adjusted tensions, one must not complain of any rudeness in the reception. Tim met it with an unmoved countenance, a corner of his under-lip caught up on a tooth, his eyes fleeting into the blackness twenty miles ahead, and the fierce sparks flying from his knuckles at every play of the hand. Now and again he shook his head to clear the sweat trickling through his eyebrows, and it was then that George, watching his chance, would slide down the life-rail and swab his face quickly with a big red handkerchief. I never imagined that a human being could so continuously labour and so collectedly think, as did Tim through that Hell's half-hour when the flurry was at its worst. We were dragged hither and you by warm or frozen suctions, belched up on the tops of wullie-was, spun down by vortices, and clubbed aside by laterals under a dizzying rush of stars, in the company of a drunken moon. I heard the swishing click of the 'midships engine-lever sliding in and out, the low growl of the liftshunts, and, louder than the yelling winds without, the scream of the bow-rudder gouging into any lull that promised hold even for an instant. At last we began to claw up on a cant, bow-rudder and port-propeller together: only the nicest balancing of our lift saved us from spinning like the rifle-bullet of the old days.

"We've got to hitch to windward of the

Mark Boat somehow," George cried.

"There's no windward," I protested feebly

where I swung shackled to a stanchion. "How can there be?"

He laughed—as we pitched into a thousandfoot blow-out—that red man laughed under his inflated hood.

"Look!" he said. "We must clear those

refugees, anyhow."

The Mark Boat was below, and a little to the sou'-west of us, fluctuating in the centre of her distraught galaxy. The air was thick with moving lights at every level. I take it most of them were lying head to wind, but, not being hydras, they failed. An undertanked Moghrabi boat had risen to the limit of her lift, and finding no improvement, had dropped a couple of thousand. There she met a superb wullie-wa and was blown up spinning like a dead leaf. Instead of shutting off, she braked hard, and naturally rebounded as from a wall almost into the Mark Boat, whose language (our G.C. took it all in) was humanly simple.

"If they'd only ride it out quietly, it 'ud be better," said George in a calm, as we climbed like a bat above them all. some skippers will navigate without power. What does that Tad-boat think she is doing,

"Playin' kiss in the ring," was Tim's unmoved reply. A Trans-Asiatic Direct Liner had found a smooth, and butted into it full power. But there was a vortex at the tail of that smooth, and the T.A.D. was flipped out like a paper boomerang, braking madly as she fled down, and all but over-ending.

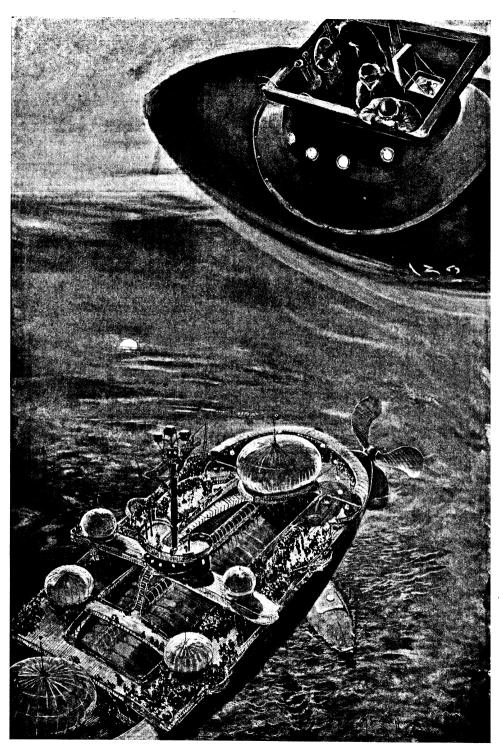
"Now I hope she's satisfied," said Tim. "If she'd met a lateral, she'd have poked up under us or thereabouts. I'm glad I'm not a Mark Boat Do I want help?" The whispering G.C. dial had caught his ear. "George, you may tell that gentleman, with my love—love, remember, George—that I do not want help. Who is the officious sardinetin?"

"Rimouski drogher on the look out for

"Very kind of the Rimouski drogher but this postal packet isn't being towed at

"Those droghers will go anywhere on a chance of salvage," George explained. "We call 'em kittiwakes."

A long-beaked, bright steel ninety-footer floated at ease, for one instant within hail of us, her slings coiled ready for rescues, and a single hand in her open tower. smoking. Surrendered to the insurrection of the airs through which we tore our way, he lay in absolute peace. I saw the smoke of his



"She passed slowly beneath us, heading northward."

pipe ascend untroubled ere his boat dropped under like a stone in a well.

We had just cleared the Mark Boat and her disorderly chickens, when the storm ended as suddenly as it had begun. A shooting star to northward filled the sky with the green blink of a meteorite dissi-

, pating itself in our atmosphere.

Said George: "This may iron out all the tensions." Even as he spoke, the conflicting winds came to rest; the levels filled; the laterals died out in long, easy sighs; the airways were smoothed before us. In less than three minutes the covey round the Mark Boat had shipped their power-lights and whirred away upon their businesses.

"What's happened?" I gasped. The nerve-storm within and the volt-tingle without had passed; my inflators weighed like

lead.

"God He knows," said Captain George soberly. "That old shooting-star's friction has discharged the different levels. I've seen it happen before. Phew! What a relief!"

We dropped from twelve to six thousand, and got rid of our clammy suits. Tim shut off and stepped out of the Frame. The Mark Boat was coming up behind us. He opened the colloid in that heavenly stillness and mopped his face.

"Hello, Williams!" he cried. "A degree

or two out o' station, ain't you?"

"Maybe," was the slow answer. "I've had some company this evening."

"So I noticed. Wasn't that quite a little

flurry?

"I warned you. Why didn't you pull out round by Disko? The East-bound packets have."

"Me? Not till I'm running a Polar Consumptives Sanatorium Boat! I was squinting out of a colloid before you were

out of your cradle, my son."

"I'd be the last man to deny it," the captain of the Mark Boat replied softly. "The way you handled her just now—I'm a pretty fair judge of traffic in a volt-flurry—it was a thousand revolutions beyond anything even I've ever seen."

Tim's back supples visibly under this oiling. Captain George on the c.p. winks and points to the portrait of a singularly attractive maiden pinned up on Tim's telescopebracket above the steering-wheel. She is

Tim's daughter.

I see. Wholly and entirely do I see.

There is some talk overhead of "coming round to tea on Friday," a brief report of the derelict's fate, and Tim volunteers, as he descends: "For an A.B.C. man, young Williams is less of a high-tension fool than some.... Were you thinking of taking her, George? Then I'll just have a look round that port thrust—seems to me it's a trifle warm—and we'll fan along."

The Mark Boat hums off joyously and hangs herself up in her appointed place in the skies. Here she will stay, a shutterless observatory; a lifeboat station; a salvage tug; a court of ultimate appeal-cum-meteorological bureau for a thousand miles round in all directions till Wednesday next, when her relief slides across the stars to take her buffeted place. Her black hull, double conning-tower, and ever-ready slings represent all that remains to this planet of effective authority. She is responsible only to the Aerial Board of Control — the A.B.C. of which Tim speaks so flippantly. But that semi-elected, semi-nominated body of a few score persons of both sexes governs this planet. "Transportation is civilisation," our motto runs. Theoretically we do what we please so long as we do not interfere with the traffic and all it implies. Practically, the A.B.C. confirms or annuls most international arrangements, and, to judge by its last report, finds our tolerant, humorous, lazy little planet only too ready to lay the whole burden of private administration on its shoulder.

I discuss this with Tim sipping mate on the c.p., while George fans her along over the white blur of the Newfoundland Banks in beautiful upward curves of fifty miles each. The dip-dial translates them on the tape in

flowing freehand.

Tim gathers up a skein of it and surveys the last few feet which record 162's path through the volt-flurry.

"I haven't had a fever-chart like this to show up in five years," he says ruefully.

A postal-packet's dip-dial records every yard of every run. The tapes then go to the A.B.C., which collates them and makes composite photographs of them for the instruction of skippers. Tim studies his irrevocable past shaking his head.

"Hullo! Here's a fifteen-hundred-foot drop at eighty-five degrees! We must have been standing on our head then, George."

"You don't say so," George answers. "I

fancied I noticed a bit of a duck."

George may not have Captain Purnall's catlike swiftness, but he is an artist to the tips of the broad fingers that play on the shunt-stops. The delicious flight-curves come away on the tape with never a waver. The Mark Boat's vertical spindle of light

lies down to eastward setting in the face of the following stars. Westward, where no planet should rise, the triple white verticals of Trinity Bay (we keep still to the Southern route) makes a low-lifting haze. We seem the only things at rest under all the heavens; floating at ease till earth's revolution shall turn up our landing-towers.

And minute by minute our silent clock

shows us a sixteen-second mile.

"Some fine night," says Tim, "we'll be even with that clock's master."

"He's coming now," says George. "I'm

chasing the night already.'

The stars ahead dim no more than if a film of mist had been drawn under unobserved, but the deep air-boom on our skin changes to a joyful shout.

"The dawn-gust," says Tim. "It'll go on to meet the sun. Look! Look! There's the night being crammed back over our bow! Come to the after-colloid. I'll show

you something pretty."

The engine-room is hot and stuffy; the clerks in the coach are asleep, and the Slave of the Ray is near to follow them. Tim slides open the after-colloid and reveals the curve of the world—the ocean's deepest purple—edged with fuming and intolerable gold. Then the sun rises and, through the colloid, strikes out our lamps. Tim scowls in his face.

"Squirrels in a cage," he mutters. "That's all we are. Squirrels in a cage! He's running twice as fast as us. Just you wait a few years, my shining friend, and we'll take steps that will amaze you. We'll Joshua you!"

Yes; that is our dream—to turn all earth to the Vale of Ajalon at our pleasure. So far we can drag out the dawn to twice its normal length in these latitudes. But some day—even on the Equator—we shall hold the sun

level in his full stride!

Now we look down on a sea thronged with heavy traffic. A big submersible breaks water suddenly. Another and another follows with a swash and a suck and a savage bubbling of relieved pressures. The deep-sea freighters are rising to lung up after the long night, and the leisurely ocean is all patterned with peacock's eyes of foam.

"We'll lung up, too," says Tim, and when we return to the c.p., George shuts off, the colloids are opened, and the fresh air sweeps her out. There is no hurry. The old contracts (they will be revised at the end of this year) allow twelve hours for a run which any packet can put behind her in ten. We breakfast in the arms of an easterly slant which pushes us along at a languid twenty.

To enjoy life, and tobacco, begin both on a sunny morning half a mile or so above the dappled Atlantic cloud-belts, and after a volt-flurry which has cleared and tempered your nerves. While we discussed the thickening traffic with the superiority that comes of having a high level to ourselves, we heard (and I for the first time) morning service on a Hospital boat.

She was cloaked by a skein of ravelled fluff beneath us, and we caught her chant before she rose into the sunlight: "O ye Winds of God," sang the unseen voices, "bless ye the Lord! Praise Him, and magnify Him for

ever!".

We slid off our caps and joined in. When our shadow fell across her great open platforms, they looked up and stretched out their hands neighbourly while they sang. We could see the doctors and the nurses and the white-button-like faces of the cot-patients. She passed slowly beneath us, heading northward, her hull, wet with the dews of night, all ablaze in the sunshine. So took she the shadow of a cloud and vanished; her song continuing—

"O ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord! Praise Him, and magnify Him

for ever!"

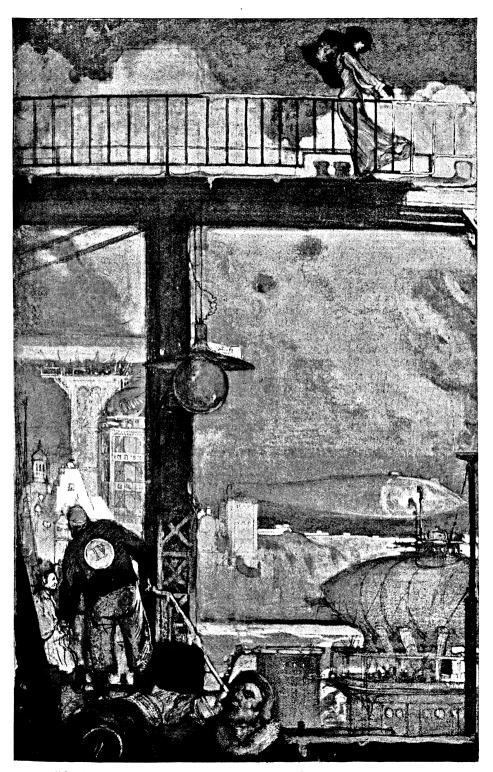
"She's a lunger, or she wouldn't have been singing the *Benedicite*; and she's a Greenlander, or she wouldn't have snow-blinds over her colloids," said George at last. "She'll be bound for Frederikshavn or one of the Glacier sanatoriums for a month. If she was an accident ward, she'd be hung up at the ten-thousand-foot level. Yes—consumptives."

"Funny how the new things are the old things. I've read in books," Tim answered, "that savages used to haul their sick and wounded to the tops of the hills because microbes were fewer there. We hoist 'em into sterilised air for a while. Same thing,

isn't it?"

"Did you ever read about the epidemics we used to have in the old days—right on the ground?" said George, knocking out his pipe. "It must have been bad. And we talked about Fresh Air, too! Fresh air—in a city—with horses and cows and pigs an' rats and people in direct contact! I wonder we didn't all die twice a week. We must have been an enamel-faced community."

"Dunno—we died at seventy or thereabouts (I've read), and a centenarian was a curio in those days. How much do the



"On the upper staging a little hooded figure stretched arms wide towards her father."

doctors say we've added to the average life of a man?"

"Thirty years," says George, with a twinkle in his eye. "Are you going to spend 'em all up here, Tim? Our letters'll be a trifle discharged."

"Flap along, then. Flap along. Who's hindering?" The senior captain laughed,

as we went in.

We held a good lift to clear the coast and Continental shipping, and we had need of it. Though our route is in no sense a populated one, there is a steady trickle of traffic this way about. We met Hudson Bay furriers out of the Great Preserve hurrying to make their departures from Bonavista with sable and black fox for the insatiable markets; we over-crossed Keewahdin liners small and cramped; but their captains, who see no land between Trepassy and Blanco, know what gold they bring back from West Africa. Trans-Asiatic Directs we met soberly ringing the world round the Fiftieth Meridian, at an honest seventy knots; and white-painted Ackroyd and Hunt fruiters out of the South fled beneath us, their ventilated hulls whistling like Chinese kites. Their market is in the North, among the northern sanatoria, where you can smell their grape-fruit and bananas across the cold snows. Brazilian beef-boats we sighted of enormous capacity and Teutonic outline. They too feed the Northern health-stations in ice-bound ports where submersibles dare not rise. bellied ore-flats and Ungava petrol-tanks punted down leisurely out of the North like strings of unfrightened wild-duck. It does not pay to "fly" minerals and oil a mile further than is necessary; but the risks of transhipping to submersibles in the ice-pack off Nain or Hebron are so great that these heavy freighters fly down to Halifax direct, and scent the air as they go. They are the biggest tramps aloft, except the Athabasca grain-tubs. But these, now that the wheat is moved, are busy over the planet's left shoulder, timber-lifting in Siberia.

We held to the St. Lawrence (it is astonishing how the old waterways still pull

us children of the air!) and followed his broad line of black between its drifting ice-blocks, all down the Park that the wisdom of our fathers has saved to the world.

But everyone knows the Quebec run.

We dropped to the Heights Receiving-Towers twenty minutes ahead of time, and there hung at ease till the Yokohama Intermediate Packet could pull out and give us our proper slip. It was curious to watch the action of the holding-down-clips all along the frosty river front as boats cleared or came to rest. A big Hamburger was leaving Pont Levis, and her crew, unshipping the platform railings, began to sing "Elsinore"—the oldest of our chanteys. You know it, of course?

Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic—
Forty couple waltzing on the floor!
And you can mind my Ray,
For I must go away
And dance with Ella Sweyn at Elsinore!

Then, while they sweated home the covering-plate:

Nor-Nor-Nor-Nor
West from Sourabaya to the BalticNinety knot an hour to the Skaw!

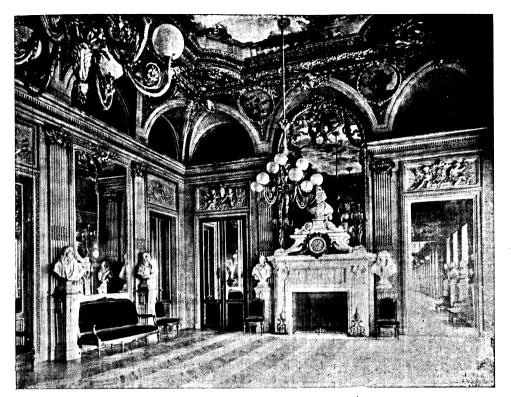
Mother Rugen's tea-house on the Baltic,

And a dance with Ella Sweyn at Elsinore!

The clips parted with a gesture of indignant dismissal, as though Quebec, glittering under her snows, were casting out these light and unworthy lovers. Our signal came from the Heights. Tim turned and floated up, but surely it was with passionate appeal that the great arms flung open from our tower—or did I think so because on the upper staging a little hooded figure also stretched arms wide towards her father?

In ten seconds the coach with its clerks clashed down to the Receiving-caissons; the hostlers displaced the engineers at the cold turbines, and Tim, prouder of this than all, introduced me to the maiden of the photograph on the shelf. "And by the way," said he, stepping forth in the sunshine under the hat of civil life, "I saw young Williams in the Mark Boat. I've asked him to tea on Friday."





THE "FOYER DES ARTISTES," OR GREEN-ROOM, AT THE COMEDIE FRANÇAISE.

THE GREEN-ROOM.

By ELLEN TERRY.

THE green-room! I may be prejudiced, but I find charm and fascination in the very sound of its name! The theatre, the stage, the drama, the art of acting, the actor—all have their serious side and their serious history, but no one can tell you much of serious importance about the green-room. Its history would be better told than written, for it is above everything, intimate, familiar—perhaps I should add, scandalous!

What is the green-room? To the outsider a kind of half-way house between illusion and reality. To the actor—alas! one can now only speak of what it used to be to the actor, for his green-room is rapidly disappearing as a fact, and as an idea has long ceased to be an important part of theatrical

life. But to the actor in my young days the green-room meant as much as the stage itself.

When new theatres are built, the green-room is left out of the reckoning. In America only one green-room exists, at Pittsburg. Here and there in the provinces the older theatres (notably Bath and Bristol) still have their green-rooms, but in many cases they are not used, or used for other purposes, and in London it is the same, only more so. Only the other day the green-room at Drury Lane was abolished, or turned into a "property"-room, and it does not seem that players were either indignant or tearful at this wiping out of an old tradition.

It is quite likely, as some people think, that the institution has outgrown its uses, and that only the sentimentalist need mourn over it. Only the sentimentalist! Well! It is a good thing that we should be reminded occasionally of some losses and gains which

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have nothing to do with accounts or algebra or logic. The sentimentalist has his value. I admit that it is not so much the usefulness of the green-room that I remember, as its charm.

Many of the green-rooms were very beautiful. The one at the Lyceum, with its four stately pillars, its glass, its walls lined with pictures, old play-bills and good prints, was quite a history of the theatre, an education in itself. But probably there never was a green-room to equal that at the Comédie Française, which is kept just as it was in Molière's time, and more than any other part of the theatre makes you feel that you really are in the "House of Molière."

Then the green-room glass! world of people I have seen walk up to it and show their character as they walked, and



CHARLES MATHEWS.

their character as they looked! As a child. at the Princess's Theatre, I used to sit like a tailor on one of the benches watching the reflections in that wonderf ul glass columbines

look into it

and show

more of

practising steps, and "cuts," and being what is called "turned out." I can see Carlotta Leclercq, who was one of the columbines, arranging her skirts. I can see actors old and young studying their make-up, and the clown and harlequin doing quaint little dances. I can see handsome Miss Heath (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett) dressed as Ophelia, and hear her trying her songs as she paced up and down.

In the Haymarket green-room I remember in particular Charles Mathews' face, which was very much painted for the stage. At a distance it had a wonderful effect, but near by in the green-room his face locked like a wilted apple! It was Charles Mathews who told me that Madame Vestris used to have her black satin boots sewn on to her feet every night. This green-room I also associate with Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Compton, charmingly mannered people. Mr. Chippendale used to instruct me in the green-room how to "walk a minuet," and how to use my arms in a grander manner.

Folk behind the scenes were more scandal-

mongering and ` less kind than nowadavs--or is it that now they have less opportunity? At the Haymarket, I remem ber listening for awhile to the tale of how Mrs. Such - a-One had had a rose given her by Mr. So - and - So,

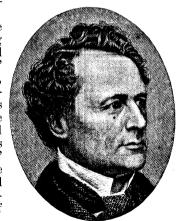


CHARLES KEAN.

and how until I could stand it no longer; and although I was only sixteen at the time, I rose up and made an effective exit from the green-room, spreading out my skirts as Mr. Chippendale had taught me, and saving: "I shall never come into a green-room again as long as I live! Goodbye, ladies and gentlemen—I leave my

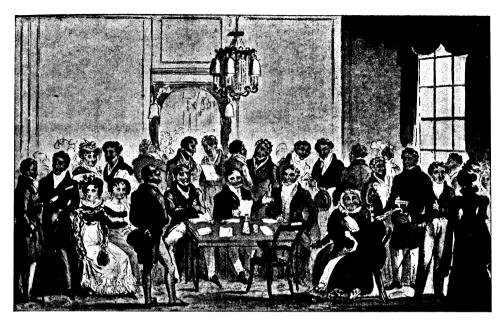
character behind me!"

We were playing "The School for Scandal" at the time. on alternate nights with "The Rivals" and "She Stoops toConquer." which made my youthful protest appropriate, if not excusable. I may say, here,



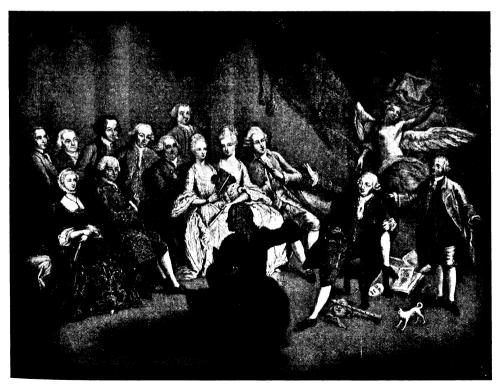
HENRY COMPTON.

that if there was anything which Mr. Chippendale and the others could play superbly, it was old comedy. In these plays in which tradition is of such supreme importance, the actors who had Sheridan's directions almost at first hand enjoyed an advantage which



THE READING OF A PLAY IN THE GREEN-ROOM OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

From a coloured print by R. Cruikshank.



GARRICK IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

From the picture by Hogarth.

the present generation lacks, and for which it has found no good substitute.

There is no doubt that the green-room was an ideal forcing-house for what I may call "flowers of invention," but we mustn't be too hard on it for that! Gossip is such a hardy plant that it will flourish in almost any soil. Work is perhaps the only reliable killer of the weed; and I have often wished that the younger members of present-day companies had more work, when I am certain there would be less talk!

The beginners have a great deal of spare time on their hands—more, I should think, than in any other profession—and it rests with them as to how they use it. The temptation not to use it at all seems in



MACREADY.

some cases overpowering. Many imaginary dangers in stage life are talked about and written of, but this real one, of incorrigible laziness, is overlooked.

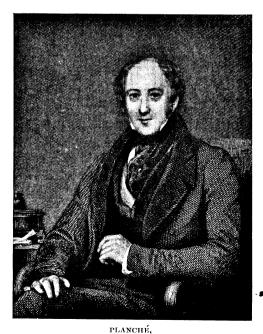
The talk in the green-room was not all gossip! It was a great advantage to the young ones to hear some of the older ones talk of their past experiences. Personally, I found this of inestimable value. It was in the green-room that stage traditions flourished, and the past glories of actors dead and gone lived again in the memories of those who had once been associated with them. When preparations for "Henry VIII." were afoot at the Lyceum, Walter Lacy and old Mr. Howe could tell us many interesting stories about Macready and the Keans. Both the Keans had played Wolsey, and Walter



THE FIRST LORD LYTTON,
Who used often to come to the green-room at the Princess's.

Lacy knew all the traditions, and no one was more eager to hear about them than Henry Irving himself. Wolsey's entrance, which was so splendidly effective at the Lyceum, was based on the Kean tradition.

These great actors, and the way they



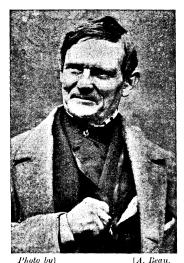
"Whose accurate knowledge of historical costume played a great part in Charles Kean's productions."



Photo by] [Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS QUEEN KATHARINE IN THE TRIAL SCENE FROM THE FAMOUS LYCEUM PRODUCTION OF "HENRY VIII.," MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE.

obtained their effects, were brought far more vividly before a new generation by this informal talk than they ever can be in the printed page of any biography. It is a commonplace that the art of acting has no record. Its triumphs are written in sand—the success of the moment, and afterwards—"a blank, my lord!" All the books written about Mrs. Siddons leave us more ignorant than was the humblest member of an audience of her time. One story such as that which Charles Reade's mother could tell of a rehearsal conducted by Sheridan, is more illuminating than volumes of generalities on the art of acting.



CHIPPENDALE.
"Mr. Chippendale used to instruct me in the green-room."

Mrs. Reade sat by Sheridan's side when he was conducting a relicarsal of "The School for Scandal." Mrs. Abington was the Lady Teazle. When it came to the passage in which Lady Teazle says: "You are a great bear to abuse my relations," Mrs. Abington said it petulantly and rather trivially. Sheridan stopped her at once. "No, no! Shallow, my dear! Shallow! Stop! stop! You should saunter up the stage laughingly and provokingly, with your two former speeches, and when he gives you the cue, you should turn round at the top of the stage and bear down on him, blazing out: 'You are a great bear to abuse my relations!"

My earliest recollections of the green-room at the Princess's are tinged with a good deal of awe. There was much decorum in the regulations which governed it, and woe to the person who transgressed them! for



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

A portrait taken at the time of the Haymarket engagement here recalled.

Mrs. Charles Kean was a bit of a martinet. I remember she had a great objection to people calling each other by their unprefixed surnames. ("Yes, dear Heath"—"Do you, Leclercq?") Mrs. Kean used to say: "Christian names, if you have known each other more than a few minutes, but not surnames." Our custom in the green-room seems to have been an eighteenth-century survival. I notice that in Fielding's novels ladies



Photo by [A. Beau. CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.

of quality call each other by their surnames.

In those days (1859 or there abouts) the greenroom was reserved for the principals only. Many of the humbler members of the cast were better educated in their work than in their orthography, and "h's" were dropped by a great number. Τhe principals were exceedingly "haughty," and there was a strong line drawn between Ariel and the third Fairy.



THE OLD GREEN-ROOM AT DRURY LANE, NOW USED AS A "PROPERTY"-ROOM.

In these days, when the third Fairy is very often a young lady of quality, and the "first soldier" a nobleman in disguise, it would never do to keep them out of the green-room, so perhaps it is just as well that the green-room no longer exists.

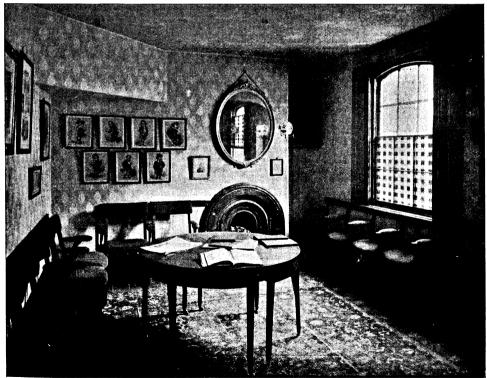


Photo by

[William Lewis and Son, Bath.

THE GREEN-ROOM AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BATH. One of the very few survivals of the old-fashioned green-room.

I welcome the change in general education, manners, and appearance which has come over stage aspirants, but at the same time I think we are too apt to forget that what an actor is on the stage is of much more importance than what he is off! We hear too much now of the charm and amiability of this actor and that, of his skill at golf, or his proficiency as a painter or musician. hear of his popularity socially. The actress's beauty is much more discussed than her talent. It would be better for the stage if there were a little more of the spirit abroad contained in a contemporary appreciation of Garrick. "Off the stage a miserable reptile, an arrogant little rascal, but on the stage oh, my great God!"

Nowadays capability for their work is often the last qualification for which actors are recommended. The following story does not exaggerate what London managers often have to go through. Imagine a London manager sitting down to supper at his club. A friend of his comes into the room, and the manager is reminded that to this friend's influence he owes the presence in his company of a very indifferent

actor.

"By the way, wasn't it you who recommended me to engage A—— for Laertes?"

" Yes, why?"

"Good Heavens, man, he can't act!"

"Oh, no! He can't act."

"And his voice—it's shocking!"

"Well, yes, he does seem always to have a cold in his nose."

"And his appearance!"

"Well, yes, I suppose it is peculiar."

"Then why on earth did you recommend him?"

"Well, you see, I know him very intimately, and he does want to get on, and then he is so good to his mother!"

In very early days I had a great fright in the green-room at the Princess's. The play that night was "The Merchant of Venice," and my "part" was that of a child streetseller who carried two doves in a wicker I was about ten years old, and Mr. Harley, who was a very old man, a great comedian, was playing "Launcelot Gobbo." He was seized with an apoplectic fit on the stage as he was saying: "Farewell, O sweet Jewess!" and he was carried into the greenroom. I was there alone, behind the curtain in the window, looking at a great storm that was raging. The men who carried him in laid him down on one of the benches and ran out to fetch a doctor. I heard the noise



Photo by [A. Beau.

MISS HEATH, AFTERWARDS MRS. WILSON
BARRETT, AS OPHELIA.

"Trying her songs as she paced up and down."

and came out, and there was old Mr. Harley gibbering on the sofa. His eyes were very bright, and he didn't seem ill, but his face was all distorted. I stared at him and stared at him, and was afraid to move, and he kept on calling out: "Little Nelly, oh, little Nelly!" He died about three days after, in Gower Street.

The Royalty green-room, a queer little place, was the scene of many festive gatherings. The Frenchman who did it up for Madame Albina de Rhona made everything green—walls, curtains, chairs. Madame gave a birthday party there after the play. I was not invited, but I wanted to see some of the fun, so, aided and abetted by the dresser, I peeped through the door. What I saw was someone drinking Madame's health out of one of her tiny shoes, which he had filled with champagne! My mother was looking for me all over the place, and when she found me peeping, she was so angry she boxed my ears.

Lord Lytton, Macready, and other distinguished strangers used often to come to the green-room at the Princess's, but all these visitors always left the room when Charles Kean did. Planché, whose accurate knowledge of historical costume played a great part in Charles Kean's productions, was often at the Princess's, and it was through hearing him talk that I first learnt anything of

archæology. This was as much a part of my early training as what I did on the stage, and my first impression about the importance of dress on the stage was a

lasting one.

When Planché called the green-room at Drury Lane "one of the most delightful resorts in London," combining the elegance and courtesy of fashionable life with all the wit, mirth, and admirable fooling "to be found in literary and artistic circles," he little thought that the management of the same theatre forty years later would be compelled to abolish it because of its uselessness!

The "call-boy" has no reason to bless the disappearance of the green-room. Now he has to run up and down stairs and go to every dressing-room to call the actor. In old days all calls were made from the green-room,

and only the manager was called from his dressing-room as well.

When I was acting in Bath the other day, I was delighted to find the little green-room in the theatre there quite unchanged—in fact, just as it was when the call-boy used to come to the door and shout: "All the Satires and the Statutes, if you please!"

It seems only the other day, yet forty years have passed since then, and the green-room has passed, too, with the green curtain which used to put such a conclusively final end to the play at nights, and with the dear green audiences who used to think we were really what we seemed on the stage. Picture post-cards and illustrated interviews, all the things which in these days spell publicity, have for good or for ill made all of us more realistic and perhaps less real than we used to be!



Photo by [Ellis and Walery.

MATINÉE TEA IN THE GREEN-ROOM AT THE ST. JAMES'S, DURING THE RUN OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S PRODUCTION OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."





AN ARTIST IN BERMUDA.

BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

ERMUDA the beautiful! Who can adequately picture with either pen or pencil the thousand colourful charms of this ocean jewel? It is unique among Nature's showplaces; it is a giant kaleidoscope, wonderful in its ever-changing variety, captivating in its brilliancy—a place once visited ever memorable!

Bermuda is perennially fascinating, for

while, during the winter, some few among its many varieties of trees and shrubs may lose their attractive-ness, there is a wealth of luxuriant foliage maintains its freshness at all seasons of the year, making the islands ever green. The phenomenon is not difficult to explain: it simply means that the Gulf Stream, in its apparently erratic peregrinations, has lingered lovingly along this coast, thereby intro-

ducing many tropical conditions, some of which seem quite out of place upon these islands. This accounts, too, for the fact that the waters teem with fish that have migrated IN YELLOW. to these shores from the West Indies, seven hundred or eight hundred miles away from their native depths. Playfully following the warm current of the Gulf Stream, its course has led them to the shores of the Bermudas, where they have discovered so much to delight them that they have lingered in this great garden spot of the sea,

recorded in the natural unfoldment of new submarine beauties. That the fish are practically as much a part of Bermuda as the solid rock which Nature prepared as the foundation for the

where the water knows neither extreme heat

nor extreme cold, and where their only know-

ledge of changing seasons is that which is

islands, can scarcely be denied. One has only to turn to Jourdan's description of the "Sommer Hands," the first "Booke" written about Bermuda, to discover that the same transparent waters which we know to-day were inhabited by the same kinds of bright and beautiful creatures of the deep when the English adventurers, Sir George Sommers and Sir Thomas Gates, were

shipwrecked upon this shore during the early part of the seventeenth century. Writing in 1613, Jourdan says :--

"Also amongst all sorts of Fish, there is one strange Fish and bewtifull to behold: we call it an angle-fish (as well it may be) for as you see the pictures of an Angell made, so is this, and it shows of many colours, both in the water swimming. and out of the water. and as daintie a fish of meate as a salmon, or rather better."

From the ancient writings about Bermuda, or the Sommer Islands, as they were then known, it can be seen that the first visitors to these shores delighted in rowing



THREE DAINTY BUTTERFLY-FISH, CLAD BRILLIANTLY

slowly and stealthily along the coast that they might peer deep down into the transparent water to study the wonders of Nature so freely exhibited beneath, and though centuries have passed, the admiration expressed for these marvels of the sea is still so strong that no visitor would dream that he had seen the Bermudas if he had not paid at least one visit to the North Shore reefs, where the deepsea garden is always luxuriant, a wealth of interest and a riot of colour that cannot be seen, combined with such perfection as to detail, in any other quarter of the earth. Were it not for the almost unnatural, transparent character of the water, this remarkable



"ONE LOOKS INTO THIS WONDERFUL GARDEN, WITH ITS PLANTS AND SHELLS, JTS CORALS AND FISH IN ALL VARIATIONS OF FORM AND SHADES OF COLOUR."

exhibition of Nature's art treasures might have remained unnoticed, for this sea-garden is at such a depth that one might easily sail over the crystal waters and see never so much as a suggestion of the wondrous beauties beneath its surface.

The sea-gardens of Bermuda, however, are not unlike those land-gardens which man himself has made, for to enjoy them one must examine them closely, much of their beauty lying in that intricacy of form and delicacy of shading which are lost to the eve of the mere casual beholder. To obtain this view it is only necessary to procure a "waterglass," which is nothing more than a square, uncovered shallow box, in the bottom of which a piece of thick window-glass has been When laid upon the water securely fixed. this simple contrivance has the same remarkable effect that may be observed when a few drops of oil are poured over the surface of There are no longer any ripples to interfere with the clearness of vision, and down through the transparent depths one looks into this wonderful garden, with its plants and shells, its corals and fish in all variations of form and shades of colour; by the aid of this magic spectrum the impression of peering through the water is obviated to such an extent that everything seems firm and steady to the eve.

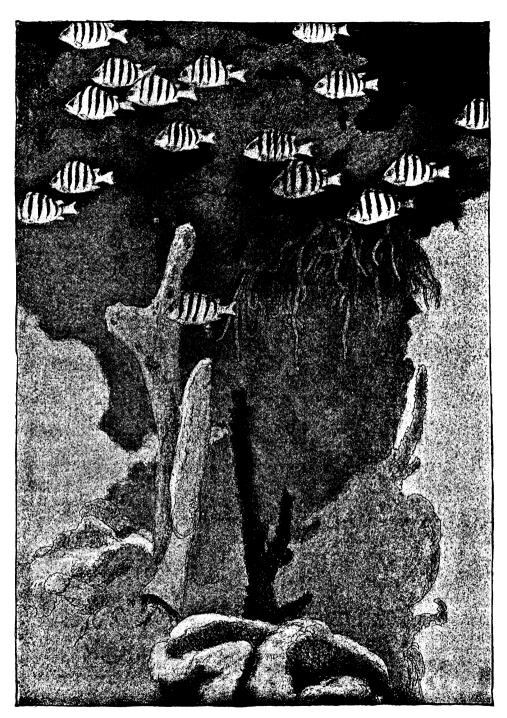
So many writers have compared these seagardens of Bermuda to "fairyland" that the phrase has become hackneved, and yet there seems to be nothing within the knowledge of man to which they can be compared. compare them with a submarine flower-garden fails to describe their beauties, and Heilprin showed wisdom in admitting his inability to paint a word-picture that should be sufficiently accurate to be honestly descriptive. "To one who has never seen a growing coral reef," he says, "it is impossible to describe the magnificence of the scene." But garden it is, if any man-made word may be applied, for the great purple sea-fans sway backward and forward, waving their branches to the rhythm of the swell just as the pine boughs sway to the breeze. Huge sprays of coral are there, too; some of it star-shaped, some like the great antlers of a forest monster, and some as finely wrought as the most delicate lace, so frail in texture as to cause one to wonder how it is able to bear the motion of the swell. Around it, above and below, on the sides of this deep-sea mountain, grows the luxuriant vegetation that has helped to make the Bermudan waters so famous. a first glance through the water-glass one

receives the impression that the bottom of the sea has been covered with a beautiful carpet, a carpet in which the green, mosslike groundwork has been spread with striking figures of flowers and plants done in bold relief. A moment, however, and this phantasmagoria has gone. Slowly the eye accustoms itself to the atmosphere of the deep, and then every object assumes its proper form and place. There are the sponges, in all kinds of shapes and colours, some fairylike in their effect, others resembling the great gloved finger of a Gargantuan. Around them, in beds of their own or intertwining among the rainbow-hued sponges, are the many varieties of seaweed which add so much to the beauty of the picture. There is the sea-lettuce, or ulva, so green that the occasional spots of red, like splashes of deep, rich wine, look very much out of place; the waving sea-rod, and the many-coloured sea-anemones. These last are beautiful creations in soft rose and dull orange, or in pink and brown with dashes of yellow. They vary in form from the huge chrysanthemum - like blossoms to the tiny star-shaped, shrinking creatures that unfold, with a flutter of white ruffle, even as you gaze upon them, until you are almost persuaded that you have been the silent witness of the opening of a flower-bud, if not of a veritable mystery of the deep.

It must not be imagined that all life below seas in Bermuda is graceful and beautiful; much of it is curious, and some of it repellent. The sea-cucumber and the worms, the starfish, the molluscs, and the crabs, several of them with the most ungainly forms, are fascinating when viewed as a contrast to the more idealic creations by which Among all these the are surrounded. luminous living things, none hold one's interest as do the fish that glide about in an apparently purposeless course, for all the world as if they believed this great submerged dell had been constructed exclusively

for their delectation.

The scientist who goes to Bermuda to study life beneath its waters may be actuated by a different and more profitable purpose than the amateur naturalist who knows little or nothing of the nature of the plants which he examines, and who could not, perhaps, enumerate the fish swimming among them, even if he ever knew their names. scientist or dilettante, he can find no greater delight than to study the battle for existence as it is waged constantly among these coral reefs. Here one may study life's comedies and ironies in little, for here romance be-



"A SCHOOL OF BRIGHT LITTLE ZEBRA-STRIPED SERGEANT-MAJORS."



"A MONSTROUS GREEN MORAY PUT AN END TO THE JOURNEY OF THE PARROT-FISH."

comes in a twinkling a tragedy, just as it does in our workaday world above.

Take, as an example, one incident in piscatorial life which an idle naturalist one day tried to trace with the aid of the waterglass, and if your curiosity, like his own, was destined to remain ungratified, blame neither the student nor the little actor in the drama, but, rather, that Fate which guided the latter to death among the maze of this submerged garden.

It was a little parrot-fish who started out so briskly on this summer morning. Whether he was eager to keep an appointment, or had been unexpectedly summoned to a distant part of his world, one will never know, but one may be certain that the matter was of the greatest consequence so far as the little fish was concerned. Keeping his bright eyes fixed straight ahead, he passed a corner of the reef where the coral was incrusted with molluscs and sea-urchins, and where a pair of beautiful squirrel-fish, deeply engrossed in sentimental affairs, turned to look after him wonderingly through their enormous eyes. Below, in a deep pool, a school of spotted trunk-fish played heedlessly, while under a projecting plate of staghorn coral a huge grouper waited expectantly; but as the parrot-fish, warned of his danger, turned quickly away, he gave his attention to a pair of grey snappers—great, quiet, ghostly figures that seemed like two shadows drifting slowly along, far down through the green

A few feet further on, and the hurrying parrot-fish passed a tall sea-fan, around which three dainty butterfly-fish, clad brilliantly in yellow, were peering into each

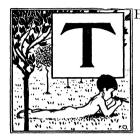
nook and corner in their search for small prey, while a sober cow-fish, with his two conspicuous horns, looked on sedately. Suddenly the parrot-fish turned sharply aside to avoid a spot where the reef was broken by jutting rocks covered with green ulva; around this a school of bright little zebra-striped sergeant-majors were sporting, while, just to the right, an angel fish, whose blue body tipped with gold first attracted the attention of the mariners so many centuries ago, sailed from under a purple gorgonia with a disdainful air.

A moment later, and the parrot-fish, taking advantage of an opportunity to make a "short cut," passed in front of the mouth of a dark cavern. It was a gruesome place, lonely and forbidding, with the tall, olivehued seaweed growing all around it. As he approached the entrance to this cave, he slackened his speed for a moment, but the sight of a soft, pink crab with black claws busily engaged in searching for food, seemed to reassure the traveller that no danger was abroad. In another instant, he would have passed the cavern in safety, but in that instant a monstrous green moray, odiously forbidding in appearance, had found time to unwind his sinuous curves, and, with a quick snap of his jaws, put an end to the journey of the parrot-fish. It was done so rapidly the eye could scarcely see it. At one moment the parrot-fish was darting on, eager and full of life; in the next moment the little traveller had disappeared, and the great green cannibal of an eel, grim and relentless as the death which he had just impersonated, was sinking listlessly back into his lair behind the ropelike seaweed.



THE "BOLSOVER" PRIZE.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.



HERE was once a chap at Dunston's, ages and ages ago, called Bolsover, who turned into a novelist afterwards; and he was so frightfully keen about other chaps turning into novelists too, that

he gave a prize for composition. It was a book worth a guinea, and Dr. Dunston had to choose it each year, and only the junior school was allowed to enter for it, according to the conditions made by the chap who gave Steggles calculated it out and said that as twenty pounds is about good for one pound at simple interest in an ordinary way, the novelist chap must have handed twenty pounds over to Dr. Dunston; and Steggles also said he rather doubted if the novelist chap would have much cared for the books that Dr. Dunston chose for the prizes; because they were not novels at all, but very improving books—chiefly natural history; which Steggles said was not good for trade from the novelist chap's point of view.

No doubt old Dunston ought to have bought stories; and Steggles went further and said that it would have been a sporting thing for Dr. Dunston to get the novelist chap's own books, of which he wrote a great many for a living. Steggles had read one once in the holidays, but he didn't tell me much about it, excepting that there was a man with two wives in it, and that it had three hundred and seventy-five pages and no pictures.

Anyway, the composition prize always interested us in the lower school, and it interested me especially once, because the subject was "Wild Flowers," and my cousin, Norman Tomkins, happened to be a frightful dab at them. When he heard about it, Tomkins went instantly to Gideon, who lends money at usury, being a Jew, and said: "Look here, Gid, I'll sell you the 'Bolsover' prize for ten shillings now on the spot. As it's

worth a pound, you'll make fifty per cent. profit." And Gideon said: "The profit would be about right, but where's the prize?" And Tomkins said: "I've got to write for it on Monday week; but it's as good as mine, because nobody in the lower school knows anything about wild flowers excepting me, and I can tell you the name of thirty-four right off the reel; so there's an end of it, as far as I can see." Which shows what a hopeful sort of chap Tomkins was.

But unfortunately Gideon knew the great hopefulness of Tomkins about everything, and also knew that it did not always come off. He said: "Who are in for the prize?" And I said: "First Tomkins, then Walters,

then Smythe, and also MacMullen."

"There you are!" said Tomkins. "Just take them one by one and ask yourself. If it was chemistry, Smythe might run me close, or even beat me; but in the subject of wild flowers he is nothing. Then young Walters is certainly a flyer at the subject of Chinese kites, but he can't drag them in much; and, anyway, his English is frightfully wild, owing to his having been born in India. Well, that only leaves MacMullen, and MacMullen's strong point is machinery. never looked at a flower in his life. When we went out of bounds on the railway embankment, he simply sat and watched the signals work, and took down the number of a goods engine that was new to him. when he got up, I discovered that he'd actually been sitting on a bee orchis - one of the rarest flowers in the world! showed him what he'd done, he merely said: 'A bee orchis? Lucky it don't sting! So that shows he's no use. In fact, when he hears the subject hasn't got anything to do with steam power, I doubt if he'll go in."

But Gideon knew MacMullen better.

"He'll go in," he said. "His age is just right, and he won't be eligible to try again. He's not the chap to throw away the chance of getting a pound book just because the subject doesn't happen to be steam power. Besides, there's always a week allowed to swat up the thing. I bet by Monday week Mac will know as much about wild flowers as you do—perhaps more,"

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"We went out of bounds on the railway embankment."

"Of course, as a chum of his, you say that," answered Tomkins. "But I've made a lifetime study of wild flowers, and it's childish to think that MacMullen, or anybody else, is going to learn all I know in a week."

"He can spell, anyway," said Gideon,

"which is more than you can."

In fact, Gideon didn't seem so hopeful about Tomkins getting the prize as you might have thought, and it surprised Tomkins a good deal. Gideon had a right to speak, because in his time he'd won this prize himself. When he won it, the subject happened to be "Political Economy"; which was, of course, like giving the prize to Gideon, owing to his tremendous knowledge about money.

The time was July, and so next half-holiday Tomkins and me went into the country for a walk, for Tomkins to freshen

up his ideas about the wild flowers.

He certainly knew a lot, but several things I picked bothered him, and once or twice, I think, he was altogether wrong about them. He picked a good many that he evidently didn't know at all, and carried them back to school to ask Mr. Browne the names of them and anything worth mentioning about them.

Then, coming back through Merivale, who should we see but MacMullen, with his nose flat against the window of an old bookshop

there?

"Look here," he said; "there's a secondhand botany in here for sevenpence, and I've only got fivepence. I tried the man by showing him the fivepence all at once, but he wouldn't come down. Can one of you chaps lend me twopence till next week?"

He looked at the flowers Tomkins had

picked as he spoke.

"D'you know many of them?" said Tomkins, knowing well that Mac wouldn't.

"Only that—that nettle," said MacMullen

rather doubtfully.

"It isn't a nettle," said Tomkins. But he was so pleased to see what a frightful duffer MacMullen really was that he lent

him twopence on the spot.

I thought he was rather a fool to increase MacMullen's chances like this; but Tomkins said, in his large way, that a few facts out of a botany book wouldn't help MacMullen now, especially if he didn't know the difference between sage and nettles.

"By Jove, I don't believe he knows the difference between sage and onions, for that

matter!" said Tomkins.

Then Mac came out with the book, and we all went back together.

II.

It was frightfully interesting to see the different ways those four chaps went about trying for the "Bolsover" prize. Tomkins got special leave off games, and spent his spare time in the lanes. He confessed to me that he was frightfully ignorant about grasses, and thought, on the whole, that it would be safer to leave them out of the MacMullen told me that the whole subject bored him a good bit, but he thought he could learn enough about it to do something decent in a week, because a pound book was worth the fag. He was always pulling flowers to pieces, and talking about calyxes and corollas, and seed-cases and stamens, and other wild things of that sort. I asked Tomkins if it promised well for MacMullen to learn about stamens and so on, and how to spell them; and Tomkins said not.

Tomkins said—

"Browne may very likely favour him, as we know he has before, owing to his feeling for everything Scotch, from oatmeal downwards; but, all the same, the subject is wild flowers, not botany. It's rather a poetical subject in a way, and that's no good to MacMullen. No, I don't think Mac has any chance, though he did ask Browne to lend him the number of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' with 'Botany' in it, to read in playtime."

"I believe Browne was pleased, though," I said, "for I heard him answer that Mac was going the right way to work. Anyway, Mac read the article clean through and copied a lot of it out on a bit of paper."

Tomkins nodded, and I think he saw that it was rather a grave thing for MacMullen to

have done.

"I might read it myself," he said. "I'm a little foggy between genera and species, and varieties and natural orders. But what you want is really the name of the wild flowers themselves. Do you happen to know any poetry about flowers of a sort easily learned by heart?"

I didn't; but young Smythe, who was

there, answered that he did.

He said: "What you say about poetry is awfully interesting to me, Tomkins, because I had thought the same. And I can make rhymes rather well, and I had an idea I would try and do the whole of my composition in rhyme."

"Like your cheek," said Tomkins. "My dear kid, it will take you all your time to

write prose. And what do you know about

flowers, anyway?"

"I do know something," said Smythe, "owing to my father, who collects odd rhymes and things. It's called folk-lore. It includes queer names of plants; also



"Which he had once eaten in large quantities owing to being forgotten at a lawn-tennis party."

about remedies for warts, and the charms for curing animals from witches, and over-looking, and such-like. I know some awful funny things, anyway, that my governor has told me, though they may not be true."

Tomkins was a good deal interested in this. "Fancy a kid like you knowing anything

at all about it!" he said.

There was only Walters left, but he was no good at all, and he'd simply gone in for it because his people insisted upon his doing so. I asked Walters if he knew much about wild flowers, and he answered something about cucumber sandwiches, which he had once eaten in large quantities owing to being

forgotten at a lawn-tennis party. He seemed to think because a cucumber was a vegetable, and a flower was a vegetable, that a cucumber was a flower. He said that was all he knew about the subject, excepting that dogs ate grass when not feeling well. So I told Tomkins he needn't bother about Walters.

Tomkins, however, assured us that he wasn't bothering about any of them. said that facts were the things, and not theories. So while MacMullen swotted away at his botany, and Smythe collected rhymes and offered anybody three links of a brass chain for a word that rhymed with toadflax, and Walters merely waited for the day, and made no effort as far as we could see, Tomkins poked about and went one evening out of bounds, with "Freckles" and young Corkey, into the preserves near Merivale. They were chased, but escaped owing to the strategy of Freckles; and Tomkins felt the "Bolsover" prize was now an absolute cert for him, because, in the preserves, he had met with an exceedingly rare flower-at least, he said so; and he believed that by mentioning it, and making a sketch of it in his paper, he would easily distance MacMullen, who did not so much as know there was such a flower.

As far as ages went, I must tell you that Tomkins was thirteen and two weeks, and MacMullen thirteen and two months, while Smythe was eleven and eight weeks, and Walters merely ten and a half.

All four put on a little side about it the Sunday before, and a good many other fellows wished they had gone in, because the papers had to be written in the Doctor's own study, and there are some oil pictures in that room such as are very seldom seen by the lower school.

I asked each one after breakfast on the appointed day how he felt: and Tomkins said: "Hopeful"; and MacMullen said: "Much as usual"; and Smythe said: "Sleepy, because I've been awake nearly all night remembering rhymes I've heard my father say"; and Walters said he had a sort of rather horrid wish that his father had died the term before, because he didn't think his mother would have made him go in for a thing he hated so much as this.

III.

Two hours were allowed for the essay, and by good luck I happened to meet the four chaps just as they came out. So I got their ideas fresh on what they'd done. Curiously enough, all four were hopeful. Tomkins, of course, I knew would be, and probably also MacMullen, but both Smythe and even Walters seemed to think they had a great chance, too. This astonished me a good deal. So I said to Smythe—

"How the dickens d'you think any stuff you can have done would be near to what

my cousin Tomkins has done?"

And he said—

"Because of the rhymes. I was quite astonished myself to find how they came; and I also remembered a charm for nettlerash, and some awfully peculiar sayings, just

at the right moment.'

And Walters also declared he'd done better than he expected to do. He seemed rather flustered about it, and wouldn't give any details; but he was highly excited, and inked up to the eyes, as you might say. He gave me the idea of a chap who'd been cribbing.

MacMullen looked rather a pale yellow colour, which he always does look at moments of great excitement, especially just before his innings at cricket. He wouldn't say a word to a soul until he'd gone to his botany book and read up a lot of stuff. Then he

felt better.

As to Tomkins, he told me privately, as his cousin, that he had got in the names of no less than forty-five plants and seven grasses.

"That must settle it," he said. And I

said I thought so, too.

Mr. Browne corrected the essays that night, and prepared some notes upon them for the Doctor to read when the time of announcing the winner came. We all stared jolly hard at Browne during prep. the next day, and Steggles, who has no fear of Browne, because he leaves next term, asked him who had won. But Browne merely told him to mind his own business.

After prayers the next day the Doctor stopped in the chapel, which was also a schoolroom, and told everybody to remain

in his place.

Then he whispered to Corkey major, and Corkey went off, and presently came back with a very swagger book bound in red leather and having a yellow back with gold

letters upon it.

The Doctor dearly likes these occasions; and so do we, because it means missing at least one class for certain. When he once fairly begins talking, he keeps at it. Now he had the four essays on the desk in front of him, and the prize; and then he spoke to Browne, and Browne led up MacMullen and Tomkins and Smythe and Walters.

They knew this was coming, and had all prepared to a certain extent. I noticed that Smythe had borrowed a green tie from Webster, and that Mac had turned his usual hue at times of excitement. Walters was

still inky, despite pummice-stone.

"We have now, my boys, to make our annual award of the 'Harold Bolsover' prize for English composition," began the Doctor. "Mr. Bolsover, whose name is now favourably known to his countrymen as an ingenious and original fabricator of romance, was educated at this seminary. To me it fell to instruct his incipient intellect and lift the vacuity of his childish mind upwards and onwards to the light of knowledge and religion.

The art of fiction, while it must not be considered a very lofty pursuit, may yet be regarded as a permissible career if the motives that guide the pen are lofty and his moral is always the author's first consideration. Leisure does not permit me to read story-books myself; but I have little doubt that Mr. Bolsover's work is all that it should be from the Christian standpoint, and I feel confident that those lessons of charity, patience, loyalty, and honour, which he learnt from my own lips, have borne worthy fruit.

"The work I have selected for the 'Bolsover' prize is 'Gilpin on Forest Scenery'—a book which leads us from Nature to the contemplation of the Power above and behind Nature; a book wherein the reverend author has excelled himself and presented to our minds the loftiest thoughts, and to our eyes the most noble sights, which his piety and his observance could record, and his skill compass within the space of a volume.

"For this notable reward four lads have entered in competition, and their emulation was excited by the theme of 'Wild Flowers,' which your senior classical master, Mr. Browne, very happily selected. Wild flowers are the jewellery of our hedgerows, scattered lavishly by Nature's own generous hand to gladden the dusty wayside—to bring a smile to the face of the thirsty wanderer in the highway, and brightness to the eyes of the None of weary traveller by flood and field. you can have overlooked them. road to your sport—even in the very grass whereon you pursue your pastimes—the wild flowers abound. They deck the level sward; they smile at us from the cricket-field; they help to cheer the hour of mimic victory, or soften the bitter moment of failure, as we return defeated to the silent throng at the pavilion rails.

"Now, I have before me the thoughts of Nicol MacMullen, Norman Tomkins, George Gregory Smythe, and Rupert Walters on this subject; and I very much regret to say that not one of them has produced anything which may be considered worthy of Dunston's or worthy of themselves. I do not overlook their tender years; I am not forgetting that to a mind like my own or Mr. Browne'srichly stored with all the best and most beautiful utterances on this subject—the crudities of immaturity must come with the profound and pitiful significance of contrast. No. no—I judge these four achievements from no impossible standard of perfection. I know too well how little can be expected from the boy who is but entering upon his teens—I am too familiar with the meagre attainments of the average lad of one decade to ask for impossible accuracy, for poetic thought, or pious sentiments; but certain qualities I have the right to expect-nay, demand ----"

Here Steggles whispered to me—

"Blessed if I don't think he's going to cane them!"

"Certain qualities Mr. Harold Bolsover has also the right to expect and demand. Do we find them in these essays before us? Reluctantly I reply, we do not. But in order that you may judge whether your

head-master is unreasonable, that you of the upper school may estimate the nature of the works upon which I base this adverse criticism, I propose to read brief extracts from each and from all of them.

"The initial error of the boy Nicol MacMullen appears to // be a total misunderstanding of the theme he was invited to illuminate. He begins his essay as follows."

The Doctor made a frightful rustling among Mac's papers, and everybody looked at Mac. He had not

expected this, and his mouth worked very rummily, and his head went down between his shoulders, and he showed one tooth and stared in a frightfully fixed way at the boot of Smythe, who sat next to him.

Then Dr. Dunston began :— "' Wild Flowers. "'Bv Nicol MacMullen.

"'The vegetable kingdom is a very large John Ray, a native of Sussex, did much to advance the study of it. He was born in 1628, and died in 1705. There was a history of plants written three hundred years before Christ. Linnaeus was the man who invented the sexual system—a very useful invention. It is a stepping-stone. He first mentioned it in 1736. Seaweeds are also a part of the vegetable kingdom, but they have no flowers, and so may be dismissed without further mention. Of leaves, it may be said that some fall and some do not. At least, speaking strictly, all fall, but not all at once. called a deciduous tree. Glands occur in the tissue of the leaves, and they also have hairs. Buds also have hairs. The organs of plants is almost the largest subject in the vegetable kingdom, but I have no time to mention more than one or two organs to-day. root descends into the soil, the stems rise aloft, and the flowers bud out at the ends of Mistletoe and broom-rape are called parasites, because they live on other trees, instead of being on their own.

"Coming now to flowers, we find that they may be divided into two main families: wild and garden. We shall dismiss garden flowers, as they do not belong to our subject, but wild flowers are the most beautiful things in the vegetable kingdom. Especially honeysuckle blackberries. Many others will occur to the reader also. The flower is the tout ensemble of those organs which are concerned in reproduction---

> The Doctor stopped and put down Mac-Mullen's essay. For my part, I was simply

amazed at the amount MacMullen knew, and I think everybody else was; but, strangely enough, the Doctor didn't like it.

"From this point our author quotes verbatim out of the pages of the 'Encyclopædia



Britannica," continued Doctor Dunston. "As an effort of memory, the result is highly creditable, and MacMullen will have acquired a great deal of botanical knowledge which may possibly be of service to him in his future career; but as an essayist on wild flowers he is exceedingly evasive, and his effort fails radically and fundamentally. The subject is obviously not one that appeals to him. There is no sympathy, no love of his theme; above all, no moral deductions. MacMullen's mind has not been uplifted. He has, in fact, failed."

MacMullen didn't seem to care as much as you would have thought. He told me afterwards he felt so thankful when the Doctor shut up about him and turned to Tomkins that he forgot everything else but relief.

Tomkins became red when the Doctor picked up his essay; but it soon faded away—I mean the redness.

"Now, here," said Dr. Dunston, "we are met by an attempt of a very different The boy Tomkins appears to think that there is nothing more to be said about the flowers of the field than to utter their names. His prose lacks dignity; there is a feverish desire to tell us what everything is called. There is no poetry, no feeling. Vagueness, indeed, we have, but vagueness is not poetry, though to uncritical minds it may sometimes pass for such. This is how Tomkins approaches his subject. There is a breathlessness, a feeling of haste, as if somebody was chasing Tomkins along the road while he was making his researches. This, unless Tomkins has been guilty of trespass—an alternative I refuse to consider—is difficult to explain."

The Doctor then gave us a bit out of Tomkins.

"" As one walks down a country lane, one can often hardly see the leaves for the flowers. They burst upon the view in The hedges are thronged with millions. them; the scent is overpowering. where you will, they greet the bewildered They hang from the trees and spring from the earth; they twine also—as, for instance, briony and convolvuluses. single glance I take in dog-roses; campions of several sorts, including white; shepherd's purse — a weed; strawberry, primroses, cuckoo-flower, violet, bugle, herb robert, and also other wild geraniums of various kinds. They are in a crowded mass, all struggling for life. Stitchwort, nettle, archangel, cock's-foot grass, clematis, dock, heath, furze, bog-moss, darnel, dandelions, daisies, buttercups of sorts, marsh-mallow, water-lilies, rushes and reeds, poppies and peppermint, also ferns—one sees them all at a glance. Then, as one hastens swiftly onwards——'

"I gasp for breath," said the Doctor; "I for one refuse to hasten swiftly onwards with Tomkins. At this break-neck pace the boy drags us through that portion of the British flora at his command. There is doubtless knowledge here; there is even reflection, as when he says, at the end of his paper, that wild flowers ought to make us thankful for our eyesight and for the lesser gift of smell. But, taken as a whole, we have no balance, absolutely no repose, no light and no shade. There is too much hurry and bustle, too little feeling for the beauty attaching to English scenery or English prose; too eager a desire to display erudition in the empty matter of floral nomenclature."

So that was the end of Tomkins. He was frightfully disappointed; but he felt so interested to know what wretched chaps like Smythe and Walters had done that was better, that he forgot even to be miserable about losing until afterwards.

Then the Doctor went for Smythe.

"George Gregory Smythe next challenges our attention," he said. "Now, here we are confronted with a still more amazing misunderstanding. Smythe appears to know absolutely nothing whatever concerning wild flowers: but he has seized this occasion to display an extraordinary amount of peculiar information concerning other matters. He evidently imagines that this will answer his purpose equally well. Moreover, he endeavours to cast his work in a poetic formwith results that have bewildered even me, despite my half-century of knowledge of the genus puer. I do not say that rhyme is inadmissible. You shall not find me slow to encourage originality of thought even among the least of you; but Smythe trusts too little to himself and too much to other He has committed to memory many rhymes of a trivial and even offensive character. He has furnished me with a charm or incantation to remove warts. Elsewhere he commits himself to sentiments that may almost be described as flagrantly irreligious. It is true he glances obliquely at his subject from time to time; but not in a spirit which I can admire or

commend. We have, for instance, these lines--

- "Put yarrow under your pillow, they say, You will see your true love the very next day.
- " For pain in the stomach an excellent thing Is tea made of mint and sprigs of ling.
- "If you wash your clothes on Good Friday, someone Will be certain to die ere the year is done.

"Whence George Smythe has culled these

pitiful superstitions, I know not," continued the Doctor: "but he appears to be a veritable storehouse and compendium of them. Had our theme been folk-lore, or those crude, benighted and indelicate fancies still prevailing among the bucolic population, Smythe must have conquered, and easily conquered; but it is not He has chosen the occasion of the 'Bolsover' competition reveal no little fantastic knowledge; but its lack of appropriate and apposite qualities effectually disposes of his claim. I will give you a last sample of his methods. A propos of absolutely nothing, on page seven of his dissertation, Smythe submits these couplets. He appears suddenly to have recollected them and inserted them in the body of his work, without the least consideration for their significance.

"There was an old man who lived in a wood, As you may plainly see, And said he could do more work in a day Than his wife could do in three."

MAVEN IM

"The Doctor dearly likes these occasions."

The Doctor looked awful sternly at Smythe.

"This fragment—from some coarse old ballad, I suspect—is thrust upon me as one might brandish a club in the face of an unoffending citizen. Smythe must chasten his taste and study the rudiments of logic and propriety before again he ventures to challenge our attention with original thoughts. Silence! Silence!" thundered the Doctor in conclusion, because Smythe's stuff made Steggles laugh out loud. Then several other chaps laughed, and in trying not to laugh, Wolf minor choked and made a noise like a football exploding, that was far worse than laughter.

"There remains the effort of Rupert Walters," went on Doctor Dunston. is the youngest of the competitors, and I find but little to praise in his achievement: vet it indicates a shadow of promise and a shade of imagination. Indeed. Mr. Browne at first suspected that Walters had availed himself of secret and dishonest assistance; but this, I rejoice to know, is not the case. Walters has vet to learn to control the discharge of ink from his pen, and in matters of orthography also there is much to be desired for him-a remark which applies to all the competitors save MacMullen — but he possesses a dim and misty nucleus of feeling for the dignity of his native language. There is in his attempt a suggestion that at some distant date, if he is spared, and if he labours assiduously in the dead languages, Rupert Walters may control his living tongue with some approach to distinction. I select his most pleasing passage."

The Doctor regarded young Walters over his spectacles for a moment

with a frightfully encouraging expression that he sometimes puts on when things are going extra well. Then he read the pleasing passage, as he called it.

"'Often, walking in the country far from home, you may see the briars falling over the sides of the lanes, and the may trees white with bloom. They look lovely against the blue sky; and a curious thing is that the distant trees also look blue, and not green, by reason of distance. Near at hand, yellow and red flowers may be dotted about; but when you look along the lane, you only see haze, which is beautiful. If there is a river flowing near by, it is also very beautiful. And clouds are lovely, too, if reflected in a sheet of water beside which yellow irises spring up, and their foliage looks bluish. If a trout rises, it makes rings of light.

"Now, here," said the Doctor, "is a humble effort to set down what the eye of this tender boy's mind has mirrored in the past. I need not tell you how he spells 'irises,' or 'curious,' or beautiful.' The fact remains that he has distanced his competitors and achieved the 'Bolsover' prize. Come hither, Rupert Walters. Let me shake your

hand, my lad!"

So that was the end of it, and Walters seemed more frightened than anything. But he took his book, and the matter ended, and the four chaps had their essays back, with Browne's red pencil remarks on them, to send home to their people. The extraordinary

truth only came to me three days later, when I happened to be having a talk with Walters and looking at his prize, which was duller even than most prizes. I said—

"How the dickens did you remember that

trees look blue seen a mile off?"

And he said—

"I didn't remember it. If you'll swear not to tell, I'll explain. I shall be rather glad to tell somebody."

So I swore. Then Walters said—

"I was just sitting biting my pen and drawing on the blotting-paper and casting my eyes about, when I saw right bang in front of me a great picture—a whacker—full of trees and a lane, and water and hills, and every mortal thing, even to the flowers dabbed about in front. Well—'there you are! I just tried to put down what I saw. And I did it only too well, if anything. Of course, in a sort of way, it was cribbing; but then, of course, in another sort of way, it wasn't. Anyway, you've sworn not to tell—not even Tomkins; so of course you won't tell."

And of course I didn't.



ULYSSES McCLEOD.

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.

I.—THE PASSING OF RICHARD CARTER.



HE skipper closed one
eye and squinted
fondly along the unclean deck of the
Peruvia, 2,200 tons,
which lay at her pier
in Brooklyn, loaded
and ready for sea.

"No," he admitted, "she ain't the *Lucania*, nor she ain't the *Wilhelm Second*, neither, but she's a well-found little craft. I haven't seen a better—of 'er tonnage, that is—since I took my first ship out o' Hull, thirty year back."

The tall young man's eye roamed from scaling and ill-painted plates to crippled donkey-engine, but he nodded gravely and

proffered a cigar.

"Thankee," said the skipper, who had already stowed away two of the same brand. "Don't care if I do."

The tall young man hesitated a bit

awkwardly.

"You wouldn't take a passenger, I expect?" he said at last. "As I told you, I'm a bit tired of things ashore. I want to get away. And I'm sick of liners, too. They're hotels. You wouldn't take a passenger, eh?"

The skipper regarded him with a keen and

speculative eye.

"I ain't allowed," said he. "I haven't got any passenger licence. It 'ud cost me \$3,000 to carry you."

"I'd be willing to pay fairly well," said the tall young man. "And there must be

some way around the licence."

"I might ship you as a cook's mate or a steward," said the skipper. "You'd just sign the ship's articles. It 'ud give me somebody to talk to, as well. Them mates are poor hands at talking."

"Done!" said the tall young man. "I sail as cook's mate; and it's a jolly good thing for the cook that I don't mean to take my berth seriously." He laughed and offered his hand to the skipper, who shook

it with a grin.

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"Name of----?" suggested the skipper

tentatively.

"Oh," said the other man, "didn't I tell you my name? It's Cart——" He paused a moment in the middle of the word. "McCleod. What time did you say you were to sail? Eight to-morrow morning? I must be getting back across the river. I've a lot of things to do before night."

From the deck of the ferry-boat, in midstream, he looked back to where the *Peruvia*, 2,200 tons, lay, squat and unkempt, beside her littered pier. The shriek and rattle of the wheezy donkey-engine came to his ears on a puff of wind, and the tall young

man laughed.

"Rather awful!" he said to himself, "but it'll be new, anyhow. Malta, Bari, Trieste. Messina. They sound good, by Jove!" He beat his hands suddenly on the broad rail of the ferry-boat, and his lips drew tight.

"I tell you I've got to get away from here!" he said fiercely. "I can't stand this

any longer!"

Shortly after seven o'clock that evening, he stood at the window of a certain club in the Avenue, pulling on a pair of white gloves, when someone came into the room behind and called out to him. It was Jimmy Rogers, but the tall young man would seem to have been inaccurate in his statements to the skipper of the *Peruvia*, for the name by which Jimmy Rogers addressed him was not McCleod; it was Carter.

"Where are you dining?" demanded Jimmy Rogers. "Not the Von Thalbergs',

by any chance?"

"Yes," said young Carter, "the Von Thalbergs'. You too?"

Jimmy Rogers nodded and dropped down into a chair by the window, scowling.

- "I'd much rather be hanged," he said politely. "I've no special love for sitting by and watching a woman browbeaten and tortured at her own table."
 - "No?" said young Carter indifferently.
- "No, I haven't," snapped Jimmy Rogers; "and you haven't, either, so you needn't put on that reproving air. We've both known

Eleanor Vernon ever since she could walk, and if we can't say what we like, to each other, about her affairs, it's very odd. You know well that that swine of a husband of

hers is killing her by inches. You knew before she married him that he was a blackguard, and so did I. Jerry Livingstone even went to her and told her so. Lot of good it did!"

"I've sometimes thought," said young Carter meditatively, "when I've been dining there, you know, and he has said something to her rather more humiliating than ordinary, that the next time I'd strangle him. P'raps I shall, one day."

"Well, if ever you do," said Mr. Rogers earnestly, "I want to be there. I want a kick at the corpse on my own account. Shall we be going on? It's seven-thirty."

They went out and climbed into a hansom, giving the driver an address on the Riverside Drive, and Jimmy Rogers, after he had lighted a cigarette, sat back in his corner quite silent for all the long way across the Park, and

watched young Carter's grim white face and brooding eyes, for he knew that Carter had been very badly in love with Eleanor Vernon before that young woman had seen fit to marry Baron Von Thalberg, and he wondered how it must seem to know that the woman who means more to you than all the rest of the world is habitually being ill-treated by a man who has the right to treat her just as

> he likes, so long as he keeps within the law.

> All the way young Carter spoke but once. It was as they were coming out upon the Riverside Drive, and he said, as if to himself, and very quietly—

"Some day I shall kill him, I

think."

They arrived at the Von Thalbergs' a bit after the hour, so that they hurried off their top-coats and made at once for the drawing-room, where they could hear the confused voices of the people who had come before them. But young Carter, who was behind Jimmy Rogers, paused a moment and turned back when he saw the Baroness crossing the hall from one of the rooms beyond.

"Ah, Dicky!" she said, when she caught sight of him, "it's you at last! You're late; did you know? I was afraid you weren't coming."

She put out her two hands to him smiling, but young

Carter shrank back with a quick breath when he saw her face, it was so haggard and drawn and white. It was as if she had been terribly ill during the two months since he had last seen her. It frightened him.



"At the threshold of the drawing-room she turned to him once more."



"Baron von Thalberg stood looking from one to the other."

"What—is it, Dicky?" she cried under her breath, and came closer to him, staring up into his face. And then, as if she saw the horror there and knew what it meant, she gave a little smothered cry, and, for a moment, he thought she was going to break

into sobbing.

"Don't look at me like that!" she said after a moment, and her face twisted and quivered beyond her control. "Please don't. It—you needn't. It's no—worse than it's always been. I—— Oh, yes, it is, too! it is, Dicky! It is! I can't stand it much longer; it's killing me. Why do you look at me so? Why do you let me stand here and tell you these things? I've never whispered a word of it before to anyone—not to anyone, Dick; but I'm not well to-night, and you looked so, and oh, Dicky, Dicky, I wish I might die! Come!" she said, after a little, and scrubbed at her white face with a handkerchief. "Come! We must go in to those other people! Oh, Dick, if you can help me tonight, if you can keep people's attention away from me-anything to make things easier a bit, do it. I shall need you!"

But at the threshold of the drawing-room she turned to him once more with a little,

wry, miserable smile.

"I've a perverse fancy to tell you something, Dicky," she said—"something I learned

a year or two ago. I've never been weak enough to tell you till to-night. It's just that I've loved you all my life, I think. Come in to the others"

It was not until towards the end of the dinner that Baron Von Thalberg's insults to his wife became so patent that they could no longer be ignored. For Von Thalberg was one of your artistic torturers. He loved to work slowly and eleverly up to his climaxes—up, that is, to the point where endurance snapped and nerves gave way. Two years of matrimony had made him an expert.

He had been telling the woman who sat at his right a long and rather pointless tale at the expense of the Baroness—some embarrassing plight in which she had found herself during a charitable errand in Rivington Street; and he had purposely been speaking in a louder tone than was at all necessary; but as Jimmy Rogers from one quarter, and young Carter from another, had raised their voices to an equal pitch and so quite destroyed his effect, he broke off and turned a malevolent eye across the table to where his wife sat, white and silent.

"You are gay to-night!" he said unpleasantly. "You are positively noisy—the

life of the party."

The Baroness tried to smile. "I've—a bit of a headache, I think," she said patiently.

"I don't feel very noisy—the room is too hot for me."

Von Thalberg gave a little, nasty, sneering

laugh.

"A bit of a headache!" said he. "A bit of a temper. We shall soon cure that. you cannot be civil to your own guests at your own table, it is time you stopped receiving them. You will cancel your invitations for Thursday evening."

He turned once more to the woman at

his right, still laughing gently.

"We Germans drive our wives with a rather tighter rein than you in America are accustomed to," he said. "We have not vet quite laid aside the whip." He made a hoop with the thumb and fingers of his left hand over the table, and with the other hand he snapped his napkin as one snaps a whip. His heavy, sneering eyes were again upon those of the Baroness Von Thalberg.

"Jump!" said he.

There was a moment of utter silence, in which one heard the quick-drawn breaths of two or three of the women. Then old Mrs. Stuyvesant rose suddenly in her place.

"My dear!" she said to the Baroness, "it is very rude of me, doubtless, but I shall have a fit of apoplexy if we stay any longer in this hot room. May we not get on to the drawing-room?"

The hostess raised miserable eyes to those of her old friend, and her lips quivered.

"By all means," she said very low.

was just about-

Mrs. Stuyvesant moved quickly up to her side, for she was afraid the younger woman was about to break down; and so, huddling quickly together, with a certain relief at their escape, the women left the room; and the men, standing in a group by the doorway, looked into each other's eyes and at their host, who still sat chuckling beside the table, and then went out also, without a word.

Baron Von Thalberg half rose from his seat, and his face turned a bit pale. was more than he had bargained for, and it frightened him a little. It seemed he had gone too far. Then he dropped back into his chair again, and the chuckle of amusement returned, for young Richard Carter came quickly into the dining-room, looking behind him to see if he had been followed.

"I didn't come back here to smoke," said young Carter, "nor to get anything more to drink. I came merely to tell you that you are a bully and a blackguard. Every man in that room yonder would tell you so, too, if I'd give him the chance. Now, what I want

to know is, will you fight like the gentleman you're not, or will you be strangled to death over this table now?"

"You're mad!" said the German dully.

Then he began to laugh again.

"Come, come, my young friend!" he chuckled, "you're a bit excited. You seem to forget that you are interfering in another man's family affairs. Come, come!"

Young Carter beat his hand upon the

edge of the table.

"Heavens! will nothing make you fight?" "Must I beat you?" leaning forward a little, he struck the elder man heavily across the face with his open palm.

But before Von Thalberg could gain his feet there was a sudden cry from the doorway, and his wife ran forward and caught him by the shoulder. Her eyes, very wide and full of terror, were upon young Carter, and she called his name in a frightened, sobbing whisper, over and over again.

"Go back, Eleanor!" said young Carter. "I beg of you to go back. This has nothing

--this is no--place for you. Go back!" "I won't," she cried, clinging still to Von Thalberg's shoulder, as if she would hold him from attacking the other man. "Oh, Dicky, I daren't. He-might hurt you; you don't know him when he's angry. I won't go!"

Baron Von Thalberg pushed her suddenly away from him, and stood looking from one to the other with his sneer grown to an

animal's snarl.

"A-a-ah!" said he. "So that is the situation, is it? You two, eh? And I never Then he said something so foully and preposterously insulting that the woman shrank back away from him against the wall with her hands over her face, moaning.

Young Carter's face flushed crimson and

went white again.

"That settles it," he said calmly. had meant merely to hurt you rather badly. You've done for yourself, now." He went over to where the woman stood against the wall, shaking with sobs, and took her by the arm and led her gently out of the room, while Baron Von Thalberg stood by the table. Then, after a moment, he came quickly back.

"You have a salle d'armes opening from the billiard-room down in the basement storey," he said briskly. "Shall we go there at once—and alone?"

Von Thalberg stared.

"It is barbarous!" he cried. "It is most irregular! Alone?"

"This is America, not the Continent," said young Carter. "Such matters cannot be regularly conducted here. Will you come, or are you afraid?"

Von Thalberg crimsoned and his tongue

"Only be quick about it!" and threw his coat into a corner.

Baron von Thalberg took down from their rack a pair of French duelling swords.

Three minutes later young Carter dropped

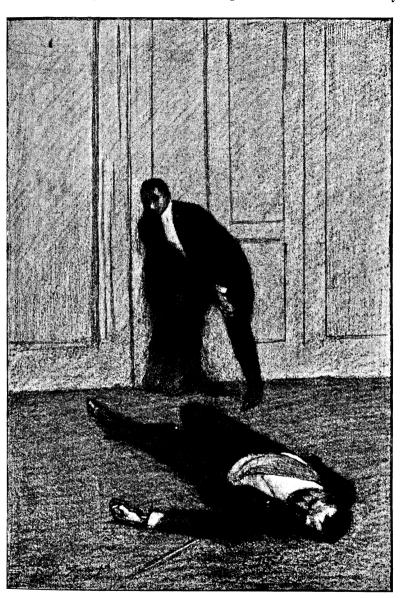
to his knees beside something which writhed and twisted and at last lay still in a widening pool of blood.

"You fool! You fool!" he cried in a shaking whisper. "What did you slip for? You did it yourself. I didn't mean to kill you. I meant to run you through the shoulder. You fool!"

His only thought was a sick, bewildered anger at
the man who lay
there dead; for, in
spite of what he
had said up in the
dining-room, he had
not meant to kill
the man, quite.
Von Thalberg had
slipped and fallen
forward upon the
point.

And then, kneeling there helpless, and staring into the pale, dead eyes that stared back with a sort of sneering triumph, his mind shot forward as the minds of men drowning, or falling from great heights, shoot backward, over what was to come of this thing. It was murder in the eyes of the American law-

murder with no extenuation. He saw Eleanor dragged into it, and the inevitable coupling of her name with the murderer's in courts and newspapers. That must not happen, he cried to himself. Eleanor must be kept out of it. If only he could get well



"Someone was beating at the door. He crept softly over and listened."

stammered over German curses, but he turned and led the way downstairs and through the billiard-room into the salle d'armes, with its strips of cork matting and its racks of foils.

"Anything you like," said young Carter.

away and stay away! That was the only thing to do. No trials in court, then, no cross-examinations, no scandal to cling to her all her life. The coroner could be arranged with easily. Those people up- ${
m At}$ ${
m tar he}$ stairs would hold their tongues. worst it would come only to a police search for himself. Eleanor would be free and safe and out of it. Only—someone was beating at the door.

Young Carter had locked it behind him when he entered the room. He crept softly over and listened.

"Dicky!" called a voice—it was Jimmy Rogers. "Let me in. Ah, Dick! Let me

in, hang you!"

Young Carter sprang to one of the windows. The room, being in the basement storey of the house, was, for half its height, underground, so that the windows were set near the ceiling, and opened level with the turf. There was an iron grating over this one, but it opened outward on hinges and was unlocked.

Young Carter crossed the room again swiftly, and took a long ulster and a bowler hat from the clothes-rack there. He did not turn his eyes to what lay across the floor. Jimmy Rogers still pounded at the door and shook at its lock, and called out choice threats of what he would do when he once again got his hands on his friend, and young Carter, standing alert and ready beside the window, gave a wry grin as he listened.

Good old Jimmy Rogers!
"Now for it!" he said, but at last he found that he could not go without looking once more at what he had done. He turned back and stood again over the huddled, yellow-faced thing which had been Baron

Von Thalberg. The eves still stared up at him with a certain malicious triumph, the lips were drawn back in a sort of grin. After all, the victory was Von Thalberg's.

"Oh, yes, my friend, the laugh is yours," said young Carter; "but you're welcome to it, for Eleanor is out of your hands now, and

nothing else counts beside that."

He was curiously free, after that first panic-stricken moment, of horror or of regret—curiously cool and quick-witted. mind shouted over and over that she was free at last, and nothing else seemed of great moment-nothing, save that he must get swiftly and surely away; even that not for his own sake, but for hers.

The pounding at the door had ceased. Jimmy Rogers had evidently gone away

disgusted.

"Now for it!" said young Carter again. He vaulted out of the high window and closed the grating behind him. He found himself on a narrow strip of turf at the side of the house, with only a low railing between him and the cross-street. The windows over his head were open to the warm air, and through them came the sound of a piano and the voice of little Angela Morris singing. It was something about—

> Lover to the good four winds. And brother to the sea.

Young Carter dug his fists into the deep pockets of his ulster and turned east, away from the river. His thoughts were upon the Peruvia, 2,200 tons, bound for Mediterranean and Adriatic ports, and, far down the block, the singing voice followed him, oddly prophetic, as it were—

> Lover to the good four winds, And brother to the sea.

OVERTONE.

THE birds of the air are about me, For I am the conjuring one! And they dip and they soar and they circle Through magnificent spaces of sun!

And one has a breast like a petal. And one wears a plumage like flame; Silk and snow are the wings of another With an exquisite thought for a name.

How they sing, how they sing in the morning As they sweep the savannahs of white! How their passionate notes swell at evening Up the long colonnades of the night!

Ah, the songs of the air thrill about me Silver clear, silver sweet—but I know Of the hush of a delicate twilight Long ago, O my love-long ago!



BY

A

BOY

YYHO

WEARS

THEM

HAD got as far as the title
of this article when someone looked over my
shoulder (a very reprehensible
practice) and remarked that
Carlyle and Mrs. Aria had
already, between them, said
everything there was to be said
on the subject.

I was beginning to observe that they might both be—when I was checked by the reminder that one of them was a lady; and that was why I didn't get as far as "blowed"; but it was what I thought.

The person who looked over my shoulder (and who is a little too fond of giving information) then went on to say that the first-mentioned author had written about old clothes, and the last about new. This cheered me. I felt that my chosen subject was not to be rent from my grasp, after all.

to be rent from my grasp, after all.

"That's all right," said I. "I shan't interfere with either of them. I'm only going to write about middle-aged clothes—the sort one is actually wearing every day,

you know."

I was given to understand that this arrangement would probably be satisfactory to all parties, and accordingly I proceed, untroubled by fears of actions for breach of copyright.

I have often thought how nice it would be,

and how beneficial to mankind, if we could do without clothes—not altogether, of course, but more or less, at discretion; wearing, for instance, nothing but pyjamas and grass slippers in very hot weather, and a fur combination

garment lined with chamois leather in cold. If any dress reformer likes to take up this idea, I make him a present of it.

Clothes sometimes lay one open to misapprehension. There is a boy at our school who was called "Podgy" for a whole winter, owing to the mistaken impression that he was very fat. When the weather grew warm, he began to shed his garments, dropping each week a vest, a jumper, or a jersey, until at last, in the dog-days, he came down to nothing but a shirt under his jacket. Then everyone saw that he was really very thin, and they called him "The Rake" instead of "Podgy." It should be unnecessary to point out that such a mistake as this could never have occurred without the aid of clothes, which proves what I have just said about them to be true.

Another drawback to them is that they get some boys into a good deal of trouble by tearing themselves. Barbed wire and thorn-bushes attract them as magnets attract needles; and when the boy inside them moves away, it is not unusual for small pieces of the clothes to remain behind.

Also, it sometimes happens that clothes are put to an improper use, as in the case of Cheeky Miggs. He was a new boy last term, and this term Everton House knows him no more. We have received no official



"He was called 'Podgy' for a whole winter."

information, but we all believe that he was returned with thanks to his mamma.

The first day he was in Mr. Carden's class, Mr. Carden didn't know his name, and he asked him what it was.

"I don' know," said Cheeky "Look on m' sock. Miggs.

You'll see it there." And he kicked out his

hoof right under Mr. Carden's nose. Mr. Carden caught hold of it and upset him, and then told off three of us to sit on Miggs until the end of the class. It pleases me to remember that I was one of the three.

Now, if Miggs had not worn socks, he couldn't have said that, could he? When he committed such an outrageous impertinence he was undoubtedly putting his clothes to an improper use, and would have been better without them. Q.E.D.

As I said, I don't know what became of Cheeky Miggs, but my father said he had a fair general idea as to what would have become of me if I had behaved in anything like the same manner; and he warned me, in other words, never to let my clothes lead me astray. I hope I never shall; but being led astray by the clothes of other people is a thing over which you cannot be expected to have the same control, and it happened to me the other day under circumstances which I am not likely to forget.

They were these: A certain grown-up friend of mine with whom I am on particularly intimate terms (in plain words, my godfather) has a marked preference for light

grey suits, by which one can know him at a long distance.

Now, I don't see much of the Head except in school, when he wears his gown, and in the playing-field, when he wears flannels; and I had never wasted my time in speculating on what he might wear when he went to pay visits.

Well, I came home a bit later than usual on the day of disaster, and bunked straight to the study, where I expected to find my godfather. He wasn't there, but someone else was—waiting

for him.

The someone else was sitting with his back to me, and the light was imperfect. I saw pale grey sleeves lopping out over the arms of the chair the creature was on, and a coat-collar to match appearing above the back of it—and my godfather had been expected that day. I leave it to you, wouldn't anyone have done what I did?

I said: "That you, old cock?" (I don't mean to imply that anyone would have said "old cock" to my godfather. My aunt wouldn't have done it. certainly being, as I have explained, very intimate with me, he encourages great freedom of "That you?" said I. "I'm glad speech). you've dropped in to console me. Head's been slaughtering the innocents to-day. He always commits a few murders when he has indigestion, and mine was the first throat to be cut."

The grey person on the chair turned slowly round. It was an awful moment, and one through which I would not wish



my worst enemy to live-no, not even Dowson.

The head on top of the grey coatcollar was not the head of my godfather. It was the head of the Head himself. And the face that faced me was the face of the Head. (I admit that these sentences might be improved; but when one is engrossed in conveying the impression of a really exciting situation, one cannot pause to polish phrases.) He looked at ine steadily; and oh, but his eye was evil!

"Considering what your experiences have been," he drawled (and his words were arrows, barbed and poisoned), "I must say you look to be in remarkably good health. Indeed, I cannot at this moment remember having ever seen a—a healthier looking

I knew that he was only just beginning to be funny, and I could bear no more. I had not shut the door behind me when I came

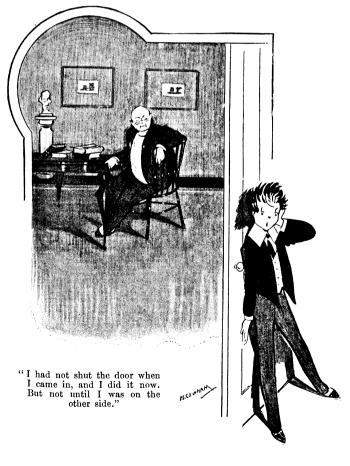
in, and I did it now. But not until I was on the other side.

I was about to finish here, the tragic note seeming to me the most suitable on which to end; but it just occurs to me that an article on clothes would be very incomplete without a reference to feminine

apparel.

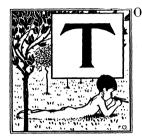
My female relations have been heard to say (after I have been near barbed wire or thorns) that I am extravagant, and I feel it to be but right that I should expose the injustice of this statement. When I require a new garment, it is because the old one is worn out (and in saying this much I hope I shall not be regarded as interfering with the business of the lady and gentleman mentioned on a previous page); but I have noticed that my sisters and my cousins (female) and my aunts buy dresses not because they really require them, but because they are tired

of those they have. This is indeed extravagance and wicked waste. If they had had the enjoyment of getting through a quickset hedge or a barbed wire fence, one would wish to grumble about the price of that enjoyment; but when they get nothing for their pains and their money but the idle and foolish remarks of other females (I have heard my father say that a man never knows whether a woman is wearing a gown for the first or the fiftieth time, so plainly they don't run up bills to please us), it seems to me that their extravagance is merely sinful and inexcusable. I should be the last in the world to be hard on women; in fact, I will go so far as to say that I number some of them among my best friends; but when certain women (I am not saying in plain words that I refer to my aunt more than to others) are hard on me, it is only fair to put the matter before the public in its true light, and I cannot regret that the necessity for writing this article has given me an opportunity of doing so.



THE MAN IN RED WHISKERS.

By FRANK RICHARDSON.



O me it was a precious thing, not so much on account of its intrinsic and artistic value as by reason of its general utility. For the recognised province of the opal is to ensure the efficacy of prayer;

and if it is surrounded with diamonds, the wearer has the additional advantage of being invisible in pitched battles. So an opal-and-diamond pin is a particularly handy asset for a man who is religiously minded and doesn't

get on very well with his own wife.

But my wife never liked the pin. Alice hated the opal, called it the clown among precious stones. She hated it for itself alone. Also, she doubted its powers in the prayer line. Further, she maintained that whether I were invisible or not in pitched battles, nobody was likely to hire me for military purposes. Indeed, I am one of Nature's non-combatants.

Alice left for Monte Carlo on the Monday morning. Immediately after her departure I returned from the station to my house in

South Audley Street.

My idea was to put on the pin. I had no particular occasion for the offering of prayer. My wife had gone, and the world looked sunny for me. Nor was there any pressing need for invisibility. Still, I had a wish to wear the jewel. What was the good of keeping a thirty-guinea opal tie-pin eating its head off in my jewel-case? No good. If Alice didn't like it, I shouldn't wear it in her presence. It is well to yield to one's wife with regard to small matters.

In my bedroom I found a window-cleaner—that is, his feet were in the room, the major

portion of him was out of doors.

The opal pin was not in the jewel-case. All my other pins, rings, and studs were there, but the opal was gone!

On close inspection, the window-cleaner turned out to be larger than I had at first

thought. In fact, he was one of the largest window-cleaners that I had ever met. I did not accuse him of the theft. I realised that, without my diamonds, I was visible to the naked eye. Without my opal, any prayer for signal success in a contest with that large man would not do me any real good.

I had only myself to rely on. True, the amethyst that I wore in a ring would drive away the fumes of wine; but it wouldn't drive away an irritated window-cleaner ac-

cused of theft.

So I sent the butler round to Vine Street Police Station to state the case and to bring back an inspector.

As my message was urgent, Inspector Johnson came punctually—the next day. With him was a sort of assistant—P. Barlow.

Johnson said he was a detective inspector. I told him that I didn't want a man who only inspected detectives. I wanted a man who could overhaul window-cleaners and

make them confess their guilt.

Johnson said he would overhaul the window-cleaner immediately. If he made any confession of guilt, Barlow would take it down in writing, alter it, overhaul it, and use it against him at the trial. That sounded well.

But the window-cleaner spoilt it all. He

P. Barlow said this was a suspicious circumstance.

Johnson said not.

He pointed out that window-cleaners were engaged by the job, like hansom cabs, not by the week, like seaside lodgings.

I took to Johnson at once. He was a shrewd man who had evidently seen much of life. At his request I told him the story of my loss. P. Barlow took it down in writing—all wrong; read it over in a clear voice, and said: "Everything points to one thing."

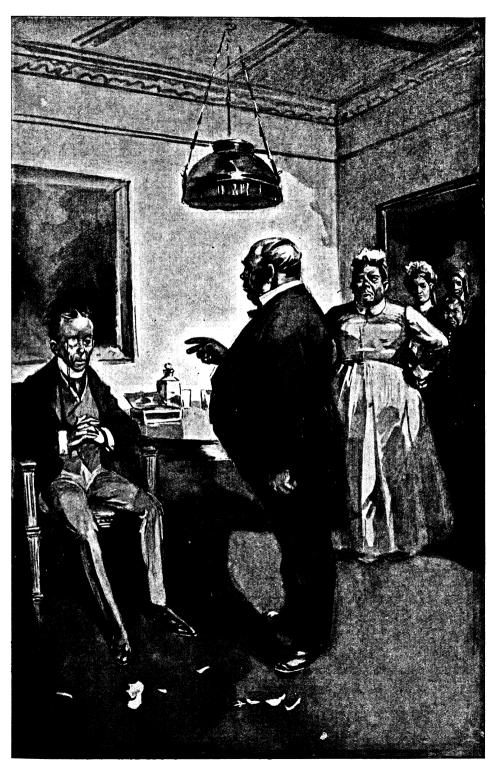
Johnson said not.

Then he added: "I don't want you, sir, to go away with the idea that I have formed an opinion. I may or may not have formed an opinion. But I can tell you something. Your pin is, beyond all question, missing."

That, of course, was so.

"Further," he said, "I favour the theory that the pin has been stolen by one person."

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"The butler was the first to give notice."

"Indeed! Which one?" I asked intel-

ligently.

"When I say 'one person,' I do not specify any particular person. But I mean that the theft is not the work of a syndicate—a gang of Continental thieves, for example."

Johnson always talked sound sense. He did not theorise. The obvious was good

enough for him.

Then he stated that with the assistance of Barlow—what assistance Barlow could ever be to anybody was a mystery to me—he would examine the servants.

One by one, each of them was questioned

in the dining-room.

After about three hours, Barlow came and told me that I might join Johnson.

I availed myself of his permission.

Johnson told me that the matter was far more serious than he or Barlow had ever supposed.

"In what way?" I asked succinctly.

"Your butler has been with you for ten years. Have you ever had any suspicion of him?"

"Never."

"Such confidence in a butler, Mr. Richardson, is certain to warp his character. You have destroyed that butler as a butler. Your footman has been with you only a month."

"He is absolutely honest."

"How can you guarantee the honesty of a servant who has been with you only a month?"

The great detective paused. "Your cook has been in your service sixteen years."

"That is so," I admitted (to my shame).

"Is she a good cook?"

" Excellent."

"Do you think that any good cook would remain in the same situation for sixteen years unless she was making a fortune out of secret commissions and perquisites?"

And so with my entire executive. According to Johnson—and Barlow entirely shared his view—I was living in a den of thieves: old criminals of ten years' standing, like my butler and my cook; youngsters just stepping into the abyss of crime, like my footman and Ada, the "between-maid"—whatever that condition of life may mean.

I was staggered. Johnson with great presence of mind offered me a brandy-and-soda. He drank whisky, and smoked some of my cigars, to pull me together. When they were satisfied that I was quite pulled

together, they went away, promising, however, to return at any moment.

The butler was the first to give notice. He suggested that I had employed hirelings to call him a thief, and he insisted on going



"After breakfast I tried to make myself useful about the house, but this made matters worse."

at once. The cook adopted the same view. She wouldn't stay another minute in a house where she was accused of stealing things which weren't any part of her business anyway. She'd go then and there—blessed if she didn't. And she did. By seven o'clock there wasn't a servant in the house. My home was depopulated. Johnson had driven my servants out of my house more rapidly than St. Patrick had solved the Irish snake question.

That night I dined at the club, and wrote letters to all the registry-offices I knew of, ordering complete staffs of servants to be sent to me at once.

Then I went home and protected my property. I barricaded the doors, and packed my jewellery and certificate of birth in a

biscuit-tin, which I put on top of my ward-robe.

The Wednesday was an eventful day in my life. I collected a vile breakfast of cold cheese-straws (five or six), fag end of mutton (the part that "careful cooks" are advised to make into beef-tea by ladies' papers), lemon sponge (a fragment), and a bottle of Bass. It was like being besieged, but much duller.

After breakfast I tried to make myself useful about the house, but this made matters worse. By the twelve o'clock post the insulting letters from the registry-offices began to arrive. All sorts of things were said about me. It was urged that I should employ only detectives for domestic duties.

Grave doubt was expressed as to any English servants ever entering my employment again. Chinese labour was suggested. "Mrs. Blunt presents her compliments to Mr. Richardson, and begs to state that she does not supply criminals to private houses." Several people presented the same sort of compliments, and begged to state similar matters. For lunch I had tinned tongue and Waw-waw sauce and a pint of champagne.

At two o'clock I opened the door to Johnson and P. Barlow. Johnson is perhaps my favourite detective. In fact, he is more like a friend than a detective.

When I told him of the departure of my servants, he was genuinely grieved, but not astonished.

P. Barlow was astonished, but not grieved. Johnson corrected him. I don't see the use of Barlow anyway. He is always wrong on all points. In that respect he is consistent; which is something, though not much. But Johnson helps him out and bears with him. I suppose I must be good to Barlow for Johnson's sake. I suggested that it was suspicious that all my servants had left suddenly.

Barlow said it was.

Johnson corrected him and explained that there were thieves and thieves. Some thieved one way, some another. The more I see of Johnson, the more I like him. He takes you into his confidence; he gives you the benefit of his experience; he tells you all he knows. I think my wife would like Johnson.

Also, he had found out that Harper's Stores had employed the National Window-Cleaning Association to clean my windows. They had sublet the contract to the House to House Supply Company, which concern, having too much business on hand, had transferred the work to the Boy Helpers'

Corporation. The Boy Helpers' Corporation being in bankruptcy, the cleaning of my windows had been taken on by a recently started company called Distressed London Ladies, Limited. The Distressed London Ladies, not feeling up to the contract themselves, had transferred their window-cleaning department to a jobbing builder in Battersea. He had been ordered to Bournemouth owing to some lung trouble, and his son-in-law, a plumber and glazier, was giving an eye to the business. Johnson had found this all out himself, and Barlow had taken it all down-wrong. But even this sketchy version shows the extraordinary ramifications of England's window-cleaning trade to-day. The man who had cleaned my windows had not, of course, been traced. But Johnson said that was not to be expected. Barlow was in two minds. He weighed the pros and If I were Johnson, I cons, as he said. wouldn't let him do that sort of thing.

I am quite convinced that Johnson liked

and respected me.

The empty bottle gave him an idea. that Barlow was not really strong. Barlow had been doing too much; it might be well to pick him up. I didn't see the point of picking up Barlow. However, it is always a pleasure to oblige Johnson. I opened a bottle of champagne; and then it turned out that Barlow was a teetotaller. Johnson, happily, was not. stupidity will stand in Johnson's way. This I hinted to Johnson, but he said "No," and kindly explained to me that Barlow was not stupid; in fact, he was one of the greatest thinkers of our time. That accounted for my mistake. Barlow's appearance of crass stupidity caused people to blurt out the truth to him, whereas, he (Johnson), owing to his (Johnson's) analytical physiognomy, was mistrusted by our entire criminal community. No one regretted it more than he (Johnson), but these were the conditions under which he had to detect. More honour to him (Johnson) that he invariably succeeded, he said.

During the afternoon the detectives began to arrive in earnest.

Harper's Stores sent their leading man. The Distressed London Ladies, Limited, were represented by ex-Inspector M'Quisker. The young plumber and glazier, who had married the daughter of the jobbing builder in Battersea, felt that he was somehow mixed up in the matter of my pin, and arranged with a private detective to look after his "rights." The Boy Helpers'

Corporation contributed a sort of Jaggers, who had an incipient talent for detecting things. By four o'clock I had admitted twenty-three persons who professed to represent guilds, corporations, leagues, syndicates, jobbing experts, and others who had not actually cleaned my windows. All of them were anti-teetotal, except the Boy Helper. He made up for that trouble by smoking cigarettes (sold in packets containing photographs of our brainiest boy burglars and hooligans). On the entrance of each detective I had, of course, explained that the matter was in the hands of Inspector They all said that he was a very able man, and expressed their willingness to work with him and help him. Johnson didn't mind how much help he got. they all sat down in the dining-room and worked with him and helped him generally. Two or three miscellaneous detectives came They were expert Continental thiefcatchers, and fancied that the robbery might have been done by a gang which had the week before ransacked a hotel in Nijni I didn't see why the gang should leave rural Russia simply to come over here and take my pin. Perhaps they couldn't pronounce Nijni properly.

But I let them help. A man came from the Discharged Prisoners' Association to assure me that the affair was not the work of any of his "clients." He held a sort of watching brief for our leading criminals. But he helped, too, in his way. An unintelligible alien, giving an address in Buda-Pesth, suspected that the robbery was the work of an Austro-Hungarian thief—I think he said a relative of his by marriage. But I'm not sure. He proposed to help a little. But I can't see that he was of any real use.

I was; or should have been, but for Barlow.

The scarf-pin I was wearing at the time was a meloceus—the only stone that discovers thieves. Its properties are perfected by the blood of kids. I explained this at some length to Johnson, who admitted that the system was new to him.

I asked him if he was familiar with Alphonso's "Clericalis Disciplina," or that convenient handbook of Marbodius, Bishop of Rennes in the eleventh century, called "De Lapidibus Enchiridion," or the elementary treatise on precious stones by Onamakritus.

He said he wasn't.

Barlow thanked God he wasn't, and asked how many kids I required.

I told him, rather severely, that Onama-kritus was a Greek author whose knowledge of the practical utility of gems had been endorsed by Ovid in the "Metamorphoses." He had written a poetical treatise on jewels—not a cookery book.

But Barlow regarded the invaluable meloceus as a blackleg in his profession.

Even if the meloceus could discover thefts, he said, no stipendiary would accept its evidence. You couldn't take it down in writing and alter it and use it against anybody at his trial. How could Mr. Charles Mathews cross-examine a meloceus?

On this point Johnson became pro-Barlow. By five o'clock my house became a mass meeting of detectives—European, American, Asiatic, and Irish. Oddly enough, there was not a Japanese detective present. I commented on this, and asked Boswell—I mean Barlow—if that wasn't suspicious. He thought it was. Johnson maintained not. He told me that he had never heard of a Japanese burglar stealing an opal pin. Japanese burglars were rare anyway, he said. In fact, he had their names at his fingers' ends. He told me them. They were like Welsh villages, only worse.

The detectives finished helping Johnson by about six o'clock, and went away, promising to come back next day and do some more good work.

I had not been alone ten minutes when there was a ring. I opened the door.

The new arrival wore a full set of red whiskers, but was otherwise a gentleman.

"Too late," I said; "the meeting is adjourned for to-day. You can come round in the morning and help the others to help Johnson if you like."

He said he didn't want to help Johnson; didn't know Johnson; knew some Johnsons, but not one that he wanted to help.

"Well, what is your idea? Do you want to carry on an independent investigation?"

Yes, he did. He wanted to examine my gas-fixtures.

"But you can't trace criminals by examining gas-fixtures?"

"No, certainly not. Why should I?"
"Well, then?" I answered, clinching the matter. He said it would be a great advantage for me, as a householder, to know if my gas-fixtures were in good order.

"Then you don't want to detect any-

thing?"

"If there was an escape of gas anywhere, I shall certainly detect it."

"You'll be satisfied with that. On your



word of honour, that's all you want to detect?"

He said that would do for him.

"Well, you may come in. I don't burn much gas here. I use electric light. But if you take your pleasure that way, you may examine the gas-fixtures."

So he came in.

I asked him frankly: "Are you doing this for your own selfish amusement, or out of a mistaken wish to please me? And, if so, which pays?"

He wagged his whiskers sadly and explained that it was the duty of all householders to have their gas-fixtures examined. He helped them to perform that duty. In fact, he was a sort of guardian angel for gas-fittings. Anyhow, he wasn't a detective.

I had begun to tire of moving solely in detective circles.

So I humoured him and let him see my fittings. He was a pleasant, conscientious fellow, and examined everything. When I told him that I had lost all my servants, he didn't sympathise much. He said servants were a nuisance. But I never saw a man so

pained as he was when I told him I'd been burgled. I feared he would weep. But I cheered him up by saying that the loss was

He complimented me on my gas-fixtures. They were the best he'd handled in a private house for some years. He praised me very much for having them. And altogether he seemed to think more highly of me than any of the detectives—except, perhaps, Johnson.

He was genuinely pleased to hear that I had learned a lesson from my loss. I told him that I had put all my jewellery in an oval thin Captains biscuit-box, on top of my wardrobe, and gave him permission to recommend that course to any of his clients who were afraid of being burgled.

He said that was a great scheme, because it was hardly probable that any burglar would burgle in Mayfair for oval thin Captains.

He made no charge for all he'd done, and said that he wouldn't detain me if I was going out. I told him that I intended to dine at the club.

He remarked that, as I'd had a tiring day, he would advise me to get to bed early.

I said that I never went to bed before three when my wife was away, because I was very fond of playing Bridge. Besides, all the men at the club would want me to tell them about the robbery. Anyhow, I should tell them.

He was a nice man, but his whiskers were too red for ordinary wear.

He didn't say that he would call again,

but he repeated that it was a pleasure to meet fittings like mine.

When I came home next morning, the house had been ransacked. The servants' beds, some cane chairs, a refrigerator, and the fire-escape remained. Otherwise my home had ceased to be. The place had given up being a house. It was merely an architectural feature. A tramp in a small way of business might have consented to live there for a day or so; but he would not have taken his wife there—if he loved her.

When the detectives congregated, they detected the change at once. The man who held the watching brief was really astounded at the completeness of the removal. The Austro-Hungarian was nonplussed.

Johnson preserved his calm. Barlow said that he felt sure Johnson expected it all along.

Johnson corrected him.

This meeting of detectives was more complete than yesterday's. It seemed to me a full house.

In all human probability my collection was complete: I had examples of every known brand. There were detectives who looked like archdeacons, detectives who ate like British workmen defying German competition, detectives who drank like lords, policemen disguised as detectives, detectives disguised as policemen. It was a full hand.

It was unique.

I had made a corner in detectives.

Had I possessed any financial ability, I should have floated the population of my house as "Detection Limited," joined the board after allotment, and sold the goodwill of the entire concern to a composition of leading British criminals.

Even in the scullery there were men whose reputations were world-wide for the detection of robbery from the person with violence. Any quieter form of robbery could have been detected with despatch by equally prominent practitioners. I had amongst my guests a specialist in riot and unlawful assembly. If anybody had shown a tendency to riot the least bit in the world, or to assemble in an indiscreet manner, he would have been dealt with then and there. Loiterers with felonious intent, or people without visible means of subsistence, would not have dared to show their faces in my home, even if there had been room.

No "person or persons unknown" "about to commit felonies" showed any wish to practise in South Audley Street. My boxroom was occupied by a select committee of detectives whose special talent lay in apprehending persons suspected of being about to demand money with menaces. Every brand of criminal, or ex-criminal, or criminal in posse, seemed to be catered for.

I asked myself this question: "What would happen if a member of the criminal classes, or some bright young mind who had never got beyond the stage of being 'about to commit a felony,' were to blow up my house and destroy the flower of our detective force?"

I got no answer.

So I asked Johnson.

Hastily he changed the subject, and addressed the meeting, which hung upon his words.

"There has been a burglary here," he said

with absolute frankness.

One could have heard a pin drop—and some of the men present would have detected the man who had dropped it.

Again Johnson spoke: "This burglary is

not the work of a single man."

Accustomed as I was to the statements of this master mind, I was astounded.

"Do you mean to say that you have discovered a clue which proves that this is the work of a married burglar? Can you say for certain that he is not a widower? Are you convinced that the culprit is not—say—a burglar who has obtained a judicial separation, with the custody of the children?"

"When I use the word 'single,' I do not speak matrimonially. I speak numerically. No one man could, unaided, have removed your grand piano, your billiard-table, and your bound volumes of *Punch*. No man could possibly lift any one of these things without assistance, mechanical or otherwise."

A murmur of admiration ran round the room.

He spoke again: "You don't think it could have been done by a club friend out of petty spite?"

"Petty spite!" I cried. "Why, it looks as though two impis of Zulus had gone

through the place!

"That is impossible," said Johnson. "If there were only one impi of Zulus in Mayfair, the police would certainly hear of it. Even the Intelligence Department of the War Office would get to know of a foreign invasion of the Metropolis."

Then they all helped one another and

worked. I got tired of watching them work. My home—or, rather, the place where I used to live—looked as though an auction had been held there.

The detectives remained all day. I helped them—as much as a layman could—by going out and getting tinned meat and cheese, and whatever other food they thought they could detect on best. In fact, I became a sort of handyman to the force. One young detective to whom I hadn't been introduced mistook me for the caretaker and spoke rather harshly about my incivility. My friend Johnson corrected him. He is really

the best all-round detective that I have

ever met.

Though the house was packed with people, more continued to come in. I opened the door to a young man who said he wanted to enlist, and thought that this was a Yeomanry recruiting-office.

I said I was hanged if it was. It used to be an Englishman's castle; but now it was a home for lost detectives. He said he'd just as soon be a detective as a Yeoman. So I let him in. I dare say he helped.

When I got time, I, too, helped. For example, I asked my friend Johnson if he knew of any recently married burglar who owned a refrigerator.

Johnson went through Barlow's list, but couldn't find one. He said that, as a class, burglars did not buy refrigerators.

My idea was that some young burglar who had just married, and had got a refrigerator as a wedding present, had completed the rest of his furnishing arrangements by removing my stock.

Barlow said that there was nothing in my idea.

Johnson was with him. There are moments when Johnson is positively Barlowesque. So I didn't think it prudent to say anything about the gentlemanlike man with red whiskers. It was my burglary, and

I had a right to express my views, but I reserved the right.

Later Johnson said: "The thing to do is this. I will call in the officer who was on point duty outside the house last night. He is one of the cleverest men in the force. Your goods were removed last night. Beyond question they were removed last night, because I saw them here myself at 5.37. Barlow made a note of it at my direction. And your goods are not here now. Make a note of it, Barlow: they are not here now. Assume my hypothesis to be correct, and that your goods were removed in the night,

an intelligent officer who is on duty outside your door must have noticed something. I don't say what, I say something; possibly the removal of your goods.

The officer was sent for.

He knew all about it and readily described the whole occurrence.

At half-past ten the night before, three furniture - vans had driven up to the door, and, having been filled with the things that I used to own, had been driven in the direction of the North of London, or the North of England—he couldn't say which.

Johnson complimented the officer upon his intelligence and accuracy.

"Did you notice anything about one of the

men?" I blurted out. "Was he wearing whiskers at all—red ones?"

Johnson said that burglars never wore highly coloured whiskers. They would attract observation.

"Did anybody connected with this removal speak to you?" asked Johnson.

"One of the men said it was a fine night," the officer answered.

"Was it a fine night?"

"It was, sir. So the remark did not excite my suspicion."

"Didn't it seem to you suspicious that I should have my furniture removed in the middle of the night?" I asked.



"He wagged his whiskers sadly and explained that it was the duty of all householders to have their gas-fixtures examined."

"No, sir. I knew that you were well-to-do and kept your carriages and what-not, and paid all the tradesmen regular and the servants liberal. No, sir. I didn't suspect

you, sir, I'm bound to say."

The more I looked at the idiot, the more mysterious did his face seem to me. I am rather a judge of physiognomy, and I should say that the policeman was intended by nature for a window-cleaner—or, at any rate, that he had window-cleaning instincts.

Of course, this might have been accounted

for by atavism.

"Besides, sir," he added, "the man said that you had been suddenly called away to go salmon-fishing in Norway."

"Oh! Do you think that I go salmonfishing in Norway with a grand piano and a

billiard-table?"

Johnson corrected me kindly but firmly. "It is," he said, "no part of the duty of a constable on point duty to pry into the habits of respectable householders. We do not countenance the Continental system of espionage in 'Merrie England.'"

Everybody murmured applause (except the

Austro-Hungarian investigator).

The house sat till a late hour that night.

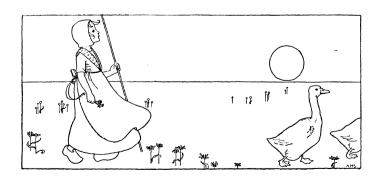
Next day I received a black pearl and diamond scarf-pin. It came by post anonymously. Presumably it was the gift of some woman sympathiser who knew that my wife was out of town.

Black pearls enable the wearer to penetrate

the most secret mysteries. At least, some black pearls do. This one didn't help me one per cent. with my burglary. But, somehow, my wearing it helped my wife. She came home from Monte Carlo in a bad temper, and got all the servants back, made me apologise to them, refurnished the house out of the burglary insurance money, and caused the cook to confess that she was engaged to marry the intelligent policeman on point duty, who hated being in the force, and remained in it only because she liked to see him in uniform, but cleaned windows better than anyone in England, he being, as you might say, born and bred in the profession, his father having cleaned windows at Buckingham Palace itself with his own hands, which she would have told before only nobody hadn't asked her, and she regular gave him the job when off duty, as the saying is, the Window Cleaning Company only sending people to break windows and not to clean them, in a manner of speaking.

Of course, Alice meant well when she arranged, by way of a surprise, to have the black pearl substituted for the opal in my scarf-pin. She says that it is not manly to rely on outside help to ensure the efficacy of one's prayers, and that an opal is a vulgar stone, whereas a black pearl is deep mourning.

It certainly does clear up hidden mysteries in a businesslike way. But it does not explain why my wife doesn't like Johnson, nor what that man did with his whiskers when he removed my furniture on that singularly fine night.



A JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE.

By WALTER GEORGE BELL.

HAT a wonderful journey it would seem if we could dash off from the earth on some magic chariot at a pace of two hundred and fifty miles a minute, which in a single year would carry us across the wide sweep of Earth round the Sun and

half the distance again, and so journey on, out beyond the solar system, to explore the vast depths in which the stars are set! The fabled magician of Eastern romance in his deepest draughts inspiration has never contemplated such a voyage into space; yet it is one we are making every day, with no more magical chariot to carry us than this old Mother Earth we know and love so well.

What the object of this celestial journey is, where it eventually may lead us, no one can tell. Ask what was the primitive force which impelled us along the path we are travelling, and science is dumb.

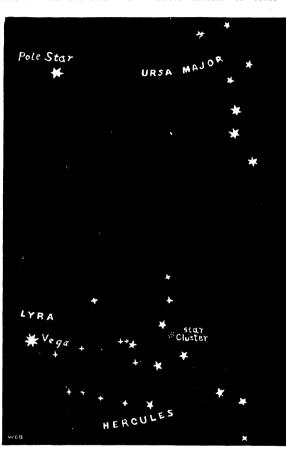
We only know that the great Sun, taking with him our Earth and all his retinue of planets, is moving among the stars, at a speed which may sound enormous to our ears, yet is insignificant in the vast theatre in which the celestial motions take place, where space and time are infinite; and that at some future age, many millions of years to come, it may be, the heavens will not have the appearance they wear now.

Our journey is directed towards Hercules, a constellation in the northern heavens familiar to all star-gazers, and attractive to those who possess telescopes by reason of the magnificent star cluster found within it—the finest cluster of close stars in the skies.

Hercules contains no star of the first magnitude, and only two of the second, and thus is not itself conspicuous, but it lies close to the constellation Lyra, in which is the brilliant white star Vega, easily to be found by the aid of the accompanying chart. If you look up to the close neighbourhood of Vega, you gaze upon the point to which we are moving.

The evidence of this stupendous journey which the Sun is taking rests upon some of the most delicate investigations of astronomy. Long ago it was found that the so-called "fixed" stars were by no means fixed in the skies, but have motions

which in very many cases are sufficiently large to be measured. It then became a natural inference to be drawn, that the Sun also, which is merely a star, and not a very large one, might be moving away in space. Sir William Herschel was the first to attack the problem of the Sun's movement with any tangible result. This was in 1783, and it is remarkable testimony to the genius and skill of that wonderful man that the result he



DIRECTION OF THE SUN'S JOURNEY.

obtained more than a century ago as to the direction of the Sun's path has been confirmed by many subsequent investigators, working with more ample material than he had at his command.

Herschel put the "solar apex," as he termed the point in the heavens to which we seemed to be travelling, in the constellation Hercules, not far distant from the brilliant star cluster, and though it has been moved by the latest researches nearer to Vega, in the constellation Lyra, it has never been taken far.

We know that the Sun is moving in space

because when the proper motions of various stars which sparkle in the heavens are examined, there is found to be a steady drift of the stars away from this point in the constellation Hercules. Each of these stars has its own separate motion, and the paths of different stars mark every direction in the celestial vault, but the fact that so large a number of stars all participate in this general drift away from Hercules is sufficient to assure us, not that they are moving away from that constellation. but that we ourselves are going towards it, and the stars drift by us on our journey.

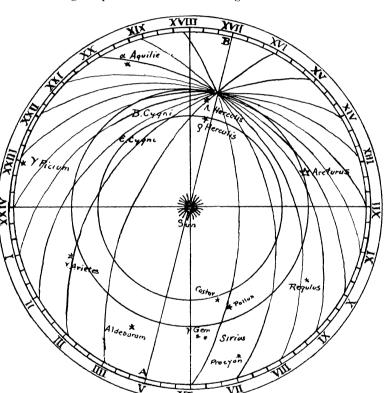
In the same way the lights of the coast are seen to

drift past when watched from the deck of a vessel far out at sea. Of course, this star drift is excessively minute—so infinitesimal that it is only detected by the finest instruments of precision which astronomy can employ after intervals of years, but its lesson is capable of only one reading.

Herschel in his original investigation employed only thirteen well-known stars. His drawing which illustrated the paper read by him before the Royal Society in 1783 is reproduced here, and should be of some historic interest. The stars are represented

as projected on the plane of the Equator, and the Sun is supposed to be situated in the centre of the sphere. Argelander, in an elaborate reinvestigation of the subject in 1837, divided the stars employed, numbering 390 in all, into three classes, according to their proper motions, and all three classes gave approximately the same result. Professor Lewis Boss, of Albany, and Dr. Oscar Stumpe, of Bonn, reopened the inquiry in 1890, the latter employing 1,054 stars in his research.

All the investigations conducted over the



HERSCHEL'S DRAWING OF 1783.

last century agree in placing the "solar apex" within an area of about 30 degs., and with that limitation it may be said without presumption that we know the direction in which the Sun is travelling.

When we come to consider the character of the path the Sun pursues in space, a vast problem is opened up, a problem which staggers the imagination. Can our Sun be revolving round another sun, its companion so far distant that it appears in our sky as a star of ordinary magnitude? Are we, perhaps, moving round some distant cluster of

stars? Or may it be that there is some stupendous agglomeration of masses towards the centre of the universe itself, the gravitational force of which holds our Sun and all the celestial hosts in the paths prescribed for them?

All such questions open up an enticing field for speculation, and their possibilities are endless, but little can be said on any of them with profit. At one time it used to be thought that we were moving round the Pleiades, the beautiful naked-eye star cluster which hangs like a pendant of glittering jewels in the sky; but this is rather a pleasant fancy than a theory built on any substantial basis. And search where we will, no scrap of evidence can yet be found of the existence of a central sun which controls the whole universe, belief in which was held a century and a half ago.

An interesting result of very laborious investigations is that the entire cluster of the Pleiades itself is found to be in motion—round or about what we cannot guess. The stars move with such exactness that up to

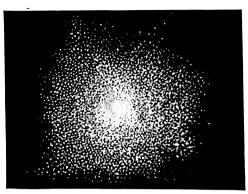


SPIRAL NEBULA IN CANES VENATICI.

Photograph by the late Dr. Isaac Roberts, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Nebulæ, gaseous cloudlike structures, of irregular form, are among the most distant objects in the heavens, and so remote that none have yet been measured. Reproduced by permission of "Knowledge."

the present time no difference in their proper motions has been detected. Not only is this true of the largest naked-eye stars, but also of the much larger number of fainter stars made known only by the telescope. The fact that this great cluster is one harmonious whole, forming a distinct system—or, maybe, universe all to itself—is thus established.



A BRILLIANT OBJECT EN ROUTE.

The star cluster in Hercules.

Six of the stars of the Pleiades can be clearly distinguished with the unaided eye, Alcyone, the brightest, being of the third magnitude. Surrounding them is a haze of light emitted by many smaller stars, which are too faint to be individually separated, but in a telescope or camera the cluster is found to be composed of upwards of two thousand stars.

Far away near the confines of the visible universe towards which we are travelling are the faint, cloudlike nebulæ. The distances of a number of stars are approximately known, but so remote are the nebulæ that the astronomer's measuring-rod has not yet succeeded in fathoming the space which separates the earth from any one of them. They are invisible to the naked eye, though two of their number, the great nebula in the Orion and the fine nebula in Andromeda, are said to be easily seen as a hazy point of light by those of keener sight than the writer possesses. In a camera, however, with an exposure of some hours, they prove to be striking features of the scenery of the heavens. By courtesy of those to whom acknowledgment is paid, some photographs of the best examples are here shown.

In Herschel's time all nebulæ were believed to be clusters of faint stars so close that they could not be separated, but they have since proved to consist of masses of gas, and are thought to be nothing less than systems of worlds in the making.

If an impact had been given to the Sun, and no forces to influence it existed on any side, it would go on in a straight line with its original speed and direction for ever, but our knowledge of celestial motions and forces makes it, on the whole, unlikely that the Sun's journey is directed in a straight line. A curve seems more probable.

One line of inquiry into the Sun's motion has received a good deal of attention of late.

Owing to the nature of the investigation, the solar apex cannot be determined with anything like the accuracy attending other researches, but a comparison of the positions assigned to the solar apex at different dates in the last hundred years shows a marked progressive drift along the edge of the Milky Way, which may suggest to us an indication of the Sun's course. Mr. G. C. Bompas, in a paper too technical to be dealt with here (The Observatory, January, 1896), shows reason for believing that the Sun is moving in a retrograde orbit from east to west in a plane inclined a few degrees to that of the Milky Way.

Mention has been made of a speed of 250 miles a minute as that at which the Sun pursues his journey, but this must not be accepted as an ascertained fact. Unfortunately the pace of the Sun's travels cannot be so well determined as the direction.

Estimates by different authorities vary from four miles to fourteen miles a second, and it is not even sure that the truth lies within these wide limits. Let us assume for a moment that the higher speed assigned is the correct one; and on that basis some interesting calculations can be made.

So immense are the distances of the stars

that sometimes they are spoken of as "infinite." This is, of course, inexact, and is a loose use of the word. Some few of the nearer stars have distances which can be measured. Perhaps the best known star in the heavens, because it is the brightest of them all, is Sirius, the "dog star." The



THE η ARGUS NEBULA, PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIR DAVID GILL IN MARCH, 1892.

Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of "Knowledge," from the illustration in "Problems in Astrophysics," published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

distance of this star has been computed, and to try to convey some idea of what it is I will give it a line all to itself. Here it is:

49,000,000,000,000 miles.

Now, if it be the case that our Sun is moving with a velocity of fourteen miles a second, it will travel nearly 442 millions of



THE GREAT NEBULA ORION.

This is the finest nebula in the heavens, and in favourable circumstances is just visible to the naked eye. Reproduced by permission of "Knowledge," from a photograph by the late Dr. Isaac Roberts, D.Sc., F.R.S.

miles in a single year. Consequently, if it were travelling in a straight line in the direction of Sirius, it would reach that star in about 110,000 years.

In the short span of human life, no change can be expected to be detected in the appearance of the heavens, but the reflection is forced upon us that if only the human race survives, a time must come when, owing to the Sun's journey, we shall

not see all the stars dotted over the sky in their present perspective, and some of the constellations will have lost the forms by which they are now so easily identified. As in the future, so in the past. In remote geological ages of the Earth's history, the Sun and his planets must have occupied a different position in infinite space than they now fill, and stars now distant were our nearer neighbours.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

By IAN MACLAREN.



E had been christened George Augustus Poole, and this was how it stood in the register of the State; but when he was blossoming into manhood, someone in a moment of inspiration called him "Grandolphus,"

and by this name he was henceforward known. "George" was absolutely obliterated, and his surname had fallen into disuse; his public had only one name for him behind his back, and to his face it trembled upon their lips, and they made a compromise by saying "Adolphus." "Grandolphus" took everyone's fancy because it filled the bill; it was more than a name. it was a photograph and a biography. There was nothing wrong either in his character or in his ways; he did not drink nor swear; he had no evil habits except a rooted disinclination to hard work. He was civil to every person, and had not the trace of a temper, and his manner towards people of age or position was ingratiating and plausible. You could not complain of anything except that he was something less than a man. The time which he saved from neglecting his work he devoted to adorning his person and to perfecting his manners. He wore the last thing in waistcoats, his hair was ever in perfect order, he shook hands according to the latest fashion, and his smile would have been a fortune to a shopwalker. Persons full of envy and irreverence declared boldly that this was the business for which Providence had designed him, and no one can doubt that his success in that walk of life would have been marked. The total effect upon some people was despair, for they knew that to the end of their days they could never be so well appointed, and upon others an itching desire to drop him into a horsepond; but he was always perfectly satisfied, both with himself and with the world. He had his own $r\hat{o}le$, and he was equal to it; he was Grandolphus—a tailor's block and a superior smile.

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His father had been my friend, and I had him still in affectionate remembrance, so I fell into the preposterous mistake of inviting Grandolphus to spend three days at our country quarters. It was an impulse of the heart which for the moment had escaped the guidance of reason, and I had repented bitterly—not because we were inhospitable, for the family was happier when every bed had an occupant, and the sofas had been utilised, but because we had a sense of fitness. Grandolphus was marked out to spend his autumn holiday in what is called a country seat, where a footman meets you at the railway station, and a butler, who ought to have been a bishop, lays out your clothes; not in a country cottage, where you take your morning bath in a neighbouring pool and your dinner at one o'clock. As the day drew near, the unspeakable figure of Grandolphus, flung into contrast with our surroundings, held our imagination. Had it not been for shame and ancient friendship, I would have written and set him free to visit people worthy to be his host. The sense of foolishness reached its depth when the train arrived at our modest station, and Grandolphus descended (that is the right word) from a first-class carriage. As we expected, he was dressed admirably, with tweeds and shirt and tie and soft hat and every other item for country life on a high level. carried the illustrated papers and a monthly, and handed his dressing-case to a porter. When he indicated that he had a portmanteau in the van, we knew that he had other suits in reserve, and that he expected to dress for dinner. A dog-cart with a groom was the least that should have been waiting. but I am bound to say he entered our ponytrap without complaint, and thoughtfully remarked that many people preferred ponies for country work. His conversation was entirely adapted to the circumstances and showed his care for detail. He asked if the birds were wild this year (I do not believe he could have shot a barndoor fowl), and what sort of fishing there was in the district (or cast a line to save his life). Still, he was very nice-nice was the kind of word for him when he was not too superior, and he declared openly at dinner that our cottage



"Grandolphus descended (that is the right word) from a first-class carriage."

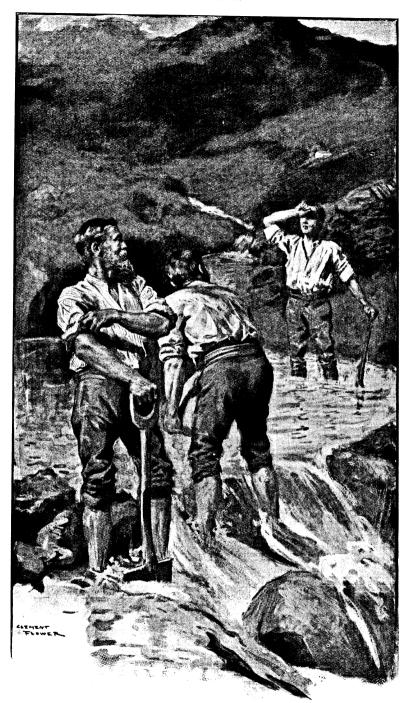
was the kind of house he liked. But when he asked about the scenery in the district, and took for granted that we drove every afternoon, possibly in a private stage-coach, it was time to tell the truth at any cost.

Only we shaded the light, lest it should be too strong for his sensitive nature.

"The fact is, Adolphus, we have been spending the last day or two up the Glen, where a somewhat interesting dam is being

constructed. If you don't mind, you might come up with us and see the work, and we shall take afternoon tea on the side of the hill." He was quite willing, and to do Grandolphus justice, he was always ready to fall in with any plan, or to suit himself so far as he could to anv environment. On the way up he discoursed on a visit he had once made to Mount Katrine. and briefly, as well very unintelligibly, explained the system on which Glasgow was supplied with water. We did our best lower the standard of expectation, but it did come as a shock upon him to discover that a man moving in moderately respectable circles with his family were constructing a dam of stones and turf across a Highland burn, and that this was the engineering work he had been brought to see. We were not at all There ashamed. are few occupations, in my humble judgment, more engrossing and repaying than to select a suitable place on a burn, and plan out a dam, and gather the huge stones for

the breakwater, and dig out the gravel for the basin, and puddle the sides with small stones and earth and heather, till at last you have a



"He announced that it was a heavier job than he thought, and that it must be done thoroughly."

pool of clear water showing the pebbles at the bottom, in which a full-grown man can bathe, and a waterfall breaking over the stones with a pleasant, rushing sound. When Grandolphus had recovered his surprise, he murmured his approval of our poor effort, and said nothing would please him better than to sit on the hillside and enjoy the mountain air while we toiled beneath. I was not, however, without hope of Grandolphus, for surely there must be somewhere in him the remains of a boy and the hope of a man. We soon forgot him as we toiled in shirt and trousers down below—and not very much trousers—some of us in the water, and some of us trailing the big stones down. But he was not indifferent to us, and the conversion of Grandolphus began.

First of all, for I love to think of the steps in this work of grace, he came nearer, to see what we were doing, and then he began to give advice. He pointed out that there was a bend in the burn which we might as well take in, and it would extend the pool and make a better fall. "Not a bad idea!" one of us shouted from the water, and we called him "Poole." And then he must needs come down to show with his stick the piece to be taken in. As a cane does not leave much mark on a burnside, he was obliged to get a spade and trace his plan, and having got the spade, he deepened his cutting into a trench. During this operation his cap fell off, and he forgot to put it on again. this time he was so keen upon his improvement that he felt it would be safer in his own hands, but if a man is to do thorough work at a dam, a coat is rather a hindrance. The next minute we were surprised to see Grandolphus in his shirt. By this time he was making the turf fly, and found his tie and collar irksome, so they also went. Rooting up a stone is bad for the cuffs of a shirt, and he judged it better to work with

"How are you getting along on your side?" shouted one of the navvies, as he added a heavy stone to the breakwater, and this time he called Grandolphus "George."

"Just beginning," said our guest, and proceeded to take off his boots and stockings; and when we saw him next, he was knee deep in the water, with his braces fastened round his waist. He announced that it was a heavier job than he thought, and that it must be done thoroughly. By and by a fellow-navvy asked him if he had any turf to spare. This time Grandolphus was called "Old Chap."

When the arrived, with the house-mother, a father and two sons, very slightly dressed and very hot, scrambled up beside her; but

when she inquired for Grandolphus, he was not to be found. Upon the opposite bank lay his natty cap, his tie of the latest fashion, his embroidered socks, his polished brown boots, also a tweed jacket of perfect cut, with a graceful stick. They were the remains of Grandolphus—all that we had to remind us of our guest. Instead of him came out of the water an austere toiler, his face red with spadework, his hair falling over his forehead, one black smudge just above his eyebrows and another on his cheek, where he had been wiping off the perspiration with the back of his hand, his shirt open at the throat and rolled up to his elbows, his legs bare to the knee and glowing with the rushing water.

"This way to the grub!" shouted one of his fellow-workmen. "And never mind about brushing your hair." And now they

were calling him "Dolph."

"It fairly gives you an appetite," he observed, drying his hands on his trousers, for his handkerchief was with the remains on the other side of the dam. "But we mustn't waste time, for there's lots to do." And Grandolphus explained between the eating his great idea for the enlargement of the dam.

Before leaving the field of operations he expressed his opinion, as a professional engineer and a contractor for waterworks combined, that there was a week's steady work before us before that dam could pass from our hands with credit, and he mourned aloud that he would not be at the opening. On the morning of his departure he persisted in giving some last touches to his side of the work, and ran the time so late that we all assisted in packing his clothes, most of which had never been used, and it is freely said that he settled some of them with his (This, I think, is an exaggeration, for the sacred traditions of the past do not vanish in a day.) He left in a third-class carriage, and we handed him his dressingcase through the window as the train was moving. He received it indifferently. last we saw of him was waving his cap out of the window, and the last we heard were instructions about banking up the turf on his side of the dam.

"What's the matter with Grandolphus?"

said one navvy on the way home.

"He's all right, is Grandolphus!" was the general response. But one of us wondered what would be the end of these things with Grandolphus.

When holiday-time was over and winter

was upon us, we bethought ourselves of Grandolphus. I asked him to dinner, and held out the lure that we would tell him how the dam had been completed and had stood the big water-spate which concluded summer-He answered promptly, and I seemed to find two men in his note, for he accepted the invitation if he might come without dressing, as he had some work to do that night, and he declared that above all things he wanted to hear good tidings of the dam. My fear that he might have fallen back into Grandolphus was dispelled the moment he entered the room, for though he was excellently dressed, the man was more than the There was a change come over him, as if he had found himself and had something else to do in life than think about the colour of a waistcoat. It was clear that he wished he had been with us when we watched the flood try our breakwater, and, failing to move it, pour over it with white foam and roar of angry water. From the dam he began to talk of other things, which we thought would have had no interest to him, and finally it oozed out that his engagement that evening was with a dozen poor lads in a down-town part of the city.

"Fact is," he said shyly, and with nothing of his former self-complacency, "our purson preached a ripping sermon just after I visited you and had that jolly time in the water. He said—and of course it's quite true, although I never thought of it before—that some fellows have an uncommonly good time—plenty of money, lots of fun; and other fellows have an uncommonly bad time—hardly any clothes and not much to eat. Then he went on that the first lot should help the second lot, and that if we did so, we would do a lot of good and have a better life ourselves. You don't mind me telling you about this?" he said nervously. "I

don't want to bore you."

"Go on, old man," said a brother-navvy;
"we want to hear the end of it. Anything to do with a new dam?"

"Rather think it has, do you know; but at any rate, that sermon touched me up, for I'm sure I've never helped any chap, and I've had a pretty good chance. Well, I called on the parson—I tell you, I'd rather have jumped into the bathing-pool, clothes and all—and I asked him if there was anything I could do. Of course, I explained that I wasn't a good fellow or anything of that sort, that I couldn't teach in the Sunday-school or speak about religion. In fact, I let him know quite plainly that I didn't

know much about anything, and that I hardly ever opened a book, and that I had been a slacker. But perhaps there might be some odd job I could take a hand in."

"Just as I thought, it's coming to dams.

Drive along, Dolph."

"He told me to meet him one evening in a back street, and he took me to a small house. There were five boys in a room, regular little scamps, as keen as mustard, and not a whole coat among them; and he said to the boys: 'This gentleman's going to be your captain, and he's going to help you to live the right way. He'll come down here once a week to meet you, and you are always to be here when he comes, and that's all I've got to say.' And if he didn't go and leave us in the room together!"

"Tightest place you were ever in, George,"

I said. "What happened?"

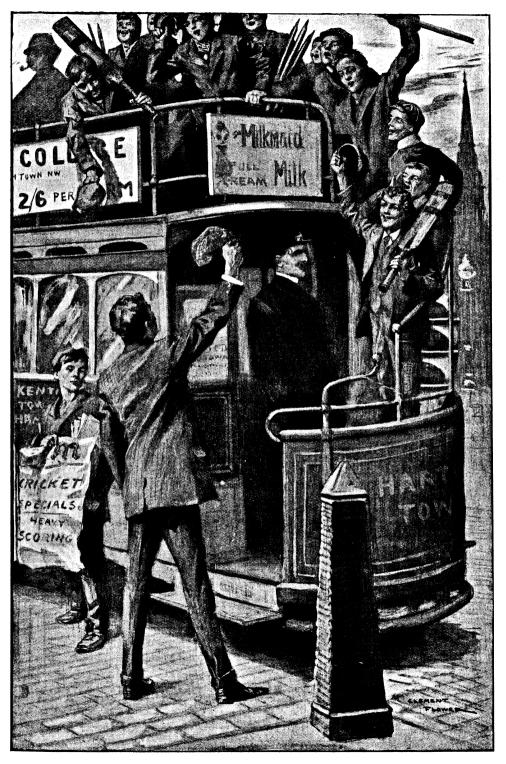
"Well, you see, to do the parson justice, he had given me a hint that I was going to have some boys, so I scraped up all the illustrated papers and magazines that were lying about my room—a jolly big bundle, too, you bet !--and I dumped them down on the table. The chaps looked a bit shy at me, however, and so I tried a dodge with them just to break the ice. The only thing I can do at all decently is conjuring, so I offered to show them one or two tricks, and there was no more need of introducing. you know," said Grandolphus solemnly, "we did tricks for two hours on end, and there wasn't time to look at the papers. asked me what night I would be back; and, whether you believe me or not, they were there solid, and four new chaps.'

"Good man!" struck in a dam-builder.

"How's the show running?"

"First rate," and Grandolphus by this time had thrown off his self-consciousness and had forgotten that he was a philan-"We've got a regular readingroom of magazines and papers, and a fellow gave me a bagatelle-table; and you fellows may laugh, but the chaps wanted to learn something, and they've been having lessons in reading and writing and arithmetic. And you would be fairly astonished if you saw how they wash and clean themselves. Some of them have started on regular work now and are hauling in the cash. But I'm afraid that I've been gassing, and it's time I were off, for we've a match on to-night." Grandolphus departed with a chorus of goodwill from his colleagues on the engineering

As I was coming back to the city one



"I knew that Grandolphus had put away childish things and become a man."

evening in the following summer-time the train stopped at a country station, and I heard a racket on the platform. It was a dozen working lads of the poorest class who had been spending a day in the open air and were returning home in high feather. They were poorly dressed, but clean, well set up, hearty, self-respecting chaps. In the midst of them was old Grandolphus, and I recognised upon his suit of worn tweeds certain ineffaceable marks of his engineering achievements. It was the captain and his gang, and he was as much at ease with them as he had been in the water.

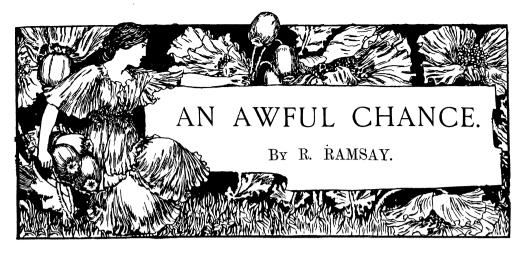
"Look here," he cried, "have you got the wickets and the bats all right?"—for they had been playing cricket. "And I say, where's the purser with the tickets?" and a lame lad hobbled up and declared he had the tickets safe and no mistake.

"Must keep an eye on you, Joe, or else we don't get back," and so he helped the purser in first, then the other fellows tumbled into the carriage, and there seemed a nickname for each of them. As he got in last, and told the guard that the train might go now, for the "Gaiety" was ready, I thought of the day when Grandolphus landed with his dressing-case, and confirmed my faith in the miraculous.

When we arrived at the terminus, I kept out of sight, and stalked the "Gaiety," who had been singing in the train with immense spirit, to a street car. They mounted to the top, trailing up the purser with them, for, as the captain reminded them, he had the money to pay the fares. The captain stood below and bade them "Good-bye," and they gave him a cheer from the top, waving bats, wickets, and caps.

"Jolliest day I ever had, boys! Keep your eye on the purser!" And as Grandolphus stood there, forgetful of everybody except his lads, I knew that Grandolphus had put away childish things and become a man.





A ND she was to marry Lane!

The light was dim in the surgery, and there was a twinkle of bottles along the shelves. The sun's last redness was glittering in the glass and the queer little crystals that meant a man's life or death. There was a great stillness in the place, as always at the fall of dusk, but it was not altogether deserted. It was tenanted by a solitary, idle figure.

Dr. Saulez was leaning against the wall like a man struck suddenly in the face. There was no mirth in the smile that twisted

his bitter mouth.

Lane had just been in. He had flung into the surgery in his riding things—all mud and high spirits—the cheery young doctor that patients liked; and he had grasped his partner's hands and asked him to wish him joy. The sun had been already sinking. It had gilded the lover's face, shining in his eyes till he could not see the eyes of the other man. Dr. Saulez had listened, with his back to the red west, dumb.

So she was to marry Lane!

He was alone again, alone in the gathering darkness. He could stand there and laugh.

It was vain, then, that worshipping love of his that had chained him to the little town as Dr. Lane's undistinguished partner. A cramped life—wide enough for Lane, but hardly so for the man whose many ambitions had been strangely narrowed into the one passion that kept him there. Leaning against the wall, Dr. Saulez let his mind wander backwards. He had run across Lane in Africa, he searching for strange drugs among the savages, Lane acting as surgeon to an exploring party, half for the money

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and half for fun. Lane had saved the other man—then a stranger—at some risk, from imminent death, and a thing like that makes men friendly. Later, Saulez had drifted back to England, and in the same way drifted into the country. Lane had just settled uncomplainingly into his father's practice as a country doctor. He was young and clever, and his hands were fuller than the old man's had been. He asked Saulez to stay with him as his partner.

Saulez had laughed. But between his

laugh and his answer he saw Nell.

Angrily, unbelievingly, he had cursed himself for a fool; but he knew that he could not go.

Perhaps it was hardly marvellous that he, with half a life behind him and a weary knowledge of many things, should find it all fail him at the sight of a girl. It is the luck of many a man who plays with hearts carelessly by the way—and suffers for it at last.

Lane? He had never feared Lane, at least. It was not at Lane's look that her cheek would colour and her eyes would fall. At his call her breath came no faster; she would link her arm in his, running in and out of the house that was almost as familiar as her own home, half a mile away; she would scold and lecture him unembarrassed, with the careless wrath of a cousin. And she was to marry him!

His smile slipped away in the darkness, leaving a terrible, black, tiger look in his eyes. Almost unconsciously his hand closed over something lying near, tightening in its grip as if it were choking a man. His

knuckles gleamed in the dark.

"Doctor! Doctor!"

He knew the shrill call. It was Lane's aunt who kept house for him and had Nell

to visit her now and then. Her skirts were rustling up the little uncovered yard. The doctor unclosed his hand and leaned back carelessly with folded arms. His smile was mechanically returning. There are men who smile always when they have a thing to hide.

"Oh, doctor! have you heard? Nell and

-Jack!"

Her voice was full of utter astonishment, and she was peering at her boy's chum and partner to find his views. His inscrutable ways were a continual fascination to her—an elderly maid of a fanciful turn of mind.

"A strange face," she would say—she was apt to think aloud. "You can tell by his mouth that he's got a vile temper, and would very likely murder you if he wanted to; and yet you like to look at him and guess what's behind his dreadful, hard, blue eyes."

"My friend," said the doctor, "is a lucky

man."

He had turned on the light and was standing near it, indifferently twisting the ends of his red moustache and looking a little bored.

"Yes," said the aunt, "but I think she is a little frivolous, and it's a pity she wears

a fringe."

"Perhaps."

"But she's a dear girl"—remorsefully—
"only I am so amazed. I should have thought Jack was the very last! Indeed, I was nearly sure it was you. Don't laugh at me."

"I will not laugh," he said.

* * * * *

The wedding-day was fixed. Miss Lane made the house almost uninhabitable by an awful variety of spring cleaning. and tables were planted all over the passages, causing great danger to life and limb. was putting the house in order for its young mistress, and had to upset the old order first. Already the place was crowded with an odd litter of wedding-presents, queer gifts from the doctor's patients. They did not see much of him now—he was never to be caught. He was either away at sales, buying wonderful furniture that could not be put anywhere in the house, or else riding over to visit Nell and distract her from her trousseau. It was Dr. Saulez who did all the work. Patients might miss the younger doctor's kind face and mutter at the other's stern handling, but the long drives suited him just then. He sat in the gig with his arms folded, staring with hard, blue eyes at the miles and miles of moorland, and looking as impassible as an image.

"I'm the man-of-all-work just now," he said, after one long round, and he smiled half-reproachfully at Nell. His fagged look made her feel remorseful. She turned to Jack.

"You lazy boy!" she said. "Go and take your turn. Dr. Saulez shall rest, and

you shall go and see that old woman."

Lane rose up reluctantly. He was not apt to shirk his fair share, but lately—— Nell shook her head at him and laughed.

"Come, doctor," she said. "You take his

chair."

Lane disappeared, with an unwilling pretence of haste, and a little silence fell over them. Nell was gazing into the fire. Perhaps she had sent away her lover half in a joke, and was now almost angry with the

man who had let him go.

It was Sunday evening. Miss Lane was at the window, watching the figures in the street hurrying down to church. She saw a face she knew, and hurried down to the street door to speak. Then she went to the kitchen, and they heard a door bang behind her. The bells were ringing distantly, with a disturbing clash in the dusk.

The doctor's voice broke the pause abruptly,

but so quietly that Nell did not start.

"A man's life is a strange thing," he said
—"a strange and a hidden thing."

The girl rested her chin on her little fists—a way she had—and gazed wistfully at the fire.

"Ah!" she said, "one would like to learn it."

Was it an involuntary aspiration, or only an idle answer? Dr. Saulez leaned forward and spoke more gently. His tone was sweet and serious, touched with pity.

"It is better not."

" Why?"

"I was thinking," he said softly, "of a man I knew in Africa. (It was in Africa that I first saw Lane—you remember?) This man lived a life that was not mine; there were items in it that I thought must add up against him another day. The man came home. . . . I ran up against him one day, and learnt he was going to marry a girl who had waited for him—had waited all that time; but the items had not been in his letters."

He could not tell if she were making any application of his words. Her chin tilted a little higher.

"If I'm silent," he said, "is it fair to the

girl?"

Nell looked at him suddenly—just a quick



"'If I'm silent, is it fair to the girl?'"

glance over her shoulder; he could not catch its meaning.

"If you tell," she said, "how that gir!

will hate you!"

There was a pause. He had to gather his faculties, watching her like a cat, and all the while fighting the hidden passion that unhinged him and spoilt the cold cleverness in which he had hitherto put his trust. He bent towards her till his moustache almost brushed her hair, and his voice was insinuatingly tender. The firelight was red in that dark brown hair, and there was a smile like a fire-flicker on her lip.

"For her sake I would risk that," he said.
The girl laughed. He did not hear
disdain in her laugh, only a kind of bravery.

"She will not believe you."

"But if she must?"

"There is no must," said Nell. doctor! you are very ignorant, after all your travels. I'll tell you—if the girl did not care, perhaps; but there are only two ways of caring, and all the rest is just vanity. You can hurt pride, you can kill vanity, but you can't hurt love. Either the girl cares for the man because she thinks him the noblest man she has ever known and trusts him utterly—and then she will believe him against the world—or she loves him just because she loves him, because it's her luck or her ill-fortune, and she cannot change. Then she would not care if he were a murderer even, she would love him to the What good would it do if you went to She would that girl and—said things? either tell you it was a lie, or she would say that she loved him and she did not care."

Her voice was a little too earnest to suit a jest. The man listened fiercely—impotently—in silence. Then he attempted a laugh that might banish the haunting earnest.

"Which definition," he asked carelessly— "which definition belongs to you and my friend?"

Nell lifted her little, proud, shining face. "Ah! both," she said.

And he knew that it was in vain.

II.

Jack Lane had come in tired, but he had no idea of resting; a great package had come in straw from the station, and it must be unpacked.

"What is it? Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried his aunt, in terror of some preposterous white elephant of a thing. It turned out, however, to be simply a huge frilled and cushioned chair, and Lane installed it

triumphantly in his study, a sign that Nell would soon favour that study by sitting in it. Then he backed rapidly to the door.

"How does it look?" he asked.

It looked very gay and unbusinesslike, a queer object among the religiously undusted books and the armchairs in worn red leather, perhaps rather out of place.

"Unprofessional," said his aunt.

"I don't care," said Lane. "I can imagine my little girl sitting there. Little thing, she will be half hidden in it; but I'll catch a glimpse of her hair above the cushions when I come in. Saulez!"

"Yes?" said the other doctor coldly.
"Wasn't I clever about the colours?"

Later, Miss Lane found her nephew lying back in that chair, his arms hanging wearily over the sides, his head leaning back on the cushions. His smile, as he glanced up, was a little wan.

"I—I—I don't feel quite the thing," he explained, with a lame attempt at laughter, and that was all the warning they had. It was typhoid.

Nell rushed up in the morning, terrified,

white with fear.

"He has not been taking care of himself," she said, sobbing. "We were too happy to think; but you might have taken care of him, Dr. Saulez—you were his friend. Why did you let him go to those horrible cottages? It was unkind and cruel——"She stopped, conscience-stricken, and laid her hand beseechingly on his arm.

"Don't be angry with me," she said. "I don't know what I'm saying, and you're his friend. I know you would do anything for

him."

"Surely," he answered. The little shaking hands on his arm thrilled him in every pulse, but his voice was quiet and his

manner was stiffly kind.

"We'll soon have him all right again," said Dr. Ransom, the old-fashioned G.P. who divided the town with them. Nell looked him quickly in the face and then disappeared. As the door shut—

"Ît's a serious business," said the old

doctor grimly.

Dr. Saulez was looking straight before him, his eyes still full of the girl's face.

"Danger?" he said briefly.

"Why, man, you know it as well as I do. Wire for a nurse, will you? That aunt of his is no good whatever. I'll look in again later."

"Danger?" repeated Dr. Saulez hoarsely.

It was a time for action. Upstairs Miss Lane was weeping hysterically, crying that Jack would die, and all the wedding things would be wasted. He must go and hush her and wire for a nurse, and then see a roomful of waiting patients; there were a hundred things he must do. But he did nothing. He only stood staring, immovable, at the rainy pavement in the street below.

"Doctor."

It was Nell—or was it a stranger?—this grave little figure that was beside him. Her

"I've sometimes thought," she said, "that you did not like me. Oh! I know I'm not half good enough for him; and you, his friend, must think it. When you did not seem like a friend to me, I've forgiven you—always, believing that. But—but—oh! let us be friends and save him, you and I."

The half sad, all wistful speech was almost

more than the man could stand.

"I've thought you did not like me." He could hardly keep back a passionate assurance that she was wrong.



"'And I said-I'd drink it."

face was terribly sweet—so near, so eager, so full of determination.

"Doctor," she said, "I've come to nurse him."

He started.

"It's my right," she repeated. "I'm to be his wife, and am I to sit quietly while another woman watches him, my poor boy? I should go mad. Training? Oh! when will people learn that nothing is worth love? But I've had that; I could nurse him like a machine. And I've been to fetch my things. I've come to him, and you can't shut me out."

Then she looked at him wistfully.

"You and I," he repeated, and turned away just in time.

Days had passed.

Dr. Ransom had just been in, and they were waiting for his verdict, Miss Lane with a handkerchief stuffed into her mouth to stop all exclamation, Nell with the sick-room door shut behind her. She was wan with the nights of watching, and she breathed fast, as if in a question, but could not speak. Dr. Ransom looked down at her kindly. She had been very brave; a plucky little soul for a doctor's wife.

"Oh, he'll do, he'll do!" he said cheerily.
"We are on the right road now, eh,
Saulez?"

The other doctor did not answer immediately. His face was curiously impassive.

"There might be complications," he said at last.

"Complications? Nonsense," said Dr. Ransom. "You young fellows don't half understand a straightforward case. If he doesn't take a turn for the worse—possible, but unlikely—he will soon be about again."

The girl's glad eyes travelled across to the other man, and she was petrified by his look. Was he still afraid? But as she looked, a smile altered his stony face, and her terror

vanished.

"Give him a little chloral to-night," Dr. Ransom was saying. "He must sleep. I don't think I need look in again till the morning."

"All right," said Dr. Saulez almost gaily. He saw the other doctor out into the street

and then went alone to the surgery.

It was quite dark. He stumbled along the narrow passage, across the little deserted yard, and then made his way in and lit the gas. Afterwards he laid his hand mechanically on the stopper of a glass jar and lifted the jar off the shelf.

Lane was going to recover. Ah! but how

if he were to die?

It was not the first time that thought had thrust itself upon him. He had faced it more than once, and each time it was more familiar, less like an ugly thing. In these last days it had been so likely that he had dared to feel almost sure of it; he had imagined the girl's grief, wild, tearful, but hardly lasting; he had put himself in the post of comforter, and, later, triumphant supplanter of the dead. And now, at the threat of Lane's recovery, he felt strangely cheated.

What had she said, once? "If he were a murderer, even, she would not care; she would love him to the last." A murderer? If he could be loved like that!

He smiled and folded his arms in an awful

meditation.

At last he moved. The gas was still flaring irregularly, and its weird light made a vivid break in the darkness; queer lights and shadows in the huddled untidiness of the surgery. A death-watch was ticking in the wall. With careful fingers the doctor was beginning to mix the patient's draught, and there was a slow drip, drip of a liquid into a glass.

At last he reached up for the chloral—little bitter crystals with the gift of sleep. Results can be attained by a very little, and in a case of typhoid—but the lip of the jar slipped and shook them all too quickly into the glass. Involuntarily he jerked it back. There was enough in it now to make a fatal quantity for a strong man, and that was an accident. Instinct had arrested him there, but he smiled slightly at himself. It was a waste, but it did not matter.

He lifted the glass and left the surgery

with it, carrying it with care.

Lane's room was behind a dressing-room on the upper landing. Dr. Saulez came up with the glass in his hand and passed through into the patient's room. He lay there, wan, invincible, with the girl's hand held tight in his. She looked up.

"It's the draught?" she said.

"Yes," answered Dr. Saulez. His voice was a little hoarse, but he bent over his friend with professional gravity. "You must drink it now," he said.

Lane looked him suddenly in the eyes; there was something singular in his expression.

"What is it?" The weak voice had an odd ring of distrust.

"Drink it," said Dr. Saulez. There was a queer finality in his tone.

But Lane turned his head away as sharply

as his strength would allow.

"I won't drink it now," he said. His eyes glittered as if with a strange flash of understanding, perhaps simply a half-delirious whim. Nell, surprised, took the glass from the doctor's outstretched hand.

"All right, Jack," she whispered soothingly. "Afterwards." She was kneeling beside him, smoothing his hair with her other hand, and she turned her head, nodding confidentially over the pillow to Dr. Saulez. "I will see that he drinks it," she said.

There was no falter in the hard, blue eyes, no pity for an unutterable tragedy very near. He bowed slightly, leaving her with the glass in her hand. She heard him go down the stairs, and a minute later the house door shut behind him.

* * * * * * *
It was very dark That end of the str

It was very dark. That end of the street was lit by the red lamp swinging, making the shadows round all the blacker. Dr. Saulez let himself in, and his latch-key turned quietly in the door. He had been round the town visiting one or two late cases.



As he stood in the hall, taking off his overcoat, he heard a slight sound upstairs, and he looked at his watch and then remained motionless, listening. The silence was so intense it seemed as if nothing but a shriek must break it; but all that reached him was a low call—

"Doctor."

He hung up his coat deliberately and walked upstairs.

Nell was waiting for him on the upper landing. She had heard him come and had run out to call him. With one hand she was clutching at the banisters; in the other she held, as if mechanically, an empty glass. His eyes travelled quickly from that to her face. It was looking a little strange.

"Hush!" she said quickly; "don't let him hear us. Oh, doctor! I have been so frightened!"

She looked at him piteously and went on, with a kind of gasp—

"I'm afraid he is delirious again. He has been saying such awful things—saying that you wanted to murder him, that he saw it in your eyes!"

His impassive face unbent in a smile, tolerant, a little con-

temptuous.

"Sick people have strange fancies," he said. "We must humour and forgive them. He has had his draught?"

She gave a queer little laugh, and he saw that she was leaning against the wall, leaning hard.

"I tried to calm him," she said; "but he said you were trying to poison him!"

"Did he?" repeated Dr. Saulez, and laughed with her, idly twisting the ends of his red moustache.

"And — and — oh, doctor! I said that it was ridiculous, and

that you were his friend. But he was getting so feverish, he had to be quieted; and so I thought if I——"

"Yes?" said the doctor as she paused. She lifted her face to his, and the light glittered on the empty glass in her hand.

"I said I'd trust you with my life," she said; "and I said—I'd drink it."

There was an awful pause.

He was staring at her with a wild horror in the dreadful blue eyes that had always been cold and hard. Her face was strangely haggard, her eyes dilated; he saw it now, and he knew. With a terrible cry he sprang towards her.

" Nell!"

She shrank from him in a quick panic of

understanding.

"Don't touch me!" she gasped, and rushed into the dressing-room, dashing the door shut. He flung himself against it.

"Wait! listen! For Heaven's sake, Nell, let me in!" he shouted recklessly.

door was locked.

"Let me in! let me in! For your life's sake, oh, my darling, forgive me and let me in!"

But there was no answer.

It was an awful minute. Dr. Sauiez hurled himself at the door, wildly imploring the girl to open, and straining to burst it in: but the door held fast.

Suddenly he stopped in his frantic efforts and put his ear to the door. Inside there was a dreadful hush. He turned and rushed down the stair like a man demented.

A wild ringing of the night-bell wakened Dr. Ransom. He put his head out of the window, startled.

"What is wrong? Where?" he asked.

"Come, for Heaven's sake!" shouted a voice he failed to recognise.

Plainly the case was urgent. He hurried into his clothes and opened the street door warily, peering into the dark. A man clutched him by the arm, but he did not even then know the haggard face.

"Lane's—life and death!" gasped the man.
"How? Is he worse?" exclaimed the

old doctor, walking fast.

"He? It is she. Hurry. If it's too late----! "

"What is it?"

"Poison."

"Absurd!" Dr. Ransom said, stopping short; but the other man gripped his arm and dragged him on till the old doctor could hardly keep up with his frantic strides.

They reached the house, its scared household already running up and down, bewildered. Dr. Saulez paused at the bottom of the stairs, and in the lamplight the other doctor knew him, although his whole face

was altered.

"Stop!" he muttered, and dashed across to the surgery, with its gas still lit, all in it as he had left it. "You will want this—and this. It was the chloral in Lane's draught. Enough to kill a man. And she-drank it."

"In Lane's draught?"

Dr. Saulez lifted his haggard eyes.

"Go to her," he said. "Is it a time to ask? She has locked herself in—with Death. And I shall have killed her—I shall have murdered her—I who loved her more than my soul. She was defending me, she believed in me. She said: 'I'd trust him with my life,' and she has given her life - Good Heavens!"

Dr. Ransom climbed that stair in leaps, like a cat. He called to the girl in a smothered shout of alarm, shaking the fatal door. At his familiar voice it was unlocked, and he hurried in.

The door of the inner room was shut; and beyond, Lane's voice could be heard faintly, asking what was the matter. Nell's face was as white as a ghost's, but her eyes were steady. She clung to Dr. Ransom in an agony of relief.

"What is all this?" he asked.

Saulez out of his mind altogether?"

"He tried to poison Jack," the girl said, with a shudder, "and I-and I--"

"My goodness!" cried the doctor, "then it's true? We must lose no time. <u>—!"</u> Heavens, child—

But she caught his hands tightly in her own shaking fingers. Her courage was near its end; with its last desperate flicker she lifted her eyes and laughed.

"I was going to drink it," she said, "and

my hand shook and I spilt it all."

Then she dropped her head on his arm in a passionate fit of sobbing.

Dr. Lane and his wife talk of that now as if it might have been half imagination; for pain does not last, and terror can be forgotten, and all things grow dim and distant. . . . But no one knows where Dr. Saulez

went that night.





"He beheld three forms lying on the soft carpet of the forest."

THE WAY OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY ARTHUR HEMING.

Early in the summer of 1904, Mr. Arthur Heming was commissioned to explore the wilderness of Northern Canada, and determine the present condition of the great fur trade of this little-known quarter of the globe, ascertain the methods employed by the Indian trappers and hunters, and bring back to civilisation a true picture of the country and its peoples. How well Mr. Heming has accomplished his task may best be appreciated by a perusal of the story he tells, and by an examination of the drawings he has made for reproduction in these pages. The first of these remarkable narratives by Mr. Heming, herewith presented, has not only an unusual interest, but a decided artistic and ethnological value. According to Mr. Heming, the most picturesque types of Canadian wild life of the present day are the Indians of "The Strong Wood Country." Of the several branches, or bands, of red men, the Saulteaux—an offshoot of the Ojibway tribe—are the acknowledged leaders in the fur-hunting industry. The Saulteaux live not only in a very beautiful country, but in one of the richest fur districts in Canada. This tribe has been chosen by Mr. Heming as the most generally interesting company of trappers and hunters, and the best to describe in his series of papers. And, it may briefly be stated, Mr. Heming has travelled over 10,000 miles of untracked forest land, and made fourteen trips into the wilderness, to secure the material for the narratives which are now begun in this magazine.

O-KOO-HOO, the Owl, was in the act of skinning a moose, when he heard a sudden snort behind him. He turned quickly, with a little, snake-like writhe of the body. Ten yards away he saw the rising form of a grizzly bear. It paused for a second, with its huge bulk towering above the bushes, while the startled hunter thought of his lack of caution in not reloading his gun when he had killed the deer now under his knife. But his luck was even worse than his folly, for the gun stood against a tree well behind the bear.

The great beast paused for an instant, then dropped on all-fours and made for the man.

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The Owl clinched his knife and stood his ground, while not in an unkind tone he said, after the manner of his folk: "Ah, my brother, so you think you have me now. Well, wait a little, and we shall soon know who Ke-che-mun-e-do (The Master of Life) is calling!" Then, as the monster rose above him, the hunter lunged with all his might, striving to bury his knife in the heart of the beast. The blow was struck aside, and a desperate struggle began.

The hunter's little son, Min-gin-e-ca-po (Standing Wolf), having heard the report of his father's gun when the moose fell, came creeping down a shadowy isle of the vaulted woods. With a cry, half in terror, half in horror, he beheld three forms lying on the

soft carpet of the forest. There stretched the carcasses of a moose and a bear, and between them lay the prostrate figure of his father.

The hunter lived only long enough to tell of the struggle. The child, with his arms about his dying father's neck, cried piteously; then, as he raised his shapely, boyish head to listen to the hunter's last word, the spirit of manhood crept into his youthful body. Tenderly holding the mangled hands, he called upon Ke-chemun-e-do to witness his vow. He would trail every grizzly

"Standing Wolf would sit by the hour and watch the bear."

whose track he should ever after find; to avenge his father's death he would either kill or be killed.

Ever after that Standing Wolf had little fear of death; for, as he has often said, whenever he found a grizzly trail, he always heard the spirit of his father calling to him.

Standing Wolf was a Saulteau. Saulteaux are the greatest fur-hunters in Canada. They are a branch of Ojibways. The Ojibways are the most important and numerous tribe of the formerly great Algic or Algonquin family. They were called Saulteaux by the early French fur-traders, who came upon them at Sault Ste. Marie.

This name is still applied to those Oiibways, of late years separated from the main body of their people in the neighbourhood of Lake Superior and the Lake-of-the-Woods, who have migrated to the North-west, in some instances going as far west as the Rocky Mountains, and as far north as the Mackenzie The Saulteaux are the most intelligent, the most provident, the most stalwart, the most cleanly and the bravest of all the tribes in North-western Canada. They have travelled farther and adapted themselves more readily to strange places, assimilating more liberally with strange people than have any other Indians-excepting the Iroquois. The Saulteaux are equally resourceful, whether living on the Plains, the Barren Grounds, the Mountains, in the "Strong Wood Country," or about the Big Lakes. Their thoughts and habits are more elevated than those of other tribes. Among them are many noted conjurers and medicine-men, and they have a greater knowledge of primitive surgery and of healing and toxic herbs. Their language is full, expressive, idiomatic, musical, and poetical. Their oratory is studied and their harangues vigorous, eloquent, and picturesque Their actions are measured, stately, and dig-They are slow to speak, quick to act. Never do they forget an insult or an injury;

seldom do they let it pass unrevenged. It was as an avenger that for many years little Standing Wolf unrelentingly hunted the grizzly among the hills where his father had met his death. The grizzly bear is not a great traveller; for years he tenants the same familiar cave or lodges beneath the same shelving rock and quarters the same neighbouring He seldom wanders far, unless driven into exile by an empty pantry.

During the fulfilment of his vow the young Standing Wolf supported his widowed mother by selling grizzly skins.

When he was but fifteen, he traded at Hudson's Hope in one year no less than five small and twelve large grizzly skins. To the trader who asked him how he got so many, he said: "Mother helped me. Some we caught in traps, others in snares; but most we killed either with father's gun or with his 'dag.'" It was upon the "dag" that little Standing Wolf counted most. Unlike the gun—an old, single-barrelled flint-lock affair—his "dag" never missed fire.

A dag is a steel spearhead, with a blade nine inches long by four in width, fastened to a stout staff about six feet in length. To-day the dag has been set aside only by the Indian grizzly bear hunters possessing modern rifles. Yet even at the present time there is no firearm more useful to the Indian hunters and trappers than the old muzzle-loading, percussion-capped trade guns. Not only are they more generally used in the Canadian wilderness, but more game is killed by them than by all other arms combined. When a hunter makes a long journey through the wilderness on foot, and is dependent for his food upon what he shoots, there is no more useful arm than the same old muzzle-loader, owing both to lightness of its ammunition and the variety of charges that may be used.

Canadian fur-hunters, unlike those of the United States, are, almost all, either Indians or Half-breeds.

There is no subject upon which Indian hunters are better informed than upon the habits of wild animals, and over their campfires there is no topic more frequently discussed. When an Indian is killed by an animal, it is not through ignorance of the habits of the game he hunts, but it is invariably from carelessness born of long familiarity with his quarry. So what seems to the layman reckless bravery upon the part of the Indian hunter, is largely the outcome of a keen knowledge of how his quarry will act under various circumstances.

Even as a boy Standing Wolf had a remarkable knowledge of the ways of bears. He had learned not only from his father and mother and from the many skilful hunters he came in contact with, but also from his own experience. Sometimes when he was hunting alone (for he was often unaccompanied by his mother) he would discover on the mountains a grizzly bear sitting upon a projecting rocky ledge, gazing, for an hour at a time, down into the valley far below. At first he thought the bear was bewitched with the scenery; afterwards he came to the conclusion that it was only watching for game. For, if Standing Wolf's vantage-ground was good, he too would sit there by the hour and watch the bear. Thus he discovered that when anything living was descried below, the bear would make its way down the mountainside in pursuit—whether it was a moose or a mouse. Once Standing Wolf followed the trail of a grizzly that had dragged a moose over the roughest kind of ground, even over fallen timber, for a distance of two long miles. The bear had taken the deer by the neck and twisted the carcass over his back, that he might the more easily half drag and half carry it to his lair, where his young were whimpering. For the male grizzly, like the female, will carry food to the cubs, and will even take turns with his mate as guardian and protector of the den.



"With a snort of rage the shaggy form made towards the hunter."

When the kill has been a bountiful one, the grizzly will gorge himself so that for several days he may have to lie up to sleep off the effects of his gluttony. When flesh is not to be had, he does a little fishing, but at this he is not half so clever as his more agile cousin the black bear. Frequently he is compelled to live upon a vegetarian diet.

From following grizzly tracks, Standing Wolf learned that the huge beast is a most persistent hunter, rarely trailing his quarry in vain, even though other tracks may cross the one he sets out to follow. Though not so keen of sight as other species of bears, in sense of smell and hearing he is in no other way inferior. The boy learned, too, of the grizzly's enormous strength from the great masses of rock that he had torn aside as though to frighten his adversary by the signs of his incontestable power. But it was during the rutting season that young Standing Wolf studied the grizzlies with the greatest interest, for it was then that he heard the discordant clangour of their challenges resounding among the hills. Once he witnessed a terrible battle between two

full-grown grizzlies; and, after the turmoil had ceased, saw the victor eat part of the flesh from the carcass of the vanquished.

Early one frosty October morning, when the little Nimrod was sitting in a crevice of the mountain's side, basking in the sun, he espied away down in the valley three From the former trailing he had done, he knew them to be a great male with two females as his mates. As the boy watched them he saw that they went off in different directions, one ascending the face of the opposite mountain, while the other two worked their way around either side of its base before commencing the ascent. he watched them he noticed that while the bear that was climbing up the mountain's face took things leisurely, the other two were going much faster, and that they were heading up towards the back of the moun-The lad, wondering what the bears were about, began to scan the mountain, and discovered a band of big-horn sheep feeding on the mountain's front very near the top. Standing Wolf felt sure that something of interest was about to happen, so he watched the bears and the sheep attentively. a while when the lower bear, the only one now in view, had climbed to a point which revealed him to the sheep, they became restless and began to ascend rapidly. Whenever the bear was seen to quicken his pace, the big-horns would at once quicken theirs. Up, up, up the rugged precipice they scurried, and ever faster followed the bear. After an exhausting ascent of the steepest cliff on the mountain's side, the band gained the top and for a second rested. Then, as two great forms rushed out among them, confusion seized the herd, and they dashed away in all directions, many leaping panic-stricken over the precipice. A moment later, after having killed the couple they had seized, the two grizzly bears that had ascended the back of the mountain waddled forward to the edge of the cliff, and stared down at their accomplice feasting upon a sheep that had been mangled upon the crags below.

Whenever he hunted grizzly bears, Standing Wolf took the greatest care about cleaning and loading his old flint-lock, even using a cotton patch about the bullet that it might fit the tighter. For his bullets he used to buy from the trader pewter spoons to melt up with lead and so increase the penetrative power. For without the addition of harder metal, the lead balls often flattened.

It is the custom for two or three Indians to go together when they hunt grizzly bears,

but Standing Wolf seldom had anyone except his mother for his hunting partner, and often he went alone. He knew that when a grizzly turned to attack him, it would always rise before striking. This gave him the opportunity to use his dag. The moment the bear rose upon its haunches the lad would drop upon his knee, plant the butt of the dag into the ground under his left foot, slanting the spear obliquely towards the heart of the bear. Then he would throw himself back as far as possible without letting go of the dag. In his impetuosity the bear would heedlessly drop upon what seemed to be a harmless stick, and, by his own weight, would drive the blade between his ribs. Standing Wolf then would leap aside, and either try to hamstring the bear or stand ready to shoot it.

For years Standing Wolf relentlessly worked out his plighted revenge upon grizzly bears, and to further hasten his work of extermination procured a double-barrel muzzle-loading percussion gun. Grizzly after grizzly he slew, until three, and only three of them remained.

Standing Wolf had now reached manhood. His hunting career had already won him much fame, but though he had tried to the utmost his endurance and skill, he had failed time and again to kill the last three bears. Of the trio, the one he hunted most was the same gigantic male he had seen stampeding mountain-sheep. It had years of cunning to its score. Often had the hunter seen it; several times he had wounded it, but it had always got away at the last. Sometimes he lost sight of it for several months; and then suddenly he would come unexpectedly upon There was no mistaking its tracks for those of any other bear, because it had lost a toe, in the jaws of a trap, from its off hind-He could, too, easily recognise the brute when he saw it, as it had lost an ear. Off and on for several years he had hunted War-sa-ka-chark, "The Mischief-Maker," as he called the great bear. Time and again he had moved his camp, hoping more easily to trail and kill the giant grizzly. It had evaded him so often and for such long periods that, had it not been for an occasional sign, the hunter would have believed that the brute had either died or left the country. But no matter how long it took, Standing Wolf was fully resolved to fulfil his vow. He would either kill this grizzly or be killed by it. The other two bears were females, and were the wives of "The Mischief-Maker."

So it happened on an early sunny November afternoon, when Standing Wolf was



"Down he went, fifty feet or more, before the stout steel blade found resistance enough to check his fall."

riding through the tall grass in that parklike country, the Iroquois Valley, a region known as the "Hunters' Paradise," running like a waving narrow ribbon through the eastern foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains from the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Arctic Ocean, he discerned in the middle distance the three grizzly bears eating berries upon a hillside. Swinging his left leg over his cayuse's rump (for the Canadian Indian invariably dismounts on the off-side), he dropped to the ground and threw the rein forward over the pony's head that the line might drag upon the ground, since from a dangling rein a cavuse derives the same state of servitude as does an Eastern horse from a Dropping his muzzle-loader into the hollow of his left arm, he cautiously went forward, zigzagging from one boulder, bush or tree to another, all the while keeping well to leeward. Presently coming to the last screen, he watched the animals through the rustling branches, and decided to creep amid the long, waving, dry grass to make good his approach. He covered two-thirds of the distance so stealthily that the bears neither saw nor heard him. But as he arose to cross a little brook, the nearest bear noticed him and sat bolt upright. Instantly the hunter stood motionless. A moment later, assuming that the man was perhaps only the stump of a storm-shattered tree, the bear went on contentedly eating among the berry The hunter watched the animals so intently while he was creeping through the grass that he failed to observe that, by the loosening of a thong, he had dropped and left unnoticed on the trail his powder-horn. Knowing well that he must guard against the bear's keen sense of scent and hearing, rather than against its power of seeing, the Indian again moved rapidly forward. He watched the bear intently. Presently noticing that it was about to sit up again, he stood absolutely still. Now, however, the bear seemed not so sure that the motionless vet mysterious object was inanimate. It dropped on all-fours and moved away. The hunter again approached, but now realising the restlessness of his quarry, he ran quickly forward. When the first bear sat up again to get a better view, the other two did like-Standing Wolf immediately dropped upon one knee, and, while taking aim, said in a quiet manner: "Good day, brothers. My father was killed by one of your family. have come to avenge his death." fired at the nearest bear. Without waiting a moment he took aim again, and gave the

second bear the ball from the other barrel. He thus killed one and wounded the other. Before the smoke was free of his gun the remaining bears charged him. To reload, he reached for his powder-horn. Then, and only then, he discovered his loss. pony being half a mile away, Standing Wolf realised that he was dependent solely upon his big "buffalo knife." His first thought was to separate the bears. Swiftly he ran to gain the brink of a coulée; but the bears, being at almost equal distance from the ravine, rushed to cut him off. As he ran, the Indian remembered a precipitous clay slope, where the overhanging edge of the bank had slid away, and where in one long, almost perpendicular plane the coulée's side joined the brink of the valley to its very bottom. To reach the coulée first, he turned, and artfully tried to enrage the now halting bears by pelting them with sticks and stones, and jeering and taunting them; for the bears held back while he stood at bay.

"Ah, my brothers, you may be very sharp; but I am smarter than either of you, for I've killed your other brother and wounded you of the limping run. No, you are not brave enough to fight me singly, so you must try and rush me two at once. Perhaps I ought to let you kill me, for then you could grow brave by eating my heart! Why do you stand there, weak-hearted brothers, and let me keep you off with nothing but little stones?" Talking in this way, after the fashion of his tribe. Standing Wolf hurled a piece of jagged rock against the face of the bleeding female. stantly, with a snort of rage, the shaggy form made a series of rapid, rocking lunges towards the hunter, who waited till the last moment, and then, like a flash, leaped over the edge of the precipice. Turning in the air, with his hands tightly gripping his knife, he landed on the steep incline, and struck his blade deeply into the giving clay. Down, down he went, fifty feet or more, before the stout steel blade found resistance enough to check his fall. The bear, in her blind rage, heedless of the void ahead, sprang after the man, and went slipping and sliding down the slope, just clear of the hunter. With all its might the animal clutched at the slippery bank, but to no purpose, for every hold gave way. When about half-way down, and where the bank became more nearly perpendicular, it altogether lost its equilibrium and whirled head-over-heels. Bounding like a rubber ball, it shot out into space and dropped among the tangled willows that grew on the coulée's bottom. A few moments later



"The great one-eared grizzly turned at bay, and saw the strange silhouette of the frantically shying horse."

Standing Wolf glanced down to see how fared his foolish brother. There he saw the bear, away down below, slowly raise its head and peer up at him. Looking above, he discovered the other bear, "The Mischief-Maker," peering over the brink of the treacherous wall. With an active bear above, and a wounded and angry one below, the hunter's better chance was gradually to slide down to the bottom. To ascend was completely out of the question. His greatest danger lay in the too rapid realisation of his only desire. To rest his aching arms, he tried, one foot at a time, to kick toe-holes in the sun-baked bank. But in vain; he wore away his mocassins endeavouring to scrape a niche to give his feet some purchase. How long he had been hanging there he could not remember, but his weary arms tried to persuade him that it must have been countless He slightly tilted the knife's blade to ease its grip in the tough clay, and in little, jerky slides slid down fifty feet or Then, at last, the toe of his mocassin touched a tiny ledge and gained a doubtful foothold. In that precarious position he decided to rest his arms alternately. Still gripping with one hand the embedded knife, he slowly and gently withdrew the other hand and allowed the bulk of his weight to rest upon the fragile footing he had gained. Instantly the tiny ledge crumbled away, and his full weight fell upon the arm that held the knife. By the strength of a single wrist he failed to hold the blade at the proper angle. Before he could get his other hand upon the handle the knife lost its grip. and faster and faster, and ever faster, he descended. Just where the incline took a sudden dip, and where the rapidity of his descent increased, he felt his body slowly toppling outward into space. A moment later he turned heels-over-head, and went whirling through the air.

Some time afterwards his bloodshot eyes slowly opened. Overhead he saw some broken branches, and a sky that seemed the home of a myriad long-tailed shooting comets. Then his eyes slowly closed again. A little later he raised his head, but could not, for the life of him, think where he was or how he got there.

After a while, when the shooting stars were gradually dissolving, he remembered the bears; and, growing fearful lest the wounded one might be at hand, he felt for his knife. It was gone. Listening long, and peering about, he made sure that the bear had either died or moved away. Rising

up, though every bone in his body ached, he got upon his feet and staggered about in search of his blade of steel. With his cut and bleeding hands he felt among the leaves and grasses and the interwoven willows. He found it at last, after a long, tiresome hunt, over forty feet away. Once more armed, he took his way down to the coulée bottom.

He had not gone a hundred yards before he came across the female grizzly, lying dead beside a bush. But the hunter was in no mood to skin it; so continuing his way down the ravine, he at last found an easier bank, up which he mounted, and hurried off as best he could in search of his cayuse. He found the horse grazing unconcernedly; but as he rose stiffly into the saddle he thought he heard a noise close at hand. The pony wheeled its head and stared wild-eyed at a clump of bushes. Looking in the direction of the pony's gaze, he saw the great oneeared grizzly bear rushing towards him. Standing Wolf drove his mocassined heels into the flanks of his cayuse, and jerking its head about rained a shower of blows upon its ribs. Never a move would his little horse It stood trembling and sweating, utterly paralysed with fear. In his great effort to start his pony, Standing Wolf found himself dragged from the saddle and thrown violently on the ground. Then, and not till then, the horse bolted. The hunter arose and seized his knife to fight the charging With one tremendous blow the bear knocked the Indian dazed upon the ground. and the knife fell far aside. Then the great beast mauled Standing Wolf, and would have killed him outright had he not had the presence of mind to feign death, an easy enough thing for an almost lifeless man. After a while the bear, with many doubts and misgivings, shambled away. mangled and bleeding freely, Standing Wolf once more arose and staggered away in search of his horse. Following a long and exhausting trail, he found his pony and dragged himself into the saddle. As he was about to ride away, he caught sight of his lost powderhorn. As he picked it up, mindful of his vow, he reined his horse about and rode back to the spot where he had dropped his He reloaded with the utmost care, and saw to his knife. Even though he lacked his dag, he made his way resolutely back to trail the great "Mischief-Maker." hard, that he might yet overtake the bear, he caught sight of it going down to the river-bottom. He galloped his horse headlong down the slope, in order to cut off the



"He wrenched the knife free and stabbed the animal again and again."

grizzly before it could escape among the tangled willows on river flats. The great one-eared grizzly turned at bay, and saw the strange silhouette of the frantically shying horse looming large against the brilliant sunset. The vision seemed to fill him with a sudden fury; he gave a snort of rage and, champing his ugly jaws, rushed at the horseman.

Now, it is the way of all wild animals to attack more viciously during the twilight glow, when even familiar objects shape themselves into curious forms. So, calming his horse, the rider dismounted and coolly selected a desirable battleground, as the bear came loping up. Then he knelt down upon one knee and said weakly: "Good-day, brave 'Mischief - Maker'; you thought you had killed me, but now it is my turn!" Taking aim, he fired at short range into the open mouth of the bear. His shaggy foe halted and for a second or two clawed wildly at its wounded mouth. The hunter waited a moment for some glimpse of a more vulnerable spot. As the bear turned its head he fired: but his aim, because of his weakened state, was not true. Instead of hitting the grizzly behind the ear, the ball went crash-

ing into the animal's neck. With the glare of the sun in its small, venomous eyes, and coughing hoarsely from its bleeding throat, the great beast made for the man. The Indian, swinging aloft his gun, as the bear reared upon its haunches, dealt it a crushing blow upon the muzzle. The brute, dazed for a second, staggered back a pace. Again the hunter swung his gun and brought it down with all his might, but this time the grizzly, with a sudden powerful side-stroke, knocked the gun from the hunter's grasp. Standing Wolf, seizing his knife, made several feints; then, when the brute was off its guard for an instant, plunged the blade deep into its chest. Before he could withdraw the weapon, the grizzly seized him in its fierce grasp and buried its fangs deep in his shoulder. He wrenched the knife free and stabbed the animal again and again, but apparently to no purpose. His head dropped back and he swooned away. When consciousness returned, he found the "Mischief-Maker" dead beside

Thus Standing Wolf avenged his father's death by killing the last grizzly that lived among the mountains which shadowed that father's grave.



"The Mischief-Maker."

THE GOLDEN APPLE.

AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.



THE orchard was on a hill, the farmhouse lav at the foot. There was a long field, in spring a palace of cowslips, between the orchard and the house.

This September dawn Pomona came through it and left a

dark track of green along the dew-bepearled Little swathes of mist hung over the cowslip field, but up in the orchard the air was already clear. It was sweet with the scent of the ripe fruit, and the tart, clean autumn pungency left by the light frost.

Pomona shifted the empty basket that she had borne on her head to the ground and began to fill it with rosy-cheeked apples. Some she shook from the laden boughs, some she picked up from the sward where they had fallen from the tree; but she chose

only the best and ripest.

A shaft of sunlight broke over the purple It shone on her ruddy hair and on her smooth cheek. She straightened herself to look out across the valley at the eastern sky: all sights of Nature were beautiful to her and gave her a joy that, yet, she had never learnt to put into words, hardly into thoughts. Now as she stood gazing, someone came along the road that skirted the orchard, and catching sight of her, halted and became lost in coutemplation of her, even as she of the sunrise pageant.

As evidently as Pomona in her homespun skirt and bodice belonged to the farmhouse, so did he to the great castle rear by. gentleman had made as careful a toilet for his early walk as if he had been bound for St. James's. His riding-coat was of delicate hue, and laces fluttered at his wrists and His black lovelocks hung carefully combed on either shoulder from under his beplumed hat. A rapier swung at his side, and as he stood he flicked at it with the glove in his bare hand. He had a long, pale face and long eyes with drooping lids and haughty eyebrows; a small, upturned

moustache gave a tilt of mockery to the grave lips. He looked very young, and yet so sedate and self-possessed and scornful that he might have known the emptiness of the world a hundred years.

Pomona turned with a start, feeling herself She gazed for a moment in surprise, and a deep blush rose in her cheeks: then, still staring, she made a slow country curtsy. Off went the befeathered hat: the gentleman returned her salutation by a profound bow. Then he leaped the little ditch into the orchard and threaded his way through the trees towards her. She watched him come; her great eyes were like the eyes of a deer, as shy, as innocent.

"Good morrow, sir," said she, with another curtsy, and then corrected herself quickly, "good morrow, my lord." For, if he came from the Castle, he was surely a lord.

"Good morrow, madam," returned he pleasantly. His glance appraised her with open admiration.

What a glorious creature! What proportions; what amber and red on those smooth cheeks; what ruddy radiance in that sun-illumined hair! What a column of a throat, and how white the skin where the coarse kerchief parted above the laced What lines of bust and hip, of arm and wrist; generous but perfect! He glanced at the strong, sungoddess! burnt hands; they were ringless. then, as yet, this superb nymph.

His long eyes moved at their pleasure; and she stood waiting in repose, though the colour came and went richly on her rich cheek. Then he bowed again, the hat

clasped to his bosom.

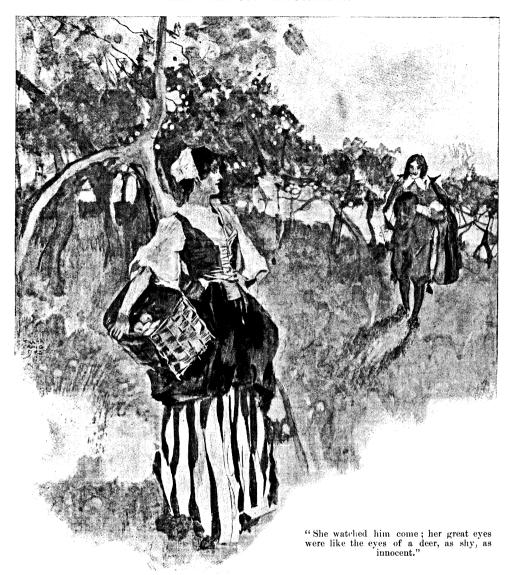
"Thank you," said he, and replaced his beaver with a turn of the wrist that set all the grey and white plumes rippling round the crown.

"Sir?" she queried, startled, and on her second thought, "my lord?"

At this he broke into a smile. When he smiled, his haughty face gained a rare sweet-

"Thank you for rising thus early and coming into the orchard and standing in the sun-rays and being, my maid, so beautiful. I little thought to find so fair a vision.

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'Twill be a sweet one to carry forth with me . . . if it be the last on earth."

Her wits were never quick to work. She went her country way as a rule as straight and sweetly and unthinkingly as the lilies grow. To question why a noble visitor at the Castle—and a visitor it must be, since his countenance was unfamiliar—should walk forth at the dawn and speak as if this morning saunter were to death, never entered her head.

She stammered: "Oh, sir!" to his compliment, and paused, her lip quivering over the inarticulate sense of her own awkwardness.

"Have you been gathering apples?"

quoth he, still smiling on her.

"Aye, sir," she said, "to make preserve withal"; and faltered yet again, "my lord!"
"Aye," approved he. "It has a fair sound

in your mouth. Would I were your lord! What is your name?"

She told him: "Pomona." Whereat he laughed and repeated it, as if he liked the sound. Then he looked at the east, and behold! the sun had risen, a full ball of crimson in a swimming sea of rose. The light glimmered upon his pale cheek and on the fine laces of his shirt, redly as if with stains of new blood.

"I must hence," he said, and his voice had a stern, far-away sound. "Farewell, Pomona! Wilt thou not wish me well?"

" My lord?"

"Wilt thou not?"

"Oh, indeed, my lord, I do." And she was moved on a sudden, she knew not why, and the tears gathered like a mist in her eves. "With all my heart," she said.

He made her a final bow, bending till his

curls fell over his face.

"I thank you."

She watched him walk away from her in and out the apple trees with his careless stride, and leap the little ditch again; and so on down the road.

And when he was lost to her sight, she still stood looking at the point where the way dipped and vanished and she had seen the

last flutter of the grey feathers.

After a while she drew a long sigh and passed her hands over her eyes, as if she were awakening from a dream. Then she began mechanically to fill her basket once more. All the ruddiness faded from the sky. The sun swam up into the blue, and a white brilliance laid hold of the dewy valley. Delicate gossamer threads floated high above the apple trees, against the vault of ever deeper blue. Somewhere from the hidden folds of the land a church bell began to chime. Then all at once Pomona dropped her basket, and while the apples rolled, yellow, green and red, in all directions, she set off running in the direction the gentleman had taken.

Why she ran, she knew not, but something drove her with a mighty urgency. heart beat thickly, and her breath came short, though as a rule there was no maid in the countryside that could run as she did. When she came to the foot of the hill, she paused, and there, by the bramble brake, where the firwood began, she saw, lying on the lip of the baby stream, a gauntleted grey

glove. She turned into the wood.

The pine needles were soft under her feet. The pine stems grew like the pillars of a church aisle, and the air was sweeter with their fragrance than any incense that was ever burned.

And after, but a little way, where the forest aisle widened into a glade, she came on the grand riding-coat tossed in a heap; across it was flung an empty scabbard. beyond, outstretched at the foot of a tree——! Pomora stopped short. Now she knew why she had had to run so fast!

He lay as if asleep, his head pillowed upon a branching root; but it was no slumber that held him. His features, whiter than ivory, were strangely sharpened and aged, blue shadows were about nostrils and mouth, the parted lips under the mocking moustache were set in a terrible gravity; they were purple, like dead red roses. Between the long, half-open lids the eyeballs shone silver. It was not now God's lovely sunrise that stained the white cambric of his shirt. From where it had escaped from his relaxed hand, a long, keen-bladed sword gleamed among the

pine needles.

Pomona knelt down. She parted the ruffled shirt with a steady hand; his heart still beat; but below it was a wound that might well cause death. She sat back on her heels and thought. She could not leave him to call for help, for he might die alone; neither could she sit useless beside him and watch him go. She took her resolution quickly. She rose, then bending, she braced herself and gathered him into her arms as if he had been a child. He was no taller than she, and slight and lean of build. used to burdens. But she had not thought to find him so heavy. She staggered and shifted him for an easier grip; and then, as his pallid head lay loose and languid against her shoulder, the half-open eyelids fluttered, the upturned eyes rolled and fixed them-He looked at her; dark, dark as eternity was his gaze. She bent her headhis lips were moving.

" Pomona!"

It was the merest breath, but she knew it was her name, as surely as if it had been shouted to her. Nearer she bent to him; a flicker as of a smile came upon those purpletinted lips.

"Kiss me, Pomona!"

She kissed him, and thought she drew from his cold mouth the last sigh. But now she was strong. She could have gone to the end of the earth with this burden in her arms.

His black hair, dank and all uncurled, fell over her bare arm. With the movement his wound opened afresh, and as she pressed him against her she felt his blood soak through her bodice to the skin. Then her soul yearned over him with an indescribable, inarticulate passion of desire—to help him, to heal him! If she could have given her blood to him, she would have given it with the joy with which a mother gives life to the babe at her breast.

Pomona was mistress of herself and of her farm, and lived alone with her servants. Though she was a firm ruler, these latter considered her soft on certain points.

had known her, before this, carry home a calf that had staked itself, a mongrel cur half drowned. But a murdered gentleman,

that was beyond everything!

"Heavens ha' mercy, mistress!" cried Sue, rising to the occasion, while the others gaped and clapped their hands and whispered together. "Shall I fetch old Mall to help you lay him out?"

"Fool!" panted Pomona. "Bring me the

Nantes brandy!"

Earl Blantyre woke from a succession of dreams, in which he had most varied and curious experiences; known strange horrors and strange sweetnesses, flown to more aërial

and strange sweetnesses, flown to more aërial heights than any bird, and sunk to deeper depth than the sea could hold; fought unending combats, and lain in peace in tender

arms

He woke. His eyelids were heavy. His hand had grown so weighty that it was as much as he could do to lift it. And yet as he held it up, he hardly knew it for his own; 'twas a skeleton thing. There was a sound in his ears which, dimly he recognised, had woven in to most of his dreams these days, a whirring, soothing sound like the ceaseless beating of moth's wings. As he breathed deeply and with delicious ease, there was fragrance of herbs in his nostrils. A tag of poetry floated into his mind—

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows.

He turned his head and went to sleep

again, and dreamt not at all.

Pomona lighted the lamp and, shading it with her hand, came with soft tread into the guest-chamber. He was still asleep. She set down the light, mended the fire with another log, peeped into the pan of broth simmering on the hob, and then sat to her spinning-wheel once more. Suddenly the wool snapped; she started to find that he was holding back the curtain with a finger and thumb, and had turned his head on the pillow to watch her; his eyes gleamed in the firelight. She rose and came to him quickly.

"So you were spinning," he said. His voice was very weak, but how different from those tones of dreadful clearness, of hoarse muttering with which she had been so sadly

familiar !

Pomona knelt beside him and put her hand on his forehead, on his wrist.

"Thank God!" she said.

"By all means," he answered, peering at her amusedly. "Natheless, why?"

"Nay, you must not speak," she bade him, and rose to pour the soup into a low!.

He watched her while she stirred and tasted and added salt. He was smiling. When she lifted him, pillows and all, propped against her strong arm, and held the bowl to his lips at a compelling angle, he laughed outright. It was rather a feeble thing in the way of laughs, but to Pomona it was as wonderful and beautiful an achievement as a child's first word in the mother's ear.

"Drink," she said firmly, while her heart

throbbed in joy.

"Now you must sleep," she added, as she settled him with extraordinary art. But sleep was far away from those curious, wandering eyes.

"Bring the light closer and come to the

bed again."

His voice had gained strength from Pomona's fine broth, and it rang in command. Without another word she obeyed him. As she sat down on the little oaken stool, where he could see her, the light fell on her face, and from behind her the fire shone ruddily in her crown of hair.

"I remember you now," said he, lifting himself on his elbow. "You stood in the sunrise gathering apples for preserve; you

are the nymph of the orchard.

He fell back with a sigh of satisfaction.

"And your name is Pomona," said he.

The girl, her capable work-marked hands lying folded on her knee, sat in absolute stillness; but her heart was beating stormily

under the folds of her kerchief.

The sick man's beard had grown close and fine round chin and cheeks during these long dreams of his. His hair lay in a mass on one shoulder; it had been carefully tied back with a riband, and in all that black setting the pallor of his countenance seemed deathlike. Yet she knew that he was saved. He lay awhile, gazing at the beflowered ceiling of the great four-post bed, and by and by his voice came sighing—

"And after that what hap befell me?

Help me to remember."

"I found you in the wood," said she slowly. "You were lying wounded."

He interrupted her with a sharp cry.
"Enough! I mind me now. Was I

alone?"
"Quite ılone, my lord."

"And my sword?"

There was a current of evil eagerness running through the feeble voice.

"Your sword, my lord?"



"He lay as if asleep, his head pillowed upon a branching root."

"Pshaw! was it clean, child? Bore it no sign upon the blade?"

"There was blood on it," said Pomona gravely, "to a third of the length."

The duellist gave a sigh.

"That is well," said he, and fell once more into silence, striving to knit present and past in his mind.

After a while he shifted himself on his

pillows so that he again looked on her.

Then his eyes wandered round the dark panelling, on the polished surface of which the firelight gleamed like rosy flowers. He touched the coarse sheet, the patchwork quilt, then lifted the sleeve of the homespun shirt that covered his thin arm, and gazed inquiringly from it to the quiet woman.

"How do I come here? Where am I?"

queried he imperiously.

"I brought you; you are in my house," she answered him.

"You brought me?"

"Aye, my lord."

"You found me wounded," he puzzled, drawing his haughty brows together, "and you brought me here to your house? How?"

"I carried you," said Pomona.

"You carried me!"

The statement was so amazing, and Lord

Blantyre's wits were still so weakened, that he turned giddy and was fain to close his eyes and allow the old vagueness to cradle him again for a few minutes.

Pomona prayed that he might be sleeping; but as she was stealthily rising from his bedside, he opened his eyes and held her with

them.

"You carried me, you brought me to your own house? Why?"

"I wanted to nurse you," said poor Pomona.

She knew no artifice whereby she could answer, yet conceal the truth. But it was as if her heart were being torn from her bit by bit.

His eyes, hard and curious, softened; so did the imperious voice.

"How did you keep them out?"

"Keep them out?"

She was beautiful, but she was dull.

"My kinsfolk, from the Castle."

Pomona stood like a child caught in grave fault.

"They do not know," she answered at last.
It was his turn to ejaculate in amazement:
"Not know!"

"I did not want them," said she then, doggedly. "I did not want any fine ladies

about, nor physicians with their lancets. When my father was cut with the scythe, they sent a leech from the Castle, who blooded him, and he died. I did not want

you to die."

She spoke the last words almost in a whisper, then she waited breathlessly. There came a low sound from the pillows. laugh, that had been music to her a minute ago, now stabbed her to the heart. turned, the blood flashing into her cheeks: yet his face grew quickly grave; he spoke, his voice was kind.

I want to understand. " Stav. carried me, all by yourself, from the wood; is it so?"

" Aye."

"And no one knows where I am, or that

you found me?"

"No. I went down to the wood again and brought back your coat and your sword and scabbard and your glove. I forbade my people to speak. None of the great folk know you are here."

"And you nursed me?"
"Aye."

"Was I long ill?" "Fourteen days."

"I have been near death, have I not?"

"You have indeed!"

"And you nursed me?" he repeated "How did you learn such science?"

"My lord, I have loved and cared for the dumb things all my life. There was the calf that was staked——" She stopped; that laugh was torture.

"Go on, Pomona!"

"I bathed your wound in cold water over and over till the bleeding stopped, and then, when the fever came, I knew what brew of herbs would help you. One night I thought that you would die-"

"Go on, Pomona."

"You could not breathe, no matter how high I laid you on the pillows——"

"Aye! Why dost thou halt again?

What didst thou then?"

"I held you in my arms," she said. "You seemed to get your breath better that way, and then you slept at last."

"While you held me?" he proceeded. "How long did you hold me in your arms,

"My lord," she said, "the whole night."

Upon this he kept silence quite a long time, and she sat down on her stool again and waited. She had nursed him and saved him, and now he would soon be well; she ought surely to rejoice, but she knew not why, her

heart was like lead. Presently he called her; he would be lifted, shifted, his pillows were hot, his bed-clothes pressed on him. bent over him, the fretful expression suddenly was smoothed from his features.

"I remember now," he said, with a singular gleam in his eyes. "I remember, Pomona;

you kissed me.

My Lord Blantyre began now to have more consecutive recollections of that time of dreams; and when the night came, he felt mightily injured, mightily affronted to find that the shadow of the watcher in the rushlight against the wall belonged to a bent and aged figure, was a grotesque profile, instead of the mild grey angel that had soothed him hitherto. So deep seemed the injury, so cruel the neglect, that the ill-used patient could not find it in him to consent to sleep, but tossed till his bed grew unbearable, pettishly refused to drink from Mall's withered hand, was quite positive that the pain in his side was very bad again, and that his angry heartbeats were due to fever.

It drew towards midnight. Again Mall brought the cooling drink and offered it patiently. Like an old owl she stood and blinked. Her toothless jaws worked.

He made an angry gesture of refusal; the cup was dashed from her hand and fell clattering on the boards. She cried out in dismay, and he in fury—

"Out of my sight, you Hecate!"

Then suddenly Pomona stood beside them. So soft her tread that neither had heard her come.

"Lord, be good to us! the poor gentleman's mad again!" whimpered Mall, as she went down on her knees to mop.

Pomona was in a white wrapper, well starched; the wide sleeves spread out like Her hair hung in one loose plait to her knees.

"You look like a monstrous beautiful great angel!" cried he. Her hand was on his pulse. He was as pleased and soothed as a naughty infant when it is lifted from its cradle and nursed.

She stood, and seemed encircled by the fragrance of the sacrificed cup, lavender and thyme and other sweet and wholesome herbs.

She thought he wandered, yet his pulse was steadying down under her finger into a very reasonable pace for a convalescent. She looked down at him with puzzled eyes.

"What is it, my lord?

"Prithee," said he. "Though you live so

quiet here, my maid, and keep your secrets so well, you would have known, would you not, had there been a death at the Castle?"

"Surely, my lord," she said, and bent closer to comfort him. "Nay, it must be that you have the fever again, I fear. Nay, all is well with your kinsfolk. Mall, haste thee with another cup of the drink. Is the wound painful, my good lord, and how goes it with the breathing?"

As she bent, he caught her great plait in both his hands and held it so that she could

not straighten herself.

"It would go vastly better," cried he, "I should breathe with infinite more ease, my sweet nurse, and forget that I had ever had a gaping hole to burn the side of me, could you but tell me that there had been even a trifle of sickness at the house beyond. Come, my sword was red, you know! It was not red for nothing! Was not Master Leech sent for in haste to draw more blood?—the excellent physician thou mindest, who helped thy worthy father so pleasantly from this world?"

She would have drawn from him in soft sorrow and shame, for she understood now, but that his weak fingers plucked her back. Truly there seemed to be a devil in his eyes. Yet she was too tender of him not to humour him, as the mother her spoilt child.

"Hast heard, Mall, of aught amiss at the Castle?" quoth she, turning her head to

address the old woman at the fire.

"There was a gentleman out hunting with the Lady Julia o' Thursday," answered the crone, "as carried his arm in a sling, I heard tell; though he rode with the best of them."

"Faugh!"

Lord Blantyre loosed Pomona's tress and lay back sullenly. He drank the cup when she held it to his lips in the same sullen silence; but when she shook his pillows and smoothed his sheet and cooed to him in the dear voice of his dream: "Now sleep!" he murmured complainingly: "Not if you leave me."

Pomona's heart gave a great leap, and a rose-flush grew on her face, lovelier than ever sunrise or fireglow had called there.

"I will not leave you, my lord," she replied. Her voice filled the whole room

with deep harmony.

He woke in the grey dawn, and there sat Pomona, her eyes dreaming, her hands clasped, her face a little stern in its serene, patient weariness. He cried to her sharply, because of the sharpness with which his heart smote him.

"Hast sat thus the whole night long?"

"Surely!" said she.

"Well, to bed with you, then," he bade her impatiently. "Nay, I want naught. Send one of your wenches to my bell—some Sue or Pattie, so it be a young one. And you—to bed, to bed!"

But she would not leave him till she had tested how it stood with him, according to her simple skill. As her hand rested on his

brow, "Why Pomona?" queried he.

"My lord?"

"Pomona. 'Tis a marvellous fine name, and marvellous fitting to a nymph of the

orchard. Pomona!"

"Indeed," she answered him in her grave way, "Sue or Pattie would better become me. But my mother was book-learned, sir, and town-bred, and had her fancies. She sat much in the orchard the spring that I was born."

"Aye," he mused. "So thy mother was book-learned and fanciful!" Then briskly he asked her: "Wouldst thou not like to know my name, Pomona? Unless, indeed, you know it already?"

She shook her head.

"Why, what a woman are you! In spite of apples, no daughter of Eve at all?"

She still shook her head, and smiling faintly: "To me it could make no difference," she said.

"Well, now you shall know," he said, "and take it to your maiden dreams. I am

Rupert, Earl of Blantyre."

"What!" she cried quickly, "the—" she broke off and hesitated. "The great Earl of Blantyre," she pursued then, dropping her eyes: "the King's friend!"

His laugh rang out somewhat harsh.

"What! so solitary a nymph, so countryhidden, and yet so learned of the gossip of the great world?"

"People talk," she murmured, crimsoning

as in the deepest shame.

"And you know what they call me. No! not the Great Earl, hypocrite, the Wicked Earl! You knew it?"

She bent her head.

He laughed again. "Why, now, what a nightmare for you! Here he lies, and oh, Pomona, you have prolonged his infamous career!"

The Wicked Earl was an angelic patient for two days. On the third he was promoted to the oak settle, wrapped in a garment of the late farmer's, of which he made much kindly mirth. It was a golden day of joy in

the lonely farmhouse.

On the fourth morning, however, he wakened to a mood of seriousness, not to say ill-temper. His first words were to request writing-paper and a quill, ink, and the great seal that hung on his watch-chain.

Pomona stood by while he wrote; helped him with paper and wax. She saw into how deep a frown his brows were contracted, and her heart seemed altogether to fail her. She expected the end; it was coming swiftly, and not as she expected it.

"May I trespass on your kindness so far as to send a horseman with this letter to the Castle?" said he very formally.

She took it from him with her country

curtsy.

"You will be leaving us, my lord?"

He glanced at her through his drooping lids.

"Can I trespass for ever on your hospitality?"

She went forth with the letter quickly,

without another word.

It was but little after noon when there came a great clatter into the simple farmyard that was wont to echo to no brisker sounds than the lumbering progress of the teamsters and their wagon, or the patient steps of Pomona's dairy - cows. A great $_{
m with}$ four horses and running footmen had drawn up before the farmporch. A man in dark livery, with a sleek, secret face, slipped down from the rumble, reached for a valise, and disappeared round the house. The coach door opened, and the Lady Julia Majendie descended, followed by no less a person than my Lord Majendie himself, who was seldom known to leave his library, much less to accompany his daughter out driving. His presence marked a great occasion. And with them was a very fine lady—a stranger to any of the farm, a little lady with dark hair in ringlets, and high plumes to a great hat, and a dress that shone with as many pale colours as a pigeon's breast. She sniffed, and "Oh!" cried she in very high, loud tones, pressing a vinaigrette to her nose, "can my poor brother be in such a place, and yet alive?"

"Hush, madam!" said Lord Majendie somewhat testily, for Pomona stood in the door. "I am sure we owe naught but gratitude to this young woman."

He was a gaunt, snuffy, untidy old man, in a dilapidated wig, but his eyes were shrewd and kindly behind the large, gold-rimmed spectacles. He peered at Pomona, pale and beautiful.

Lady Julia had evidently inherited her father's short sight, for she, too, was staring through an eyeglass. She carried it on a gold chain, and when she lifted it to one eye, her small, fair face took an air of indescribable impertinence.

She interrupted father and friend, coming to the front with a scarcely perceptible move-

ment of pointed elbows.

"Bring us instantly to Lord Blantyre."

"This way, an it please you," said Pomona. She led them in, and there in the great kitchen, well within the glow from the deep hearth, propped on patchwork cushions, wrapped in blue homespun, lay the invalid.

The ladies were picking their steps across the flags with a great parade of lifting silken skirts; the worthy old scholar, Lord Majendie, was following, with an expression of benign, childlike interest, but all three seemed struck by the same amazement, almost amounting to consternation. Lord Blantyre lifted his pallid, black-bearded countenance and looked at them with a gaze of uncompromising ill-humour.

"Good Lord, brother!" exclaimed the little lady with the ringlets at last. She made a faint lurch against Lady Julia.

"If your sisterly feelings are too much for you, and you are contemplating a swoon, pray be kind enough to accomplish it elsewhere, Alethea," said Lord Blantyre.

"Oh, my excellent young friend! oh, my dear lord! Tut, tut, tut! I should hardly have known you," ejaculated the old man. "You must tell us how this has come about; we must get you home. Tush! you must not speak. I see you are yet but weakly. My good young woman, this has been a terrible business—nay, I have no doubt he does your nursing infinite credit; but why not have let us know? Tut, tut!"

Before Pomona could speak—and, indeed, as she had no excuse to offer, the words were slow in coming—her patient intervened curtly—

"I would not permit her to tell you,"

quoth he.

She glanced at him startled; his eyes were averted.

"Oh, my lord! this is cruel hearing for us!" minced Lady Julia.

She might have spoken to the wall for all the effect her smile and ogle produced on him. She turned her glass upon Pomona and ran it up and down her till the poor girl felt herself so coarse, so common, so



"Perfumed, shaven, clothed once again in fine linen, Lord Blantyre sat in the wooden armchair and drank the cordial that Pomona had prepared him."

ugly, that she could have wished herself dead.

"Pray, Lord Majendie," said Blantyre, "is Colonel Craven yet with you?"

Lady Alethea tossed her head, flushed, and shot a look, half defiance, half fear, at her brother.

He propped himself up on his elbow, turned and surveyed her with a sneering smile.

"How pale and wasted art thou, my fair Alethea! Hast been nursing the wounded hero and pining with his pangs? or is't perchance all fond fraternal anguish concerning my unworthy self? Oh, see you, I know what an uproar you made about me all over the countryside, what a hue and cry for the lost brother!"

"A plague on it, Julia!" said Lord Majendie, scratching his wig perplexedly and addressing his daughter in a loud whisper, "what ails the fellow? Does he wander, think you?"

But Lady Alethea seemed to find a meaning in the sick man's words, for she tossed her head once more and answered sharply—

"No, brother, I made no hue and ery for you, for 'tis not the first time it has been your pleasure to play truant and leave your loving friends all without news. How was I to know that you were more sorely hurt than Colonel Craven? He left you, he told us, standing by a tree—laughing at his pierced arm. You are not wont to come out of these affairs so ill."

That they were of the same blood could not be doubted, for it was the very same sneer that sat on both their mouths.

"And pray, since we must bandy words," she went on, gaining yet more boldness, "why did you thus keep me wilfully in suspense?"

"Because," said he sweetly, "I was too

ill for thy nursing, my Alethea.

"I presume," said she, "you had a nurse to your fancy?"

Her black eyes rolled flashing on Pomona. The Earl made no reply.

"Let me assure your lordship," put in his would-be host here quickly, "that Colonel

Craven is gone."

"'Tis well, then," replied Blantyre ceremoniously, "and I will, with your permission, this very night avail myself of your hospitality for a few days; but you will, I fear, have to send a litter for me. To sit in a coach is yet beyond me."

And while the good-natured nobleman instantly promised compliance, Lord Blantyre, waving away further discourse with a gesture,

went on wearily:

"Let me beg of you not to remain or keep these ladies in surroundings so little suited to their gentility. And the sooner, my good lord, you can despatch that litter, the sooner shall you have the joy of my company. Farewell, Julia, for but a brief space. I trust that you and Colonel Craven enjoyed the chase the other day. We shall meet soon again, sister; pray you bear up against our present parting."

Both the ladies swept him such very fine curtsies that the homely kitchen seemed full of the rustle of silk. Lady Julia Majendie

had a little fixed smile on her lips.

The farm-servants were all watching at the windows to see the great ladies get into their coach, to see it wheel about with the four horses clattering and curveting. Pomona and Lord Blantyre were alone. She stood, her back against the wall, her head held high—not in pride, for Pomona knew no pride, but with the natural carriage of her perfect strength and balance. Her eyes looked forth, grieving yet untearful, her mouth was set into lines of patient endurance. He regarded her darkly.

"I go this evening, Pomona."

"Aye, my lord."

The tall, wooden clock ticked off a heavy minute.

"Is my man here?" asked Lord Blantyre. "Bid him come to me, then, to help me to

my room."

His lordship's toilet was a lengthy proceeding, for neither his strength nor his temper was equal to the strain. But it was at length accomplished, and perfumed, shaven, clothed once again in fine linen and silk damask, wrapped in a great, furred cloak, Lord Blantyre sat in the wooden armchair and drank the cordial that Pomona had prepared him.

He was panting with his exertions, his heart was fluttering, but Pomona's recipes were cunning; in a little while he felt his pulses calm down and a glow of power return to him, and with the help of his cane and his servant he was able to advance towards the door.

"The young woman is outside waiting to take leave of your lordship," volunteered the sleek Craik.

His master halted and fixed him with an

arrogant eye.

"The young woman of the farm," explained the valet glibly. "And knowing your lordship likes me to see to these details, I have brought a purse of gold—twenty pieces, my lord."

He stretched out his hand and chinked

the silken bag as he spoke.

"For whom is that?" asked Lord Blantyre.

The man stared.

"For the young woman, my lord."

Lord Blantyre steadied himself with the hand that gripped the speaker's arm; then lifting the cane with the other, struck the fellow across the knuckles so sharply that with a howl he let the purse fall.

"Pick it up," said the Wicked Earl; "put it into your pocket, and remember, for the future, that the servant who presumes to know his master's business least understands

his own."

The litter was brought to the door of his chamber, and they carried him out through the kitchen to the porch; and there, where Pomona stood waiting, he bade them halt and set it down. She leaned towards him to look on him, she told herself, for the last time. Her heart contracted, to see him so wan and exhausted.

"Good-bye, Pomona," said he, gazing up into her sorrowful eyes, distended in the evening dimness. He had seen a deer look at him thus, in the dusk, out of a thicket.

"Good-bye, my lord," said she.

"Ah, Pomona!" said he, "I made a sweeter journey the day I came here!"

And without another word to her he signed to the men, and they buckled to their task

again.

Her heart shuddered as she watched the slow procession pass into the shadows. They might have been bearing a coffin. With the instinct of her inarticulate grief, she went to seek the last memory of him in his room. By the light of a flaring tallow candle, she found Lord Blautyre's man re-packing his master's valise. He looked offensively at her as she entered.



"Her heart shuddered as she watched the slow procession pass into the shadows." "Young woman," said he, shaking his head, "you have taken a very great liberty."

Then picking up the coarse white shift and surveying it with an air of intense disgust. "'Tis a wonder," quoth he, "his lordship didn't die of this."

"I fear, my fair Julia, that, fondly as I should love it, I shall never call you sister."

Julia turned at the fleer and flung a glance

of acute anger at her friend.

"If you had not been yourself so determined to have the nursing of Colonel Craven's wound, my dearest Alethea," responded she sweetly, "the friendly desire of your heart might be in a better way of accomplishment. And oh!" she fanned herself and tittered, "I pity you, my poor Alethea, I do indeed, when I think of those wasted attentions."

Lady Alethea had her feelings less under control than her cool-blooded friend. Her dark cheek empurpled, her full lips trembled.

"My woman tells me," proceeded Julia, "that the creature Craik, your brother's man, hath no doubt of my Lord Blantyre's infatuation. 'Pomona!' he will call in his sleep. Pomona! "Tis the wench's name. I wish you joy of your sister-in-law, indeed!"

Lady Alethea wheeled upon her with an

eye of fire.

"Need my brother wed the woman because he calls upon her name?" she mocked.

"If I know my lord your brother, he might well wed her even because he need not . . ." smiled the other. "Now you are warned. "Tis none of my concern, I thank my Providence! You will be saved a dairymaid, at least."

Alethea's wavering colour, her flurried

breath, bore witness to discomposure.

"My Lord Blantyre," pursued Lady Julia relentlessly, "has ever taken pleasure in astonishing the world."

Lady Alethea clenched her hands.

"Your father rules here: let him trans-

port the slut!"

"Nay," said Julia. She placed her hand upon the heaving shoulder and looked at her friend with a singular light in her pale yet brilliant eyes. "Do you think to break a man of a fancy by such measures? "Tweuld be as good as forging the ring. Nay, my sweet, I can better help thee—aye, and give thee an hour's sport besides."

And as Alethea raised questioning eyes,

Julia shook her silver-fair ringlets and laughed again.

"Leave it to me," quoth she.

"Will Mistress Pomona favour the Lady Julia Majendie with her company at the Castle?"

This was the message carried to the farmhouse by a mounted servant. He had a pillion behind him on the stout palfrey, and his orders were, he said, to bring Mistress Pomona back with him.

Pomona came running out, with the harvest sunshine on her copper hair; her cheek was drained of blood.

"Is my lord ill again?" she queried

breathlessly.

The man shook his head; either he was dull or well-drilled.

Pomona mounted behind him without a second's more delay, just as she was, bareheaded, her apron stained with apple-juice, and her sleeves rolled up above her elbows She had no thought for herself, and only spoke to bid the servant hurry.

For a fortnight she had heard no word of her patient. In her simple heart she could conceive no other reason for being summoned now than because he needed her nursing.

But when she reached the Castle, and was passed with mocking ceremony from servant to servant, the anxious questions died on her lips; and when she was ushered, at length, into a vast bedchamber, hung with green silk, gold fringed, and was greeted by Lady Julia, all in green herself, like a mermaid, smiling sweetly at her from between her pale ringlets, she was so bewildered that she forgot even to curtsy. She never heeded how the tirewoman, who had last received her, tittered as she closed the door.

"A fair morning to you, mistress," said Lady Julia. "I am sensible of your kindness

in coming to my hasty invitation."

"Madam!" faltered Pomona, and remembered her *révérence*; "I am ever at your service, honourable madam; I hope my lord is not sick again."

"My father!" mocked the mermaid, running her white hand through her curls. But Pomona neither understood nor practised

the wiles of women.

"I meant my Lord Blantyre," said she.
"Oh the Lord Earl your patient. Nay

"Oh, the Lord Earl, your patient. Nay, it goes better with him. Oh! he has been sadly, sadly. We have had a sore and anxious time; such a wound as his, neglected——"she shook her ringlets.

Pomona's lip suddenly trembled, she caught it between her teeth to steady it.

"Ah!" said Julia, interrupting herself and turning on her chair, "here comes the Lady Alethea."

Alethea entered, mincing on high-heeled shoes, her cherry lips pursed, her dark eyes dancing as if a pair of mischievous sprites had taken lodging there. She gazed at Pomona, so large, so work-stained, so incongruous a figure in the bright, luxurious room. Her nostrils dilated. She looked as wicked as a kid.

"My brother," said she, addressing her friend, though she kept staring at Pomona, "has heard of this wench's arrival. He

would speak with her."

"I will go with you, even now," said Pomona.

Both the ladies shrieked; so did the maid who had followed Lady Alethea into the room.

"My good creature! in that attire?"

"My brother, so fastidious, so suffering!"

"And she," cried the tirewoman, taking up the note, "still with the stench of the saucepan about her! Positively, madam, the room reeks."

If Pomona carried any savours beyond those of lavender and the herbs she loved, it was of good, sweet apples and fragrant, burnt sugar. But she stood in her humiliation, and felt herself more unfit for all the high company than the beasts of her farmyard.

"You must not take it unkindly, child," said Lady Julia, with her cruel little laugh and her soft voice; "but my Lord Blantyre, you see, hath ever a great distaste of all that is homely and uncomely. He hath suffered extraordinarily in that respect of late. We

must humour him."

Truly Pomona was punished. She marvelled now at herself, remembering what her presumption had been.

"I will go home, madam, if you permit

me.".

Again the ladies cried out. To thwart the invalid—'twas impossible. Was the girl mad? Nay, she would do as they bid?'Twas well, then. Lady Julia, so kind was she, would help to clothe her in some better apparel and make her fit to present herself. The while the Lady Alethea would return to her post of assiduous nurse and inform his lordship of Pomona's speedy attendance.

Pomona gave herself into their hands.

Lord Blantyre lay on a conch in the sunshine. A fountain played merrily to his right; to his left his sister sat demurely at embroidery. In spite of her ladyship's melancholy account, the patient seemed to have gained marvellously in strength. But he was in no better humour with the world than on the last day of his stay at the farm.

He tossed and fretted among his rich

cushions.

"She tarries," he said irritably for the twentieth time. "You are all in league to plague me. Why did you tell me she was coming?"

"My good brother," answered the fair embroidress, tilting her head to fling him the family sneer, "I pray you curb your impatience, for yonder comes your siren."

Here was Julia indeed undulating towards

them, and after her, Pomona!

Lord Blantyre sat up suddenly and stared. Then he fell back on his cushions and shot a look at Alethea, before which she quailed.

Stumbling in high heels that tripped her at every step, she who had been wont to move free as a goddess; scarce able to breathe in the laced bodice that pressed her form out of all its natural shapeliness, and left so much of her throat bare that the white skin was all crimson in shame down to the borrowed kerchief; her artless, bewildered face raddled with white and red, her noble head scarcely recognisable through the bunching curls that sat so strangely each side of it—what Pomona was this?

"Here is your kind nurse," fluted Lady Julia. "She had a fancy to bedizen herself for your eyes. I thought 'twould please you, my lord, if I humoured the creature."

"Everyone is to be humoured here,"

thought poor Pomona vaguely.

"Come to his lordship, child," bade Julia,

her tones tripped up with laughter.

Pomona tottered yet a pace or two, and then halted. Taller even than the tall Lady Julia, the lines of her generous womanhood took up the silken skirt to absurd brevity, exposing the awkward, twisting feet. Nymph no longer was she, but a huge painted puppet. Only the eyes were unchanged, Pomona's roedeer eyes, grieving and wondering, shifting from side to side in dumb pleading. Truly this was an excellent jest of Lady Julia Majendie's!

It was strange that Lady Alethea, bending closer and closer over her work, should have no laughter left after that single glance from her brother's eyes; and that Lord Blantyre himself should show such lack of humorous appreciation. There was a heavy silence. Pomona tried to draw a breath to relieve her

bursting anguish, but in vain; she was held as in a vice. Her heart fluttered; she felt as if she must die.

"Pomona," said Lord Blantyre suddenly,

"come closer."

He reached and caught up his sister's scissors from her knee, and leaning forward, snipped the laces that strained across the fine scarlet satin of Pomona's cruel bodice.

"Now breathe," ordered he.

And while the other two were staring, unable to credit their eyes, Pomona's prison fell apart, and over her heaving bosom her thick white shift took its own noble folds.

Then the woman in her awoke and revolted. She flung from her feet the high-heeled shoes, and with frenzied hands tearing down her mockery of a head-dress, she ran to the fountain and began to dash the paint off her face. The tears streamed down her cheeks as she layed them.

"Sweet and gentle ladies," said the Wicked Earl—his tones cut the air like a fine blade—"I thank you for a most excellent demonstration of the superiority of high breeding. May I beg you both to retire upon your triumph, and leave me to deal with this poor, inferior wretch, since you have now most certainly convinced me she can never aspire to such gentility as yours?"

Alethea rose, and scattering her silks on one side, her embroidery on the other, walked straight away down the terrace, without casting a look behind her. Julia ran after her with skipping step, caught her under the arm, and the laughter of her malice rang out long after she had herself

disappeared.

"Pomona," said Lord Blantyre.

Often he had called to her, in feverish complaint, or anger, or pettishly like a child, but never in such a tone as this. She came to him, as she had always come; and then she stood in shame before him, her long hair streaming, the tears rolling down her cheeks, her hands folded at her throat, her shapely feet gripping the ground in Julia Majendie's green silk stockings. Slowly his gaze enveloped her. All at once he smiled, and then, meeting her grieving eyes, he grew grave again, and suddenly his haughty face was broken up by tenderness. He caught

one dripping twist of hair and pulled her towards him after his gentle, cruel fashion. She fell on her knees beside him and hid her face in his cushions.

"Kiss me, Pomona," said he.

"Oh, my lord," she sobbed, "spare me;

I am only a poor girl!"

Many a time she had dreamed since the morning in the orchard that she was carrying that bleeding body, her lips on the dying roses of his lips; but never, in her humility, had she, even in her sleep, thought of herself as in his arms. This was no dream, and yet so he clasped her.

He bent his dark head over her radiant hair, his voice dropped words sweeter than honey, more healing than balm, into her heart that was still so bruised that it could

scarce beat to joy.

"When I first beheld you in the orchard, I was sorry that I might have to die, Pomona, because you were in life. You carried me in your arms, and kept my soul from passing by the touch of your lips. When the fever burnt me, you brought me coolness—you lifted me and gave me breath. All night you held me. Patient, strong Pomona! You bore with all my humours. You came to me in the night from your sleep, all in white like an angel, your bare feet on the boards. Oh, my gentle nurse, my humble love, my mate, my wife!"

She raised her head to gaze at him. Yet she took the wonder, like a child, not dis-

claiming, not questioning.

"Oh!" she said, with a deep, soft sigh.

He fondly pushed the tangled hair from

her brow.

"And shall a man make shift with sham and hollow artifice, when he can possess truth itself? They put paint on your cheeks, my Pomona, and tricked you out in gauds, and behold, I saw how great was the true woman beside the painted doll!"

He kissed her lips, and then he cried:

"Oh, Golden Apple, how is the taste of thee sweet and pure!"

And after a silence he said to her faintly, for he was still weak for such rapture—

"Lift me, my love, and let me lie awhile against your woman's heart, for never have I drawn such sweet breath as in your arms."



LOVE'S ANALYSIS.

By FRANCES RIVERS.



ITH the audacity which we often see displayed by conscious beauty, June had filched from May the blossoms which that month should have enjoyed, robbed from her not only those of her name-flower, but

even those of lilac, laburnum, and wisteria. Adding these spoils to her own generous store of vivid colour, she figured resplendent as a rainbow.

Trees in the sumptuous, extravagant livery of youth waved their leaves gently in the heavy-scented breeze; in wanton unthrift, careless of that coming time which, with defacing hand, would strip, leaf by leaf, the beauty from their boughs.

Towards five of the clock, on one of the supremely hot days of this predatory month, Mr. Godfrey Boyne strolled leisurely along the gravel path that leads to the Knightsbridge Barracks from the Achilles statue.

He loitered, seemingly at random, making his way slowly between groups of animated people, stopped for no reason, and remained idly agaze over the heads of the crowd. gave to outsiders the idea that he was a man either with nothing to do, with time to be beguiled, or with so much to think about that his thoughts made him unconscious of his actions.

Voluble women, waxing enthusiastic over the topic of the hour, or discussing the Season's pleasant quality, clustered together as gaudy-coloured bouquets, turned to watch him as he passed. In a crowd composed of members of a class to which, evidently, he belonged, he was noticeable as knowing no

This impression of outlawry from a world by which he was forgotten, bit, with a certain acidity, into the metal of his humour. In his own mind he compared himself to the Prodigal, and smiled at the notion that he was covered by husks from the recognition of his friends. For when he, supposing for a moment that he had caught a glimpse of a form familiar, quickened his pace to overtake it, it was but to find himself in error. Amongst these men, immaculately valeted, in all this fashionable life which, motley and picturesque, displayed its plumage in the sunshine to the envy of the unfashionable in the shade, he was an alien, made so by ten

years' expatriation.

"At any rate," he thought, applying this recollection as healing unction to the scratches imprinted on his vanity by the acid of such general forgetfulness, "Audrey has remembered"; and he, smiling, recalled the facility with which intimacy with Lady Annandale had been resumed; the friendly informality with which she had re-entered into relations with him; the bewildering immensity of her social influence; the celebrity which she had acquired, at first as the wife, then as the widow, of a peer, notorious in career and memory for his many vices. He supposed it to be something of an achievement, and not open to everyone to have secured, as had she, the being taken seriously by this frivolous world; and he endeavoured again, as a hundred times before he had made this same attempt, to reconcile entirely in his thoughts the girl he had left, with the woman he now found. He stretched imagination in several places, by aid of a lover's credulous heart, to satisfactory bridging of this gap of difference; but, in one place, marked to his inward vision as mercenary motive, he was unable not only to secure safe footing, but even to get a perch. It was in the endeavour to find this latter support that, on this vivacious, stimulating afternoon, one well calculated to lend encouragement to gracious hopes, he had taken himself to Fashion's highway, the purpose of joining Lady Annandale being less distinct in his thoughts than the wish to see her. So immersed was he in reflection that he failed to notice that a victoria had stopped opposite to him. Suddenly a footman addressed him—

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but her Ladyship sent me to say that she wishes

to speak to you."

Godfrey turned; Lady Annandale was stepping from the carriage.

"You can go home," said she to the footman.

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"Very good, my lady."

Then she gave her hand to Godfrey.

His eyes met a pair that were gleaming with mischievous raillery. He found himself looking into them straight, and for a longer time than it is usual for the eyes of man to gaze into those of woman, no matter how heavenly their blue; but even to look long would have been a small affair had he not read in them something more than mockery.

"This place"—she glanced round at the radiant prospect—"seems scarcely the spot suited to serious discussion. We might. perhaps, over there," she indicated by a nod of the head the gleaming waters of the

Serpentine, "find some quiet nook."

"A boat?" he deprecated. "I've never had pluck enough to trust myself upon that turbulent stream—but, if you really think there's no danger——

"On the contrary, I think there's enormous danger; the greatest in the world——"
"Of——?"

"Of our making ourselves ridiculous."

"How surprising to find in you a champion of the orthodox!"

"Ah! then you remember——?"

"That you were always full of contradictions."

"I've changed all that; I travel now the blind alley, respectability; and if you will put yourself under my guidance, I will take you to a retired spot within its precincts, where some poor, harmless sheep, which pretend to be black ones, browse; and where, the sentiment of the park-keepers having scope, they place chairs in couples."

So, side by side, Lady Annandale and Mr. Godfrey Boyne walked across the soft, green turf and established themselves upon chairs under the sweet-scented lime-trees, whose sheltering boughs masked them from

observation.

A kind of hush fell upon them, during which a complaining starling, pivoting on the topmost bough of a neighbouring bush, uttered his melancholy, clapping notes.

Lady Annandale gazed at her companion with friendly, inquisitive eyes; noted how the roller of middle age, in the vertical lines above his brows, and in others at the corners of his eyes, showed signs of having pressed. She unconsciously weighed him and found him fall short, somewhat, of the standard she had acquired of social convention. She even admired in him this newly born, belated strenuousness, to the suggestion of which she attributed an expression unfamiliar, which,

lurching into her perspective, blotted out from her sight his remembered, malleable youth.

Godfrey, on his side, saw her as the highly modern woman of society; her surroundings of satellites, whose value, as empty-headed minims, he felt he overestimated, having added to the evidence, at this time voluminous, that she was not the Audrey whom he had left.

He beamed amiably round.

"This is certainly very nice," he assented. "I have brought you here that you may continue your last night's interrupted account of the woman with whom you were in love,"

"Was in love? It's absurd to use the past I am in love with her. Love is not a state from which you can recover as from an epidemic; it is an aureole that cannot be shaken off—the summary, the inspiration of all good. I am, of course, speaking of the real thing."

"I see; something other than flirtation."

"Flirtation is but the froth of love."

Lady Annandale laughed. "Passion! does your real thing include that?"

"Passion is love's dregs, besides being Cupid's pseudonym for the work he is ashamed to acknowledge."

"I had no idea I was speaking to an expert: but how, may I ask, did you come to study the subject so profoundly?"

"In Ceylon, beyond love's influence, I

devoted some attention to the science."

She raised her eyebrows. "Is it necessary for all to go to Ceylon to learn the particulars of the grande passion?"

"You might, perhaps, get an idea of its importance elsewhere, if you had an instructor."

"Had you no instructor there?"

"There I had time to read up the subject for myself."

"Anyone can do that anywhere."

"But not with benefit. It's most necessary to be in the mood, if you are to profit by what you read."

"Otherwise?"

"Otherwise things lie carelessly about in the corners of your mind; and when you want them, you can't lay your fingers on them. Besides, I have knowledge beyond the scrip."

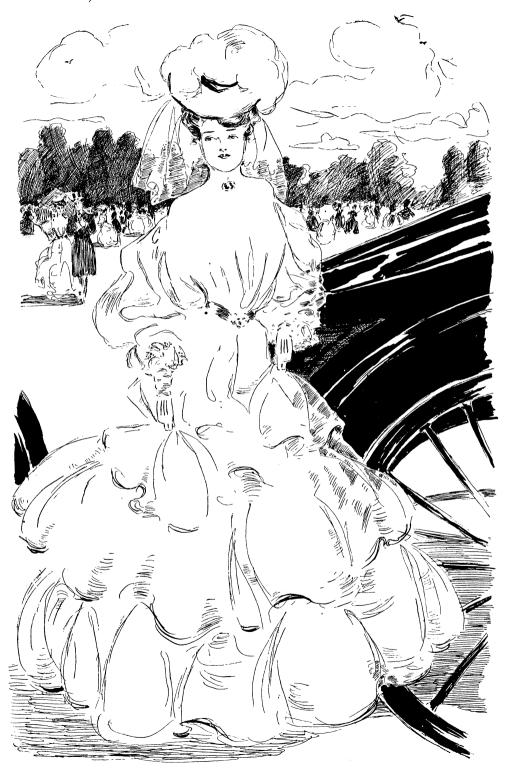
"We will come to the knowledge later:

we will now start with the scrip."

"Then, in the first place, love is the lever to raise the interdict of the scrupulous sex."

"Which, translated, means——?"

"That one cannot really love without discovery."



"Lady Annandale was stepping from the carriage."

"That is as trite as to say that one cannot pick mulberries without staining one's fingers. If that's all you've learnt——'

"That, and to make money."

"To make money?"

"Certainly. I'm a wealthy tea-planter of Ceylon."

"A wealthy tea-planter, did you say?"

"Didn't you know I was a tea-planter?"

"Yes, I knew that."

"Then it's the adjective that astonishes you?"

"Isn't it one that might, by some people,

be described as a little vulgar?"

- "It struck me so at first; but now that I've become accustomed to it, I feel it to be a happy description; it invariably follows my name. In fact, unless it does, people are so apt to ignore me that I've become quite reconciled to it."
 - "I see; a sort of hyphen," she smiled.

"Exactly; a sort of hyphen."

"But to return to your love," she suggested.

"You can't return to a thing you've never parted from, can you?"

"Then you know more of the subject?"

"A great deal more."

"How much?"

"That it is an amalgam of the highest and lowest qualities of our nature—is the ideal made real; is the connecting link of the human and the divine."

"A sort of Jacob's ladder, to enable man to ascend to and inhabit Paradise; but"—she smiled—"may it not lead the other way?"

"Then we give it another name."

Lady Annandale looked inquisitive.

"I shan't satisfy you, but it's known to

experts in the passion."

She laughed. "This is all very interesting from the point of view of the scientist, but from that of the friend, I should like to know how the study of this art has affected you?"

"Art!" he demurred.

"Isn't there a precedent for calling it an art—Ovid?" she suggested.

"Ah, certainly."

"Well! as most things start from something—or so, at least, my shallow divings into knowledge lead me to suppose—should there not therefore be some reason for your having made so profound a study of love?"

"Reason! yes," he affected to muse; "my reason must have arisen out of a vision."

"A vision?" Lady Annandale's interest was indifferently covered by carelessness of tone.

"Here it is. I see a boy and girl, the joyous intimacy of their childhood deepening into the poetry of youth——"

"And, of course, the girl knows that the

boy loves her?"

"Naturally; since not an hour of the day passes but he tells her so."

"Tells her? Surely not."

"By every means in his power except his tongue. He doesn't put it into words, because he knows that to do so would be hopeless if she doesn't understand without that."

"Don't you think she might make a

mistake if he says nothing?"

"But she must know that he dreams his dream of a future, in which, having made a nest and lined it softly with down, he will come to her and say: 'It awaits you.' Then he hopes that, with the gracious spirit manifest in all her bearing, the girl, with love and tenderness shining from her eyes, would, putting her hand in his, say: 'I am ready.'"

"Your vision is charming, idyllic; but how about the girl and her dreary days of waiting, for I suppose the boy to have gone

off into the world?"

"He had to go into it to fill his man's part."

"Before doing this he should have told her in words of his love."

"You really think that his doing so would have made any difference—when all that he was then in a position to ask was faithfulness?"

Lady Annandale sighed. "You men never understand that Mariana is but a type, and that all unclaimed women inhabit a moated grange."

"You mean ----?"

"That women like to be asked to resist temptation: if they are not, they feel themselves to have been slighted. This particular girl was probably brought up to marry, as, had she been a boy, she would have been brought up to some profession; and she was given by the boy no tangible reason for evading her fate. In your vision, what became of her?"

"She fulfilled what I see you consider to

have been her destiny."

"Marriage?"

"Yes; she married a peer."

"And was happy ever after, according to the formula?"

"I suppose so. Isn't every woman happy who achieves rank and is an acknowledged beauty?"

"And the boy?"

"Woke from rosy dreams in the sunlight to find that in the time of his slumbering the sky had become overcast."

"And blamed the girl for a fault that was

his own?"

"No; he didn't blame her, but for a time he was heartbroken."



- "Did he return?"
- "What would have been the use?"
- "And the nest remained empty?"
- "Naturally. Where this girl was concerned, he was impressionable. Her influence stirred the deep waters of his nature to their depths, but that of others was never more than a ripple upon them."

"Did he lose sight of her altogether?"

"Not altogether; for when, in the fulness of time, she was again free, he came to her; though, recurrent, running as a black thread through the weavings of his mind, was the memory of her broken faith."

"I suppose he had some reason for seeking

her again?"

"There is an immense reconstructive energy resident in hope."

"And he found her the

same?"

Godfrey shook his head. "He had never dreamed to find anything so frilled and laced and chiffoned."

Lady Annandale laughed. "That doesn't sound very nice."

"But it was. It is only a man's tongue, unused to woman's wares, that fails to give a right description of them. He had, I repeat, never dreamed of such grace as lurked in her voluminous folds of crêpe de Chine; of so much betrayal of form, of mystery revealed, as he saw through those heavy, swathing folds. Ah! believe me, he found her wonderful, though these same clothes forced him to acknowledge her an inhabitant of a world other than that in which he had cast his lot."

"What an extraordinary amount for clothes to say!"

"Clothes are eloquent. They constitute an order not so much of class and of position as of Midas."

"You've said a good deal about them, but very little, I notice, about the woman herself. You were, therefore, I conclude, disappointed upon seeing her. Had Time's defacing hand stripped her entirely of charm?" she urged.

"You cannot have listened, for I am sure I have stated that she was an

acknowledged beauty."

Lady Annandale shook her head. "It only takes a little art to keep up a reputation once acquired."

"But her glass would assure her—"

"When a glass ventures to tell a woman the truth, vanity, which stands at her elbow when she makes her toilet, translates what it says into falsehood."

"This woman's beauty is a fact of an astonishing order, and she is ten times more

lovely even than she was."

"Her nature. Has that deteriorated?" Lady Annandale spoke earnestly; her face was grave and sad.

"To test that is very simple."

"Really?"

"I have but to say to her: 'Marry me, and let us together renew the simplicity of our youth.' The nest—you remember that I spoke of a nest——?"

She bowed her head.

"Is fairly lined. Will you with it accept

my heart and name?"

Lady Annandale's arms of aggression, even of defence, were possibly close at hand, but she made no attempt to reach them, and was not maladroit in thus leaving them untouched; for this harmlessness of attitude on her part induced Godfrey to lay aside his buckler of suspicion, and in reply to her "Then this visit of yours is, I take it, a tribute—a small tribute, to youthful sentiment, to a dead love?" he, as lightly, rejoined—

"By no means. Love, amongst the other attributes which I have enumerated, resembles a sachet, with the scent of which we are so familiar that it is advisable sometimes to

shake it up anew."

"And this particular sachet is so sweet as that?"

"Can you imagine incense compounded in

part of Iris blanc?"

Again Lady Annandale shook her head. "I am sure that that compound would be by no means saintly."

"I misled you if you think that I imagine her a saint." Then, seriously, he added: "Oh, my dearest, we have lost ten years!"

"You would wish to take me to Ceylon?"
He saw the pupils of her eyes contract at the unattractiveness of the suggestion.

"Of course, if-"

If Godfrey had come to her with the intention she believed, or even if this intention had been caused by the spell of proximity, he must be no longer mistaken in her meaning. "I couldn't go," she interrupted.

"Then we will leave Ceylon to take care of itself," he said carelessly, taking no more notice of her words than if she had not said

them.

"You seriously mean that?"

"I was never more serious in my life. I will abandon that nest and make another over here."

"Then we come to the second count—your heart. Are you quite, quite sure that it is negotiable, fresh, not in a battered condition?"

"Quite sure."

"It is not the stretched imagination of the tongue that permits perjury, when you say that you have been faithful to one woman all these years?"

"I have—in spirit and in truth."

She was so fine, so expert, so awake to every word, that her "I see" accepted his assurance as man's usual quibble.

"I swear---"

"You needn't; for, oddly enough, I believe you." For a moment her voice failed, and her eyes filled with tears. "I like to be able to think that there are some good men. This world so dries up our moral qualities that, if anything of them remains, they, waste and wizen, rattle as unattractive as does the dry kernel in a nut. You see, though I seem to have been born to a fairy tale, I have really lived in this same world, and have not, therefore, the rosiest faith in human nature."

"You are the only woman I have ever

cared for."

"Does not every man tell every woman that?" She looked into his eyes and laughed; and he, on his part, looked at her crimson lips, at the ivory of her skin, at the blue veins, traceable at her temples, at the delicate shadows round her eyes, at her white hands, on which jewels sparkled, as she gathered from her lap some lime blossoms, dropped from the overhanging boughs, and pressed the sweet flowers against her face, closing her eyes, the better to breathe their perfume. As she let her hands drop back into her lap he took one of them, firmly detaining it within his grasp.

"This brings us to the third count," said

she.

"That is surely no difficulty. Boyne is a very good name."

"But——"

"You mean that from the height of the Countess of Annandale you would resent dropping to that of Mrs. Godfrey Boyne?" His vanity was hurt; his temper rose in its defence.

She hazarded a suggestion: "You would not be content for Mr. Godfrey Boyne and the Countess of Annandale to be bracketed

together?"

He appeared to weigh the question, studying her face at such length that it might easily be imagined that he was gathering to store the details of her beauty. Then his response was cold and distinct.



"Certainly not. If I am good enough for you to marry, my name is good enough for you to take.

She turned herself about with a shrug of

protest.

"Hush! Let me think of it for a moment," and sat in silence, looking with contemplative eves towards where, in the far distance, the wheel of fashion still revolved.

Godfrey waited as long as it is possible for an impatient man to wait; then "Well?" he demanded, as something opened between them—something which each recognised as the gap of time. Then, across this chasm, Lady Annandale lightly threw a plank, accomplishing, with a woman's dexterity, more in one moment than Godfrey had been able to do in weeks of arduous work.

Over her beautiful face a flicker of laughter passed, in keeping with the dancing beams thrown by an inquisitive sun, which had climbed down from high heaven to peep at it under the protecting boughs.

Vaguely, in a tremor of unformulated hope, Godfrey saw that that which had appeared to him as the end might really be but the

beginning.

"In all the phrases, creeds, commonplaces banal, puerile, true and sensible, which you have said of love, you have omitted to enumerate the only attributes that woman recognises," said she, and paused to beg him by a little Sphinx-like smile to pay attention to her words.

"These are its power of over-riding every obstacle; of conferring upon woman a title

higher than that of queen.

"Go on, please go on," he stammered.

She looked straight into his eyes.

"You are indeed dense and stupid if you cannot understand how dear to some women may be the name of 'wife.'"



"The highly modern woman of Society."



E held him with his glittering eye, the mariner had his will," says Coleridge, of the device by which his "Ancient Mariner" riveted the attention of an unwilling listener to a long, weird narrative, enforcing a moral and showing forth the laws of life. Can it be in order to enhance the glitter of one eye, and so hold the Speaker and the House enthralled while they orate, that many of our legislators wear monocles? It would seem as if Mr. (now Sir John) Tenniel had something of this kind in his mind, and wished to play

upon the name of John Bright, and make him brighter, when he depicted that friend of peace wearing an eyeglass. For John Bright never wore one in his life! Yet he was always drawn wearing one, not only by Tenniel, but also by Charles Keene and all the other cartoonists. In like manner, Lord Palmerston, who did not walk about with the end of a straw in his mouth, never appeared in a cartoon without one; while Mr. Gladstone was always a man of forty, and Mr. Chamberlain had side-whiskers!

The real reason for many of these curiosities of illustrated journalism, and this unconscious humour on the part of some of our best humorists with the pencil, is that they did not draw from life, but used to depend on engravings and photographs for their portrait-studies. With the one exception, perhaps, of the Vanity Fair cartoonists, I was the first of the caricaturists (though now their name is legion) to attend Parliament and make studies of the members from life.

It is surprising how much the appearance of a man in a cartoon is affected by the adding or omission of such details as glasses—double or single; not only in so far as what is actually seen, but in regard to suggested ideas as well. For example, to depict a man so free from affectation as Bright with an suggests that his sight really one. Of course, the caricaturist exaggerates peculiarities—as I have done in portraying Sir William Harcourt with a very double chin—but he who draws from the life is able to put in touches that mislead, instead of merely emphasising the intentional satire by exaggerating what is there and adding what is characteristic.

Glasses—like hats and eyebrows and everything natural or artificial about the brow materially affect the appearance of their

Moreover, since, unlike wearer. crutches, wooden legs, and other artificial aids to physical functions, they are often used by people who need them not as aids in seeing, but only to impress those by whom they are seen, their presence indicates character. The man who accounted for his wooden leg by saying "wooden legs ran in his family" raised a laugh; but eyeglasses do really run in the family, if one may judge by the case of the ex-Colonial Secretary and Mr. Austin Chamberlain, whose resemblance

to his parent is made all the

more apparent by the glazing of his eye. Whether it also helps him to see things from his father's point of view, is another question.

Most of us have seen that delightful play, "A Pair of Spectacles," wherein the generous, soft, but fair-minded gentleman, who sees everything through favourable glasses, suddenly changes his spectacles for those worn by a hard, suspecting man of business; with the immediate result that all is changed. Henceforth he only sees the bad in everything, and none of the good.

Such a transformation can never take place in Parliament. Figuratively speaking, the glasses are always party glasses. Those in power view everything through favourable



JOHN BRIGHT WITH AN EYEGLASS.

glass. Those in opposition see all that is bad. The Irish party see everything through

green glasses.

It has, however, always been more or less of a puzzle to me why any man should wear a glass in one eye only—unless, indeed, he have weak sight in one eye only. Is it in order to suggest that although he needs glasses, he is too poor to afford more than one? Or does it mean that he wishes to look at one side only of every question? Perhaps, in the case of British legislators, the wearing of the monocle may bear some occult relation to our system of party government, and may be taken to imply that the wearer refuses to see any arguments on the other side. Or perhaps it typifies singleness of purpose—the legislator's resolve to have an eye to the public good alone, and keep the eye to private interests closed. If so, however, it is too provocative of winking to be



DISRAELI'S EYEGLASS.

s ymbolic meaning to be gathered from the use of glasses by orators. Mr. Gladstone, whose speeches were full of

entirely

satisfactory.

is much

Still, there

reservations,

qualifications, and well-balanced arguments, used double glasses, to look out of both eyes at the same time.

The most notable eye-opener (if one may use this Americanism to describe an eye-glass) in the present Parliament is the eye-glass that serves as the *cachet* to that most notable politician, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

I recollect once, when I was on my way down to the House of Commons during a period of great political excitement, hearing one 'busman call out to another as they passed Mr. Chamberlain tripping across Parliament Street: "Bill! Ye see 'im? That's Joe—heyeglass and hall!"

The only time Mr. Chamberlain drops that eyeglass is when, seated with arms folded, legs crossed, nose perked upwards, and eyes closed, he listens, but to all appearance sleeps, while a tirade of abuse is showered upon him from the other side of the House—or, it might be said, from all sides, for the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer,



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FAMOUS EYEGLASS.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, "Tommy" Bowles, and other sharp critics among his colleagues also attack him. He never moves a muscle of his face or raises his eyeglass. Once up at the Table, however, that eyeglass flashes in tune with his clear-cut phrases and caustic criticisms.

In one respect, at any rate, Mr. Chamberlain resembles the great, and much-abused, leader of the Commons in the past— Mr. Disraeli. Disraeli also sat unmoved when attacks were being made upon him; but his head was bent, not thrown back, and his arms lay listlessly by his side. He had an eyeglass, but he did not "wear" one. It was not attached to a string—at least, not in his later days. Judging, however, by the portrait sketch of him by Maclise, he made much of the silk guard which is very conspicuous in the drawing. So far as I saw



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S SPECTACLES.



THE O'DONNELL EYE.

him, he carried his eyeglass loose in the right-hand pocket of his waistcoat, and seldom used it. When he did, he held it between the first finger and the thumb of his left hand to his left eye; or, similarly, in his right hand to his right eye. This was sometimes, though rarely, to look at his notes; generally, however, to look round the House and see who was speaking. Here, perhaps, one may again apply symbolic interpretation to the language of the Disraeli could see long vistas of eveglass. Imperial greatness for England through that eyeglass kept for looking at distant objects only (such as India, with our Queen proclaimed Empress), and when not in use safely hidden in his breast pocket. Chamberlain flourishes his eyeglass, like his fiscal policy, and is careful to attach it to his person "on a little bit of string," as he would attach the Colonies to England by something more tangible than sentiment, even at the cost of a rise in the price of bread, orchids, and other necessaries of life.

Disraeli's great opponent, Mr. Gladstone, made much artistic play with his glasses.



THE HANBURY GLASSES.

They were round, dark rimmed, double glasses. Gladstone toyed with them when opening a speech, raised them to his formidable nose when reading his notes, while emphasising a point, and closed them with a snap and placed them in his breast pocket when he came to his peroration. For reading he donned spectacles.

Sir William Harcourt was much like his leader, Mr. Gladstone, in the use he made of his *pince-nez*, but in his latter days he wore glasses, and when referring to his notes

he used both.

The use of the hands is one great test of a good actor. The amateur never knows what to do with his. The same remark applies to public speakers. Indeed, the proper management of the hands is nearly as important as a good delivery or a good voice; and this is true—at least, to a great extent, with regard to glasses and all such "properties," if

one may use the theatrical term in this connection. Notice how the trained actor, when he has an eyeglass, makes the most of it. Some parliamentarians are born actors. There was none greater,



SIR M. M. BHOWNAGGREE.

in this respect, than Sir William Harcourt, and he knew when to wear a *pince-nez* and how to use it to the best effect. He waved his *pince-nez* to widen his argument; used it, as he would a dagger, to stab an opponent; caressed it as he would a friend, and discarded it as he would an enemy.

A figure that will live in the memory of all who knew the House of Commons in the stirring 'eighties, when Parnell and Home Rule had become an almost daily sensation, is that of Mr. Biggar. When he spoke, which he always did on every possible occasion, at almost unlimited length, the House sat depressed, listening to his hard, grating voice. But when he put on his glasses, and took up the top volume off a pile of books to read extracts, for the sake of obstruction pure and simple, the House groaned. Those glasses of his always meant mischief. At the time of his death a leading paper spoke of him as follows:—

"For many people the death of Mr. Biggar will merely mean the disappearance from Parliament of a vulgar and eccentric old

man, familiarised to them by the unsparing pencil of Mr. Furniss, as the Quilp of the Írish party. The better-informed public will be aware that with the removal of that queer figure from the political arena goes the visible embodiment of one of the most powerful and extraordinary political forces of the time. The days of obstruction are wellnigh sealed. . . . But in the day of small things it was this half-educated Belfast pork merchant who did more than any man to compel the attention of the indifferent English parties to the Irish cry." manifestation of this force, in its most aggravating form, the rumbling out of inelegant extracts from a heaped up thundercloud of irrelevant literature, was always preceded by the flash of his glasses—a kind of lightning that did not tend to clear up the air and fill it with ozone, but with "Oh's!" and groans only.

But if obstruction originated with Joseph



SIR HENRY VERNEY.

Biggar's carrying into effect of an order from Mr. Butt (given some time before Parnell's maiden speech in Parliament) to "speak against time," it was practised, as a fine art, by Mr. Frank Hugh O'Cahan O'Donnell, the member for Dungarvan, who can claim the doubtful honour of having been the disturbing element in the House for a considerable time. As a rule, he did not work with his party, but played what is known in football as "a selfish game." In appearance he

resembled the "Champagne Charlie" type of a former generation.

Mr. O'Donnell had good features, carefully arranged, light, wavy hair, a military moustache, and aggressive nostrils; and he wore an offensive eyeglass.

There are eyeglasses and eyeglasses. Behind some you see the eye softened and improved, while other glasses seem to magnify the optic and add fierceness to its expression.



SIR ALBERT K. ROLLIT.

To the latter category belonged the eyeglass worn by Mr. O'Donnell. Moreover, it acted as the lens of a kind of searchlight that threw its rays across the benches, and there was no escape from its ferocious With that eyeglass he could get just the one-sided view of history that suited his purpose; indeed, he may be said to have been endowed with a genius for distorting history, and then, when he had focused his facts to suit himself, he would present his view to the House with a calm cocksureness and an air of pedagogic superiority that endeared him to his colleagues. He would have made himself indispensable to Mr. Parnell; but he had views of his own a failing that the "uncrowned king" could never tolerate—and so he was forced to go. His presence was missed, perhaps, less by the House of Commons than by the caricaturists, who never tired of depicting him, with neck craned forward, and that offensive eyeglass in his eye, as he plied the Treasury bench with questions.

Like Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, Sir Ashmead Bartlett had what I have described as a ferocious eyeglass, through which his glances darted across the House like a searchlight. Glasses of a very different kind are the double glasses that used to sparkle, in Parliament, under the firm, intelligent forehead of Sir Edward Clarke. Their light is missed in the legislative assembly, and it is no exaggeration to say that, practically, everyone



THE BALFOUR GAZE.

rejoices at the prospect of their wearer's return to the scene of his political triumphs—a prospect not far distant if reports be true.

A large man, with a large face, a large fortune, and a large reputation for hard work, has, unfortunately, passed away while still in his prime, and with him have vanished a pair of familiar glasses from the Front bench. The late Mr. Hanbury, to whom I now refer, could be easily picked out by any stranger visiting the House, by his large, boyish, serious face, and his glasses. Perhaps, however, no glasses shine more in the House than those of Sir Mancherjee Merwanjee Bhownaggree. His naturally dark complexion serves to "throw them out," as artists say, and they glisten under his hat.

Sir A. K. Rollit is a big man in the world of commerce, law, and politics, and his glasses act as safety-lamps and guides to any one among the many subjects—and their name is legion—that he undertakes.

One old and much-respected member of Parliament I remember who was never seen without his glasses, and never seen to use them. This was the late Sir Henry Verney, who was a member of the first Reformed Parliament, being returned as M.P. for Buckingham in 1832, and continuing to sit in Parliament until 1885. Year after year he sat on the benches with his spectacle-case suspended from his neck like a bag. There it was, always ready to hand, yet never, when he was in the House, did I see the spectacles on his nose. It is, indeed, doubtful whether "the other Grand Old Man," as he was

called, really required them. He died at the patriarchal age of ninety-three, and up to his closing years was a thorough sportsman, attending the meet of the hounds up to the last; he walked vigorously, was an excellent skater, wrote a beautifully clear, legible hand, and had a perfectly unimpaired intellect to the day of his death. Perhaps his method of wearing glasses may be taken as typical of a maxim it would be well for all our legislators to adopt: "Be prepared for any and every emergency that may arise," or of the principle on which some of our representatives in Parliament defend and advocate military and naval expenditure in the interests of peacenamely, that if you show that you are fully armed, you will not be called upon to fight.

Another familiar eyeglass in the House, as well as in the paddock and at the Carlton, is that of the ever-popular Henry Chaplin. Mr. Chaplin is the "gentleman of the House," a perfect aristocrat, the best-dressed man—"groomed" is the proper word, I believe—that ever sat in either Cabinet. One cannot help expressing some regret that he is not still a minister. For the eyeglass is stuck in a keen, experienced eye, under a good brow, in front of a head well stocked with brains, and above a mouth out of which have proceeded some of the very best parliamentary



THE RT. HON. HENRY CHAPLIN.

fighting speeches. The Right Hon. Henry Chaplin is, rightly, one of the most popular men in the political world; for he is not only a fine specimen of humanity, he is also a perfect gentleman, a splendid politician, and a thorough sportsman.

The Premier, the Right Hon. A. J.

Balfour, is never seen without his glasses. Of course, they are double glasses, for he is the last man in the world to look at one side of a question only. They may well be taken as typical of the keen, critical scrutiny with which he is able to examine, not only his own and everybody else's opinions and beliefs, but also the weak point in an opponent's speech. His intellect and his manners are as polished as the lenses of those glasses; and even when one differs from his opinions, it is an intellectual pleasure to follow the refined irony with which he is able to "polish off" the utterer of some crude argument or some rude remark. Even long ago, when he sat below the gangway, on the Opposition side of the House, as a follower of Lord Randolph Churchill, in his Fourth Party of four—Lord Randolph, Sir Drummond Wolff, Sir John Gorst, and Mr. Balfour—those glasses were noticeable. Now they are indispensable; for the House of Commons would not be the House without the genial presence of Mr. Balfour.

How many of our legislators really require glasses to correct defects in their physical powers of vision, it would be difficult to say. The question might be interesting as bearing upon the relation between defective vision caused by study or otherwise, and the mental qualities of our M.P.'s. The inquiry would also be interesting from another point of view—that of studying affectations and fashions. For it is a curious fact that while no one who can walk without them uses crutches, and while the

bare idea of all our legislators who use glasses trooping into the House armed with ear-trumpets suggests a most ludicrous (or pitiful) picture, although it might add to the comfort and dignity of many to be deaf, there can be no doubt that if only those who cannot see or read without them wore glasses in the House, the number of these would be considerably reduced.

It is, however, conceivable that some glass-wearing legislators—especially among those who affect the monocle—expect more from its aid than it can give them. there are many things that some of our legislators cannot see, and never will see, and many lessons they have never learned to write, though written large in the pages of The wearing of glasses by such history. men, who cannot even read the signs of the times, reminds me of a story that, if not very new, is worth repeating for the new meaning that it bears in this connection. It is that of a sailor who entered an optician's shop and asked to be shown some "readingglasses." He tried a pair, and then another, and another; strong glasses and weak glasses; dear glasses and cheap glasses; and with none of them could be succeed in deciphering some printed matter placed before him. He tried also the patience of the optician, who at last exclaimed: "Good Heavens, man! can you read at all?"

"Of course not," replied the sailor. "If I had learned to read, do you think I should want to spend my money on reading-glasses?"

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

A KINGLY crown,
My friend, you ought to wear;
Surely you would not dare
To cast it down?

Though Nature's best Always within you lay, You sink to common clay Just like the rest?

There is no doubt God set you for a light— What if in all men's sight Your light go out? Arise! Be great!
Though Joy is dimmed by pain;
Arise and fight again.
Your Joy can wait!

The weak and frail Amongst your fellow men Lean on your strength—but then What if you fail?

Lastly, my friend, Be master of your Fate, Not Fate of you. Be great Until the end.

L. G. MOBERLY.





RUGGLES' FIRST CASE.

By CHAUNCEY THOMAS.

"COD morning." "Mornin'."

"Is this Mr. Ruggles, the lawyer?"
"Yes, sir. What can I do for you? Sit down." And Ruggles eyed his caller in a way that he has never looked upon anyone since—for this was his first client; but the caller did not know that.

"My name's Warwickton. I'm an Eng-

lishman---"

"You're the man who gave a hundred thousand for the Red Shirt mine?" interrupted the young lawyer.

"I'm the fool," candidly replied the other.
"Gave twenty thousand pounds for a few

miles of hole in the ground——"

"That contained only as much gold as had been salted into it for purposes of sale," added Ruggles.

"That's it. And now—— Well, I came

to see you about it."

"Want your money back?" suggested

Ruggles.

- "Lots of law—libel law and all kinds, but it is not in good working order just now. In this western country, when a man says something you don't like, you take your gun and go pot-hunting for him."
- "Must be a beastly lot of murdering done here?"

"No-o. But there's precious little libel.

So say what you please. Tell your story out and out, flat-footed, my friend."

"Well, then, it's this way, as you Americans say: I came here from Liverpool a month ago. I've just been graduated from Oxford—B.A., don't you know."

"And a heap of good your B.A. did you when you struck Empire, Colorado, with a hundred thousand dollars to sink in a gold-

mine!" laughed Ruggles.

"I know it—but don't rub it in. I'm a fool, and have parted with my money. I see that you are like all the other lawyers here in Denver—don't want anything to do with me because I have no money left with which to fight my case; and those rascals have a half-million pounds, I'm told. But the British dog, don't you know, never lets go—so good morning, Mr. Ruggles."

"Hold on, there! Sit down. I'll take

your case."

"But you don't know what it is yet,"

said the Englishman with a stare.

"Don't care. I'll take it—and I'll win it. How much money have you left to begin the fight with? They'll probably carry the case on appeals to the United States Supreme Court—but we'll give them at least ten years of worry for their boodle; for it's a clear steal. I've heard of your deal—and we can keep them guessing for a while, if nothing else. How much of the Queen's private fortune have you left?"

"None," gloomily confessed the English-

man.

"NONE!" snorted Ruggles. "Then what're you foolin' with the law for? It's a rich man's game, my dear sir—same class as race-horses, yachts, and opera-troupes. But I'll take your case—and I'll win it. Give me the facts."

Condensed, the case was this: The Red Shirt mine lay from the top of Lone Jim Mountain, at Empire, to the base—six fifteen-hundred-foot claims—a distance in all of almost ten miles. At the bottom of the Red Shirt lode and down in Broken Axe gulch, through which oozed Champagne Creek, mushy with mill tailing, lay the Moly Hoses mine. Until a month ago both

had been owned by Messrs. Goldsmith, Jenkins, and Crab. For years they had worked the Red Shirt, and from it had taken something like three millions in gold values. Then the Red Shirt vein pinched out; but stringers of ore leading down through a fault from the Red Shirt side line led the development work on down to a bed of mineral rock in the Moly Hoses, at the bottom of the gulch, which assayed over seven ounces in gold to the ton. Red Shirt had produced three millions, but was now worthless. But Messrs. "G. J. and C.," as the firm was known, craftily left a few cubic feet of ore in place in the Red Shirt; and with perjured reports, cunningly devised to protect them when the storm broke, they had sold the famous

lode to young Warwickton. It was a firstclass business deal; and strictly legal—hence it must have been perfectly honourable. This youngest son of a youngest son of one of the oldest families in England, with the stupidity that young men just out of college sometimes suffer from, had insisted on buying the mine outright; to all warnings "from envious strangers who are trying to beat me out of my bargain, don't you know," he had opposed his sublime confidence in the infallibility of British judgment. This bulldoggedness is the only thing to dam back Napoleon or rivet down on to Lucknow with, but when it comes to dealing with those human coyotes known in the Rockies

as "mine-salters"—well, the bulldog's jaw muscles grow paralysed on a dry bone while the coyotes yelp in glee.

But Ruggles was not much better off than his client. For six months he had paid high office rent in the Equitable Buildings, and, scorning police-court and shyster cases, he had dashed here and darted there—bluff, bluff, bluff, but no business. That week he had received but two important letters—one was an offer of sixty dollars a month to become a clerk for Judge France, one of the oldest and best lawyers in the State; and the other letter was a curt notice to vacate Room 901, the rent being two months over-

due. Judge France liked the tall, thin, young fellow with his tightly curled, red hair, his hard, grey eyes, lantern jaws, and clotheshorse frame on which were strong, dried-beef muscles, and from which his shiny black Prince Albert coat hung in points as if thrown over an inverte hair; and so did the Equitable agent like Ruggles—but the Judge was kind while the agent was only human. Ruggles had not answered the letters yet, for that morning old Judge Kellogg, as good a man as he was a lawyer, had slapped Ruggles on the back and said as he hurried by: "Keep at it, my boy. Quebec was won in the night, you know." So Ruggles had paid the agent his rent, and filed the receipt and the pawnticket for his watch and sixshooter away together. He

had just enough coin left with which to buy a ticket from Denver to Empire and back seven dollars and thirty cents. His lunch four cold beef sandwiches and an oil paper of baked beans—he carried in his hand in a canvas ore sack disguised as assay specimens. That night he slept in the Red Shirt shafthouse wrapped in an old horse-blanket and two gunny-sacks. Huddled none too warm there in the dark, he grunted: "Red Shirt or no Red Shirt, I now go to sleep," and sleep he did. The next morning Warwickton arrived on foot. From Denver to Empire is only forty-five miles along the railroad track—and Englishmen are great walkers. All the day before and all night, three-feet-



six at a stride had brought the green but always gritty Englishman. Cold breakfast for two, a silent smoke, and a general survey of the busy million-dollar outfit in the gulch below—this is the way the day began.

Now, a million dollars, guided and controlled by such a triangular-braced set of brains as "G. J. and C." mustered, thought it had nothing to fear from those two young men squatted there on the mountain-top—that flaming-haired, square-cyed, box-jawed American, he of the wolf-breed; and that lumpy, lumbering English bulldog. In fact, the work went clanging on below, and never a thought or a look went up the mountain.

"Brother: your pedigree got mighty well

Milling, and Skinning Company, sir, has hardly enough water in it to prime the pumps. There is not even water, to say nothing about ore, left in this mountain; all of it goes down Jumping Creek here, to wet up that rolling mud down there they joke the Champagne. And——"Ruggles stopped, his mouth open.

"What were you saying?" asked War-

wickton, struck by the silence.

"What a fool!" exploded the young lawyer.

"I know it," moaned the man Ruggles imaginatively branded "B.A.," as if tired of having the fact called to his attention.

"I mean I am. Why didn't I think of it before?" Ruggles demanded of the



"That night he slept in the Red Shirt shaft-house."

licked by that tribe down there some few days ago—'seventy-six, I believe—and my line of progenitors were flounced 'round pretty lively by the same set of Yanks in the 'sixties. Let's get back at 'em. Law won't do. Money's law; law's money; they've got all the money, hence all the law, on their side. That's essence of Aristotle. My friend Blackstone says this and he quotes that—but what we need, my dear sir, is a cheque-book."

"Extraordinary country!" groaned the Englishman.

"Now, we can't get anything out of this Red Shirt, my friend," continued Ruggles, lighting his third pipe; "not even consolation. No, not even a drink of water. It's as dusty as Westminster; and even that place down there, the Moly Hoses Mining,

astonished Englishman, as he shook his fist under the aristocratic nose.

A month before, the owner of twenty thousand sovereigns would have wanted to fight, but now the pocket-collapsed philosopher simply answered: "Don't know," then stuffed his hand under his coat-tails and watched Ruggles stalk away like a pair of compasses. "Extraordinary country," he muttered along his tooth-clinched pipe-stem. "Wonder if he's coming back?"

In five minutes Ruggles did come back, and an awkward figure he made climbing the steep trail—nothing but a pair of human stilts connected by a rare head. "He must be smart," mused the leg-pillared Englishman, his feet half a yard apart and hands still scratching the small of his fat back. "He's all legs and head, no body at all,

just a cross-piece to connect the arms and to hang the coat on—and all his blood is in his head—easy to see that," and John Bull indulged in a starched smile.

"Brother! We've got 'em beat! Get a shovel; you'll find one in that old shaft-

house there."

"What is the shaft-house?" asked the new mine-owner.

In sheer disgust Ruggles simply pointed, then resurrected an old, rusty pick. "Come with me," he ordered. One third way down the mountain was an old, long-abandoned incline leading from the surface down into the upper workings of the Red Shirt. had been the discovery shaft when the Red Shirt was the excitement of the camp and the country was being staked for miles. About one hundred feet from it ran Jumping Creek. A year after the old shaft had been started—that is, in 1878—a landslide had filled the old bed of the creek, and this had caused a flood to pour into the Red Shirt. Fortunately this had happened the same day the engineer was on his drunk and the fan was still, or half of Empire next day might have had to bury the other half. dam had been thrown across the creek, and the water had been forced back into its old bed; the shaft was pumped out; sinking the bottom to China went on; ore was struck; the vein traced to the surface higher up the mountain; a new shaft had here been sunk; the old one had been abandoned; and the whole matter had been forgotten; for this was all in 1878, just twenty-three years ago. But Ruggles had noticed this dam, and also the empty shaft; he put them together and had his case. An hour of picking and prying, during which strength was generated under that frock-coat that filled the burly Englishman with wonder, the dam gave way, and Jumping Creek dived into the old discovery shaft with a roar. But its roar did not equal that of the Englishm ın.

"Man! You're crazy! You'll flood the

mine!" and apoplexy seemed probable.
"So I calculate," panted Ruggles, examining his blistered palms—or, rather, spotted claws. "Let's smoke."

"But it'll flood their mine, too. They're below us, and we're connected, don't you know. They'll sue us for damages!"

"Hope they do," grunted Ruggles, seated on a stone, as he squinted and jabbed away with a pin at the fourth blister. "How much do you suppose they'll collect?"

"Are you crazy?" asked the Englishman

suddenly, for he almost meant it. "What an extraordinary country this is, don't you know! You Americans have such amazing queer ways. Now, in England-

"Yes, I know," growled Ruggles, as he hunted for his pin in the sand. "What the deuce became of that pin? But our amazing queer ways seem to work all right—even on an Englishman. You see, this Red Shirt mine is worth just fifteen cents as it stands -but Jumping Creek can be valued at par, my friend. Listen to her gurgle! Sounds like rye going down a Kentucky throat. I calculate that this water will reach them down there in about an hour. It'll take a week to fill their mine-and incidentally drown out a hundred thousand dollars' worth of new machinery—your machinery, understand; you paid for it - and do a couple of hundred thousand damages to the mine in general. It will cost them a quarter



of a million to clean house after this rinsing if they wait till next week. They'll be in to see us; it's up to them now. I think they'll settle with us. So let's smoke. Come over here in the shade."

"But they'll be up here and dam this up again!" protested the practical Briton.

"No, they won't, either. I'll admit they'll soon be damning Jumping Creek—but not on this property. Can't a man do what he wants on his own land, at least for a day or two? Before I left Denver I served an injunction on them to keep off this property and in no way to interfere with us. Of course, they can get out one in return on us,



"'They'll sue us for damages!""

but that won't do much good. What they need is a writ of retainer on Jumping Creek here—and if the Creek ignores it, I hardly think that the judge will gaol it for contempt. Hear her bubble, will you? There's a jury for you! You can get out all kinds of acts to prevent a man from doing something -tearing down a dam, for instance-but when it is once down, a whole cartload of injunctions can't make him build it up again —that point was settled long ago in the case of Humpty-Dumpty versus the King's Men -and meanwhile everyone must keep off this property until the court decides the question. It takes a lawsuit, the law's delay, and all the frills of fees, records, peals, and appeals—but Jumping Creek flows right on. Got a match? This tobacco of yours is a little damp, isn't it? This mine's for sale, you know, and 'G. J. and C.' down there are going to buy it back. Come on, my friend; let's be going."

"Extraordinary country!" mumbled Warwickton, as he took a dubious farewell

stare down the old shaft now roaring like a geyser. At Empire, Ruggles met old Chipmunk, a grizzly old hermit prospector whom he had once grub-staked—unsuccessfully, however—and from Chip he borrowed four silver dollars—all the old fellow had—on which Warwickton rode over the rails to Denver.

"Hot tamales for two—ten cents," sputtered Ruggles, his mouth full of the peppery meat-mush. He and his blue-blood client were feasting, at the cost of a nickel each, in the first-class office of Webster B. Ruggles. They slept there that night—Ruggles because such was his custom, and Warwickton because he had nowhere else to lay his head. Incidentally, after a regular 'seventy-six argument, the Englishman took the lounge while Ruggles enjoyed the floor. All the next forenoon, until nineteen minutes after eleven, they stayed in the office and played chess.

Meanwhile there was trouble at the Moly Goldsmith was in Denver, Jenkins and Crab were at the mine, when the enginebell began to clang. Up shot the cage: "Atlantic broke in on us from somewhere," Pitfield, the day boss, explained to the two Jenkins went down to examine the workings while Crab stayed on the surface to keep things steady. From a chance remark of Pitfield's, "The water seems to be coming down from the Red Shirt—but that's dry and always has been," he caught a hazy idea of what was causing the trouble; and when Jenkins came to the top twenty minutes later, a pale and frightened man, he saw Crab on the Red Shirt by the old shaft waving his arms like featherless wings. Then every man on the Moly Hoses knew what the trouble was; for an hour the cage was busy hoisting men, and as the men came to the surface they were rushed to the broken dam; but it was no use. swore, they raved; but they could not dam Jumping Creek without machinery—and there was no hope of bulkheading the connecting workings between the lower levels of the Red Shirt and the upper stopes of the Moly Hoses. No damage had yet been done to the Moly Hoses, for Jumping Creek was still busy filling up the lower part of the Red Shirt; but enough was coming into the lower mine through the cracks in the rocks to show what a flood would come pouring in when the Red Shirt was full.

"We'll have the law on him!" thundered Crab. Jenkins was too near wild to talk. A special engine took them careening down crooked Clear Creek cañon and into Denver.

Fortunately for "G. J. and C." they had good lawyers—Horton, Redman, and Wright.

"It's no use, Mr. Goldsmith," white-haired old Judge Horton was saying. "That sale to Mr. Warwickton was a—a—well, it was probably legal—but I doubt it; and in any kind of suit you might bring, this would defeat you. Besides, you know that the law is slow and uncertain, and that Jumping Creek is quick and sure. How long do you say it will be before the water becomes serious in the Moly Hoses, Mr. Crab?"

stop it within twenty-four hours without Mr. Warwickton's consent."

"See him, then. Settle with him. We'll wait here. Hurry, Judge, for time now is worth a hundred dollars a minute, with that water rising as it is." The Judge hurried out.

At just nineteen minutes pasteleven, Judge Horton interrupted the chess game. "Ah—good morning, Mr.Ruggles—Mr.Warwickton, I believe! Messrs. Goldsmith, Jenkins, and Crab, my clients, have authorised me to see





C. Manding of up.

"They swore, they raved; but they could not dam Jumping Creek."

"To-morrow at noon at the latest. In three days, if it is not stopped, it will cost us half a million in underground machinery, timbering, and pumping. What had we better do? Can't we sue him?"

"What for? He has nothing but the Red Shirt mine—and that is worthless. You know that." The three partners squirmed uneasily. "Besides, under the circumstances, I doubt if you could win your case. But, gentlemen, the point of this affair is not for the law—this is a case for settlement. You are beaten. I advise you to let me see Mr. Warwickton and arrange a settlement with him. Then you can turn off this Jumping Creek; but by no process of law can you

you in regard to Jumpin'—er—the Red Shirt mine—ah——"

"I'll just invert this castle to show that it's my move," said Ruggles to Warwickton in a tallowed voice. "Now, Judge, I'm at your service. The Red Shirt—oh, yes—I have it for sale."

"For—ouch!" jumped the Englishman. Ruggles had gently ground his heel into the Briton's toes, sore from that long tramp.

"For sale, Mr. Ruggles? Quite right.

And at what figure?"

"One fifty," said Ruggles over his chin, his head back, one thin leg twined over the other, his thumbs in his empty vest pockets,



"They smoked, with never a word."

and his fingers drumming on his empty stomach.

"One fifty! Er—I hardly comprehend you," said the Judge, anxiety bristling

through his suavity.

"One—hundred—and—fifty—thousand—dollars—in—hard—cash!" shouted Ruggles, his freekled finger pecking at the table like a rusty pickaxe. Failure and a servile clerkship, or success and being the leading young lawyer in Denver: these two thoughts balanced up and down under that crimson, crinkled scalp. Ruggles meant business.

"Impossible! My bo——" But there was a hardening in that long, gaunt figure that silenced the oily greybeard. He was the pleader, and this forked rawhide full of bones, with his head of tangled, red-hot wire, was master of the situation. There was no question about that—but did he know it? And if he did, had he the nerve to hold out to the last minute, even though if he held he would win? But as Judge Horton looked at that face, a drumhead drawn over a dry, eyelit skull, he knew that here was a man who would play for all or nothing.

"I'll see my clients," he said hastily, almost apologetically, and picked up his silk

hat.

"I give them until noon to decide. After that the price increases ten thousand dollars an hour. Good morning, Judge Horton."

"Good morning, Mr. Ruggles. And—ah, good morning, Mr. Warwickton," and the

Judge left the room.

Warwickton was tongueless; he limped slightly as he returned to his side of the

chess-table.

"Don't say a word, brother, to me or to anyone. I'm playing a lone game. Let's smoke."

They smoked, with never a word. Noon came, but not a sign from the Horton office, though meanwhile there were great doings there. In some ways it resembled a padded cell. At twelve-twenty the Judge flustered into Ruggles' office.

"I'll take your offer—I'll take it! It's robbery! But we'll have to do it. One

hundred and fifty thous——"

"One sixty. You're twenty minutes late, Judge."

"Never!" shouted the old gentleman.

"I'll see you all in—"

"Water's rising, Judge. Jumping Creek's jumping. Seems to me I can hear it dripping down that old incline by the lakeful—can't you?"

"Young man, I'll have you in the

penitentiary for this! Good morn——" The Judge had slammed the office door.

Ruggles cracked a parchment grin and turned to Warwickton with "He'll be back," but Warwickton was gone.

During the verbal mêlée between the old Judge and Ruggles, the Britisher had slipped



"'Young man, I'll have you in the penitentiary for this!"

out of the door and disappeared. Sick to his toes, Ruggles, alone, folded down into a chair by the open window and for an hour gazed at the distant mountains.

"How cool it is up there—I'm sick of it all—this is gratitude for you—the gratitude of——" Just then the telephone rang.

"Ruggles? Is this Mr. Ruggles' office? Yes? Judge Horton there? No? Please don't speak so loud. Just left, you say? I guess you mean that you're just left, don't you? This is Mr. Crab talking. We've settled with your English fool, and by this time he has started for London. We own the Red Shirt, and by wire have already four hundred men at work damming Jumping Creek. It'll be stopped in an hour—no damage done us whatever. Let me congratulate you, Mr. Ruggles—" But Ruggles

had thrown the receiver crashing into the telephone-box.

"I'm the fool! The biggest foo——Guess I'll smoke." Then he wrote a letter—

"MY DEAR JUDGE FRANCE,—I will be glad to take the \$60 a month position you so kindly offer. Lack of funds, not a shortage of grit, compels me to let go here. Will report to-morrow noon.

"Very truly yours,
"Webster B. Ruggles."

Next morning, as Ruggles was packing up his few papers and many books, the carrier, with a hurried "Good mornin'," laid two letters on his bare desk. One read—

"Dear Ruggles,—Yours received. Offer of clerkship withdrawn. Have just read the two columns in the morning *News* giving your Red Shirt deal. Take you in as junior partner. We need a man like you. See me at two this afternoon.

"Yours truly,
"J. C. France."

While Ruggles was still rubbing this into his wiry red scalp he was almost dazed by the following from the second letter—

"My Dear Ruggles,—You made a bully good fight of it, but this is such an extraordinary country that I thought it best to settle matters myself, so that I could be sure that it would be done properly. Those thieves gave me back my money, just twenty thousand pounds, and I have placed one-fourth of it in the First National Bank to your credit. I will feel it an honour if you will consider me your lifelong friend.

"WARWICKTON."

With twenty-five thousand dollars and the junior partnership in J. C. France and Co., Ruggles was ready for his second case. The first thing he did, however, was to breakfast on a two-dollar sirloin steak and a fifty-cent cigar; his second move was to redeem his watch and six-shooter.

THE CUPBOARD IN THE WALL.

FOUND a cupboard in the wall,
I stretched, and stretched, and pushed
the door;

I saw the Spae-Wife's Crock and Broom, And her Shoes, about a score; And, on a hook, the Spae-Wife's Ring, It winked, and winked, like anything!

I saw a Pie upon the shelf,
And, as I watched, it tumbled in;
An Elf went pacing up and down,
Singing all high and thin;
And when the Pie was cool, he
wept,

And hung upon a nail, and slept.

I saw a Candle like a star,

And a Three-legged Cauldron black and
grim;

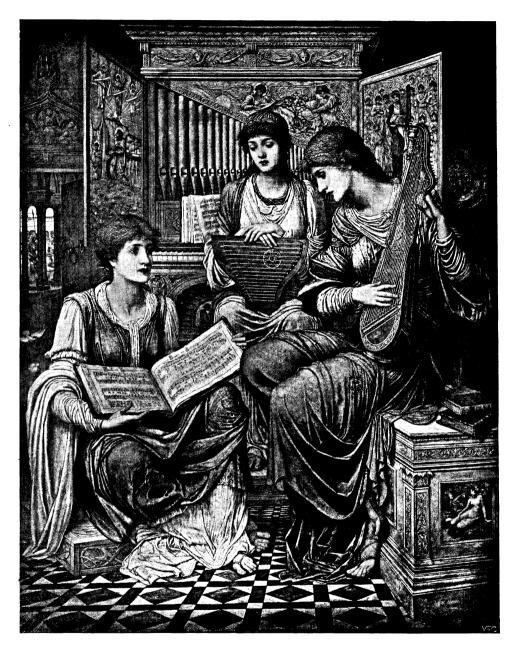
There was an ugly, ugly Man,
That hung upon the brim;
I heard him calling "One, Two, Three!"
But when They came, I could not see.

I saw a Toad go passing by,
And a Silver Snail with Golden Eyes;
A White Mouse bore a bag of crumbs
That changed to butterflies,
And where they flew their wings shone

Like dewdrops seen by candle light.

I heard the Clock fall fast asleep,
That only wakes when Twelve's the hour;
I saw the Spae-Wife's Nightcap nod,
With its buckle like a flower;
And then the door shut hard and fast:
The Spae-Wife had come home at last.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



"THE GENTLE MUSIC OF A BYGONE DAY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. M. STRUDWICK.

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WINKIBOO.

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.



ERY day, at the same hour in the morning, Winkiboo saluted his mother honourably, and set out from his poor hovel of a home on his road to school. There was nothing in life that he less liked doing than that; and this not because he was

indolent, but because he was heavy of understanding; his skull was thick, and his brain small and difficult to get at, so learning came

hard to him.

And as he went each day along the path by the rice-fields, and across the small channels, thick with fennel and burdock, which carried water into all the surrounding country, he would repeat to himself the lessons he had to get ready—the spelling and the tables and the pieces of verse, conning them from the rough clay tablets that hung round his neck; but however often he repeated them, it was no good at all: when he came into school and tried to remember them, he would find he had forgotten them all.

There was no doubt at all that he was the greatest dunce in the school. Almost on all days the schoolmaster would beat him, trying to put a little sense into his head, but it was not the least good; even the smallest of the scholars would jeer and point

at him because he was such a dunce.

They would do that not only in school, but out of school as well. Those who overtook him on the way, with their own lessons well learned and packed safe inside their self-satisfied little brains, would come round and laugh and interrupt his tardy efforts to master the task he had been set. "It is no use," they would cry; "why does Winkiboo try to learn when he knows he must be whipped?"

Thus they gave him smaller chance than ever to escape the flogging they wished him.

It was very amusing to see, however hard he might try, how sure he was not to escape a beating in one day out of two.

And the worst of it was that Winkiboo really wished to learn; so when his school-fellows began regularly to hinder him, he took to going another way by a much worse road, which led through a tangled bit of wood wherein stood an old ruined temple with the statue of Buddha, the calm, peaceable god, still seated in its shade, though no worshipper ever came near it now. "After all," thought he, "being a longer road, it will give me more time than I get by the other way."

At first Winkiboo was a little afraid when he came within the shadow of the wood, for the place was very overgrown and lonely; but before long he had got used to it, and would look up as he went by, to see the god always sitting there with empty hands and the same quiet smile upon his face, not seeming to care what went on round him, or, for the matter of that, for what no longer went on.

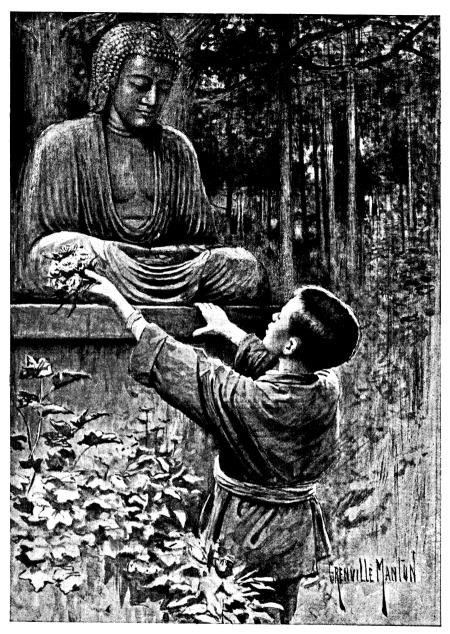
In a little while, Winkiboo came to have quite a friendly feeling for the lonely deity sitting in a shrine that had fallen out of fashion; so on his way he would pull flowers, and as he went by he would stand on tip-toe and drop them into the god's lap as a remembrance. But he could never tell if the god cared at all for such things now, for his face wore always that same smile of a mind given not to the outward things of the world, but inwardly to the things of the spirit. Winkiboo did not doubt that inside his black marble covering the god was very wise and knew many things that the rest of the world had forgotten long ago. There, then, was one who was far more wise than any schoolmaster; and yet he always looked kindly and never seemed to upbraid.

Winkiboo soon came very much to prefer going by the longer and lonelier way, till at last his school-fellows, never meeting him, would wonder what had become of him and how it was that he got to school at all. But though they questioned him, Winkiboo seemed to be dense, and would not say any-

thing.

Now, there was something strange about

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"He would stand on tip-toe and drop them into the god's lap."

Winkiboo's mind, for all that it was so slow at learning; it wasn't cleverness in the least, but it was a sort of hope that lived there and never quite died. Every morning, when he set out with his tablets to school, he could imagine that just for once he was going to get his lesson quite off by heart; and though the hope had failed him hundreds of times before, it was always the same again

next morning, never any more and never any less. And always when he got as far as the ruined shrine, with the calm figure of the god seated within, holding its peace so wisely at all the world, always then Winkiboo would think that he knew his lesson better than he had ever done before, and would look up cheerfully and nod his head and cry: "O Thou!" as he threw up flowers to the god's

knees before passing on his way. And while he did this he never remembered how the day before, and the day before that, and again the day before that, he had had quite the same idea, and yet had not received one stroke the less when the event proved him as much a dunce as ever.

But one day when Winkiboo was starting on his road to school, carrying his clay tablets with him, he saw in the water-channel by the way some vellow irises, which seemed to him more beautiful than any he had vet taken to offer at the shrine; and as he stayed and reached over the stream to get them, suddenly the string that was about his neck snapped, and the three clay tablets that hung there fell off into the water and were drowned.

All his hope was gone.

Winkiboo had no heart to pick more than a single flower, for he knew for certain that none of his lessons would be learned that morning, and that his master would be sure to beat him worse than ever he had done He went on his way weeping.

And when he came to the shrine, he reached up his hand and laid the yellow iris between the smooth, black knees of the statue, saying nothing, because his heart was

so heavy and had no hope left in it.

Then he turned to go on, when far up over his head he heard a soft, slow voice saying: "O thou!" It was the statue speaking to him. Winkiboo stood still as the rivet in a dead man's coffin, wondering with his slow mind what next. "O thou! said the voice again, "what is it ails thee to-day?"

Winkiboo smudged the half-dried tears out of his eyes to make room for fresh ones, and began sobbing once more. "Getting this flower for you," he said, "I dropped my tablets into the stream; so now, as I can't learn my lessons, I know I shall be

beaten!"

He was about to start sobbing louder than ever, when he heard the statue overhead say: "Oh, no, you won't be."

"Won't I? Why not?" asked Winkiboo,

still doubtful of the matter.

"Climb up on to my knee," said the statue, "and I will show you."

Winkiboo climbed up with some difficulty, and when he had got so far safely, there among the dried stalks of all the flowers he had brought on previous days, he saw three little clay tablets lying. He looked at them, and there was no doubt about it—they contained the words and the numbers and the verses which he ought to have been

getting by heart that morning.

"Sit where you are," said the statue, for Winkiboo was just going to snatch up the tablets and slip off again. "Sit where you are and read them once through; then I will let you go."

So Winkiboo sat between the statue's knees and read the tablets once through. And no sooner had he done that than he found he knew them all by heart, forwards and backwards, and inside out and upside down, and all ways imaginable. He was almost frightened to find himself possessing so much knowledge. "O Thou!" he cried in a great hurry, and slipping off the statue's knee, ran off as hard as he could to catch up the time that he had been losing.

In school that day, Winkiboo stood up unabashed and repeated his lesson without The schoolmaster could missing a word. not believe his ears: he thought there must be some trick about it, and tried to catch him tripping, by all the means that a schoolmaster knows so well. But Winkiboo tripped like a dewdrop on a blade of grass, or water on a duck's back, and rolled it out backwards and forwards, upside down and inside out, with the ease of the nightingale when he is love-making. The whole school became silent with envy, dudgeon, and astonishment.

Winkiboo ran all the way home; and when he got there, he sat down on the doorstep and cried because he was so happy. The way to learn his lessons had been revealed to him at last; and how easy it was !—simply to sit in the lap of an ancient and a wise god, whom other folks had forgotten, and at once the whole thing came like Nature.

The next day, when he set out to school, he took with him a large bunch of yellow irises in grateful offering to his benefactor; and when he stood up in class, he said his lesson just as well as he had done the day before, inside out and upside down and hind before, without missing a word.

The big, clever, lazy, fat top boy of the school, whose name was Boh-boh, which means chief, and who could only say his lessons in the ordinary, straightforward way, grew ill with envy to hear him. And as soon as school was over, he got hold of Winkiboo and said to him: "Tell me what it is you have done to make yourself so clever all of a sudden. If you do not tell me, I will do something that will make you wish yourself dead."

Winkiboo did not want to tell him at all. So what he said was this: "Take three hairs



out of a cow's tail, and three quills off a hedgehog's back, and three bones out of a lizard's spine, and swallow them; and when you have swallowed them, you will be wiser than you are now."

Boh-boh believed him easily, and the next

nearly so well as he ought to have done; Winkiboo surpassed him easily. After school, Boh-boh said to Winkiboo: "Why did you tell me those things would make me They have only

He did not

"In that case," said Winkiboo, "they have made you wiser, because now you know they are not good for eating; you would have known that before had you

When he heard that, Boh-boh became very angry and threatened to do all manner of things to Winkiboo if he would not tell him the true way to become wiser and learn everything just

"Well," said Winkiboo, "the way to make yourself really wiser is this. Get a flea that has bitten a dog, that has bitten a cat, that has bitten a rat, that has bitten a mouse, that has bitten a piece of cheese that you have bitten; and when you have been bitten by that flea, then your mind will go round and round in circles, and you will be wiser than you have ever been in your life before."

The next day when Boh-boh came to school, he was so exhausted he could hardly creep or sit up; he did worse than ever at his lessons, and by the time they were over,

where before he had been at the top, he now found himself at the bottom.

So when school was over, Winkiboo, who was beginning to feel quite sorry for him, said: "Did you catch that flea?"

"Yes," said Boh-boh, "and much good

has it done me! It took a lot of catching."
"Of course," said Winkiboo; "I could have told you that yesterday. And didn't the doing of it make you feel giddy?"

"Giddy!" cried Boh-Boh. "Why, my brain has been going round in circles ever

since!"

"That is just what I told you would happen," said Winkiboo. "Don't you feel wiser now than you have ever done before?"

Then Boh-boh became greatly enraged, and he caught little Winkiboo up by the scruff of his neck and shook him, crying: "If you don't tell me how you have learned to grow wise all of a sudden, as you have done, I will break every bone in your back. And if you play me one other trick like this, for that also will I break you when I catch you!"

So then Winkiboo said meekly and in haste: "When I learn my lessons, I go and sit on the statue in the ruined shrine that is in the wood; and that is how I grow wiser."

When Boh-boh heard that, then truly he believed that he had got to the secret of the whole business: so for the time he let Winkiboo go. And the next morning very early he went to the wood where the statue lay, that he might sit on it and learn his lesson and regain the place that he had lost.

But as soon as Buddha saw the big, fat, lazy, clever boy coming to be taught of him, he fell softly forward upon his face, so that whereas he had formerly been seated, what before was lowest now came uppermost.

So Boh-boh, coming to the shrine and finding the image thus prostrate, climbed up and sat himself down on the statue where he found things most convenient for sitting on.

But no sooner had he conned his lesson once through, than he forgot it utterly; and when he got to school that day, he received the due reward of his foolishness, while away in the wood the solitary god sat up and smiled.

But as for Winkiboo, his memory remained unimpaired, and his brain spread; and he became in course of time a paragon of learning, a fathomer of riddles, a trisector of triangles, a worker in logarithms, and a solver of acrostics: for between him and the statue there was a perfect understanding.



BY EVA ROOS. "THE LITTLE CONVALESCENT."

A CORSAIR OF THE DUNES

STORY OF A FORMER VOLUNTEER FLEET. THE

By S. R. CROCKETT.

WELVE years of his age was Jean Bart when he set foot on the ship of Jerome Valbué, that angry Picard. Four years he endured hardness under his hand, and at the end of the knotted rope but the fourth year saw an end of all that.

Jerome the Picard was a seaman much experienced, wise in his craft, but ungovernable of temper, bloodthirsty and sullen, a

terrible man on board his ship to those who came under his ban.

With some philosophy young Jean took the bite with the buffet, but once only did he need to show his teeth to his

captain. "Kill me, if you will," he said, "only remember when you go back to Dunkirk town. there will be waiting one or two on the quay, by the Carillon Tower yonder, who may chance to ask of vou: 'Jerome . Valbué — what have you done with our little Jan?

And. indeed.

the brothers Cornil and Herman, father and uncle of the sturdy 'prentice, had in their time been corsairs and privateersmen under half-a-dozen flags, and stood little upon ceremony when their own blood was concerned.

Said Uncle Herman: "Spanish was I born, and when I wedded the Sea Fox's daughter, quoth the Sea Fox to me: 'If there arrives a misfortune, lie low, and in time you will

JEAN BART'S MONUMENT IN THE GRAND PLACE, DUNKIRK.

draw from it good. There is honey in the carcass of every dead lion. Did not I, Old Janssen (whom, not without reason, they call the Fox of the Sea), make my fortune by carrying the tatters of the Armada back to King Philip, what time God and the English blew the great fleet to pieces?"

So it was this same Herman Bart who now said to Jerome the Picard: "If aught

befall my nephew. your vessel and your goods shall be sold to pay the blood-money."

But on his part. Cornil, the lad's father, said only, as he stood on the quay: "Master Jerome Valbué, boys are boys, and mine no better than the others. A rope's-end in reason across his quarters will make a man of him. But keep your hand from your knife. Or—well, I am Cornil Bart, of Dunkirk."

So for four years Jean Bart sailed with Black Jerome the Picard, and had frequent reason

to scratch his hams, finding the study of navigation hard, and the rope's-end sometimes used out of reason—that is, according to his thought of it.

But though he saw much rough work, and the flash of knives was no strange sight to him, yet till the fatal voyage of the Fat Pig (Captain Jerome Valbué) to watch the English guardships in the Straits, and to bring in stray Dutchmen whom the Cinque Ports' cruisers headed off from Rotterdam and the Texel, this burly Jean had not much to complain of.

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These were rough days, and our sixteenyear-old Jean, a tight and limber lad, made no bones about trifles. But what he saw that trip turned his stomach, and he resolved to part from Valbué without formal leavetaking, just as soon as he could get one foot on land, even though he had to carry off all his worldly goods in his breeches' pockets.

The Fat Pig was a well-found, seaworthy boat, built to be the Dover packet, now a brigantine garde-côte of 120 tons, with eight hands, a mate, and a ship's boy. The "boy" was by no means young Jean Bart, as might be supposed. On the contrary, so well had Jean profited by the rope's end, and so thoroughly had he applied himself, that at sixteen he was actually mate of the Fat Pig; and each noon saw him glue his eye to the sextant, while Jerome Valbué, a glass of schnapps in his hand, cursed Martin Lanoix,



THE DUNES OF DUNKIRK, NEAR JEAN BART'S BIRTHPLACE.

the Huguenot—who, in his turn, stood ready to write down the figures, a thing which, for all hissmartness, Jean could not do. It was when they were out of sight of land that Captain Jerome was always the most ungovernable. But whenever they saw Cape Grisnez thrust his long grey snout into the sand-churned froth of the Manche, or the towers of Dover Castle loom black against the sunrise like a little wiggle made with a pen, the Captain's anger dulled surprisingly. For he saw himself coming up to the quay of Dunkirk in the dawning, and heard those quiet brothers, Herman and Cornil Bart, asking in a breath: "What have you done with our little Jan?"

But there was one man who had no friends either on or off the Fat Pig. And that both because he would not drink, and on account of his religion—for that man was Martin Lanoix, a noted Huguenot. Also Martin irritated Captain Valbué because he was never angry. The Black Picard could not understand a man like that, nor know that the angers of such are the most terrible

when at last their calm shivers, as a glass does on a marble floor.

Martin Lanoix's glass broke suddenly one summer morning as the *Fat Pig* was lying in a glimmering calm upon a mother-of-pearl sea, with the land shut out and the sun rimmed clear and small like a silver sixpence pasted upon the sky, and just about as bright.

"Barbets! Foul dogs of Martin Luther, and the foulest of them is this Martin Lanoix!" So the Captain was crying to

his first mariner across the deck.

"Gabblers—Mass-mumblers—pigs of the Pope's sty!" retorted Martin Lanoix. "At least we Huguenots have brains and think for ourselves occasionally, but you others only *g-rrr-umph* and stir up the hog-wash in the troughs!"

He had no time to add more.

Jerome Valbuć, the Black Picard, was
upon him. Crash went his
fist straight in the scaman's
face. Martin Lanoix withdrew into a corner, his eyes

glittering.

"The Judgment of Oleron, master," he said calmly. "Remember that by the Law of Oleron the master shall not in his anger strike the mariner."

Once and twice again the brute struck, but before the third blow could fall, the long Huguenot knife was

out, and as the master of the Fat Piy's hand descended, the blade transfixed his arm.

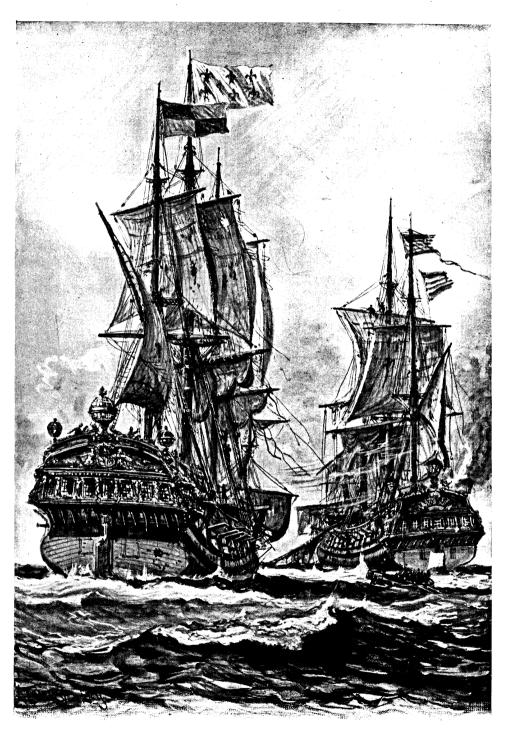
At the sight of the blood, one of the sailors on whom Jerome Valbué much depended precipitated himself towards the Huguenot to disarm him and throw him down. But, slipping on the deck, he fell forward on the red knife with a cry. When they turned him over, a film of glaze was already creeping over his eyes.

So they tied Martin the Huguenot up, who, as usual, said nothing. Nor did he say anything when the Captain cried for a deck

council to judge him.

"He invoked the Law of Oleron," he said; "well, he shall have it. Every mariner by that Law is a judge out of sight of land. Here stands Martin Lanoix—here stand I, Jerome Valbué, with a knife-thrust through my arm." (He tore the sleeve to show it them. "Now, did Martin Lanoix, aye or no, wound his captain to the effusion of blood?"

And he let the blood drip on the deck so

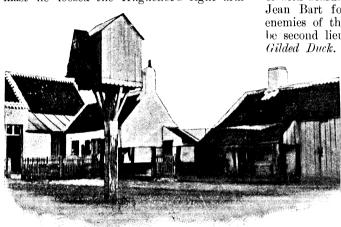


"IN THE PALME (TWENTY-FOUR GUNS, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN) HE TOOK AFTER A SEVERE ACTION THE DUTCH FRIGATE NEPTUNE."

that all might see the proof. There were but two who voted "No"—a certain sailor Vanburg and young Jean Bart. Six of the sailors voted "Aye." Then the Captain spoke again.

"Six sailors say that Martin Lanoix has wounded his captain, Jerome Valbué. Two say that he has not. Six are good against two. Let the punishment be inflicted."

So the Captain took the long Cevenol knife, and fixing it in a crack of the mainmast he loosed the Huguenot's right arm



"THE DOVECOTE," JEAN BART'S

and bade them draw it across the blade till bone grated on steel. And so it was done, Martin Lanoix uttering no word.

"And now," continued the Captain, "this Martin Lanoix, hath he, yea or nay, murdered Simon Laret who lies before you?"

"No!" said Jean Bart and Vanburg.

"Yes!"cried all the others.

"Six mariners," cried the Captain, "say that Martin Lanoix hath slain his shipmate. Two say he hath not. Six are good against two. It is a thing judged. Let him be punished."

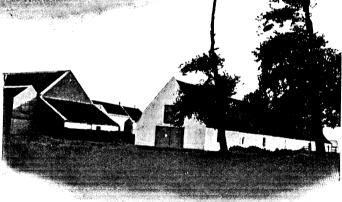
And at the word, six mariners, following the commandment of Jerome the Picard, bound Martin Lanoix back to back with the dead man and threw him living into the sea.

But when next the Fat Pig came to an anchorage, Jean Bart went ashore to denounce the deed, and that night he shipped on a Dutch lugger as a foremast hand, and was

beating his way up towards the Texel in the teeth of as stiff a Norther as ever blew. But he was glad. His heart sang. For the deck-seams of the Fat Pig were lined red with the blood of the murdered Huguenot, and the crack in the main-mast in which the knife-blade had been thrust gave him the shivers every time he passed it.

So he went to help the Dutchmen fight the English. For De Ruyter would certainly be glad of one who was equally ready with rope or with boarding-pike. And so for ten years Jean Bart fought the English and all the enemies of the States-General. He rose to be second lieutenant of the good ship the Gilded Duck. But when, in 1672, Holland

declared war against France, Jean and his friend Charles Keyser stepped into a little fisher's boat and set sail for Dunkirk, resolved never to fight against what they considered their native land.

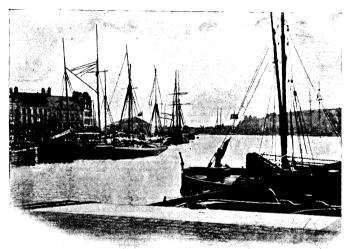


JEAN BART'S FARM.

What is it that so quickly attaches all who have been citizens of France, for ever so short a time, to the national idea? These two youths, Jean Bart and Charles Keyser, were Flemings, and sons of Flemings, reared under Spanish rule, and (save for one short interval of six years when the white flag of the Bourbons floated over the town) they knew nothing of France. Yet these young men, lieutenants in the first maritime Power in the world, threw up their commissions and were off to Dunkirk to fight for a flag that had never really been theirs, and a

monarch whom, as good Flemish burghers and Spanish citizens, their fathers had hated and opposed.

Now, the Frenchman cannot colonise.



THE PORT OF DUNKIRK, FROM WHICH THE VOLUNTEER FLEET SAILED.

The homeland tugs on the heart-strings too steadily. Like Ovid, he may be in banishment by the sad Euxine for a while, but the lights of the *cafe* and the click of the dominoes go on in his head, and presently you will find him back again behind the

green persiennes of a little white house with a vineyard about it, saluting the peasant women as they pass on their way to market, who wonder vaguely where Monsieur Jules has been this long while. Or he saunters into the cercle of his political creed, and his comrades, grown somewhat grever of head and thicker of girth, make room for him without once disturbing their game. The prodigal is home, but his waygoing was so monstrous that even now he is not encouraged to say too much about it.

Though Louis the Great was generally victorious on land by reason of the services

of a succession of great commanders, of whom Turenne and Condé were the first, and Marlborough's nephew, the Duke of Berwick, the last, he yet suffered defeat after defeat at sea. But young Jean Bart's Volunteer Fleet, the Corsairs of the Dunes, redressed the balance, or perhaps a little more. Almost they swept English and Dutch commerce off the narrow seas. In the ten years of war

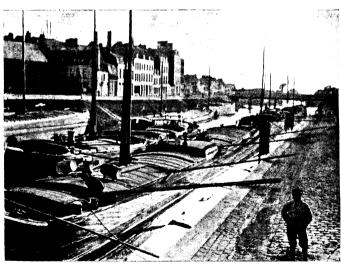
In the ten years of war between 1688 and 1697, the English lost not less than 4,200 vessels of all sizes by the deeds of these privateersmen. No doubt most of the captures were little better than fishing-smacks, but still it is on record that the total amount of value adjudged by

the Prize Court of Dunkirk during the forty years of sea warfare was no less than eleven millions sterling, equal

to thirty millions to-day.
So at the age of twentyfour behold Jean Bart, a
full-blown Corsair Captain,
sailing out of Dunkirk for
the first time to do battle for
his own purse, for the good
townsman who fitted him
out, and incidentally for King

Louis, whose commission he carried in his pocket.

This predecessor of the *Smolensk*, the *Petersburg*, and the Black Sea fliers, was not much troubled by scruples. Diplomacy had no terrors for him. He had the ships of half



THE GRAND CANAL, ROSENDAAL-SUR-MER.

Europe to pick and choose from. And, indeed, he spread his net very wide. His ship was the *King David*, a galliot of three hundred tons, rounded at stem and stern, slab-sided, drawing little water, but carrying

two guns and a crew of thirty-six men. Her companion ship was the *Alexander*, Captain Charles Keyser. And so these two young Dunkirkers went off to harass their old friends the Dutch, whose goings out and whose incomings they knew so well.

They were not long in laying by the heels a heavier collier, the Wild Man, laden with English coal, which that winter burned bright in the fireplaces of Dunkirk. Next came the Adventure of the Friend, whose cargo of Spanish wines had a serious adventure with the throats of the enemy. Doubt-The Saint less Jean Bart did his share. Peter of Bruges had no better luck, in spite of her ecclesiastical pretensions. One hundred and eighty and a half hogsheads of Bordeaux, to help digest the long Sunday afternoon dinners of Dunkirk, and a tun and a half of strong syrup-sweet Frontignan for special desserts, came out of the belly of the Saint Peter.

Young Jean's reputation was made, and was worth to him the commandment of a certain frigate of ten guns, the Royale, which was to bring him yet greater fame. Gilded Ham, of the Greenland fleet, laden with whalebone and whale-oil, yielded only after the death of the captain at the end of a four hours' engagement. On this occasion Jean had about as much Dutch ham, gilded or not, as he could digest. So year by year Jean the Intrepid found himself in command of larger and larger ships. In the Palme (twenty-four guns, one hundred and fifty men) he took after a severe action the Dutch frigate Neptune, and towed it into the port of his native town, amid the acclamations of his fellow-citizens, whom this corsairing was making rich above all the bourgeoisie of France. The King himself sent Jean a gold chain "in recompense of his fine action."

About this time Financier Colbert had a list made of thirty-three corsair captains belonging to Dunkirk, and first are found the names of Jean Bart and his friend Charles Keyser. It is further observed that both are remarkable for the manner in which, when anything is to be attempted, they mingle familiarly with their equipage, both officers and men, and so, by stirring them up till all are of one mind, they are better followed than any other officers of the fleet.

Remark the names of the ships taken about that time. There was certainly imagination and a sense of the picturesque affoat. The Gold Dust brought down the Gilded Falcon. The Damosel Christine and

the *Prophet Daniel* were equals in ill-fortune, while, as they came from the frosty North, Muskovy furs and Archangel tar had both to be sold by auction on the Dunkirk wharves. The *Goodwife of Wisby* and the *Dappled Crow*, the *Prince William* and the *Good Adventure*, the *Gilt Dolphin* and the *Short Nose*, the *Black Fly* and the *Heavy Stern*, all went the same sorrowful way. No wonder rates of insurance mounted, and merchants were glad to raise temporary loans at ten per cent. on the flags of the London Exchange.

But peace came suddenly upon France greatly, it must be said, to the sorrow of Jean Bart and his townsfolk of Dunkirk. Indeed, Jean seemed only to flourish in war-time, for it was not long afterwards that fate bereaved him of his mother, his wife, and his youngest It is difficult to get an impression of child. Jean as a mere man and an indweller of Dun-In the record of his marriage he and his bride Nicole Gonthier are called "two young people of Dunkirk." Most other documents where his name occurs are filled with the lists of the Dutch ships he took in time of war, and with lamentations that the King would go signing treaties of peace which prevented so excellent a citizen from bringing back more.

Still, we may understand, from the silence as to his home life during the long truces, that Jean Bart abode quietly enough in his own house, chatted on the quay with his fellows, walked out his wife to the *digue*, or among the sandhills on Sundays, that he paid his just civic dues, and whistled for a breeze.

However, under Louis the Great he never had long to wait. Even in the midst of his piping he managed to get a little commission, much in the way of Satan sent to reprove Sin, to go and rebuke the Mediterranean Corsairs of the Barbary Coast for the error of their ways. Cheered by this, he managed to put in the time till 1688, when the accession of William of Orange to the throne of England caused the war to break out fiercer than ever. Jean Bart's opportunity had come again. He was put in command of the Railleuse, while the Chevalier Forbin was appointed to accompany him in the Serpent. Forbin was an aristocrat little disposed to put himself under the orders of the Dunkirk ex-fisherman. However, Jean Bart understood discipline, though he did talk so familiarly with his crew. This man was sent by the King to act under his orders, and he was not long in giving the sneerer a taste of his quality.

At Forbin's very first impertinence Jean Bart marched straight up to him where he



"AND SO ALL THROUGH THE SEVERE ENGAGEMENT THAT FOLLOWED, THE BOY STOOD TIED TO THE MAST, IN THE MOST EXPOSED POSITION IN THE SHIP."

stood in the midst of a numerous group of well-born officers.

"I have something else to do than bandy words or scratch fleas with you," he said; "but take it once for all that I am not a man to suffer your sarcasms for a moment!"

So spoken. So taken. Forbin did not begin again, brave man as he afterwards proved himself to be.

There is always a refreshing directness about Jean, and his methods were distinctly

persuasive. The first time that his son François-Cornil, the future Vice-Admiral, heard the whizz of a round shot, he turned pale. His father had been watching him, and cried out at once: "Tie him to the mainmast till his ears grow a little accustomed to that kind of music."

And so all through the severe engagement that followed, the boy stood tied to the mast, in the most exposed position in the ship. And the lesson was taught once for all.

For it was this same youth who guarded the powder-magazine with a lighted match when his father was commissioned by the King to convey the Prince of Conti to the Port of Dantzic, on his mission to take over the throne of Poland.

On their way Jean Bart sighted a great squadron of three first-rates and many Jean Bart prepared for combat, but finally, with guns shotted and matches burning, he won through the enemy's fleet by dint of a swift vessel and his excellent seamanship. It was a solemn moment for the King-Elect.

"If we had been attacked," he said, "we

would surely have been taken."

"Fear nothing," said Jean Bart; "you would never have been taken. All the time my son Cornil was in the powder-magazine ready to blow us into the air at the first signal."

The which information comforted the

future King but little.

Yet in spite of this readiness "to make things jump," Jean the Redoubtable was taken by the English, himself, his vessels, and his companion Forbin. All combated valiantly, but in the end the islanders proved the stronger, and to Plymouth must Jean go. He was wounded and exhausted, so that, having pity on a sailor and a gallant man, the English confined him not in a prison, of which there were many in Plymouth, but only in a tavern with barred windows.

Here Jean and Forbin were attended by a Flemish doctor, who cared for their wounds and assisted them to plan their escape. Two cabin-boys of their ships were permitted to attend them, and no restrictions were placed upon the actions of these mousses. So Jean Bart and Forbin were soon furnished with files wherewith to cut the bars of their windows, covering up the marks of their labours with chewed bread mixed with soot in the accredited way. The mousses kept their eyes about them and soon found a drunken Norwegian skipper, who had come ashore in his boat, and now lay in it, as they descriptively said, ivre-mort. Him they conveyed to a neighbouring building and laid away to sleep out his drunken sleep.

Then having moored the small boat in a neighbouring creek, the boys waited the proper hour of night, when they repaired to the tavern-prison. This cannot have been very carefully guarded, for they found no difficulty in "chucking" a pebble up to the prisoners' window. Accordingly, Jean and Forbin descended by the aid of their

blankets, and all were soon in the stolen Into this "the necessities of life",—to wit, bread, cheese, and beer, with sundry instruments of navigation-had been conveyed, by the aid of which and the rowing of willing arms they landed two days later on the French coast near St. Malo.

The lieutenant of Forbin's ship had to be left behind owing to the fact that his extreme stoutness and his one arm prevented him from descending the wall by a blanket On the morrow he acted an extreme surprise, cursing his unfaithful companions for going off and leaving him in the lurch, though in truth he had sat up late the night before, carrying on a conversation in three different voices so as to give his companions the better chance of escape.

"Well do I see now," he concluded, "why that rascal Bart got new shoes the day before yesterday, when he had all the long

way into Scotland to walk."

An exceedingly simple English officer was completely deceived by this ingenious reasoning, and despatched mounted men along the



A DESCENDANT OF JEAN BART, IN THE RUE DE BART, DUNKIRK.

North road—leaving the seas clear for the navigation of the two adventurers and their friend the Flemish doctor.

All the same, it was an ill day for the English when they so poorly guarded their prisoner in Plymouth. For many years Jean Bart continued to lift their ships literally by scores. He carried back to Dunkirk prizes worth half-a-million francs at a time. Then, says the record, he would



MODERN VOLUNTEERING IN FRONT OF JEAN BART'S TOWN HOUSE.

"come ashore, drink a little eau-de-vie, smoke a pipe, and so to sea again!"

Presently, however, during a lull, he was sent for to Court. The King wished to see with his own eyes the famous Corsair. Forbin went with him, and as he tells us himself (he always sneers a little at Jean in his well-bred, superior way), the courtiers ran laughing to look at them, crying out to each other as they ran: "Let us go see the Chevalier Forbin leading his bear!"

But the King was not long in reminding the jesters that not one of them had rendered him such service as this sea-bear from the Northern Dunes.

Jean stayed some time at the Court, where his rough ways caused great merriment. One morning, having to wait in the King's antechamber till the King rose, Jean found the time long. So, like an honest mariner, he drew his short black pipe out of his pocket, loaded, and lit up. The gentlemen of the bedchamber expostulated, and finally bade him stop, threatening to tell the King.

"Sirs," said Jean, puffing away, "I learned this habit in the King's service. It is as necessary to me as your breakfast to you. The King is too just to make me do without it."

Off ran a messenger to tell Louis of the

enormity that was happening in his sacred antechamber. The King was in a good humour. He laughed and said: "I bet that will be Jean Bart. Let him smoke if he wants to." And so when at last he met

> the sailor, all his reproof was only this: "Jean Bart, listen. You are the only man who is allowed to smoke at my Court."

Another day the King said to him, after looking at his firm countenance and sturdy frame: "Jean, I would that I had ten thousand such men as you."

"I believe you!" quoth Jean, nodding grimly.

At which when the courtiers (doubtless behind Jan's back) were laughing, the King said: "He is quite right. He speaks like a man who knows his value. He has done great things for me, and he means to do more. I wish any one of you were like him."

Once, again, the King had given Jean an order on his treasurer for a thousand "shields"—that is to say, two hundred pounds. The note was addressed to a certain number in the Street of the Grand-Chantiers, and Jean marched directly there, tramped up the stairs, paper in hand. He opened a door and found himself in a great dining-room where many guests were assembled.

"Which of you," he cried, "is called Peter Gruin?"

"I am Monsieur Gruin," said one of the diners, without rising.

"Read this paper," quoth Jean Bart.

Treasurer Gruin took the paper, cast his eyes upon it, held it out over his shoulder, and let it fall again negligently behind him.

"You can come back in two days' time!" he said, and fell to his plate.

Quicker than a wink, Jean the Corsair had his sabre "at the clear," and in immediate proximity to the ribs of the indolent treasurer.

"Pick that paper up and pay it im-

mediately!"

Monsieur Gruin, with one eye on the glint of the steel, meekly gathered up the order and began from a neighbouring drawer to count out a thousand dollars in silver.

"It is in gold that I must have it," cried Jan. "Oddslife, man! do you take me for

a mule?"

When in the midst of the busy, fightful years that followed, Jean Bart'sson, Cornil, appeared at Court to report the taking of a great Dutch convoy of wheat (a success which at the time almost saved the starving armies of France from famine), it was with many misgivings that Cornil presented himself in his rough sea-costume before the King. Louis asked the youth if he had taken part in the boarding.

"Sire," said the boy, "I mounted with

my father!"

"You are very young," said the King; but, after all, it is no ways astonishing that a son of Jean Bart should be brave."

As the lad was leaving the presence, his sea-boot slipped on the polished *parquet* of the great *salon*. Seeing him fall, the King cried out and made an involuntary movement to save him.

"One may very well see," said he, laughing, "that the Messieurs Bart are better sailors than courtiers."

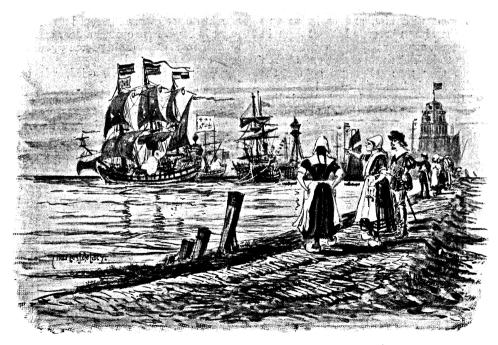
There was, indeed, an old and longstanding feud between Jean and the favourites of Louis. Once the King asked him how it was that he had broken his way through the fleet of the Hollanders, who were in stronger force.

"It happened just like that!" he said.

Jean Bart loved his art for his art's sake. Corsairs are popularly supposed to amass wealth, to feather their nests with prizemoney, to scatter in riot their easily gotten gains. But, according to the official state of his affairs put by the commission of inquiry before the King, late in life honest Jean possessed nothing but a house and a farm, which had both come to him as the dowers of his first and second wives. When ashore, he was only a worthy, quiet burgess of his native town—a pipe on the quay, a tasse of brandy at the cafe, and a quiet turn at the fishing to get a sniff of the brine, amply sufficing him in the way of pleasure.

As a last task he was appointed by the King to lead the expedition which was to set James II. once more on the throne of his fathers. But even Jean Bart could not put spirit and resolution into the futile heart of the last of the Stuart Kings. Shortly afterwards the war of the Spanish Succession broke out, and Jean, seeing once more his favourite career opening before him, this time with the ships of all nations for his legitimate prey, had begun fitting out his redoubtable Volunteer Squadron. But alas! a chill caught in the keen Channel airs which blew through the open sheds, sent him home to die quietly after all his hundred battles.

His best claim to immortality is that his swift little ships forestalled our modern cruisers, and that, born a fisherman, he died by right and title the First Light Horseman of the Seas.



"HE CARRIED BACK TO DUNKIRK PRIZES WORTH HALF-A-MILLION FRANCS AT A TIME."

ONE WORM'S TURNING.

By BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

"EUFS brouillés aux pointes d'asperge?" suggested Madame Vacher, her fat

hands folded over her belt.

M. St. Pol shook his head. "No, my good one; they are delicious, but scrambled eggs of any kind are essentially a family dish. There is no poetry, no harmony in them. They are not for artists—suggest something else, my cherished."

As he spoke, M. St. Pol gave a last dash of scent to his freshly shaven face, and taking up a pair of ebony brushes adorned with a large silver monogram, commenced opera-

tions on his hair.

Madame Vacher watched him for a moment, and then exclaimed, with a sudden light of triumph in her eyes: "I have it! The very thing—nothing could be better!"

"Eh bien?"

" Des œufs à la Christophe Colomb!"

"Tiens, what may that be?"

"Little squares of toast, my dear, but brown and delicate, and spread with pâte de foie gras! Of a succulence! Then boiled eggs—boiled of a delicacy, and to the hardness of honey, plunged into cold water and shelled whole, that they stand proudly each in its hole in a piece of the toast. Poured over this beautiful arrangement, a creamy sauce of meat jelly and fresh butter, piquant, yet smooth and soothing—it will be ravishing, I tell you, I who speak!"

"Perfect! Wonderful! Well may my little suppers be famous! Va donc pour des aufs à la Christophe Colomb! And then? Remember, my angel, after singing for hours even an artist is aware that he has a stomach.

He is hungry!"

"And thirsty," she added, with a sudden sharpness in her voice.

"Champagne and Château Margaux '96

again?"

M. St. Pol bent over the spirit-lamp at which he was heating a monstrous pair of curling-tongs. "Hm! Champagne is so very excellent for the vocal chords, my treasure. Its effect is at once emollient and mildly astringent—I think it would be a pity to forego its amiable influence.

"And the Château Margaux?"

M. St. Pol sat down in front of his dressing-table, on which there was a dis-

orderly array of pomade-pots and bottles of all sizes, and devoted a few minutes to parting his hair with infinite care, before he answered—

"Hm! M. Brann is very fond of that particular wine, and his supping with me is, in one sense, an honour, although I am an artist and he a mere man of business! If you are ready, my dear, to give just one blow of the tongs to my unhappy hair?"

It was January, and a bright sun, reflected from freshly fallen snow, shone in at the three windows, and full on the faces of the

two people in the room.

On M. St. Pol, a very broad-chested man of the late forties or early fifties, wrapped in a splendid brick-coloured satin kimono, and on Madame Vacher, fat and forty-five, plainly dressed, clumsy as to figure, but with some remains of a pleasant, fresh prettiness in her still dimpled face.

"And that woman?"

A lock of the gentleman's greasy black hair being wound tightly around the smoking iron, he could not move, but the question had plainly startled him.

"That woman? Which woman, little chicken? For Heaven's sake be careful, or

you'll burn me!"

Madame Vacher turned the iron slowly. "I mean Mimi Reiss, of course. Whom

else? Aha, you blush!"

"It is infamous, abominable, I say!" shrieked St. Pol, still immobile but quivering with nervousness. "You are pulling my hair out by the roots!"

"Is she to be there?"

"No, nom d'un petit bonhomme! She is not. She is supping at Sherry's to-night—Marie-Rose, I entreat thee, burn me not!"

Madame Vacher removed her instrument

of torture with cruel slowness.

"Give me your word of honour, Victor!"

She had grown pale, and her lips shook; but once out of danger from the hot iron, he

was his own man again.

Rising, and folding his arms theatrically, he said, in a voice that might have been imposing had not one-half of his front hair stood up in a fierce curl, while the other half lay plastered sleekly to his flat head: "Woman, mind thy own affairs!"

Her gaze, fixed on his, faltered, as he glared at her, and as he went on speaking,

sunk to the carpet at his feet.

"I have at last come to the end of my patience, Marie-Rose Vacher. You torment me with your jealousy. Your evil temper poisons my days; your shrill voice rends my ears. I have suffered for years by your venomous tongue. Now I tell you, worn to a shadow by your selfishness, I warn you to hold that tongue, once and for ever. If you do not—"

"If I do not," she asked faintly, "if I do

not, Victor?"

"If you do not—you will see. I am a patient man, a man as long-suffering as Job; but there is an end to all things, and my

patience is at last worn out."

She was a pathetic figure as she stood holding her fat, pink hands out to him in dumb appeal, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Victor, I am sorry; it is true, I

am a devil, I know——"

"A devil! You are ten thousand demons. You have no consideration for me, no tenderness for my racked nervous system. What is it to you that after the burning emotions of singing Turiddu, for instance, I close not an eye the whole night? No, at dawn you come and make me a scene of the most violent—ah, my head whirls! it is a vertigo—I—you see, I am worn out!" Sinking into a chair, he closed his eyes and paddled feebly in the air with his hands.

"Victor, my angel, my adored!" Here, drink this—it is cognac—open your eyes, thy beautiful eyes, and behold thy poor Marie-

Rose at thy feet!"

A moment later the great man had allowed his fading spirit to be recalled to this mundane sphere, as he explained, on the condition that no more scenes should be made to wound that spirit, of all spirits the most ethereal.

"But, Victor, it is that I love thee so! And," she ventured, seeing him so kind, "I

am thy wife!"

"Thou art my wife. And I am thy husband before God, although not, for reasons of

business, before men."

"It is the women I mind, Victor. And, I know, of course, it is but thy artistic temperament that prompts thee; but it kills me all the same! Women adore you, and you—you adore them! And they, not knowing that you are married—you remember the ring you gave that girl in Paris, just after you ceased being a hairdresser—and the woman on the steamer whom you kissed—and the dancer with the yellow skin, last

year? It is hard, Victor, it is hard for me!"

He had enjoyed his vertigo and he had

enjoyed the cognac.

"Petite sotte!" he said, magnificently condescending, "my heart is a lark; jubilant, on the wings of song, it makes its little flights; but—like the melodious bird, after each flight, it drops into—the home nest! Wipe thy tears, my love, my cabbage, and leave me. Brann is coming to talk business with me."

Madame Vacher dried her eyes obediently

and straightened her bonnet.

"I know. You are an angel. But—if you would but tell people that you are married! It would save you much annoyance from those foolish women!"

"Impossible. These things are beyond thee, but trust me. I must be to the world a boy. And thus, how sweet our talks every morning, while the hotel people believe thee to be my hairdresser! It is positively romantic!"

She drew a deep sigh. "Eh bien! I will go. M. Hyacinthe has raised my salary—if there is any little thing that you would like?"

"Tiens! I wish they would raise my salary! But my pay is of a misery. That cooking should be better rewarded than song!"

"But it isn't that, Victor! I haven't the

tenth part of what you have!"

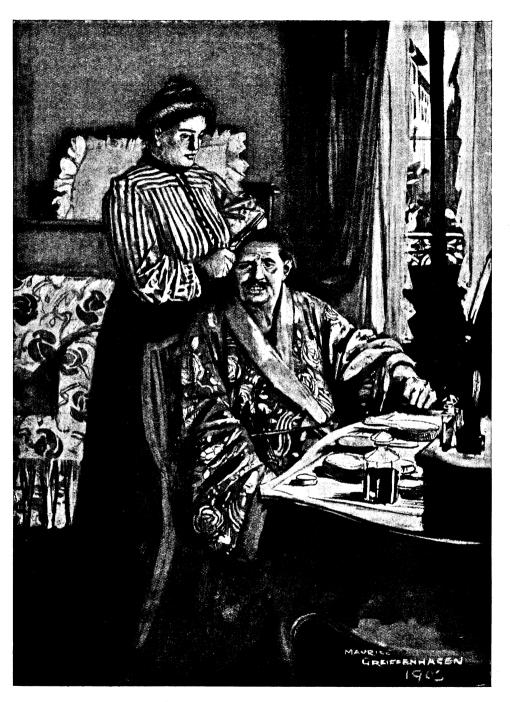
"In comparison, I meant, in comparison! And the calls on the artist's charity are something to make one's hair rise. Only yesterday I was constrained to give a hundred dollars to the widow of one of our scene-shifters. And my insurance! Ma foi, ma chère, I am almost penniless at this moment. If you happen to have a small sum by you——"

Madame Vacher opened her shabby puise. "I have seventy dollars; I was going to the bank, but I am glad to give it to you——"

A moment later M. St. Pol was alone, and sitting down at his piano began to warble his morning exercises.

Meantime, Madame Vacher, leaving Broadway, trotted over to Fourth Avenue and got into a tram. She was tired, as she always was, after a scene with her splendid husband, and full of remorse.

It was, indeed, almost inhuman of her to bother him. A singer was a slave to the public, and in his leisure hours should have



"'You are pulling my hair out by the roots!"

his path strewn with rose-leaves. And no doubt she had only imagined that he had gazed tenderly at Mademoiselle Mimi Reiss at the *matinée* the week before.

Mimi Reiss had certainly thrown a kiss to the tenor, but then she was a bold, flirting little Viennese, and no doubt Victor was a mere passive victim to her silly advances.

Madame Vacher had always been glad to fancy her husband the passive victim of the many women with whom his artistic temperament had led him to toy—even when facts had become too strong for her, and her jealousy had burst bounds, he had found her fairly easy to soothe.

They had been very happy together in the old days in Marseilles, where he had a charming shop, "La Perruque de Cour." He was then simply Victor Vacher, and she his respected and acknowledged wife.

Then, ten years ago, the great impresario, Adolf Brann, coming by chance to the shop, and waiting for someone to answer his ring, had heard a few high tenor notes as the hair-dresser came in from the garden, where he had been planting cabbages—and paf! the old order of things was gone!

Victor Vacher became Victor St. Pol—in Paris, where he studied hard for two years. Paris is an evil city, much worse than Marseilles, as everybody knows, and much fuller of temptations to an artistic temperament.

The growth of that useful possession, never suspected by the Vachers in Marseilles, was curiously rapid in the larger city. And Parisian women are wily, unprincipled creatures. Madame Vacher was not sorry when the order came which led her all through France, to one provincial city after the other.

But though they left Paris, the artistic

temperament went with them.

At last Vacher made his hit and sprang into prominence. He sang in Paris, he sang in London; he was not of the first rank of singer, but he was well-placed in the second,

and, in his way, a celebrity.

For two years, now, he had been engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and when M. de L—— or Signor J—— were for any reason unable to sing, the ex-hairdresser filled the vacant place by no means badly. His voice, a delicious high tenor, was much liked by the public, and his acting a clever imitation of the greater man he had seen in his part, enlivened by the play of his Southern imagination and the heat of his Southern blood.

Madame Vacher was very proud of him, but her blood, too, was warm, and her eyes quick. It was painful to her to watch the fervour with which he embraced the lady who fell to his share, particularly when, as happened to be the case of late, that lady was usually the enchantingly pretty, bewitchingly coquettish Mimi Reiss.

And on these things, as her car tore down town, Madame Vacher pondered. The vital question of the *menu* for a supper to be given that evening by her husband to the great Brann and one or two other male members of the company, had not been settled, but she would arrange it when she had reached the restaurant.

After the eggs, perhaps pigeons à la crapaudine? Or lamb cutlets with peas? It was a rest to her wearied brain to turn to these homely details. She was weighing the relative merits of a macedoine de fruits or pêches à la Condé, when the words of a girl opposite caught her ear.

"Sing! Well, I should rather think he could! Just as good as Jean de Reszke, I think! He was perfect last night, wasn't

he?"

"Yes, wasn't he? I tell you, he can pack my shoes in his bag any day!"

The other girl laughed. "Nonsense! Why he's old, May! Ever seen him 'off'? He must be fifty!"

"What if he is? Mimi Reiss doesn't seem to mind—she's crazy about him!"

"Well, it's a good thing she is, for he's dead gone on her! Rolls his eyes at her like a cat in a thunderstorm!"

Madame Vacher knew a good deal of English, but part of this conversation was Greek to her.

"Did you see the diamond shoe-buckles she had on the other night in the 'Ballo in Maschera'?"

"Yes. Beauts, weren't they?"

"Well, St. Pol gave 'em to her. Her maid told mother. He gave her her dog, too, and her squirrel stole."

"You don't say! Wonder if he's going to marry her? She's got her divorce, you know."

"Oh, no—he ain't the marrying kind. He's always got some mash or other. They were fighting yesterday, too; I heard 'em. She wanted him to give her a ring—awful cheeky, I call it, but then I'm only 'chorus'! Said she'd never speak to him again unless he did."

"Well—did he say he would?"

The other girl laughed. "Course he did. He is giving her a supper to-night at Valentin's—he'll put the ring in the ice-



"The party's slow progress through the rooms."

cream, I suppose, the way Gwendolyn St.

Aubyn's young man did-"

Madame Vacher got out of the car quietly, avoiding with great care the feet of the people she passed, and picking her way over the snowy street with her usual neatness.

She went rapidly on to Valentin's.

* * * * *

Valentin's, at twelve o'clock at night in winter season, presents a very characteristic and interesting appearance. The three low, somewhat shabby rooms which form the restaurant, and which open into each other, are at that hour crowded with people of more types, perhaps, than can be found together in any other house in New York.

There are smart men and women who have come because they wish to be unconventional; shabby people who have come because they can get a good meal there for very little money; literary people on the hunt for copy; finical artists in food who have come because at Valentin's they find the best-cooked and best-served food in the city.

These are the types, and the individuals are as different as are those types themselves.

M. Hyacinthe Valentin, the proprietor, is a very remarkable man, and counts as his friends many of New York's best-known people. As he wanders slowly about the rooms, his absent-minded eyes fixed now on one table, now on another, his hands clasped behind his scholarly looking back, many people stop him and force him to unlock those hands for the purpose of greeting. Though he looks like a third-rate poet, the man is a first-rate artist, and who is not grateful to the person who gives one of the best meals one has ever eaten?

On the evening of the 18th of January, 1899, M. Hyacinthe, towards midnight, crossed the crowded middle room of his restaurant, and passing into the next room—the one in which the wall-paper has adorned the walls for only about seven years, and which, hence, is called *la belle salle*—made his way to the extreme end of that apart-

ment.

A table was here set for four people, the tilted chairs, and the vase of beautiful roses in the centre of which indicated that, though

still empty, it was engaged.

M. Hyacinthe, more than usually preoccupied, it appeared, after staring meditatively at the roses for a moment, stooped over, and choosing the finest bud, drew it through his buttonhole.

"Thieving again, you old gredin!" called

a man at the next table jocularly.

"Yes. It is my weakness. I never can see cut flowers without taking one. At funerals I never dare go near the coffin——"

"Brrr! Tu es joliment macabre, mon

vieux! For whom is the table?"

M. Hyacinthe smiled with the amiable vagueness peculiar to him. "For St. Pol, the tenor. Brann is to be his guest, and Mademoiselle Reiss and some other lady, too."

"Aha! I didn't go to the opera to-night—I loathe Italian music. Give me Wagner."

M. Hyacinthe did not answer, and after a long glance at one of the waiters who appeared to be doing something unhallowed to an orange salad in a corner, went out through the middle room, down the long passage to the kitchen.

"Where is Madame Vacher?" he asked

one of the under-cooks sharply.

"Me voici, monsieur!" Madame Vacher approached, a long porcelain spoon in her hand.

"Good evening, madame. The sauce à la Valentin has just a suspicion too little tarragon to-night."

"I think not, monsieur."

"I assure you that it has. If you will, with an unprejudiced mind, taste it, you will agree with me. And I think you may now begin to prepare M. St. Pol's egg course. He is always punctual."

"To his meals," murmured Madame

Vacher.

M. Hyacinthe gazed at her meditatively. "Is anything wrong?" he asked, after a pause. "You look to me not quite in your

plate this evening."

"M. Hyacinthe!" Madame Vacher, who had turned away, came back to him, a rather ludicrous, little, fat figure, but with a sudden flame in her soft cheeks, "a worm, after repeated and ever-recurring, often forgiven but never forgotten, tramplings - on, will turn!"

Then she marched to a distant table, leaving M. Hyacinthe staring after her.

M. St. Pol and his guests arrived, as M. Hyacinthe had expected, with a most beautiful punctuality.

M. St. Pol was in very high spirits, for his singing had met with an appreciation really amazing for this inept country, and he had found, on measuring it, that his waist had grown nearly five centimetres slimmer in the past six weeks.

It also pleased the great man that Mimi Reiss should be looking unusually pretty that evening, and that her scarlet pailletted gown should become at once the cynosure of all in the *belle salle*.

This fact, as well as that of Brann's name being audibly whispered more than once, during the party's slow progress through the rooms, the tenor regarded as a tribute to himself, and as he sat down at his table he threw out his diamond-studded shirt-front with a great sigh of satisfied vanity.

"Voyons un peu," he began, taking up the menu and beaming at his wife's neat hand-writing with something like gratitude.

"Œufs à la Christophe Colomb—you will like this little dish, mademoiselle—pigeons à la crapaudine, hm, hm—I think, M. Brann, that you will find that your humble servant can order a modest supper as well as he can sing!"

M. Brann, a small, dry man with a beautiful auburn wig, nodded absently. He was a very great person, and should never have dreamed of partaking of St. Pol's hospitality were it not for the fact that the second lady of the party, Miss Eva Hunter, was at that time both dear to him and dear to Mademoiselle Reiss.

But when the eggs were served, and followed by other exquisite delicacies, M. Brann found himself looking on the tenor in a new light. St. Pol was a clever fellow, and had sung uncommonly well that evening.

"St. Pol—prosit!"

The tenor and the impresario, each pleasantly realising his own condescension towards the other, bowed gravely over their wine.

Mimi Reiss was very hungry, and ate with a devotion to the subject in hand that might, had she applied it to all things, have carried her to great heights. She gnawed her pigeon-bones, she mopped up the gravy with a bit of bread, she scraped the bones of her cutlets (for Madame Vacher had, on making the menu, which was sent to St. Pol, and which he, in turn, sent to M. Hyacinthe, elongated the list by several courses), she chased the last pea around her plate with conscientious determination, and she called three times for more bread.

When at length the salad had come, the charming soubrette leaned back in her chair with a sigh. "Little Mimi is better now!" She smiled at St. Pol as she spoke, showing quite a surprising number of faultless teeth, and then she began to talk.

And when Mimi Reiss talked, it was a positive Niagara of words, tumbling over her broad, red lips—English, French, Italian

words, and many in the Viennese dialect. She swore, she abused people, she praised people, she laughed and mocked and sneered and protested at men, women, countries, operatic $r\hat{o}les$, religious and political institutions, in abreath. But because she was in reality the kindest-hearted, most generous little woman who ever lived, as well as the most utterly immoral and untruthful, people liked hearing her nonsensical harangues; and when she now at length paused, gasping for breath, and bursting into laughter, the other members of the party clapped loudly and called for more!

"Non, non, mes infants," she replied, waving her empty champagne-glass significantly, "I am done! Ha—it must be late, the room is almost empty. Little Mimi wants to faire dodo!"

"God forbid that she should go to sleep for hours yet! Let me fill your glass. Miss Hunter, champagne?"

The salad was delicious, and Mimi found that she could eat a little more.

Miss Hunter, who had her own reasons for making up to the impresario, whom she privately regarded as an old chimpanzee, turned in her chair and began talking to him in a low voice.

"Dominic! Why don't you take away the salad, animal?"

"Oui, m'sieu." The waiter cleared the table, and after a few minutes, during which St. Pol had sworn to Mademoiselle Reiss that she, and only she, was the one woman, etc., reappeared bearing an elaborate sweet composed of peaches, maraschino, and whipped cream.

"If you are so fond of me," remarked Mademoiselle Reiss, regardless of the waiter, "where is the little ring I wanted? I think that you are a false old serpent, that's what I think!"

"A serpent! I! Vilaine petite, va! What would you say if the ring were in my pocket this very instant?"

He put his hand to his breast and withdrew from his pocket a small leather box.

Mimi gave a little scream of delight; but as she gazed, she saw his face grow pale, and his moustache droop with terror.

"Was ist darin?" she asked, half frightened. St. Pol cast a hurried look around the room. Thank God, it was now empty. Empty but for his party, and for that which seemed to melt his very bones within him.

"Bonsoir, Victor!"

A fat, short woman, in a loose, brown gingham gown, covered with a greasy apron,

had come in from the next room, and stood with her hands on her hips, smiling, though

with shaking lips, at the tenor.

"You have stayed so late," went on the surprising apparition, "that I'm through with my work, and thought I'd come in and meet—thy friends!"

St. Pol sat staring vacantly at her, and

Miss Hunter gave a short giggle.

"I—we'd better go—" gasped the tenor

at last; "it is late-

But Madame Vacher, whirling a chair around from the next table, sat down on it with a shake of her head.

"It would be a pity to go before you have eaten the sweet. It is very good. I made it myself, and I call it 'pêches à la Mimi

"I'm sure I'm very much flattered," said the lady in question, "but, M. St. Pol, hadn't you better introduce your—friend to us?"

St. Pol tried to speak, but his voice was

"Eh b'en, mon homme—can't you tell them who I am? I am not his friend, mademoiselle: I am—his wife."

"His wife!"

"Yes, and further, I am second cook in this restaurant. We have always kept this a secret, but—I am lonely sometimes," she added, with a slight break in her voice.

It was well for Marie-Rose Vacher that Mimi Reiss was not in the least in love with her husband, for the little Viennese could be very ruthless. As it was, her flirtation with the tenor, whose eyes were fine, though his throat was fat, was more or less a pis aller, and kept up merely because it was, in a small way, profitable.

Now, as the young singer studied the face of the middle-aged woman opposite, her heart was suddenly touched by something in the

other's face.

"I'm charmed to make your acquaintance, Frau St. Pol," she said cordially, with a swift glance at the wilted tenor.

"Vacher. Our name's Vacher, mademoi-

selle."

"Oh, I see; St. Pol is his stage-name. Well, Madame Vacher, I am glad to meet you. Let me introduce Miss Hunter to you, and M. Brann."

Brann bowed very gravely. His own father had been a cobbler in a village in Silesia, so he was bound to be conservative.

"We have had," went on Mimi, more and more delighted with her rôle as she observed the attitudes of the others, "a delicious supver! M. Vacher told us he would have our

supper cooked by the best cook in New York, and he was right."

"Gewiss," murmured Brann, backsliding into his native tongue, which he hated.

St. Pol straightened himself slowly in his chair. "Some champagne, Marie-Rose?" he asked faintly.

"Thanks." Madame Vacher had had her revenge, and now she was, paradoxically but quite naturally, very sorry. The look in her husband's face smote her to the heart.

"I—I think I'll go now," she murmured. "M. Hyacinthe would be angry if

came-

"Let the devil fetch M. Hyacinthe!" interrupted Mademoiselle Reiss; "it is early yet. Why didn't you *dress* before you joined us?" "I—I—I—think I'd really better go.

Victor—Victor—you will forgive me?"

The poor woman rose, trembling so that she could hardly stand.

"Sit down, Madame Vacher! And why are you so frightened? Whenever I see married people having a little joke together, I am thankful I am free! Cheer up, M. St. Pol, you look like a slice of Stilton cheese."

"I shouldn't have come; I shouldn't have come; and you, mademoiselle, are very good to me, but I don't deserve it. I was very

angry with you——"

"Of course. Because I've been flirting with M. St. Pol! My dear woman, I'd have clawed your eyes out if I'd been in your place and you mine! I'm as jealous as a tiger! But you see, I didn't know he was married, and though he's ten years too old for me, he's a great artist. Isn't he, M. Brann?"

This speech, simply delivered, but deeply wily, brought a certain balmy sentiment to

both of the Vachers.

"I know I am a Marie-Rose sighed. fool—and he'll never forgive me, but I couldn't help it."

"Why should he never forgive you?"

"Because he is, as you say, a great artist, and I only—a cook."

Then Mimi Reiss became wonderful.

"Ah, bah!" she exclaimed, shedding beaming smiles on everyone, "what difference does that make? Miss Hunter's father is a switchman on the New York Central, mine has a pawnshop in the Juden-Gasse in Vienna at this moment, and even M. Brann is of comparatively humble origin!"

"My wife's father was forester on the estate of the late Marquis de Gennaye!"

St. Pol had uttered his first words since Madame Vacher's entrance.



"'Bonsoir, Victor!"

"There! You see! We are artists, but we are not of royal blood," continued the soubrette, filling Brann's glass and then Miss Hunter's with champagne; "and I must say, Madame Vacher, that if you cooked the supper we have just eaten, we are among artists here now!"

"Bravo!" called Brann, soothed by her flattering reference to him of a moment back.

"She is right, by Jove! Madame Vacher,

your health!"

They drank in solemn silence, and then St. Pol made his speech.

"I, mes amis," he announced, his little finger reviving from its late limpness and curling as gracefully as a young pig's tail, "I, Vacher, am a Republican! The jaded institutions of effete monarchical institutions—hm!—cause me merely to smile. In my soul is written 'Liberty.' This being said, messieurs et dames, you will easily believe that I am pr-r-roud of the artistic and—and useful métier of—Madame Vacher, here present. Can you then guess why I have—omitted to mention both Madame Vacher and that métier?" He broke off, his white brow beaded, and rolled his eyes helplessly.

Mimi Reiss nodded with her own cheery vehemence. "Of course! Because—you doubted us! You feared that M. Brann, and I, and others might not be Republicans! Ah, St. Pol, cher ami, you wronged us. He wronged us, Madame St. Pol! I, too, respect and admire artistic labour! And so does M. Brann! Ah, St. Pol, you should

not have done it!"

St. Pol extended his chest some three inches over the table, and his colour came back. "Mademoiselle Reiss, you are a noble woman, and—I beg your pardon. M. Brann, your pardon. Marie-Rose, my cherished partner, also begs your pardon for her erring husband."

Then he wept slightly, and Marie-Rose with much frankness. Hand in hand the husband and wife sat for some moments, conquering their emotion, and then Mimi Reiss, Mistress of Ceremonies, rose and tapped

Marie-Rose smartly on the shoulder.

"Nun," she began in German, continuing in English, and ending in French, "no more tears, dear Madame St. Pol! Wipe your eyes, and let us all drink one bumper to our newly made friendship! Come! crying will redden your charming blue eyes and ruin your pretty complexion. To-morrow is Sunday, and I want you all to come and have luncheon with me, will you? And I

think we will all promise not to tell anyone about—this evening. No need of its getting into the papers."

"No, indeed!" ejaculated M. Brann, who

had no idea of figuring in the story.

"M. St. Pol had better stay unmarried—to the public," went on Mimi, with an affirmative nod at the impresario, "but he will be much more comfortable now that a few friends of his know his wife, and how—how dear and good she is!"

"The longer you know her, the more you will appreciate her," remarked the happy

Benedict.

"Exactly. Also—one bumper to the secret, and you'll all come to luncheon with me to-morrow. If you have a blue gown, Madame Vacher," pursued the peacemaker, "do wear it, for it must be *very* becoming to your lovely skin."

A few minutes later the little party stood at the side door of the restaurant, waiting for

the cabs they had sent for.

"M. Brann, you must take Eva and me home, and M. St. Pol will escort Madame Vacher. Eh b'en—au 'von', Beau Victor. You sang like an angel to-night. Until to-morrow, Madame Vacher. You and I are going to be great friends."

When the Vachers had been driven off,

the other three got into their cab.

"You are a wonder, Mimi," observed the

usually silent Miss Hunter.

"Very clever, upon my word," approved Brann. "He'd have killed her if you hadn't taken it in hand. By Jove—a cook!"

"Yes. Pretty hard for a vain fool like St. Pol; but she is worth a dozen of him."

"Well, you can rest happy to-night, my

dear; you have done a good deed!"

The soubrette was silent for a few moments, and then—for she had seen much of human nature, and was wise in her way—she answered slowly: "Yes, it's all right in one sense. He has forgiven her, and he'll be nice to her for a few days—particularly if we all make much of her. But he isn't going to change his nature any more than—you or I. I don't envy her!"

Miss Hunter, as the carriage stopped at her door, clambered out, and then turning, asked curiously: "I say, Mimi, I suppose you'll give her the diamond shoe-buckles now?"

Mademoiselle burst into a peal of laughter. "Herr Gott! Catch me giving them to her. I'm not a fool, Eva! Nee, nee—she can have her man—I don't want him; but diamonds are diamonds, and I only wish I'd got the ring!"



SEASONABLE SELF-DENIAL.

HE: A wife should do everything in her power to save her husband from annoyance.

SHE: That is exactly what I strive to do. I even successfully resisted the temptation to buy you a Christmas present.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

ITS OWN THERMOMETER.

MARSHALL P. WILDER has a story of the tribulations of a friend in securing a competent nurse for his infant daughter. One day it seemed to the members of the family that the child was ailing; and the consensus of opinion was that the trouble resulted from the method employed in bathing the youngster.

"We're afraid," said the mother to the nurse, "that the water is not of the proper temperature. We shall get you a thermometer, so that you may tell when the bath is too hot or too cold."

"Oh, as to that, mun," promptly replied the nurse, "I don't think it's needed. I can tell easy enough: if the little one gets blue, the water's too cold; if she gets red, then I know it's too hot."



NOT COUNTERFEIT.

A FRESH-AIR child on her return to the city insisted upon taking an egg from her lunch-basket and carrying it in her hand, lest something should happen to it on the journey. Naturally, in the jolting crowd something did happen to it. "Now you'll have to throw that away," said the governess, as the child endeavoured to gather up the fragments. "Oh, I wanted to carry it home to mamma!" mourned the child; "it was one the hen made herself."

THE PLUMBER AND HIS LAD.

IT was a plumber and his lad
Who at the dawn of day
Did come to fit a rubber pad
Upon a leaking tap we had.
They brought their tools—which made
us glad—

And then they went away.

But when they came at ten, or so,
Their jackets they did doff,
And both into the loft did go.
They dropped the candle grease below,
Then trolling "Flo" and "Navaho,"
They ran the water off.

That's why our hands are black with grime,

Our heads are bowed with shame, Our features wear a look of crime, And growing old before our prime, We mourn that happy, happy time Before the plumber came.

The plumber smokes a cutty rank,

His lad a cigarette,

And though they come with speeches frank

And hit the pipes with horrid clank,

And picnic daily in the tank,

The tap's not mended yet.

Jessie Pope.

SUB-LETTING A CONTRACT.

A BENEVOLENT old lady happened one day to be visiting a school where a young incorrigible was undergoing punishment for a series of misdemeanours.

The teacher cited him as "the worst boy in the

appointed. The old lady showed him her best pictures, played her liveliest music, and set before him a delicious lunch on her daintiest china. Then she thought it about time to begin her little sermon.

"My dear," she began, "were you not very

"were you not very unhappy to have to stand in the corner before all the class for punishment?"

"Please, ma'am," broke in the boy, with his mouth full of cake, "that wasn't me you saw. It was Pete. He gave me a threepenny-bit to come here and take your jawing."



DECLINED WITH THANKS.

An admirer of a well-known magazine editor sent him a bulldog the other day as a present. Unfortunately, this editor has a peculiar aversion for dogs, and, besides, he did not care to be under any obligations to a stranger, so he had the animal shipped back, at the same time ordering his stenographer to forward to the owner a polite note of thanks for the gift, and expressing regret that he was not able to accept it.

"Will you dictate the letter?" asked the stenographer.

"No, no!" said the editor, who happened to be very busy at that moment. "Write it yourself! With all the experience you've had with manuscripts, you ought to have tact enough to decline a bulld og with out giving offence."

"All right, sir," meekly responded the young lady; and two days later the bulldog fancier received back his canine contribution, accompanied by the following highly polite and more or less satisfactory note of explanation—

"DEAR SIR,—We regret that we are compelled to decline the bulldog you kindly submitted to us. We have carefully examined it and are sincerely



OFF FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

"My dear, I cannot get any more things in, and yet everything in the trunk is absolutely indispensable."

"Yes, but the question is: 'Which of the absolutely indispensable things can we do without?'"

school—one I can't do anything with. I've tried everything in the way of punishment."

"Have you tried kindness?" was the gentle

inquiry.

"I did at first, but I've got beyond that now."

At the close of the visit the lady asked the boy if he would call and see her on the following Saturday. A boy arrived promptly at the hour



THE KITCHEN'S POINT OF VIEW.

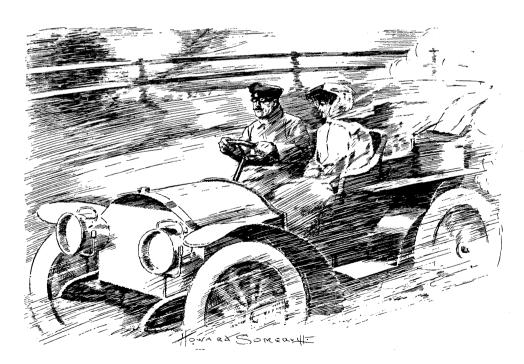
LADY (engaging cook): You understand, Mrs. Grids, that there are three ladies to cook for.

Mrs. Grids (emphatically): No gentlemen, ma'am? I don't consider as a house is wholesome without a gentleman.



MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

- "IF you was my husband, I'd give you poison!" "If I was, I'd tike it!"



AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

- "Can't you stop it?"
 "No."
 "Where does this road lead to?"
 "The sea."
- "Goodness! I wonder if mixed bathing is allowed?"

sorry that it does not seem wholly available for our use. Of course you are aware that many considerations besides quality must govern the acceptance of bulldogs, and the rejection of and particular bulldog does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in merit. There may be so large a number of accepted bulldogs on hand that it is deemed best not to increase the supply. This and a hundred other reasons may cause the rejection of an offered bulldog, without reference to its intrinsic worth. The simple fact of refusal, therefore, does not carry with it any adverse judgment as to the excellence of a bulldog, but is merely a statement of the fact that it cannot be utilised at the present time. These general reasons for the return of unavailable bulldogs we trust will excuse us from giving anything more specific or offering criticism in any particular case.

"With thanks for your courtesy, we are, very

truly yours."



'Bus-Driver (to bus-conductor, pointing out a dachshund): All right, ain' 'e?

'Bus-Conductor: Do' know. Looks as if 'e oughter'v 'ad two more legs in the centre.



Schoolmistress (to eldest girl in the class): What is the most destructive force of modern times?

GIRL (without hesitation): The laundry.



THE ABUSE OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.

Squire: That half-sovereign is for yourself, John. I hope you'll have a merry Christmas! but don't take too much drink and get into trouble.

JOHN: Thank'ee sir; same to you, sir!



MRS. PAYNE (who suffers from headaches): So nice of you, Professor, to come and cheer up a poor sick woman. I'd just love to hear you play something on the piano, but I'm afraid my poor head won't stand any noise just yet.



"DID YOU SEE SANTA CLAUS, MOTHER?" BY HAL HURST.

Her Christmas dreams Have all come true; Stocking o'erflows And likewise shoe. And when delight
Has found a pause,
She asks: "Did you
See Santa Claus?"

GONE BELOW.

A CERTAIN famous bishop is a large man weighing some eighteen stone. While on a tour, and stopping at the residence of a country clergyman, the bishop turned over in his bed, and the entire furniture collapsed, dropping him to the floor with a tremendous thud. The host rushed upstairs, calling: "What is the matter, my lord? Is there anything I can do for you?" "Nothing is the matter," answered the bishop; "but if I don't answer the call for breakfast, tell your wife to look for me in the cellar."



THE OBVIOUS DEDUCTION.

LITTLE JACK (who has just been told pussy is thin because she eats flies): She eats bees, too, mother—I can hear them humming.

VAIN WISHES.

Oh, that poet's pen were mine, That I might in lilting line Of my lady's sweetness write Verses worthy of her sight! Were I Herrick I would trace Tender couplets to her face, Or, with Suckling's dainty muse, Sigh enraptured o'er her shoes.

Dobson's pen were not amiss, With his fancy quaint, that is, Swinburne, Henley—Ah, but vain 'Twere these wishes to attain; Were I all of these in one Yet my task were far from done, Since I could not leave her sight Long enough one verse to write!



A SAP TO CONSCIENCE.

FARMER (looking round neighbour's fields on Sunday after chapel): I'll take the mare at fourteen pound, Mister Blossom; an' if you don't like to say the word to-day, just put a cross on the ground with your stick, an' I'll fetch her Monday mornin'.

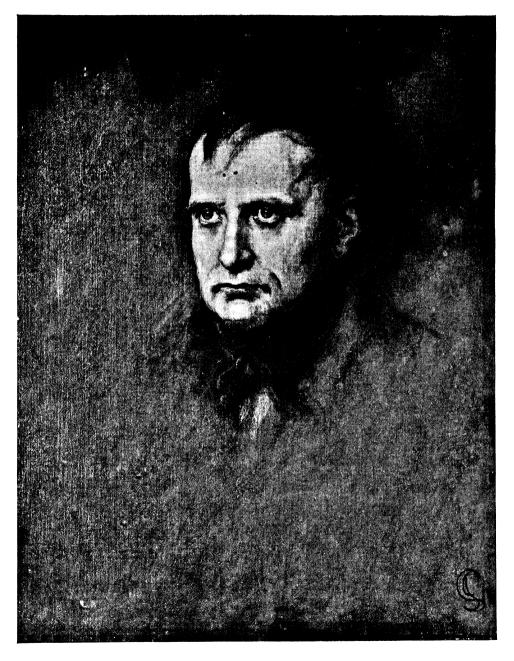


RATHER STIFF.

"WHAT is the matter with Fido?"

"Oh, isn't it horrid! I gave him to the laundress to wash, and she starched him."

ė. . .



"ST. HELENA: THE LAST PHASE."

BY JAMES SANT, R.A.

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"FLORAL OFFERINGS." BY JAMES SANT, R.A.

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RT, properly so called, is no recreation; it cannot be learned at spare moments, nor pursued when we have nothing better to do. It is no handiwork for drawing-room tables, no relief of the ennui of the boudoir; it must be understood and undertaken seriously, or not at all," says Ruskin; and no one can accuse Mr. James Sant of the trivial dilettanteism in art which Mr. Ruskin deplores as fatal to achievement, for, ever since he was a child, he has devoted himself to its study; and says Mr. Spielmann, in his notes on Schools of Painting in the "Encyclopædia Britannica": "James Sant, b. 1820, elected an Academician in 1870, a strong favourite of the public throughout a long career." How long a career even Mr. Spielmann fails to record, but we may take it that Mr. Sant's art education began at the time when he was eight years old. For there is a story extant which, dating to those tender years, shows unmistakable signs of the child's bias. It tells how, impressed by a portrait made in pencil by Landseer of his paternal grandfather, he started to copy it, not once, but many times; discarding, dissatisfied, effort after effort, until at last, as though in demonstration of his coming ability, he produced a really excellent copy. To-day, therefore, Mr. Sant

JANUARY, 1906.

THE ART OF

Mr. Jámes Sant, R.A.

By Austin Chester.

can look back, in perspective, upon a career in art started nearly eighty years ago.

In mediæval days, the education of a painter marked him definitely as of such and such a school — the word "school." in its widest sense, being used to distinguish the painters of one particular country from another—as, for instance, the Dutch school; in a more restricted sense, to designate those students who worked under one Master-as, for instance, of the school of Perugino; and in a third—and, again, in a geographical—sense, one in which, subject to some common influence, the work, through similarity in colour and technique, which was issued from some special province became known—as, for instance, the Bologna or Florentine school.

Such distinct classification has, for many years, ceased to exist, for the conditions under which the art student gains his educa-



"EASTER OFFERINGS." BY JAMES SANT, R.A.

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"THE MUSIC LESSON." BY JAMES SANT, R.A.

tion have none of the restrictions which were prevalent at earlier periods. Now, no longer fettered, he is merely directed, and on his own individuality depends, much more than was formerly the case, the success or failure of results. He gains his learning and his patrons where he can, and practically carves out for himself his own career. He picks up a stray notion here, garners from there a fresh tenet, and is, in most cases, little influenced save by that peculiar atmosphere which, surrounding each generation and each country, sets its particular sign manual on every canvas there and then

produced. Thus, undoubtedly, every artist labours under some such control of time and place, and produces work coloured necessarily by the outward manners of the period in which it has been brought forth—a truth expressed with an admirable terseness in the saying: "The artist is the child of his time." And beyond and apart from these conditions of time and place, which help to mould the painter's products, there is to be added a further coercive pressure—the standard of taste which genius confesses.

"This standard," says Pater, in his book on the Renaissance, "is maintained in a



"JOAN OF ARC." BY JAMES SANT, R.A.

purely intellectual tradition; it acts upon the artist, not as one of the influences of his own age, but by means of the artistic products of the previous generation which in youth have excited and, at the same time, directed into a particular channel his sense of beauty." And it is to the influence of the work of a previous generation, and particularly to that exercised by Sir Thomas Lawrence, that many of the qualities to be found in Mr. Sant's pictures, and peculiarly in his portraits, are traceable. That this is the case is curiously illustrated by an

article which, a few months ago, appeared in the columns of a contemporary magazine, and which gave the ideals of beauty subscribed to by several living painters.

As his ideal, Mr. Sant selected the portrait of Lady Peel, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and he, to justify his choice, claimed to see in this picture "perfect symmetry of feature, as in the Greek type, together with an exquisite refinement in expression."

In tracing similitude between the work of Mr. Sant and that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, there is no intention of attributing to



"ADVERSITY." BY JAMES SANT, R.A.
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Mr. Sant any hint of intentional plagiarism beyond that which Mr. Ruskin asserted to be perfectly legitimate when he wrote:—

"All men who have sense and feeling are being continually helped: they are taught by every person whom they meet, and enriched by everything that falls in their way. The greatest is he who has been oftenest aided; and if the attainments of all human minds could be traced to their real sources. it would be found that the world had been laid most under contribution by the men of most original power, and that every day of their existence deepened their debt to their race, while it enlarged their gifts to it. The labour devoted to trace the origin of any thought, or any invention, will usually issue in the blank conclusion that there is nothing new under the sun; yet nothing that is truly great can ever be altogether borrowed; and he is commonly the wisest, and is always the happiest, who receives, simply and without envious question, whatever good is offered him, with thanks to its immediate giver."

To chance training and natural bias, as has been already pointed out, therefore now, much more than was formerly the case, is left the education of talent; and when the young James Sant was of an age to receive technical instruction in the art in which he was afterwards to become distinguished, it was the lucky accident of old family friendship that made Sir Augustus Callcott desire to aid the lad's advancement by carrying forward the work of instruction ably begun by John Varley—the water colour painter of uncommon merit, the adept in astrology, the caster of nativities, the John Varley in whose Linnell and William studio $_{
m John}$ Hunt were pupils, and in which, to add to its renown, William Blake sketched his celebrated visionary heads. Sant to-day looks back from that pinnacle of eminence to which his talents have led him, and as though to prove that the hero-worship born in our youth never really leaves us, still feels that to have been the object of John Varley's interest, to have had the run of his studio, was great and wholly undeserved honour.

Four years' study in the Royal



"THE SOUL'S AWAKENING." BY JAMES SANT, R.A.
Reproduced from the large plate of the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Company, Great New Street, E.C.

Academy Schools preceded exhibition of Mr. Sant's work on its walls, and 1870 saw him elected a Royal Academician.

One other instructor has Mr. Sant been under, and under this instructor during the whole of his life—an extraordinary power of observation which is always being exercised. And to this power he himself attaches enormous value; for, as he says: "I would advise every young artist who is

anxious to make the most of his time to observe everything that crosses his path—to ask himself: 'How should I paint that, and that?' It matters not what it is, and the questions should be ever ceaseless, and everything means everywhere.

"Landseer once remarked that there was high art even in a broomstick. Of course, we know how to read that.

"Indoors, things crowd about the firesides;

out of doors, they are to be seen in omnibuses, carriages, wherever we may be. I am always pestering myself with this question: 'How should I paint that object?' And such self-questioning leads always to good purpose."

In 1871, Mr. Sant was appointed Principal Court Painter in Ordinary to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and painted by command the portraits of Her Majesty and her three

"PORTRAIT OF COLONEL BATTEN, C.B." BY JAMES SANT, R.A.

grandchildren, the eldest children of His present Majesty King Edward VII. The picture is here reproduced.

Of the value of portraiture in painting, Carlyle, in a letter written in 1854, says: "In all my poor historical investigations, it is one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after; a good *portrait*, if one exists; failing that, even an indifferent, if sincere, one; in short, any representation, made by a faithful

human creature, of that face and figure which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine. Often I have found the portrait superior in instruction to half-a-dozen written biographies; or, rather, I have found the portrait was as a small lighted candle, by which the biographies could, for the first time, be read, and some human interpretation be made of them."

Travelling back through behind Sir Thomas Lawrence, we distinguish, amongst the throng of English and foreign painters, Romney, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Hogarth, Jameson, Kneller, Lely, Mytens, Van Dyck, Rubens, Janssens, Zucchero, De Heere, Moro, Holbein, Clouets, Cousin, Velasquez, Hals, Rombrandt, Van Eyck, Matsys, Cimabue, Titian, each and all devoting themselves to that branch of art to which, by posterity, it seems not unlikely that Mr. Sant's reputation as an artist will, in its turn, be attached.

Yet he must not be relegated too determinedly or exclusively to the ranks of portrait painters, for it must not be lost sight of that his first great success was made, in 1853, with the subject picture, "The Infant Samuel," which created so enormous a furore that he had to make six or seven replicas of it, one by command of the Empress of Russia.

To the beauty of woman, as subject, Mr. Sant has never faltered in his allegiance. If, by this allegiance, he has, on the one side, lost

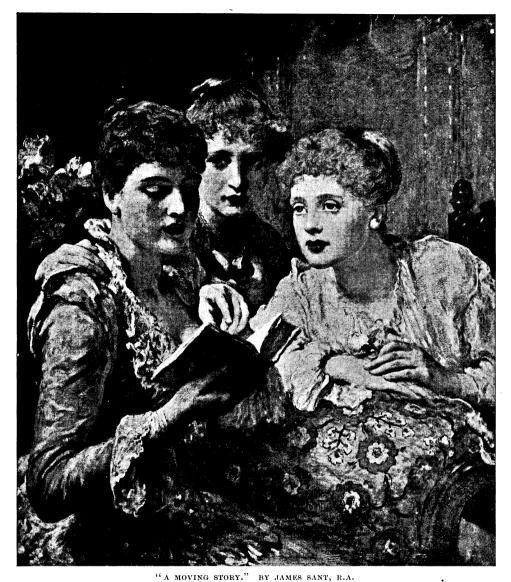
something by the possession of which he would have benefited, since "it is confessedly the beauty of men which is to be conceived under one general idea of Beauty," he has, on the other side, made certain gains, the chief of which is his complete emancipation from the snare of sentimentality. For in not one of his pictures is shown the trivial lovemotive most hackneyed in contemporaneous subjects.

This lack of the commonplace enables an



QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER THREE ELDER GRANDCHILDREN, THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE, THE DUKE OF YORK (NOW PRINCE OF WALES), AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL (DUCHESS OF FIFE).

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES SANT, R.A., IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.



From the picture of which a plate is published by the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Company, Great New Street, E.C.

observant onlooker to point to him as an idealist, and see in his works one or more of the four qualities which Mr. Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," insists upon as being the natural equipment of the artist. Firstly he places choice of noble subject; secondly, love of beauty; thirdly, sincerity; and lastly, idealisation, which he calls invention.

To idealise, according to the dictionary, is to give form to that which exists in imagination only, but the painter reads more into the word. To idealise, to him, is to show preference; to permit himself selection; to emphasise that which is most pertinent to beauty; to suppress that which, to it, is irrelevant; so that in the employment of his art there must ever occur a sifting, a sorting, an insistence and a repression, until, satisfied, he reaches an idealised imitation of Nature. Sight-organs, like all our other organs, are selective: they record that which appeals to them, abstracting this from the mass of truth which fronts them, whilst rejecting and dismissing that which is repellent; and where a materialist would elect to portray the surface of things, Mr. Sant, as an idealist, probes

beneath and gives to us the spirit. As an example of this method, we may take his "St. Helena" picture, which, indeed, presents us with the combined four qualities laid down by Mr. Ruskin. It shows a fine feeling for beauty; a tenderness of conception; a sorrow and a dignity of mien which in sentiment are unsurpassed in modern work.

Nothing serves better to illustrate a man's

canvases which have issued from his studio, and has shown, in addition, a special aptitude for painting people of a somewhat emphasised refinement; and his pictures hold this quality of refinement by either an inherent "flair" or an observation so fine, so constantly exercised, that it has become second nature. And, as a symbol of success, his method is right, for it is more than doubtful if a more rugged treatment would have



Photo by] [Ernest Mills.

MR. JAMES SANT, R.A., DIPLOMA DELLA R. ACADEMIA RAFFAELLO IN URBINO, AT WORK ON HIS PICTURE, "A MOVING STORY."

character than does his work; for nothing that he does is ever freed from what he is. Viewing Mr. Sant's pictures, one views the man, self-expressed, upon each canvas. There is nothing harsh or discrepant in either his nature, his opinions, or his work; indeed, the last is the logical outcome of the first, and a fitting illustration of it.

He has marked his personality on all the

conveyed that air of grace which seems inseparable from a certain class of portraiture. For less than any other portrait painter of the period, has Mr. Sant been called upon to place his skill at the disposal of the general art-patron, who is disparagingly spoken of by Mr. George Moore as "the brewer or distiller."

In all that Mr. Sant has done, a happy, straightforward dexterity is always dis-



"HE KNEW THE SCRIPTURES FROM HIS YOUTH." BY JAMES SANT, R.A.
Reproduced from the print published by the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Company, Great New Street, E.C.

cernible; and if civilisation has, as it were, paled, within a somewhat restricted area, his artistic ambitions, this regulative suppression has but the better fitted him for the distinguished honour of holding the post of "Painter Laureate."

It was well said by Mr. Fenn, in a note published many years ago on Mr. Sant in The Magazine of Art: "Looking back over the numerous well-known and truly admirable works done by our artist, it is little wonder that he took his place long ago in the first rank of his profession. He has

gauged his own powers most completely, and has not perilled his reputation by attempts at sensational domestic scenes or grand historical groups, and he may fairly rest content with the knowledge that the young generation to come will point with delight and pleasure to the portraits of their mothers and grandmothers which he has limned, and, with a little smile of secret self-complacency, will hope that they have inherited a share of that beauty and grace so pleasantly handed down to them by the dexterous and brilliant brush of James Sant, R.A."



THE INFANT SAMUEL—"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH!" BY JAMES SANT, R.A. Reproduced from the print published by the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Company, Great New Street, E.C.

In landscape, Mr. Sant has made many successes. In his studio, small replicas of important pictures line the walls, many of these of excessive beauty—mellow, harmonious records of different phases of sky and atmospheric effects.

"Ah," said Mr. Sant, in his simple, genial way, when the writer of this article had made some appreciative remark with regard to them, "Time, as Millais once said to me,

is a great artist, and these sketches have been painted many years"—he waved an indicating hand towards one which was centred above his writing-table—and added: "I think that's rather nice, don't you?" obviously forgetful for the moment of those lines of Burns', pregnant with prophecy—

A chiel's amang you taking notes, And, faith! he'll prent it.



"MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD (MRS. H. B. IRVING) AS 'TRILBY." BY JAMES SANT, R.A.

The debt of gratitude which the world is being laid under by artists of talent is ever increasing, but there are few painters to whom individually it owes so much as it does to Mr. Sant, since he has given to it finely pictorial expression of great spiritual sentiments. And to enrich the world with eloquent lay sermons is to educate it in profound truths.

lay sermons is to educate it in profound truths.

Of the influence of his "Speak, Lord, for
Thy Servant Heareth!" and "He Knew
the Scriptures from his Youth," it is im-

possible to speak too strongly, impossible not to realise how largely the religiosity of childhood, too young to have any but vague and limited apprehension of the subject at issue, must have been fostered by the reproductions of those pictures hanging, as they do, on the walls of many nurseries. They carry touches of suggestion, have a magic of their own, to withstand which the child feels to be impossible: fused in so close an intimacy, the effect of such work is ethical.

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SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS. — Grouch, that is the name. Some say it should be spelt "Groutch," which makes the pronunciation clear—the word must rhyme with "crouch." Sophy was Grouch on both sides, for her father, Enoch Grouch, a small farmer of Morpingham, in Essex, married his uncle's daughter Sally. Mrs. Grouch was laid in Morpingham churchyard when Sophy was no more than five years old, and the child was left to the sole care of her father. On an autumn evening in the year 1855, Enoch Grouch was killed by the fall of a great bough from one of the venerable elms that form an avenue leading to the village church. Summoned to the scene of the accident, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, of the Hall, find the child Sophy lying, more frightened than injured, a few yards from her dead father, and, knowing her to be now alone in the world, undertake to look after her future. "Mother always said something would happen to that little girl, because of that mark she's got on her cheek," remarks Julia Robins, daughter of a widowed lady living in the village, alluding to a small birth-mark, just below the cheek-bone, which was destined to win for Sophy, in her subsequent career, the name of "La Dame à l'Etoile Rouge" with her friends, or "The Red-Starred Witch" with the more hostile citizens or ruder soldiers of Kravonia. At ordinary times this mark was a pale red in colour, but it was very sensitive to any change of mood; in moments of excitement the shade deepened greatly. But returning to Sophy's uneventful youth, we find her in the second chapter old enough to leave both school and the care of the Hall gardener's wife and "live at the Hall and be tanght to help cook." Julia Robins, now grown up and training for the stage, thinks this a somewhat lowly lot for a girl whom the Squire and his wife have treated as though she were of their own class, and the Rector's son, Basil Williamson, lately gone up to Cambridge, shares the thought. But Sophy is installed "to help cook," and three years later, while still scullery-maid at th

CHAPTER IV.

FATE'S WAY-OR LADY MEG'S.

HE scene is at Hazleby, Lord Dunstanbury's Essex seat. His Lordship is striking the top off his breakfast egg.
"I say, Aunt Meg, old Brownlow's got a deuced pretty kitchen-maid."

"There you go! There you go! Just like your father, and your grandfather, and all of them! If the English people had any spirit, they'd have swept the Dunstanburys and all the wicked Whig gang into the sea long ago."

"Before you could turn round, they'd have bought it up, enclosed it, and won an election by opening it to ships at a small fee

on Sundays," said Mr. Pindar.

"Why are Whigs worse than Tories?" inquired Mr. Pikes, with an air of patient inquiry.

"The will of Heaven, I suppose," sniffed

Lady Margaret Duddington.

"To display Divine Omnipotence in that

line," suggested Mr. Pindar.

"A deuced pretty girl!" said Dunstanbury in reflective tones. He was doing his best to reproduce the impression he had received at Morpingham Hall—but obviously with no great success.

"On some pretext, frivolous though it be, let us drive over and see this miracle," Pindar suggested. "How could we better

employ this last day of our visit? You'll drive us over, Percival?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Pindar," said the young man, resolute in wisdom. "I'll send you over, if you like."

"I'll come with you," said Pikes. "But how account for ourselves? Old Brownlow is unknown to us."

"If Percival had been going, I'd have had nothing to do with it, but I don't mind taking you two old sillies," said Lady Margaret. "I wanted to pay a call on Elizabeth Brownlow anyhow. We were at school together once. But I won't guarantee you a sight of the kitchen-maid."

"It's a pretty drive—for this part of the

country," observed Dunstanbury.

"It may well become your favourite road," smiled Mr. Pindar benevolently.

"And since Lady Meg goes with us, it's already ours," added Mr. Pikes gallantly.

So they used to go on—for hours at a time, as Dunstanbury has declared—both at Hazleby when they were there, and at Lady Meg's house in Berkeley Square, where they almost always were. They were pleased to consider themselves politicians—Pikes a Whig twenty years behind date, Pindar a Tory two hundred. It was all an affectation—assumed for the purpose, but with the very doubtful result, of amusing Lady Meg. To Dunstanbury the two old waifs—for waifs on the sea of society they were, for all that each had a sufficient income to his name and a reputable life behind him—were sheerly tiresome—and there seems little ground to

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differ from his opinion. But they were old family friends, and he endured with his

usual graciousness.

Their patroness—they would hardly have jibbed at the word—was a more notable person. Lady Meg-the world generally, and Sophy always, spoke of her by that style, and we may take the same liberty—was only child of the great Earl of Dunstanbury. The title and estates passed to her nephew, but half a million or so of money came to her. She took the money, but vowed, with an outspoken thankfulness, that from the Dunstanbury family she had taken nothing else. If the boast were true, there must have been a powerful strain of eccentricity and perversity deriving from elsewhere. All the Dunstanbury blood was Whig; Lady Meg counted the country ruined in 1688. Every Dunstanbury had been a man of sensibility; Lady Meg declared war on emotion—especially on the greatest of all emotions. The Dunstanbury attitude in thought had always been free, even tending to the materialistic; Lady Meg would believe in anything—so long as she couldn't see it. A queer woman, choosing to go to war with the world and infinitely enjoying the gratuitous conflict which she had herself provoked! With half a million and the Duddington blood one can afford these recondite luxuries — and to have a Pindar and a Pikes before whom to exhibit their rare flavour. She was aggressive, capricious, hard to live with. Fancies instead of purposes, whims instead of interests, and not, as it seems, much affection for anybody -she makes rather a melancholy picture; but in her day she made a bit of a figure too.

The air of the household was stormy that day at Morpingham—an incentive to the expedition, not a deterrent, for Lady Meg, had she known it. Sophy was in sore disgrace. accused, tried, and convicted of insubordination and unseemly demeanour towards Mrs. Smilker. The truth seems to be that this good woman (Rest her soul! She has a neat tombstone in Morpingham churchyard) loved —like many another good creature—good ale sometimes a trifle too well; and the orders she gave when ale had been plentiful did not always consort with her less mellow In no vulgar directness, but injunctions. with a sarcasm which Mrs. Smilker felt without understanding, Sophy would point out these divergencies. Angered and humiliated, fearful too, perhaps, that her subordinate would let the secret out, Mrs. Smilker made haste to have the first word with the powers;

and against the word of the cook the word of the cook-maid weighed as naught. smaller troubles of this origin there had come a sort of crisis to-day. The longest of long lectures had been read to Sophy by mistress and repeated (slightly condensed) by master; then she was sent away to think it over; an abject apology to outraged Mrs. Smilker must be forthcoming, or banishment was the decree. Informed of this ultimatum, Sophy went out and hung about the avenue, hoping for Julia to appear. Soon Julia came and heard the story. She had indignation in readiness and—what was more to the purpose —a plan. Soon Sophy's eyes grew bright,

Into this storm-tossed house came Lady Meg and her spaniels. This unkind name, derived at first from the size and shape of Mr. Pindar's ears (they were large and hung over at the top), had been stretched to include Mr. Pikes also, with small loss of Both gentlemen were low of propriety. stature, plump of figure, hairy on the face, and followed obediently at the heels of commanding Lady Meg. The amenities of the luncheon-table opened hearts. Very soon the tale of Sophy's iniquities was revealed; incidentally, and unavoidably if Sophy's heinous fault were to appear in its true measure, the tally of the Brownlows' benevolence was reckoned. But Mrs. Brownlow won small comfort from Lady Meg; she got a stiff touch of the truth.

"Ran in and out of the drawing-room!" she said. "Did she? The truth is, Lizzie, you've spoilt her, and now you're angry with

her for being spoilt."

with girls.

"What is she now, Mrs. Brownlow?" asked Pindar, with a sly intention. this Percival's deuced pretty girl?

"She works in the kitchen, Mr. Pindar." "The girl!" his eyes signalled to Mr. "Let Lady Meg see her," he urged "She has a wonderful way insinuatingly.

"I don't want to see her; and I know

your game, Pindar," said Lady Meg.

"I'm afraid she must go," sighed Mrs. Brownlow. Her husband said more robustly that such an event would be a good riddance —a saying repeated, with the rest of the conversation, by the butler (one William Byles, still living) to the gratified ears of Mrs. Smilker down below.

"But I'm not easy about her future.

She's an odd child, and looks it."
'Pretty?" This from Mr. Pindar.

"Well, I don't know. Striking-looking, you'd rather say, perhaps, Mr. Pindar."

"Let her go her own way. We've talked quite enough about her." Lady Meg sounded decisive—and not a little bored.
"And then"—Mrs. Brownlow made bold

to go on for a moment-"such a funny

mark! Many people wouldn't like it, I'm sure."

Lady Meg turned sharply on her. "Mark? What do vou mean? What mark?"

"A mark on her face, you know. A round red mark-

"Big as a threepenny bit, pretty nearly," said the Squire.

" Where?" "On her

cheek."

"Where is the girl?" asked Lady Meg. Her whole demeanour had changed. Her bored air had vanished. "She seemed fair excited," Mr. Byles reports. Then she turned to

the said Byles: "Find out where that girl is, and let me know. Don't tell her anything about it. I'll go to her."

"But let me send for her—" began the

Squire courteously.

"No, give me my own way.

want her frightened."

The Squire gave the orders she desired, and the last Mr. Byles heard as he left the room was from Lady Meg:

"Marks like that always mean something,

eh, Pindar?"

No doubt Mr. Pindar agreed, but his reply is lost.

The girls in the avenue had made their plan. Šophy would not bow her head to Mrs. Smilker, nor longer eat the bread of benevolence embittered by servitude. She would go with Julia; she too would tread the boards-if only she could get her foot on them; and when did any girl seriously doubt her ability to do that? The pair

> were gay and laughing, when suddenly through the gate came Lady Meg and the spaniels— Lady Meg ahead as usual, and with a purposeful air.

"Who are they?" cried Sophy.

Hazleby is but twelve miles from Morpingham. Julia had been over to see the big house, and had sighted Lady Meg in the garden.

"It's Lady Margaret Duddington," she whispered, rather in a fright. There was time for nomore. Lady Meg was upon them. Sophy was identified



"The orders she gave did not always consort with her less mellow injunctions.'

by her dress, and, to Lady Meg's devouring eyes, by the mark.

"You're the girl who's been behaving so badly?" she said.

Seeing no profit in arguing the merits,

Sophy answered "Yes."

At this point Julia observed one old gentleman nudge the other and whisper something; it is morally certain that Pindar whispered to Pikes: "Percival's girl!"

"You seem to like your own way. What are you going to do? Say you're sorry?"

"No. I'm not sorry. I'm going away."

"Come here, girl, let me look at you."

Sophy obeyed, walking up to Lady Meg and fixing her eyes on her face. She was interested, not frightened, as it seemed. Lady Meg looked long at her.

"Going away! Where to?"

Julia spoke up. "She's coming with me, please, Lady Margaret." Julia, it would seem, was a little frightened.

"Who are you?"

"Julia Robins. My mother lives there." She pointed to Woodbine Cottage. "I—I'm on the stage——"

"Lord help you!" remarked Lady Meg

disconcertingly.

"Not at all!" protested Julia, her meaning plain, her expression of it faulty. "And I -I'm going to help her to-to get an engagement. We're friends."

"What's she going to do with that on the Lady Meg's forefinger almost

touched the mark.

"Oh, that's all right, Lady Margaret. Just a little grease-paint-

"Nasty stuff!" said Lady Meg.

A pause followed, Lady Meg still studying Sophy's face. Then, without turning round, she made a remark obviously addressed to the gentlemen behind her:

"I expect this is Percival's young person."

"Without a doubt," said Pikes.

"And Percival was right about her too," said Pindar.

"Think so? I ain't sure yet," said Lady Meg. "And at any rate I don't care two-pence about that. But——" A long pause marked a renewed scrutiny. "Your name's Sophy, isn't it?"

"Yes." Sophy hesitated, then forced out

the words: "Sophy Grouch."
"Grouch?"

"I said Grouch."

"Humph! Well, Sophy, don't go on the stage. It's a poor affair, the stage, begging Miss Julia's pardon—I'm sure she'll do admirably at it. But a poor affair it is. There's not much to be said for the real thing—but it's a deal better than the stage, Sophy."

"The real thing?" Julia saw Sophy's

eyes grow thoughtful.

"The world—places—London—Paris men and women—Lord help them! Come with me, and I'll show you all that."

"What shall I do if I come with

you?"

"Do? Eat and drink, and waste time and money, like the rest of us. Eh, Pindar?"

"Of course," said Mr. Pindar, with a placid smile.

"I shan't be a—a servant again?"

"Everybody in my house is a slave, I'm

told, but you won't be more of a slave than the rest."

"Will you have me taught?"

Lady Meg looked hard at her. For the first time she smiled, rather grimly. "Yes, I'll have you taught, and I'll show you the Queen of England, and, if you behave yourself, the Emperor of the French-Lord help him!"

"Not unless she behaves herself!" mur-

mured Mr. Pindar.

"Hold your tongue, Pindar! Now then, what do you say? No, wait a minute; I want you to understand it properly." She became silent for a moment. Julia was thinking her a very rude woman; but, since Mr. Pindar did not mind, who need?

Lady Meg resumed. "I won't make an obligation of you-I mean I won't be bound to you; and you shan't be bound to me. You'll stay with me as long as you like, or as long as I like, as the case may be. If you want to go, put your visiting-card—yes, you'll have one—in an envelope and send it And if I want you to go, I'll put a hundred-pound note in an envelope and send it to you—upon which you'll go, and no reasons given. Is it agreed?"

"It sounds all right," said Sophy.

"Did you always have that mark on your cheek?

"Yes, always. Father told me so."

"Well, will you come?"

Sophy was torn. The stage was very attractive, and the love she had for Julia Robins held her as though by a cord. But was the stage a poor thing? Was that mysterious "real thing" better? Though even of that this strange woman spoke scornfully. Already there must have been some underground channel of understanding between them; for Sophy knew that Lady Meg was more than interested in her—that she was actually excited about her; and Lady Meg, in her turn, knew that she played a good card when she dangled before Sophy's eyes the Queen of England and the Emperor of the French—though even then came that saving "Lord help him!" to damp an overardent expectation.

"Let me speak to Julia," said Sophy. Lady Meg nodded; the girls linked arms and walked apart. Pindar came to Lady

Meg's elbow.

"Another whim!" said he, in a low voice. Pikes was looking round the view with a kind of vacant contentment.

"Yes," she said. His lips moved.



"'You're the girl who's been behaving so badly?"

know what you said. You said: 'You old fool!' Pindar."

- "Never, on my life, my lady!" They seemed more friends now than patroness and client. Few saw them thus, but Pindar told Dunstanbury, and the old gentleman was no liar.
- "Give me one more!" she whispered, plainly excited. "That mark must mean something. It may open a way."
- "For her?" he asked, smiling.
- "It must for her. It may for me."
- "A way where?"
 "To knowledge—knowledge of the unknown. They may speak through her."
- "Lady Meg! Lady Meg! And if they don't, the hundred-pound note! It's very cruel."
- "Who knows, who knows, Pindar? Fate has her ways."

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Not half as amusing as your Ladyship's!"

Sophy, twenty yards off, flung her arms round Julia. The embrace was long; it spoke farewell. Lady Meg's eyes brightened. "She's coming with me," she said. Pindar shrugged his shoulders again and fell back to heel. Sophy walked briskly up.

"I'll come, my lady," she said.

"Good. To-morrow afternoon—to London. Mrs. Brownlow has the address. Goodbye." She turned abruptly on her heel and marched off, her retinue following.

Julia came to Sophy.

"We can write," she said. "And she's right. You must be for the real thing,

Sophy!"

"My dear, my dear!" murmured Sophy, half in tears. "Yes, we must write." She drew back and stood erect. "It's all very dark," she said. "But I like it. London—and Paris! On the Seine!" Old lessons came back with new import now.

"The Emperor of the French!" Julia

mocked—with tears in her eyes.

A sudden thought occurred to Sophy. "What did she mean by 'Percival's young person'? Is his name Percival?"

Julia gave a little cry. "Lord Dunstanbury's? Yes. You've seen him again?"

She drew out the story. It made the

sorrow of parting half forgotten.

"You owe this to him, then! How romantic!" was actress Julia's conclusion. In part a true one, no doubt. But Sophy, looking deeper, fingered the Red Star. She had tracked the magnet of Lady Meg's regard, the point of her interest, the pivot of decision for that mind of whims.

CHAPTER V.

THE VISION OF "SOMETHING BRIGHT."

WITH that scene in the avenue of elm trees at Morpingham there comes a falling of the veil. Letters passed between Sophy and Julia Robins, but they have not been preserved. The diary was not yet begun. Basil Williamson did not move in the same world with Lady Meg and her entourage: Dunstanbury was in Ireland, where his regiment was then stationed. For the next twelve months there is only one glimpse of Sophy—that a passing and accidental one, although not without its significance as throwing a light on Lady Meg's adoption of Sophy (while it lasted it amounted to that), and on the strange use to which she hoped

to be able to turn her *protėgėe*. The reference is, however, tantalisingly vague just where explicitness would have been of curious interest, though hardly of any real importance to a sensible mind.

The reference occurs in a privately printed volume of reminiscences by the late Captain Hans Fleming, R.N., a sailor of some distinction, but better known as a naturalist. Writing in the winter of 1865–6 (he gives no precise date), he describes a meeting with Lady Meg—whom, it will be noticed, he calls "old Lady Meg," although at that time she was but forty-four. She had so early in life taken up an attitude of resolute spinster-hood that there was a tendency to exaggerate

her years.

"To-day in the park I met old Lady Meg Duddington. It was piercing cold, but the carriage was drawn up under the trees. poor spaniels on the opposite seat were shivering! She stopped me and was, for her, very gracious; she only 'Lord-helpedme!' twice in the whole conversation. She was full of her ghosts and spirits, her seers and witches. She has got hold of an entirely new prophetess, a certain woman who calls herself Madame Mantis and knows all the secrets of the future, both this side the grave and the other. Beside Lady Meg sat a remarkably striking girl, to whom she introduced me, but I didn't catch the name. gathered that this girl (who had an odd mark on one cheek, almost like a pale pink wafer) was, in old Meg's mad mind anyhow, mixed up with the prophetess—as medium, or subject, or inspiration, or something of that kind—I don't understand that nonsense. and don't want to. But when I looked sceptical (and old Pindar chuckled-or it may have been his teeth chattering with the cold), Meg nodded her head at the girl and said: 'She'll tell you a different tale some day: if you meet her in five years' time, perhaps.' I don't know what the old lady meant; I suppose the girl did, but she looked absolutely indifferent and indeed bored. One can't help being amused, but, seriously, it's rather sad for a man who was brought up in the reverence of Lord Dunstanbury to see his only daughter — a clever woman too, naturally—devoting herself to such childish stuff."

Such is the passage; it is fair to add that most of the Captain's book is of more general interest. As he implies, he had had a long acquaintance with the Dunstanbury family, and took a particular interest in anything that related to it. Nevertheless what he

says has its place here; it fits in with and explains Lady Meg's excited and mystical exclamation to Mr. Pindar at Morpingham, "They may speak through her!" Apparently "they" had spoken—to what effect we cannot even conjecture, unless an explanation be found in a letter of the Kravonian period in which Sophy says to Julia: "You remember that saying of Mantis' when we were in London—the one about how she saw something hanging in the air over my head —something bright." That is all she says and "something bright" leaves the matter very vague. A sword—a crown—the nimbus of a saint: imagination might play untrammelled. Still some prophecy was made; Lady Meg built on it, and Sophy (for all her apparent indifference) remembered it, and in after-days thought it worthy of recall. is as far as we can go; and with that passing glimpse Sophy Grouch (of course the mention of the waferlike mark puts her identity beyond question) passes out of sight for the time; indeed, as Sophy Grouch, in the position in which we have seen her and in the name under which we have known her, she passes out of sight for ever.

PART II.—PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

PHAROS, MANTIS, AND CO.

Lady Meg left London for Paris at the end of 1866 or the beginning of 1867, but we hear nothing of her doings until the early summer of 1868. The veil lifts then, so far as it ever lifts from before the face of the Paris period, and shows us the establishment in the Rue de Grenelle. A queer picture it is in many ways; it gives reason to think that the state of mind to which Lady Meg had now come is but mildly described as eccentricity.

The eminent Lord Dunstanbury, Lady Meg's father, had been one of that set of English Whigs and Liberals who were much at home in Paris in the days of the July Monarchy. Among his friends was a certain Marquis de Savres, the head of an old French family of Royalist principles. This gentleman had, however, accepted the throne of Louis Philippe and the political principles and leadership of Guizot. Between him and Dunstanbury there arose a close intimacy, and Lady Meg as a girl had often visited in the Rue de Grenelle. Changed as her views were, and separated as she was

from most of her father's coterie in Paris, friendship and intercourse between her and the Savres family had never dropped. present head of that family was Casimir de Savres, a young man of twenty-eight, an officer of cavalry. Being a bachelor, he preferred to dwell in a small apartment on the other side of the river, and the family house in the Rue de G-enelle stood empty. Under some arrangement (presumably a business one, for M. de Savres was by no means rich) Lady Meg occupied the first floor of the roomy old mansion. Here she is found established; with her, besides three French servants and an English coachman (she has for the time apparently shaken off the spaniels), is Mademoiselle Sophie de Gruche, in whose favour Sophy Grouch has effected an unobtrusive disappearance.

This harmless, if somewhat absurd, transformation was carried out with a perverse elaboration smacking of Lady Meg's sardonic perversity rather than of Sophy's directer methods. Sophy would probably claimed the right to call herself what she pleased, and left the world to account for her name in any way it pleased. Lady Meg must needs fit her up with a story. She was the daughter of a Creole gentleman married to an English wife. Her mother being early left a widow, Sophy had been brought up entirely in England; hence her indifferent acquaintance with French. If this excuse served a purpose at first, at any rate it soon became unnecessary. Sophy's marked talent for languages (She subsequently mastered Kravonian, a very difficult dialect, in the space of a few months) made French a second native tongue to her within a year. But the story was kept up. Perhaps it imposed on nobody; but nobody was rude enough—or interested enough—to question it openly. Sophy herself never refers to it; but she used the name from this time forward on all occasions except when writing to Julia Robins, when she continues to sign "Sophy" as before—a habit which lasts to the end, notwithstanding other changes in her public

or official style.

The times were stirring, a prelude to the great storm which was so soon to follow. Paris was full of men who in the next few years were to make or lose fame, to rise with a bound or fall with a crash. Into such society Lady Meg's name, rank, and parentage would have carried her, had she cared to go; she could have shown Sophy the Emperor of the French at close quarters instead of contenting herself with a literal

fulfilment of her promise by pointing him out as he drove in the streets. But Lady Meg was rabid against the Empire; her "Lord help him!"—the habitual expression of contempt on her lips—was never lacking for the Emperor. Her political associates were the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germains, and there are vague indications that Lady Meg was very busy among them and conceived herself to be engaged in intrigues of vital importance. The cracks in the imposing

Imperial structure were visible enough by now, and every hostile party was on the look-out for its chance. As we all know, perhaps no chance, certainly no power to use a chance, was given to Lady Meg's friends; and we need not repine that ignorance spares us the trouble of dealing with their unfruitful hopes and disappointed Still the schemes. intrigues, the gossip, and the Royalist atmosphere were to Sophy in some sort an introduction

political interests, and no doubt had an influence on her mind. So far as she ever acquired political principles—the existence of such in her mind is, it must be confessed.

doubtful—they were the tenets which reigned in the Rue de Grenelle and in the houses of Lady Meg's Royalist allies.

So on one side of Lady Meg are the nobles and their noble ladies sulking and scheming, and on the other—a bizarre contrast—her witch and her wizard, Mme. Mantis and Pharos. Where the carcass is, there will the vultures be; should the carcass get up and walk, presumably the vultures would wing an expectant way after it. Mme. Mantis—the woman of the prophecy about "something bright"—had followed

Lady Meg to Paris, scenting fresh prey. But a more ingenious and powerful scoundrel came on the scene; in association with Mantis—probably very close and not creditable association—is Pharos, alias Jean Coulin. In after-days, under the Republic, this personage got himself into trouble, and was tried at Lille for obtaining no less a sum than 150,000 francs from a rich old Royalist lady who lived in the neighbourhood of the town. The rogue got his money



"Sophy is to 'go off."

under cover of a vaticination that Mac-Mahon would restore the monarchy — a nearer approach to the real than he reached in his dealings with Lady Meg, but not, probably, on that account any the more favourably viewed by his judges. The President's interrogation of the prisoner, ranging over his whole life, tells us the bulk of what we know of him: but the earliest sketch comes from Sophy herself, in one of the rare letters of this period which have survived. dirty scrubby fellow, with greasy hair and a squint in his eye," she tells Julia Robins. "He wears a black cloak down to his heels, and a gimerack thing round his neck that he calls his 'periapt'—charm, I suppose he means.

Says he can work spells with it; And his precious partner Mantis kisses it (italics are Sophy's) whenever she meets him. Phew! I'd like to give them both a dusting! What do you think? Pharos, as he calls himself, tells Lady Meg he can make the dead speak to her; and she says that isn't it possible that since they've died themselves and know all about it, they may be able to tell her how not to? Seeing how this suits his book, it isn't Pharos who's going to say 'No,' though he tells her to make a will in case anything happens before he's ready to 'establish com-

munication'—and perhaps they won't tell, after all, but he thinks they will! Now I come into the game! Me being very sympathetic, they're to talk through me (italics again are Sophy's). Did you ever hear of such nonsense? I told Master Pharos that I didn't know whether his ghosts would talk through me, but I didn't need any of their help to pretty well see through him! Lady Meg's hot on it. I suppose it's what I'm here for, and I must let him try-or pretend to. It's all one to me, and it pleases Lady Meg. Only he and I have nothing else to do with one another! I'll see to that. To tell you the truth, I don't like the look in his eye sometimes—and I don't think Mrs. Mantis would either!"

As a medium Sophy was a failure. She was antagonistic—purposely antagonistic, said Jean Coulin, attempting to defend himself against the President's suggestion that he had received something like three thousand pounds from Lady Meg and given her not a jot of supernatural information in return. This failure of Sophy's was the first rift between Lady Meg and her. Pharos could have used it against her, and his power was great; but it was not at present his game to eject her from the household. He had other ends in view; and there was no question of the hundred-

pound note yet. It is pleasant to turn to another figure one which stands out in the meagre records of this time and bears its prominence well. Casimir Marquis de Savres is neither futile nor sordid, neither schemer nor impostor. He was a brave and simple soldier and gentleman, holding his ancestral principles in his heart, but content to serve his country in evil times until good should come. was courteous and attentive to Lady Meg, touching her follies with a light hand; and to Sophy he gave his love with an honest and impetuous sincerity, which he masked by a gay humour—lest his lady should be grieved at the havoc she herself had made. His feelings about Pharos, his partner, and his jugglings, need no description. "If you are neither restoring the King nor raising the devil to-morrow, I should like to come to breakfast," he writes in one of his early "O Lady of the Red Star, if it were to restore you to your kingdom in the star whose sign you bear, I would raise the devil himself, all laws of Church and State notwithstanding! I came on evening-you were surrounded by most unimpeachable dowagers. Excellent principles and irreproachable French! But, mon Dieu, for conversation! I came on Thursday afternoon. Pharos and Mantis held sway, and I dared not look round for fear of my ancestors being there to see me in the Emperor's uniform! Tell me when there will be no ancestors living or dead, nor dowagers nor devils, that I may come and see you. If dear Lady Meg (Laidee Maig!) * should be pursuing one or the other in other places, yet forbid me not to come. She has whims, we know, but not, thank Heaven, many principles; or, if she has our principles, at least she scorns our etiquette. Moreover queens make etiquette, and are not ruled by what they make. And Star-Queens are more free and more absolute still. What a long note—all to ask for a breakfast! No, it's to ask for a sight of your eyes—and a volume would not be too long for me to write—though it would be a bad way to make friends with the eyes that had to read I believe I go on writing because it seems in some way to keep you with me; and so, if I could write always of you, I would lay down my sword and take up the pen for life. Yet writing to you, though sweet as heaven, is as the lowest hell from which Pharos fetches devils as compared with seeing you. Be kind. Farewell. "Casimir."

To this he adds a postscript, referring apparently to some unrecorded incident: "Yes, the Emperor did ask who it was the other day. I was sure his eye hit the mark. I have the information direct."

It is very possible that this direct informa-

tion pleased Sophy.

Last among the prominent members of the group in which Sophy lived in Paris is Mme. Zerkovitch. Her husband was of Russian extraction, his father having settled in Kravonia and become naturalised there. The son was now in Paris as correspondent to one of the principal papers of Slavna. Mme. Zerkovitch was by birth a Pole; not a remarkable woman in herself, but important in this history as the effective link between these days and Sophy's life in Kravonia. She was small and thin, with auburn hair and very bright hazel eyes with light-coloured lashes. An agreeable talker, an accomplished singer, and a kind-hearted woman, she was an acquaintance to be welcomed. Whatever strange notions she harboured about Sophy in after-days, she

^{*} He is apparently mimicking Sophy's mimicking of his pronunciation.

conceived from the beginning, and never lost, a strong affection for her, and their friendship ripened quickly from their first meeting at Lady Meg's, where Marie Zerkovitch was a frequent visitor, and much interested in Pharos' hocus-pocus. The occasion was one of the séances where Sophy was to be medium. It was a curious scene. Gaunt Lady Meg, with her eyes strained and eager, superintended the arrangements. "Lord help you!" was plentiful for everybody, even for the prophet Pharos himself when his miracle was behind time. Mantis was there, subterraneously scornful of her unwilling rival; and the rogue Pharos himself, with his oily glibness, his cheap mystery, and his professional jargon. Two or three dowagers and Casimir de Savres-who had to unbuckle his sword and put it outside the door for reasons insufficiently explained completed the party. In the middle sat Sophy, smiling patiently, but with her white brow wrinkled just a little beneath the arching masses of her dark hair. On her lips the smile persisted all through; the mark was hardly visible. "No more than the slightest pinkness; I didn't notice it till I had looked at her for full five minutes," says Marie Zerkovitch. This was, no doubt, the normal experience of those who met Sophy first in moments of repose or of depression.

Sophy is to "go off." Pharos makes his passes and goes through the rest of his

performance.

"I feel nothing at all—not even sleepy," said Sophy. "Only just tired of staring at Monsieur!"

Casimir de Savres laughed. Old Lady Meg looked furious; Mantis hid a sickly smile. Down go the lights to a dull gloom—at the prophet's request. More gestures, more whisperings, and then sighs of exhaustion from the energetic wizard.

"Get on, Lord help you!" came testily from Lady Meg. Had Pharos been veritably her idol, she would have kicked him into

granting her prayer.

"She won't give me her will—she won't be passive," he protests, almost eliciting a

perverse sympathy.

He produced a glittering disc, half as large again as a five-franc piece; it gave forth infinite sparkles through the dark of the room. "Look at that! Look hard—and think of nothing else!" he commanded.

Silence fell on the room. Quick breaths came from eager Lady Meg; otherwise all

was still.

"It's working!" whispered the wizard. "The power is working."

Silence again. Then a sudden overpowering peal of laughter from the medium—hearty, rippling, irrepressible and irresistible.

"Oh, Lady Meg, I feel such a fool—oh, such a fool!" she cried—and her laughter

mastered her again.

Irresistible! Marie Zerkovitch joined in Casimir's hearty mirth, Mantis' shrill cackle and the sniggers of the dowagers swelled the chorus. Casimir sprang up and turned up the gas, laughing still. The wizard stood scowling savagely; Lady Meg glared malignantly at her ill-chosen medium and disappointing protégée.

"What's the reason for it, Lord help you?" she snarled, with a very nasty look at

Pharos

He saw the danger. His influence was threatened, his patroness's belief in him shaken.

"I don't know," he answered in apparent humility. "I can't account for it. It happens, so far as I know, only in one case —and Heaven forbid that I should suggest that of Mademoiselle."

"What is the case?" snapped Lady Meg, by no means pacified—in fact still danger-

ously sceptical.

Pharos made an answer, grave and serious in tone, in purpose and effect malignantly nonsensical: "When the person whom it is sought to subject to this particular influence (he touched the pocket where his precious

disc now lay) has the Evil Eye."

An appeal to a superstition old as the hills and widespread as the human race—would it ever fail to hit some mark in a company of a dozen? Casimir laughed in hearty contempt, Sophy laughed in mischievous mockery. But two of the dowagers crossed themselves, Lady Meg started and glowered—and little Mme. Zerkovitch marked, recorded, and remembered. Her mind was apt soil for seed of that order.

That, in five years' time, five years in gaol awaited the ingenious Monsieur Pharos occasions a consoling reflection.

CHAPTER II.

THE LORD OF YOUTH.

SOPHY'S enemies were at work—and Sophy was careless. Such is the history of the next twelve months. Mantis was installed medium now—and the revelations came. But they came slow, vague, fitful, tantalising.

Something was wrong, Pharos confessed ruefully—what could it be? For surely Lady Meg by her faith (and, it may be added, her liberality) deserved well of the Unseen Powers? He hinted at that Evil Eye again, but without express accusation. Under "the influence" Mantis would speak of "the malign one"; but Mantis, when awake, thought Mlle. de Grucha a charming young lady! It was odd and mysterious. Pharos could make nothing of it; he too thought Mademoiselle Sophie—he advanced



"By Mme. Mantis with impertinent and intrusive archness."

to that pleasant informality of description—quite ravishing and entirely devoted to Lady Meg, only, unhappily, so irresponsive to the Unseen—a trifle unsympathetic, it might be. But what would you? The young had no need to think of death or the dead. Was it to be expected, then, that Mademoiselle Sophie would be a good subject, or take much interest in the work, great and wonderful though it might be?

The pair of rogues did their work well and quietly—so quietly that nothing of it would be known were it not that they quarrelled later on over the spoil of this and other transactions, and Mme. Mantis, in the witness-box at Lille, used her memory and her tongue freely. "The plan now was to get rid of the young lady," she said plainly. "Pharos feared her power over my lady, and that my lady might leave her all the money. Pharos hated the young lady because she would have nothing to say to him, and told him plainly that she thought She had courage, yes! him a charlatan. But if she would have joined in with himwhy, then into the streets with me! I knew that well enough, and Pharos knew I knew it. So I hated her too, fearing that some day she and he would make up their differences, and I—that for me! Yes, that was how we were, M. le Président." Her lucid

exposition elicited a polite compliment from M. le Président—and we also are obliged to her.

But Sophy was heedless. She showed afterwards that she could fight well for what she loved well, and that for her an eager heart made a strong hand. Her heart was not in this fight. The revelation of mad Lady Meg's true motive for taking her up may well have damped a gratitude otherwise becoming in Sophy Grouch transmuted to Sophie de Gruche. Yet the gratitude remained; she fought for Lady Megfor her sanity and some return of sanity in her proceedings. In so fighting she fought against herself—for Lady Meg

was very mad now. For herself she did not fight; her heart and her thoughts were elsewhere. The schemes in the Rue de Grenelle occupied her hardly more than the clash of principles, the efforts of a falling dynasty, the struggles of rising freedom, the stir and seething of the great city, and the critical times in which she lived.

For she was young, and the Lord of Youth had come to visit her in his shower of golden promise. The days were marked for her no more by the fawning advances or the spiteful insinuations of Pharos than by the heroics of an uneasy emperor or the ingenious experiments in reconciling contradictions wherein his ministers were engaged. For her the days lived or lived not as she met or failed to meet Casimir de Savres. It was the season of her first love. Yet, with all its joy, the shadow of doubt is over It seems not perfect; the delight is in receiving, not in giving; his letters to her, full of reminiscences of their meetings and talks, are shaded with doubt and eloquent of insecurity. She was no more than a girl in years; but in some ways her mind was precociously developed—her ambition was spreading its still growing wings. constant tone of deference—almost of adulation-marks in part the man, in part the convention in which he had been bred; but it marks, too, the suppliant: to the end he is the wooer, not the lover, and at the end ... and I rise with them." of his ecstasy lies the risk of despair. her part she often speaks of him afterwards, and always with the tenderest affection; she never ceased to carry with her wherever she went the bundle of his letters, tied with a scrap of ribbon and inscribed with a date. But there is one reference, worthy of note, to her innermost sentiments towards him, to the true state of her heart as she came to realise it by and by. "I loved him, but I hadn't grown into my feelings," she says. Brief and almost accidental as the utterance is, it is full of significance; but its light is thrown back. It is the statement of how she came to know she had been towards him, not of how in those happy days she seemed to herself to be.

He knew about Grouch; he had been told by a copious superfluity of female friendliness - by Lady Meg, cloaking suspicious malignity under specious penitence; by Mme. Mantis with impertinent and intrusive archness; by Marie Zerkovitch in the sheer impossibility of containing within herself any secret which had the bad fortune to be entrusted to her. Sophy's own confession, made with incredible difficulty—she hated the name so—fell flat and was greeted with a laugh of mockery. It happened at the Calvaire at Fontainebleau, whither they had made a day's and night's excursion, under the escort of Marie Zerkovitch and a student friend of hers from the Quartier Latin. These two they had left behind sipping beer at a restaurant facing the château. On the eminence which commands the white little town dropped amidst the old forest, over against the red roofs of the palace vying in richness with the turning leaves, in sight of a view in its own kind unsurpassed, in its own charm unequalled, Sophy broke the brutal truth which was to end the infatuation of the head of a house old as St. Louis.

"It's bad to pronounce, is it?" asked Casimir, smiling and touching her hand. "Ah, well, good or bad, I couldn't pronounce it, so to me it is nothing."

"They'd all say it was terrible—a més-

"I fear only one voice on earth saying

"And the fraud I am—de Gruche!" She caught his hand tightly. Never before had it occurred to her to defend or to excuse the transparent fiction.

"I know stars fall," he said, with his pretty gravity, not too grave. "I wish that they may rise to their own height again—

The sun sank behind the horizon. A gentle after-glow of salmon-pink rested over the palace and city; the forest turned to a frame of smoky brownish black. Casimir waved a hand towards it and laughed merrily.

"Before we were, it was—after we are, it I sound as old as Scripture! shall be! has seen old masters—and great mistresses! Saving the proprieties, weren't you Montespan or Pompadour?"

"De la Vallière?" she laughed.

Maintenon?"

"For good or evil, neither! Do I hurt

"No; you make me think, though,"

answered Sophy. "Why?"

"They niggled—at virtue or at vice. You don't niggle! Neither did Montespan nor Pompadour."

"And so I am to be—Marquise de——?"

"Higher, higher!" he laughed. "Mme. la Maréchale-

"It is war, then—soon—you think?" She turned to him with a sudden tension.

He pointed a Frenchman's eloquent forefinger to the dark mass of the château, whose chimneys rose now like gloomy interrogation marks to an unresponsive darkened sky. "He is there now—the Emperor. Perhaps he walks in his garden by the round pond thinking, dreaming, balancing."

"Throwing balls in the air, as conjurers

do ? "

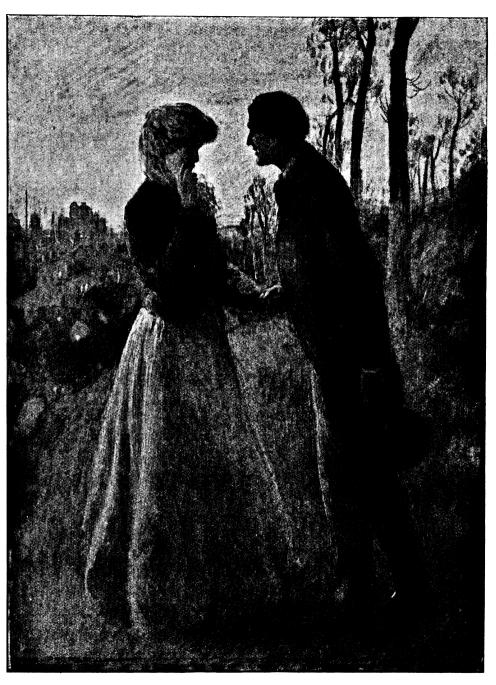
"Yes, my star."

"And if he misses the first?"

"He'll seek applause by the second. the second, I think, would be war."

"And you would—go?"

"To what other end do I love the Lady of



"'Beyond your rights? Impossible! May I go on trying?'"

the Red Star—alas, I can't see it!—save to

bring her glory?"

"That's French." said Sophy with a laugh. "Wouldn't you rather stay with me and be

"Who speaks to me?" he cried, springing

to his feet. "Not you!"

"No, no," she answered, "I have no fear. What is it, Casimir, that drives us on?"

"Drives us on! You! You too?"

"It's not a woman's part, is it?"

He caught her round the waist, and she allowed his clasp. But she grew grave, yet

smiled again softly.

"If all life were an evening at Fontainebleau—a fine evening at Fontainebleau!" she murmured in the low clearness which marked her voice.

"Mightn't it be?"

"With war? And with what drives us

He sighed, and his sigh puzzled her.

"Oh, well," she cried, "at least you know I'm Sophy Grouch, and my father was as mean as the man who opens your lodge-gate."

The sky had gone a blue-black. A single star sombrely announced the coming pageant.

"And his daughter high as the hopes that

beckon me to my career.

"You've a wonderful way of talking," smiled Sophy Grouch—simple Essex in contact with Paris at that instant.

"You'll be my wife, Sophie?"

"I don't think Lady Meg will keep me Pharos is working hard—so Marie Zerkovitch declares. I should bring you a dot of two thousand five hundred francs!"

"Do you love me?"

The old question rang clear in the still air. Who has not heard it of women—or uttered it of men? Often so easy, sometimes so hard. When all is right save one thing—or when all is wrong save one thing—then it is hard to answer, and may have been hard to With Casimir there was no doubt, save the doubt of the answer. Sophy stood poised on a hesitation. The present seemed perfect. Only an unknown future cried to her through the falling night.

"I'll win glory for you!" he cried. "The Emperor will fight!"

"You're no Emperor's man!" she mocked. "Yes, while he means France. anybody who means France." For a moment serious, the next he kissed her hand merrily. "Or for anybody who'll give me a wreath, a medal, a toy to bring home to her I love.

"You're very fascinating," Sophy con-

fessed.

It was not the word. Casimir fell from his exaltation. "It's not love, that of yours," said he.

"No-I don't know. You might make it love. Oh, how I talk beyond my rights!"

"Beyond your rights? Impossible! May

I go on trying?"

He saw Sophy's smile dimly through the gloom. From it he glanced to the dying gleam of the white houses dropped among the trees, to the dull mass of the ancient home of history and kings. But back he came to the living, elusive, half-seen smile.

"Can you stop?" said Sophy.

He raised his hat from his head and

stooped to kiss her hand.

"Nor would nor could," said he—"in the warmth of life or the cold hour of death!"

"No, no—if you die, it's gloriously!" The hour carried her away. "Casimir, 1 wish I were sure!"

The spirit of his race filled his reply:

"You want to be dull?"

"No-I-I-I want you to kiss my cheek."

"May I salute the star?" "But it's no promise!"

"It's better!"

"My dear, I—I'm very fond of you."

"That's all?"

"Enough for to-night! thinking of down there?"

"The Emperor? I'm not so much as sure he's there, really. Somebody said he had started for St. Cloud this morning."

What's

"Pretend he's there!"

"Then of anything except how many men die for what he wants."

"Or of how many women weep?"

Her reply set a new light to his passion. "You'd weep?" he cried.

"Oh, I suppose so!" The answer was

half a laugh, half a sob.

"But not too much! No more than the

slightest dimness to the glowing star!"

Sophy laughed in a tremulous key; her body shook. She laid her hands in his. "No more, no more. Surely Marie and the student are bored? Isn't it supper-time? Oh, Casimir, if I were worthy, if I were sure! What's ahead of us? Shall we go back? To-night, up here, it all seems so simple! Does he mean war? He down there? And you'll fight!" She looked at him for an instant. He was close to her. She thrust him away from her. "Don't fight thinking of me," she said.

"How otherwise?" he asked.

She tossed her nead impatiently. "I don't know—but—but Pharos makes me afraid. He—he says that things I love die."

The young soldier laughed. "That leaves

him pretty safe," said he.

She put her arm through his, and they walked down. It had been a night to be forgotten only when all is. Yet she went from him unpledged, and tossed in her bed, asking: "Shall I?" and answered: "I'll decide to-morrow!"

But to-morrow was not at the *Calvaire* nor in the seducing sweetness of the silent trees. When she rose, he was gone—and the student

too! Marie Zerkovitch, inquisitively friendly, flung a fly for news.

"He's as fine a gentleman as Lord

Dunstanbury!" cried Sophy Grouch.
"As who?" asked Marie.

Sophy smiled over her smoking coffee. "As the man who first saw me," she said. "But, oh, I'm puzzled!"

Marie Zerkovitch bit her roll.

"Armand was charming," she observed. The student was Armand. He too, let it be recorded, had made a little love, yet in all seemly ardour.

So ends this glimpse of the happy days.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE BROWN MANNIKIN.

SHEPHERD lad, shepherd lad, cease from your dreaming, Over the hillside your sheep are a-streaming! They travel that way where the sun left a track, Where, if little sheep wander, they never come back; For the Little Brown Mannikin takes them all home, And once they are folded, they never more roam.

Little lass, little lass, wake from your sleeping, Your heart is a-wandering far from your keeping! It travels the road that many hearts learn, Where it's easy to wander, and hard to return; For the Little Brown Mannikin takes them all home, And once they are folded, they never more roam.

Grey-Beardie, Grey-Beardie, cease from your slumber, Your thoughts are a-wandering times without number! They travel that way that leads back to the past, Where, if many thoughts wander, they stay there at last; For the Little Brown Mannikin takes them all home, And once they are folded, they never more roam.

Singing girl, singing girl, cease from your singing, Over the hillside your songs are a-ringing! They travel that road where the sky touched the ground, Where many thoughts wander, and never are found; For the Little Brown Mannikin takes them all home, And once they are folded, they never more roam.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



HERE is no microbe—
not even the microbe of
influenza—that runs
through a school faster than
the bad joke microbe. It was
Wainwright who introduced it
into Everton House; and I feel
that the time has come to expose his conduct.

What would be thought of a boy who, suffering secretly from measles, whooping - cough, or thrush, sneaked into a school and infected it? I maintain that Wainwright did worse. We could have had one of the abovementioned diseases and got it over, but the bad joke microbe refuses merely to run its course On the contrary, it and die. lives, perpetually flourishing, like wicked people and green bay trees. Moreover, only some boys are open to the microbe of a disease; but my own experience has proved to me that all boys, without exception, are open to the microbe of the bad joke.

Wainwright came among us "'Isn't'e a coastguard.'" wright's size. last Easter term (which is the "Not any

I heard him make was in the playing-field. Mr. Carden told us that we were playing rottenly—a remark which, as well as I remember, was not altogether uncalled for, as is so often the case with remarks made by masters.

"Bar me!" piped Cholmondeley minor, who requires a tremendous amount of encouragement.

"Always knew you were balmy," said Wainwright, pronouncing the word like a coster to make his beastly pun clear.

And Cholmondeley minor wept because his feelings were hurt.

We knew what to expect after that—at least, as to the nature of Wainwright's wit—but we certainly were rather taken by surprise

WHO HEARS when we found him trying to pull the Head's leg. He has impudence enough for anything. It happened this way.

At the next science lecture the Head was blithering about lightning and lightning-conductors, and telling us a

At the next science lecture the Head was blithering about lightning and lightning-conductors, and telling us a lot that most of us knew as well as our alphabet (not that I mean to blame him, for we all know that the fools in a class have to be taken into consideration). I could see an alert twinkle in Wainwright's left eye, which was the one that was next me (I have no doubt there was a corresponding twinkle in the right, but I could not see it, and I try to be careful not to make statements founded on conjecture), and from this I guessed that something remarkable was coming. I was right in my surmise.

"Please, sir," said Wainwright, "wouldn't the lightning hurt a con-

ductor?"

"No," said the Head; and we could see by the severity of his countenance that he thought the question a childish one to be asked by a boy of Wainwicht's size.

"Not any kind of conductor?" said

Wainwright, looking astonished.

"No," said the Head again, and frowned to show that he disapproved of interruptions.

"Not even a tram conductor?" said Wainwright; and the whole class wriggled. If it hadn't wriggled, it would have giggled; and, with the Head's awful eye upon it, that would have been as much as its life was worth.

Wainwright was admonished, but the mischief was done. Every boy in the school was burning to equal him, not only in wit, but in daring.

Arundel was the first to attempt it. He proved, when we were at geometry with Mr. Simpkins, that the microbe had crawled on to him. Mr. Simpkins is the mathematical master, and, as I remember mentioning this

fact in a former article, it ought not to be necessary to repeat it; but what I said just now about a class of boys may apply also to the readers of a magazine. Mr. Simpkins gave out a problem, which was this:

"A pier juts out a hundred feet into the sea. A coastguard is standing seventy-five feet from the pier gates at a right angle. How far is he from the

pierhead?"

"Please, sir, may we draw the coastguard?" said Arundel. "It would make the problem much more interesting.

"You may, if you like," said Mr. Simpkins, who is ever ready to oblige, and is not of a meanly

suspicious nature.

The rest of us thought it would be great larks to do anything that wasn't actual lessons. and we drew yummy little figures where we intended the coastguard to stand; but Arundel only made a great capital E on his paper, and, when Mr.

Simpkins saw that the very boy who had asked leave to make a picture hadn't made one, he looked surprised.

"I don't see that you've drawn the coastguard, after all, Arundel," he said. "You've only made an E."

"Well, sir," said Arundel, "that's all tht. Isn't 'e a coastguard?"

right.

I thought Mr. Simpkins would have smacked his head for cheek, but he He only blew his nose and didn't. seemed to be preoccupied.

"And what happens to the coastguard?" asked Cholmondeley major.
"Does he stand there until he becomes

a peer?"

But Mr. Simpkins had had enough, and he told Chummy to stand up on the form until he should appear to have more sense.

We saw by this that the bad joke microbe was beginning to get into the masters as well as the boys; and those of us who had right feeling trembled for the future of Everton House.

That night Cholmondeley minor went to bed without washing his teeth, and Browne tied knots on the cord of his dressing-gown, hauled him out, and lammed him with it. When asked the reason by the person chiefly

"He told Chummy to stand up on the form until he should appear to have more sense."



"Browne tied knots on the cord of his dressing-gown, and lammed him with it."

interested, he said he was making the punishment fit the criminal, which was the next best thing to making it fit the crime. A naughty boy deserved a knotty biffing, and he hoped it would be a lesson to little Chummy not to neglect his teeth again.

This was told to me next morning as a very significant sign of the times; and since then things have been going from bad to

To-day the worse. Head asks atrocious riddles at dinner; puns drop from the lips of Mr. Simpkins as pearls and diamonds did from the lips of the enchanted lady in the fairy tale. Mr. Carden proposes tonguetwisters and conundrums. The boys are unspeakably depraved — sunk in a verbal mire of misdirected ingenuity. Even I, who

am by nature averse from low forms of humour, have myself made a bad joke. It is embodied in the following riddle:—

Q.—What boy in the school may be described as a Roman coin? And why?

A.—Dowson. Because he's an as(s).

P.S.—On reading over the above in type, it strikes me as unfair not to have recorded

at least one good joke made by Wainwright, after having said so much about the bad ones and the frightful mischief caused by them. I dislike injustice in any form, and always endeavour to live up to my ideals, therefore I feel it is but right to say that Wainwright does occasionally - very occasionally-make a remark worth laughing at. As a rule, his observations are either puns or impertinences, but once in a long while he says something owning an additional quality which should not be treated with contempt. Possibly the fact that he does so is an accidental fact; but still it is one which my conscience forbids me to ignore. I give the following as a carefully chosen specimen of his higher humour :-

One day at dinner, the Head was trying to be beastly facetious on the subject of Vernon's cricket; and, the Bad Joke microbe having at that time a firm hold of him, he said, appealing to the table in general—

"Ought a boy who bowls lobs to be called a lobster?"

Vernon turned the colour marked Crimson Lake in my drawing prize paint-box, and



"Puns drop from the lips of Mr. Simpkins as pearls and diamonds did from the lips of the enchanted lady in the fairy tale."

Wainwright nipped in, without more than a fraction of a second for consideration—

"Don't blush, Vernon. You're not boiled yet."

Now, what I should like to point out is that if Wainwright would only make up his mind never to fall below the level of the jape just quoted, and to refrain from attempting any quip when he finds it impossible to think of one as good or better, he might be a really amusing member of Society; but as long as he persists in trying to be funny all the time, his chances of being anything but a general nuisance and a public danger are too small to be worth considering.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.

"HESE are some queer United States," said Red. They certainly are. I'm thinking of a person I knew down in the Bill Williams Mountains, in Arizona. He was Scotch, and his name was Colin Hiccup Grunt, as near as I could hear it. I never saw anything in Arizona nor any other place that resembled him in any particular.

We met by chance, the usual way, and the play come up like this: I'm going cross country, per short-cut a friend tells me about—this was when I was young; I could have got to where I was going in about four hours' riding, say I moved quick, by the regular route, but now I'm ten hours out of town, and all I know about where I am is that the heavens are above me and any quantity of earth beneath me. For the last two hours I've been losing bits of my disposition along the road, and now I'm looking for a dog to kick. Here we come to a green gulch with a chain of pools at the bottom of it.

I got off to take a drink. Soon's I lay down there's a snort and a clatter, and my little horse Pepe is moving for distance, head up and tail up, and I'm foot loose forty miles from nowhere. This was after the time of Victorio, still there was a Tonto or two left in the country, for all the Government said that the Apaches were corralled in Camp Grant, so I made a single-hearted scamper for a rock.

Then I looked around—nothin' in sight; I raised my eyes and my jaw dropped. Right above me on the side-hill sits a man, six foot and a half high and two foot and a half wide, dressed in a wool hat, short skirts, His nose and ears looked and bare legs. like they'd been borrowed from some large statue. His hair was red; so's mine, but mine was the most ladylike kind of red compared to his—a gentle, rock-me-to-sleepmother tint, whilst his got up and cussed every other colour in the rainbow. Yes, sir; there he sat, and he was knittin' a pair of socks! For ten seconds I forgot how good an excuse I had to be vexed, and just braced myself on my arms and looked at him and blinked. "Well, no wonder Pepe busted," thinks I, and with that my troubles come back to me. "I don't know what in the name of Uncle Noah's pet elephant you are," says I to myself. "Male and female he made 'em after their kind, and your mate may do me up, but if I don't take a hustle out of you, there'll be no good reason for it." And feeling this way, I moved to him.

"Now," says I, "explain yourself."

"Heugh!" says he, just flittin' his little grey eyes on me and going on with his knittin' as if he hadn't seen anything worth wasting eyesight on.

I swallered hard. "Another break like that," I thinks, "and his family have no

kick coming."

"One more question and you are done," says I. "Do you think it's fair to sit on a hill and look like this? How would you feel if you come on me unexpected, and I looked like you?"

By way of reply, he reached behind him so did I. But it wasn't a gun he brought forth: it was a sort of big toy balloon with three sticks to it. Without so much as a glance in my direction, he proceeded to blow on one stick and wiggle his fingers on the Instantly our good Arizona air was tied in a knot. It was great in its way. You could hear every stroke of the man filing the saw; the cow with the wolf in her horn bawled as natural as could be, and as for the stuck pig, it sounded so lifelike I expected to see him round the corner. But at the same time it was no kind of an answer to my question, and I kicked the musical implement high in the air, sitting down on my shoulder-blades to watch it go, and also to acknowledge receipt of one bunch of fives in the right eye, kindness of Grandma in the short skirts. Beware of appearances! takes so much from the fierce Nothin' appearance of a man as short skirts and sockknittin', but up to this date the hand of man hasn't pasted me such a welt as I got that day.

Then, sir, Grandma and I had a real good old-fashioned time. I grabbed him and heaved him over the top of my head.

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"Heugh?" says he as he flew. He'd no more than touched ground before he had me nailed by the legs, and I threw a handspring over his head. From that on, it was just like a circus all the way down the hill to where we fell off the ledge into the pool -- twenty - five foot of a drop, clear, to ice-water—wow! 'J'ever see a dog try to walk on the water when he's been chucked in unexpected? Well, that was me. I was nice and warm from rastlin' with Grandma before I hit, and I went down, down, down into the deeps, until my stummick retired from business altogether. I come up tryin' to swaller air, but it was no use. I got to dry Behind me land. was the old Harry of a foamin' in the drink — Grandma couldn't swim. Well, I got him out, though I was in two minds to let him pass—the touch of that water was something to remember.

"Now, you old fool!" says I, when I slapped him ashore. "Look at you! Just see what trouble you make? Scarin' people's horses to death and fallin' in the creek and havin' to be hauled out! Why don't you wear pants and act like a Christian? Ain't you ashamed to go around in little girl's clothes at your age? What in the devil are you doing out here, anyhow?"

With this he burst out cryin', wavin' his hands and roarin' and yellin', with tears and ice-water runnin' down his face.

"Well!" says I; "I don't catch you, spot nor colour, any stage of the deal.



"'Yes, sir; there he sat, and he was knittin' a pair of socks!""

You'd have me countin' my fingers in no time. I'm goin' to sit still and see what's next."

By and by he got the best of his emotions, come over to me, and blew a lot of words across my ears. From a familiar sound here and there, I gathered he was trying to hold up the American language; but it must have been the brand Columbus found on his first vacation, for I couldn't squeeze any information out of it. I shook my head, and he spread his teeth and jumped loose again.

"No use," says I. "I dare say you

understand, but the only clue I have to those sounds is that you've eat something that ain't agreed with you. Habla V. Español?"

"Si, señor!" says he. So then we got at it, although it wasn't smooth skidding either, for my Spanish was the good old Castilian I'd learned in Panama, whilst his was a mixture of Greaser sheepblat and Apache, flavoured with a Scotch brogue that would smoke the taste of whisky at a thousand vards.

He explained that, while he wasn't fully acquainted with my reasons for assault-and-batterin' him in the first place, he was deeply grateful for my savin' his life in the second

place.

"Yes," says I. "But why do you cry?" Well, that was because his feelin's was moved. I'll admit that if I sat on a rock in the Bill Williams Mountains, thinking myself the only two-legged critter around, and somebody came and kicked my bagpipes in the air, and dog-rastled me down forty rod

of hillside, afterwards fishing me out of the drink, my feelin's would be moved too, but not in that way. And at the time I'm telling you about, I was young—so young it makes me tremble to think of it—and I knew a heap of things I don't know now. For this I thought slightin' of Grandma, notwith-standing the tall opposition he put up. Somehow I couldn't seem to cut loose from the effect of his short skirts and fancy-work. But I let on to be satisfied. He amused me, did Grandma.

Next he invites me to come up to his shanty and have a drop of what he frivolously called "fusky"—" Uno poquito de fusky—aquardiente—señor." Wisht you could have heard his Spanish—all mixed up—like this: He says he's "greetin'"—meanin' yellin', while it's "grito" in Spanish, and his pronunciation had whiskers on it till you could hardly tell the features. But we got along. When we struck the cabin, the old lad done the honours noble. I've met some stylish Spaniards and



"'Beware of appearances! Nothin' takes so much from the fierce appearance of a man as short skirts and sock-knittin'.'"

Frenchmen and Yanks and Johnny Bulls in my time, yet I can't remember ary one who threw himself better'n Colin Hiccup. There's no place where good manners show to better advantage than on a homely man; the constant surprise between the way he looks and the way he acts keeps you interested.

"To you, señor!" says Colin. "Let this

dampen the fires of animosity."

"To you right back again!" says I. "And let's pipe the aforesaid fires clean down into the tailin's." So there we sat, thinking better of each other and all creation. The fires of animosity went out with a splutter, and we talked large and fine. I don't care: I like to once in a while. I don't travel on stilts much, yet it does a man good to play pretty now and then; besides, you can say things in the Spanish that are all right, but would sound simpleminded in English. English is the tongue to yank a beef critter out of an alkali hole with, but give me Spanish when I want to feel dressed up.

We passed compliments to each other and waved our hands. bowing and smiling. In the evening we had music by the pipes. I can't say I'd confine myself to that style of sweet sounds if I had a free choice; still, Colin H. Grunt got something kind of wild and blood-stirrin' out of that windbag that was perfectly astonishin', when you took thought of how it really did And—I sung. sound.

Well, there was only the two of us, and if I stood the bagpipes it was a cinch he could stand my cayoddlin'.

Three days I passed there in peace and quiet. I hadn't anything on hand to do;

the more I saw of my new pardner, the better I liked his style, and here was my gorgeous opportunity to make connections with the art of knitting that might be useful any amount, once I come to settle down.

It was a handsome little place. The cabin was built of rocks. She perched on the hillside, with three gnarly trees shadin' it and a big shute of red rock jumping up behind it.



"Twenty-five foot of a drop, clear, to ice-water-wow!"

Colin had a flower garden about a foot square in front, that he tended very careful, lugging water from the creek to keep it growing. Climbing roses covered one wall, and, honest, it cuddled there so cunnin' and comfortable,



"'I'd rather meet an ordinary man bilious with trouble than have a friend like Colin tell me exciting stories with a sword."

it reminded me of home. Think of that bare-legged, pock-marked, sock-knittin' disparagement of the human race havin' the good feelin' to make him a house like this! It knocked me then, because, as I have explained, I was young. I have since learned that the length of a jack-rabbit's ears is no sure indication of how far he can jump.

We spent three days in this pleasant life, knocking around the country in the daytime, chinnin' and smokin' under some rock and discussin' things in general, and at night we made music, played checkers, and talked some more. During this time his history come out. Naturally, I was anxious to know how in creation such a proposition landed in the Bill Williams Mountains. It happened like this:

Colin came from an island in Scotland where, I judged, the folks never heard of George Washington.

His chief had the travel habit, and Colin went along to bagpipe.

He'd followed his chief to France and then to Mexico, where the band of Scotties tried to help Maximilian help himself to Uncle Porfirio Diaz's empire. There was a row, and the son and heir of the house of Grunts was killed, old Colin Hiccup fightin' over his body like a red-headed lion in short skirts.

It was at night he told me about it, and at this point he got excited. He pulled his old sword down from the wall and showed me how everything occurred. It was as close a call as I can recollect. I'd rather meet an ordinary man bilious with trouble than have a friend like Colin tell me exciting stories with a sword. There were times when you couldn't have got a cigarette-paper between me and that four-foot weapon. I was playing the villains, you understand.

Well, the Maximilian game was up, and when Colin got well (some lad with no sporting blood had shot him in the head) he slid over to the United States and resumed sheepherding, knitting, and bagpiping allee samee old country. What with getting shot in the head and grieving for his chief and one thing and another, Colin was a little damaged in the cupola—well, kind of sideways about things; like not learning English, and keeping on dressing in knee-skirts and such.

What troubled him the most was that no such thing as a clan could be found. I explained to him as best I could that as us Americans represented Europe, Asia, and Africa in varyin' proportions, it was a little difficult to get up a stout clan feeling—local

issues would come in.

Yes, he said he understood that, but it was a great pity, and on the fourth night I was there he got so horrible melancholy over it that it was dreadful to see. I didn't know how to cheer him up exactly, until we'd had two—perhaps three—drops together. Then an inspiration hit me.

"Come along outside with the night-cracker," says I. "I'll take the sword, and we'll have one of those dances you've told

me about."

He brightened up at that, and after a few more drops consented. I felt right merry by this time, and it wasn't long before old Colin limbered considerable. There it was, nice bright moonlight, nobody around to pass remarks; nothing to trouble. So bimeby we pasted her hide, wide and fantastic, with the bagpipes screeching like a tom-cat fight in a cellar. I was tickled to death lookin' at our shadows flyin' around—one of the times I was easily pleased; I must say I enjoyed the can-can.

And then, alas! all my joy departed; for my eye fell on a full-sized Torto-Yuma brave, dressed in a pocket-handkerchief, a

pair of mocassins, and a large rifle.

"By-by, my honey, I'm gone!" I sings to myself—never missin' a step, however, for to let that Injun know I was on to him would be a sign of bad luck. I wiggled around kind of careless to see if there was any more of him. There was. Nine more. Here was Saunders Colorado and Colin Hiccup Grunt, fortified by—say, six drops of Scotch whisky, a Scotch sword, and a Scotch bagpipe, up against ten Tontos armed with rifles. I would have traded my life interest in this world for an imitation dead yaller dog. "Oh, they won't do a thing to us, thing to us, thing to us!" sings I to myself, hoppin' around so gleefully, keepin' tune to the bagpipes. "Whoop her up, Colin!" I hollers.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!" That was in my school-reader, so it ought to be true. My joy was unconfined all right enough—she'd flew the coop long since.

At that Colin really turned himself loose. He'd warmed to the occasion and climbed into the spirit of the thing. His eyes was shut and he was leaping five foot in the air at a pass, wagglin' his head from side to side. And as for them bagpipes, he simply blew the mangled remains of all the sounds since the Flood out of the big end—he took Silence by her hind-leg and flapped her into rags.

I pranced like a colt, wonderin' why we didn't get shot or something. At last I couldn't stand feeling all them hard-coal eyes behind me—might just as well draw four cards to a flush and borrow a stack off the dealer—so I whirls around just as if I'd simply waited my time, and capered down that line of Injuns, wavin' the sword over their heads, looking far away, and smilin' the easy grin of the gentleman who pets the tiger in the circus parade.

"Oh, Colin," I chants, as if it was part of a war song, "understand English for once in your life and keep that squealer yelpin', or these ham-coloured sons of Satan will play a tune on us! Give it to 'em, Colin! Let the good work go ah-ah-ah-ah-on!"

I reckon he made me out, for, after one astonished blat, the old bagpipes went on whining game of before

whining same as before.

I made two trips up and down the line, then flung the sword up in the air and yelled: "Bastante!"

Come silence, like a fainting fit.

"Your house, amigos," I says. "In what way may we serve you?" I had an idea of what way they would serve us—fried, likely, with a dish of greens on the side.

It was weary waiting to see what kind of play the bucks was going to make. They had the immortal on us, and what they said went.

At last the oldest man in the party stepped out.

"Amigos," says the old buck. "Mira, we are not Gilas; we are not Mescaleros; we are not Copper-miners; neither Jicarillas, Coyoteros, nor Llaneros." All this very slow and solemn. Very interesting, no doubt, but a little long to a man waiting to see whether he's about to jump the game or not. "No," thinks I; "nor you ain't town-pumps nor snow-ploughs nor real-estate agents. Hook yourself up, for Heaven's sake, and let go on your family history!"

"No," says he, shaking his head. "Nada,

I am Yuma; they are Yuma."



"'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"

"I sincerely hope so," thinks I. "And I wish you'd let us in on the joke; I'm dyin' for the lack of a laugh this minute."

"Si, señores," says he; "we are not Apaches, and we are not now for war. Before, yes; now we are peaceful. But the white man has put us on reservation at

Camp Grant, and there bad white men bother us. We are all braves; we do not wish to be bothered. So we shoot those white men for the sake of peace, and then we come away. We come here last moon. We see this man "—pointing to Colin Hiccup. "At first my young men

wish to shoot at him, to see him hop; but I say 'No.' We are peaceful; besides, he is a strange white man. I think he is a great chief, and comes here to make medicine. Do you not see how small is the rebaño, and how large the man, and how he dresses like a woman? And there we hear the music he makes; then I know he is great medicine. It is beautiful music he makes to the Great Spirit; it makes our hearts good. We wait -see you come—see two big medicine men fight, then be friend again. Know, by the hair, both same medicine. To-night sounds the music more and more. We come and see dance; we have council. All say, when dance is over, we ask white man to be chief. Just one chief-two chiefs, like calf with two heads, no good. You choose. have no chief since Mangas Colorado. He make fight-fight hard, but no good. Now we are for peace. I say it."

He threw down his rifle and waited. The other braves dropped their guns—

"We will talk," says I, drawing myself

up.
"Buen," says he; and Colin and me withdrew.

"Now, my Scotch friend," says I, when we got out of hearin', "we are up against it, bang! It's all right for them Injuns to talk of how peaceful they are, but I'll bet you there ain't a bigot among 'em. If we don't slide down their gutter, they'll do us harm. How're we to decide who puts his neck in the lion's mouth?"

But old Colin wasn't listening to me. "They'll make me chief," says he. "I'm

tired of herding sheep."

"Well, you knock me every time!" says I. "Do you mean you want to trot with them?"

"They stick together; they have a clan." I got some excited. "Here, now," I says, "this lets me out of a good deal of trouble to have you take it this way; but, all the same, as I've drunk your whisky and ate your bread, I'll stand at your back till your belt caves in. You pass this idea up—it's dangerous—and I'll make you a foolish proposition. You take the bagpipes, and I'll take the sword, and we will pass away to a lively music. Darn my skin if I'll see a friend turned over to those tarriers and sit

"Heugh!" says he. "What's a man but a man? As safe with them as anywhere. And what do I care about safe? What's

left me, anyhow? Will you watch the sheep till they send from the ranch?"

"Why, yes," says I. "But——"

He waved his hand and walked towards the Injuns. "Voy," says he.

"Hungh!" says they. "Bueno."

I laid my hand on his shoulder for one more try. Every brave picked up his gun and beaded me.

"Drop the guns!" says Colin Hiccup Grunt. And down went the guns. You'd be surprised at his tone of voice. It meant, as plain as you could put it in words, "We will now put down the guns." Oh, yes, it meant it entirely! And he looked a foot The change had done him good.

"Well," thinks I, "my boys, I reckon you've got your chief; and, as there ain't another peek of light out of this business, I

shelve my kick."

"Where is the señor's horse?" asks

"In the hills," says the Injun before he thought.

"Bring it," says Colin.

"Ha!" says all the Injuns. And they sent a man for my mustang. That quick guess surprised the whole lot of us.

We went together to the cabin to get his belongings and to cache the whisky. If it come into our friends' heads to rummage, we might have a poor evening of it.

"Leave me that sock as a momentum,"

"'Tain't finished," says he.

"Never mind. I want it to put under

my pillow to dream on."

One half-hour after that I sat in the doorway, scratching my head and thinkin'; whilst before my eyes marched off Colin Hiccup Grunt, Great Peace Chief of the Yumas, bare-legged and red-headed, with his wool hat on one side and his bagpipes squealin', at the head of his company. You won't see such a sight often, so I watched 'em out of eyeshot.

It chanced I was asleep inside when the rider came from the ranch, so when I stuck my head out to answer his hail, "Why," says he, "how you've changed!" surprised, that man.

"You ain't done nothing to old Scotty?"

says he, looking cross.

"No," says I. "Hold your hand. He's gone off and joined the Injuns."

Then I up and told him the story. "Hungh!" says he. "Well, that's just like him!"



TANY people, of whom I am one, have from time to time, if they are given to dreaming at all while they are asleep, dreams which somehow seem to be of an entirely different texture from the ordinary nightly imaginings with their blurred outline, the inconsequence of the events that take place therein, and the utter unreality of it all to the waking mind. Every now and then a dream of different stuff is woven in the sleeper's brain: that part of it--the subliminal self, or whatever it may be—which never wholly slumbers, is vividly astir, sends its message through the sleeping brain like bubbles rising in still, placid water, rising equally and sanely to the surface in undisfigured rotundity. Such dreams seem, after one has awoke, to be still actual, and though they are not exactly of the same texture as past realities, they are exactly of the same texture as the conjectured and anticipated future. They do not seem "to have been," but "to be about to be." when such dreams visit the pillow of the present writer, he puts them down when he wakes, and gets a witness to subscribe his The witness, of course, name thereto. cannot vouch for the vision, but he vouches for the date. Thus, if any of these dreams (the record of them reposes in a red-leather despatch-box) comes true, I shall send such, neatly dated and witnessed, to the Society for Psychical Research, as an authenticated instance of Dream Premonition.

At present they are all still unsent. of them all there seems to be none so vivid, so likely (remotely, for the Society will have to wait a long time) to come true, as one which visited me a fortnight ago. It still parison with which the ordinary events of

The evening before this vision occurred I had been dining with sober quietude at a small bachelor party in St. James's Street, and walked home afterwards, for the night was caressingly warm and unusually fine. with a friend and contemporary. During dinner we had talked chiefly about the delights of the High Alps as a winter resort. After that we had played bridge in silence. and walking home, we had talked about Switzerland again. I can find in the memory of our conversation and in the events of the evening nothing which could have suggested in the remotest degree (except that I was among old friends) any part of the dream. I parted from my friend at the corner of Albemarle Street, where he lived, went on alone, went straight to bed, and immediately Then I dreamed as follows:—

I was dining at a small bachelor party in St. James's Street, and all those present—it was a party of eight—were well known to But our host, a very old friend—the same man with whom I had actually been dining the evening before—had been somewhat silent and preoccupied during dinner, and as we stood about afterwards, before settling down to easy-chairs or cards, I asked him if anything were wrong. He laughed, still rather uneasily, at this.

"No, not that I know of," he said with rather marked emphasis. Then he paused a "I don't see why I shouldn't tell moment. you," he said. "It is only that the Superannuation forms for the year have been sent out to-day. I was down at the Home Office this afternoon—Esdaile told me. Well, there are eight of us here, all old friends, and, you know, we are all of us over sixty-five."

Now, though that fact had not suggested itself before, it was quite certainly true, and it was quite certainly as familiar as a truism. We had all of us got old, but the process had been natural and gradual. From which, incidentally, I gather that age comes kindly and quietly. Certainly the truth of his

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remark was apparent; there were only bald heads and grey heads present, and from where I stood I could see the reflection of my own in the glass over the mantelpiece, the shiny forehead reaching up to the top of the cranium, gold-rimmed spectacles, and grey eyebrows. Yet this—so vividly natural was the dream—was no sort of shock; that was the "me" to which I was perfectly accustomed.

But his words, I am bound to say, were of

the nature of a shock, for though for the last twelve vears I had known that the annual sending out of the Superannuation forms might verv intimately affect mycontemporaries and me, I do not think I had ever realised it before. The circle of my friends was, I consider, large, though it was all present at that moment in this room, yet a man of seventy-seven who has still seven friends is, I hold, very enviable. But I could ill spare any of

them; also, I could ill spare myself. All this passed in a flash, and since the mention of the subject was rather like a deliberate pointing to the Death's Head at a feast, I proceeded to turn my back on it. The Death's Head was there, we all knew that, for when eight very elderly gentlemen meet together at the time of the sending out of the Superannuation forms, there is always present the knowledge that they may not all ever meet again. But that, after all, is invariably the case. Anyhow, so I determined, I was going to enjoy the

I went back in my mind to

the news I had just heard

evening as usual. If this was to be the last time that this particular party, old and stupid and bald as we might be, were going to enjoy, as we had done for the last fifty years, each other's society, so much the more reason for making the most of it. If, on the other hand, we were going to enjoy it again, there was no reason at all for disturbance. So—I was a sprightly old man, I am afraid—I laughed.

"Come, let's play some old-fashioned

game," I said to our host— "bridge, for instance; let's play bridge and pretend we are all thirty and forty again. But we must play it seriously, just as we used to, in the spirit of forty years ago, when we all used to get so excited about it. By Gad! I nearly quarrelled with you over it and cut short a friendship that has lasted forty years longer."

Now the knowledge that the Superannuation forms had been sent out had penetrated over the room, and out of the eight present there were certainly three rather grave faces. But the notion of playing bridge, a game that had been obsolete some twenty years, and of thus artificially putting the cleak book met with

putting the clock back, met with marked success, and in a very few minutes two tables had been put out. There was a certain amount of recollective disagreement as to the methods of scoring, but our host happily found, on a shelf of rare old books, a soiled and somewhat battered copy of the Rules of 1905 (first edition), in which year, apparently, certain small alterations came into force. With the shabby volume as referee, from which there was to be no appeal, we started on this queer old game, which always seemed to me to have certain



good points about it, though now it was hard to get a rubber together, unless, as in the present instance, a party of elderly old friends were dining together. For myself, I cut the lowest card but one, and so—the copy of the Rules of 1905 upheld this—I was dummy.

Being dummy, and the first hand being a somewhat uninteresting declaration of clubs, it was not strange that I went back in my mind to the news I had just heard. And to make this dream vivid to the reader in at all the same degree as it was to me, I must enter into a short exposition as to my own feelings and habit of mind, as they were mine in the dream, in order that what follows may be intelligible. It is as vivid to me now-that outlook on life, and knowledge of the modes under which life was passed—as is my present outlook and the present modes of life to me now, as I sit here in the dim noon of a London day and write about the other from mere recollection The year then was 1945, of a dream. because I knew I was seventy-seven years old, and being that age I looked on life in a way that I can remember now with clear-cut vividness, though it was quite foreign to me. I looked, in fact, backwards, and my thoughts were as much and as pleasantly occupied with the past as they are now with the But this mention of the Superfuture. annuation forms distracted my mind both from the bridge that was being played, and from its habitual grazing-ground in the past, and made it wonder what risk any of those present (and, in particular, myself) ran of receiving one. The whole system of the Superannuation scheme was, of course, perfectly familiar to me, and though in this year 1905 it seems to me rather brutal, it did not seem so in the least in my dream. Familiarity with it may partly account for that, but what more accounts for it, to my mind, is that in the year 1945 one looked on the mere fact of life (the tenses are difficult) in a manner altogether different from that in which one looks on it in 1905. In 1945 the life of the individual mattered far less than it does now, or—which, perhaps, is the same thing—the life and well-being of the nation mattered far more. think, is one of the probable points about the dream, and to my waking mind it was Japan and her heroic, unquestioning sacrifices in 1904 and 1905 during the Russian war, which began to wake the Western nations up to the undoubted fact that to progress as a nation the individual must sacrifice himself

by his thousands (or be sacrificed) without question or demur.

Briefly, then, the Superannuation scheme was this. Anyone over the age of sixty-five was liable to receive each year from the Home Office a printed paper, which, like the income-tax return, he had to fill up to the best of his power and belief. Everybody over that age did not receive them, but a very large number were sent out each year. this paper were some eight or ten questions, as far as I remember (I shall not forget them or the number of them again), and, to certain of these, witnesses—who were liable to have to swear to the truth of their testimony, and were subject to examination—had to append their names. And if, in the opinion of the Board for Superannuation (attached to the Office), the answer to these questions was unsatisfactory, the returner of the form "died" within a fortnight. This Board for Superannuation consisted of the most humane, wise, and kindly men, and any of those who were related to the filler-in of any particular paper, or who could, in the most remote manner possible, profit by his death, were debarred from adjudicating or voting in any such instance. I had several friends on the Board; indeed, I had once been asked whether, if a seat there were offered me, I would take it. This I had declined. The manner of death was infinitely various, and reflected great credit on the ingenuity of the contrivers. It was also perfectly painless, and, I believe, even pleasant. Such was the sum of my musings about the matter while the hand of clubs was being played.

Now all this seems somewhat cold-blooded and unwarrantable to us in 1905; but in 1945, owing chiefly, I think, to the utterly different value put then on mere life, it seemed perfectly reasonable. The population of the world had, of course, vastly increased, and there was no ground left for useless people to cumber. The law had been in force some twenty years, and the form drawn up with the most scrupulous care. Any valid cause why a man should continue to live was cause enough. What exactly the questions were I did not at the moment remember. Afterwards——

However, for the present the bridge went on, and it was late when this pleasant though elderly party broke up. The night was warm and fine, and I walked home with a 1945 edition of the friend mentioned above, with whom I had walked home in 1905. Old times, as usual, occupied our thoughts, and we recalled our fifty years of friendship with no little complacency.

"And half-a-dozen times, at least, every year," said I, "we must have walked home



"There was only one."

from that door together. Three hundred times, at least. Well, well!"

"And three hundred times, at least," said he, "I have asked you to walk a shade slower, just a shade slower. All these fifty years you have never mastered the fact that I am two years your senior. Well, I turn off here," he added, as usual, at the corner of Albemarle Street. "Good night, good night. See you at lunch at the club tomorrow?"

"Rain or fine," said I (also as usual).

Now, to younger people this all sounds very dull; just two old men of near eighty who had often and often bored and irritated each other, toddling home, and settling to lunch at the club next day. But there

seemed to me then in the dream (and, indeed, there seems to me now, when I am awake) a certain humanity, a certain achievement in the mere fact that these two old things had

> preserved their tolerance and liking for each other during so many years. I am glad to think that I was one of them, for they must have had rather kind hearts and a pleasant indulgence for each other's irritating qualities. In fact, I sincerely hope that this part of the dream may come true.

> I let myself into my flat and went into my sitting-room to see if there were any letters. There was only one, in a long, pale-yellow envelope, unstamped, but with O.H.M.S. printed at the top. It looked like income-tax. It also looked like something else.

I opened it; a small white printed paper fell out and fluttered to the ground. There was also a long, yellow printed paper with many blank spaces in it. I read the small white paper first:—

"Home Office, Whitehall. "May 9, 1945.

"Sir.—

"The Board of Superannuation beg to enclose the usual form, with the request that it may be filled in according to the instructions, and returned to them within the space of seven complete days. For every additional day beyond these you are liable to one year's imprisonment as a criminal of the second class.

"Should your return be satisfactory, you will be informed of the fact within fourteen days of the receipt of your return.

"I beg to remain,
"Your obt. servant,
"A. M. AGUESON (Secretary.)"

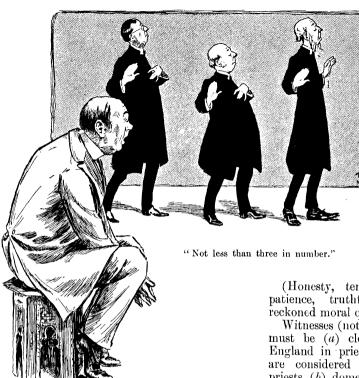
Then I read the other paper:—

O. H. M. S.

Superannuation Department.

The recipient is required to fill in answers to the following questions to the best of his ability and belief.

Witnesses are liable to be called upon to repeat their testimony on oath and subject to cross-examination. Suspected perjury on this point will subject them to criminal prosecution.



I.—Are you useful?

(Useful is taken to mean productive in the widest sense of the word. The answer should therefore include (a) any works or objects of art which the returner is in the habit of producing, (b) all scientific or other research work on which he may be engaged, (c) any other pursuit in which he is now personally engaged which, in his opinion, adds to the pleasure, wealth, or happiness of the nation or of individuals.

Sub-section (d). — Mere employment of labour or mere contribution to charities does not fall under the preceding heads, unless such is accompanied by active work, investigation, or inquiry on the part of the owner or donor. Witnesses to the answer must be: (a) art-critics of the specific art in question of recognised standing, (b) scientific men, (c) responsible manufacturers, and [sub-section (d)] commissioners of charity organisation or similar and recognised schemes.)

Answer.

Witnesses.

II.—Are you beautiful?

(Beautiful must be taken to imply an object of positive beauty, the contemplation

of which is calculated to afford artistic pleasure to the beholder, and stir the artistic into production.

Witnesses to this section must be professional artists, two at least in number, of the standing of A.R.A.)

Answer.

Witnesses.

III.—Are you morally better (though still, perhaps, bad) than you were a year ago?

(Honesty, temper, tact, good nature, patience, truthfulness, content, are all reckoned moral qualities.

Witnesses (not less than three in number) must be (a) clergymen of the Church of England in priests' orders, or two bishops are considered the equivalent of three priests, (b) domestic servants.)

Answer.

Witnesses.

IV.—Are you contributing in other ways than by moral worth, personal beauty, etc., to the reasonable happiness of others? If so, how?

(The word "happiness" to be taken in its broadest sense.

Witnesses to the answer should be not less than three in number, and consist of those who most habitually see the signatory—i.e., friends and domestic servants. The signatory is also recommended to note with the greatest possible accuracy (since this will be tested) the effect that the news that he has received the Superannuation form makes on such.)

Answer.

Witnesses.

V.—Are you likely to become an object

of beauty?

(Enclose two photographs, if an affirmative answer is returned, (a) of this year, (b) of any previous year. These photographs will be returned by the Home Office in any event. No witnesses required.)

Answer.

VI.—Are you happy? If so, give a brief sketch of your average day, stating from

what your happiness is derived. No witnesses required.

Answer.

VII.—State broadly any additional reasons you may have for wishing to continue to live. No witnesses required.

Answer.

(This form must be folded and sent entire within seven days. No stamp need be affixed).



It was as I read through this that, for the first time, any sense of nightmare or horror awoke in me, and as question after question conveyed itself to my mind, this horror gained on me. I could not say I was beautiful; at least, I could not get an A.R.A. (still less two) to agree with me, except at very grave risk of their incurring the penalty of perjury. Or what three clergymen would say I was better than I was last year? But on purely personal grounds I wanted to live. No doubt that was unworthy; my room, no doubt, was more useful to the nation than my company.

I could not say I was beautiful

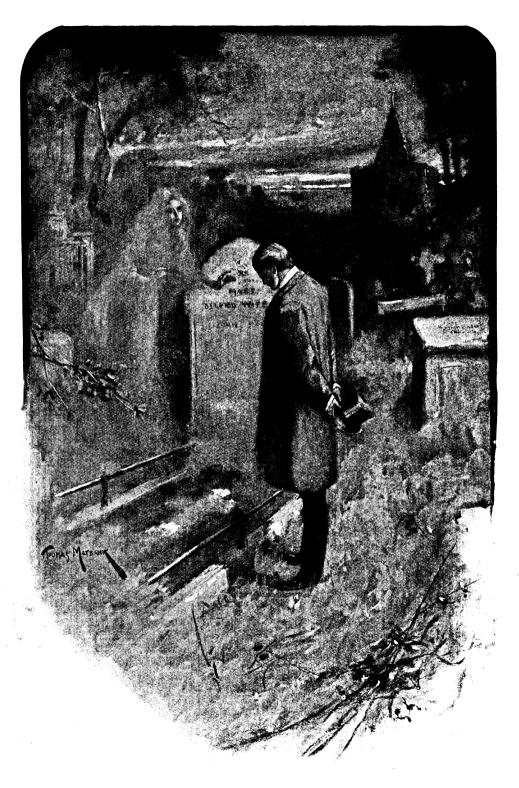
But I still wanted to live, and as I came—so I suppose—nearer to waking, I more and more wanted to live. Whatever the past had been, whatever was the present which was constructed on that, I wanted the future and its opportunities. My own live self, in fact, as my sleep became less deep, began to grow more dominant, while the aged "me" of the dream began to fade, till, with a strangled cry, protesting against the wild injustice of being put out of the world, I

awoke, with flying heart and perspiring head, to find my room bright with the newly risen dawn and all the promise of another day.

Now, never in all the archives of this leather box have I had a dream so distinct with the sense of sober reality as this; and as the days passed on, that reality grew no less, till now, when a dozen days have passed, I can recall, as vividly as I can recall anything that ever happened to me in waking hours, the sense of being old, the sense, too —which is utterly alien to me—of looking backwards instead of forwards. For up to a certain time of life one is like a traveller who is seated facing the engine, and ever looks just ahead of what is immediately opposite him. But that time past, for fear of draughts or what not, we gather up a railway rug, seat ourselves with our backs to the direction of progress, and see only that which has passed us.

Again, though the perturbation of waking woke a sense of rebellion in the dreamer's mind as to the justice and expediency of the Super-

annuation scheme, my belief in it now is fast and firmly rooted. For—such is the wisdom of the questions—no one, except the most useless drone, stands within the danger of the State-inflicted death. Usefulness, beauty, cause of happiness in others, improvement in oneself, even mere personal happiness, are all taken to be signs—or so I read the paper—that the signatory of the form is still paying his way, so to speak, in the world; that his presence there, being a source of encouragement and pleasure to others, is still desirable; that he is still in some sense a growing being, not a mere blind block on the highway of life over which others may trip and hurt themselves, and which is far better removed. In every line of this dream-document there is statecraft, and in none more



"He will not be sorry to go."

clearly than in the clause that distinguishes between mere employment of labour, mere charitable munificence, and real usefulness. For such employment of labour and such munificence is but a mechanical function, and could be as well, and probably better, done by others than by one who in no other way contributes to the national welfare. That clause, in fact, seems to me really Japanese in point of insight.

Further, how wise is the question: "Are you happy? If so, why?" For here the State recognises that innocent and instinctive happiness is in itself a gain, a dividend-earning proposition. For happiness is as infectious as misery (which is saying a great deal), and a happy man cannot help contributing to the welfare of the world. It is a fact not yet properly recognised, and I rejoice to know that in 1945 it will be.

Again, in those Utopian days, it will be recognised that beauty is a contributor to the welfare of nations. It must be allowed that now, while London is London and, more especially, New York is New York, a great gulf is fixed between now and then, as regards our Western civilisation, where county councils and other bodies of high intelligence are steadily employed in substituting the ugly for the beautiful, wherever such substitution can be made without undue expense or sacrifice of efficiency. But in 1945, so I have reason now to hope, even though beauty be of so senile a quality as may be exhibited in gentlemen of sixty-five and over, it will be recognised as an asset in a nation's solvency and a reason why the possessor of it should be permitted to live. And from where but from the East may this dawn be expected to enlighten the skies? Here, again, Japan springs to the fore—Japan, who in the midst of the most sanguinary and expensive war that the world has ever seen, celebrates with her accustomed courtesy and merriment the festivals of Chrysanthemum and the Flowering of the Cherry.

Again, how wise and "insighted" to make mere domestics competent witnesses as to a man's habit of diffusing happiness, a thing so vastly important; while for the mere support of his claim to beauty, A.R.A.'s are required to give their signature! For this seems to be at last a practical recognition of the truism that charity begins at home. Deeds of trivial domestic kindness, and the habit of them, are recognised at their real value in this dream-document. Mark, too, the severity of the punishment for perjury.

On first consideration the penalty for delay

in sending in returns seemed to me disproportionate to the offence, but on subsequent reflection I think it is right. For any man who dallies with death for the mere sake of living another day is no longer fit to live, being an essential coward. And if we want to get rid of the superfluous population, let us by all means begin by segregating and putting in confinement all essential cowards. For really there is no use for them. Cowardice stains the whole character: it eats like corrosive acid into whatever apology for other virtues there may happen to be, and renders them futile.

Finally, how sound a principle underlies the whole scheme! Such a paper might indeed be set with advantage, not merely to poor old folk of over sixty-five, but to all adults, since its challenge is "Justify your existence." If any man cannot justify his own existence, it is almost certain that nobody else can do it for him. He came into the world through no volition of his own: surely he may be enabled to leave it in the same manner, if his presence there is unjustified on so broad a field of inquiry as is covered by this Superannuation form. Above all, if he is not happy, he will not be sorry to go, while if he is, any reasonable grounds will be accepted by the Board—or so I read it—as a sufficient reason for his being allowed to live. But—this, too, is wise—the grounds of his happiness must be reasonable. I cannot imagine the Board accepting a burglar because he took pleasure in stealing.

So there in the leather box this dream reposes. It would give me great pleasure—if it were in my power to do so—to dream on the same subject again, in order to clear up, for my own satisfaction, several points which are still vague to me. I want to know, for instance, whether one affirmative answer, if completely satisfactory, entitles the signatory to a fresh lease of life.

Ah, yes, it must be so. However hopeless in other respects, a man of over sixty-five who can thrill with joy (and satisfy the Board on the point) when, on an early day of spring, he sees the pale crocuses peer above the grass, and feels the spring in his bones, is surely worthy to live, on the mere consciousness of his own happiness, whether he be twenty years old, or seventy, or ninety—in fact, the older he is, the less he can be permitted to die, if he can possibly be kept alive. For on such a day, though it is easy for the blackbirds to have their will, it takes a poet to have his.

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

RECORD OF OUR. OWN TIMES.

II.—POTENTATES. PRINCES. ANDPRESIDENTS.

F kings and princes who have appeared in the pages of Vanity Fair I have already spoken. This month I deal with rulers who are not royal, in a European sense. They form a miscellaneous yet a notable company. France and America provide men who, by force of character, by

ability wedded to ambition, by successful political combinations, or by the accident of Fate, have risen to be the constitutional monarchs-for so, indeed, are these presidents—of great republics. Leaving the West, we turn Eastward and Southward to find emperor and shah, sultan and negus, gaekwar and khedive, maharajah and nawab, rulers of coloured nations who are holding their own or are drifting backward before the destructive pressure of European civilisation, princes of long descent now subject to alien powers, or holders of office in territories that no longer stand upon the map as separate entities in the great family of nations.

And first of France. Few would have

imagined in 1871, when M. Thiers, the first president of the new republic, was cartooned in Paris, that the form of government which he represented would have been stable, or that in 1906 it would still maintain its firm hold upon the French nation. And concerning M. Thiers there is a story, told in the office of Vanity Fair at the time, which is worthy of repetition. When King Edward paid his first visit to Paris after the war, he found M. Thiers worn and broken by those long and fierce negotiations with Germany which had preluded peace. At the time the burden laid upon France appeared enormous, though M. Thiers, by notable diplomacy, had escaped from some of the more onerous terms which the ministers of the Prussian

emperor had first demanded. "Any fool can make war," was the happy compliment of the Royal visitor, "but it takes a clever man to make peace." They were words which came rightly from a prince who, as king, was to be known as Edward the Peacemaker.

Of Thiers, "Jehn Junior" wrote: "Liberal to revolution in opposition, he is arbitrary to despotism in power, as the ruins of Paris and the blood Rossel will for ever testify. As an orator he is always dexterous and occasionally sublime; and as a historian he will be honourably remembered when, for a fifth time, he has brought France into anarchy."

It was in September, 1889, that a foreign artist, then

Sadi Carnot.



PRESIDENT LOUBET.

made his reputation, and when M. Grévy resigned the wheel of the French Republican ship, M. Carnot was elected to that office.

"He is a big man in France," said the sardonic "Jehu Junior." "He has stumped through Savoy and Dauphiny and other parts, eliciting great enthusiasm, and he has with much pomp and circumstance opened a large exhibition to celebrate the centenary of a bloody revolution."

M. Félix Faure appeared in 1895. A self-made man was the French President. He began life as a journeyman tanner, but aided by honesty,

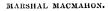


THIERS.

industry, great tenacity of purpose, and luck, he became successively a shipowner at Havre, President of the local Chamber of Commerce, Under Secretary to the Ministry of Commerce, Minister of Marine, and finally, in due course, Chief Magistrate of France.

"He knows a good deal (for a Frenchman) about Colonies," said "Jehu Junior."
"He knows more about ships, and he is supposed to know all about the Chinese and Japanese. He is a French type of the eminently respectable; though he can look quite distinguished. The Havre people, who know

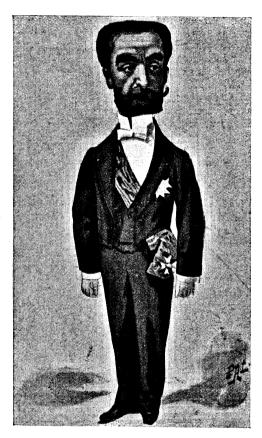






JULES GRÉVY.

him best, love him as a good man who can interest himself in their small affairs. He is full of charity, but he can distinguish between the honest poor and the impostor. He is a capable organiser of



CARNOT.

men, figures, and things, who lives a life so simple and regular that he rises at five o'clock in the morning. He is a devoted husband to Mme. Faure, who is a sensible Frenchwoman, with the orthodox two daughters. He is a kind-hearted fellow, who, for his services in the Commune, wears the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He is not puffed up, nor is he merely decorative." On the whole, "Jehu Junior" was kind to

On the whole, "Jehn Junior" was kind to M. Faure, for it was a period when the relations between the two countries were not too friendly. Indeed, at the same time a leader-writer of the paper was filled with gall against the Gallic nation, comparing them in their habit of saying rude things about England, to the little vulgar boy.

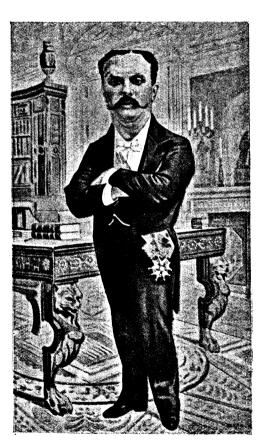
The artist was the same M. Guth who

has often done excellent work for Vanity Fair, both now and in the past. It was M. Guth who produced the cartoon of the new French President three months after that of M. Faure had appeared.

In telling the story of how M. Loubet had risen from a simple, if worthy, citizen to the high post he occupied, "Jehu Junior" produced a sketch worthy of his reputation.

produced a sketch worthy of his reputation.

"He is not brilliant," he said, "nor even clever; he is only honest, simple, and straightforward. He has been many things in his own country, from Prime Minister downwards, and now the death of M. Faure and the vote of the people have made him into the seventh President of the third French Republic. His mother still cultivates the



CASIMIR PERIER.

farm upon which she bore the new and worthy Chief Magistrate of France, and his grandfather could neither read nor write. He himself was sent to Paris to study in the Latin Quarter, which he did till he got a degree, when he went back to his own place,



FAURE.

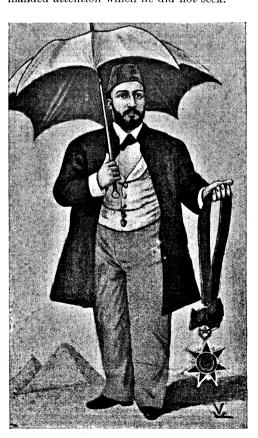
Montélimart, as an advocate. He is a good citizen, a kind husband, and a devoted father, who rises at six, goes to bed at eleven, and has an ironmonger for his brother. He is very fond of music, and well read, and though he speaks with a strong Southern accent, he is a man of quite simple tastes, for whom the pomp and circumstance of office have little attraction; yet he likes his position, for he is a thorough provincial, who loves garlic. He is a great smoker, but not much of a horseman."

Since the foundation of Vanity Fair there have been eight Presidents of the United States. As the American President never leaves his country during his term of office, the portraits have in each case been the work of American artists who have obtained sittings in their own country.

It was on September 4th, 1902, that there appeared the cartoon of the present American President, Mr. Roosevelt—a President who seems likely to make his name of an importance that will live in history when

those of the majority of his predecessors have been forgotten. The cartoon was sketched from life in America by an artist who conceals his identity under the title of "Flagg." Let me mention at once that it differs from all subsequently published cartoons of the President in that his teeth are not the prominent feature of the design. "Jehu Junior" was in an appreciative mood at the time:—

"In his early days he was a blunt, well-read, ambitious young man, when ill-health and good fortune made him a cowboy. The Western plains expanded his chest and his mind, developed a notable biceps, and taught him much that is useful and decorative. He could noose with his lariat the off fore-leg of a running Texan steer, a feat which lifted him to a high place amid cowboy aristocracy. Incidentally he learnt to sit a broncho with the seat of a Sioux Indian, and picked up much knowledge about men, while they picked up much knowledge about him; for he was a striking young fellow, who commanded attention which he did not seek."



ISMAIL PACHA, KHEDIVE.



PRESIDENT GRANT.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

In similar style "Jehu Junior" sketched his remarkable career. He pointed out how Roosevelt wrote books; had a measured success in suppressing irrepressible evils; became head of the Police Department, and passed two exciting years in attempting to protect the people from their own constables. His services as Colonel of the Rough Riders were not forgotten. When the knife of the



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

assassin called him from the uncongenial serenity of the Vice-Presidency to the seat of power, people waited for rash or head-strong action from him.

"It is not too much to say," concluded "Jehu Junior," "that his reasonable conservatism, his capacity for honest compromise, his candid, able utterances, and his practical ideals, have won the confidence of his people. Amongst the dozen books of which he has

been guilty is one called 'The Strenuous Life'; such is his own."

President McKinley appeared on the 2nd February, 1899. "Flagg" was again re-

sponsible for the sketch.

"From the higher point of view," said "Jehu Junior," "he is quite a dignified President. who can eonduct himself with the courtesy of an English gentleman. In private life he is a regular man of simple tastes, who does not disregard comfort. He is also a quick mover, for he gets up at half-past eight, bathes. clothes himself, says family pravers, and breakfasts at nine; from ten to one he works, at seven he dines, and he tries to get to bed by midnight when his country is not at war. t h e American lang nage, thePresident

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

and Mrs. McKinley are good livers, but not high livers, and it is said that he does not spend more than twenty-five dollars a day on his food. He is a good, kindly, exceedingly astute fellow, who is very fond of children, though he has none of his own. His steward, cook, coachman, footmen, and waiters are all coloured—his chief fault, indeed, is his liking for niggers."

It is a far erv from McKinlev and Roosevelt to President Ulysses Grant. whose cartoon appeared June, 1872. The article by "Jehű Junior" was duly appreciative of a man who, in his plain, b l ū n t manner, had done well b v his country.

1822," said the writer, "at Mount Pleasant in Ohio, he was ${f remarkable}$ as a boy for a dulness which won for him from his mother the nickname of "Old Useless," still often applied to him. The mistaken estimate then formed of his capacity probably induced his parents to prepare him for honour-

"Born in

able extinction in the Army, which in America is habitually regarded as a refuge for those whom Nature has not fitted to take part in the productive work of the world. The campaign of Mexico soon proved him to



THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

be not deficient in fighting qualities, for he was successively promoted to be lieutenant and captain, and was three times named in General Orders for bravery. Yet, in 1854, having gained a better opinion of himself, he quitted the Army in order to take the

management of a tannery which his father had established. Tanning. however, did not suit his taste, and he soon turned farmer, first at St. Louis and then in Illinois. farmer he was when theSecession War broke out, but it was not long before he was tempted back to the profession of his early youth, being madein 1861 Aide-de-Camp to the Commander of the Illinois Militia."

"Jehu Junior" traced his career through the war. He fought five pitched battles in three weeks before Vicksburg, and for eight con-

secutive days before Petersburg, telling his adversary, General Lee, that "there was no time to bury the dead." In 1868 he was elected President by 206 votes out of 295.

"Here seems to be a man," concluded "Jehu Junior," "clearly meaning business—meaning more business, perhaps, than some of his countrymen would like. Stern, reso-

lute, and unbending, yet simple and plain, and if, as was said, covetous of private gain, never likely to be chargeable with public corruption. The promise he made to the nation, in taking the Presidency, he has kept; the prospects he held out to himself.

he has probably not yet realised. neither can it yet be said how far they are from realisation, but it will be strange if he goes out like other Presidents."

It is curious to read those concluding reflections. Undoubtedly " Jehu Junior' shared in the suspicions of his countrymen at that time, and in naming the cartoon "Imperator" designed to forecast American Empire, with Ulysses Grant as its ruler.

Eastern dusky coun-

A goodly number of potentates have appeared in Vanity Fair, and their

tenances and elaborate attire have added a variety of colour to the cartoons. In the majority of cases they have been sketched during their visits to London by artists in this country.

The Emperor of Morocco was drawn by a French artist, who was visiting the Court of that dignitary, in 1891. Although from

the attitude in which he was depicted it is difficult to realise the fact, Muley Hassan would have stood six feet four inches in his stockings if he had worn any. He habitually maintained a pleasing expression when he was not angry. As "Jehu Junior" said of him—

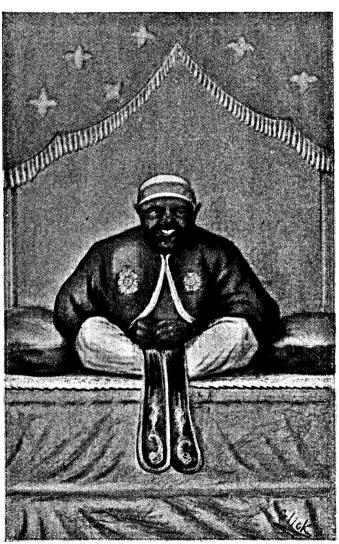
"He is the romantic sovereign of a romantic country, which, being so far unspoiled by any railway, is not yet traversed by the British tourist. He is rich, but his proudest possession is that camp bedstead upon which he gives audience to the Christian dog. He sits in a position of his own invention. which makes it hard to discovér what he has done with his long legs. He is generally called an emperor, and he is in the full vigour of his life. He is more married than any other man in or out of

Europe."
From Morocco we fly eastward to Persia.
In 1903, the Sliah was sketched by Mr. Leslie Ward, during the visit of that ruler to this country, an occasion which is still remembered through the display of diamonds which confronted our guest at the Opera. An earlier cartoon makes much of the Shah's own jewels.

"He takes so much interest in mechanics," said "Jehu Junior," "that, energetic sightseer as he is, he was more keenly pleased by his recent visit to Woolwich Arsenal than with anything else in England. Although he is not remarkable for punctuality, he has lately

purchase d ten motorcars, and he created a very favourable impression in this country. which was not lessened. perhaps, by the fact that he spent m o n e y freely. Altogether he is quite an enlightened Persian, although a very slow traveller. He generally looks verv solemn; but he can laugh."

It was six years previously that the Emperor of Abyssinia, Menelik II.. appeared. ''Jehu Junior'' gave him credit as an efficient monarch. full of humanity, clear-headed and sensible.



MENELIK, EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA.

"He is married," said his biographer, "to a lady of much physical and moral weight. He claims direct descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and when he stands he is over six feet high."

Before the Russo-Japanese war was thought of, the Emperor of Korea was cartooned in *Vanity Fair*, by a traveller who had visited his Court. It was in 1873 that he came to the throne. He married an elderly lady who turned out to be a cruel schemer, and who became so unpopular that a party of conspirators broke into the Palace and chopped her up. Since her death, peace ruled in Korea until the war between China and Japan.

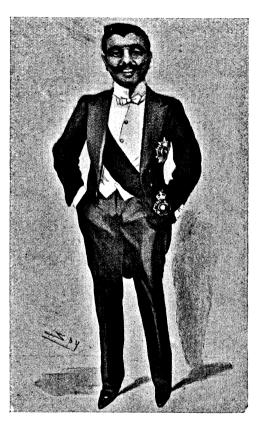
"He is not a bad fellow," said "Jehu Junior," "but his exchequer is at a low ebb; the old and beautiful palaces are deserted, and he lives in a warren hard by the European Legations, so that he can bolt into one of them should occasion arise."

It was on May 26th, 1882, that the fallen Cetewayo stepped into the pages of *Vanity Fair*. Of him it was written: "When, in the year 1873, King Panla was gathered to



"CUCH BEHAR."

his fathers, Cetewayo came to rule over the nation that Chaka had drilled into shape. The English were very anxious that Cetewayo should be a good and moral sovereign, so Sir T. Shepstone was sent as 'a friendly counsellor to give the new king advice as to the more regular government of Zululand.' Having (presumably) explained to the King the beautiful effects of our 'regular government' in Ireland, our Envoy left and returned



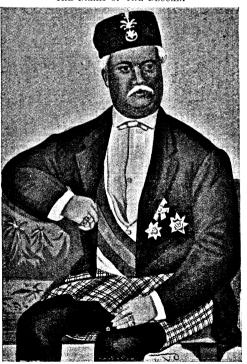
THE AGHA KHAN.

to the bosom of the Colony. Then Cetewayo proceeded to govern Zululand in a manner which, with all its defects, caused his people to be ready to die for him. But, neglecting the example of Germany and other civilised States, the King alarmed Sir Bartle Frere by 'endeavouring to build up a great military power, and to restore the system of Chaka by regulations threatening to his neighbours.' This contempt of civilised examples was too much, and it was felt that Cetewayo must be put down. So the 'solemn promises' made to our representative were removed from the category of replies to 'friendly counsels,' and furbished up into 'installation oaths.'

"Then it happened that certain foolish young barbarians, the sons of one Sihayo, crossed into Natal, and brought back a lady connected with their family who had eloped



THE NIZAM OF THE DECCAN.



SIR PERTAB SINGH.

with a Zulu Lothario. Sir Bartle Frere demanded that these young avengers should be tried for their deadly offence in Natal, and not in their own country, and when Cetewayo asked for time, our proconsul presented an ultimatum. After this we invaded Zululand, and lost our invading force by the affair of Isandula. The King had Natal at his mercy, but, in his ignorance of civilised ways, he spared the Colony and kept to his own side of the river. We then spent many millions in killing his troops and



"PATIALA,"

catching him; then we kept him in prison for three years; then we brought him to England and received him with enthusiasm; then we decided to restore him—to forget his deadly designs on our Dependency.

"He is a simple man, with strong will and shrewd perceptions. Of 'refinement' he has little; of dignity he has a good deal; and it is possible that his governing capacity is equal to that of Mr. J. Dunn. His notions of government by party are elementary."

The Prince Royal of Siam, as he was in

1895, had been in England for a year and a half when Mr. Ward cartooned him. He was then nearly thirteen, in the charge of a private tutor.

As "Jehu Junior" said of him: "He now



THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

talks English with much fluency and a foreign accent. He is fond of mathematics, history, and walking, and he believes in the English gentleman. He takes life very seriously. The honours that have been thrust upon him have not at all spoilt him. He is dignified, polite, and a very amiable boy of some promise. He is so nice a prince that no one is jealous of him."

Jumping back some fifteen years, we find a cartoon of the ex-Khedive Ismail Pacha, during whose reign in Egypt the Suez Canal was finished and opened. His extravagances had been sufficiently notorious to secure his deposition—indeed, as "Jehu Junior" wittily

remarked-

"Ismail Pacha's uncle was wont to say that Egypt would not be ruined; that many had tried to ruin it and had failed, but that if any ever succeeded, it would be Ismail; and Ismail certainly did what he could for it. He dissipated in incredible extravagances

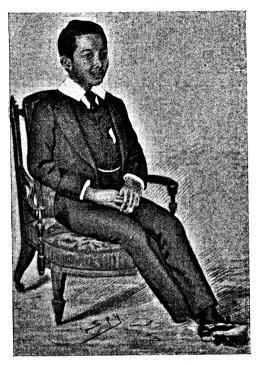
the money he obtained. He backsheeshed very freely and discreetly anybody who could help him. The British tourist was usually delighted with him. He long believed that Egypt was his private property. In this belief he was encouraged by foolish advisers, and while his advisers have been promoted and rewarded, he has been deposed and disgraced."

When we come to India, a question of no small importance arises. In what order shall we place these distinguished rulers of vast territories? To the Oriental mind precedence is a matter worthy of the same urgent consideration that was bestowed upon it at the Court of Louis XIV. But for the author to adjust this nice question is too difficult a task. An inquiry into the number of guns requisite to salute each Indian prince would be a dreary business. While we all are aware that this country owes a debt of



THE MAHARAJAH DULEEP SINGH.

gratitude to the loyal rulers of India who come of high and long descent, the average Englishman, to whom cricket scores are more interesting than Parliamentary debates, and who is sublimely unconscious of Indian



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.

affairs, would look first of all for the portrait of Ranjitsinhji, who will, of course, be included in our article on "Athletics."

included in our article on "Athletics."

His Highness Ali Khan Bahadur Asaf Jah, Nizam of the Deccan, by reason of his position as premier prince of India, came into the gallery of Vanity Fair at an early He had a most interesting career. He received his early training from that enlightened Indian nobleman, the first Sir Sali Jung. On many occasions he gave evidence of his loyalty to the English rule, and in 1887 offered the Government no less than sixty lakhs of rupees for the strengthening of the North-West frontier against threatened invasion. He suffered many injustices from England, and in 1870 he came to England to seek at the foot of the Throne the redress that had been denied him. It was during this visit that he was captured by the cartoonist.

Few of the Indian princes are better known in London, Paris, and Vienna, than the Gaekwar of Baroda, and none of them has secured such favourable reception from all classes as he. At the time of his selection by the British Government to rule over his vast territory he was living with his father, who, although of royal descent, was plough-

ing his land at the time that the messenger reached him—a condition of affairs that was not without precedent in Rome. "Jehu Junior" said of him in 1901:—

"He is bright, clever, alert, and versatile, and he loves Europe, its people and its ways; nevertheless, he is a wise man, who would not impose Western customs wholesale upon his Hindu State, whose industrial development he is most anxious to promote. He speaks English like an Englishman, for he is an Indian prince, and his domestic standard is equal to that of a Western potentate. He is a very absentee prince and a very unpunctual man; yet there is but one Gaekwar."

That very gallant gentleman, Sir Pertab Singh, appeared in 1887. He comes of an aristocracy which is, perhaps, the oldest and most unmixed in the world. His family has reigned in Jodhpore for seven hundred years, and he has devoted himself to the welfare of his people. As "Jehu Junior" said of him—

"He is a soldierlike man, a keen sportsman, a splendid horseman, and a born leader of cavalry, who looks with horror on the idea of dying in his bed, who would not wish for anything better than to fall in a victorious



THE NEGUS OF ABYSSINIA.

fight in defence of the British Raj. In private life he is modest, upright, and staunch, a keen observer of men, and remarkable for character and intelligence."

It was in 1900 that the Maharajah of Patiala was caricatured for Vanity Fair. As

his appearance denoted. he was a light weight and a keen poloplayer. He was the premier prince of the Punjab, and a descendant of an ancestor who stood by the Englishafter the Mutiny, at a time when his support was worth having. He was the head of the Sikhs and the leader of a great fighting race. ''Jehu Junior" described him as "a generous and good friend, who invented the Patiala riding-trousers, which are English, and the elastic strap to the turban, which is Sikh. He is

capable of many inventions; he loves the English in general, and Lord William Beresford in

particular."

The Maharajah Duleep Singh, the son of the famous "Lion of the Punjab," appeared in 1882. It was at a time when he was making claims against the British Government for personal property previously annexed. He had already obtained notoriety by his skill in game-preserving and pheasant slaughter.

The Agha Khan, a personage of historic interest, appeared in 1904. He is the descendant and actual heir to the style and title of the extraordinary chief described by

Marco Polo and succeedingtravellers as "The Old Man of the Mountain." As such he is the chief of the Assassins. The religion of his followers. founded on Mohammedanism, is a mysterious doctrine, but the main characteristic of it is a deep reverence, if not actual worship, of the person of their hereditary Iman, the Agha Khan.

The Agha Khan is a man of remarkable ability. I had some long conver-

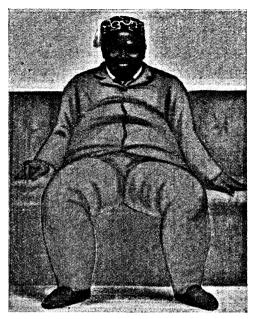
sations with him on his arrival in this country. His knowledge of the Täriff Reform question was remarkable. He seemed to have read and analysed all the evidence which had been printed on the subject, while he had apparently been reared on John Stuart Mill. Concerning English Society, he spoke with a cynical freedom. I asked him what was the strongest impression made on him by our people on his first visit to our country.



THE EMPEROR OF KOREA.

"The snobbery of the nation," said he. "In India I am what I am. I hold a definite place in the country. Who cares what I eat or drink, or how I am clothed? In England they love to read of these things. No daily paper but is full of these most uninteresting details. It is very curious."

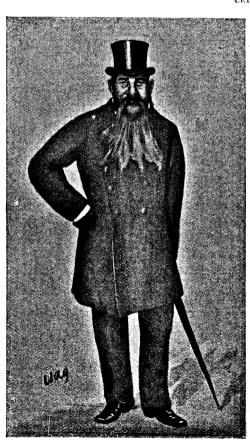
Cuch Behar is another well-known figure in London Society. As "Jehu Junior" said of him: "He has played many parts, one being that of an English soldier, another that of an English sportsman, and a third that of a



CETEWAYO.

dandy. And this is evident from a consideration of his career as a soldier in Afghanistan, his prowess in India and in England with gun, rifle, tennis and racquet bat, and billiard cue, his skill as a waltzer, and his general display of the ways and manners of polite society."

There remain two more rulers of whom I have to speak. They are of countries which no longer possess a separate entity in the family of nations. The one is Kruger; the other Steyn. What "Jehu Junior" said







PRESIDENT KRUGER.

of them may now be decently forgotten. He was bitter, but at the date on which they were published there was an excuse for the acidity of his mind.

And even now I see I have not alluded to the presence of two French Presidents in

our present portrait-gallery.

Cue in hand, we observe M. Grévy enter upon the scene in the July of '79. Of him, "Jehu Junior" thus expressed himself:—

"Born among the hills of the Jura, sixand-sixty years ago, M. Grévy went while still a boy to Paris, in order to become a lawyer. But by the time he was seventeen, he had become a politician, and to such purpose that he was among those who in 1830 went down into the streets to upset Charles X. Encouraged by his success, he became a chief among the Radicals, harangued the courts in defence of all political offenders, and when, in 1848, Louis Philippe was in turn upset, M. Grévy, now an experienced revolutionary of thirty-five, was made one of the provisional departmental governors. He showed himself mild and conciliatory, he was soon sent to the Assemblee Constituente as the most popular of the representatives of the Jura, and he began to speak and to vote with the extreme Democrats, yet always with moderation and with a certain good sense and dignity. When the Republic was upset by the Empire, M. Grévy remained true to his opinions, and it was his election as the Democratic candidate for the 1868 which first taught the Imperialists that they could not thenceforth rely entirely upon the rural votes. Then the Empire was upset, and M. Grévy, to the surprise of many, was not found among the members of the Provisional Government of the 4th September. But in the following year he again came into the Assembly, and was at once elected to be its President, a post which he exchanged, when Marshal MacMahon was upset, for that of the President of the French Republic.

"M. Grévy is an honest, good man of the

middling classes."

Hard upon the heels of M. Grévy appeared

the cartoon of the celebrated Marshal MacMahon. Of him, "Jehu Junior" wrote: "Marie Edme Patrick Maurice de MacMahon. Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France, comes of one of those Irish Jacobite families who went to the Continent with the Stuarts, and became French first for pay and next by the force of habit and circumstances. one-and-seventy years ago, he was made first a military student and then a soldier. His capacities were not great, but he was brave, industrious, and obstinate, so that at forty he had worked himself up to be a General of Brigade. The Emperor Napoleon III. was in want of generals, and as this one did not decline to be employed, employed him in the Crimean war, during which his division captured the Malakoff. This made him a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; the Italian campaign made him a duke and a marshal; and in 1864 he was selected to be Governor-General of Algeria, where he distinguished himself by military exactitude and political blundering. When in 1870 the war with Prussia was accepted, he naturally received the command of a corps d'armée, and was very promptly and signally defeated. He was wounded at Sedan, which alone saved him from signing that famous capitulation which extinguished the Bonaparte dynasty and ruined its followers. But at the end of the war he came back to France with a reputation for honesty, and, that quality being then extremely scarce, he was in 1873, on M. Thiers' resignation, elected President of the French Republic. But his powers were not equal to the task he had undertaken, and in spite of his desperate declaration, 'J'y suis, j'y reste,' he has been forced to resign his power and to retire into a comparatively private sphere of action. He is a good, honest, blunt, uneducated soldier—nothing more.

"He is not endowed with genius, but he is very intelligent, very devoted to the Republic, and very ready to sacrifice himself to its service and to that of his party. He wears no uniform and impresses no imagination, but Gambetta, the ruler of France, is

behind him."

B. Fletcher Robinson, Editor of "Vanity Fair."

"PARLIAMENTARY LEADERS" will form the subject of the article in the

February Number.

The foregoing article is the second of AN IMPORTANT SERIES in which, under this general title, practically all the cartoons of celebrities which have appeared in "Vanity Fair" will be, for the first time, grouped together and republished, in the original colours. Ensuing articles will cover the realms of the Church, the Army, Society, Science, the Political World, the Navy, Art, the Stage, Literature, Sport, Music, Finance, and every phase of public life invaded by the famous Cartoonists of "Vanity Fair."

THE CORONATION OF MATHILDE.

By CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.



HE small kingdom of
Korsha would, in all
probability, never
have been heard of,
but for the fact that
its Navy, like that of
Ragusa, was at one
time useful to Venice.
Korsha produced only
one remarkable sover-

eign, Constantine the Great, or Constantine the Mad, as he was called by the populace,

perhaps with truer philosophy.

In 18—, a revolution, brought about mainly by Jews on the Shipping Trust, deposed Nicholas the Tenth, and Constan-

tine's dynasty came to an end.

Nicholas had made himself unpopular by trying to abolish Korsha's useless but ornamental Army. He had also offended the ship-owning interest by conducting a crusade against the corruption of the Insurance Companies. Their underwriters had fallen into a habit of inspecting ships through spectacles kindly provided by the owners. Finally Nicholas had done for himself by marrying the great Italian tragic actress, Elena Rovini.

He was assassinated on the night of June 14th, 18—, and the Queen died in his arms. The military and shipping ring placed Alexander Lvov, a wealthy shipping magnate, on the throne.

Twenty years later, Korsha enjoyed another revolution. Count Ransky, the chief minister of the late King Nicholas, suddenly returned to Korsha and stirred the discontented populace into rebellion. Ransky's success was due to his assertion (which everyone seems to have believed) that Queen Elena had escaped to France on the night of her husband's murder, and two months later had borne a child who was the rightful Queen of Korsha.

There must have been something in the story, or surely King Alexander would not have thrown up the sponge and fled the country. But the Princess was not forthcoming, and Ransky was accused of having invented her in the interests of his revenge.

No one wanted Alexander and the Jews back again, so the unhappy country tried its hand at self-government, but soon was glad to take rescue from its troubles in extinction—in other words, incorporation in the Empire which had its use for Korsha's inland sea.

So much for the general impression. But I have had access to certain facts which prove very conclusively that the daughter of King Nicholas and Queen Elena not only existed, but was actually in Korsha at the time of Alexander's flight. The following narrative embodies as many of these facts as it has been thought wise to make public.

T

HIS Serene Highness Daniel Alexander Frédéric Boris Kasimir, Hereditary Prince of Korsha, was obviously not overburdened with the responsibilities generally supposed

to attach to royalty.

At any rate, on a certain September day, the Prince had time to stand on the road to Zen for nearly two hours, with his eyes fixed on a dilapidated stone gateway leading to what had once been a stately mansion. The house was built entirely of pinewood, black with age, and against it grew an ancient linden twisted into grotesque shapes by time. In Charsov, the capital of Korsha, the houses are built of stone. may fancy yourself in Paris. In the country outside, everything is Slav and barbarous, and you feel that you are miles away from Western civilisation. This house in particular had a desolate, unvisited look, and the road outside was rutty and ill-kept.

"A widow and her daughter live there." This was all that even the most inventive gossip in Charsov could say for certain about the inhabitants of the house. Prince Daniel of Korsha knew more, and fancied more than he knew. In spite of his stiff-backed, straightfronted figure, his smooth hair brushed back with military precision from an impassive forehead, his sleek, white hands and apathetic, dark eyes, the Prince was the owner of an imagination which many a scribbler of verse, or art student, or young actor would have found a very precious commodity. "The widow!" To Daniel she was a mysterious being who in other times and other countries

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must have held in her hands the fragile treasure of earthly fame. Those pale, sensitive hands, through which the treasure had slipped and fallen where the crowd had gathered it up and pressed it into hands surely less white and less beautiful, were the hands of an actress, the Prince divined. But he knew nothing about her except that she was Madame Tinayre and that she was no longer young.

A chair, drawn by a man in a faded blue livery, crunched along the road. The Prince glanced swiftly and fearfully at the woman in the chair. Was it a face, or a mask, that mass of opaque whiteness, from which the eyes, large and black, stared out under the imperious and still beautiful eyebrows?

He knew that those eyes, to all appearances the one living thing in that dead flesh, had lost their power. That dreadful gaze had fixed itself on something—who shall say on what?—and to everything else it was blind.

With a shudder the Prince turned his eyes from the chair to the girl who walked by its side. He advanced towards her, irritated beyond measure that she, so young, so bright, so full of energy and beauty, should be wasting her life in the shade of that chair.

"I think you are most unkind," he began fretfully. "For two days I have not seen you. I have written, I have waited at this gate for hours. Not a word, not a sign.

. . . What does it all mean?"

The girl stood still, and the chair passed on with its burden.

on with its burden.

"You unfit me for my life," she said in an expressionless voice, but her face was pale with some secret emotion.

"For this life I hope I do!" he replied.

"But this isn't your true life, Mathilde. You hush that heart of yours to silence, but I hear it crying out in my dreams; you aren't always the devoted daughter, nor do you find your true self when you bang the table at the meetings of that precious Brotherhood . . ."

"I hate you for that."

"No, you don't hate me. Give me your hand. Your hand never lies to me. How manly, how frank it is! It feels so generous, so good. Though you are shy and reserved, your hand gives me knowledge. Though you look at me coldly, a radiant fire of feeling burns in this palm . . . Why do you draw back your hand? It would be a pity to teach it to dissemble. To hide things," he went on more bitterly, "to drive back the heart into prison, to make cold and formless all that rises in us hot and full of form and beauty—this is a sin."

She was tempted to cry out that if she could not talk in beautiful phrases, she could feel more in one minute than he in a thousand years; but silence seemed safer than that cry.

"You are sinning against life," the Prince said, angered by her silence. "You hide from me that you want to see the world and the glory of it; you pretend that you are happy, when all the time your heart is bleeding from the wound made by its own louging; you pretend that your life ought to be sacrificed to a mother who doesn't even know you from her companion; you pretend that you haven't been thoroughly disillusioned by your Anarchist friends since you have known me; you pretend——"

"And what if I do pretend?" she cried in a sudden outburst of anger. "What is it

to you?"

She clasped and unclasped her hands furiously. "What have we to do with each other?" she blazed out. "You made my acquaintance in Paris through a lie. . . . I thought you a worker, a poor man, a man in sympathy with my faith. . . . I introduced you to my friends . . . you went to our meetings . . . you took us all in. Oh, it was well done! Then one day M. Boris Lvov, art-student and Socialist, disappears. I see him next in Korsha. The Prince's European tour incognito has come to an end; but by some freak of Fate one of the friends of his Lyov period has her home not two miles from his palace. The Prince is not at all displeased. . . . It has never been a shame to princes to know women beneath them in rank!"

She stopped abruptly. The thing that had just left her lips seemed to soil them, and she blushed because her anger had taken

a turn so unexpected and so ignoble.

"You are not quite fair to me," said Prince Daniel. Her passion relieved him. It seemed to rob her of that strength which he had always felt to be a barrier between them, and he was quick to notice modulations in her voice which, in spite of her scornful words, betrayed her love. He had told her once that the strongest woman is weak before the weakest man, and she had derided his maxim. "Yet if I kissed her now," he thought, "she would know; she would understand." And suddenly he grew hot as if from the offence.

"Not at all fair," he went on confusedly.

"It's not my fault I am what I am. I wasn't even born to it. I'm the son of a shipowner. I had no hand in my father being pitchforked on to a throne by a gang



"'You unfit me for my life,' she said in an expressionless voice."

of adventurers, and, indeed, I hate their Kings should be of the old blood. could submit to being a Prince if I were descended from Constantine the Great. Why, Mathilde!" he cried, "Mathilde, you are like him!"

"What do you mean?" She was bewildered and rather cross. The Prince

laughed with boisterous excitement.

"This beats all! You, the enemy of kings, my dear, have the nose and eyes of the King who made Korsha—the biggest tyrant and the greatest man who ever sat up there "—he pointed to the Palace on the hill -- "and taught the Korsha scum how to behave. 'The plebs want chains for their wrists.' You've heard of that saying of his?"

"It's not very wonderful," answered

Mathilde calmly.

"Ah! but he was wonderful! Before he was nineteen he had snapped his fingers in the face of the Holy Roman Empire and given all the fleets of Venice a lesson! could do anything, from building a harbour and making a navy, to designing a gold saltcellar and housing the poor!"

"Of course that comes last!"

"Ah, dear Mathilde! Only for the sake of emphasis! I love the poor!"

"You hate them!" she cried. "You can't

help it. Vulgarity is in your blood!"

"Thank you!" said Prince Daniel, with a "You are very truthful, madam, but don't be too proud of it. Deceit has its At its noblest it is the same thing as charity."

Mathilde's determined young face softened. "I was very wrong to speak to you like that," she began humbly. "I---" But now a voice calling her from the house interrupted them. Mrs. Mackenzie, her mother's companion, was standing on the doorstep looking round with a worried look. Mathilde flew indoors, anxious and remorseful.

"I am about to take a great liberty, sir," said the little Scotswoman in harsh French,

when Mathilde was out of earshot.

"Oh, pray do!" said Daniel absently, "and in English, too, if you like. I have the good fortune to understand your language." He did not add that her French was impossible.

"I hardly know how to say it." Mrs. Mackenzie was obviously nervous and ill at ease. "The fact is, it would be better if you

did not come here," she blurted out.

"Why?" asked Daniel, smiling. you think me so dangerous? Let me confide in you, then. I-"

"Oh, not here!" She looked round apprehensively. "If you have anything to say

to me, come in and—speak low.'

She led him into a long room, the walls of which were lined with mirrors, which made its immensity more mournful. Prince Daniel received a swift impression of gilt chairs on which no one ever sat, buhl tables which no one ever used, Chinese cabinets, ormolu candelabra, rich damask curtains—and the dust thick on all. Then he exclaimed at a portrait of the French school which faced the door. Strangely out of place it looked in the midst of all that worn-out eighteenthcentury finery.

"Surely this is a picture of the late Queen?" he said, putting up his eyeglass.

"No." said Mrs. Mackenzie indifferently. "Madame Tinayre before her marriage. It's a Manet."

Daniel gazed at the inscrutable, tragic face. The strangest fancy had taken possession of his mind.

"You had something to say to me, sir," Mrs. Mackenzie reminded him timidly.

"Ah, yes!" said the Prince, his eyes still riveted to the picture. "You seemed to convey just now, Madame Mackenzie, that I ought not to visit Mathilde—a thousand pardons—Mademoiselle Tinayre. Would you think differently if I told you that I love her most devotedly, most honourably, and wish to make her my wife?"

"But that's impossible!" cried Mrs.

Mackenzie, losing all timidity.

"Korsha is not England," said Daniel, smiling at her. "The late King married an actress. There was never the slightest question of the legality of the marriage, though certainly it proved unpopular. The idea got about that the Queen 'wore the breeches' isn't that what the English say when a wife rules her husband? Everything displeasing that King Nicholas did was put down to her. Now, I shall do nothing at all, and Mathilde shall share my obscurity."

"Sir, sir!" The little woman fidgeted painfully and stammered. "I didn't warn you not to come here because of Mathilde. . . . She is over twenty, she has lived an independent life in Paris, she is more like a young man than a girl, she can take care of herself. It is for your sake I speak. You run a risk you cannot guess how great a risk—in this house. . . . I beg you to take it seriously."

"For the matter of that," said the Prince lightly, "I believe I run a risk everywhere. I am only a shade less unpopular than papa. When we went to open the new Home for Infirm Sailors the other day, I distinctly heard an unpleasant-looking ruffian cry out: 'Down with the regicides!' That's the great cause of offence—that papa doesn't dismiss and punish the men who murdered the late King and Queen. How can he? They've kept him going for over twenty years, and he's greatly in their debt. Besides the people who are spoiling for a fight and another revolution, there are the Anarchist lot and the pro-Austrians. . . . Dear madam, every other person in Charsov thinks I should be better dead. . . . I assure you—"

He broke off abruptly. In one of the

He broke off abruptly. In one of the many mirrors facing the windows at his back he could see the courtyard outside reflected. A servant in faded blue livery was creeping towards the open window, and a revolver shone in his hand. Suddenly the commanding figure of a grey-haired man, whose face seemed strangely familiar to the Prince, emerged from the stone gateway which led to the road outside. This man held the servant's wrist with one hand, while with the other he took away the revolver.

"Zogov! you're a fool."

The words quivered in the Prince's head like the roll of bronze bells. Zogov was the name of the only aide-de-camp who had remained faithful to King Nicholas that night—the night when the officers had burst into the Palace and murdered him. It was thought that Zogov had been killed. He was alive, and here he was, masquerading as a footman in the house of—Daniel looked at the Manet portrait, and through his lips struggled the words—"of the Queen!"

II.

In a state of deafening, blinding excitement, Prince Daniel returned to the Palace. His first impulse had been to go straight to the King, but the thought of Mathilde kept him back, as well as his own dislike to taking action.

Besides, King Alexander and Queen Euphemia were at the Opera House, and Daniel felt that the royal box was not the place to tell them the tremendous news, nor "Traviata" the best incidental music. "Tonight, when he comes in," he thought, "I will say in the most casual way possible: 'Papa, do you know that Queen Elena is alive and in Korsha? Do you know she has a daughter? Count Zogov is with them, and Ransky. Zogov tried to shoot me this very afternoon, but Ransky stopped him—not from generosity, I feel sure, but because the moment had not come. Ransky means business.

this daughter can be proved to be Nicholas's daughter, Ransky will bring it off. Who in Korsha will stand by us if she is run as a descendant of Constantine the Great?"

In the Hereditary Prince's apartments there was a portrait of Constantine. During dinner, which he ate with a good appetite, Daniel studied it, and wondered why, until to-day, it had escaped him that those eyes which looked out at him with such disdainful mastery from the canvas were Mathilde's eyes, and that those long, white fingers were now living again on Mathilde's hand!

He saw her standing straight as a stem, and, like a stem, swaying a little. Her youthful body, agile yet robust, asserted itself through the harsh, grey stuff of her gown as a beautiful and shapely thing which no asceticism could spoil. She curved her lips for the first word he felt the strength of her voice before he Then there flowed from those heard it. young lips a torrent of burning words, denouncing words, avenging words. faces of the rough men listening responded with a terrible joy. . . . So might those soldiers have looked long centuries ago when Jeanne d'Arc exhorted them to fire and sword. . . . She had finished. She bent her young head and became lifeless as an image, seemingly unconscious of the forces which she had set free.

Kings must die, the rulers of the earth must die—not for their sins, but for the sins of which their position is the symbol. Though king replace king, though our work seem to make no impression, we must not flinch from striking down.

So far as there had been any argument in her fiery speech, it was to that effect. He had laughed, at the time, to think there was a prince among her hearers. He laughed now to think that it was a princess whom those Paris Anarchists had cheered with such wild enthusiasm!

His equerry came in at this point in his recollections and advised him, with an ill-repressed smile, that a lady desired an audience with his Highness.

"Mademoiselle Delavigne, I suppose?" said Daniel. "Why were you so infernally stupid as not to bring her straight up here? You have my orders."

"I beg pardon, sir. It is not Mademoiselle Delavigne. I have never seen this lady before."

"Did she state her business?"

"Well, no, sir," said the youthful lieutenant, this time with a grin which the Prince could not overlook. "Pretty?" he inquired indifferently.

"Too tall, sir, and a trifle thin. Beautiful red hair, clear complexion—no paint or powder, blue eyes, defiant manner."

"That will do," said the Prince, a strange tremor at his heart. "You will bring the lady to the yellow room, and—without any

of the usual formalities."

He tried to speak with his usual easy indifference, but excitement drove his voice into a breathless whisper. There was fear, there was annoyance, there was shame in the Prince's agitation. Even his clothes—a shot silk smoking-suit surmounted by a brocaded dressing-gown—appeared shameful now that Mathilde's clear, critical eyes were to rest on them. It was hardly possible that she could have obtained admission to the Palace without insult, without gaining some idea of the construction which was being put on her visit. Daniel trembled as he opened the door of He almost hoped that it the yellow room. was not Mathilde, after all.

But it was Mathilde. She was standing very upright and scornful in the middle of the luxurious white and yellow furniture. Her eyes moved disdainfully from pastel to pastel—Daniel's work, the decadence of which she

understood better than the talent.

Mathilde was somehow no more in harmony with this artistic and princely apartment than the "Victory" of the Louvre would have been. She made it suddenly absurd. But Daniel had no time to recognise this. Mathilde was

holding out her arms to him.

He had the wit to conquer his surprise and run to her. He had the sympathy to catch her mood and kiss her with all the passion of which he was capable. He guessed that she did not want to think, to speak, to falter, and in that burning silence a great wind seemed to sweep from his being all the petty, trivial, unheroic, and insincere moods of his It was probably only three minutes, vet it seemed to him a long time, before her lips sank away from his. Exhausted and very pale, she let him lead her to a sofa. He sat down by her side, and all that had happened seemed immediately to have happened years ago, so great is the distance between life and death. . . .

"I came to say 'Good-bye' to you," she said simply. "We shall not meet again."

"What on earth do you mean?" He had nearly added "my darling," but in the inspiration of sympathy it flashed upon him that the words would hurt her pride.

"How much can happen in three hours!" she said. "When I was with you this after-

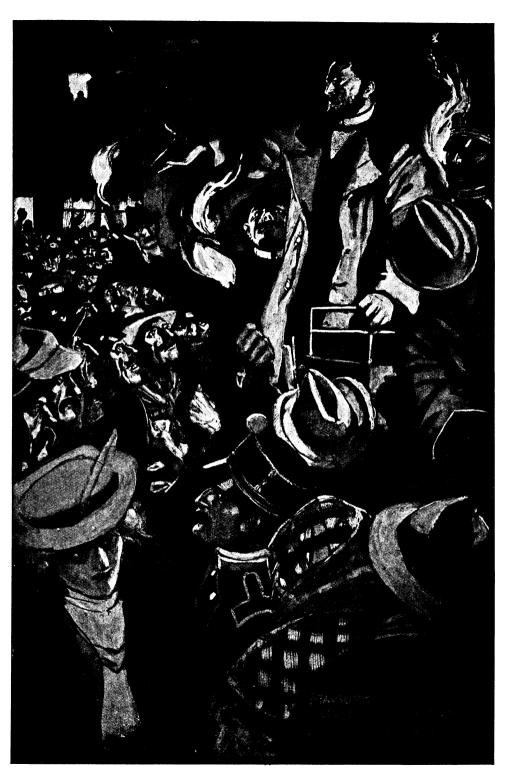
noon, I saw a vista of days and weeks, months and years ahead of me, each day like the last, each week just seven of those little familiar days." Tears gathered in her eyes. "Surely it was cruel to bring me up in utter ignorance!" she cried out. "It's enough to drive me mad!"

Daniel put out his arm. He stammered incoherent words of tenderness and consolation. He wiped away her tears. And now she had no difficulty in pulling herself together. She got up and strode round the room, regaining calm and virility at every stride.

Her narrative was simple to baldness, and she told it without any emotion. the daughter of Nicholas, King of Korsha, and of Elena, his wife. She had been born two months after the King's assassination, and the secret of her birth had been guarded as strictly from the friends of the dead King as from his enemies. The friends might have rushed into ill-considered attempts to put her on the throne. The enemies had too much at stake to let her live. So Ransky, Nicholas's minister, had argued when he and Zogov had rescued the Queen's body from the garden where the butchers had thrown it down, and found that, though outraged, drenched with blood, robbed of its soul, it still held life and the future of the race of Constantine.

Mathilde described her childhood at the convent and her rare visits to her home. She mentioned her meeting with the Anarchist leader Z——, and the certain faith which from that hour had tamed her restless little At this time her face had roused the most violent and painful memories in the mind of the exiled Queen, and Ransky had let the mother and daughter meet but seldom. It was just a year since Mathilde had been summoned to Korsha. It was thought that her mother was dying; as a matter of fact, her physical strength had been shattered by a sudden clearness of vision. She seemed to remember and realise, and although the darkness had fallen once more, she had retained a love of her daughter's presence, of the sound of her voice and the touch of And it was with the most valiant cheerfulness, Daniel guessed, that Mathilde had ministered to this love.

He marvelled, as he listened to her blunt recital, that she could have lived in ignorance of her history until to-night. Was she devoid both of instinct and curiosity? Surely Ransky must have betrayed himself at times; surely he must have given her at



"Ransky, haranguing the people."

least some impression that she was the pivot of a plot and the heart of a mystery? Surely it was to his interests to enlighten her by some hint or sign? It was unlike the old fox to reveal everything in a single hour in this clumsy fashion. But there was no doubt of Mathilde's sincerity. She had not known

until to-night.

Evidently Ransky had worked on her feelings in vain. There were no tears in her eyes as she repeated his story of the cruel and revolting way in which her father's murder had been carried out. It was not Mathilde, but Daniel, who was shocked to the soul. He had been brought up to think that the crime had been on modern lines. Nothing, according to Alexander, could have been more dignified and merciful. Now Alexander's son was hearing the other version from Nicholas's daughter, and he knew that his father had lied.

"You haven't the right air at all!" he said mockingly. "No one would imagine that you were on the eve of a great vengeance and a great triumph. . . . It isn't possible that you are so inhuman as to be consistent. It isn't possible that you are hating the idea of what is before you. Mathilde, there are many pleasant things about it. You despise what you have never had! Now you will know. Beautiful dresses, good dinners, driving behind fine horses, the shouts of the mob, the deference of servants, the middle of the stage always oh! these things have their charm! You needn't scowl like that. Your occupation isn't gone. The gift of the gab is very useful to a sovereign! As for your Anarchist associates, offer them jobs in your household, and you will be perfectly safe. These sweepings of humanity hate wealth and power merely because they are out of work. . . . All the same, it won't hurt you to indulge in a little Socialist clap-trap now and then. You start your reign in happy circumstances. . . . I wonder what match Russia will make for you? Of course, the Russians are backing Ransky. What sort of Prince Consort will they find you, Mathilde? It's just possible they might think it good business for you to marry me? I should not make a good husband, but I should love you. I am a beautiful lover. Say you would rather have me than a poor relation of the Czar's or a German Grand Duke with Russian sympathies and no sense of humour!"

"Oh! can't you stop chattering?" Mathilde cried despairingly. "I depended on you to understand.... I have never made

an ideal of you—I know you have drifted through thirty years of life and have never done anything——"

"Oh, Mathilde! Look at my pictures!" "I know your chief pride has been in your boots, which, after all, someone else keeps shiny, and that if you haven't led what is called a dissipated life, it is only because you're just as lazy in pleasure as you are in work. But though I know these things, I can't help seeing, too, that your understanding is wonderful. You can read the soul-not only my soul, but the soul of everything. Motives are so clear to you that people are foolish if they tell you lies, and only a little less foolish if they tell you the truth. You make no use of it, but your comprehension is infinite. To you nothing is obscure. Perhaps your very genius in seeing makes you idle and incompetent. Those who do things must fix their gaze. Haven't you noticed that those who act splendidly generally have narrow sympathies and intolerant views? I wasn't wrong. . . . You understand. You know. I should never have come to-night, never have borne those degrading smiles and winks from liveries and uniforms, never have given you my love, if life were in front of me. Although you have chattered and laughed and fooled, you've never had any doubt. . . . Why did I burn to kiss you? Was it a very human weakness, or something glorious and strong? I don't know. There's nothing sentimental about this farewell. I regret nothing. . . . and wish for nothing. Goodbye, my friend, my love. . . . Morituri!"

The last word she spoke with a passionate mirth which seemed to rob her purpose of anything tragic or grim, and yet to emphasise its finality. It was theatrically effective that at this minute a gun should boom out from the barracks, and a buzzing as from a hive of disturbed bees float up to the Palace windows.

As Mathilde opened the door and moved out, an equerry rushed in. In the collision the young man fell, but the woman, recovering herself quickly, passed on.

"Sir, sir!" gasped the equerry, still lying

flat on the carpet.

"Get up, Demetrius. You can't imagine how silly you look!"

The boy was in such terror that he could not find his feet until Daniel helped him.

"The King and Queen have left for Vienna. Your Highness is to catch the midnight train and follow them. . . . Queen Elena is alive. . . . Count Ransky is driving round the town, making speeches. . . . The

people have taken the horses out of the carriage. . . . At every corner you meet crowds crying out 'Hail! Mathilde Vittoria! Down with the regicides!'"

"Well?" said Daniel coolly.

"They will kill you!" said the young lieutenant, gaping at the Prince's composure. "We can't depend on a soul. The last straw was the appointment of Father Ferdinand to the Archbishopric. . . . It was in the papers to-night. The King was hissed at the Opera."

"And who is Mathilde Vittoria?" asked Daniel, while his equerry rang the bell violently for the valet, then rushed through the deserted rooms, panic-stricken at the growing evidence that the Prince's personal servants had decamped. "Stop that ringing, Demetrius. Who is Mathilde Vittoria?"

"Ah, that's the question!" said the young lieutenant, a gleam of cheerfulness flashing across his blank, white face. "She is said to be the daughter of Nicholas- Well, of course, at the time of the murder, the Queen was said to be But all the same, Mathilde Vittoria will take a lot of proving. Ransky is to show her to the people to-night. They say she lives outside the town with the ex-Queen Elena. The Hofschina is sending a deputation to acknowledge her rights. people can be such fools! . . . But this Ransky I confess that as I listened to is a marvel. him just now, it seemed clear to me that Nicholas was a saint, Elena a martyr, and King Alexander a scoundrel and a cad! Oh, sir! I ask your pardon humbly."

"My dear fellow, why should you? My career as Hereditary Prince is probably at an end, and I was never fond of standing on its dignity. Come, I will change my clothes,

and we will go ---"

"To Vienna? We have only ten minutes

to get to the station."

"It is lucky, then, that we are not going to Vienna."

"You are free to go if you like," said Daniel. "For my part, I stay here to see the fun—to see Mathilde Vittoria crowned!"

III.

MATHILDE found her youth and strength severely taxed when, after a swift run down the Palace Hill, she began to battle with the crowd in the main street of Charsov.

Her destination was barely a mile off, but the knots of people, all roaring "Mathilde Vittoria!" or cheering Ransky, impeded her progress and made the mile seem ten.

At one corner she came on Ransky himself, standing on the box-seat of his carriage

haranguing the people. The light from a hundred torches flickered on his well-cut features.

He spoke finely and with a perfect understanding of the Korshan soul. He did not denounce Alexander—he laughed at him. He said that they were all tired of a Court composed of alien usurers and shopkeepers, recognisable by their noses and their insolent clumsiness. "Their gloves are always too large or too small. Rapacious hands are hard to fit."

With the accession of Mathilde Vittoria, whose blood was the same that had whirled from the generous heart to the divine brain of Constantine the Great, Korsha would be given back to the Korshans, and her native Church rescued from the grip of Rome. Ransky described the personality of the new Queen, her education, her sympathies, her hatred of luxury, the knowledge which she had gained in exile of every government in Europe, the profound and sweet devotion which she had shown her mother—

A tall, slim figure moved on the outskirts of the crowd as new cheers and new shouts rose in honour of Mathilde Vittoria. But none turned their eyes from Ransky to watch the passing of the Queen.

The Brotherhood, unmoved by the clamour in the streets, were holding their weekly meeting as usual. Seventeen in all, they sat sullenly round a bare oak table in the upper room of a small cabaret. The only woman present was an angular Russian girl, with untidy black hair and bad teeth.

A man with a stiff black beard and a thick crop of grizzled hair was talking earnestly to the youngest member present. This was Czubay, whose fair skin and charming smile marked him out from his sallow-looking comrades. Czubay was to start that night for the capital of a great Empire. The time would come when his name would resound through Europe as that of the blackguard who had struck down an emperor.

"I believe nothing," the boy was saying earnestly. "She never meant to deceive us. We ought to hearher before we denounce her."

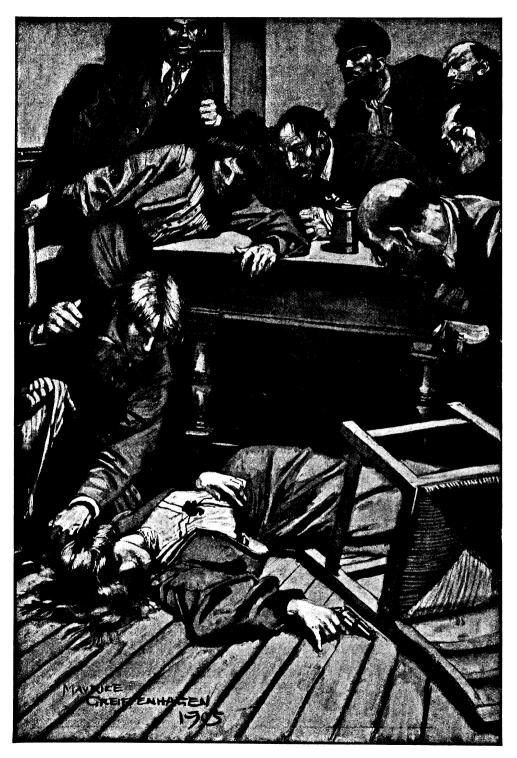
"A queen is hardly likely to visit an Anarchist society," sneered Schmidt, the elder man and the leading spirit of the Korshan Brotherhood. "If she does come, I don't think many words will be spoken."

"You would not——" the boy faltered

before Schmidt's blazing eyes.

"All of us would—all of us who are faithful. Good Heavens! Apart from her being the accursed thing, she has us in her power."

"She would never betray us," Czubay



"Mathilde fell across the table, then rolled over on the floor."

said steadily; "she is true. I swear she is true."

Schmidt left Czubay impatiently and took his place at the head of the table. The business of the meeting proceeded. Reports from affiliated societies were read. The Russian girl got up and delivered a passionate, long-winded speech on Czubay's mission and its glories. It was just after she had sat down, breathless and perspiring, that the door opened and Mathilde came in.

A low hiss ran round the room. Mathilde turned very pale, but she took off her hat and coat and walked defiantly to her place.

"One minute!" said Schmidt. "You can hardly think we are going to let you sit among

us as if nothing had happened."

All happiness may be tasted in a night, all glory in a day, and all disillusionment in a In that airless room, smelling of hot bodies and bad tobacco, the Cause, which had been to Mathilde what the Holy Grail was to Galahad, slid from heaven. Was it with people like these that wisdom and strength, right, thought, and light resided? Was it good, after all, to half-mark souls as social utensils, and make the heads of men like the heads of nails under a hammer? Was it so noble to shed the blood of kings, poor shades from a departed world, whose public life is confined to nodding like automatons, and whose private hobbies and vices are puerile rather than dangerous?

Where was that ecstasy in which in this very room she had preached the doctrine of annihilation? "We must clear away these cities and these churches and these great moneymaking factories; we must abolish kings and governments; for where there is nothing, there is virtue and life and the supreme good."

As her faith began to dissolve, she clung more quixotically than ever to her duty. Whether these unattractive people were right or wrong was not the question. Any principle not worth a rush is good enough to die for. She must play the game with the "windbag scum," as Daniel had called them was it a contum area?

them, was it a century ago?

"My brothers," she said, in a voice so tender and so sincere that Czubay thought proudly: "Now they won't doubt her," and then was amazed to hear a general outburst of bitter and sarcastic laughter, "nothing has happened which alters me, yet something has happened. I am, they say, a queen. Certainly I am the daughter of a king.... I never knew it till to-day."

The Russian girl laughed a shrill, loud laugh and spat on the floor,

"I spit on that lie!" she shrieked.

"I speak the truth," said Mathilde. "I did not know. . . . But it is so, and because it is so, it's impossible that I can live."

"Hear, hear!" said one man, and instantly Czubay struck him on the mouth.

"My death may prove my truth," she said, and her eyes shone with the lustre of precious stones or of the Adriatic in summertime. "For love of my brothers and of the faith, I kill Mathilde Vittoria, Queen of Korsha!"

There was no bungling. The firm, white hand holding the cheap revolver did not tremble, the eyelids did not flicker. Shot through the heart, Mathilde fell across the table from which they had driven her out. The body stayed there a second, then rolled over on the floor. As it fell, her shining red hair came down, and, doing the service of the ancient Greek's mantle, veiled her dead face and her wide-open eyes.

There was no sound in the room but the

weeping of Czubay.

IV.

You may search in vain for Korsha on the map of Europe. It is lost in a vast Empire, and its very name has been blotted out. The history of its last revolution remains unwritten.

Prince Daniel Lvov—for he keeps the Prince, though the Principality on the island sea exists no longer—has won his spurs as a professional painter, and the picture through which he won them may yet find its way to that gallery which possesses Sargent's "Car-

mencita" and Manet's "Olympia."

The picture is called "The Coronation of Mathilde." A woman with brilliant red hair lies dead on the bare floor of a humble room. She is dressed in grey, and the light in the room is that of a grey dawn. A group of men, with faces fierce and weak, eager and indifferent, lean over the table, at the foot of which the body lies. In the foreground a young man, with a delicate, spiritual face, holds a wreath of green bays over the dead woman's head.

The artist raves about the composition, the green of the wreath, the mother-of-pearl colouring of the room, the daringness of that vibrant note of scarlet hair.

The public wants to know what the picture means. It is sure of one thing. The man holding the wreath was in love with the dead

giri.

"The Coronation of Mathilde" is a masterpiece,

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

"JEM HARLOWE is drinking himself to death by inches, and our little friend Marjory is that saddest of all sad women—a drunkard's wife. For Heaven's

sake help them both!"

Roger Owen pushed back his chair, and with hurried, uneven steps began to pace his consulting-room. The letter that had been put into his hands at the end of a long morning of seeing patients was not calculated to soothe a man already tired with work and anxiety, and new lines seemed to deepen on his face as he walked to and fro, those last words of Bob Steadman's letter burning themselves into his brain.

"Jem Harlowe is drinking himself to death by inches, and our little friend Marjory is that saddest of all sad women—a drunkard's wife. For Heaven's sake help

them both!"

Roger paused before a window and looked out at a lilac tree whose leaves shone emerald green in the June sunshine. Eighteen years? Could it be eighteen years since he had seen Marjory, his little friend Marjory? was this the end? A drunkard's wife-Marjory a drunkard's wife—Marjory, who was a slip of a girl when she married Jem Harlowe, an innocent girl with a face like sunshine, and a heart of gold? Marjory a drunkard's wife? For eighteen years he had tried to put the thought of her out of his heart, and now Bob Steadman's letter had let loose the floodgates of memory once more. With something very like a groan Roger Owen turned away from the window, and sat down again by his writing-table, his eyes fixed on the pile of letters that were waiting to be answered, his thoughts very far away from his correspondents and their necessities. He was no longer the busy London physician, whose consulting-room was thronged day after day with patients; he was no longer the grave, self-contained man those patients knew, but an eager, impulsive boy sitting in the corner of Greystone Church watching Marjory Drake's wedding, with a heart that ached and ached to breaking point.

The sounds of traffic in the busy London street outside his window died away, the very consciousness of his immediate surroundings left him. Instead of the jangle of hansom bells and the patter of horse's hoofs, the song of larks was in his ears, larks that sang and sang outside the little grey church on Marjory Drake's wedding-morning. in the sunshine, amongst the roses that covered the porch, bees hummed softly; it seemed to him that he could almost feel again the touch of the soft June air, blowing in at the open church door, smell again the fragrance of the June roses on the porch, the fragrance that had never since failed to bring back to him Marjory's wedding-day, just as the song of the lark had power to this day to stab his heart with pain. were roses in the church as well as over the porch, white roses that had seemed like a symbol of the bride's young purity to the scre-hearted boy who, from the bottom of the building, watched her pass slowly up the aisle to Jem Harlowe's side. Like a white rose then-like an exquisitely tinted blush rose half an hour later, when she passed back again between the crowded pews, walking proudly with uplifted head and radiant face beside her young husband, happiness shining in her deep eyes, a glory of sunbeams woven into the brightness of her hair.

Jem Harlowe-"handsome Jem," they called him—had never looked handsomer than on his wedding-morning, his splendidly dark face transfigured with joy, his eyes alight with passionate adoration. No wonder Marjory had loved him! No wonder that she had never looked at, never thought of any other man, when Jem Harlowe had loved her! Roger Owen and Bob Steadman were her friends only. She had never even known that they had worshipped the very ground on which her dainty feet trod; she had never realised how deep and real had been Roger's passionate love for her. She had known none of these things. Her heart had been all Jem's, and only Jem's

all through.

"Jem Harlowe is drinking himself to death by inches, and our little friend is that saddest of all sad women — a drunkard's wife."

Again Roger pushed back his chair, again he paced the room restlessly, whilst those words ran through his brain like molten fire; then, for the third time, he read Steadman's



"New lines seemed to deepen on his face as he walked to and fro-

letter through from beginning to end. It was terse and to the point, as were all Steadman's rare letters to his old friend.

"In our remote village we hear great things of Roger Owen, the rising physician. I write to-day to ask you if you can do something for an old friend. The Harlowes have been obliged to leave their place in this neighbourhood. Harlowe has made it too hot to hold him. They are drifting to London. I have begged Marjory to consult you. Jem Harlowe is drinking himself to death by

inches, and our little friend Marjory is that saddest of all sad women—a drunkard's wife."

"I have begged Marjory to consult you." Roger's pulses leaped, his heart beat heavily. "I have begged Marjory to consult you." Would she come to him? Would he see her again after eighteen years—years in which he had steadfastly refused to allow his thoughts to go back to the past, years in which he had tried to forget that Marjory had once made the whole of his world? Marjory coming to see him—here—in this

consulting-room? The blood leapt in his veins again; a smile lighted the set gravity of his face. Marjory here? Would she hold out her hands to him as she had held them out on her wedding-day? Would he hear her soft voice again—as he had heard it then when she had said softly-

"Wish me joy, Roger; I want all my old friends to wish me joy"?

Would she look as she had looked on that June morning, her bridal dress falling about her in folds of shimmering whiteness, the filmy veil drawn back over her shining hair, a soft frame for her exquisite face; her seablue eyes alight with love and happiness? With a vividness that actually startled him, her face and form rose before his mental vision; and hot upon it came a temptation so sudden, so overwhelming, that, strong though he was, Roger Owen staggered under it.

"'Jem Harlowe is drinking himself to death by inches'... well, then, let him drink himself to death . . . why intervene? . . . It was certain that nothing could save a man so far gone as that . . . unless he tried . . . no . . . there was no necessity to try that, or any other treatment . . . Jem was drinking himself to death . . . experiments were useless . . . let him die . . . why try to save him when any such efforts would probably fail? . . . let him die a drunkard's miserable death . . . drunkards were better out of the world than in it . . . and then . . . then . . . Jem Harlowe and his shameful life ended

... Marjory would be free ... free to ..."

And this was Marjory!

The woman with the eyes of unfathomable sadness stood just within the doors of the doctor's consulting-room, and as he looked at her, a great wave of passionate anger against the man who had done this thing surged over Roger Owen's heart. woman whose thin, white face was drawn and lined with suffering, could she be This the girl who eighteen Marjory? years before had passed down the nave of Greystone Church in her shining robes, her face like a blush rose, her eyes alight with joy? This Marjory? "Impossible, impossible!" his heart kept saying, whilst he moved mechanically towards her and took "Impossible!" it repeated even when he was saying gently—

"It is a long time since we have met, Marjory—or perhaps I ought to say 'Mrs.

Harlowe' now?"

She smiled, and Roger thought that the smile was the most heart-breaking sight he had ever seen.

"No, call me Marjory still," she answered, as she sat down on the chair he pushed forward; "it makes me remember the old days, when—before——"

Her voice faltered into silence, her eyes fell, a slow stain of colour spread over the whiteness of her face. All the shame and sorrow of what she had come to tell him seemed written in that painful flush. hands moved restlessly in her lap, she stirred uneasily; the trouble in her face deepened.

"It is so hard to tell you!" she cried suddenly, lifting her eyes to Roger with a kind of desperation. "I cannot bear to speak of it to a living soul, and yet—and yet—"

"You need not say a word more than you Owen's voice was almost tender "Steadman in its exceeding gentleness. wrote to tell me you would come to me. told me why you would come; you need not say more than is absolutely necessary."

She looked at him piteously; and a vision of her as he had last seen her in her radiance of youth and joy swept into his mind again. He clenched his hands; at that moment he would gladly have killed Jem Harlowe with those same strong, supple hands-killed him, and laughed over the killing. Marjory's eyes, that had been blue as the summer seas, were dim, and the heart-break in them made his heart cry out with longing to help her; the innocent gladness that had lighted her face on her wedding-day was gone for ever; the bitter knowledge of life's worst possibilities had drawn lines upon it that nothing would efface. The old Marjory had been a girl with innocent eyes and a face like sunshine. This Marjory wasthat saddest of all sad women—a drunkard's

"Jem Harlowe is drinking himself to death by inches." Steadman's words swung back into Roger's brain. Then let him die! For Heaven's sake let the man die! He had ruined Marjory's life and broken her heart; let him die! There was no reclaiming a drunkard-unless-pshaw, no !--in such a case experiments were absurd. Let him die!"

"You know why I have come to you?" Marjory's trembling voice broke in upon the whirl of his thoughts. "Roger, they told me you were so clever; Bob Steadman said that you were at the top of the tree, that that—if anybody could help my poor Jem, you could help him; and life now-is-hell for us both!'

Though her face dropped, the words came almost fiercely from her lips; and again Roger's hands clenched involuntarily.

"Hell for us both?" Little, innocent Marjory's life a hell? An anger that was nearly ungovernable shook him. *Marjory's*

life a hell? If she had been his, that word should never have been in her vocabulary. Good Heavens! That Marjory——

"I never knew," she was speaking brokenly again in that low, shamefaced voice, "I never knew what it meant before; I had never seen a gentleman—drunk—until Jem—ah, Roger, help me; help us both!"

She flung out her hands towards him with a gesture of abandonment very pitiful to see, and Roger half rose. Last time she had put out her hands to him she had laughed with gladness, she had looked into his face with sunny eyes and said softly: "Wish me joy, Roger." His first instinct was to draw her into his arms and pour out tender words of comfort and help; he was only restrained from doing so by the realisation that such conduct would simply alienate her. Turning his eyes from her face, he said huskily: "Has it been Has the habit gradually grown on him, or was it always a habit?"

"When we had been married two years—I found out—about it," she whispered, her breath coming fast; "at first—I did not understand. He said—it was nerves; he called it the remains of ague from which he had suffered long ago in Africa. He—would

not have a doctor. The very suggestion made him nearly mad with anger. I thought—then—that it would kill me: but now—I know it is not so easy to kill a woman." The dead tones of her voice expressed even more than her words conveyed. She went on speaking with a level monotony that to

the listening man seemed more terrible than her first shamed silence.

"He has grown worse and worse," she said wearily. "I have tried to help him—oh! I cannot tell you how I have tried; this awful thing has killed his love for me—



has killed everything in him that made for goodness. Nothing matters to him now if he can only drink—drink—drink. It is destroying him—body and soul—and I have come to you to save him."... "Let him die!" the words blazed out in white light before Roger's eyes. "Such a miserable

wretch only cumbers the earth. Let him die, and release his wife from her awful burden; and, when she is free, you——" He thrust the thought from him, but his voice shook as he spoke to her again.

"It is a difficult case," he said, "a very difficult case, and one of such long standing

that---- "

"But you won't say it is hopeless?" she pleaded, her eyes with their unfathomable depths of sadness meeting his fully, "though he has ruined my life and his own; though he has dragged me into such degradation as I never dreamt of, I—I love him, Roger! Don't tell me there is

no hope!"

"I love him, Roger!" Ah! he had always said Marjory's heart was like gold; what but a woman's love could have remained true to a man who had made her life a hell? Such love as hers would be worth the winning if she were free, and he could woo her as he knew it was in his power to woo! She had never dreamt that he loved her. Heart and soul she had always belonged to Jem. But if Jem were dead—it might be different. He would bring back the light to her eyes, the joy to her face, if Jem Harlowe lay safely in his drunkard's grave, and she might forget the misery of those past eighteen years! Hopeless? Of course such a case as this was hopeless, unless—no, there should be no "unless"! The man was sodden with drink. There could be no possible salvation for such an one. Obviously he had drunk himself beyond all hope of cure. Alcohol had sapped all his powers—mental, moral, and physical; he was no more than a piece of human wreckage, fit only to be flung aside, forgotten. Life had no use for drunken brutes who had sunk into depths like these; they would be better deaddead—and forgotten! There was no salvation for him, unless --- Instinctively Owen's hand went out towards a paper on his table; but he drew it away, leaving the paper untouched. "Am I my brother's keeper?" he argued fiercely with himself. "To try such a cure for him will only prolong her misery. He will certainly relapse, and the last state will be worse than the first." Like a lightning flash the thoughts ran on; when he turned his face again to the waiting woman, it was set and hard.

"I—do—not—think—there is any hope—in such a case as this," he said slowly. "I do not think there is any hope," he repeated; and all the time he spoke a mad joy rioted in his brain, a voice within him cried

triumphantly: "Let him die, let him die, and Marjory will be free!"

Without a word Marjory rose from her chair; without a word she held out her hand; as her eyes met his, it seemed to Roger that a dumb reproach looked out of them. But still he hardened his heart; and the tempting, triumphant voice within shouted again: "Let him die!"

In silence the woman he loved turned away from him; in silence she crossed the room; but at the door she looked back.

"I thought you would have saved him," she said, and then she was gone.

* * * *

Jem Harlowe sat alone in the room which he dignified by the name of study: and only those who had known him very intimately would have recognised in this wreck of humanity the superbly handsome man who had married Marjory Drake eighteen years before on that sunny morning in June. The eyes, that had been so dark and bright on that long past day, were dim and sunken; the lips, that had been firmly set, were loose and quivering; the face was lined and scarred, and sodden with drink. He lay back in an armchair, an open newspaper on his knee, a tumbler in his shaking hand, and by his side a table on which stood a half-A cackling laugh empty brandy-bottle. broke from him; he nodded feebly to an invisible companion—the illusion of his disordered brain.

"You see, I've sold Marjory again," he said hilariously. "She locks up the drink, bless her silly little heart; and I lock up more drink in a jolly safe place—ever so safe, ever so jolly. See? My wits can beat Marjory's yet! Poor little Marjory! I'll drink to her health and my own."

He lifted the glass to his lips and drained its contents, lying back in his chair and smiling at the ceiling with a beatific smile

and repeating softly to himself-

"Poor little Marjory! sold her again! She shouldn't go out and leave me alone with a cupboard she doesn't know about, bless her silly little heart! . . . What the deuce is that?"

He pulled himself upright in his chair, as a decided voice in the hall said clearly—

"Thanks—no—you need not announce me; I am an old friend of Mr. Harlowe," and at the same moment the door opened to admit a tall man, whose face was grave almost to sternness, in whose eyes was a strangely steadfast look of one who has fought and conquered in some desperate battle. "Don't you remember me, Harlowe?" Roger Owen's voice was not quite steady—the hand that clasped his host's hand shook ever so little.

"Roger Owen?" The miserable drunkard's eyes looked wistfully into the other man's strong face. "You seem—I mean, you haven't made a mess of your life, have you, old chap? I——"

A dull flush mounted to his forehead; he sank back into his chair, his hand reached out mechanically for the glass by his side.

Marjory's gone out. The gaoler is off duty," he laughed rather brutally; "she——"

"She came to me an hour ago"—Owen looked squarely into the dim, shifty eyes—
"she came to me, and I have come to you—
to make a confession."

"She came to you?" Harlowe seemed only capable of repeating the other man's words. "What for? Why did she come?"

"She came to ask me if there was any hope of curing you. I told her a lie."

Owen's words seemed to have deprived



"'You mean I've got to be shut up?'"

"My nerves are in a beastly state," he muttered; "old ague—plays the very deuce with a man. I—"

"Look here, Harlowe!" the tall doctor spoke quickly, and there was a nervous ring in his tones, "I won't mince matters; I've come here to try and help you!"

"Oh, thanks, old fellow! no help required."
"See here, Harlowe!"—the nervousness was still audible in Roger Owen's voice—
"don't let us talk trivialities. I have come here to talk to you straight—as man to man. Shall we be undisturbed?"

"Talk to me straight?" the other stared stupidly. "Undisturbed? Bless me, yes!

Harlowe of the power of speech; he could only lean back in his chair and stare into the stern, strong face, his own blank with amazement.

"The—the deuce!" he began, but Owen cut him short.

"I told her a lie," he repeated. "I said your case was hopeless. It is not hopeless."

"My case!" Harlowe pulled himself upright, but Owen went on ruthlessly—

"Your case is not hopeless. I told—your wife—a lie; I knew you were drinking yourself to death. If you were dead, she might marry me. I have always loved her."

Harlowe sprang to his feet, completely sobered now. "And you dare to come and

tell me so to my face?""

"To your face," Owen answered quietly, though with a quiver in his voice. "I have come to tell you that you can be cured, that you can be made fit for—Marjory again."

"You dare to tell me you love my wife! you dare to talk to me of cures! you——"

"I dare to tell you because I love her; because it is for her sake I want to cure you. Good Heavens, man!" Owen spoke almost roughly, "do you think it is easy to come and tell you this? If you have been tempted, so have I; if I have got the better of my temptation, you can get the better of yours. I have come to show you the way."

"It is like being possessed with ten thousand devils," Harlowe whispered hoarsely. "I can't get away from it, Owen. God knows I have tried, but I can't get away. The craving has gripped my very soul. Don't you think I know it is ruining my life and hers—and hers—my little Marjory's, who loves me? Do you think I want to make a beast of myself? I tell you the cursed thing gets hold of me till I forget everything—everything in the world, but drink! I'm done for, Owen! I'm done for, body and soul. There's no saving a chap who has gone so far as I have gone."

"There is one way of saving you," came the quiet answer, "and, as far as I know, only one. It has cost me a good deal to come here to-day and to say to you all that I have said. I want you to do what I ask you now. Whilst I was talking to your wife, I knew of a way to save you, and I fought against the knowledge; I nearly put the papers about it into her hands, but I would not let myself do it. Now I say to you, give yourself up to a treatment that will cure you, and you will be saved."

"Where? When?"

"At the Keeley Institute, now, this moment. See, old man," Owen's hand all at once rested on Harlowe's bowed shoulders, "they'll cure you there. I promise you that. It is a home where there are no restraints, no trammels, only comfort and friendliness, and a treatment that will make you the man you used to be—the man who married Marjory."

"You mean I've got to be shut up?"

"No, I don't mean anything of the sort. You simply live in a comfortable club; your wife can go and see you, you will be with friends, and I'll undertake to say you will be happy. And you'll be cured, Harlowe. I

am ready to stake my professional reputation on that. You'll be cured. Marjory will get you back again, as you were when she first married you."

A June morning a year later. Roger Owen sat alone in his consulting-room, his thoughts wandering to the past of twelve months back, then to a past that was still further ever

further away.

There was an open letter in his hand, and presently his eyes came back to the closely written sheets, and a smile flickered out over his strong face. One sentence seemed to stand out more prominently than all the others from the page; and, reading it again, his smile deepened.

"Your prophecy has come true. I wouldn't write till I had let nearly a year go by after the treatment, and now I believe I am cured. I say it in all humility, and I know I must never dare to take a drop of anything alcoholic again. But since I left the Institute the whole wish for it has left me, and never returned. I feel a new man. When Marjory and I are in town again, we shall come to you to say 'God bless you!'

"Yours, J. HARLOWE."

And underneath these words was written, in a rather tremulous hand—

"Jem is my old Jem again—the Jem who has always been all the world to me, the Jem of my wedding-day. God bless you, Roger!

"MARJORY."

A tender look crept into Roger Owen's eyes, and from the mists of memory there rose the vision of the little grey church fragrant with white roses, flooded with sunlight. In at the open door came the sound of singing larks and murmuring bees, borne on the scented air of early June.

"Wish me joy, Roger!" he seemed to hear Majory say again, as she held out her hands

to him, "wish me joy!"

The vision faded. The great doctor was alone in his consulting-room, the sounds of the London streets drowned the song of the larks, the murmur of the bees; the smile died from his face. But in his eyes there was an abiding peace, and under his breath he whispered softly—

"God grant I have helped to bring you back the happiness you had lost—my sweet! I wish you joy! For this life and for all

the life to come —I wish you joy !"

LADY ALICIA'S EMERALDS.

By ROBERT BARR.



ANY Englishmen, if you speak to them of me, indulge themselves in a detraction which I hope they will not mind my saying is not graced by that delicacy of innuendo with which some of my own countrymen

attempt to diminish whatever merit I may Mr. Spenser Hale, of Scotland Yard, whose lack of imagination I have so often endeavoured to amend—alas! without perceptible success—was good enough to say after I had begun these reminiscences. which he read with affected scorn, that I was wise in setting down my successes, because the life of Methuselah himself would not be long enough to chronicle my failures, and the man to whom this was said replied that it was only my artfulness, a word of which these people are very fond; that I intended to use my successes as bait, issue a small pamphlet filled with them, and then record my failures in a thousand volumes, after the plan of a Chinese Encyclopædia, and sell these to the public on the instalment plan.

Ah, well, it is not for me to pass comment on such observations. Every profession has its little jealousies, and why should the coterie of detection be exempt? I hope I may never be led to follow an example so deleterious, and thus be tempted to express my contempt for the stupidity with which the official detective system of England is imbued. I have had my failures, of course. Have I pretended to be otherwise than But what has been the cause of these failures? They have arisen through the conservatism of the English. there is a mystery to be solved, the average Englishman almost invariably places it in the hands of the regular police. When these good people are utterly baffled; when their big boots have crushed out all evidence that the grounds may have had to offer to a discerning mind; when their clumsy hands have obliterated the clues which are everywhere around them, I am at last called in, and if I fail, they say—

"What could you expect: he is a French-

man?"

This was exactly what happened in the case of Lady Alicia's emeralds. months the regular police were not only befogged, but they blatantly sounded the alarm to every thief in Europe. pawnbrokers' shops of Great Britain were ransacked, as if the robber of so valuable a collection would be foolish enough to take it to a pawnbroker! Of course, the police say that they thought the thief would dismantle the cluster and sell the gems separately. But the necklace of emeralds possessing, as it did, an historical value which is probably in excess of its intrinsic worth, what more natural than that the holder of it should open negotiations with its rightful owner, and thus make more money by quietly restoring it than by its dismemberment and sale piecemeal? such a fuss was kicked up; such a furore created, that it was no wonder the receiver of the goods lay low and said nothing. vain were all ports giving access to the Continent watched; in vain were the police of France, Belgium, and Holland warned to look out for this treasure. Two valuable months were lost, and then the Marquis of Blair sent for me. I maintain that the case was hopeless at the moment I took it up.

It may be asked why the Marquis of Blair allowed the regular police to blunder along for two precious months, but anyone who is acquainted with that nobleman will not wonder that he clung so long to a forlorn hope. Very few members of the House of Peers are richer than Lord Blair, and still fewer more penurious. He maintained that as he paid his taxes, he was entitled to protection from theft; that it was the duty of the Government to restore the gems, and if it could not do that, to make compensation for them. This theory is not acceptable in the English Courts, and while Scotland Yard did all it could during those two months, what but failure could have been expected from its limited mental equipment?

When I arrived at the Manor of Blair,

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as his lordship's very ugly and somewhat modern mansion house is termed, I was instantly admitted to his presence. I had been summoned from London by a letter in his lordship's own hand, on which the postage was not paid. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived, and our first conference was what might be termed futile. It was taken up entirely with haggling about terms, the Marquis endeavouring to beat down the price of my services to a sum so insignificant that it would barely have paid my expenses from London to Blair and back. Such bargaining is intensely dis-When the Marquis found tasteful to me. all his offers declined with a politeness which left no opening for anger on his part, he endeavoured to induce me to take up the case on a commission contingent upon my recovery of the gems, and as I declined this for the twentieth time, darkness came on, and the gong rang for dinner.

I dined alone in a salle à manger which appeared to be set apart for those calling at the mansion on business, and the meagreness of the fare strengthened my determination to return to London as early as possible next When the repast was finished, the dignified serving-man said gravely to me—

"The Lady Alicia asks if you will be good enough to give her a few moments in the

drawing-room, sir."

I followed the man to the drawing-room, and found the young lady seated at the piano, on which she was strumming idly and absent-mindedly, but with a touch, nevertheless, that indicated advanced excellence in the art of music. She was not dressed as one who had just risen from the diningtable, but was somewhat primly and commonly attired, looking more like a cottager's daughter than a member of a great county family. Her head was small, and crowned with a mass of jet-black hair. My first impression, on entering the large, rather dimly lighted room, was unfavourable; but that vanished instantly under the charm of a manner so graceful and vivacious that in a moment I seemed to be standing in a brilliant Parisian salon rather than in the sombre drawing-room of an English country house. Every poise of her dainty head, every gesture of those small, perfect hands, every modulated tone of the voice, whether sparkling with laughter, or caressing in confidential speech, reminded me of the grandes dames of my own land. It was strange to find this perfect human flower amidst the gloomy ugliness of a great square house built in the time of the Georges; but I remembered now that the Blairs are the English equivalent of the De Bellairs of France, from which family sprang the Marquise de Bellairs fascinating adorned the Court of Louis XIV. Here. advancing towards me, was the very reincarnation of the lovely Marquise who gave lustre to this dull world nearly three hundred years ago. Ah! after all, what are the English but a conquered race? forget this, and I trust I never remind them of it; but it enables one to forgive them much. A vivid twentieth-century Marquise was Lady Alicia in all except attire. What a dream some of our Parisian dress artists could have made of her! and here she was, immured in this dull English house in the high-necked costume of a labourer's wife!

"Welcome, Monsieur Valmont!" she cried in French of almost faultless intonation. "I am so glad you have arrived"; and here she greeted me as if I were an old friend of the family. There was nothing of condescension in her manner, no display of her own affability, while at the same time teaching me my place and the difference in our stations of life. I can stand the rudeness of the nobility, but I detest their condescension. No—Lady Alicia was a true De Bellairs, and in my confusion, bending over her slender hand, I said--

"Madame la Marquise, it is my privilege to extend to you my most respectful salutations."

She laughed at this quietly, with the

melting sound of the nightingale.

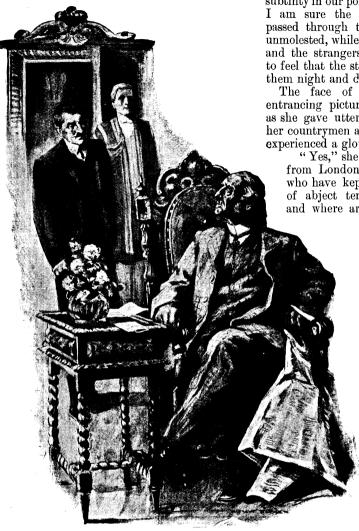
"Monsieur, you mistake my title. Although my uncle is a marquis, I am but Lady Alicia."

"Your pardon, my lady. For the moment I was back in that scintillating Court which

surrounded Louis le Grand."

"How flatteringly you introduce yourself, monsieur! In the gallery upstairs there is a painting of the Marquise de Bellairs, and when I show it to you to-morrow, you will then understand how you have pleased a vain woman by your reference to that beautiful lady. But I must not talk in this frivolous strain, monsieur. There is serious business to be considered; and, I assure you, I looked forward to your coming with the eagerness of sister Anne on the tower of Bluebeard."

I fear my expression, as I bowed to her, must have betrayed my gratification at hearing these words so confidentially uttered from lips so sweet, while the glance of her lovely eyes was even more eloquent than her words. Instantly I selt ashamed of my chaffering over terms with her uncle: instantly I forgot my resolution to depart on the morrow; instantly I resolved to be of what assistance I could to this dainty



"It was ten o'clock next morning when I was admitted to the study of the aged bachelor Marquis of Blair.

Alas, the heart of Valmont is to-day as unprotected against the artillery of inspiring eyes as ever it was in his extreme vouth!

"This house," she continued vivaciously, "has been practically in a state of siege for two months. I could take none of my usual walks in the gardens, on the lawns, or through the park, without some clumsy policeman in uniform crashing his way through the bushes, or some detective in plain clothes accosting and questioning me under the pretence that he was a stranger who had lost his way. The lack of all subtility in our police is something deplorable. I am sure the real criminal might have passed through their hands a dozen times unmolested, while our poor, innocent servants and the strangers within our gates are made to feel that the stern eye of the Law is upon them night and day."

The face of the young lady was an entrancing picture of animated indignation as she gave utterance to this truism, which her countrymen are so slow to appreciate. I

experienced a glow of satisfaction.

"Yes," she went on, "they sent down from London an army of stupid men, who have kept our household in a state of abject terror for eight long weeks. and where are the emeralds?"

As she suddenly asked this question, with the most Parisian of accents. with a little outward spreading of the hands. a flash of the eye, and a toss of the head, the united effect was something indescribable through the limitations of the language I am compelled to use.

"Well, monsieur, your arrival has put to flight this tiresome brigade—if, indeed, the word 'flight' is not too airy a term to use towards a company so elephantine; and I assure you a sigh of relief has gone up from the whole household, with the exception of my uncle. and I told him at dinner to-night: 'If Monsieur Valmont had been induced to take an interest in the case at the first, the jewels would have been in my

possession long before to-night!""

"Ah, my lady," I protested, "I fear you overrate my poor ability. It is quite true that if I had been called in on the night of the robbery, my chances of success would have been infinitely greater than they are now."

"Monsieur," she cried, clasping her hands over her knees and leaning towards me, hypnotising me with those starry eyes,

"monsieur, I am perfectly confident that before a week is past you will restore the necklace, if such restoration is possible. I have said so from the first. Now, am I right in my conjecture, monsieur, that you come here alone—that you bring with you no train of followers and assistants?"

"That is as you have stated it, my lady."
"I was sure of it. It is to be a contest of

trained mentality in opposition to our two

months' experience of brute force."

Never before had I felt such ambition to succeed, and a determination not to disappoint took full possession of me. Appreciation is a needed stimulant, and here it was offered to me in its most fascinating form. Ah, Valmont, Valmont, will you never grow old? I am sure that at that moment, if I had been eighty, the same thrill of enthusiasm would have tingled at my fingers' ends. Leave the Manor of Blair in the morning? Not for the Bank of France!

"Has my uncle acquainted you with par-

ticulars of the robbery?"

"No, madam, we were talking of other

things."

The lady leaned back in her low chair, partially closed her eyes, and breathed a

deep sigh.

"I can well imagine the subject of your conversation," she said at last. "The Marquis of Blair was endeavouring to impose usurer's terms upon you, while you, nobly scorning such mercenary considerations, had perhaps resolved to leave us at the earliest opportunity."

"I assure you, my lady, that if any such conclusion had been arrived at on my part, it vanished the moment I was privileged to set

foot in this drawing-room."

"It is kind of you to say that, monsieur; but you must not allow your conversation with my uncle to prejudice you against him. He is an old man now, and of course has his You would think him mercenary, fancies. perhaps, and so he is; but then so, too, am I. Oh yes I am, monsieur, frightfully mer-To be mercenary, I believe, means to be fond of money. No one is fonder of money than I, except, perhaps, my uncle; but you see, monsieur, we occupy the two extremes. He is fond of money to hoard it; I am fond of money to spend it. I am fond of money for the things it will buy. I should like to scatter *largesse* as did my fair ancestress in France. I should love a manor-house in the country, and a mansion in Mayfair. could wish to make everyone around me happy, if the expenditure of money would do it.

"That is a form of money love, Lady Alicia, that will find a multitude of admirers."

The girl shook her head and laughed

 $\mathbf{merrily}.$

"I should so dislike to forfeit your esteem, Monsieur Valmont, and therefore I shall not reveal the depth of my cupidity. You will learn that probably from my uncle, and then you will understand my extreme anxiety for the recovery of these jewels."

"Are they very valuable?"

"Oh, yes; the necklace consists of twenty stones, no one of which weighs less than an ounce. Altogether, I believe, they amount to two thousand four hundred or two thousand five hundred carats, and their intrinsic value is twenty pounds a carat at least. So you see that means nearly fifty thousand pounds; yet even this sum is trivial compared with what it involves. There is something like a million at stake, together with my coveted manor-house in the country, and my equally coveted mansion in Mayfair. All this is within my grasp if I can but recover the emeralds."

The girl blushed prettily as she noticed how intently I regarded her while she evolved this tantalising mystery. I thought there was a trace of embarrassment in her

laugh when she cried—

"Oh! what will you think of me when you understand the situation? Pray, pray do not judge me harshly. I assure you the position I aim at will be used for the good of others as well as for my own pleasure. If my uncle does not make a confidant of you, I must take my courage in both hands and give you all the particulars; but not to-night. Of course, if one is to unravel such a tangle as that in which we find ourselves, he must be made aware of every particular, must he not?"

"Certainly, my lady."

"Very well, Monsieur Valmont, I shall supply any deficiencies that occur in my uncle's conversation with you. There is one point on which I should like to warn you. Both my uncle and the police have made up their minds that a certain young man is the culprit. The police found various clues which apparently led in his direction, but they were unable to gather enough to justify his arrest. At first, I thought he had nothing whatever to do with the matter, but lately I am not so sure. All I ask of you, until we have another opportunity of consulting together, is to preserve an open mind, and do not let my uncle prejudice you against him."



"'I, Valmont, pledge you my word."

"What is the name of this young man?"

"He is the Honourable John Haddon."

"The Honourable? Is he a person who would do so dishonourable an action?"

The young lady shook her head.

"I am almost sure he would not, and yet one never can tell. I think at the present moment there are one or two noble lords in prison, but their crimes have not been mere vulgar housebreaking."

"Am I to infer, Lady Alicia, that you are in possession of certain facts not known

either to your uncle or the police?"

" Yes."

"Pardon me, but do these facts tend to incriminate the young man?"

Again the young lady leaned back in her chair and gazed past me, a wrinkle of perplexity on her fair brow. Then she said

very slowly-

"You will understand, Monsieur Valmont, how loth I am to speak against one who was formerly a friend. If he had been content to remain a friend, I am sure this incident which has caused us all such worry and trouble would never have happened. I do

not wish to dwell on what my uncle will tell you was a very unpleasant episode, but the Honourable John Haddon is a poor man, and it is quite out of the question for one brought up as I have been to marry into poverty. He was very headstrong and reckless about the matter, and involved my uncle in a bitter quarrel while discussing it, much to my chagrin and disappointment. It is as necessary for him to marry wealth as it is for me to make a good match, but he could not be brought to see that. Oh, he is not at all a sensible young man, and all my friendship for him has ceased. Yet I should dislike very much to take any action that would harm him, therefore I have spoken to no one but you about the evidence that is in my hands, and this you must treat as entirely confidential, giving no hint to my uncle, who is already bitter enough against Mr. Haddon."

"Does this evidence convince you that he

stole the necklace?"

"No, I do not believe yet that he actually stole it, but I am persuaded that he was accessory after the fact—is that the legal term? Now, Monsieur Valmont, we will say no more to-night. If I talk any longer about this crisis, I shall not sleep, and I wish, with your help, to attack the situation with

a very clear mind to-morrow."

When I retired to my room, I found that I, too, could not sleep, although I needed a clear mind to face the problem of to-morrow. It is difficult for me to describe accurately the effect this interview had upon my mind, but, to use a bodily simile, I may say that it seemed as if I had indulged too freely in a subtle champagne which appeared exceedingly excellent at first, but from which the exhilaration had now departed. No man could have been more completely under a spell than I was when Lady Alicia's eyes first spoke to me more than her lips revealed; but although I had challenged her right to the title "mercenary" when she applied it to herself, I could not but confess that her nonchalant recital regarding the friend who desired to be the lover, jarred upon me. I found my sympathy extending itself to that unknown young man, on whom it appeared the shadow of suspicion already rested. I was confident that if he had actually taken the emeralds, it was not at all from motives of cupidity. Indeed, that was practically shown by the fact that Scotland Yard had been unable to trace the jewels, which at least they might have done if the necklace had been sold, either as a whole or dismembered. Of course,

an emerald weighing an ounce is by no means The Hope emerald, for example, weighs six ounces, and the gem owned by the Duke of Devonshire measures two and a quarter inches through its greatest diameter. Nevertheless, such a constellation as the Blair emeralds was not to be disposed of very easily, and I surmised no attempt had been made either to sell them or to raise money upon them. Now that I had removed myself from the glamour of her presence, I began to suspect that the young lady, after all, although undoubtedly possessing the brilliancy of her jewels, retained also something of their hardness. There had been no expression of sympathy for the discarded friend; it was too evident, recalling what had latterly passed between us, that the young woman's sole desire, and a perfectly natural desire, was to recover her missing treasure. There was something behind all this which I could not comprehend, and I resolved in the morning to question the Marquis of Blair as shrewdly as he cared to Failing him, I should cross-question the niece in a somewhat dryer light than that which had enshrouded me during this interesting evening. I care not who knows it, but I have been befooled more than once by a woman, and I determined that in clear daylight I should resist the hypnotising influence of those glorious eyes. Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! how easy it is for me to make good resolutions when I am far from temptation!

It was ten o'clock next morning when I was admitted to the study of the aged bachelor Marquis of Blair. His keen eyes looked through and through me as I seated myself before him.

"Well!" he said shortly.

"My lord," I began deliberately, "I know nothing more of the case than was furnished by the accounts I have read in the newspapers. Two months have elapsed since the robbery. Every day that passed made the detection of the criminal more difficult. I do not wish to waste either my time or your money on a forlorn hope. If, therefore, you will be good enough to place me in possession of the facts known to you, I shall tell you at once whether or not I can take up the case."

"Do you wish the name of the criminal?"

asked his lordship.

"Do you know his name?" I asked in return.

"Yes, his name is John Haddon."

"Did you give that name to the police?"

" Yes."

"Why didn't they arrest him?"

"Because the evidence against him is so small, and the improbability of his having committed the crime is so great."

"What is the evidence against him?"

His lordship spoke with the dry deliberation of an aged solicitor.

"The robbery was committed on the night of October the 5th. All day there had been a heavy rain, and the grounds were wet. For reasons into which I do not care to go, John Haddon was familiar with this house and with our grounds. He was well known to my servants, and unfortunately popular with them, for he is an open-handed spendthrift. The estate of his elder brother, Lord Steffenham, adjoins my own to the west, and Lord Steffenham's house is three miles from where we sit. On the night of the fifth a ball was given in the mansion of Lord Steffenham, to which, of course, my niece and myself were invited, and which invitation we accepted. I have no quarrel with the elder It was known to John Haddon brother. that my niece intended to wear her necklace of emeralds. The robbery occurred at a time when most crimes of that nature are committed in country houses-namely, while we were at dinner, an hour during which the servants are almost invariably in the lower part of the house. In October the days are getting short. The night was exceptionally dark, for although the rain had ceased, not a star was visible. The thief placed a ladder against the sill of one of the upper windows, opened it, and came in. He must have been perfectly familiar with the house, for there are evidences that he went direct to the boudoir, where the jewel-case had been carelessly left on my niece's dressing-table when she came down to dinner. been taken from the strong-room about an hour before. The box was locked, but of course that made no difference. The thief wrenched the lid off, breaking the lock, stole the necklace, and escaped by the way he came."

"Did he leave the window open and the ladder in place?"

"Yes.

"Doesn't that strike you as very extraordinary?"

"No. I do not assert that he is a professional burglar, who would take all the precautions against the discovery that might have been expected from one of the Indeed, the man's carelessness in craft. going straight across the country to his brother's house, and leaving footsteps in the soft earth, easily traceable almost to the very

boundary fence, shows he is incapable of any serious thought."

"Is John Haddon rich?"

"He hasn't a penny."

"Did you go to the ball that night?"

"Yes, I had promised to go."

"Did John Haddon appear there?"

"Yes, but he appeared late. He should have been there at the opening, and his brother was greatly annoyed. When he did come, he acted in a wild and reckless manner, which gave the guests an impression that he had been drinking. Both my niece and myself were disgusted with his actions."

"Do you think your niece suspects him?"

"She certainly did not at first, and was indignant when I told her, coming home from the ball, that her jewels were undoubtedly in Steffenham House, even though they were not round her neck; but latterly I think her opinion has changed."

"To go back a moment. Did any of your servants see him prowling about the

"They all say they didn't, but I myself saw him, just before dusk, coming across the fields towards this house; and next morning we found the same footprints both going and coming. It seems to me the circumstantial evidence is rather strong."

"It's a pity no one but yourself saw him. What more evidence are the authorities waiting for?"

"They are waiting until he attempts to dispose of the jewels.

"You think, then, he has not done so up

to date?"

"I think he will never do so." "Then why did he steal them?"

"To prevent the marriage of my niece with Jonas Carter, of Sheffield, to whom she is betrothed. They were to be married early in the New Year."

"My lord, you amaze me. If Mr. Carter and Lady Alicia are engaged, why should the theft of the jewels interfere with the

ceremony?"

"Mr. Jonas Carter is a most estimable man, who, however, does not move in our sphere of life. He is connected with the steel or cutlery industry, and is a man of great wealth, rising upwards of a million, with a large estate in Derbyshire, and a house fronting Hyde Park in London, is a very strict business man, and both my niece and myself agree that he is also an eligible man. I myself am rather strict in matters of business, and I must admit that Mr. Carter showed a very generous spirit in

arranging the preliminaries of the engagement with me. When Alicia's father died, he had run through all the money he himself possessed or could borrow from his friends. Although a man of noble birth, I never liked him. He was married to my only sister. The Blair emeralds, as perhaps you are aware, descend through the female line. They had, therefore, come to my niece from her mother. My poor sister had long been disillusioned before death released her from the titled scamp she had married, and she very wisely placed the emeralds in my custody, to be held in trust for her daughter. They constitute my niece's only fortune, and would produce, if offered in London to-day, probably seventy-five or a hundred thousand pounds, although actually they are not worth so much. Mr. Jonas Carter very amiably consented to receive my niece with a dowry of only fifty thousand pounds, and that money I offered to advance if I were allowed to retain the jewels as This was arranged security. Mr. Carter and myself."

"But surely Mr. Carter does not refuse to carry out his engagement because the jewels

have been stolen?"

"He does. Why should he not?"

"Then surely you will advance the fifty thousand necessary?"

"I will not. Why should I?"

"Well, it seems to me," said I, with a slight laugh, "the young man has very definitely checkmated both of you."

"He has, until I have laid him by the heels, which I am determined to do, if he were the brother of twenty Lord Steffenhams."

"Please answer one more question. Are you' determined to put the young man in prison, or would you be content with the return of the emeralds intact?"

"Of course, I should prefer to put him in prison and get the emeralds too; but if there's no choice in the matter, I must content myself with the necklace."

"Very well, my lord; I will undertake the case."

This conference had detained us in the study till after eleven, and then, as it was a clear, crisp December morning, I went out through the gardens into the park, that I might walk along the well-kept private road and meditate upon my course of action—or, rather, think over what had been said, because I could not map my route until I had heard the secret which Lady Alicia promised to impart. As at present instructed, it seemed to me that it was the

best way to go direct to the young man, show him as effectively as I could the danger in which he stood, and, if possible, persuade him to deliver up the necklace to me. As I strolled along under the grand old leafless trees, I suddenly heard my name called impulsively two or three times, and, turning round, saw the Lady Alicia running towards me. Her cheeks were bright with Nature's rouge, and her eyes sparkled more dazzlingly than any emerald that ever tempted man to wickedness.

"Oh, Monsieur Valmont, I have been waiting for you, and you escaped me. Have you seen my uncle?"

"Yes, I have been with him since ten

o'clock."

" Well?"

"Your ladyship, that is exactly the word with which he greeted me."

"Ah, you see an additional likeness between my uncle and myself this morning, then? Has he told you about Mr. Carter?"

"Yes.

"Then you understand how important it is that I should regain possession of my property?"

"Yes," I said with a sigh, "the house near Hyde Park, and the great estate in Derby-

shire."

She clapped her hands with glee, eyes and feet dancing in unison, as she walked along gaily beside me, in a sort of skippety-hop, skippety-hop sideways, keeping pace with my more stately step, as if she were a little girl of six instead of a young woman of twenty.

"Not only that!" she cried, "but one million pounds to spend! Oh, Monsieur Valmont, you know Paris, and yet you do not seem to comprehend what that plethora

of money means!"

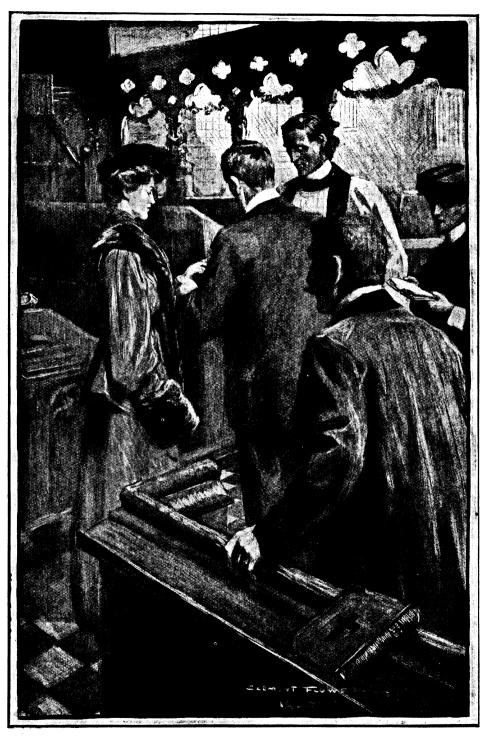
"Well, madam, I have seen Paris, and I have seen a good deal of the world, but I am not so sure you will have the million to spend"

"What?" she cried, stopping short, that little wrinkle which betokened temper appearing on her brow, "do you think we

won't get the emeralds, then?"

"Oh, I am sure we will get the emeralds. I, Valmont, pledge you my word. But if Mr. Jonas Carter, before marriage, calls a halt upon the ceremony until your uncle places fifty thousand pounds upon the table, I confess I am very pessimistic about your obtaining control of the million afterwards."

All her vivacity instantaneously returned.
"Pooh!" she cried, dancing round in
front of me, and standing there directly in



"The ceremony was at once performed."

my path, so that I came to a halt. "Pooh!" she repeated, snapping her fingers, with an inimitable gesture of that lovely hand. "Monsieur Valmont, I am disappointed in you. You are not nearly so nice as you were last evening. It is very uncomplimentary in you to intimate that when once I am married to Mr. Carter I shall not wheedle from him all the money I want. Do not rest your eyes on the ground; look at me and answer!"

I looked up at her and could not forbear laughing. The witchery of the wood was in the girl—yes, and a perceptible trace of the Gallic devil flickered in those enchanting eyes of hers. I could not help myself.

"Ah, Madame la Marquise de Bellairs, how jauntily you would scatter despair in

that susceptible Court of Louis!"

"Ah, Monsieur Eugène de Valmont," she cried, mimicking my tones, and imitating my manner with an exactitude that amazed me, "you are now my dear De Valmont of last night. I dreamed of you, I assure you I did, and now to find you in the morning, oh, so changed!" and she clasped her little hands and dropped her head, and her voice sank into a cadence of melancholy which seemed so genuine that the mocking ripple of a laugh immediately following was almost a shock to me. Where had this creature of the dull English countryside learnt all such frou-frou of gesture and tone?

"Have you ever seen Sarah Bernhardt?"

1 asked.

Now, the average Englishwoman would have inquired the genesis of so inconsequent a question, but Lady Alicia followed the trend of my thought, and answered at once as if my query had been quite expected—

"Mais non, monsieur. Sarah the Divine! Ah, she comes with my million a year and the house of Hyde Park. No, the only inhabitant of my real world whom I have yet seen is Monsieur Valmont, and he, alas! I find so changeable. But now adieu, frivolity; we must be serious," and she walked sedately by my side.

"Do you know where you are going, monsieur? You are going to church. Oh, do not look frightened—not to a service. I am decorating the church with holly, and you shall help me and get thorns in your

poor fingers."

The private road, which up to this time had passed through a forest, now reached a secluded glade in which stood a very small but exquisite church, evidently centuries older than the mansion we had left. Beyond

it were grey stone ruins which Lady Alicia pointed out to me as remnants of the original *château* that had been built in the reign of the second Henry. The church, it was thought, formed the private chapel to this castle, and it had been kept in repair by the various lords of the manor.

"Now hearken to the power of the poor, and learn how they may flout the proud marquis!" cried Lady Alicia gleefully. "The poorest man in England may walk along this private road on Sunday to the church, and the proud marquis is powerless to prevent him. Of course, if the poor man prolongs his walk, then he is in danger from the law of trespass. On week-days, however, this is the most secluded spot on the estate. and I regret to say that my lordly uncle does not trouble it even on Sundays. I fear we are a degenerate race, Monsieur Valmont, for doubtless a fighting and deeply religious ancestor of mine built this church; and to think that when the useful masons cemented these stones together, Madame la Marquise de Bellairs or Lady Alicia were alike unthought of, and though three hundred years divide them, seem, as one might say, contemporaries! Oh, Monsieur Valmont, what is the use of worrying about emeralds or anything else? As I look at this beautiful old church, even the house of Hyde Park appears as naught," and to my amazement, the eyes that Lady Alicia turned upon me were wet.

The front door was unlocked, and we walked into the church in silence. Around the pillars holly and ivy were twined. Great armfuls of the shrub were flung here and there along the wall in heaps, and a stepladder stood in one of the aisles, showing that the decoration of the edifice was not yet complete. A subdued melancholy had settled down on my erstwhile vivacious companion, the inevitable reaction so characteristic of the artistic temperament—augmented, doubtless, by the solemnity of the place, around whose walls in brass and marble were sculptured memorials of her ancient race.

"You promised," I said at last, "to tell

me how you came to suspect—"

"Not here, not here," she whispered; then rising from the pew in which she had seated herself, she said—

"Let us go; I am in no mood for working this morning. I shall finish the decoration in the afternoon."

We came out into the cool and brilliant sunlight again, and as we turned homeward, her spirits immediately began to rise.

"I am anxious to know," I persisted, "why you came to suspect a man whom at first you believed innocent."

"I am not sure but I believe him innocent now, although I am forced to the conclusion that he knows where the treasure is."

"What forces you to that conclusion, my

lady?"

"A letter I received from himself, in which he makes a proposal so extraordinary that I am almost disinclined to accede to it, even though it leads to the discovery of my However, I am determined to necklace. leave no means untried if I receive the support of my friend Monsieur Valmont."

"My lady," said I with a bow, "it is but yours to command, mine to obey. What

were the contents of the letter?"

"Read it," she replied, taking the folded sheet from her pocket and handing it to me.

She had been quite right in characterising the note as an extraordinary epistle. Honourable John Haddon had the temerity to propose that she should go through a form of marriage with him at the old church we had just left. If she did that, he said, it would console him for the mad love he felt for her. The ceremony would have no binding force upon her whatever, and she might bring whom she pleased to perform it. If she had no one whom she could trust, he would invite an old college chum, and bring him to the church next morning at half-past seven o'clock. Even if an ordained clergyman performed the ceremony, it would not be legal unless it took place between the hours of eight in the morning and three in the afternoon. If she consented to this, the emeralds were hers once more.

"That is the proposal of a madman," said

I, as I handed back the letter.

"Well," she replied with a nonchalant shrug of her shoulders, "he has always said he was madly in love with me, and I quite believe it. Poor young man, if this mummery were to console him for the rest of his life, why should I not indulge him in it?"

"Lady Alicia, surely you would not countenance the profaning of that lovely old edifice with a mock ceremonial? No man in his senses would suggest such a thing!"

Once more her eyes were twinkling with

merriment.

"But the Honourable John Haddon, as I have told you, is not in his senses."

"Then why should you indulge him?"

"Why? How can you ask such a question? Because of the emeralds. It is only a mad lark, after all, and no one shall know of it.

Oh, Monsieur Valmont," she cried pleadingly, clasping her hands, and yet it seemed to me with an undercurrent of laughter in her beseeching tones, "will you not enact for us the part of clergyman? I am sure if your face were as serious as it is at this moment, the robes of a priest would become you."

"Lady Alicia, you are incorrigible. I am somewhat of a man of the world, yet I should not dare to counterfeit the sacred office, and I hope you but jest. In fact, I

am sure you do, my lady."

She turned away from me with a very

pretty pout.

"Monsieur Valmont, your knighthood is, after all, but surface deep. 'Tis not mine to command, and yours to obey, as you said a moment since. Certainly I did but jest. John shall bring his own bogus clergyman with him."

"Are you going to meet him to-morrow?" "Of course I am. I have promised.

must recover my necklace."

"You seem to have great confidence that

he will produce it."

"If he fails to do so, then I have Monsieur Valmont as my trump card. But, monsieur, although you quite rightly refuse to comply with my first request, you will surely not reject my second. Will you meet me tomorrow at the head of the avenue, promptly at a quarter past seven, and escort me to the church?"

For a moment the negative trembled on my tongue's end, but she turned those enchanting eyes upon me, and I was

"Yes," I answered.

She seized both my hands, like a little girl

overjoyed at a promised excursion.

"Oh, Monsieur Valmont, you are a darling! I feel as if I'd known you all my life. sure you will never regret having humoured me "-then added a moment later, " if we get the emeralds."

"Ah," said I, "if we get the emeralds."

We were now within sight of the house, so she pointed out our rendezvous for the morning. and with that I bade her

"Good-bye."

It was shortly after seven o'clock next day when I reached the rendezvous. The Lady Alicia was somewhat long in putting in an appearance, but when she arrived, her face was aglow with girlish delight at the solemn prank she was about to play.

"You have not changed your mind?" I

said, after the morning's greetings.

"Oh, no, Monsieur Valmont," she replied,

with a bright laugh; "I am determined to get those emeralds again."

"We must hurry, Lady Alicia, or we shall

be too late."

"There is plenty of time," she remarked calmly, and she proved to be right, because when we came in sight of the church, the clock pointed to the hour of half-past seven.

"Now," she said, "I shall wait here until you steal up to the church and look in through one of the windows that do not contain stained glass. I would not for the world arrive before Mr. Haddon and his friend are there."

I did as requested, and saw two young men standing together in the centre aisle, one in the full robes of a clergyman, the other in his ordinary dress, whom I took to be the Honourable John Haddon. profile was towards me, and I must admit that there was very little of the madman in his calm countenance. It was a well-cut face, clean shaven, and strikingly manly. In one of the pews was seated a woman, who I learned afterwards was Lady Alicia's maid, who had been instructed to come and go from the house by the footpath, while we had taken the longer road. I returned and escorted Lady Alicia to the church, and there was introduced to Mr. Haddon and his friend the made-up divine. The ceremony was at once performed, and, man of the world as I professed to be, this enacting of private theatricals in a church grated upon me. When the maid and I were asked to sign the book as witnesses, I said-

"Surely that is carrying realism a little

too far?"

Mr. Haddon smiled and replied very

"I am amazed to hear a Frenchman objecting to realism going to its full length; and, speaking for myself, I should be delighted to see the autograph of the renowned Eugène Valmont," and with that proffered me the pen, whereupon I scrawled my signature. The maid had already signed and had disappeared. The reputed clergyman bowed us out of the church, standing in the porch to see us walk up the avenue.

"Ed," cried John Haddon, "I'll be back within half an hour, and we'll attend to the

clock. You won't mind waiting?"

"Not in the least, dear boy. God bless you both!" and the tremor in his voice seemed to me carrying realism still one step further.

The Lady Alicia hurried us on with downcast head until we were within the gloom of the forest, and then, ignoring me, she turned suddenly to the young man and placed her two hands on his shoulders.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" she cried. He kissed her twice on the lips.

"Jack, Monsieur Valmont insists on the emeralds."

The young man laughed. Her ladyship stood fronting him, with her back towards Tenderly the young man unfastened something at the throat of that high-necked dress of hers, then there was a snap, and he drew out an amazing, dazzling, shimmering sheen of green, that seemed to turn the whole bleak December landscape verdant as with a touch of spring. The girl hid her rosy face against his, and over her shoulder with a smile he handed me the celebrated Blair emeralds.

"There is the treasure, Monsieur Valmont," he cried, "on condition that you do not

molest the culprit."

"Or the accessory after the fact," murmured Lady Alicia in smothered tones, with a hand clasping her high-necked dress at the throat.

"We trust to your invention, monsieur, to deliver that necklace to my uncle with a detective story that will thrill him to his very heart."

We heard the clock strike eight, and then a second later the chime for quarter-past, and another second after the chime for

"Åh!" cried Haddon, "Ed has attended to the clock himself. What a good fellow he is!"

I looked at my watch: it was twenty-five minutes to nine.

"Was the ceremony genuine, then?" I asked.

"Ah, monsieur," said the young man, patting his wife affectionately on the shoulder, "nothing on earth is more genuine than that ceremony was."

And the volatile Lady Alicia clung closer

to him than ever!

THE SPIRIT-WOLF.

ARTHUR HEMING.

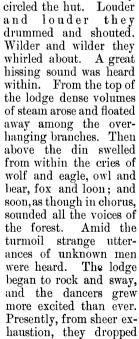
This is the second story by Mr. Heming, based upon his remarkable adventures in the Canadian wilderness which he has recently explored. Although cast in the form of fiction, the following story is rich in hitherto unknown facts concerning the hunters and trappers of the great Northern wilds. The character of Standing Wolf is drawn direct from life.

ILENCE reigned, but passively they waited. A dry leaf, falling free, rustled down among the branches. A leaping fish broke the placidity of the lake. From within the lodge shrilled the startling sound of a loon's unearthly call sent echoing back by the forest and the

lake. Suddenly the doorskin flapped aside, and out sprang the naked form of Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer. Instantly he leaped upon a boulder and stood with his tawny limbs wide apart, his right arm outstretched towards the sky, and his head thrown slightly back. Crowning his loose hair was a leather cap, decorated at the front, on the back, and on either side, with the heads of an eagle, a loon, a crane, and an owl; and with an eagle's tail spreading fanlike behind. In his right hand he grasped a medicine-bag and a drumstick; with his left he held a drum. stood motionless. smokers among the men, women and children squatted before him, puffed away at their

tobacco—all save a boy of six, who unconcernedly withdrew his pipe from his mouth and held it aside while he fed from his mother's Still the conjurer kept his pose. The Indians, knowing why, threw another skin upon the heap of "presents" before Perhaps it was enough. Wab-ud-ow would see if the gifts were sufficient to satisfy his good spirit, in order that it might help him to master the evil spirit that had seized Mi-na-ce. With his arms still outstretched he slowly bowed to the north, to the south, to the east, and to the west. The door-skin flapped again, and, like a flash, the conjurer vanished within. Immediately all the Indians leaped to their feet and

began to dance around the medicine-lodge. Faster and faster they circled the hut. Louder louder they drummed and shouted. Wilder and wilder they whirled about. A great hissing sound was heard within. From the top of the lodge dense volumes of steam arose and floated away among the overhanging branches. Then above the din swelled from within the cries of wolf and eagle, owl and bear, fox and loon; and soon, as though in chorus, sounded all the voices of the forest. Amid the turmoil strange utterances of unknown men were heard. The lodge began to rock and sway, and the dancers grew more excited than ever. Presently, from sheer ex-



out of the dance one by one, and the harsh sounds from within gradually died away. Another flap of the door-skin, and again out bounded Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer, drumming away in a perfect frenzy of gesticulation. His body reeked with perspiration, and his eyes were wildly dilated. Suddenly he stopped.

"My brothers," he began, "it is bad news I have to bring you. Mi-na-ce, the daughter of Standing Wolf, will surely die. Even now she is ready to walk upon the spirit-path. I, Wab-ud-ow, the great conjurer, may yet



"The Spirit-Wolf of Spirit Lake."

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save her life if only her friends and relations will open their hearts to give more presents, and thus secure the power of a good spirit to help me to overcome the evil one within her."

Again he waited. Several more skins were thrown upon the pile. He waited still. An old gun was handed forward and tossed upon the heap. It was enough. He bowed again to the four points of the compass, dived into the lodge, and resumed the interrupted ceremonies. Again the Indians drummed and shouted and danced about.

The lodge was oval-shaped, about ten feet long by seven wide and eight high. upright poles were of poplar, interwoven with willow. All the wood was green. deerskin tent was draped about the poles. Inside the enclosure a fire burned, and from it heated stones were rolled into a hole in the earth close beside a large "rogan" (birchbark vessel) of water, for the making of The conjurer cantered about the semi-nude, recumbent figure of the unfortunate girl, imitating, as he moved, the calls of the birds and beasts of the wilderness. Louder and louder grew the uproar, while the lodge shook more violently than ever. Again the hissing of steam was heard, and once more the various charms in the medicine-bag were brought into play. Then the door-skin flapped open, and Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer, appeared before the gathering.

"My brothers, it is better news I bring. My spirit says that Mi-na-ce may yet recover; but only on condition that the friends and relations of Mi-na-ce dissuade her father, Min-gin-e-ca-po (Standing Wolf), from going to his hunting-grounds at Spirit Lake; and persuade him to hunt instead upon the lands

of his wife's family.

"Many years ago," continued Wab-ud-ow, "when Standing Wolf was but a young man, he avenged his father's death by killing the great grizzly bear. War-sa-ka-chark, the Mischief-Maker. When War-sa-ka-chark died, his spirit roamed about for many years in search of a body worthy of it; but all in vain, until at last it found a great grey wolf into which it entered. Now that wolf has grown greater still in size and strength, and my good spirit tells me that this formidable beast has found the hunting-grounds of Standing Wolf, and is even now living there for the sole purpose of avenging the death of War-sa-ka-chark, who was killed among the Big Hills that stand in a distant land, beyond the Athabasca, even beyond the river of Peace.

"My spirit tells me also that if Standing

Wolf goes to his hunting-grounds this fall, he will be torn asunder by that terrible animal, the Spirit-Wolf, for upon it neither his knife nor axe will have any avail; and his bullets will but glance aside.

"Do you wish Mi-na-ce to live? Do you wish Standing Wolf to live also? Then, my brothers, do not let him go to Spirit

Lake. Beware! I have spoken."

The throng grunted their approval. The conjurer bade them carry out the girl. Kindling a small fire beside her, he squatted before them all, and seizing her arm, sucked it violently. After innumerable flourishes, he withdrew something from his mouth. He then explained that, with the assistance of his good spirit, he had mastered her evil spirit, and that he had taken the demon from her in the form of a small frog. He held the tiny frog in his outstretched hand. After all had examined it he cast it into the flames.

For three days and three nights the women took charge of Mi-na-ce; the relays of squaws crooned incessantly beside the un-

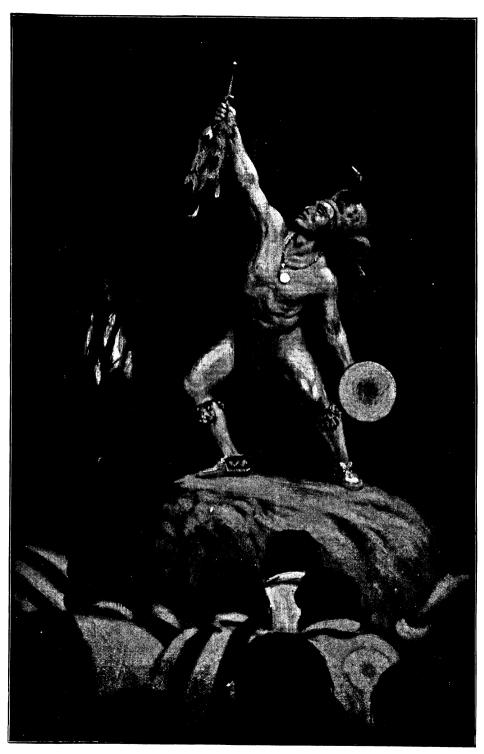
happy girl.

When Standing Wolf returned from his voyage, upon which he had acted as guide-in-chief of the Fur Brigade, he was besieged by his relations and friends, and warned of the fate that would surely befall him should he venture that winter upon his hunting-

grounds at Spirit Lake.

Being a shrewd man, he listened to all and said little. For the last three years he had refrained from hunting upon his preserve, in order that the game and the fur animals might increase. Being a brave man, he determined not to be turned aside. a suspicious man, he thought Wab-ud-ow had a personal reason for voicing such a prophecy; and, being a cunning man, he pretended that he would go only as far as the grounds of his wife's family, and hunt there all winter. Although in his inmost heart he believed the prediction of the medicine-man, and dreaded the coming of the Spirit-Wolf, nevertheless his courage overbore his fear.

The hunting-grounds in possession of the various Indian tribes in "The Strong Wood" zone—that vast belt of timber which completely girdles Canada—has been for centuries subdivided and allotted, either by bargain or battle, to the main families of each band. In many cases these hunting-grounds have remained in the undisputed possession of the same families for generations. The hunting-grounds belonging to



"Still the conjurer kept his pose."

the several families usually have natural boundaries, such as hills, valleys, rivers, or lakes; and the allotments of land are generally in the form of wedge-shaped tracts radiating from common centres. Thus, from the intersection of the many converging boundary lines, the common centres become the hubs of the various districts. district centres, or hubs, mark convenient summer camping-grounds for the reunion of families after their arduous work during the long winter hunting season. Thus the tribal summer camping-grounds are not only situated on the natural highways of the country—the principal rivers and lakes—but also mark excellent fishing-stations; and it is there, too, that the Indians have their burial-grounds. Often these camping-grounds are the summer headquarters for from three to six or eight main families; and each main family may contain from five or six to fifty



or sixty hunting men. Intermarriage between families of two districts gives the man the right to hunt on the land of his wife's family as long as he "sits on the brush with her"—is wedded to her—but the children do not inherit that right; it dies with the father. Generally, an Indian will live upon his own land, but will make frequent

hunting excursions to the land of his wife's family. In the past, the side boundaries of hunting-grounds have been the cause of many family feuds, and the outer boundaries the occasion for many tribal wars. The past and present headquarters camping-grounds of "The Strong Wood" Indians are about an average distance of one hundred and fifty miles apart. The praise that has been bestowed upon the pioneer fur-traders for the excellent judgment shown in choosing the sites upon which trading-posts have been established throughout Canada has often been misapplied: the credit is really due to the Indians.

The fur-traders erected their posts or forts upon the Indians' tribal summer camping-grounds simply because they found such spots to be the general meeting-places of the Indians, and not only situated on the principal highways of the wilderness, but accessible from all points of the surrounding country; and, moreover, the very centres of excellent fish and game regions. Thus, in Canada,

many of the Indians' ancient tribal campinggrounds are now known by the names of trading-posts, of progressive frontier towns, or of important cities.

Upon one of those ancient camping-grounds there stands on the beautiful shores of God's Lake,* in the very heart of the wilderness, a square stockade enclosing a number of hewn-log buildings plastered with clay, and a clap-boarded house of two storeys wherein the factor lives. Two small cannons, riding upon dilapidated carriages, guard the flagstaff that stands near a big gateway, whose arch is decorated with seventeen gaudily painted letters spelling "Fort Determination."

On a clear, sunny September morning, when an early frost was quietly loosening the rich autumnal mantle of the trees, and a gentle breeze was leisurely strewing it in tiny rustling fragments of brown and red and yellow, to form a new carpet for the forest, three dark objects with glittering silver wakes were seen upon the lake. The half-breed servant, who first sighted them, ran to tell Hu-ge-mow, "the master"—or Hudson's Bay factor—who took down his telescope to scan the shimmering waters.

"Ou! Aye! I ha' them th' noo. I doot it'll be Waub-o-geeg, or mebee Ma-mong-e-se-da. Na! It's no they! It micht be yon deevil Wab-ud-ow, but it canna be his family it's wie him; and yet I oucht t'ken yon stroke."

After considerable silence the factor broke forth again.

"Guid keep me! I should ha' kenned them afore. It's Min-gin-e-ca-po's outfit coming after their advances."

When Min-gin-e-ca-po, Standing Wolf, had landed, the Indians about the fort went down to greet him as he stalked up to the gateway, where he was welcomed by the factor. Together they strode to the store, while Standing Wolf's family pitched camp upon the beach. Upon three sides of the trading-room there was a U-shaped counter, and in the middle of the intervening space stood a fireless box-stove. On the shelves and racks upon the walls, and from the hooks in the rafters, rested or hung a conglomeration of the goods proffered in trade to the wilderness people. There were flints and steels, tobacco and candies, guns and axes, frying - pans and pain - killer bottles, calico dresses and copper tea-pails, Hudson's

^{*} These fictitious names are used in order that the author may draw a composite picture of a northern trading-post.



"Standing Wolf."

Bay blankets and coloured beads, excellent tea and sow-belly. It was, on a small scale, a departmental store—with the departments all jumbled together, except the millinery section. This last—a late addition—was contained in a large, lidless packing-case, against the side of which stood a long steering-paddle for the clerk's use in stirring about the varied assortment of white-women's ancient headgear, should a fastidious squaw request to see more than the uppermost layer.

Standing Wolf sat long in silence. At last he began to speak slowly in the Saulteaux dialect, although he could have spoken

in English—

"Hu-ge-mow, I will make big hunt this winter. I am going to a land where moose and caribou, bear and beaver, marten and mink, are plentiful. Accordingly, I want liberal advances. Hu-ge-mow knows that I

always pay my debt."

"Ou, aye!" grunted the factor, "an' hoo will ye manage to make sickna a beeg hunt? There's no so verra much fur at the Caribou Hills, and I canna understan' wat for ye went there last winter. Noo, if ye were gaun on your auld groons on Speerit Lake, that waud be deeferent, an' I cud afford to be a deal mair generous."

"Ah! Hu-ge-mow does not know. How could he? But, if Hu-ge-mow will keep it to himself, I will tell him," replied Standing

Wolf.

"Weel! Wat is't? I'll no say onything,"

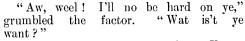
rejoined the factor.

"It is this way," began Standing Wolf.
"Wab-ud-ow has made bad medicine. He
predicts that if I hunt at Spirit Lake, I will
die. But I am not afraid of either Wabud-ow or his prophecy. Therefore, I go to
hunt at Spirit Lake, even though his bad
medicine kill me."

"That's guid," replied the trader. "I'm mair'n glad to hear't; but look oot for you

deevil Wab-ud-ow."

"Then the master will be liberal?" questioned Standing Wolf.



Being a trader of great experience, Factor Clark treated the Indian generously; and, in the way of the usual peace-offering, gave him gratuitously a plug of tobacco, a paper of matches, a quarter-pound of tea, a half-pound of sugar, two pounds of flour, and a half-pound of pork. An Indian invariably asks for twice as much as he expects to get. The trader, in turn, advances to the hunter goods to the value of about one-third of his average annual hunt.

As soon as Standing Wolf had learned that the factor would give him credit to the value of one hundred "skins," he went off to consult his family. A "skin" is equivalent to one dollar in the Mackenzie River or Hudson Bay districts, but represents only fifty cents in the region of the Athabasca.

Standing Wolf, on his return, was accompanied by his eldest son, Wa-pis-tan, or The Marten, a lad of fourteen; and by At-tick, or The Caribou, a sixteen-year-old adopted boy, whom he was teaching the ways of the hunting trail. The trader handed him one hundred marked goose-quills—the equivalent of that number of "skins." The



"There stood a tall pine tree that Standing Wolf made into a 'lop-stick."



"Swiftly they glided down a wild rapid."

Indian divided the bunch, giving twenty to The Caribou to hold in reserve for ammunition, tobacco, and hardware; and twenty to his son, to keep for buying an outfit for his mother and sisters. The hunter then began to trade; but long before he had procured all he wanted, his sixty quills were exhausted. He then drew the twenty quills held by The Caribou, but they were not enough. He subtracted ten from his wife's twenty, but even they were insufficient. Then he took five more, and finally the remaining five. But still he lacked many things deemed essential.

As though in deep thought, the hunter stood with his arms folded and his face very glum—for an Indian, when he chooses, is just as good an expressionist as a white man. The factor, taking compassion, pitched ten more quills upon the counter, to the evident delight of Standing Wolf, who then finished his trade—at least for the time being. together he had purchased a muzzle-loading gun, two pairs of trousers, two shirts, a suit of underwear, six assorted traps, twine for nets and snares, tea, tobacco, powder, guncaps, bullets, shot, files, knives, axe, pails, frying-pan, matches, candy, soap, needles, thread, belt, and waistccat. That outfit was thought sufficient for the hunter, his wife, and his daughters.

Then Standing Wolf began to lament that there was nothing for his wife or his daughters,

unless he lent them both his shirts. By this time the wife had appeared upon the scene. Together they persuaded the trader to advance her ten skins' worth of goods. Holding out both hands with all the fingers extended, she began to bargain for her advance. First, she chose a three-point blanket worth five skins; and, when it was handed her, closed the five fingers of her left hand and dropped Next, she decided upon a three-skin piece of print for a dress, and closed three fingers. Finally, picking out a neck-shawl, she closed the other two fingers and dropped her extended hand. Just then the baby began to cry, and the mother remembered that they had nothing for the papoose. After a good deal of talk, the trader handed over five more quills, which returned to him in as many minutes. Then the squaw whispered to her husband that they had nothing for the boys. The hunter then told the trader that he must have something for The Caribou; but the trader protested that he had already been too liberal. The Indian replied-

"Well, if you are stingy, why, never mind, the goods are yours."

It now dawned upon the trader that the Indian had him in a tight place; for, should he displease him, he would trade his winter's catch to the free trader, or sell his prime furs to the opposition, and bring only his common furs to the Hudson's Bay Company;



or, perhaps, he might keep the Hudson's Bay Company waiting several years for payment.

"Weel! Hoo much d'ye want?" grumbled the trader.

"The boy," replied the Indian, "can kill at least twenty skins' worth of ——"

"Huts, huts. mon! I'll gie him ten," im-

patiently replied the factor.

When the boy had finished, the trader put his book under his arm, and went to the door in the hope that the Indians would leave; but still they lounged about, with never a thought of the open door. For the last hour the trader had been telling all his funny stories, endeavouring to keep the Indians in good humour. Now, however, his blood boiled as he thought of the advances he had made, and yet he was afraid to tell them to go. A couple of hours earlier the Indian might have been kicked by the trader without resenting it; but with his advances in his possession, he felt independent and ready to take offence at the merest trifle. At last the trader hinted that it was growing late, and the Indians agreed with him, but made no move.

"Well, are ye no dune yet? Wat is't ye want th' noo?" roared the exasperated trader. Haughtily the Indian replied—

"Here is my son; there is nothing for him; and yet he can kill as much as The Caribou."

It was finally decided that the factor would give The Marten advances to the extent of ten skins, and open an independent account for him. Before doing so, however, the trader harangued him, telling the boy that his father was not only a great hunter, but an honest man, who always paid his debt. Now that The Marten's name was

to be placed upon the Company's books, he should strive to become a famous hunter also, so that, even after he was dead, every one would point to his name and say what a great hunter he had been. The trader advised him to choose wisely, because from henceforth he would be personally responsible for everything he bought, and would have to pay "skin for skin." (The motto of the Hudson's Bay Company.)

To begin with, the boy chose a trap. That pleased the trader greatly, and he told the lad that he was glad to see him buying such a useful article. Next, he picked out a silk handkerchief; then, two printed flannel shirts, some scented soap, a box of pomatum, a silver ring, a pipe, some tobacco and candy. As the boy picked up his "outfit" and moved to the door, the trader glared angrily at him, because of the worthless things he had chosen. After a moment's hesitation at the door, the boy returned, handed back the trap, and chose instead some ribbons, braid, buttons, and a mouth-organ.

While waiting for his son, Standing Wolf remembered that he had neither flour nor grease. Once again the trader had to surrender. Then the thought struck the Indian that he had bought no medicines.

"You know I am not very strong, and I may fall ill," he said. "My wife—she is not very strong, and she may fall ill also. My bovs——"

But the trader, glaring at him, cut the Indian short with: "All richt! This'll fux ye, I doot," at the same time handing the hunter some salts, peppermint, pain-killer, and sticking-plaster—the usual stock-in-trade of the wilderness medicine-chest, and supposed to cure everything that may befall a bushman.

At length the hunter perceived that it was getting late. On taking leave, he remarked that Standing Wolf's heart was now pleased; that he thought the trader was as good as an Indian—the highest compliment an Indian ever pays a white man—and that Standing Wolf was now going to work hard to make a big hunt and bring all his furs to Hu-ge-mow for "The Great Company." The following day, Noo-koom, the mother of Standing Wolf, and his other children received their advances; then the women set out upon a begging expedition, visiting the trader's wife as well as the priest and the nuns. hunter and his family spent that evening in farewell gossip with their copper-coloured friends.

When the sun appared next morning, it

shone upon dense clouds of mist that rose from the lake, twisting and turning one over another as they mounted skyward. A gentle breeze struck them, and they went rolling along the shore, up the bank, over the stockade, in and out among the buildings, until at last the fort was entirely enveloped, and, along with the highest hills, blotted from the scene. Nothing but a great mysteriously moving shroud of pearly grey remained. Then the sun, gaining strength as it arose above the trees, struck the clouds of cold, grey vapour with all the power of its dazzling rays, and dissolved the mist into many ghostly forms of silver grey that danced aimlessly hither and thither. As these thinned out, the fort gradually became distinguishable, and stood high above the misty wreaths, like a fairy castle without Far down below, where the foundation. moat of the castle should be, three silhouetted forms of darker grey silently floated in space. Presently, as they began to shape themselves into definite forms, a fourth figure joined them. It was Wab-ud-ow paddling alone in his canoe. He had overtaken the three canoes of Standing Wolf's party as they were leaving Fort Determination.

"Quay quay!" sang out the conjurer.
"Quay quay!" replied the hunter. Then

the canoes bunched together.

"I have come to bid my brother farewell. Which way do you go? To Caribou Hills or Spirit Lake?" questioned Wab-ud-ow.

"To Caribou Hills," answered Standing Wolf—"I have no desire to die just yet."

"It is well. I am glad my brother is not going to Spirit Lake, for I have not forgotten the terrible thing my good spirit revealed to me, that I might warn you of a horrible death," said the conjurer.

Then they shook hands. Their canoes parted, one fading away into the misty screen, the other three gliding into sunshine.

All day long they paddled, stopping only to infuse some tea. When evening overtook them, God's Lake was far behind, and, for the night, they turned their canoes upside down upon the banks of Bear River. While the women cooked supper and erected the lodges, Standing Wolf set a gill-net for fish, and the boys shot a few ducks and a beaver. Day after day they travelled up the winding river. The current was sluggish at first, but in a few days they came to a series of shallow rapids up which they poled or tracked, and then to a succession of cataracts where they portaged their canoes and dunnage past the whitewaters. At last they came to an ex-

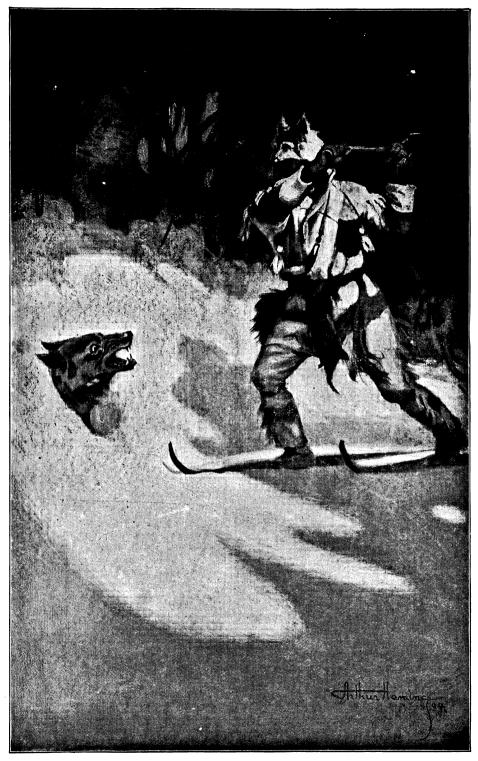
pansion of the river—known as a lake where the way to Caribou Hills and Spirit Lake divided. Here Standing Wolf headed the canoes for a creek that came down from the hills, and, taking advantage of a favourable wind, bunched them and braced them together with paddles lashed from thwart to thwart across the gunwales. He rigged up a mast and set a four-point blanket to a stern breeze that drove the canoes rapidly ahead, with much lapping and gurgling of whitecrested waves, through a labyrinth of islands. While they sailed, the Indians and dogs drowsed, all save Ko-Ko, the wife of Standing Wolf, who did the steering. At the mouth of Caribou Creek the hunter took care to leave plenty of signs as to the route he had taken. Beside the ashes of their camp-fires there stood a tall pine tree that Standing Wolf made into a "lop-stick" in honour of the beginning of his son's hunting career. A "lop-stick" is a tall, straight tree denuded of all its branches except those at the very top. It is used to commemorate the startingpoint of a young man's career as an independent hunter, or his first voyage with the Fur Brigade, or to mark his grave.

Slowly the party proceeded up the turbulent little creek. On coming to a chain of lakes, Standing Wolf changed his course. He told his astonished family that instead of settling for the winter among the Caribou Hills, they would proceed by way of the lakes and a convenient stream to his old hunting-grounds at Spirit Lake. He also told them that he had little faith in Wabud-ow; and, now that he had duped the conjurer, he would hunt upon his own lands, where game was plentiful. So they journeyed on to Spirit Lake. The weather was most exhilarating; days of glorious sunshine and nights of hard frost. They toiled over portages leading across steep hills, through wild, rocky gorges, and into rank muskegs, before they struck the headwaters of Lonely River, a beautiful little stream that empties into Spirit Lake. With glad hearts they quickly re-embarked and propelled their canoes rapidly ahead to the tune of paddle-handles, bumping gunwales, swishing blades, swirling water, and gurgling wakes. Swiftly they glided. Here under overhanging trees, or past a moosemarked beach; there down a wild rapid, or close to a bear-worn bank; and ever through a panorama of enchanting scenery. sped. At last they came to the end of their voyage, and pitched their camp upon a sandy beach where Lonely River lost itself in Spirit Lake. There—the Indians say—strange animals come down to drink, and phantom hunters roam the surrounding forest. It was there, at a secluded end of the lake, about fifteen miles from the camping-places used during former seasons, that Standing Wolf decided to erect his lodges for the winter.

As time went on, the north wind blew and stilled the rivers and the lakes. Then a great white mantle slowly settled upon the frostlocked waters and the whispering forest; and soon all the wilderness was robed in dazzling splendour. For many days the hunter had been engaged in beating his trapping paths, setting his traps and snares, and skinning the furred creatures of the Strong Wood Country. Late one night, when Standing Wolf and the boys were off on the hunting trail, old Noo-koom squatted noddingly beside the dying fire, and back among the quivering shadows slept the children and the other women. It was a wild night. The wind moaned and roared. The snow sifted and drifted. The dogs whined and snarled. Suddenly the old woman threw up her arms and screamed in terror-

"The Spirit-Wolf! The Spirit-Wolf!" as the dogs bolted into the lodge followed by a gaunt timber-wolf of giant size. Instantly the dogs grappled with their snarling and snapping foe, and Noo-koom, the grandmother, leaping up, seized a billet and furiously attacked the beast. Ko-ko, the wife, springing from her bed, seized her baby, and, wrapping a blanket about the child, ran outside and without an instant's hesitation plunged her into a drift, completely burying her in the snow; then, rushing back, she joined the others in their fearful struggle. The lodge rocked about. It seemed filled with a whirlwind of screaming, snarling, snapping, panting, howling, biting, clawing dogs and wolves, clubbing women and screaming children. Firebrands were shooting everywhere; pots and pans clattered about, while blankets tangled the feet of the women as they blindly clubbed dogs and wolf alike. One dog already lay dead, and the fight had grown desperate, when old Noo-koom, seizing her chance, dealt the wolf with all her might a crushing blow upon the small of the back. Instantly relaxing its fangs from a mangled dog, the wolf bolted from the lodge and disappeared.

At once the wind dropped, and within an hour Standing Wolf and the boys returned. While he ate his supper the hunter listened intently to the story of the Spirit-Wolf. As he turned into his blanket he calmed the



"'Turn your eyes away, my brother, for I am going to kill you now!""

excited women a little by saying: "To-morrow I will hunt the Spirit-Wolf."

As a faint grey light crept through the upper branches of the eastern trees, and warned the denizens of the winter wilderness of approaching day, the door - skin gently flapped aside, and a mysterious figure stepped from the cozy fire-lit lodge into the outer sombreness of the silent forest. It was Standing Wolf. Going to the Star-chigan or stage, he took down his five-foot snowshoes, slipped his mocassined feet into the permanently knotted thongs, and, with a mooseskin-coated gun resting in the hollow of his bearskin bemittened hand, his blanket and tea-pail upon his back, strode off through the vaulted aisles between the boles of evergreens; while, through a tiny slit in the wall of his deerskin home, two loving eves vatched his stalwart figure vanishing into the forest gloom. On he went. Never for a moment did he turn aside from the trail of the giant wolf.

Two hours later, when Standing Wolf came out upon a lake, the light in the eastern sky had broken into a glorious flood of sunshine. Half over the distant trees, along the horizon, the sun was shining, and the whole eastern sky seemed aflame with bands and balls of fire. A vertical ribbon of gradually diminishing lustre, scarcely wider than the sun, was rising into the heavens to meet a great semicircle of rainbow beauty arched above the natural sun. Where the strange halo cut the vertical flame and the horizon on either side, three mock suns marked the intersection, and four more suns studded the vertical band at equal distances from one another.

The hunter stood gazing in awe at the splendour before him, and wondering what strange fate it foreboded. He had seen many "sun-dogs" during his life, but never one like that. He pondered, but could not interpret the meaning of the omen. Did it promise good or did it threaten evil? Then he wondered if Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer, could read such a sign. As he watched the sun rise in mysterious beauty, he grew afraid. Superstitious terrors shook him, hinting at the approach of some terrible catastrophe. He could not turn away, for the sight fascinated him. Through watery eyes he stared at the sun-brilliant still, though shrouded Presently, the mock suns grew in haze. dim; the arch faded away; the band lost its colour; the true sun rose high above the trees; and then, and not till then, Standing Wolf turned aside and trudged on with wonderment. On he went over hill and dale, always following the great wolf's trail.

How the woods varied as he went along! Here, tall pines with branchless boles stood a little apart from each other with scarcely any undergrowth between. There, rose a dense mass of tamaracks, the living interlocked with the dead. On swampy ground a matted tangle of gnarled and twisted cedars suggested jungle growth. A little further on, a grove of birches clustered together in bunches of from three to eight or ten, their ragged coats rustling in the gentle breeze. Over all hung a heavy, soft mantle of grey, dotted here and there with patches of sparkling white where the sun's rays penetrated the forest canopy. Trees and logs and bushes were all decorated with huge festoons, pompons, bosses, wreaths and arches of snow. The thick, fluffy carpet of the woods was enriched with delicate imprints made by the passing of otter, marten, mink, fisher, hare, and ermine. It was all as an open book to the Indian. What fairvland could be more beautiful?

As Standing Wolf entered a dense thicket of tall, slender, second-growth spruce, scarcely bigger than a man's wrist, and with stems so close together that he was compelled to turn his snow-shoes on edge in order to pass between them, a cloud passed over the sun, and a heavy shadow enveloped the forest and saddened the heart of the hunter. But he struggled on, groping among the mass of little trees until at last he came to the open woods again, just as the sun was going down. Spying a man's trail before him, he stood for a moment like a graven image. Then he wondered whose trail it could be. What man dared to hunt upon his lands? It was not the trail of a passing hunter, but the deep. beaten path of a trapper going his rounds. Last night's storm, indeed, had partly drifted it over; but there it lay like a gutter through the forest, and in it ran the trail of the great wolf. In wrath the hunter searched the trail as he ran along; and, on coming to a succession of baited traps and dead-falls, a wild passion overpowered him, and he determined to kill the poacher. In his rage he had even forgotten the great grey wolf; his whole thought was of the poacher. But darkness crept rapidly through the forest and overtook the hunter upon the trail. Realising the danger of further pursuit until the following day, the Indian prepared to bivouac. Felling a few dry trees for fuel, he cut a heap of small fir branches. Having scraped the surface snow aside with a snow-shoe, he laid the evergreens upon the spot, shingle fashion; and



"Raising his gun, he took a careful aim."



"Seizing his opponent by the hair, Standing Wolf tried to wrench his knife-hand free."

beside his brush couch built a fire to cook his supper. Before he had wrapped his blanket about him for the night, the tree-tops began to whisper, and then to roar as the wind swelled into a gale. All night the storm raged, and the hunter lay half buried beneath a drift. But next morning, nothing daunted, he pursued his way. Shortly after daybreak, sunshine cheered the hunter intent once more upon the poacher's trail. In many places it was obliterated by the storm. The footprints of the Spirit-Wolf had completely disappeared. As Standing Wolf anxiously pressed ahead, his wrath was continually fanned aflame by the sight of signs of a stranger's traps and dead-falls.

Presently, as he looked ahead, his quick eve caught a slight movement on one side of the trail. Instantly stopping, he watched it carefully. As he peered among the twigs and branches he discovered the head of a great wolf protruding from a snow-bank upon the shore of Spirit Lake. His first thought was to shoot the animal; but, while carefully creeping ahead to get a better aim, he remembered the poacher and lowered his gun. To fire for the sake of killing a wolf would be After steadily watching the beast for some minutes, he came to the conclusion that it was held prisoner by a trap. The great wolf had been caught the day before, and last night's storm had drifted and packed the snow about it. Putting down his gun and throwing aside his blanket, Standing Wolf drew his axe and stepped within striking distance.

"Good day, my brother," said the Indian; "so you are the great Spirit-Wolf of Spirit Lake who has come to dispute with me these hunting-grounds. Well, my brother, I do not think that you are such a great hunter as is said of you, otherwise you would now be free to fight me. Turn your eyes away, my brother, for I am going to kill you now."

A few blows from the back of the axe despatched the brute. Covering its head with snow to conceal it from the notice of prowling beasts that might injure the skin, Standing Wolf again trailed the poacher.

After an hour's walk the hunter came upon a by-path marked with the print of snow-shoes that had passed that very morning. He minutely examined the fresh signs upon the trail, and carefully followed them. Every little while he paused to peer about and listen. At times he sniffed the air, as a beast would, for the scent of man. With his gun half raised and always on the cock, he put his feet down as stealthily as an ap-

proaching lynx. Again he stopped. What was that? He sniffed again, half convinced that he had scented smoke. Another long, anxious spell followed as he crept forward with greater care than ever. Again he stood peering among the trees ahead. At last he made out a thin column of smoke rising above a dense clump of trees. Leaving the trail, he made a circuit and got his first glimpse of the camp from the dense undergrowth alongside an old by-path. Setting aside his bundle, he crept a little further Now he could command a view of the dozing figure of a man seated beneath a brush wind-break. Again he moved forward. Raising his gun, he took a careful aim. But, as he wondered who the man might be, his curiosity mastered him; and, still covering the poacher with his gun, he stepped carelessly ahead until he had gained the little opening. The sleeper awoke with a start, leaped up, and faced the muzzle of the gun. Standing Wolf recognised him as Wab-udow, the conjurer.

"Dog, don't move, or I will shoot you!" began the vengeful hunter. "So, with a tale of a Spirit-Wolf, you tried to frighten me away from my hunting-grounds, that you might rob me of my furs. No, dog, I will not shoot you; I will give you a chance for your life, because, they say, you saved my daughter. Draw your knife."

Standing Wolf rammed the butt of his

Standing Wolf rammed the butt of his gun into the snow, laid his axe aside, drew his knife, and slipped off his snow-shoes. Wab-ud-ow uttered no word, but faced his

antagonist.

Fiercely they watched each other as they sprang from side to side seeking an opening. They slashed and thrust at each other with little result until both were winded. Then the conjurer, seeing his chance, stabbed Standing Wolf in the shoulder. The wound stung him to fury, and slashing with all his might he sank his knife into the arm of Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer. Another slash, and the knife fell from the almost severed fingers of the conjurer's right hand. once they grappled. Seizing his opponent by the hair, Standing Wolf tried to wrench his knife-hand free from the grasp of the other's left, and bury his knife in him. the struggle both fell upon the snow, but Standing Wolf's right hand was free and his knife was at the conjurer's throat. Breathing heavily, he rose to his feet: "Now I can kill you, thieving dog," he said, "but I remember my daughter, Mi-na-ce; I will let you go."

ULYSSES McCLEOD.

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.

I I .— A DINNER AT BERTOLINI'S.



said THERE," the skipper, as the little cargo-boat slid out of the long strait's roll into the calm of Gibraltar harbour. "there is that Three Brothers again, a-dealing out fifteen hundred-

weight o' coal to the ton just as he's been doing ever since I sailed on the Gib. run. Hang me if I don't begin a-coaling at Algiers! They're honest there. They give you nearly eighteen hundred-if you watch 'em. You can coal at night, too. I'm sick o' being had by a pack of Spanish dago niggers, even if it is in British waters. Would you wish to come ashore with me? I'll leave the mates in charge, once we're made fast to that pesky hulk."

"Thanks," said the cook's mate, shaking his head. "I'll stop on board, I think. I've been in Gib. half-a-dozen times; and, besides, it's no good on a Sunday—it's too British. All the shops will be closed."

The skipper regarded him thoughtfully.

"I don't think as there would be any danger," said he. "They wouldn't think of

looking for you here."

"I'll stop on board, I think," insisted the cook's mate, flushing a bit. "I want to see that Norddeutscher-Lloyd hotel come in. I think she is the Lahn. She'll stop here a few hours to let her passengers have a drive about the Rock.'

He went up on the bridge when the steamer had been made fast and the skipper had gone ashore in one of the boats; and he watched for a bit the double line of human caricatures, begrimed unspeakably, which moved at a trot back and forth from steamer to hulk with baskets of coal on their shoulders. And, after a while, he took the skipper's binoculars and trained them upon the big Norddeutscher-Lloyd ship which was swinging into the harbour's mouth.

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It was the Lahn, as the cook's mate had thought, and she came grandly up the channel at half speed, her band playing "God Save the King," in honour of Gibraltar, a crowd of smartly dressed passengers clinging to the rail of her promenade-deck. She swung past the dingy little cargo steamer like a lady past a gutter-rat, fine, and aloof, and unheeding, and the cook's mate flushed as if at a direct insult. Then he laughed,

but not very amusedly.

"Americans!" he said, staring up at the sunburnt faces of the men and at the bright hats and veils and jackets of the women, as the big ship slowed down just beyond to meet the approaching tender—"Americans! You're going to Naples and to Rome and to Florence and to Venice, aren't you? And when it grows hot in the South, you'll go up to Baden and Hamburg and Trouville and Scheveningen to finish the summer.

"And then," said the cook's mate, with something odd in his voice, "then you'll go —home, home where you're wanted, where there are people waiting for you—wishing you'd come sooner—home!" And he laughed again, but not at all amusedly; for the cook's mate might look forward to but one sort of welcome at home, and that was from the

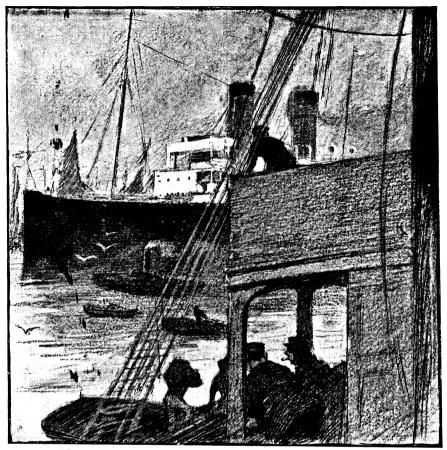
New York police.

"Home!" he said again, with a moment's break in his voice, and stared hungrily at the throng of people moving about on the Lahn's deck. They had once been his sort of people.

He watched the tender draw up to the foot of the companion-way, and the passengers crowd eagerly down to it. The wind brought him snatches of their talk. Then, very suddenly, the cook's mate's hands shook against the bridge rail, and something turned to ice inside him and changed to fire; and went, leaving him weak and breathless.

"Oh, Heavens!" said the cook's mate in a whisper.

He threw himself across the rail towards the woman who was descending the Lahn's companion-ladder, and it seemed to him that he shrieked; but he could not even



"It was the Lahn, and she came grandly up the channel at half speed."

have called aloud, or the woman must have heard, so near she was.

It seemed to him that he might almost touch her by putting out a hand. He saw the very colour in her cheeks—the little stray waves of hair about her ears that he had loved so, the trick she had in smiling—it was very unlike other smiles.

Then all at once she was gone. The tender puffed away across the harbour towards Gibraltar, and the cook's mate went down into the cabin and sat for a very long time with his face in his hands.

When he came on deck again, the sunset was a pink and crimson glow against the great Rock and over the little yellow town in its hollow. The *Lahn* swam huge and still at her anchor, awaiting the return of her passengers; but the little cargo-boat was casting off from the coal-hulk with a noise of ropes and chains and cries of command.

The cook's mate looked towards Gibraltar, glorified in its evening light.

"Good-bye, my lady," he said gently. "It's been hard work not to follow you ashore, but that would have spoiled everything. Good-bye, my lady. This is the last time, for you go to Naples and I go to Malta, and I must never see you again, never let you know if I'm alive or dead."

The captain came past on his way to the bridge.

"I see that was the *Lahn*," said he. "She'll be in Naples a day ahead of us."

"Ahead of—I don't understand," said the cook's mate. "We go to Malta." But his voice began to shake.

"We go to Naples first," said the skipper.
"I got orders ashore here. Part of that
Malta cargo's to be discharged at Naples, for
some reason."

"It's Fate," said the cook's mate, staring into the sunset. "It's not my doing, girl. It's Fate."

And on the following Thursday evening, at sundown, he came on deck resplendently

attired, his sunburnt face shining tile-red above the unaccustomed spread of shirt-front. The skipper and the second mate came down off the bridge where they had been sitting in the breeze—for Naples harbour was hot—to look at him; and the cook, passing along the deck from the fo'castle to the galley, with an unclean saucepan, stopped short to stare.

"For Heaven's sake," said the skipper

anxiously, "what are you doing with them clothes on?"

"I'mgoing ashore," said the cook's mate. "I'm going to get a proper dinner for once," he said, looking insultingly at the cook. "I need it." But h e avoided the skipper'seye, and there seemed to be in his manner a certain nervous constraint unnatural to him.

The skipper moved aft a bit and spat several times in an embarrassed fashion upon the cleanly scrubbed deck.

"It ain't

any of my business," said he, lowering his voice so that the mate could not hear, "and you can tell me so if you like, but—I think you're foolish. I don't know what you're going to do, but, whatever it is, it ain't safe. They may be a-watching for you here."

The cook's mate drew a short breath and turned away, shaking his head. His face bore, for a moment, an oddly stubborn expression, an overwrought, harassed look which the skipper could not understand.

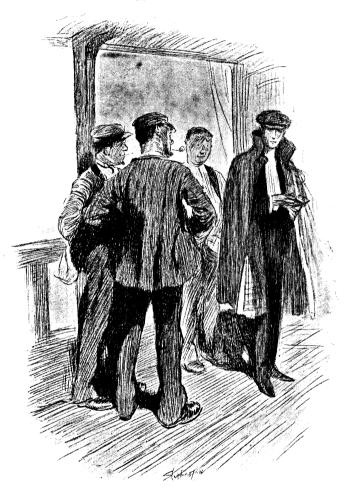
"I've got to go," said the cook's mate, looking away.
I've got to go."

He stepped to the rail and waved his hand to a boatman who had been circling hopefully near for the past hour. As he went over the side, he smiled back at the skipper

and shook his head again.

"If you'd known what a desperate character I was, and what a nuisance I should become, you'd have welcomed me aboard in New York with a brass band and some floral offerings, wouldn't you?" he suggested.

The skipper shook a morose head. "Never you mind about that," said he. "You'll go and get yourself nabbed. that's what you'll do; and I'll have to come into court and swear savin' and



"'What are you doing with them clothes on?'"

above a taste for murder, your character is first class."

He stood by the rail, scowling out at the retreating boat till he lost it among the swarm of small craft; but the cook's mate, pulling his cloak about him, in the stern of the skiff, had already forgotten the *Peruvia*, 2,200 tons, and all her works. He looked up over the roofs and domes of Naples towards San Martino, and an eager, excited little

smile grew upon his face and seemed to become fixed there.

He landed at the Immacolatella Nuova. and went quickly through the gate to the street beyond, and beckoned a carrozella.

"Hôtel Bertolini Palace!" he said to the driver, and dropped back on the cushions, with the eager, excited little smile growing

wider moment by moment.

They rattled along the squalid Strada Nuova and the Strada di Piliero, with their seamen's cafés and lodging-houses, and their fruit and vegetable vendors, and turned up past Castel Nuovo and San Carlo: but the cook's mate saw and knew nothing.

"Faster!" he said to the driver. "Faster. hang it! I'm no corpse, yet." And when they were caught in a block of traffic, in the narrow Strada Chiaia, he cursed eloquently

Then they left the narrow streets and mounted in a wide sweep up and up above Naples, over the roof-tiles to the Amedeo and to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele: and an impressive person in livery took the cook's mate from the carrozella and led him through a long, tiled corridor, cold as the grave, and delivered him to a second person, fine in red and gold, who bore him up in a lift, two hundred and fifty feet, and gave him into the power of others.

"No," said the cook's mate to these, "no luggage. I just want to have a look at the register. I think some friends of mine are stopping here." He bent over the book. and, half-way down the page, a name stood out in yellow fire against darkness, exactly as the names of victorious political gentlemen stand out in blazing letters on the night

of an election.

"No," said the cook's mate carelessly, when he was at last able to raise his head. "No, they're not here. I think I shall stop for dinner, though. Eight? Yes? Have them give me a small table on the terrace."

He went out on the broad, flower-banked verandah which runs the length of hotel, and Naples lay below him like a map, Vesuvius at his left hand, and Posilipo, green-wooded, at the right. The sun had gone down beyond the sea's rim, but the West glowed gold and red, with Capri black against it. Far down in the Villa Nazionale a band was playing—the music came up to him faintly at intervals—and the broad Via Caracciola by the bay's edge was black with carriages. For the Neapolitans drive from six till dark, and dine late.

The cook's mate dragged one of the many

cane chairs to the outer rail of the terrace and sat down to watch the dusk come, for he had half an hour to wait. The terrace was quite deserted; for everyone was dressing, but, in any event, the back of the cook's mate was towards the hotel, and he had no fear of recognition-if such a thing even occurred to him.

The dusk came, pearl grey, with the fading of that gold and crimson from the West, and deepened swiftly, for the air was thick with summer haze. And the man sat quite still for a long time staring down into it, forgetful—for the thing was very beautiful of himself and his affairs and of that for which he had come ashore. He saw the lights burst into flower here and there, very

pale at first.

He smelled the fragrance of flowers from somewhere in the great gulf below. He heard the tooting of an electric tram, and the ringing of many bells from the churches and convents about. He watched idly the shipping in the broad harbour. A big liner of the Veloce Company was making its way out to sea. There was a long, white yacht at anchor off Posilipo—the Thistle. Empress Eugenie was cruising in her, he had been told. He tried to make out the *Peruvia*, but she was hidden by the little height of the Pizzofalcone.

The sound of voices and the scraping of chairs and clink of glasses roused him at last. The people were straggling into the lighted dining-room behind in little groups, and taking their places at the small tables there.

"Here!" said the cook's mate swiftly to the waiter who approached. "Set my table here, just by the corner. I don't care to go inside. I—I want to watch the view."

The gathering dark and a great palm screened him from the eyes of those in the brightly lighted salle; but between the leaves of the palm he could see through the long

French windows with perfect ease.
"Where are you?" said the cook's mate, gripping the edges of his chair. "Oh, girl, where are you? Not here? Have I come for nothing?" And a sickening fear surged in him lest she might have gone out to Capri or Sorrento or to Amalfi for the night.

Then four people came into the room, making their way between the other diners to the table by the window, and the cook's mate dropped forward upon the edge of his own table with a little sobbing laugh. waiter came and stood respectfully at his side and spoke to him twice, but the cook's mate stared like one in a trance and would

"You're pale, girl," he mourned. "You're thinner than you should be, and there are dark circles under your eyes. When those idiots speak to you, you smile at them with your lips, but your eyes don't smile. Ah!Iknow why. Don't I know? I'm not good enough or big enough or fine enough to sweep the crossings before your feet, but you're thinking about me this very minute, and you're suffering on my account. God bless you!" He leaned forward across the table, and his face strained towards the woman who could not see. He gave a little shaking, uncertain laugh.

"Don't be!" said he. "It's—it's all Don't be unhappy on my account! I'm not—worth it. I'm glad I killed the swine. Don't you understand? I'm glad! Don't be sorry that I've done one good thing in my life, girl. I've swept the crossing, and you can go on safely now. He can never harm you again. I don't mind this exile. No: it was worth it. I don't mind sitting out here and—and not being able to speak to you or to-anyone. You're safe, and nothing else matters. Ah, girl, look this way once, just for one little bit of a moment. So! Ah!"

The woman sitting at the table inside raised her head and looked full towards the window and the deepening night, and the cook's mate dropped back in his chair, shaking.

Then, at last, he was aware of the patient

waiter.

"Eh, what?" said he, blinking. "You here? Why didn't you speak up? Dinner? I don't want any dinner—yes, I do, too! Consommé. Anything, hang you!"

The waiter proffered a wine-list, and, with an eye to reward, spoke highly of the

Signore's Italian.

"Well, it's better than yours, anyhow," growled the cook's mate. "You're a Sicilian. You murder your C's. Wine? Ah, now, that's more like it! Oh, man, man, it should be such a wine to-night as was never put into bottles! To-night's the end of the world. In an hour eternity begins. What's the best you have, the goldenest, the silkiest? Champagne? Non mai! You make me ill. Mother of Heaven, these aren't wines; they're coloured liquids. Oh, well, give me Capri. There's a grotto in Capri, my son, that's blue as heaven on a Saint's-day— And, sitting inside that window yonder, there's a goddess with eyes bluer

than the grotto at Capri—and sadder, too. Give me Capri, and I'll drink to her one last, last time."

He dropped his face into his hands, and the waiter tiptoed away, round-eyed, to tell the maître d'hôtel that there abode a mad Signore on the terrace who babbled of grottoes and demanded Capri because of a goddess's eyes.

But the cook's mate, heedless of the dishes which came and went before him, rose to his feet, wineglass in hand, and leaned through the cloak of darkness towards the lights and

laughter within.

"The last time, my lady!" said he. was madness to come here, but I could not stop away, I may not touch you nor speak to you nor let you know I am near. I may only look and then slink away-I'm notcomplaining," he insisted, and the wine spilled from the shaking glass. "I'm not complaining. I killed a man, and everybody's hand is against me now; but oh, my lady, I did it for you, and you understand. No, I'm not complaining, not I! I'm glad, for I've done more for you than anyone else in the world, and that's something to have lived for."

He dropped back once more into his chair, but his eyes never left the lighted window

beyond the palm tree.

"It's my own choice," said he, "this exile. I knew what it would be, and I know what it will always be, for I shall never see you again. And I know, more than that, that I've only to call, and you'd come to me and live through it all with me—two fugitives instead of one. Ah, I know, my lady. That's what makes it all bearable. But I shan't call. I'm dead to you—out of your world."

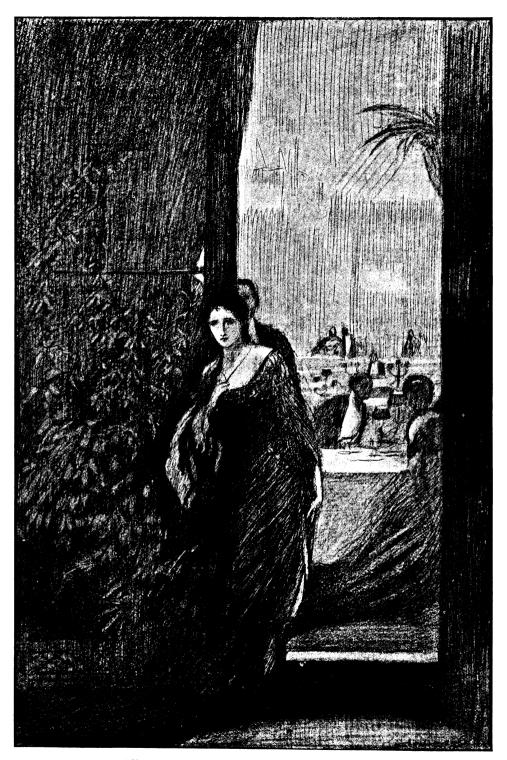
He raised the glass once more, and his

hand was quite steady.

"Good-bye, my lady," said the cook's mate, smiling through the dark. "There's but one woman in all the world, and she's true as she is beautiful. God save her!"

The people in the dining-room were pushing back their chairs and rising from the tables. The cook's mate watched them dully, but when he saw the party near the window meant to come out into the open air, he stepped quickly back into the deeper shadow; for it was not entirely dark on the terrace, only dimly lighted.

He knew that he could make his escape at any moment; but a great longing came over him to see her once at closer range, to hear her voice one last time. Now, the terrace of the hotel, long and very broad, was banked



"He saw her sway a bit, and her face grow very white."

along its inner edge with growing flowers that filled all the air with heavy fragrance, and from it opened the many public rooms and offices. The cook's mate slipped into a recess between two banks of these flowers. The room behind his back was dark, and the light from before was very dim, so that, while a passer-by might indistinctly see the gleam of shirt-front, the man's face was hidden. Then he waited; for he knew that she must pass on her way to the lounging chairs and tables beyond.

He watched her as she came near—the well-remembered swing of her walk, the turn of head that he knew so well, the thousand little things about her that he had sworn no other woman possessed. Her voice, as she spoke to the man beside her, set the cook's

mate to trembling.

Then, just as she would have passed him, near enough to touch with an outstretched hand, that Fate of which the cook's mate had prated—that Fate, being a humoursome lady, threw one more card, and presumably laughed; for someone came into the room at the cook's mate's back and switched on

the electric light, and the cook's mate stood shaking in a yellow glare.

It was not his way to fall into panic in a moment of danger. He was not that sort. He stood very still, gripping his hands at his side, and he saw the girl halt suddenly before him, and saw a swift light of recognition leap into her eyes. He saw her sway a bit, and her face grow very white; then she passed slowly on and looked away. The cook's mate saw the man who was with her stoop to pick up the fan which she had dropped, and heard him, after the two had gone on a few paces, say something to the girl in a questioning tone; and heard her, who was to have thrown over the world and followed him into exile if he but spoke, say very indifferently and carelessly—

"I don't know, I'm sure. I never saw him before, I think. He was rather handsome,

was he not?"

Then the heart of the cook's mate broke within him, and the world before his eyes turned all at once into quite absurd fireworks, and he turned away laughing.

SONG.

ATHER roses, red and white,

Lay them softly at her feet,

She will say: "How very sweet!
"I will wear them, dear, to-night."

Gather roses, white and red,
Strew them all along the way
To her bridal—she will say:
"What a lovely path I tread!"

Gather roses, red and white,
Scatter them about her here,
Reverently—without a tear,
For she sleeps in peace to-night.

Gather roses, white and red,
Shower the brightest and the best
On her quiet place of rest,
Where she lies—among the dead.





A RURAL ART CRITIC.

A COUNTRYMAN and his wife paid a visit to a well-known art museum the other day, and their comments and criticisms on the pictures and statuary afforded the other patrons not a little amusement.

One painting in particular took the farmer's fancy, and he proceeded to criticise the work in a

tone which could be heard all over the building.

"See that, Maria?" he remarked to his wife. "There's life for yer—there's natur! Jest look at that there tiger skin——"

"Leopard's skin, John," corrected the

"O' course, o' course—leopard's skin," went on John. "It's an eyeopener, that is—as natural as milk is to calves. Then look at that there road winding down at ween them hills——"

"That's a river, John," said the woman.

"Oh, yes—we'll call it a river, then," continued the critic. "It's fine, ain't it? Then did yer ever see anything more natural than that windmill at the back—""

"That ain't a windmill, John," said his wife. "That's one o' them Hindoo temples."

That was the last straw, and John turned on his better half and demanded in a voice of thunder—

"Are you criticising this picture, or am I? Go awny, woman!" he added in a tone of deep disgust. "Go away and find a picture for yourselt!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

WHY HE APPLAUDED.

It was a scientific lecture, and admission was free, but in spite of this the attendance was small. Besides being few in number, the members of the audience were very sparing in their applause. The lecturer was consequently disheartened.

Presently he observed a ragged fellow enter the hall and take a seat near the door. The new-comer evidently appreciated the lecturer's remarks, for he had not been listening five minutes before he commenced to applaud vigorously.

His enthusiasm seemed to stimulate the rest of the audience, for from that moment the applause grew frequent and unanimous, and the lecture passed off splendidly.

Deeply grateful to his ragged listener, the lecturer accosted him as he was leaving, and exclaimed warmly—

"I was delighted to see that you appreciated my remarks."

"Appreciate nothin'!" was the reply. "I didn't even know what you was talkin' about. I seed the lecture was free, an' as it was cold outside, I came in out of the cold. I was just clappin' to warm myself."



CLINCHING THE ARGUMENT.

ELECTION AGENT: Can't you see that a tax on imported corn would improve the price you receive for your crops?

FARMER: Noa, that I can't!

ELECTION AGENT: Nonsense, man! Let me explain. FARMER: Don't'ee trouble, mister; my farm is all grass!



CO-OPERATION.

AFTER the collapse of the Confederacy, ex-Senator Wigfall, a member of the Confederate Congress from Texas, fell in with a party of Union soldiers in that State. Being well disguised, he entered freely into conversation with the soldiers of the guard,

in the course of which he asked what they would do with "old Wigfall" if they were to catch him. "We should hang him, sure," was the prompt reply. "Serve him right!" exclaimed Wigfall. "If I were with you, I'd be pulling at one end of the rope myself."



THE RIVALS.

FIRST LADY (with a fixed stare): I don't see anybody here who is anybody.

SECOND LADY (returning the stare): Neither do I.

REMEMBER!

'TWAS a bright, sunny day in September, When he kissed me and called me his pet; And I promised I'd always remember—
That is, if I didn't forget.
And I said that love never grows colder
When lovers are faithful and true;
Then I let my head sink on his shoulder,
Which I'm told was the right thing to do.
For I'd promised, you see, to remember—
That is, if I didn't forget.

Remember! Remember! How well I remember
The bright sunny day when we met;
And the dress that I wore—though September,
That costume—I think of it yet.

II.

'Twas a raw, foggy day in November,
And most disagreeable and wet;
Such a day as one hates to remember,
And would very much rather forget.
My heart like the weather grew colder;
Much colder and colder it grew;
Till I gave my poor boy the cold shoulder,
Which was not quite the right thing to do,
Though I'd only agreed to remember
So long as I didn't forget.

Remember! Remember! How sad to remember The fog and the gloom and the wet; And the hat that was spoilt that November, Those feathers—I think of them yet.

III.

The dear boy expressed his regret;
And I looked very sweet, I remember,
And said I'd forgive and forget.
For I don't think it's right to be hard on
A lover who's faithful and true;
So I graciously gave him my pardon,
Which I hope was the right thing to do;
For in future I mean to remember.

On a bright, frosty day in December,

For in future I mean to remember,
And he's not allowed to forget.

Remember! Remember! Of course I remember, Because I don't want to forget; And the ring that I've worn since December, This ring—well, I'm wearing it yet.

George P. Hawtrey.



IRISH SERVANT (to mistress, upon seeing a dachshund for the first time): What sort is he, at all, mum?

MISTRESS: It is called a dachshund, Kate, and "Dach" is the German for "roof."

SERVANT: Glory! An' if he didn't go on growin' afther them puttin' the roof on 'm!



THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

SMALL Boy: Beg pardon, governor, but yer don't appen to 'ave seen the North Pole anywhere about lately?



A PRIVATE VIEW.

By J. Ayron Symington.

A MODERN MARTYR.

A gleam of china blue and white, Some silver fair to see, A dainty kettle shining bright, When Mabel makes the tea.

She poses in a cushioned nook,
And brews most regally;
No queen could more majestic look
Than Mabel making tea.

But ah, alack! 'tis sad to say Those hands I love to see Fluttering above the china gay Make execrable tea.

And I, concealing that the mess
Does not agree with me,
Drink smilingly four cups—no less—
When Mabel makes the tea.

Katharine Hereford Siemens.



SCHOOLMASTER (to promising boy): What is radium?

Promising Boy: A circle drawn four miles round Charing Cross.



THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

NIECE: Don't scold the poor doggie, uncle; look how sorry his poor tail is!



FEMININE AMENITIES.

KITTY: You don't know Jack Dunverd, do you? Such a nice fellow. He told me yesterday that he was madly in love with the prettiest girl of his acquaintance.

DOLLY: I wonder who that could be?



"BRITANNIA." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

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"JOAN OF ARC." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

"A light of ancient France." - Tennyson.

"Là, où il n'y avait pas de femmes, je dormais comme les autres, mais vêtue et armée."—Extract from Joan's own words at her trial. From the picture purchased by the French Government for the Luxemboury, and now hung at Rouen, where the Maid of Orleans was killed.

THE ART OF MR. GEORGE W. JOY.

By L. VAN DER VEER.

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ESPITE the fact that Mr. George W. Joy insists that he is a "downright Englishman," his work is far too cosmopolitan to be hall-marked of distinctive British make.

To broad-minded folk, this refreshing quality, which speaks of the knowing of many lands and the delight felt by the artist for all that is highest and best in the art of each, adds to, rather than detracts from, the man's importance.

For, after all, a work of merit, when sifted to its simple reason for being, comes to be nothing more nor less than an idea interpreted by a personality. The chief thing at the back of that idea and its interpretation is that bit of personality, and no matter how many different men and skies one can associate with the idea, the one thing that counts for or against its expression is the individual vision of the man himself.

So it is that there is nothing more interesting about a man and his work than the story of the environment and influences that have tended towards the forming of his character and life. And no one affords better example of what early associations and surroundings

mean to a man of talent than does the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Joy got his first impulses in art from his mother. He has never questioned that for a moment; for while there have been no painters or sculptors in his family tree as far back as he has any records, his mother was a woman of many intellectual gifts, with a decided talent for music, and both love and understanding for art, believing artists to be the happiest of men. This mother was of a temperament at once beautiful and ideally imaginative, living in a world peopled with dream creations of her own, and from his babyhood the artist knew the association of fine and noble minds, for men and women whose work and thoughts were worldrenowned in their power were his mother's devoted friends.

His father, William Bruce Joy, M.D., had always great interest in the more scientific side of his profession, although at heart he was a soldier. It was from him that our artist drew his love for the Army, a calling which, we shall learn later, was destined to be his first love.

Owing to the ill-health of the mother, the



"JOAN OF ARC." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

family travelled in Europe during the whole of the boy's childhood up to the age of nine. During all this time they had the run of the art galleries of Dresden, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Paris, and were brought

into touch with what was best in ancient and modern art. Mr. Joy's earliest recollection is of being turned out of a Dresden Gallery as being under age. He was in a fine rage, but it did no good, for the obdurate keeper looked upon the youthful enthusiast as being far too much of a baby to be dragged through the

galleries. The boy began making sketches, however, as soon as he could hold a pencil, mostly of queer corners and buildings in the various towns they visited. Soon he began to do rough attempts at copying some of the pic-

tures he saw, one of his earliest efforts in this direction being to copy the principal figures in Raphael's "Transfiguration."

He also made many drawings of his mother and father. Some of the sketches are still in his possession, chief among them being several from the Tyrol, a country that seemed a wonderland of grandeur to the little man, and others from Rome, done when he was nine years old.

This, then, may be said to be the earliest awakening of the artist within him, but for

years after the instinct lay dormant, for he loved soldiering above all else for a time.

At the age of ten he went to Woolwich to study at Jeffrey's school on Shooter's Hill, as a preparation for entering the service of his Queen. By that time he had grown into a little half-foreigner who did not know beef from mutton, and spoke English less fluently than French, German, or even Italian; but he was wildly happy --- he was going to be a soldier. After two vears an accident to his foot caused him to leave the school. with small chance of ever being able to re-



"A MERCHANTMAN SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

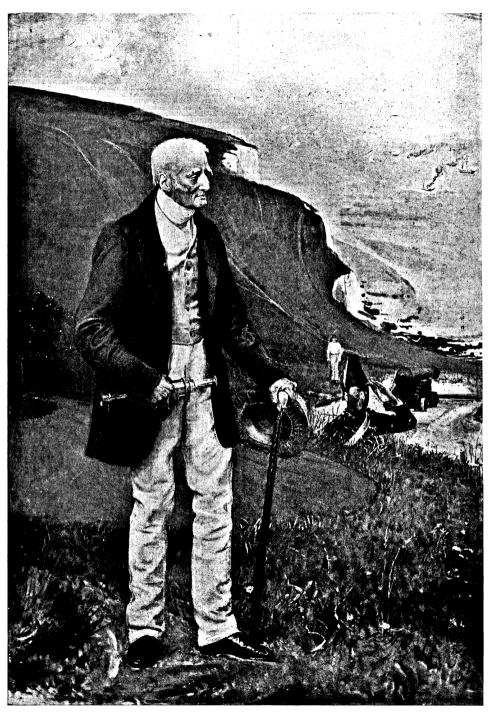
turn or to think of entering the Army. With much sorrow of heart he found himself transferred to Harrow, where it was not long before he was surprised to find that he had become once more the very happiest of boys.

During his five years' school life under the headmastersh p first of Vaughan and then of



"WELLINGTON'S FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE FRENCH." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

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"THE LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

"No more, surveying with an eye impartial The long line of the coast, Shall the gaunt figure of the great field-marshal Be seen upon his post."—LONGFELLOW.



"POLLY." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

One of the Artist's first pictures to be exhibited. Reproduced by permission of Albert Roller, Esq., from the original, of which a replica is in the collection of Earl Cranbrook.

Butler, his pencil was idle, except for slight caricatures of teachers and friends; but that its charm had been unconsciously strengthening was shown by the fact that when he left Harrow, and his father gave him the option of again preparing for the Army, the boy suddenly chose to study art.

His love of soldiering, however, has always remained, and in part at least he has managed to indulge it, through being for twenty-one years a member of the Artists' Corps of Volunteers.

Mr. Joy's first art studies were at the South Kensington School, where he had as fellow-students such men as Herkomer, Samuel Butler, and Lord Carlisle. The opportunities for work did not satisfy him, however, so off he went one morning to the Royal Academy Schools, where he was admitted to the Life class. This marked the beginning of wonderful days for his art study. One can well imagine the delight and pride of the boy on seeing the great Millais, then at the height of his power, sit down on the bench beside him, taking his palette and helping on his study! Leighton, too, was often a visitor, kindly stopping to sharpen his white chalks whilst the students were at work on some "time study" from one of those wonderful Greek draperies, full of intricate folds, in which he delighted. During these student days it was



"NELSON'S FIRST FAREWELL; OR, THIRTY YEARS BEFORE TRAFALGAR."
BY GEORGE W. JOY.

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not the habit of Watts to visit the Schools, but it was known that he was always glad to see pupils at his house, and the young Joy frequently availed himself of this privilege.

But the Academy was not long to hold him. The spirit of the wanderer being again astir within him, he left for Paris—at that time the seat of the chief art school of Europe, and tried to get into the Beaux Arts. But that year the decree had gone forth that no more foreigners were to be admitted.

A letter of introduction to Jalabert stood

value to colour tones they must not be viewed or painted in the garish light of day, but in subdued and sombre light, far away from the hateful square north window of the studio.

Taken altogether, these were two very delightful years in Paris, with Jalabert as his good angel. In the mornings he always went to the Life class at Bonnat's, the man who has had most influence on his drawing. This master, too, may be said to have been chiefly responsible for the Spanish element



"LEAR AND CORDELIA." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

Reproduced by permission from the original in the Leeds Municipal Art Gallery.

him in good stead at the moment, and he was given a corner in the great French portraitist's studio and told he might work there, a privilege which also meant the coming into touch with all the distinguished artists of Paris. Here he made the acquaintance of such men as Gérôme, Cabanel, Jules Breton, Lefebvre, and Rousseau, brother of the great landscape painter.

It was in Rousseau's studio that the young artist was taught a never-to-be-forgotten lesson on the handling of light in his pictures. This was that in order to give full

noticeable in many of Mr. Joy's richer works, for Bonnat was trained in the Spanish schools and was always an enthusiast on Velasquez.

It was during this studentship in Paris that Mr. Joy had the extraordinarily good fortune to have a Velasquez lent him by the old Duc d'Aumâle, then a notable figure in French society, to copy, and he actually had the audacity to scrape a little piece off the corner to see what ground it was painted on.

Next to Millais' wonderful demonstration lessons, Mr. Joy says that he learned more



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"A DINNER OF HERBS." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Oldham, from the picture in the Oldham Art Gallery.

from copying this picture and an "Interior" by Peter de Hooghe, than from anything else he ever did, and he would strongly advise every young artist to try to copy two such works before starting out as a fully fledged painter.

One other point touching on those student days in Paris, and we must pass on from their fascinating atmosphere. Here the artist was taught to understand the value to the painter of frequent visits to the theatre, and was given delightful opportunities for seeing all that was best in that direction at the Française and the Odéon.

Music, too, was one of his pleasures in those days—as it is now, but then it was his violin, while now it is the piano. He was lucky in music as in painting, for he had for a master Maciejowski, a man who had known the friendship of Chopin, Spohr, and Paganini.

In recalling those student days, Mr. Joy assures me that some of the happiest reminiscences are the moments devoted to his violin, sometimes long after midnight, with a single candle on the floor casting weird shadows on wall and ceiling. But now it is the piano. He loves to sit in the fading light with fingers wandering at will over the keys, improvising tender harmonies; but he is not good at transmitting them to paper—once played, they quickly fade from his memory.

This love of music affords an interesting

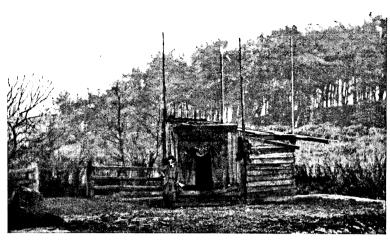
sidelight on the man's work, and I think that even the most casual acquaintance with Mr. Joy's pictures gives one some inkling of it. They are full of it. One

can feel this in pictures just as in poetry, and it is never surprising to learn that a painter of beautiful pictures is a natural musician as well.

On leaving Paris at the end of two years into which had been crowded many rare and delightful opportunities for development, Mr. Joy came back to London, and, after giving another fleeting six months' time to the Life class in the

Royal Academy, he proceeded to set up for serious work in a little studio in a dingy old terrace in Hammersmith, close by the one occupied by Mason, the painter of "Harvest Home."

It is never an easy matter to sift to their origin one's feelings for one's work. They flit in from many unknown sources, stay awhile, and are displaced by others as the



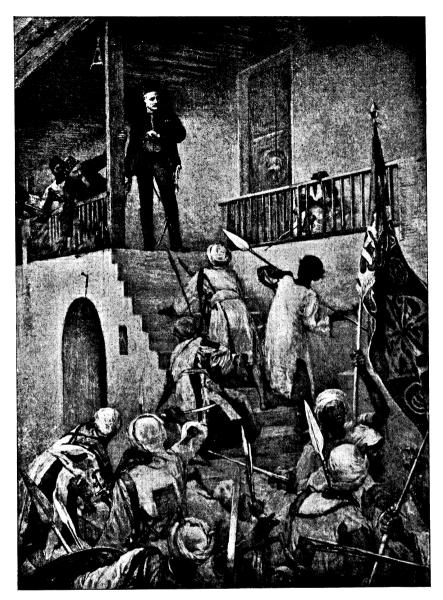
MR. GEORGE W. JOY'S STUDIO ON THE SUFFOLK MARSHES, NEAR ALDEBURGH.

years come and go with their fresh understandings and disillusionments.

What one actually aims at in one's work is more easily accounted for, and Mr. Joy believes, to the best of his understanding of



"THE BAYSWATER OMNIBUS." BY GEORGE W. JOY.



"General Gordon's Last Stand: Khartoum, January 26th, 1885." by George W. Joy.

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himself, that from the beginning of his serious thoughts on painting his chief desire was to paint beauty and character—beauty of childhood, of youth, of old age, and the fair things of the imagination as well as of the actual world.

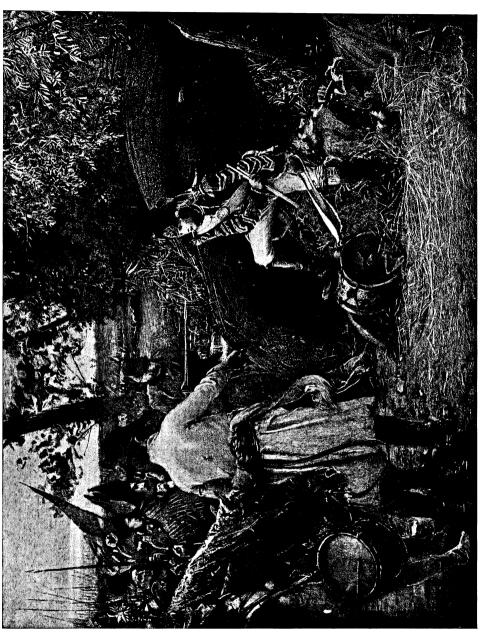
Just what *genre* these pictures were to take he could not say, and on looking back over thirty years of a busy life, it is just as difficult to-day for him to answer the

question. As a child he always called Georgione his favourite painter, and it is instructive to note that in his first serious attempt at painting a picture on settling down in his London studio, he turned to Venice and the old Venetians for inspiration and support. It is a happy thing to find one's childish preferences grown true in maturer years.

This first picture was "Laodamia." The

artist chose that pathetic moment when the sorrowing widow brings her first offering of flowers to the tomb of her dead husband. In viewing it, one can scarce believe that

the Paris Salon of the year following. Paris, in fact, has always taken great interest in Mr. Joy's work, and the Salon has long ago presented him with all of her honours;

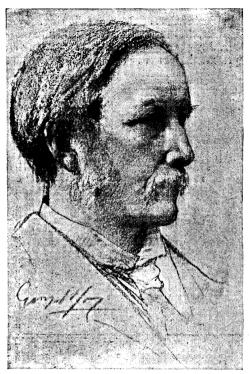


AN INCIDENT AFTER THE BATTLE OF GOREE, IN THE BY GEORGE W. JOY. : REBELS!" OF 1798. BY "THE KING'S DRUM SHALL NEVER BE BEATEN FOR IRISH REBELLION (

this was the artist's first effort at painting a picture. It is certainly one of his most beautiful works, and creditable to the painter at the fulness of his power. It was well hung in the Royal Academy of 1878, and in

while the French Government bought one of his pictures, "Joan of Are," for the Luxembourg.

Having made his bow to the art world in so distinguished a manner, Mr. Joy has since



A CHARCOAL STUDY OF THE ARTIST, BY HIMSELF.

shown a variety and versatility of talent and feeling quite bewildering to the onlooker. No style of subject-matter seems to have escaped his art, and, as in the days of his studentship he refused to be in any way fettered, so has his choice been so full of variety as to make any attempt at classifying his work under separate periods, styles, or subjects almost an impossibility. But a marked feature of the work of Mr. Joy is seen in the fact that nearly all his suggestions come from sources deeply human.

His great picture "Lear and Cordelia," painted in 1880, owes its existence to the simple fact that his father, now an old man, always suggested to the son's mind the perfect model for the ill-fated king, and for years the thought of painting the picture was present in his mind. When the time was ripe for its fulfilment, his father was good enough to humour him, though much to his personal discomfort, no doubt, by letting his hair and beard grow long and tangled.

Before and after that time, Mr. Joy painted a good many portraits. He found them very engrossing, but they took too much thought away from his more imaginative work, and he gradually came to refuse them. Of all portraits he found those of children the most engaging. Among his little portrait sitters he has numbered H.R.H. Princess Alice of Albany, at the age of three. He found her a very lively little bit of humanity, too.

Mr. Joy has always loved the story of Joan of Arc, and twice he has painted the Maid of Orleans. His first one was exhibited at the Royal Academy in '81. Again, some fifteen years later he painted a much finer "Joan of Arc," which was promptly bought by the French Government for the Luxem-

bourg and transferred to Rouen.

In painting "Wellington's First Encounter with the French," which shows the future "man of Waterloo" as a shy lad making his first appearance at old Pignerol's Military Academy at Angers, the artist had great difficulty in getting any authentic sketches or portraits of the great man executed during childhood or boyhood, and had finally to content himself with portraits of him as a man, and try to imagine him a boy.

Later Mr. Joy made another picture of Wellington, but this time as an old man going his rounds as Warden of the Cinque Ports. He greatly enjoyed this last study. He found at Apsley House the dress Wellington chiefly wore at this period—a sort of dark blue short frock-coat, with hooks and eyes down the front, and a collar which could be worn either up or down. In the former case



A CHARCOAL STUDY OF A MAN'S HEAD. BY GEORGE W. JOY.

it represented "uniform"; in the latter, "mufti"—a fine example of the Duke's love of simplicity. The artist's old friend Captain Ross, who has always been said to resemble the Duke, sat for the picture.

"The King's Drum Shall Never be Beaten for Rebels" illustrates an incident of the Irish Rebellion, when a little drummer-bov named Hunter, of the Antrim Regiment, was left behind with some wounded comrades. after the English defeat in the battle The of Goree. rebel army came up, headed by a Frenchman, who ordered the drummer to fall into line with them and beat his drum. Instantly the little fellow kicked a hole in it, exclaiming: "The King's drum shall never be beaten for rebels!" History records that the

little patriot was cruelly put to death. This picture was painted in 1891, during a holiday spent by the artist near Friston, in Suffolk. His studio was an impromptu structure erected at the cost of £5. Yet he says he never had a better one. It was made from a log hut, nine feet square, with an old cucumber-frame let into the roof wrong side out, as it were, with the long support poles pointing into the sky.

The historical picture to bring Mr. Joy into greatest prominence was the "Death of Gordon," exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1894. This picture lay very near the artist's heart for a long time before it was begun. No figure in English history appeals



VIOLA AND SUSIE, CHILDREN OF MR. GEORGE W. JOY, PAINTED BY THEIR FATHER.

so strongly to him as Gordon, and he went about this particular piece of work feeling desperately in earnest.

As in all his pictures, Mr. Joy went to much trouble to collect his material for a truthful representation, getting most of his information from Colonel Watson, R.E., who was Gordon's second-in-command in the Soudan. Through him he secured a loan of the Dervish arms and trappings, and, most important of all, a minute description of the only uniform the General was known to have with him at the time of his death.

Colonel Watson also furnished Mr. Joy with a plan of the steps and courtyard at Khartoum, and this was later carried out in lath and plaster, in the farmyard at Friston,

where the artist painted his picture.

"Palm Sunday" was Mr. Joy's first rendering of a religious subject. It was shown in the Royal Academy of 1882; and later he did two other sacred pictures: "Christ and a Little Child" and "Mary of Bethany."

Chief among his lighter subjects in popularity is his "Bayswater Omnibus"—a widely travelled "'bus," by the way, having gone to the Paris Salon from the Royal Academy in 1896, then to Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and home to Bayswater by way of the Brussels

International Exhibition of 1899.

As one would imagine from his work, Mr. Joy is a man of strong convictions, and he feels tremendously all that he tries to express in paint. His wife was Miss Florence Masterman, of Tunbridge Wells, a woman of much culture of mind and sympathy of feeling for her husband's work. They have a charmingly homelike home, "The Red Lodge," in Palace Court, Bayswater, where they have lived for nearly twenty years.

Their four daughters have always been greatly interested in their father's work, and have figured as models in his pictures since they were babes in arms.

Mr. Joy has two sons, one of whom is now at Harrow. His brother is Mr. A. Bruce Joy, the eminent sculptor, well known by his work in the House of Commons and at the Mansion House and the Law Courts, as well as in many of the great cities of the kingdom. The statues of John Bright in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and Sir Erskine May in the Library, are particularly fine specimens of his art.

Despite the years spent in France and Italy, and the love inspired in the artist for the Old Masters of foreign as well as of the English schools, it is agreeable to hear Mr. Joy say that, although his work has been greatly influenced by them, his sympathies lie most closely with Watts. He loved Watts, and the most precious of all his friendships was wrapped up in the kindly help and interest of that great English Idealist.



"ROSE, SHAMROCK, THISTLE: THE SISTER KINGDOMS." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—Grouch, that is the name. Some say it should be spelt "Groutch," which makes the pronunciation clear—the word must rhyme with "crouch." Sophy was Grouch on both sides, for her father, Enoch Grouch, a small farmer of Morpingham, in Essex, married his uncle's daughter Sally. Mrs. Grouch was laid in Morpingham churchyard when Sophy was no more than five years old, and the child was left to the sole care of her father. On an autumn evening in the year 1855, Enoch Grouch was killed by the fall of a great bough from one of the venerable elms that form an avenue leading to the village church. Summoned to the scene of the accident, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, of the Hall, find the child Sophy lying, more frightened than injured, a few yards from her dead father, and, knowing her to be now alone in the world, undertake to look after her future. "Mother always said something would happen to that little girl, because of that mark she's got on her cheek," remarks Julia Robins, daughter of a widowed lady living in the village, alluding to a small birth-mark, just below the cheek-bone, which was destined to win for Sophy, in her subsequent career, the name of "La Dame à l'Etoile Rouge" with her friends, or "The Red-Starred Witch" with the more hostile citizens or ruder soldiers of Kravonia. At ordinary times this mark was a pale red in colour, but it was very sensitive to any change of mood; in moments of excitement the shade deepened greatly. But returning to Sophy's uneventful youth, we find her in the second chapter old enough to leave both school and the care of the Hall gardener's wife and "live at the Hall and be taught to help cook." Julia Robins, now grown up and training for the stage, thinks this a somewhat lowly lot for a girl whom the Squire and his wife have treated as though she were of their own class, and the Rector's son, Basil Williamson, lately gone up to Cambridge, shares the thought. But Sophy is installed "to help cook," and three years later, while still scullery-maid at the

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CHAPTER III.

THE NOTE-AND NO REASONS.



HAT feverish month of
July — fitting climax
to the scorching arid
summer of 1870 —
had run full half its
course. Madness had
stricken the rulers of
France — to avoid
danger they rushed
on destruction. Gav

madness spread through the veins of Paris. Perverse always, Lady Meg Duddington chose this moment for coming back to her senses—or at least for abandoning the particular form of insanity to which she had devoted the last five years.

One afternoon she called her witch and her wizard. "You're a pair of quacks, and I've been an old fool," she said composedly, sitting straight up in her high-backed chair. She flung a couple of thousand-franc notes across the table. "You can go," she ended with contemptuous brevity. Mantis' evil temper broke out: "She has done this, the malign

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one!" Pharos was wiser; he had not done badly out of Lady Meg, and madness such as hers is apt to be recurrent. His farewell was gentle, his exit not ungraceful; yet he too prayed her to beware of a certain influence. "Stuff! You don't know what you're talking about!" Lady Meg jerked out, and pointed with her finger to the door. "So we went out, and to avoid any trouble we left Paris the same day. But this man here would not give me any of the money, though I had done as much to earn it as he had, or more." So injured Mme. Mantis told M. le Président at Lille.

Early on the morning of Sunday the seventeenth, having received word through Lady Meg's maid that her presence was not commanded in the Rue de Grenelle, Sophy slipped round to the Rue du Bac and broke in on Marie Zerkovitch, radiant with her great news and imploring her friend to celebrate it by a day in the country.

"It means that dear old Lady Meg will be what she used to be to me!" she cried. "We shall go back to England, I expect, and—I wonder what that will be like!"

Her face grew suddenly thoughtful. Back to England! How would that suit Sophie de Gruche? And what was to happen about Casimir de Savres? The period of her

2 A

long sweet indecision was threatened with a forced conclusion.

Marie Zerkovitch was preoccupied against both her friend's joy and her friend's perplexity. Great affairs touched her at home. There would be war, she said, certainly war: to-day the Senate went to St. Cloud to see the Emperor. Zerkovitch had started thither already, on the track of news. The news in the near future would certainly be war, and Zerkovitch would follow the armies, still on the track of news. "He went before, in the war of '66," she said, her lips trembling. "And he all but died of fever; that kills the correspondents just as much as the soldiers. Ah, it's so dangerous, Sophie—and terrible to be left behind alone. I don't know what I shall do! My husband wants me to go home. He doesn't believe the French will win, and he fears trouble for those who stay here." She looked at last at Sophy's clouded face "Ah, and your Casimir—he will be at the front!"

"Yes, Casimir will be at the front," said Sophy, a ring of excitement hardly suppressed

in her voice.

"If he should be killed!" murmured Marie, throwing her arms out in a gesture of lamentation.

"You bird of ill omen! He'll come back

covered with glory."

The two spent a quiet day together, Sophy helping Marie in her homely tasks. Zerkovitch's campaigning kit was overhauled—none knew how soon orders for an advance might come—his buttons put on, his thick stockings The hours slipped away in work and talk. At six o'clock they went out and dined at a small restaurant hard by. seemed very quiet there. The fat waiter told them with a shrug: "We shan't have much noise here to-night—the lads will be over there!" He pointed across the river. "They'll be over there most of the nighton the grands boulevards. Because it's war, madame. Oh, yes, it's war!" The two young women sipped their coffee in silence. "As a lad I saw 1830. I was out in the streets in 1851. What shall I see next?" he asked them as he swept his napkin over the marble table-top. If he stayed at his post, he saw many strange things; unnatural fires lit his skies, and before his doors brother shed brother's blood.

The friends parted at half past seven. Marie hoped her husband would be returning home soon, and with news; Sophy felt herself due in the Rue de Grenelle. She reached the house there a little before eight.

The concierge was not in his room; she went upstairs unseen, and passed into the drawing-room. The inner door leading to the room Lady Meg occupied stood open. Sophy called softly, but there was no answer. She walked towards the door and was about to look into the room, thinking that perhaps Lady Meg was asleep, when she heard herself addressed. The Frenchwoman who acted as their cook had come in and stood now on the threshold with a puzzled distressed look on her face.

"I'm sorry, Mademoiselle Sophie, to tell you, but my lady has gone."

"Gone! Where to?"

"To England, I believe. This morning, after you had gone out, she ordered everything to be packed. It was done. She paid us off here, bidding me alone stay till orders reached me from Monsieur le Marquis. Then she went; only the coachman accompanied her. I think she started for Calais. At least, she is gone."

"She said—said nothing about me?"

"You'll see there's a letter for you on the small table in the window there."

"Oh, yes! Thank you."

"Your room is ready for you to-night."

"I've dined. I shall want nothing. Good-night."

Sophy walked over to the little table in the window, and for a few moments stood looking at the envelope which lay there, addressed to her in Lady Meg's sprawling hand. The stately room in the Rue de Grenelle seemed filled with a picture which its walls had never seen; old words reechoed in Sophy's ears: "If I want you to go, I'll put a hundred-pound note in an envelope and send it to you; upon which you'll go, and no reasons given! Is it agreed?" As if from a long way off, she heard a servant-girl answer: "It sounds all right." She saw the old elm trees at Morpingham, and heard the wind murmur in their boughs; Pindar chuckled, and Julia Robins' eyes were wet with tears.

"And no reasons given!" It had sounded all right—before five years of intimacy and a life transformed. It sounded different now. Yet the agreement had been made between the strange lady and the eager girl. Nor were reasons hard to find. They stood out brutally plain. Having sent her prophet to the right-about, Lady Meg wanted no more of her medium—her most disappointing medium. "They" would not speak through Sophy; perhaps Lady Meg did not now want

them to speak at all.



"'I'm sorry, Mademoiselle Sophie, to tell you, but my lady has gone."

Sophy tore the envelope right across its breadth and shook out the flimsy paper within. It was folded in four. She did not trouble to open it. Lady Meg was a woman of her word, and here was the hundred-pound note of the Bank of England—"upon which you'll go, and no reasons given!" With a bitter smile she noticed that the note was soiled, the foldings old, the edges black where they were exposed. She had no doubt that all these years Lady Meg had carried it about, so as to be ready for the literal fulfilment of her bond.

"Upon which," said Sophy, "I go."

The bitter smile lasted perhaps a minute more; then the girl flung herself into a chair in a fit of tears as bitter. She had served—or failed to serve—Lady Meg's mad purpose, and she was flung aside. Very likely she had grown hateful—she, the witness of insane whims now past and out of favour. The dismissal might not be unnatural; but, for all their bargain, the manner was inhuman.

They had lived and eaten and drunk together for so long. Had there been no touch of affection, no softening of the heart? It seemed not, it seemed not. Sophy wept and wondered. "Oh, that I had never left you, Julia!" she cries in her letter, and no doubt cried now; for Julia had given her a friend's love. If Lady Meg had given her only what one spares for a dog—a kind word before he is banished, a friendly lament at parting!

Suddenly through the window came a boy's shrill voice: "Vive la guerre!"

Sophy sprang to her feet, caught up the dirty note, and thrust it inside her glove. Without delay, seemingly without hesitation, she left the house, passed swiftly along the street, and made for the Pont Royal. She was bound for the other bank and for the Boulevard des Italiens, where Casimir de Savres had his lodging. The stream of traffic set with her. She heeded it not. The streets were full of excited groups, but there was no

great tumult yet. Men were eagerly reading the latest editions of the papers. Sophy pushed on till she reached Casimir's house. She was known there. Her coming caused surprise to the *concierge*—it was not the

proper thing; but he made no difficulty. He showed her to Casimir's sittingroom, but of Casimir he could give no information, save that he presumed he would return to sleep.

"I must wait—Î must see him," she said; and, as the man left her, she went to the window, flung it open wide, and stood there, looking down into the great street.

The lights blazed now. Every seat at every cafe was full. The newspapers did a great trade; a wave of infinite talk, infinite chaff, infinite laughter rose to her ears. A loud-voiced fellow was selling pictures of the King of Prussia — as he looks now, and as he will look! The second sheet never failed of a great success. Bands of lads came by with

flags and warlike shouts. So me cheered them, more laughed and chaffed. One broad-faced old man she distinguished in the café opposite; he looked glum and sulky and kept arguing to his neighbour, wagging a fat forefinger at him repeatedly; the

neighbour shrugged bored shoulders; after all, he had not made the war—it was the Emperor and those gentlemen at St. Cloud! As she watched, the stir grew greater, the bands of marching students more frequent and noisy. "A Berlin!" they cried now, amid the same mixture of applause and tolerant amusement. A party of girls paraded down the middle of the street, singing "J'aime les militaires!" The applause grew to thunder as they went by, and the laughter broke into one great crackle when the heroines had passed.

She turned away with a start, conscious of a presence in the room. Casimir came quickly across to her, throwing his helmet on the table as he passed. He took her hands. "I know. Lady Meg



"The girl flung herself into a chair in a fit of tears."

wrote to me," he said. "And you are here!"

"I have no other home now," she said.

With a light of joy in his eyes he kissed her lips.

"I come to you only when I'm in trouble!" she said softly.

"It is well," he answered, and drew her with him back to the window.

Together they stood looking down.

"It is war, then?" she asked.

"Without doubt it's war, without doubt,"

he answered gravely. "And beyond that no man knows anything."

"And you?" she asked.

He took her hands again, both of hers in his. "My lady of the Red Star!" he murmured softly.

"And you?"

"You wouldn't have it otherwise?"

"Heaven forbid! God go with you as my heart goes! When do you go?"

"I take the road in an hour for Strasburg. We are to be of MacMahon's corps."

"In an hour?"

" Yes."

"Your preparations—are they made?"

"Yes."

"And you are free?"

"Vos "

"Then you've an hour to make me sure I love you!"

He answered as to a woman of his own

stock.

"I have an hour now—and all the campaign," said he.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PICTURE AND THE STAR.

The letter which gives Julia Robins the history of that Sunday—so eventful alike for France and for Sophy—is the last word of hers from Paris. Julia attached importance to it, perhaps for its romantic flavour, perhaps because she fancied that danger threatened her friend. At any rate she bestowed it with the care she gave to the later letters, and did not expose it to the hazards which destroyed most of its predecessors. It is dated from Marie Zerkovitch's apartment in the Rue du Bac, and it ends: "I shall stay here, whatever happens—unless Casimir tells me to meet him in Berlin!"

The rash comprehensiveness of "whatever happens" was not for times like those, when neither man nor nation knew what fate an hour held; but for three weeks more she abode with Marie Zerkovitch. Marie was much disturbed in her mind. Zerkovitch had begun to send her ominous letters from the front—or as near thereto as he could get; the burden of them was that things looked bad for the French, and that her hold on Paris should be a loose one. He urged her to go home, where he would join her—for a visit at all events, very likely to stay. Marie began to talk of going home in a week or so; but she lingered on for the sake of being nearer the news of the war. So, amid the rumours of unreal victories and the tidings of reverses only too real, if not yet great, the two women waited.

Casimir had found time and opportunity to send Sophy some half-dozen notes (assuming she preserved all she received). On the 5th of August, the eve of Worth, he wrote at somewhat greater length: "It is night. I am off duty for an hour. I have been in the saddle full twelve hours, and I believe that, except the sentries and the outposts, I am the only man awake. We need to sleep. The Red Star, which shines everywhere for me, shines for all of us over our bivouac to-night. It must be that we fight to-morrow. Fritz is in front of us, and to-morrow he will come on. The Marshal must stop him and spoil his game; if we don't go forward now, we must go back. And we don't mean going back. It will be the first big clash—and a big one, I think, it will be. Our fellows are in fine heart (I wish their boots were as good!), but those devils over there—well, they can fight too, and Fritz can get every ounce out of them. I am thinking of glory and of you. Is it not one and the same thing? For, in that hour, I didn't make you sure! I know it. Sophie, I'm hardly sorry for it. It seems sweet to have something left to do. Ah, but you're hard, aren't you? Shall I ever be sure of you? Even though I march into Berlin at the head of a regiment!

"I can say little more—the orderly waits for my letter. Yet I have so much, much more to say. All comes back to me in vivid snatches. I am with you in the old house or by the Calvaire (you remember?); or again by the window; or while we walked back that Sunday night. I hear your voice—the low full-charged voice. I see your eyes; the Star glows anew for me. Adieu! I live for you always so long as I live. If I die, it will be in the thought of you, and they will kill no prouder man than Sophie's lover. To have won your love (ah, by to-morrow night, ves!) and to die for France—would it be ill done for a short life? By my faith, no! I'll make my bow to my ancestors without shame. 'I too have done my part, messieurs!' say I, as I sit down with my forefathers. Sophie, adieu! You won't forget? I don't think you can quite forget. Your picture rides with me, your star shines ahead.

"CASIMIR."

He was not wrong. They fought next day. The letter is endorsed "8th August," presumably the date of its receipt. That day came also the news of the disaster. On the

11th the casualty list revealed Casimir de Savres' name. A few lines from a brother officer a day later gave scanty details. In the great charge of French cavalry which marked the closing stages of the battle he had been the first man hit of all his regiment—shot through the heart—and through the picture of Sophy which lay over his heart.

No word comes from Sophy herself. And Mme. Zerkovitch is brief: "She showed me the picture. The bullet passed exactly through where that mark on her cheek is. It was fearful; I shuddered; I hoped she didn't see. She seemed quite stunned. But she insisted on coming with me to Kravonia, where I had now determined to go at once. I did not want her to come. I thought no good would come of it. But what could I do? She would not return to England; she could not stay alone in Paris. I was the only friend she had in the world. She asked no more than to travel with me. 'When once I am there, I can look after myself,' she said."

The pair—a little fragment of a great throng, escaping or thrust forth—left Paris together, on the 13th or 14th of August, en route for Kravonia. With Sophy went the bullet-pierced picture and the little bundle of letters. She did not forget. With a sore wound in her heart she turned to face a future dark, uncertain, empty of all she had loved. And—had she seen Marie Zerkovitch's shudder? Did she remember again, as she had remembered by the Calvaire at Fontainebleau, how Pharos had said that what she loved died? She had bidden Casimir not fight thinking of her. Thinking of her, he had fought and died. All she ever wrote about her departure is one sentence: "I went to Kravonia in sheer despair of the old life; I had to have something new."

Stricken she went forth from the stricken city, where hundreds of men were cutting down the trees beneath whose shade she had often walked and ridden with her lover.

PART III.—KRAVONIA. CHAPTER I.

THE NAME-DAY OF THE KING.

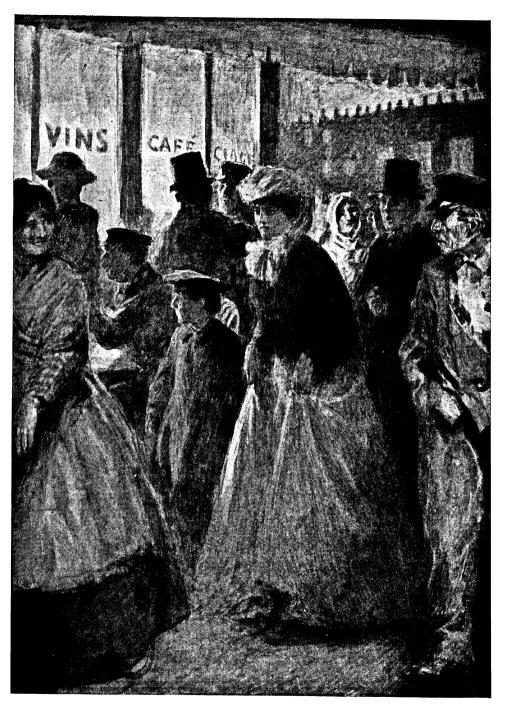
The ancient city of Slavna, for a thousand years or more and under many dynasties the capital of Kravonia, is an island set in a plain. It lies in the broad valley of the Krath, which at this point flows due east. Immediately above the city the river divides into two branches, known as the North and the South

Rivers; Slavna is clasped in the embrace of these channels. Conditioned by their course, its form is not circular, but pear-shaped, for they bend out in gradual broad curves to their greatest distance from one another, re-approaching quickly after that point is passed till they meet again at the end—or, rather, what was originally the end—of the city to the east; the single reunited river may stand for the stalk of the pear.

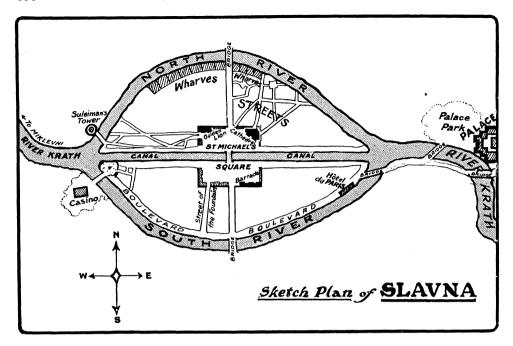
In old days the position was a strong one; nowadays it is obviously much less defensible; and those in power had recognised this fact in two ways-first by allocating money for a new and scientific system of fortifications; secondly by destroying almost entirely the ancient and out-of-date walls which had once been the protection of the city. Part of the wall on the north side indeed still stood, but where it had escaped ruin it was encumbered and built over with warehouses and wharves: for the North River is the channel of commerce and the medium of trade with the country round about. To the south the wall has been entirely demolished, its site being occupied by a boulevard, on to which faces a line of handsome modern residences—for as the North River is for trade, so the South is for pleasure—and this boulevard has been carried across the stream and on beyond the old limits of the city, and runs for a mile or further on the right bank of the reunited Krath, forming a delightful and well-shaded promenade where the citizens are accustomed to take their various forms of exercise.

Opposite to it, on the left bank, lies the park attached to the Palace. That building itself, dating from 1820 and regrettably typical of the style of its period, faces the river on the left bank just where the stream takes a broad sweep to the south, giving a rounded margin to the King's pleasure-grounds. Below the Palace there soon comes open country on both banks. The boulevard merges in the main post-road to Volseni, and to the mountains which form the eastern frontier of the kingdom. At this date, and for a considerable number of years afterwards, the only railway line in Kravonia did not follow the course of the Krath (which itself afforded facilities for traffic and intercourse), but ran down from the north, having its terminus on the left bank of the North River, whence a carriage-bridge gave access to the city.

To vote money is one thing, to raise it another, and to spend it on the designated objects a third. Not a stone nor a sod of the new forts was yet in place, and Slavna's solitary defence was the ancient castle which



"The stream of traffic set with her."



stood on the left bank of the river just at the point of bisection, facing the casino and botanical gardens on the opposite bank. Suleiman's Tower, a relic of Turkish rule, is built on a simple plan—a square curtain, with a bastion at each corner, encloses a massive circular tower. The gate faces the North River, and a bridge, which admits of being raised and lowered, connects this outwork with the north wall of the city, which at this point is in good preservation. fort is roomy; two or three hundred men could find quarters there; and although it is, under modern conditions, of little use against an enemy from without, it occupies a position of considerable strength with regard to the city itself. It formed at this time the headquarters and residence of the Commandant of the garrison, a post held by the heir to the throne, the Prince of Slavna.

In spite of the flatness of the surrounding country, the appearance of Slavna is not unpicturesque. Time and the hand of man (The people are a colour-loving race) have given many tints, soft and bright, to the roofs, gables, and walls of the old quarter in the north town, over which Suleiman's Tower broods with an antique impressiveness. Behind the pleasant residences which border on the southern boulevard lie handsome streets of commercial buildings and shops, these last again glowing with diversified and gaudy colours. In the centre of the

city, where, but for its bisection, we may imagine the Krath would have run, a pretty little canal has been made by abstracting water from the river and conducting it through the streets. On either side of this stream a broad road runs. exactly midway through the city the roads broaden and open into the spacious Square of St. Michael, containing the cathedral, the fine old city hall, several good townhouses dating two or three hundred years back, barracks, and the modern but not unsightly Government offices. Through this square and the streets leading to it from west and east there now runs an excellent service of electric cars; but at the date with which we are concerned, a crazy flacre or a crazier omnibus was the only public means of conveyance. Not a few good private equipages were, however, to be seen, for the Kravonians have been from of old lovers of horses. The city has a population bordering on a hundred thousand, and, besides being the principal depôt and centre of distribution for a rich pastoral and agricultural country, it transacts a respectable export trade in hides and timber. It was possible for a careful man to grow rich in Slavna, even though he were not a politician nor a Government official.

Two or three years earlier, an enterprising Frenchman of the name of Rousseau had determined to provide Slavna with a firstrate modern hotel and cafe. Nothing could have consorted better with the views of King Alexis Stefanovitch, and M. Rousseau obtained, on very favourable terms, a large site at the south-east end of the city, just where the North and South Rivers reunite. Here he built his hostelry and named it, pietatis causâ, the Hôtel de Paris. A fine terrace ran along the front of the house, abutting on the boulevard and affording a pleasant view of the royal park and the Palace in the distance on the opposite bank.

On this terrace, it being a fine October morning, sat Sophy, drinking a cup of chocolate.

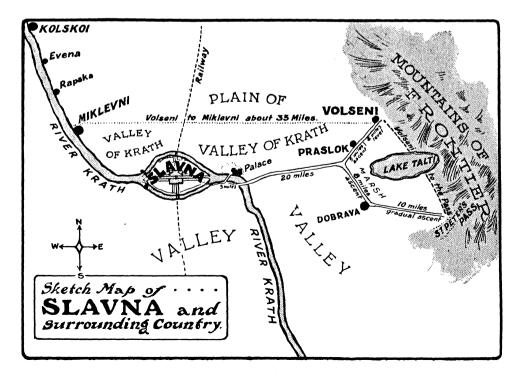
The scene before her, if not quite living up to the name of the hotel, was yet animated enough. A score of handsome carriages drove by, some containing gaily dressed ladies, some officers in smart uniforms. Other officers rode or walked by; civil functionaries, journalists, and a straggling line of onlookers swelled the stream which set towards the Palace. Awaking from a reverie to mark the unwonted stir, Sophy saw the leaders of the informal procession crossing the ornamental iron bridge which spanned the Krath a quarter of a mile from where she sat, and gave access to the King's demesne on the left bank.

"Right bank—left bank! It sounds like

home!" she thought to herself, smiling perhaps rather bitterly. "Home!" Her home now was a single room over a gold-smith's shop, whither she had removed to relieve Marie Zerkovitch from a hospitality too burdensome, as Sophy feared, for her existing resources to sustain.

The reverie bore breaking; it had been none too pleasant; in it sad memories disputed place with present difficulties. Some third or so remained of Lady Meg's hundredpound note. Necessity had forced a use of the money at any cost to pride. When all was gone, Sophy would have to depend on what is so often a last and so often a vain refuge—the teaching of French; it was the only subject which she could claim to teach. Verily it was a poor prospect; it was better to look at the officers and the ladies than to think of it—aye, better than to think of Casimir and of what lay in the past. With her strong will she strove to steel herself alike against recollection and against apprehension.

The cafe was nearly deserted; the hour was too early for the citizens, and Sophy's own chocolate had been merely an excuse to sit down. Yet presently a young officer in a hussar uniform stopped his horse opposite the door, and, giving over the reins to an orderly who attended him,



nimbly dismounted. Tall and fair, with a pleasant open face, he wore his finery with a dashing air, and caressed a delicate upturned moustache as he glanced round, The next moment he choosing his seat. advanced towards Sophy; giving her a polite salute, he indicated the little table next to hers.

"Mademoiselle permits?" he asked. "She has, I fear, forgotten, but I have the honour

to be an acquaintance of hers."

"I remember," smiled Sophy. "Captain We met at Mme. Zerkovitch's."

"Oh, that's pleasant of you!" he cried. "I hate being clean forgotten. But I fear you remember me only because I sang so badly!"

"I remember best that you said you wanted to go and help France, but your

General wouldn't let you."

"Ah, I know why you remember thatyou especially! Forgive me-our friend Marie Zerkovitch told me." He turned away for a moment to give an order to the waiter.

"What's going on to-day?" asked Sophy.

"Where's everybody going?"

"Why, you are a stranger, mademoiselle!" "It's the King's name-day, he laughed. and we all go and congratulate him."

"Is that it? Are you going?"

"Certainly; in attendance on my General —General Stenovics. My lodgings are near here, his house at the other end of the boulevard, so he gave me leave to meet him here. I thought I would come early and fortify myself a little for the ordeal. Mademoiselle's good health!" He looked at her with openly admiring eyes, to which tribute Sophy accorded a lazy unembarrassed smile. She leant her chin on her hand, turning her right cheek towards him. Sophy was never disdainful, never neglectful; her pose now was good.

"What sort of a man is the King?" she

asked.

"The King is most emphatically a very good sort of fellow—a very good old fellow. I only wish his son was like him! The Prince is a Tartar. Has he gone by yet?"

"I don't think so. I suppose he'd have an escort, wouldn't he? I don't know him Does everybody call the King by sight yet. a good fellow?"

"Some people are so extremely righteous!" pleaded Markart ruefully. "And, anyhow,

he has reformed now."

"Because he's old?" "Fifty-nine! Is that so very old? No; I rather attribute it—you're discreet, I hope? I'm putting my fortunes in your hands—to Mme. la Comtesse."

"The Countess Ellenburg? Marie has

told me something about her."

"Ah! Mme. Zerkovitch is a friend of hers?"

"Not intimate, I think. And is the Countess oppressively respectable, Captain Markart?"

"Women in her position always are," said the Captain, with an affected sigh: his round chubby face was wrinkled with merriment. "You see, a morganatic marriage isn't such a well-established institution here as in some other countries. Oh, it's legal enough, no doubt, if it's agreed to on that basis. But the Stefanovitches have in the past often made non-royal marriages—with their own subjects generally. Well, there was nobody else for them to marry! Alexis got promotion in his first marriage—an Italian Bourbon, which is always respectable, if not very brilliant. That gave us a position, and it couldn't be thrown away. So the second marriage had to be morganatic. Only—well, women are ambitious, and she has a young son who bears the King's name—a boy twelve vears old."

He looked reflectively at his polished Sophy sat in thoughtful silence. A jingle of swords and the clatter of hoofs roused them. A troop of soldiers rode by. Their uniform was the same smart tunic of light blue, with black facings, as adorned

Captain Markart's shapely person.

"Ah, here's the Prince!" said Markart, rising briskly to his feet. Sophy followed his example, though more in curiosity than

respect.

The young man at the head of the troop returned Markart's salute, but was apparently unconscious of the individual from whom it proceeded. He rode by without turning his head or giving a glance in the direction of the café terrace. Sophy saw a refined profile, with a straight nose, rather short, and a pale cheek: there was little trace of the Bourbon side of the pedigree.

"He's on his promotion too," continued the loquacious and irreverent Captain, as he resumed his seat. "They want a big fish for him-something German, with a resounding

"Poor fellow!"

"Well, it's his duty," said Sophy.

"Somebody who'll keep the Countess in order, eh?" smiled Markart, twirling his "That's about the size of it, I moustache. expect, though naturally the General doesn't



"He rode by without turning his head."

show me his hand. I only tell you common

"I think you hardly do yourself justice. You've been very interesting, Captain

"I tell you what," he said with an engaging candour, "I believe that somehow the General makes me chatter just to the extent he wants me to, and then stops me. don't know how he does it; it's quite unconscious on my part. I seem to say just what I like!"

They laughed together over this puzzle. "You mean General Stenovics?" asked

"Yes, General Stenovics. Ah, here he is!" He sprang up again and made a low bow to Sophy. "Au revoir, mademoiselle. A thousand thanks!"

He saluted her and hurried to the side of the pavement. General Stenovics rode up, with two orderlies behind him. again, Markart mounted his Saluting horse. The General brought his to a stand and waited the necessary moment or two with a good-humoured smile. His eve wandered from the young officer to the presumable cause of his lack of vigilance. Sophy felt the glance rest on her face. In her turn she saw a stout stumpy figure, clad in a rather ugly dark green uniform, and a heavy olive-tinted face adorned with a black moustache and a stubbly grey beard. General Stenovics, President of the Council of Ministers, was not an imposing personage to the outward view. But Sophy returned the regard of his prominent pale-blue eyes (which sorted oddly with the complexion of his face) with vivid attention. The General rode on, Markart following, but turning in his saddle to salute once more and to wave his hand in friendly farewell.

For the first time since her arrival in Slavna, Sophy was conscious of a stir of excitement. Life had been dull and heavy; the mind had enjoyed little food save the diet of sad memories. To-day she seemed to be brought into sight of living interests again. They were far off, but they were there; Markart's talk had made a link between them and her. She sat on for a long while, watching the junction of the streams and the broad current which flowed onward past the Palace on its long journey to the sea. Then she rose with a sigh; the time drew near for a French lesson. Marie Zerkovitch had already got her two pupils.

When General Stenovics had ridden three or four hundred yards, he beckoned his

aide-de-camp and secretary—for Markart's functions were both military and civil—to his side.

"We're last of all, I suppose?" he asked.

"Pretty nearly, sir."

"That must be his Royal Highness just crossing the bridge?"

"Yes, sir, that's his escort."

"Ah, well, we shall just do it! And who, pray "—the General turned round to his companion — "is that remarkable - looking young woman you've managed to pick up?"

Markart told what he knew of Mile.

de Gruche; it was not much.

"A friend of the Zerkovitches? That's A nice fellow, Zerkovitch—and his wife's quite charming. And your friend---?"

"I can hardly call her that, General." "Tut, tut! You're irresistible, I know.

Your friend—what did you tell her?"

"Nothing, on my honour." The young man coloured and looked a trifle alarmed. But Stenovics' manner was one of friendly amusement.

"For an example of your 'nothing,'" he went on, "you told her that the King was

an amiable man?"

"Oh, possibly, General."

"That the Countess was a little—just a little—too scrupulous?"

"It was nothing, surely, to say that?"

"That we all wanted the Prince to marry?."

"I made only the most general reference

to that, sir."
"That—" he looked harder at his young friend—"the Prince is not popular with the army?"

"On my honour, no!"

" "Think, think, Markart."

Markart searched his memory; under interrogation it accused him; his face grew

"I did wish he was more like his Majesty.

I—I did say he was a Tartar."

Stenovics chuckled in apparent satisfaction at his own perspicacity. But his only comment was: "Then your remarkably handsome young friend knows something about us already. You're an admirable cicerone to a stranger, Markart."

"I hope you're not annoyed, sir. I—I

didn't tell any secrets?"

"Certainly not, Markart. Three bits of gossip and one lie don't make up a secret between them. Come, we must get along."

Markart's face cleared; but he observed that the General did not tell him which was

the lie.

This day Sophy began the diary; the first entry is dated that afternoon. Her prescience—or presentiment—was not at fault. From to-day events moved fast, and she was strangely caught up in the revolutions of the wheel.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE GOLDEN LION.

It was the evening of the King's name-day. There was a banquet at the Palace, and the lights in its windows twinkled in sympathetic response to the illuminations which blazed on the public buildings and principal residences of Slavna. Everywhere feasting and revelry filled the night. The restaurant of the Hôtel de Paris was crowded, every seat on its terrace occupied; the old Inn of the Golden Lion, opposite the barracks in the Square of St. Michael, a favourite resort of the officers of the garrison, did a trade no less good; humbler hostelries were full of private soldiers, and the streets themselves of revellers male and female, military and civil, honest and dishonest, drunk and sober. Slavna had given itself up to a frolic; for, first, a fête is a fête, no matter what its origin; secondly, King Alexis was the most popular man in his dominions, though he never did a decent day's work for them; lastly, there is often no better way to show how much you hate one man than by making a disproportionate fuss about another. was well understood that by thus honouring King Alexis, its Monarch, by thus vociferously and untiringly wishing him the longest of reigns, Slavna was giving a stinging backhander to Prince Sergius, its titular Prince and Commandant. You would see the difference when the Prince's day came round! When General Stenovics pointed to the lights gleaming across the Krath from the Palace windows and congratulated his Royal Highness on the splendid popularity of the reigning House, the Prince's smile may well have been ironical.

"I shall go and see all this merriment for myself at close quarters presently, General," said he. "I think the Commandant had best return to the city to-night as early as the King will allow."

"An admirable devotion to duty, sir," answered the General gravely, and without any effort to dissuade the zealous Prince.

But even in this gay city there was one spot of gloom, one place where sullen rancour had not been ousted by malicious merriment. The first company of His Majesty's Guards

was confined to its barracks in the Square of St. Michael by order of the Commandant of Slavna; this by reason of high military misdemeanours-slackness when on duty, rioting and drunkenness when on leave; nor were the officers any better than the men. "You are men of war in the streets, men of peace in the ranks," said the Commandant to them that morning in issuing his decree. "You shall have a quiet evening to think over your shortcomings." The order was reported to the King; he sighed, smiled, shook his head, said that, after all, discipline must be vindicated, and looked at his son with mingled admiration and pity. Such a faculty for making himself, other people, and things in general uncomfortable! But, of course, discipline! The Commandant looked stern, and his father ventured on no opposition or appeal. General Stenovics offered no remonstrance either, although he had good friends in the offending company. "He must do as he likes—so long as he's Commandant," he said to Markart.

"May I go and see them and cheer them up a bit, sir, instead of coming with you to the Palace?" asked that good-natured young man

"If his Royal Highness gives you leave, certainly," agreed the General.

The Commandant liked Markart. "Yes—and tell them what fools they are," he said with a smile.

Markart found the imprisoned officers at wine after their dinner; the men had resigned themselves to fate and gone to bed. Markart delivered his message with his usual urbane simplicity. Lieutenant Rastatz giggled uneasily—he had a high falsetto laugh. Lieutenant Sterkoff frowned peevishly. Captain Mistitch rapped out a vicious oath and brought his great fist down on the table. "The evening isn't finished yet," he said. "But for this cursed fellow, I should have been dining with Vera at the Hôtel de Paris to-night!"

Whereupon proper condolences were offered to their captain by his subalterns, who, in fact, held him in no small degree of fear. He was a huge fellow, six feet three, and broad as a door; a great bruiser, and a duellist of fame; his nickname was Hercules. His florid face was flushed now with hot anger, and he drank his wine in big gulps.

"How long are we to stand it?" he

growled. "Are we schoolgirls?"

"Come, come, it's only for one evening," pleaded Markart. "One quiet evening won't hurt even Captain Hercules!"

The subalterns backed him with a laugh, but Mistitch would have none of it. He sat glowering and drinking still, not to be soothed and decidedly dangerous. From across the Square came the sound of music and singing from the Golden Lion. Again Mistitch banged the table.

"Listen there!" he said. "That's pleasant hearing while we're shut up like rats in a trap—and all Slavna laughing at

us!"

Markart shrugged his shoulders and smoked in silence; to argue with the man was to court a quarrel; he began to repent of his well-meant visit. Mistitch drained

his glass.

"But some of us have a bit of spirit left, and so Master Sergius shall see," he went on. He put out a great hand on either side and caught Sterkoff and Rastatz by their wrists. "We're the fellows to show him!" he cried.

Sterkoff seemed no bad choice for such an enterprise—a wiry active fellow, with a determined, if disagreeable, face, and a nasty squint in his right eye. But Rastatz, with his slim figure, weak mouth, and high laugh, promised no great help; yet in him fear of Mistitch might overcome all other fear.

"Yes, we three'll show him! And now"—he rose to his feet, dragging the pair up with him—"for a song and a bottle at the

Golden Lion!"

Rastatz gasped, even Sterkoff started. Markart laughed: it could be nothing more than a mad joke. Cashiering was the least punishment which would await the act.

"Yes, we three together!" He released them for a moment and caught up his sword and cap. Then he seized Rastatz's wrist again and squeezed it savagely. "Come out of your trap with me, you rat!" he growled, in savage amusement at the young man's frightened face.

Sterkoff gained courage. "I'm with you, Hercules!" he cried. "I'm for to-night the devil take to-morrow morning!"

ne devii take to-morrow morning:

"You're all drunk," said Markart in

despairing resignation.

"We'll be drunker before the night's out," snarled Mistitch. "And if I meet that fellow when I'm drunk, Heaven help him!" He laughed loudly. "Then there might be a chance for young Alexis, after all!"

The words alarmed Markart. Young Count Alexis was the King's son by Countess Ellenburg. A chance for young Alexis!

"For heaven's sake, go to bed!" he im-

plored.

Mistitch turned on him. "I don't want

to quarrel with anybody in Slavna to-night, unless I meet one man. But you can't stop me, Markart, and you'll only do mischief by trying. Now, my boys!"

They were with him—Sterkoff with a gleam in his squinting eye, Rastatz with a forced uneasy giggle and shaking knees.

Mistitch clapped them on the back.

"Another bottle apiece and we'll all be heroes!" he cried. "Markart, you go home

to your mamma!"

Though given in no friendly way, this advice was wise beneath its metaphor. But Markart did not at once obey it. He had no more authority than power to interfere; Mistitch was his senior officer, and he had no special orders to act. But he followed the three in a fascinated interest, and with the hope that a very brief proof of his freedom would content the Captain. Out from the barracks the three marched. The sentry at the gate presented arms, but tried to bar their progress. With a guffaw and a mighty push Mistitch sent him sprawling. "The Commandant wants us, you fool!" he cried—and the three were in the Square.

"What the devil will come of this business?" thought Markart, as he followed them over the little bridge which spanned the canal, and thence to the door of the Golden Lion. Behind them still he passed the seats on the pavement and entered the great saloon. As Mistitch and his companions came in, three-fourths company sprang to their feet and returned the salute of the new-comers; so strongly military in composition was the company officers on one side of a six-feet-high glass screen which cut the room in two, sergeants and their inferiors on the other. A moment's silence succeeded the salute. Then a young officer cried: "The King has interfered?" It did not occur to anybody that the Commandant might have changed his mind and reversed his decree; for good or evil, they knew him too well to think of that.

"The King interfered?" Mistitch echoed in his sonorous, rolling, thick voice. "No; we've interfered ourselves, and walked out!

Does anyone object?"

He glared a challenge round. There were officers present of superior rank—they drank their beer or wine discreetly. The juniors broke into a ringing cheer; it was taken up and echoed back from behind the glass screen, to which a hundred faces were in an instant glued, over which, here and there, the head of some soldier more than common tall suddenly projected.

"A table here!" cried Mistitch. "And champagne! Quick! Sit down, my boys!"

A strange silence followed the impulsive

the nature of this thing, the fateful change from sullen obedience to open defiance. Was it only a drunken frolic—or, besides

that, was it a summons to each man to choose his side? Choosing his side might well mean staking his life.

A girl in a lownecked dress and short petticoats began a song from a raised platform at the end of the room. She was popular, and the song a favourite. Nobody seemed to listen; when she ended, nobody applauded. Mistitch had been whispering with Sterkoff, Rastatz sitting silent, tugging his slender fair moustache. But none of the three had omitted to pay their duty to the bottle; even Rastatz's chalky face bore a patch of red on either cheek. Mistitch rose from his chair, glass in hand.

"Long life to the King!" he shouted. "That's loyal, isn't it? Aye, immortal life!"

The cheers broke out again, mingled with laughter. A voice cried: "Hard on his heir, Captain Hercules!"

"Aye!" Mistitch roared back.
"Hard as he is on us, my friend!"

Another burst of

cheering—and again that conscience-smitten silence.

Markart had found a seat, near the door



"'Hist! Do you hear that step?"

cheers. Men were thinking. Cheers first, thoughts afterwards, was the order in Slavna as in many other cities. Now they recognised

and a good way from the redoubtable Mistitch and his companions. He looked at his watch—it was nearly ten; in half an hour General Stenovics would be leaving the Palace, and it was meet that he should know of all this as soon as possible. Markart made up his mind that he would slip away soon; but still the interest of the scene, the fascination of this prelude—such it seemed to him—held his steps bound.

Suddenly a young man of aristocratic appearance rose from a table at the end of the room, where he had been seated in company with a pretty and smartly dressed girl. A graceful gesture excused him to his fair companion, and he threaded his way deftly between the jostling tables to where Mistitch sat. He wore Court dress and a decoration. Markart recognised in the young man Baron von Hollbrandt, junior Secretary of the German Legation in Slavna.

Hollbrandt bowed to Mistitch, with whom he was acquainted, then bent over the giant's

burly back and whispered in his ear.

"Take a friend's advice, Captain," he said.
"I've been at the Palace, and I know the Prince had permission to withdraw at halfpast nine. He was to return to Slavna then—to duty. Come, go back. You've had your spree."

"By the Lord, I'm obliged to you!" cried Mistitch. "Lads, we're obliged to Baron von Hollbrandt! Could you tell me the street he means to come by? Because"—he rose to his feet again—"we'll go and

meet him!"

Half the hall heard him, and the speech was soon passed on to any out of hearing. A sparse cheer sputtered here and there, but most were silent. Rastatz gasped again, while Sterkoff frowned and squinted villainously. Hollbrandt whispered once more, then stood erect, shrugged his shoulders, bowed, and walked back to his pretty friend. He sat down and squeezed her hand in apology; the pair broke into laughter a moment later. Baron von Hollbrandt felt that he at least had done his duty.

The three had drunk and drunk; Rastatz was silly, Sterkoff vicious, the giant Mistitch jovially and cruelly reckless, exalted not only by liquor but with the sense of the part he played. Suddenly from behind the glass

screen rose a mighty roar-

"Long live Mistitch! Down with tyrants!

Long live Captain Hercules!"

It was fuel to the flames. Mistitch drained his glass and hurled it on the floor. "Well, who follows me?" he cried.

Half the men started to their feet; the other half pulled them down. Contending currents of feeling ran through the crowd; a man was reckless this moment, timid the next; to one his neighbour gave warning, to another instigation. They seemed poised on the point of a great decision. Yet what was it they were deciding? They could not tell.

Markart suddenly forgot his caution. He rushed to Mistitch, with his hands out and "For Heaven's sake!" loud on his lips.

"You!" cried Mistitch. "By heaven, what else does your General want? What else does Matthias Stenovics want? Tell me that!"

A silence followed—of dread suspense. Men looked at one another in fear and doubt. Was that true which Mistitch said? They felt as ordinary men feel when the edge of the curtain is lifted from before high schemes or on intrigues of the great.

"If I should meet the Prince to-night, wouldn't there be news for Stenovics?" cried

Mistitch, with a roar of laughter.

If he should meet the Prince! The men at the tables could not make up their minds to that. Mistitch they admired and feared; but they feared the proud Prince too; they had many of them felt the weight of his anger. Those who had stood up sank back in their places. One pot-bellied fellow raised a shout of hysterical laughter round him by rubbing his fat face with a napkin and calling out: "I should like just one minute to think about that meeting, Captain Hercules!"

Markart had shrunk back, but Mistitch hurled a taunt at him and at all the

throng.

"You're curs, one and all! But I'll put a heart in you yet! And now "—he burst into a new guffaw—"my young friends and I are going for a walk. What, aren't the streets of Slavna free to gentlemen? My friends and I are going for a walk. If we meet anybody on the pavement—well, he must take to the road. We're going for a walk."

Amid a dead silence he went out, his two henchmen after him. He and Sterkoff walked firm and true—Rastatz lurched in his gait. A thousand eyes followed their exit, and from five hundred throats went up a long sigh of relief that they were gone. But what had they gone to do? The company decided that it was just as well for them, whether collectively or as individuals, not to know too much about

that. Let it be hoped that the cool air outside would have a sobering effect and send them home to bed! Yet from behind the glass screen there soon arose again a busy murmur of voices, like the hum of a beehive threatened with danger.

"A diplomatic career is really full of interest, ma chère," observed Baron von Hollbrandt to his fair companion. "It would be difficult to see anything so dramatic

in Berlin!"

His friend's pretty blue eyes lit up with an eager intensity, as she took the cigarette from between her lips. Her voice was full of joyful excitement:

"Yes, it's to death between that big

Mistitch and the Prince—the blood of one or both of them, you'll see!"

"You too are deliciously Kravonian," said Hollbrandt, with a laugh.

Outside, big Mistitch had crossed the canal and come to the corner where the Street of the Fountain opens on to St. Michael's Square. "What say you to a

call at the Hôtel de Paris, lads?" he said.

"Hist!" Sterkoff whispered. "Do you hear that step—coming up the street there?"

The illuminations burnt still in the Square and sent a path of light down the narrow street. The three stopped and turned their heads. Sterkoff pointed. Mistitch looked—and smacked his ponderous thigh.

(To be continued.)



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A KIND OF HERO.

By W. H. BOARDMAN.

"I would have everything esteemed as heroic which is great and uncommon in the circumstances of the man who performs it."—The Tatler.

HE rain was pouring heavily in the Adirondacks, and the South Fork was booming in its bed, when Will made the noon entry in the daily journal at Char Creek Hatchery—

SATURDAY, DEC. 21.
Temperature: Air, 49° above.
do Water, 41° above.
Rain gage, 6 tenths inches.

REMARKS: Rained stiddy since yestiddy.

I had tried to impress upon Will that the winter records of the Hatchery should be a complete history and contain a good deal more than the weather reports, for which there were blank forms under each date, followed by the suggestive heading, "Remarks." The composition of remarks was always a severe trial to him. He said it made his face ache. Now, as he poised his pen, his mouth writhed about the end of its holder as he slowly wrote this addition—

Crik is up. South Fork will be raisin' hel ef it keeps a comin'.

The flow of water in the South Fork is more erratic than it used to be. Its floods are more quickly responsive to rainstorms. All along its thirty miles of watershed the tree-cutting goes on year by year, reducing the shade that protects the mosses and the peculiar forms of undercover which detain water. And more and more the fires get in and burn up the covering of the rocks, so that the rainwater runs downhill as fast as it can go and fills the river full. The flood records are broken quite often nowadays. From the same cause there is less seepage from mosses and duff in dry times, so that low-water records are broken. Will sums it all up in one sentence: "The South Fork ain't so stiddy as it used to be."

The unseasonable warm weather and the heavy rain had in a day carried away the snow and left the ground dark brown and bare. The trunks and skeleton branches and little twigs of the hardwood trees were water-soaked and nearly black. In the dull lighting of the storm the wet, evergreen leaves of the hemlocks, balsams, and spruces were darkened. The broad-leafed trees had shed their foliage, and, because of this, you could get long-distance glimpses through the forest and see the lie of the land as you

cannot do in the summer. You could see the hardwood flats and slopes, the hills and valleys that never appear to the eye when the leaves are on, the uphills and downhills that are found and recognised by the summer sportsman only by tramping over them. But it was all black and sodden. The limbs were not "ugly" now, as the lumbermen say; they were limp and lifeless and did not "hit back" as you brushed them; but the scene was dispiriting—more than that, it was fearsome. Without reasoning it out or knowing exactly why, it seemed portentous and wrong; but perhaps this was only because the weather was untimely.

Will went to the icehouse to saw out a frozen venison steak, and he handily cooked dinner before calling Otto up from the

trough-room below.

"No more venison after this month, Otto. I jined the 'Sociation this year, and it's to be close season where nobody sees us, jest same's outside."

"All right, Mr. Ring. Venison is goot, but to de ribs it is de pork vat sticks, and molasses vat makes warm in de coldt nights. I live on dose till spring comes and we have fish."

"Otto," said Will with sudden prescience, "you better start out after dinner for more supplies. The crik is boomin', and the Fork'll be tearin' everythin' to pieces in a day or two. Likely the Elbow bridge will go out, and then where are we, with ice a-runnin'?"

"I go righd avay," said Otto. "De trays

I pigd all over dis morning and dook oud 940 dead eggs, and on de chard I wrode dem. Mud is coming in de troughs, and some eggs is choking up mid it. You haf hard time to-morrow, Mr. Ring, midout me, keeping clear water in de troughs."

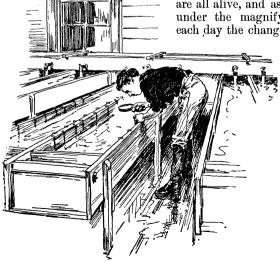
"I'll do that, Otto; but you must tramp all night and get back to-morrow, or you may not find any bridge at the Elbow, and ice'll be runnin' so you can't get a boat through. There's trouble acoming'."

The Hatchery building hangs over—it is literally "on"—the beautiful brook that supplies the water for hatching trout-eggs. The keen woodsman who has charge of it lives upstairs with his one helper, Otto, the willing. The big main floor is nearly covered with parallels of long, shallow, rectangular water-boxes, through which the clear water gently flows over floating trays of wire gauze. The trays are carefully paved with eggs that look like pearls, but they are alive and are exquisitely sensitive. They must be always covered with pure water, running water, until, in a few months, they become trout and can be set A great head trough receives the rushing water from two intake pipes and crosses and feeds into the heads of the Somewhat more than a million trout are there at the dawn of consciousness, and the unfittest are already failing of survival. In one long morning Otto has brushed his feather over all of them, and his pincers have picked out nearly one-tenth of one per cent. of dead ones. "More'n the evridge," said Will. "It begins to look bad."

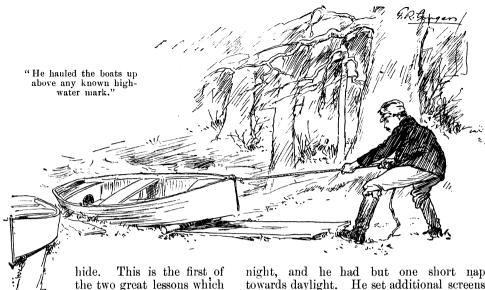
The young woodsman had a full sense of his responsibility. Too much dust or sand coming in from flood water chokes the pores and strangles life in the eggs. If the pipes are frozen for an hour, so as to stop the flow of water and expose the eggs to the air, a million babies drown in air, and all the year's investment is lost. Will has

cultivated such a tender enthusiasm that I think he would shed tears over the loss of his babies; for the eggs are all alive, and as he examines them under the magnifying-glass, he notes each day the change in the form inside

the egg. Has the little trout a sense of feeling, a consciousness, now? Will thinks so, and although he is not sure of it, he handles them tenderly. When the little trout bursts the shell, it quickly shows fear and anxiety, and during the more than a month that the egg sac clings to him and automatically feeds him, he learns how to



"He examines them under the magnifying-glass."



feeding egg is absorbed, he becomes hungry, and he begins his second life-lesson—he hunts for food. Safety, hunger, and the breeding instinct are the motives of a trout's life. He has, I believe, no diversions, and no stomach for them.

whole life.

he studies throughout his

When his

Will was apprehensive. The rain kept coming straight and sullen, and, worse still, it seemed to be growing warmer. At four o'clock he read 58° on the thermometer, and nervously walked down the quarter-mile trail to the river. It was fast rising, and he hauled the boats up above any known highwater mark.

The next day the noon journal entry reads—

SUNDAY, DEC. 22.
Temperature: Air, 59° above.
do Water, 49° above.
Rain gage, 13 tenths inches.

REMARKS:

Still a comin'. Water running 2 ft. over hatchery dam, has tore out coverin' of 5-inch pipe and is rushin' through the air-box.

The Hatchery was fed by two pipe-lines. There was a big pipe five inches thick to the main dam, seventy-five yards, laid in a wooden box under a deep covering of duff and hay. The wooden box kept an air-space about the pipe which prevented freezing, but the flood had carried away the covering, and the air-space was full of water. There was also a little pipe, three inches thick and two hundred yards long, to the upper dam.

It was a busy Sunday for Will. He was alone, but too busy to be lonesome. He dared not take off his clothes during the

night, and he had but one short nap towards daylight. He set additional screens at the dams at the head of each intake to keep as much drift as possible out of the pipes. Inside the Hatchery he set and tended a series of screens of wire gauze, mosquito-netting, and cheese-cloth, watching them closely, changing them often, and keeping the water clean. Towards evening the rain changed to a violent hailstorm, which soon passed. Then the mercury fell rapidly to zero. Will was not at all tired.

All of Sunday night was spent in keeping a line of fires burning over the little pipe to the upper dam. Two hundred yards of fire is hard to keep going in zero weather, and he found it especially hard because he had to make frequent runs to the Hatchery in order to change and clean the screens, which now rapidly loaded with sand and drift. He had also to carefully tend the fires in two hatchery stoves, for the hailstorm had broken some of the windows, and there was danger of freezing in the outlet pipes. It was a busy night, but he had his second wind and was cheerful.

Monday morning opened bright and clear and bitterly cold. The whole landscape was completely changed, and the morning sun developed "what signs and wonders God had wrought." During the quick drop of more than sixty degrees, the rainwater on the evergreen leaves, on the bare branches, twigs, and bodies of trees, and everywhere on the ground, had frozen to a crystal coating. All around the Hatchery there was created a new world, where the yellow morning sunlight slanted and danced

in a forest of gems. Yesterday all was black, but now the trees were—

Glittering in golden coats, like images; As full of spirit as the month of May, And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.

I wonder what thoughts came to Will's mind when he spared a moment to drink in this new creation with his keen eyesight! I know him well, his studentlike thirst for all the information to be got by seeing and hearing, his love of Nature, and his simple devotion. I think it impressed on him more deeply than ever before that feeling of reverence which is characteristic of the real woodsman.

The water running in the new channel cut by the flood over the big pipe was frozen, and the air-box, which had been filled with water, soon became a solid mass. After nine o'clock no more water came into the Hatchery through that pipe. was serious, for the smaller pipe was barely sufficient to keep life in the large family in the troughs; and as the mercury was now 20° below zero, there was liability at any moment of losing the service of the little pipe, and then Will's million babies would drown for lack of water. Will could not be everywhere at once, and some of the fires on the line were now often out for dangerously long times. He was not tired yet; he was tough and full of enthusiasm. He decided to let everything go, except keeping the screens free, and try to thaw out the big pipe.

With a pick and crowbar he quarried his way through the ice, over and inside the air-box, and exposed the whole seventy-five yards of pipe. He did not do this all at once, but, beginning at the lower end, he chopped out one length and unjointed it and warmed it by the fire, while he worked on the next joint. By one o'clock he had freed the whole line and covered it deeply with hay carried in from the barn. After he had turned the gate at the dam, to let the water run again through the big pipe, he ran to the Hatchery to adjust its screens, and, while working on them, saw the flow from the little pipe grow smaller and smaller and finally stop. It was frozen solid. It was a narrow escape. The big pipe had been thawed and restored to service barely in time.

It is a strange fact that Will had at no time any doubt of success, or any fear until now. He gasped and shivered, and sat down to think about it, for the million trout had grown in his mind to be as so many



"Quarried his way through the ice."

human lives. But, happily, his sense of duty to be done was much keener than his capacity for reminiscence, and he started suddenly when he remembered that he had failed to take the noon observations and make the record in the journal. His satisfaction vanished and he felt absurdly guilty as he ran to make this belated entry—

Monday, Dec. 23.
Temperature: Air, 27° below.
do. Water, 29° above.
Rain gage, 3 tenths inches.

REMARKS:
3-inch pipe is froze. 5-inch pipe was froze but ain't now.

Then he remembered Otto, and feeling vaguely anxious about him, he ran down to the river. It was a raging, impassable, angry flood, with racing ice cakes that reared up and ground against each other in the whirls and at the edge of eddies. Standing by a fire on the farther side he saw Otto stolidly smoking.

"How long you been there?" Will shouted.

"All nide" answered Otto.

"Bridge gone?"

"It is aus."

"Go up-stream till you find a stillwater
you can cross on."

"All righd."

Will watched the river for a while until he became conscious of a growing feeling of horror; then he left it. I think he was getting tired; but such a feeling would be entirely new to him, and he probably did not recognise it. His woodman's eyes had seen a good deal in the short time he watched the river; and when he returned to the Hatchery, he cut loose and wrote the longest entry in the journal which that statistical volume contains under the head of "Remarks":

River boomin' and lots of stuff goin' down. Two of our boats is gone. Saw a table I made for Summer camp, so that camp is gone. Saw some squared birch with duv tail ends that must hev come from Summer dam, so that dam is gone. Saw parts of a bridge that come from the Crik all right. No eggs lost in Hatchery. Sorry about them 2 boats. I hed ought to hev been more careful.

When Otto came, Will did not let him rest a minute. Together they began drilling along the frozen three-inch line, unjointing the pipes and thawing them out. Fortunately they had frozen first at the upper end, and there was not much ice inside. Working most of the night, by noon on Tuesday they had relaid it on the ice of the frozen brook, had cut a channel under it through the ice, and had dropped the whole pipe-line in the bed of the brook where it was safe from freezing. Then Will made this entry:

Tuesday, Dec. 24.
Temperature: Air, 21° below.
do. Water, 31° above.
Rain gage —

REMARKS:

All pipes runnin'.

His work was done. He had saved a million lives, he was exquisitely tired and had reached the limit of human endurance. Otto tells me that when he came up for his dinner on Tuesday, he found Will asleep, or in a state of coma, in his chair, with the He carried him to penholder in his mouth bed and cared for him tenderly, for he had been frozen in several places and needed care. Otto watched and tended him through the night, and on Wednesday occasionally waked him and fed him with venison tea. think Otto's treatment was good, for Will slept more restfully until Thursday, and then he made this noon entry in the journal:

THURSDAY, DEC. 26.
Temperature: Air, 22° below.
do. Water, 32° above.
Rain gage ——
REMARKS:

Sorry I skipped yestiddy.



"He carried him to bed and cared for him tenderly."

COMIC NAMES.

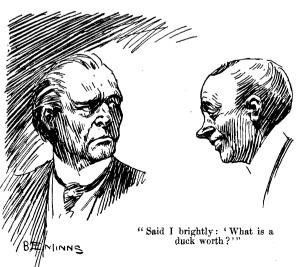
By FRANK RICHARDSON.

It is well to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth. This has been said before. But the antithesis of this happy state of things is to be born with a comic name, and any name that has any sort of meaning can be used by witless people for the purposes of comedy.

Suppose a man is called Clark. Even if his name be spelt Clarke (as sometimes occurs), humorous fellows are liable to ask him if he is a good clerk. This sally, for sally indeed it is, pleases the humorous fellows, but it does not move Mr. Clark (or Mr. Clarke) to merriment. He remains normal at best; at worst he assaults the humorous fellows. And they deserve it. Our sympathies are all for Mr. Clark (or Mr. Clarke).

This is a simple case.

I have two friends, bright fellows and staunch companions. One is called Aynesworth, and the other is called Duckworth. They are both distinguished in their own particular lines. Duckworth is an actor whom you all of you know, and Aynesworth is eminent in the publishing business. In spite of the fact that we belong to the same club, we are quite friendly when we meet. Or, rather, we were until, hoping to amuse and instruct my friends, I, after the manner of Samson, put forth to them a riddle.





BEMINNS 05

"At worst he assaults the humorous fellows."

Said I brightly: "What is a duck worth?"
Duckworth looked pained and grieved and hostile. Aynesworth, so far, did not move in the matter.

When I pronounced the answer, with an admirable imitation of one suffering from a Scotch accent, and said, with the pleasant smile of the boon companion: "Ane's worth twa bawbees," he aided and abetted Duckworth in telling me the precise kind of lunacy that he considered I practised, and exactly where he wanted me to go, and gave me a

scenario of the course he intended pursuing if ever I talked such "tommy rot" again. This made me think. The language of the Aynesworth-cum-Duckworth alliance would have made anybody think—even a leader-writer. And I came to the conclusion that no man really appreciates jokes about his name. You see, it is like this.

You meet Mr. Goldwin for the first time; possibly you have never met a Mr. Goldwin before. The name suggests to you affluence, and you allude to riches. The idea is a novel one to you. But remember Mr. Goldwin has possessed his name for many weary years. You are not a unique kind of ass. There are many other asses just like you, and they have made similar remarks to



"Gave me a scenario of the course he intended pursuing if ever I talked such 'tommy rot' again."

Mr. Goldwin about his name. Is it, therefore, likely that you, or even I, should happen on anything really novel to say about it? What if we do? I very much doubt whether Mr. Goldwin would be very much more pleased than was the hypothetical Mr. Clark (or Mr. Clarke) when his alleged profession was mentioned. No, no. All the jokes that can be made about a man's name have been made about it when he was a boy at school. Boys are not so brainy as we are. Besides, they have more time to behave idiotically. My ex-friend, Mr. Duckworth, tells me that he first heard my little joke when he was at a preparatory school for Eton.

I don't propose to give a list of the names that attract the attention of the wag—I purposely call the man a wag because it is the worst name I can call a would-be humorist. I should think the type of fellow who makes jokes of this sort is only entitled to be called a bit of a wag in his way, the most terrible title that man may earn. To be a wag is one thing—a bad enough thing in all conscience —but to be restricted to a particular branch of waggery is a despicable plight. This article may possibly be read by wags. I have no power to prevent it being perused by the maddest of mad wags, and if I were to give a list of comic names, he might notice one or two that had escaped his attention. It might strike him as a neat thing to hail Mr. Black as Mr. White, or possibly to introduce a Mr. Black to a Mr. White, and allude to an illustrated weekly or an excellent brand of whisky. I should be sorry if this were the case. Or he might slap Mr. Straight heartily on the back and exclaim with a guffaw: "Well, well, old fellow, there's nothing crooked about you, eh?"

I doubt whether Mr. Ayers would care to be called conceited. Have you solved that?

It is a little cryptic. Think it out. Ayers Graces. Got it?

But why continue? I am defeating my own purpose. My blood boils at the thought that any heedless words of mine should add a terror to the heart of Mr. Pinker or of Mr. Shorter. Would you like people to come up to you and say: "You are looking pinker than when I last saw you"? Or, if your name were Shorter—which, in all probability, it isn't—would you like a casual ac-

quaintance to greet you thus-

"Are you Shorter?"

You answer politely: "Yes."

"Pardon me, I didn't finish my question. What I want to know is this: Are you shorter than that lamp-post?"

Do you think that Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the eminent novelist, really enjoys having letters addressed to him thus: R.U.A.E.W. Mason?

Is it pleasant for Mr. George Street, most brilliant of essayists, to open an envelope with "George St., Esq." written on it?

Therefore take my advice. If ever you are inclined to indulge in witticisms on a man's name, stop, count three, and then make a pun on any old thing. Of course it will be a risky thing to do, but perhaps you will be saved from assault and battery. Then, if you like, you can allude to me in your will.



"All the jokes that can be made about a man's name have been made about it when he was a boy at school."

IN THE TUNNEL.

By T. W. HANSHEW.



CANNOT conceive what impelled me to do the thing, for I am not what might be called a "betting man" at any time, and, moreover, the habit of speaking my thoughts aloud is not one of my

many failings. But, be the cause what it may, the fact remains that, just as the train pulled away from the dingy little station at Modane, and the fat man in the corner began to nod again, I said quite audibly: "I'll bet a fiver that fellow is asleep before we reach the tunnel, and will snore like a blessed pig the whole way through it!"

I did not address my remarks to any of the persons who shared the compartment with me; for one thing, I did not suppose any of them understood more than a word or two of English at most, and, for another, I was, as I have stated, merely speaking my thoughts aloud. There were four of us in all—a mummified Italian who kept his nose in a book, hour in and hour out; the fat German who had sat blinking like an owl every time I opened my eyes during the night, and had only had two waking intervals since the day broke; and a somewhat sallow-faced individual who looked like a Frenchman, and spent the time jotting things down on a pocket writing-block when he wasn't chewing the end of his lead-pencil and staring up at the roof of the carriage in a manner indicative of deep thoughtfulness.

A more engaging set of animated dead men it had never been my misfortune to travel with. We had left Paris—en route for Genoa—at nine o'clock the previous evening; we had tumbled out at Modane the next morning to pass the Customs on the Italian frontier (and, incidentally, to partake of a villainous breakfast at the buffet), and during the entire fourteen hours of our enforced association, not one solitary word had been spoken by any member of the party until I unthinkingly broke the silence

in the manner recorded. It came, therefore, as a somewhat startling surprise when the man whom I had long ago decided as a French commercial traveller making up his accounts en route, glanced round at me and said, with as fine an accent as ever came out of Cornwall: "No—o, I think not. He is pretty good at the game, I will admit; but I fancy he won't go as far as that," and forthwith shoved his writing-block into his pocket and edged along the seat until he was beside

I do not know which surprised me the more—this sudden spirit of sociability upon his part, or the fact of his being an Englishman, and I was just groping round in my mind for words to express my sentiments, when he flung another piece of intelligence at me

"If you like to bet on losing hazards, that fellow will accommodate you," he said in a carefully lowered tone and with a nod in the direction of the somnolent German. "He understands English."

"How do you know that?" I inquired.
"He hasn't spoken a syllable since he came
in here last night."

"I am well aware that he hasn't. Thinks he would make it too agreeable for other people if he did. But he understands English well enough to read it, if you will take the trouble to notice that newspaper sticking out of his coat pocket. It's a copy of the Paris edition of the Herald."

"But that proves nothing. He may have

bought it for a friend."

"Not he. If I know anything, I know the human mule when I see him; and if that fellow hadn't been too far gone when you offered to wager five pounds that he would snore the whole way through the tunnel, he would have defeated you on general principles. You can't trust a man with a mouth and chin like his to let you win anything if he can prevent it. Think he is sleeping because he enjoys that sort of thing? Not a bit of it! His wife, if he has one, or somebody else if he hasn't, told him to take especial note of the scenery of French Savoy, and to get out his watch and count the minutes it actually does take the train to pass through the Mont Cenis tunnel; and he kept awake all

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last night so that he shouldn't be able to do it. He would have drugged himself if he couldn't manage to sleep any other way, the

contrary beggar!"

I glanced over at the sleeping German and The man's face certainly did laughed. suggest those characteristics now that my attention was called to the fact, although I had not remarked it before.

"Are you a family connection of Sherlock

Holmes's?" I asked.

"Not the slightest," he replied, with a curious smile that lifted one corner of his mouth half way up his cheek. "That is one of the few lines I have never tackled as yet. But one never knows what cards one may be called upon to play before the end of the game. Je ne me doute de rien-et je ne parle jamais de ce que je fais. I didn't throw that in for the mere purpose of letting you understand that I know more languages than my own," he added parenthetically. "I have lived so many years in Paris that the thing has become almost second nature to me; besides—pardon me a moment. We shall be entering the tunnel presently, and I never fail to take a look at this particular bit of landscape."

He rose as he spoke, and stood with his hand upon the strap which controlled the window, and his eyes fixed upon me with a

curious sort of intentness.

"Ever been through the Cenis tunnel?"

he asked.

"No, never. This is my first experience," I replied. "Is the sensation as uncanny as I have been told?"

"It would require a second Poe to do justice to it. As for me-" He lifted the strap of the window, and I could see that his hand shook nervously. "I always liken the passage through it to six-and-twenty minutes in hell, and I never fail to fill my eyes and my memory with the picture of green trees and bright sunlight before I am swung into the place. But then, mine was such an awful, such an unearthly perience-

A sudden crash cut in upon his words. The window-strap had slipped from his hand, and the sash shot down with a bang that made the sleeping man beside it start up with an excited "Ach! Lieber Gott!" and the reading Italian turn for the first time from And, at the same moment, light his book. and air and landscape were licked up and swallowed, a swirl of darkness swooped down and struck our eyes, a sulphurous blast gripped our throats and stank in our nostrils,

and the whole world seemed to have plunged back suddenly into a roaring, reeking chaos.

We were in the tunnel.

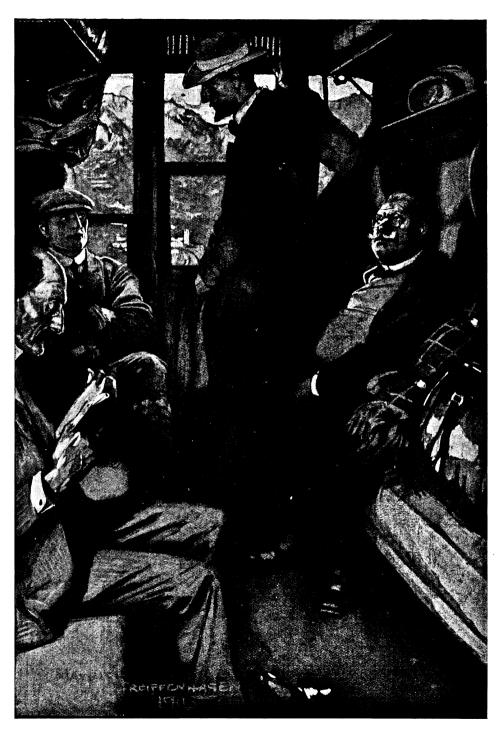
"Ich bitte um Entschuldigung; es war sehr albern von mir," said the Cornishman, looking over his shoulder and addressing the scowling German as the tiny spark of light in the dish-shaped lamp in the ceiling began to make its existence manifest. "I suppose I am a fool," he added, dropping back into English and speaking to me this time, "but I am always more or less nervous and upset when we say 'Good-bye' to the world at large and swing into this hell-hole. It was here whilst the train was whizzing along just as it is doing now, and the darkness was so thick you could cut it-that the man without a head got in and sat down opposite me—just as our German friend there is sitting opposite you."

" Gott im Himmel!"

I could hear the suppressed exclamation even through the steady, insistent roar of the train, and I instinctively glanced over at the He had drawn himself up into the German. smallest possible space, and sat, a thing all eyes, huddled as far back in the shadow of his corner as his size would permit. the instant our eyes met that he shared my sudden suspicion of the Cornishman's sanity, if he did not, indeed, share the sensation of swiftly alternating flashes of heat and cold which were that moment zigzagging up and down my spinal column.

For half a minute, as we swayed on through the sulphurous blackness, the Cornishman struggled with the window-strap (for the impact had jammed the sash, and it was no easy matter to readjust it), and during that half-minute I think I must have recalled all the stories of encounters with madmen and all the "Hints on Self-Protection in Cases of Emergency" I had ever read, and I fancy that my face must have reflected my thoughts when the man finally got the sash in place and resumed his seat beside me, for the curious smile was again half way up his cheek.

"I hope you won't get to thinking that I have escaped from an asylum," he said; "although I am free to admit that what I said just now would be considered ample Nevertheless——" grounds for doing so. His voice sank, and the smile slid down his cheek and vanished—"it was the plain, unvarnished truth, and it happened as I told you—whilst we were scudding along through this Inferno-like darkness, just as the train is doing now,"



"'Ever been through the Cenis tunnel?' he asked."

"But a man without a head!" I ventured to expostulate, reassured by his demeanour. "And to enter a moving train—in a tunnel! The thing is impossible, you know, im-

possible!

"So I should have thought, myself, if I had heard another fellow tell it," he replied, with a slight shudder. "But you can't dispute what you have seen for yourself; you can't say a thing is impossible when you have experienced it. Ever since that time I have had a deeper appreciation of those lines in 'Hamlet' regarding the mysteries of heaven and earth which are undreamt of in our philosophy."

He paused—as if undecided whether to go on or not—and I saw his gaze travel to the window as he sank back against the cushion and shaded his eyes with a shaking hand.

"I know I am a fool, and that such an experience is never likely to be duplicated," he said after a moment, "but I am always expecting that dead fellow to come back, and I never enter this horrible hole without looking for him."

He was shaking all over now. I reached for my pocket-flask, and pulling off the metal cup, slopped out a good, stiff peg of

brandy and handed it to him.

"Here, take a drink of this; it will pull you together," I said. "And—I should like to hear—if you care to talk about it."

He drank the brandy at a gulp, and thanked me with a nod as he handed back

the cup.

"I don't often speak of it," he replied. "I hate to be set down as a liar or a lunatic; but—well—I will tell you. It happened two years ago, and I was going then (as I am going now) to Luvinci, a small station just outside of this tunnel on the Italian side, where the train stops only on signal or by arrangement with the guard. At that time I was connected with a Franco-Italian firm of jewellers and dealers in precious stones, and as the samples I carried were extremely valuable, I made it a point when travelling by train to always engage an entire compartment and have the guard lock me in securely. I was, therefore, quite alone when the affair of which I am about to tell you occurred—a circumstance which I have always deeply regretted, since it leaves me absolutely without witnesses of any sort to corroborate my statement. was, moreover, unusually careful on this particular occasion, and kept a loaded revolver lying upon the seat beside me. I did this for two very good reasons. The first

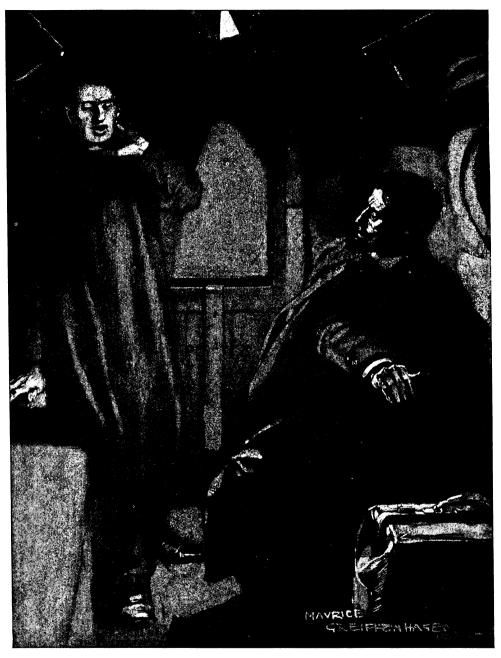
was that I was carrying upon my person jewels amounting in value to nearly three hundred thousand francs (our firm was executing a commission for the Royal house of Italy); and the second because, some four months previously, a fellow commercial traveller, who had the misfortune to resemble me very closely indeed, had been murdered in a compartment of the Lyons express, and his murderer, who was most fortunately captured, confessed before going to the guillotine that he had mistaken the man for me."

He paused as though overcome by some hideous recollection, and passed a shaking hand across his forehead.

"A narrow squeak for you," I said,

feeling that I ought to say something.

"Very," he agreed. "And it did not tend to make me feel any the more comfortable to learn, as I did learn from the confession of the murderer-he was an Alsatian, by the way, and his name was Ettienne Clochard—that I had long been shadowed by the members of the organised gang to which he had belonged, and that, in his own characteristic phraseology, 'they would have me yet.' On the morning prior to my starting upon the journey of which I am now telling you, this Ettienne Clochard had been guillotined in Paris, and there was a full account of the execution in all the evening papers, La Presse in particular giving a very graphic description of it. Call it a morbid taste if you like, but that description fascinated while it appalled me. I think I read it quite a dozen times that night and a dozen more the next morning, and I was reading it again when the train whizzed suddenly into this tunnel, and all the world seemed to be blotted out in darkness and vapour. The lamp in the compartment was even less adequate than this one, and I laid the paper aside, unable The horrible droning of the to read more. wheels—(Listen! you can hear it now) combined with the gloom and, perhaps, the gruesomeness of the thing I had been reading, got on my nerves and made them raw; the moisture, catching the sulphurous vapour, covered the windows as though they were smeared with milk, and the foggy atmosphere of the compartment breathing a labour. The rocking train raced on, and, after a time, the green silk 'eyelids' over the ceiling lamp, disturbed by the vibration, winked and slid down. up and stood with a foot on either seat, trying to adjust them. They would not



"' As I faced round, I saw standing before me the shape of a man."

remain up, however, and I had just determined to take out my pocket-knife and cut them away altogether when I heard the door behind me—the locked door!—open and close with a bang. I don't know whether I fell or jumped down from my perch; I only know that I got down

somehow, and that, as I faced round, all my nerves pricking and twitching, and my heart hammering against my ribs as though it would beat its way out of me, I saw standing before me the shape of a man—a tall, slim man, with a great scoop cut out of his coat and shirt where the collar should

have been, a slim, red line running round his throat, and above that line a grey-white, dead face with shut eyes and hanging lips."

" Ach! Lieber Gott!"

I heard the words quaver out from the German's corner, but I could not see his face, for the thick vapour which the opened window had let in floated between us, humid, yellow, reeking of sulphur. I looked round at the Cornishman, every fibre of my being tingling, and something creeping up my neck. He was sitting bolt upright and looking straight before him, his forehead puckered up, and the second joint of his left forefinger held between his teeth.

"Go on," I said faintly. "You are sure

it wasn't nerves?"

"As sure as I am that you are sitting here beside me this minute," he replied. "Nerves may often make a man fancy that he sees things, but they can't make those things talk."

"And he talked?"

"Yes. As I faced round and saw him, his dead lips said quite distinctly: 'Good evening, comrade. We travel far and fast. It may be morning to you, but it is evening to me—for ever! And then, with a wave of the hand, inviting me to resume my seat, he sat down in the corner near the window and turned his dead face towards me, his eyelids never once lifting, and his head, jarred by the movement of the train, rocking unsteadily upon his shoulders. he put up his hand to steady it, and as his fingers touched that red line about his 'The trade-mark of Monsieur de throat. Paris,' he said, with a ghastly movement of the lips which, in a living man, would have been a smile. 'He guillotined me at dawn this morning."

The voice of the Cornishman dropped off suddenly into silence, and once again he took his knuckle between his teeth, his eyes looking straight before him as though he were lost in thought. As for me, I sat waiting for the next word as breathlessly as ever schoolboy hung over one of Poe's tales, my heart pumping like an engine, and the pores of my skin pricked up into little beads.

The train alone made sound now, for even the German's voice was still. For a time we reeled on through the blackness of the tunnel in this state of nervous tension, and then the Cornishman spoke again.

"I do not know whether I fainted or not when the Thing in the corner said that," he went on; "but some sort of suspension of the faculties must have occurred, for there

is a period of blankness in my memory from that precise moment until the time when I found myself half-sitting, half-lying upon the seat immediately in front of my awful companion, and my hand groping blindly for the spot where I had placed my revolver. I know that even then I was conscious of the uselessness of such a weapon—of any weapon-against such a visitant as he; but I groped for it all the same, yet groped in vain. In some strange way, by some malign agency, the thing had been spirited away, and I sat there helpless, hopeless, appalled, with that dead creature gibbering at me in the green dusk of the veiled lamp. The train rocked on, his doddering head keeping time to the swaying motion of it, and that awful parody of a smile distorting his looselipped mouth. I fought with myself—I tried to reason with myself; I struck my hands together and dug my nails into the flesh in the effort to wake myself from what I felt must surely be nightmare. It could not be, this thing—it simply could not be, I told myself. It was out of all reason out of all possibility, and yet-there It was before me, and I was not sleepingnot dreaming; neither was the creature in the corner a shade, for it actually cast a shadow on the cushioned back of the seat!"

I admit it—to my everlasting shame I admit it: as the Cornishman made that statement I gave a little gulp, and twitched away from him as from some uncanny thing, and huddled up in my corner much as I had seen the German huddle up in his. I did not speak. I had reached a point where I simply could not. I merely held my breath and waited.

"I do not know how long it was before the Creature spoke again," the Cornishman went on; "but of a sudden I became aware that its voice was again sounding above the muttered thunder of the train, and that it was crooning to itself rather than talking to 'Ah! he is the prince of valets is Monsieur de Paris,' I distinctly heard it say. 'So softly he touches, so softly! It is like the brush of a bird's wing, that sweep of the shears round the shoulders that lays bare the neck and lets the morning air It is like the touch of a blow on it. feather, that snip! snip! behind the ears, and the gentle falling of the cropped hair on the warm, bare shoulders—the thick, matted hair that smells even yet of the pomatum Lanisparre the barber rubbed into it all those days ago. Ohé! Monsieur de Paris, I salute you. What a tender dog



"'You had me nicely."

you are, with your sorrowful eyes and your red gloves—not to shock a man's sensibilities! But you smell of sawdust, cher ami, and the hinge of your basket creaks. Softly, softly! don't hurry a man when he is taking his last walk. Aha! my friend the tilting-board, you shine like glass; but we shall have a short acquaintance, you and I. Vivat! we are off! I see you open your hungry jaws, Monsieur the Lunette; I see you flash in the dawnlight, Madame Three-Corners, and I rush to meet you. It is touch and go; it is click and off. Vive la France! vive la! vive la!

Again the voice of the Cornishman dropped off into silence. I sat breathless, quivering, waiting for him to speak the next word.

"I do not know," he said presently, "how my reason survived the shock of that moment; I do not know, I do not pretend to imagine, what would have been the end of the horrible experience had I not at that point made a discovery which gave the whole ghastly affair a different complexion, and made me shut my hands hard, and pull myself together for what I now felt would be a fight for life. It was no less a thing than the discovery of the whereabouts of my missing revolver. It was lying on the cushioned seat between the knees of the decapitated man! I sucked in my breath with a sort of gasp as I made that discovery, and a thought only less horrible than the one it had exercised hammered at the back of my brain. If the revolver had been useless to turn against it, why had the Creature been at the pains to deprive me of it? Was it a trick, then? Was my ghastly visitant merely some clever thief who had adopted this appalling disguise, and invented this daring plan, for the purpose of frightening me into complete helplessness before he summoned his confederates to rob and murder me? If that was his game-

The Cornishman stopped short and left the sentence unfinished. I saw his eye travel to the window, and the curious smile glide up his cheek again. My own gaze

followed the direction of his.

Along the vapour-smeared surface of the glass a faint glow of light was creeping—a light which presently burst into the compartment with such a fierce and blinding glare that for an instant I could see nothing.

The Italian laid aside his book for the first time, and lowered the window nearest to him, the Cornishman got up and loosened the strap of the one close to where I sat; and, as a current of fresh air swung through the compartment and dispelled the fog, I became conscious that we were out of the tunnel, and that the German was still sitting huddled up in his corner with gaping lips and wideopen eyes.

The Cornishman rose, lifted his portmanteau out of the rack, looked down at me and

 $\operatorname{-\!--winked}.$

"I reckon I've won that five-pound note hands down," he said, with a laugh. "Our friend from the Fatherland never slept a wink, nor snored a snore, the whole way through."

I looked at him aghast, dimly comprehending, but too far gone to speak, and then mechanically put my hand to my breast-pocket, for the train was slowing down, and I remembered what he had said with regard

to his destination.

"Well, I'm dashed!" I managed to gasp

at last, and pulled my purse into view.

"No, don't pay it to me," he said hastily.

"I've won it, I know, but—send it as a donation to Dr. Barnardo's Home; it will do some good there. I am sure I can trust you to do it; you were so willing to pay up like a man. One last word—don't make rash bets in future; you will always find somebody ready to take you up. Good-bye."

The train had stopped, and the guard was

at the door.

"Your station, signor," he said, and reached out his hand for the man's portmanteau.

And then, for the first time, the German spoke

"Ach!" he blurted out, leaning forward as the Cornishman was getting out, and laying a twitching hand upon his sleeve. "You go like dis? Sir, you do not tell if it vas really a teef or de ghost of dot Clochard mans, and I am exploding mit curiosities already. De end of de story, it is vat?"

end of de story, it is vat?"

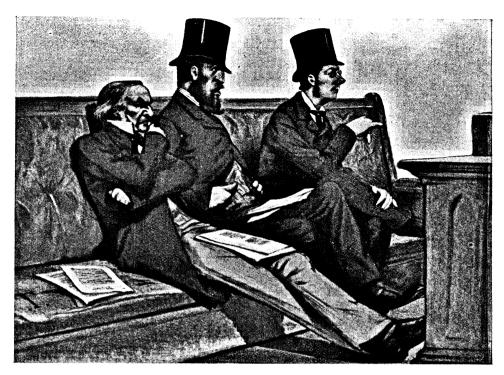
"What you like to make of it, my good sir," the Cornishman replied. "It began under my hat, and there's no earthly reason why it shouldn't end under yours. Goodbye!" He turned and held out his hand to me. "Barnardo's kids will be the gainer, at

all events."

"Good-bye," I answered, as I leant out and wrung the hand he extended. "It was ripping, and you had me nicely. I say, you know, you ought to write for the magazines."

He looked up at me and laughed.

"I do!" he said, and walked quietly away.



"BABBLE, BIRTH, AND BRUMMAGEM." JULY, 1880.

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

A RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES.

III.—POLITICS.—FIRST SERIES.

\[\mathcal{T}ANITY \ FAIR \ \ \text{has ever been political.}\] Those connected with its fortunes have had no small interest in the governance of the Empire; therefore that it should be peculiarly rich in its cartoons of statesmen is no subject for surprise. Whig and Tory. Conservative and Liberal, Unionist and Labour's representative --- they have all in turn found their way into Vanity Fair. And this may we notice, that the cartoonists have not been influenced by their political opinions. If they poked fun at Gladstone, they chaffed Disraeli; if they brought laughter by their Rosebery, they did not therefore spare Goschen or Hicks Beach. In this may we see a variation from the custom of their comrade cartoonists who abandon their pencils to their politics. "Jehu Junior,"

however, the biographer of these countless celebrities, an indefinite personage who changes his personality with the passing years, if not his signature, ever gave full play to his opinions. He was often bitter, sometimes prejudiced, but rarely malicious.

In the year 1869, many things were happening, even if we neglect that interesting event, the birth of Vanity Fair. The Eastern Counties still bewailed the ruined homes which had been devastated by that financial cyclone, the failure of Overend and Gurney. Society was busily discussing whether or no a woman of character could publicly take supper after the play. The Alabama claims were the subject of popular indignation. But more important than all, the first Disraeli Administration had just drawn to

its conclusion after an existence of less than a year, and the first of Mr. Gladstone's Administrations had commenced.

Politicians, who were arguing over the Reform Bill passed by the Tory Premier.and considering with anxiety the Irish Church Bill that the Liberals were about to introduce. welcomed the caricatures of the great leaders of the respective partiesfierce rivals as they were - with amusement and enthusiasm. Cartoons of Disraeli and Gladstone were.indeed. the first ever published in Vanity Fair, and by them Pellegrini or "Ape," as he signed him self esta blished his reputation in the polite world of London. It is interesting notice that at this early stage Pellegrini seemed bent on caricaturi ng the clothing of his victims as much as their faces; here we have a good example of his methods, for the Conservative is supplied with a wealth of broad-

cloth that savours of extravagance, while the Liberal displays a skimpiness of material indicating that with him economy is the order of the day; and it was on the question of expenditure that the recent elections had been fought. Mr. Tommy Bowles, then editor of the paper, was peculiarly happy in his biographies of this distinguished pair. When he wrote of Disraeli: "He eduthe cated Tories and dished the Whigs to pass Reform: but to have become what he is from what he was is the greatest reform of all," he produced a descriptive paragraph which was remembered

through all

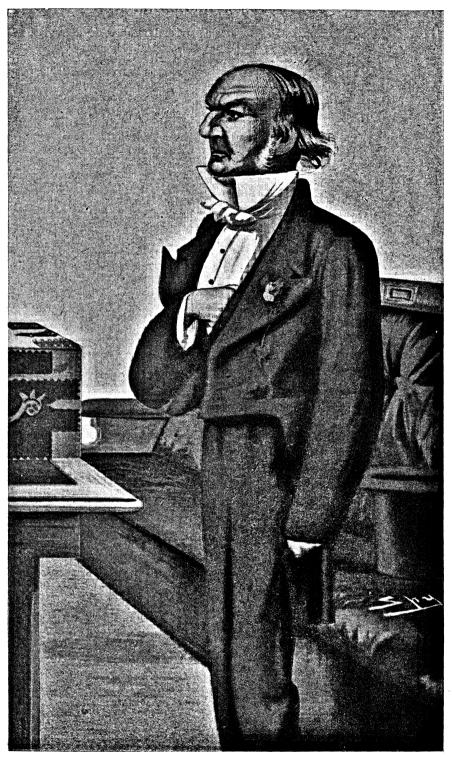
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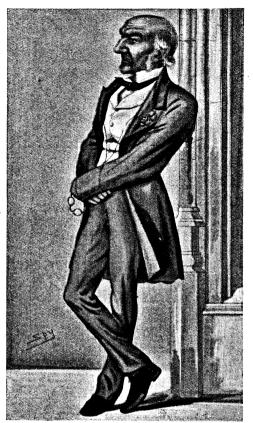


disraeli. 1869.

"He educated the Tories and dished the Whigs to pass Reform; but to have become what he is from what he was is the greatest reform of all."



GLADSTONE. 1879. "The People's William."



GLADSTONE IN 1887. "The Grand Old Man."

of that statesman's political career. Nor was he less successful with Mr. Gladstone. Even his staunchest supporter can scarcely quarrel with "Jehu Junior's" words when that worthy wrote: "Were he less admirable, he would be more admired; were he a worse man, he would be a better statesman."

In the 'seventies the politics of Vanity Fair were nigh as Whig as they were Tory, though, as time went on, we can mark a gradual change in the paper until, in the 'eighties, circumstances occurred which threw itwith such discretion as may be permitted to honest men-into the Unionist cause. It is interesting, therefore, to find that "Jehu Junior" spoke with deference of Mr. Gladstone, saying that "the merits he possesses are so great that the only defects imputed to him are such as spring from their excess, and even those defects are such that in a world a little wiser and better they would themselves be merits. A mind so vast as to be almost universal enables him at once to grasp the

smallest and meanest details and the largest principles; and if this ever becomes a defect, it is but to the weak whose hands, because they cannot close on the whole mass, slip and hang down discouraged. A fearless intellect, content to rely upon pure reason for its conclusions and to accept any which may be supported by it, makes him appeal for his cause with others to the same foundation on which he has built his own. this be a defect, it is but to the foolish who admit reason only so far as it supports prejudice, and who dare not so much as look at the former over the ring fence which bounds the latter."

A very different man from the Disraeli of '69 was the Earl of Beaconsfield that "Ape" portrayed ten years later. He is better dressed; his love-locks have shortened to discretion and are flecked with grey; in his features is that biting sarcasm with which he had met the splendid oratory of his Liberal antagonist. In 1868, when he



LORD JOHN MANNERS, NOW DUKE OF RUTLAND. 1869.

"Let art and commerce, laws and learning, die, But leave us still our old nobility!"



THE EARL OF DERBY. 1869. "It is his mission to stem the tide of Democracy."



SIR CHARLES DILKE. 1871.

became Prime Minister, he had hardly been regarded with serious confidence by the country; but the man had grown till all onlookers marvelled to see how he dwarfed his compeers. When, in 1874, he again became Premier, a spirit of toleration for him had arisen which finally developed into admiration when, in 1876, he was created Earl of Beaconsfield; an admiration which, as "Jehu Junior" stated, "changed almost to adoration when he nominated himself to be the junior



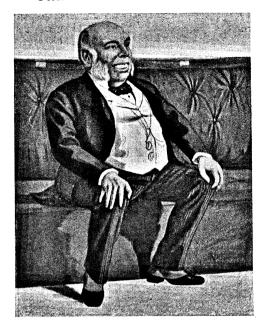
SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH. 1874.

Ambassador of England" at the Berlin Congress.

The enthusiasm which inspired the writer of the letterpress that accompanied the cartoon did not, however, long fill the bosom of the editor of the paper; for shortly afterwards we find him declaring that Lord Beaconsfield had surrendered everything that Russia proposed to extort, that he had further, by "a fraudulent and illegal contract," taken from Turkey and acquired for England a territory which must be useless and expensive, and might "be

dangerous to our very existence." However, the Island of Cyprus, though of no particular value, has not so far destroyed us.

It was not until 1887 that a second caricature of Mr. Gladstone appeared. The artist was now Mr. Leslie Ward, the "Spy" of to-day, and the caricature is one of the best specimens of his earlier work. We notice that careful attention to costume which is always characteristic. Indeed, when he had produced several cartoons of welldressed men, it is told how a Napoleon



THE RT. HON. W. H. SMITH. 1887.

amongst West End tailors cried with enthusiasm that "the Van ty Fair cartoons are the best fashion-plates in Europe." The present portrait showed Mr. Gladstone as he often appeared in society, an old eagle full of powers and flight, yet trying to make himself pleasant amongst the doves of the drawing-room.

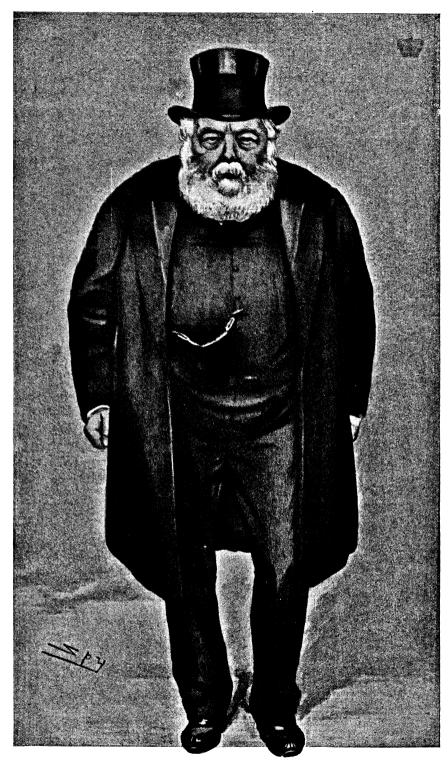
But by this time Vanity Fair had changed its opinions on the statesmanlike qualities of Mr. Gladstone. The Home Rule Bill had come, had been debated, and had disrupted the Liberal party. It



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE (LORD HARTINGTON). 1888.



LORD SALISBURY, WHEN LORD CRANBORNE. 1869
"He is too honest a Tory for his party and his time."

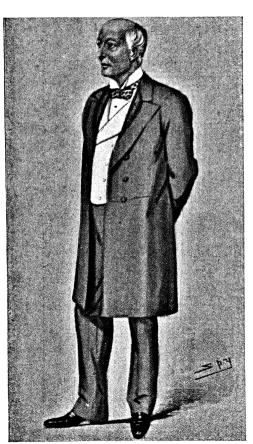


LORD SALISBURY. 1900. "The Prime Minister."

is curious to remember the appreciative words of the biography of 1869 when we read of the Liberal Premier—

"He has become the leader of those advocates of the separation of Ireland whom he had denounced as plunderers; the ringleader of the associates of avowed assassins, whom he had imprisoned as traitors; the friend of his country's foes and the foe of her friends. So great a transformation that even the foolish Whigs, who so long followed him and abetted him in the mischiefs he has wrought, now repudiate him with loathing and are determined that, whatever happens, they will stand by the Tories in preventing for ever the calamity of his returning to power in England."

Such being the opinions of *Vanity Fair*, we can understand the joy with which the editor printed a contemporaneous story of clubland concerning the Liberal leader. It appeared that Mr. Gladstone, when staying at a country house, entered into an argument with a fellow-guest, a well-known Tory M.P.



MR. SPEAKER GULLY. 1896.



MR. SPEAKER BRAND.

As the ex-Premier concluded a long peroration, his opponent remarked that he could not understand him. "You may have the advantage," said Mr. Gladstone, "of hearing me explain myself in Parliament." "That I defy you ever to do," was the rejoinder.

I have already stated that Pellegrini considered a caricature to deserve its name only if it brought out the real character of the The two portraits of the Marquis of Salisbury which appeared in Vanity Fair are, from this standpoint, worthy of special commendation. In 1869 we had the cynical and bitter Lord Cranborne, in a characteristic pose, pointing his arguments with flouts and jeers. In 1900 we have the Premier, softened by experience, with the cynicism of his expression mellowed to a pleasant subacid repose. "He is too honest a Tory for his party and his time," said "Jehn Junior" at the earlier date. "He is full of experience and learning; he made the Great Eastern Railway pay; he can say very nasty things like a gentleman; and he is the inventor and chief exponent of the traditions of Hatfield," remarked that same personage twenty years

POLITICS. 391



MR. GOSCHEN. 1869.
"The Theory of Foreign Exchanges."

later, adding: "He is a Tory who supports the Church, Eton, and Oxford; he is an orator; he can dismiss important matters as easily as he can wave aside inferior men, and his knowledge of Foreign Affairs is unrivalled amongst Englishmen."

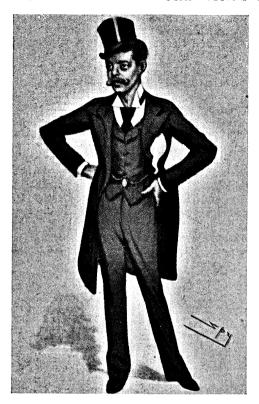
Many are the stories which are told of the absent-minded Premier in his later days. Is it not said, for instance, how a bishop complained to a Royal Personage that Lord Salisbury had cut him in the Park, and how the Royal Personage replied that he feared that the Premier's memory was defective, for he, having handed to him a new photograph of himself, had been astounded by his lordship's criticism, "Poor old Buller"? Or, again, might I not mention the historic anecdote of a Hatfield garden-party, which may be remembered by some of my readers? For it is told how the late Marquis seized

upon a little gentleman of high probity but no particular distinction, led him into the library, and then said: "Well, now, what is your real opinion about Kitchener?" "Well, Lord Salisbury," said the astonished guest, "as far as I know, I think him a very great man indeed." "I am very glad to hear you say so, my dear Roberts," said the Marquis.

Times have changed since 1877, when Mr. Chamberlain appeared. He was then a politician upon whom Vanity Fair kept a suspicious eye. "Jehu Junior" dealt with him somewhat severely: "He is a devout Radical Philistine, believing thoroughly in all the modern nostrums, from education to republicanism, and from monopoly to free trade and the scramble for profits. He accepts the whole programme of the most advanced Radicals, including their contempt



SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. 1870.
"He does his duty to his party, and is fortunate
if it happens to be also his duty to his country."



RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER CHURCHILL. 1880. "A younger son."

for and ignorance of Foreign Affairs. It is a question," concluded this false prophet, "whether he will make for himself a great position in the House." But as Disraeli developed, as Lord Salisbury developed, so did Mr. Chamberlain develop. From a man who neglected Foreign Affairs, he became the embodiment of Imperialism. The article that accompanied his cartoon in 1901 preceded his appeal to the country on Tariff Reform; of the later details in his political career it was duly appreciative.

Great is the contrast—as great, indeed, as that between the two portraits of Lord Salisbury—in the Earl of Rosebery of 1876, the slim and dapper young sportsman, and the cultivated statesman of 1901. In the "Jehu Junior" which accompanied the first cartoon he was thus described: "He was one of those who were favourably thought of for a royal alliance, out of which undertaking he retired with prudence and modesty. His faith is still given to horses and trainers, he backs his stud handsomely, and manages it not only judiciously, but honourably. He is very fresh and pretty, very popular, well

dressed, known in the clubs, and under thirty. He may, if he will, become a statesman and a personage."

There is a curiously prophetic qualification in that "if he will." What might he not have done, what might he not do, if he would?

A quarter of a century later the apt and dapper pupil of Mr. Gladstone reappears as a solitary ploughman, the "Little Bo-Peep" who had lost his sheep, as he was rather impertinently called.

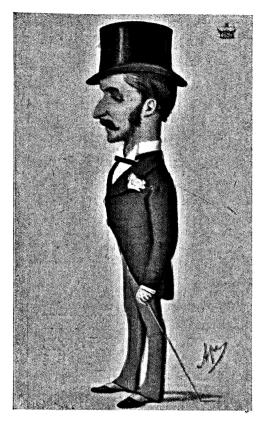
"He is a clever fellow," said "Jehu Junior," "he is often called able, but with all his cleverness, his brilliance and his wit, he reminds one of the man with the talent; he does nothing with it. He has won two Derbys running, and he is popular on the Turf, but in the great affairs of the Empire he seems to let his chances, and they



SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT. 1870.
"He was considered an able man till he assumed his own name"



SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT. 1899. "A retired Leader."



LORD LANSDOWNE. 1874. "Family."

have been many, slip. He is supposed to know all about Foreign Affairs, and twice he has been their Secretary of State, but, like a brilliant meteor, he has left no mark upon the shifting sands of time. He still has a future before him, for he is but three-and-fifty. Will he ever overtake it?"

His career is not inadequately summed up in those words, though the literary purist may be troubled as to the effect of a meteor

upon shifting sands.

The "Babble, Birth, and Brummagem" cartoon was one of the most celebrated that ever appeared in *Vanity Fair*. It formed a portion of a political series, another of which represented the famous "Fourth Party," which included Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Gorst; while yet a third, under the title of "Birth, Behaviour, and Business," displayed Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord John Manners, and Sir Richard Cross.

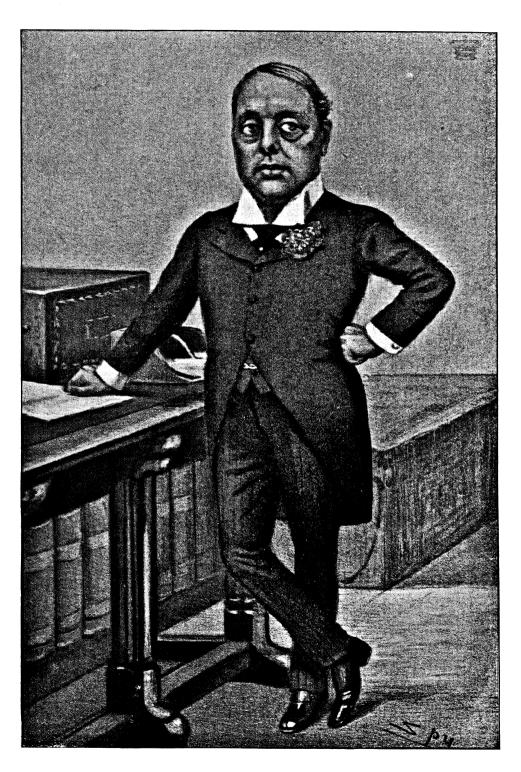
When we consider their subsequent fortunes, there is something sad or ridiculous—

according to each man's political opinions—in the connection of Mr. Gladstone with Mr. Chamberlain and of Mr. Chamberlain with the Duke of Devonshire. The Home Rule Bill swept away the Duke and the member for Birmingham; death has removed the figure of the great Liberal Premier; and now Tariff Reform has separated the pair that survive.

With the portraits of the Earl of Derby, Mr. W. H. Smith, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Lord John Manners, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir Charles Dilke, we are back again at an early period in the history of Vanity Fair. The caricatures all appeared between 1869 and 1874. The features and pose of the Earl of Derby, that representative of old Tory principles who ever held it to be his mission to stem the tide of democracy, is an admirable instance of Pellegrini's art. He was able to show in the face of his subject the amiability coupled with determination which were the distinguishing characteristics of the noble Earl. As I have before mentioned, Vanity



LORD ROSEBERY. 1876. "Horses."



LORD ROSEBERY. 1901. "Little Bo-Peep."

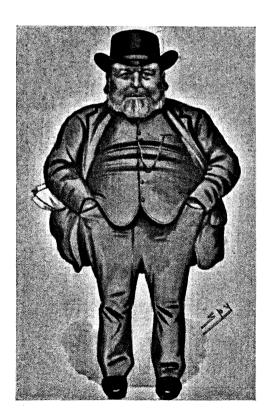
Fair was not without Whig sympathies at its foundation, and we find Lord Derby genially chaffed as a representative of feudalism.

Making an exception to his general rule, Mr. Leslie Wara caricatured Mr. Smith in a sitting posture. "Without being an orator," said "Jehn Junior," "he speaks freely and to the purpose upon the subjects with which he is acquainted, and has a habit of reticence upon those with which he is less familiar such as is to be much encouraged in times like these. Altogether he is a well-to-do, safe, amiable man, with that practical business knowledge which is just now far more valuable than any amount of family convictions and philosophy."

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, auburn of beard and long of hair, graced the pages of *Vanity Fair* in '74. Well spoken, well dressed, well looking, well educated, and well intentioned, how could he be anything but well pleased with himself? It was before the days of Fiscal Reform and irritating problems of

political economy.

Lord John Manners, the present Duke of



MR. JOSEPH ARCH. 1886. "The agricultural labourer."



MR. JESSE COLLINGS. 1888. "Three acres and a cow."

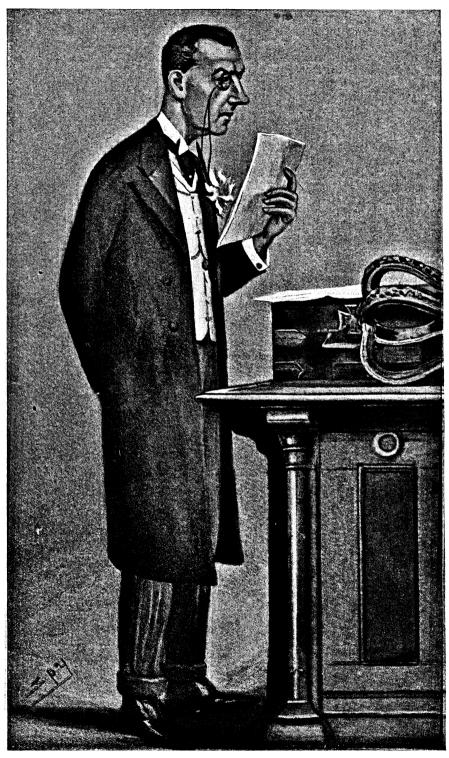
Rutland, is depicted by Mr. Pellegrini in a reflective attitude, such a one as he may have assumed when reciting the lines that have long been historic in the Radical camp:—

Let art and commerce, laws and learning, die, But leave us still our old nobility!

It is remarkable how little the Lord John Manners of 1869 has changed in appearance during the last thirty-six years. His sentiments are still the same as when he recited the above quotation, or when he answered a heckler who taxed him with their authorship: "Yes, and I would rather be the young man who wrote those lines than the old greybeard who now taunts me with my folly." Of Sir Stafford Northcote, as he then was, "Jehu" had little to say. "A somewhat colourless politician," was his comment in 1870. There was small opportunity even for the most cynical pen in that respectable and reputable member of the Conservative party.

Clever and saturnine of aspect, as doubtlessly the cartoonist imagined an advanced Radical must of necessity be, is Sir Charles Dilke. "Jehu Junior" was down upon him: "In the House of Commons he has displayed a marked want of reverence for age and prescription, and he is but too well known to Whips as the founder and secretary of that compact body of kindred male and female politicians, the Radical Club, the birthplace

of all subversive ideas."



THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. 1901. "The Colonies."

It would be difficult to recognise in the "Historicus" of 1870 the Sir William Harcourt of later years. We see him an urbane, learned, and somewhat shy young man, whose contributions to journalism, especially those dealing with international law, had made his pen-name—"Historicus" —deservedly famous. His speeches promised well, and "Jehu Junior" thought well of him in 1870. In 1899 he appeared again in Vanity Fair, as the retired leader of a great party. The costume which was selected for him was a jest on the part of "Cloister," the anonymous cartoonist. It had reference to the fact that he was at the moment engaged in a controversy in regard to Anglican

In Mr. Speaker Brand and Mr. Speaker Gully we have two well-known figures in political life. Mr. Leslie Ward has always taken peculiar trouble over his portraiture of those who held this high office, yet he has ever had difficulty with them. In the Lobby he can see his victims clearly, and much of his most successful work has been composed in that place. In the House itself, however, the light from the roof, throwing the lower part of the faces into shadow, has always perplexed him, and it is only by long and careful study that he is able to effect accuracy of characterisation.

It was in the very early days of *Vanity Fair* that Lord Goschen stepped into its pages. The work was extremely characteristic of Pellegrini. The caricature is severe, yet the likeness is equally remarkable.

"Mr. Goschen," said "Jehu Junior," is under the disadvantage, in his present position, of being put to solve the insolvable, of having to contrive means to diminish and control pauperism while the laws which make paupers increase and multiply are jealously maintained. That he should achieve a very brilliant success in such a task is hardly to be expected; but when, in due course of pronotion, he becomes Prime Minister, he will assuredly fulfil all the expectations that have been formed of him." The prophecy did not come true. Lord Goschen was never Prime Minister.

In "appreciating" Lord Randolph Churchill "Jehu Junior" rose to his opportunity. "He married a very handsome American young lady," said the biographer, "and was started in life advantageously as a younger son. He immediately began to splash about in an improving manner. He is so clever that by making bold and independent

speeches in the House of Commons he has won for himself the interest, as well as the attention, of that middle-aged assembly, for which he is well informed enough to entertain the smallest amount of respect consistent with its privileges. He is a staunch Conservative, as becomes his birth, yet he is neither proud nor narrow-minded, and he is so bright and cheerful a companion, and so brilliant and witty a speaker, that he is justly looked upon as one of the hopes of his party."

It was at the beginning of his career that Lord Lansdowne was first caught for Vanity Fair. "A young man of great family, with good looks, a princely fortune, and a position ready made for him," said "Jehu Junior," "has in this country every temptation to remain a purely idle man, and it is much to the credit of Lord Lansdowne that at an early period in his life he took a serious view of the responsibilities imposed upon him by the power he had inherited, and that he honestly set to work to justify its possession by performing some duties to the State."

Twenty years ago appeared Mr. Joseph Arch, practically the first of the representatives of labour to be seen in the House. His career had been remarkable. From a country boy, scaring birds, he became a hedger and ditcher, and presently, by dint of inhaling book-learning and tobacco by his fire at night, something of a scholar. A natural gift of speech brought him some notoriety, first as a Methodist minister, and then as a social agitator. Even "Jehu Junior" admitted his good points. "Against his conceit," he says, "may be set off his sincerity, courage, and independence."

With Mr. Arch we may set Mr. Jesse Collings, who appeared in 1888, for the reforms which Mr. Arch demanded were superseded by the cry of "Three Acres and a Cow!" which Mr. Collings introduced. "Jehu Junior" had some fun with him. "Equipped," he said, "with a baptismal prefix that sometimes caused passing doubts upon his gender, Mr. Jesse Collings made progress upwards in the social scale, when a mere Collings might have stood still. After a long struggle, he rose from a model clerk to a junior partnership in the political firm of Chamberlain and Collings. Jesse is an inventor on his own account. He patented 'three acres and a cow.' He patented an amendment to the Address which tripped up the first Ministry of Lord Salisbury. And he patented an Allotments Association, which eventually cast him forth into the wilderness."

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SWIM.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.



ELL, he is back, because
Jenkins' young man
told me the coachman told him he
was coming; so
there!"

Little Marjorie delivered this statement with the air of one firmly clinching an

argument, and looked defiantly at her sister.

"Pooh!" said Eilean, who was in her

teens. "Servants' gossip."

"It's really of no consequence if he is back," said Lady Molly languidly, as she lay upon the bank, her hat beside her, and cooled her slim body in the long grasses that sultry August afternoon.

"Isn't he good-looking, Molly?" inquired

Eilean.

"How on earth do I know? And what does it matter?" responded her sister lazily.

"If I were the Duke," said Marjorie thoughtfully, "I wouldn't keep all those bulls in the meadows."

"They're not bulls, silly; they're only

cows," said Eilean.

"They are bulls," said Marjorie emphatically, "I can tell from the way they glare

at you."

"Wouldn't you like to live in the island, Molly?" asked Eilean, kicking her heels in the turf as she looked across the stretch of the little river that ran between Lord Templeton's estate and the Duke's.

"Why should I?" said Molly, without looking up; "I'd sooner live in a house."

"How old did you say the Duke was?" asked Marjorie, whose inquisitive little mind had been busy.
"Twenty-seven, or was it seventy-two?"

"Twenty-seven, you idiot!" said Eilean.

Marjorie paid no heed to the implied censure, but went on with her brisk self-communion. "Didn't he come over with William the Conqueror?" she asked.

"No, duffer; we did," said Eilean. "He's

not as old as we are."

"Are we very old, Eilean?" inquired Ovidia Naso.

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"Of course. Wouldn't you like to be married to him, Molly?" asked Eilean of her graceful sister.

"How absurd! Of course not! He's always shooting things in Africa," said Molly

languidly.

"All old families die out," remarked

Marjorie complacently.

"You little duffer; they don't!" said Eilean.

"They do. I read it in a paper somewhere," said Marjorie, willing to embark on an argument at once. "They always die out."

"We haven't died out," said Eilean

scathingly.

That was obvious, and for a moment took Marjorie aback, but she recovered hesitatingly. "We shall," she pronounced; "you'll see if we don't."

"If we died out, how could I see if we

did?" inquired scornful Eilean.

"We'll die out; I know we shall," said Marjorie, cheerfully insistent. "Oh, Molly! what's that? It's a boat!"

Molly, at the suggestion of a new arrival, sat up and straightened herself. She took her hat on her knee and stared.

"It's an empty boat," she said.

"It's a canoe," said Eilean. "Oh, what fun, Molly! Let's fish it into the bank and have a lark."

She rose and went to the water's edge. The canoe, a Canadian canoe, with paddles obvious in the stern, drifted in a leisurely way upon the stream, and was clearly pointing for the place where they were sitting.

"Do let's get it," cried Marjorie ecstati-

cally.

But practical and tomboy Eilean was already scooping the water with a stick in the hope that the eddies thus raised would drag the canoe ashore. Molly watched her with interest. On the idle summer day had broken, after all, a sort of adventure.

"Grab it when it lifts its nose next," she authoritatively commanded. Eilean grabbed and missed, and almost lost her balance. Molly rose and joined her, with some excitement in her pretty face. She issued instructions and took command of the

2 D

operations; the canoe reluctantly grounded and was seized by the triumphant girls.

"Oh, Molly, let's ride in it!" said Eilean, between entreaty, enthusiasm, and timidity.

"You'd upset it; you can't keep still a moment," said her sister, eyeing the canoe and the paddles doubtfully.

"Oh, Molly, no one could sit in that; they'd fall out! It rocks like a see-saw,"

said Marjorie.

Molly made no reply to this. "Hold the nose, Eily," she said, and put one foot over the side.

"You're not going in; you'll be spilt!" said Eilean.

"Oh, Molly, don't be drowned!" pleaded

poor Marjorie.

That decided it. With the utmost exhibition of assurance and sang froid, Molly

stepped into the canoe and sat down.

"Bosh! Of course, it's different for children," she observed. "It's easy enough," and she reached round for a paddle. That action set the crazy canoe wobbling, and Molly clutched the sides. "Oh, Eily, hold it!" she gasped.

But the alarm proved false, and she recovered her eighteen-year-old dignity.

"You must have shoved it," she said.

"I didn't shove it," said Eilean indignantly.
"It's you. You don't know how to manage a canoe."

"Indeed!" said her sister loftily, waving a paddle in the air. "Well, you'll see."

She dipped it in a gingerly fashion in the water, and the craft rolled over. "Oh!" she gasped; "hold it, Eily!" and then, when it righted: "You're pushing the nose down, stupid!"

Eilean let it go. "Oh, very well," she said crossly; "then perhaps you'd better

manage for yourself."

Molly looked aghast for a moment as the cance started on its independent career; but nothing happened, save that the nose turned on the current and pointed outwards; so she recovered herself.

"It's awfully easy," she declared, sitting well back and plying her paddle very timidly. The canoe moved out into the water, as though reluctant to leave the safe shore; seeing which, Molly's courage rose. "You've only got to know how to use the paddles," she exclaimed over her shoulder. The canoe trudged out, and the space between it and the bank widened. Its nose was pointed towards the island. "It's awfully jolly!" she called back, plying her paddle with more confidence. The two watched her

with fascinated admiration. It did seem jolly, and, what was more, it seemed easy.

"Where are you going, Molly?" screamed

Eilean.

"Oh, do be careful, Molly!" shrieked Marjorie in an ecstasy of excitement.

To the latter exhortation Molly deigned no reply; to the former she threw into the air, without looking round: "To the island."

Indeed, she was not at all certain about looking round. She was tempted to enjoy the admiration which she knew was marked in her sisters' faces, but—but she did not know about looking round. Some vague instinct seemed to warn her against it. But it was a great satisfaction to have cast upon the air so nonchalantly those indifferent words: "To the island."

The island, indeed, was fast approaching. She was more than half way across the not very considerable strait of water, and her heart beat with exhibitation. To be sure. there was the return; but as she had succeeded so well so far, there was no reason why her luck should not hold. Should she land? And how did you land? Landing from a boat was no easy matter, unless some man held it for you; and landing from this crazy craft must be a ticklish business. On the whole she decided that she would not land; she had surely done enough for glory. But, on the other hand, it would be the coping-stone of her performance-to step lightly ashore and wave a triumphant signal to the amazed children. She wondered should she—should she not? She would she wouldn't-she-

"It was so kind of you to bring my canoe back. I've been wondering for the last fifteen minutes how I was to get hold of it."

The voice out of nowhere startled Molly. Her paddle dipped over-deep, and the canoe spun round, half-a-dozen feet from the island. It struck a projecting bough, which alarmed her. She uttered a little cry and threw herself to one side instinctively to avoid a blow. The skiff reeled under the dislocation of the balance; with agitation she flung her weight the other way, and the canoe toppled over in that direction. All at once it became to her terrified senses a pit of all the hazards. It was Death's stalking-horse. It strove to shake her out and bury her fathoms deep in the cruel water.

Molly suddenly felt herself seized under the arms, and was conscious next that she was upon the projecting bough. Below her she now saw the canoe to which she had so rashly committed herself affoat, bottom upwards. It was drifting down-stream.

"I'm afraid I spoke too soon. And now we're both in it," said a voice.

Molly was now aware that she was being held fast in the arms of a young man whose gaze was directed with a certain comic



ruefulness at the ebbing boat. Then he glanced at her.

"Frightened?" he asked.
"Not at all," said Molly weakly, and strove to disengage herself. "Thank you."

"I don't think you'd better do that," said the young man, observing her. "You see, if I let go, we'll probably both go in and join the canoe. But I'll see if we can't get ashore."

He scrambled into a standing posture on the bough by the aid of smaller branches, and, still holding her against him, crawled carefully to the island. Then he released her.

"Thank you," said Molly a little breath-

lessly, and smoothed her frock. The young man contemplated her, and she met his glance when she had finished. He was about thirty, good to look at, and had a quiet and persistent eve.

"I'm afraid you've wet your dress a little," said the young

man.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said Molly quickly, conscious of a damp skirt.

"You see, you went over too quickly for me," he went on; "I never saw a canoe stagger so before."

Molly, her gaze wandering afield, beheld the two children across the intervening space of

water. They were gazing enthralled, and it somehow

annoved her.

"Eilean, go away!" she "Run and ask them called. to bring a boat! Quick!"

"Did you fall in, Molly?" screamed back Eilean with

great interest.

"Oh, Molly! did you say your prayers this morning?" wailed Marjorie.

"Quick!" cried their elder sister. "I can't stay here all Find Stubbs or someday! one!"

"And how long will it take to find Stubbs or someone, do you suppose?" inquired the young man, as the children started to run along the field. He leaned against a tree and surveyed the river, withdrawing from a pocket his cigarette-case.

"I should say about twenty minutes," said

Molly, reflecting.

"Another twenty minutes for Stubbs to get here, and then the rescue—say, a third period of twenty minutes," mused the young man aloud, as he softened a cigarette between his fingers. "I'm afraid you must reconcile yourself to an hour on a desert island, then."

Molly eyed him askance. "It's the Duke!" she thought, with a beating heart; and aloud: "I'm afraid we both must."

"Oh, as for me," said the young man, "I shall enjoy it——" he paused and added—" now. You see, it was different before. I was, so to speak, marooned."

"Marooned!" she echoed.

"Yes. My canoe marooned me, as it has done you. It's a little beast. Only I have less excuse than you; in fact, I've none. I was asleep under that tree yonder, and woke up to find the wretch gone."

"It is very hot," said Molly sym-

pathetically.

"Do you mind my lighting a cigarette?" he inquired politely, and, receiving her answer, struck a match. "You see," he resumed, "we are in a way shipwrecked strangers, who are forced to make the best of the situation. Not that the situation is so bad," he added, with a pensive glance at his companion. "But I am forgetting my hospitality as host. I must find you a seat."

Molly thanked him, but assured him that she was not in need of a seat, and, to show her independence, hooked herself up on a low-lying branch, and swung there, watching him with interest. It really was the Duke!

"Of course," he resumed in his casual, polite voice, "the real difficulty will come if those young ladies get lost in the wilds, or overtaken by the storm, or——"

"Oh, they're not likely to do that," said

Molly dryly.

"Indeed! Well, I suppose I ought to be glad to hear it, but I confess it would have been an experience to be benighted here. Don't you agree with me?"

"Certainly not," said Molly with decision.

"In that case, let us hope the storm won't fall just yet," he said glancing at the sky.

Molly followed his example. The sky was certainly very lowering, and darkness was rolling up from the south.

"Do you think it will rain?" she asked

anxiously.

He examined his cigarette.

"Speaking as one marooned or shipwrecked traveller to another, I will not deny the probability," he said; and, as if in answer to his words, heavy drops began to fall, the first-fruits of the thunderstorm.

Molly started. "Oh, I do wish they would be quick!" she said. She looked down the river, where the canoe tossed gently a hundred yards away. "Couldn't we—isn't there any chance of getting the boat?" she asked.

"You are suggesting to me," said the

young man deliberately after a pause, "that I might plunge into the water, swim to shore, and bring back the canoe? Frankly, I do not feel equal to the occasion."

Molly felt contempt and anger rise in her. "You might as well get wet that way as any other, and we shall both be drenched in this storm," she said, scarcely veiling her indig-

nation.

"That is true," he remarked thoughtfully; "and since we are partners in distress, perhaps one should make an effort to——" He moved towards the water as he spoke, but a thought struck Molly.

"Can you swim?" she called out.

"No," said the young man composedly.

"Then how absurd of you to think of it!" she declared. "Don't be so foolish. Perhaps we shan't get so very wet. I thought all men could swim," she added contemptuously. And this was the Duke!

"It is good of you to let me off," he said philosophically, returning to her. "But I dare say I could have floundered across. You see, when you were so kind as to bring my canoe back——"

"I didn't bring it back," said Molly shortly. "I didn't know anyone was here. If I'd known it, of course, I would have got someone to take it over to you."

"Stubbs, for example?" said he. "It might have been more effective, but I doubt

if it would have been as pleasant."

"I shouldn't have been shut up here helpless," said Molly, ignoring his insinuated compliment. She did not like his imperturbability, and she suspected him of irony. Moreover, he did not appear to be at all ashamed of not being able to swim. It all came of being a Duke and superior.

"If you hadn't shouted out and startled me, it wouldn't have happened," said she, resolved that he should be put in the wrong.

"I apologise," he said. "But you must remember that I thought you knew I was

waiting here."

That was reasonable, but Molly was not to be pacified. She was determined to show him that he was in disgrace, and she turned her shoulder to him. Suddenly a burst of thunder opened the heaven above him, and the rain streamed down. She cried out in dismay.

"You will be drenched to the skin in that light dress," said the stranger in quite another voice, and he put out his hand and

felt her arm. She shook it off. .

"Please come this way," he commanded, and obeying the new note of authority in his tone, she followed him to the further edge of



"With the utmost exhibition of assurance, Molly stepped into the canoe."

the island, where she was surprised to find an easel erected. Quickly he unfolded a huge white artist's umbrella and pushed a stool forward. "Sit under this, please. It will keep the worst off," he said.

Molly obeyed again, and the rain beat

Molly obeyed again, and the rain beat upon the umbrella. The young man stood a few paces away, regarding the black sky critically.

"You are getting wet yourself," she said presently. "Won't you come under?"

"Not wetter than if I had plunged after

the canoe," he observed gravely, as he stooped to her invitation.

Molly made no answer to this; she had done her duty in asking him to share his own umbrella, and was going to leave it at that. The rain plumped heavily in dense, straight sheets about them. The umbrella wobbled and would have fallen, but he put out a hand and saved it, holding it in position. His arm was thus at the back of her, and it irked her as a sort of familiarity.

"Shall we tell each other stories?" he

asked. "It will while away the time till the rescue party arrives. My story is the story of the man who could not swim."

"I think every man should be able to

swim," said Molly disdainfully.

"And I think every woman should be ——" she turned her face slightly towards him, "beautiful," he ended.

What did he mean? Was he insinuating

that——.

"Even if we are compelled to be like this, I don't see any necessity to talk," she said curtly.

"No?" he added amenably. "Very

well."

Thereafter was silence, which only the rain broke, falling on the thick umbrage of the trees, on the water, and on the easel and canvas in front of them. Molly, after a little, began to wish she had said anything rather than what she had said. The silence was awful; it was far worse than anything he might say. There he sat with his arm in a suggestive position behind her, stolidly looking forth upon the streaming river, without so much as the movement of a muscle in his face, so far as she could see. She herself kept her gaze fixed in front of her for a long time, while only the storm talked overhead. Heaven thundered and the clouds opened in a red streak; the deluge continued. Across the river were "empty pastures blind with rain."

The earth, now soaked and soft, ran gutters down the little slope, and the leg of Molly's stool suddenly sank on the side towards her companion. She toppled over upon him, hands foremost, and struck him in the chest.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cried.

"Not of the slightest consequence," he replied formally, struggling with politeness in his prostrate condition, and battling wildly with the pole of the umbrella. But the latter contest was in vain; the next moment it collapsed, and they were involved in the damp folds together. Molly was conscious only of a hurly-burly of wet and misery and despair; she gave up the attempt to extricate herself and sat still, which was perhaps the best thing she could have done in the circumstances. The young man fought, as is the duty and privilege of the male, and presently conquered. The umbrella resumed its pacific mien and once more protected them, and Molly's stool was removed to a more secure place. After that the silence was worse than ever, and Molly began to feel a sense of resentment surging in her.

"Why on earth doesn't he say something?"

she asked herself indignantly, oblivious of the fact that she herself had enjoined silence. "He might have asked me if I was hurt," she thought aggrievedly.

But he did not. He had reacquired his stolid demeanour and was gazing once more into the storm. Molly mentally shrugged

her shoulders. How stupid he was! The rain poured on the easel in front. She could

not stand it any longer and spoke.

"Your picture will be ruined," she said.

He turned his head towards it critically. "It is possible," he said, "if that is capable of ruin which—— I had some misgivings about the oil. I half thought it ought to have been water, and it is, now, you see. Nature is always right."

"I didn't know you painted," said Molly. He looked at her inquiringly, even in

surprise

"I mean," she went on in a little confusion, "I didn't think you looked like a

painter."

"I'm not," he answered her. "If you could see that sketch, you'd understand. But, thank Heaven! Providence has washed it out."

The thunder pealed over the island, and the lightning ripped across the firmament

blindingly.

"Oh!" cried Molly, "they'll never come in all this! Eilean will never have got there. It's dreadful!"

The young man frowned, as if he were suddenly displeased with himself. He rose.

"Do you think you can manage to hold this stick for a minute or two?" he asked. "I've an idea."

Molly grasped the umbrella and watched him interestedly. He stalked out into the rain and made his way to the water's edge, where he stood contemplating the dismal scene. Then he came back. "I am a dolt," he remarked, without any feeling. "I ought to have known, or, not knowing, should have found out. There's only four feet of water this side."

Molly gazed at him. The statement con-

veyed nothing to her.

"It's a ford," he explained. "We need

no longer be prisoners."

"Oh!" she gasped, as the heavens opened overhead once more. "Can we—can you get across?" she asked.

"Wade," he said, and gazed at her doubtfully, "at least, I can wade, and you——"

"Oh, I couldn't," said Molly decisively, "I should be afraid. It looks awful, boiling along like that."



"'Shall we tell each other stories?"

"Of course, it is quite possible that I could carry you," he suggested, as if weighing the chances. "I couldn't very well take you on my back, as the water would come too high. But if I were to hold you in my arms, like so—as one carries a baby—I think you would be above the stream. If you were to cling round my neck-

"Thank you, I have no intention of being

carried," said Molly coldly.

He scrambled under the umbrella and

resumed possession of it.

"Certainly I might go down in midstream, with that heavy pull of water on me," he said. "I suppose you weigh-"

"As I'm not going to cross that way, my weight doesn't matter," said Molly loftily.

"Then I'd better go by myself and bring

help," he said.

He moved out again, and was half way to the stream when a voice stopped him: "But you don't know—it may be more than four feet."

"Oh, no, it isn't. But if I find it is, I can come back. As you sensibly observed a little while ago, one may as well be wet one way as another."

Molly had no reply at the moment, and he resumed his path, but she called out as he

reached the bank—

"I don't see any sense in it. You won't get anywhere sooner than my sisters have done."

He came back. "That's true," he said. "But perhaps they've been storm-bound."

There was that possibility to face, but

Molly bravely dodged it.

"As you can't swim," she remarked cruelly, "you would not be able to get to the canoe, and you would only have to trudge two miles to the Castle boathouse. Stubbs is sure to be on his way here. really abominable the way he is delaying."

The storm was passing, and in the south gleams of the sun appeared. The rain was like a retreating phantom in the sky. he stood there so submissively, Molly's spirits bettered with the improvement of the weather. She rose to her feet.

"It's clearing," she observed.

"It's a pity we can't cheat this dilatory rescue party," he said. "I hate being indebted to people, don't you?"

He eyed her curiously, and Molly was conscious that he had pulled her out of the

"Yes, I do!" she snapped.

"Very well, then," said he. "What do you say to an adventure? Here is a splendid branch which is so heavily anchored that it could not possibly capsize. Shall we risk it?"

"I-I don't understand," answered the

girl in surprise.

He indicated a fallen branch which spread out from a huge central log. "If I launch this, we can make the land. Are you game?"

Molly looked at it hesitatingly. "Ye—es," she said, "if you think it's really safe."

"Safe as shipboard," he said cheerily. "We can pole along beautifully. And when Stubbs comes, he will find the prisoners flown."

He stooped and by the application of stout arms succeeded in pushing the great bough into the stream, where it lay halfsubmerged. "If you sit towards the thick part and hold on to this outstanding branch, you will be as right as a trivet," he went on.

Molly gingerly stepped aboard the craft and stood clutching the branch. He stepped past her and plunged the pole he had secured into the water. "Hold on tight!" he en-

enjoined. "Steady! Whoa!"

The big bough moved sluggishly out and bobbed and dipped. Molly uttered an exclamation of alarm, which caused him to glance round.

"Don't be afraid. It can't go down, and it can't turn over," he said reassuringly. "Sit on that branch and you'll feel safer."

She obeyed him, and their vessel glided down the channel, the young man directing it with his pole.

"It will be easier to go with the current than get her across to the bank," he explained.

"We'll strike the bank lower down."

The sun had now resumed the sky, and Nature beamed after the blackness of that There was a certain satisfaction in the gentle motion, and as Molly began to feel herself safe, she gave herself up to enjoyment. After all, she and the Duke were having a really romantic adventure. Fancy sailing down the river on a tree! She wished Evelyn, her elder sister, had been there to see her. Even Delia would have been better than no one. But the landscape was singularly empty, save for Marjorie's "bulls," who gazed mildly at the craft and its occupants and then went on browsing. Molly felt quite gay.

"I'm afraid you're awfully wet," she said

kindly.

He laughed. "Probably," he replied, as if it mattered nothing. "But you?"

"Oh, I'm almost dry, thanks to you," she said still more graciously. "It was your



umbrella. Do you——" she paused, and went on—"do you take that with you on your excursions?"

"Excursions?" he echoed, with a wary eye on the corner they were approaching.

"I mean, of course, expeditions," she corrected.

"Expeditions?" he repeated, and then suddenly turned to her, inquiry and amusement on his face. Almost as he did so, the log went aground and swung round, and Molly was almost precipitated into the water. In her alarm she held close to him, while he backed out with the aid of his pole, and facing the bank, brought them to anchor

out of the current and under a small, precipitous bank.

"We can land here," he said, and put out one hand without turning to seize her. She gave him hers, and he drew her carefully forward till she was in front of him, still anchoring his craft by the pole in his other hand. "Can you climb up there without assistance?" he asked.

Molly was doubtful, so he hoisted her with a strong arm, and, using her fingers and nails, she gradually scrambled up. Then she looked down on the young man with an unintelligible feeling of regret that it was all over. It did not take him more than

two minutes to join her. She greeted him

"You're on the wrong side," she reminded

"Am I?" he said, and gave her a look. "Well, perhaps Stubbs will come in useful, after all.

They began to walk along the bank almost involuntarily. "Stubbs can take up your easel and things to the Castle," said Molly affably, "so that-"

"Many thanks," said he. "But. may I ask, how did you know I was staying at the

Castle?"

Molly turned a little red. "Oh, I thought

—I guessed—

"You see, I don't go on expeditions. And I'm not the Duke," he went on evenly. "My name happens to be plain Messiter."

said Molly, and was silent.

"If I had been the Duke, I should probably have been able to swim," he continued reflectively. "But if I'm not the rose, I have at least lived near it, for I was at school

with him."

"Indeed!" murmured Molly Somehow the glory of the adventure was fading. She had only been engaged in it with a man who could not swim. Looking up, a boat caught her eve. "Tiggy!" she The Hon. Roger Martin brought to land the nose of the boat which was being laboured up the tinged stream by himself and Stubbs the gardener. He adjusted his eveglass.

"Not drowned, Molly?" he asked, staring

at her companion.

"Would you mind putting me across?" said the latter. "I'd better get a change, I

suppose."

Tiggy assented, and went so far as to row the stranger down to the landing-stage, exchanging friendly talk. But Molly said nothing. She sat in the bows, and Mr. Messiter, with the strings of the rudder in his hand, was full face to her as he chatted. He did not seem at all disturbed, and Tiggy and he conversed with the ease of old acquaintances. They did not appear to be embarrassed by long pauses. Nor did this Mr. Messiter seem aware of his wet clothes and undignified appearance. Molly contemplated him.

Was he undignified? He looked up at a

remark of Tiggy's and caught her eye. His was quiet and kind and friendly. He even smiled. Molly's glance fled fast away to the meadows.

"Thanks very much," said he, as he stepped out of the boat. "I hope it's not taken you

out of your way."

As he went up the bank, Molly's eyes drifted after him; and she saw him pause and turn to gaze at the boat. Though she knew he could not see her looking at that distance, she hastily dropped her glance.

"Decent sort of fellow, that," observed Tiggy, labouring with the sculls. "Wonder

who he is?"

"His name's Messiter," said Molly quickly.

"Oh!" said Tiggy.

"He was at school with the Duke," she added.

"Oh!" said Tiggy again.
"And he paints," she further explained.

"Oh!" said Tiggy, and added to that: "Why the deuce didn't he go after the canoe?"

"Well, you see," said Molly hesitatingly,

"he—he can't swim."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Martin, elevating his evebrows.

Somehow this annoyed Molly. "I don't see why people should be expected to be able to do everything."

"No; I think that's Tiggy pondered. fair," he said. "And, you see, he paints."

Molly was cross, and when she met her sisters a little later, was crosser still.

"Aren't you going to marry him? Didn't he save your life?" cried Marjorie in anxious excitement.

"Good gracious me, no!" said Molly with lofty anger. "There was no question of saving anyone's life. Don't be absurd, child. And if anyone saved anyone, it was Tiggy."

"Are you going to marry Tiggy?" in-

quired Marjorie, interested.

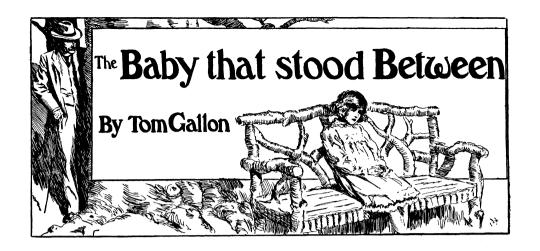
"Don't be silly."

"Would you marry Tiggy if he'd saved your life?" persisted the little girl.

"Of course not."

"Would you marry the—Mr. Messiter if he'd saved it?" pursued the cross-questioner.

"Marjorie, if you ask so many stupid questions, I'll—I'll call Taylor," was all that her sister vouchsafed in answer.



UST at what speed a man may travel downhill, in the moral sense—or, perhaps it should be said, in the immoral sense—has never exactly been stated, possibly because those most nearly interested do not concern themselves with the statistics of the matter. As in all other speed contests, however, records are made and broken every year.

Mr. Denis Brenderby—still a very young man—had done something towards establishing a record, not without certain pomp and ceremony. You can have a blare of trumpets in matters of vice, as well as in those of virtue; and some large portion of the world knew pretty well what the character of Mr. Denis Brenderby was. That is to say, they thought they knew; for there is in every man some hidden trait which may come out under advantageous circumstances, and quite unexpectedly. And, as shall be shown, that hidden trait was to come out in this case.

Mr. Denis Brenderby had been born into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth—indeed, in such luxurious circumstances that there was even found someone to fill the spoon, and put it between his lips for him. It might have been more fortunate had the spoon been of more common material and less well filled; for Denis grew up with very wrong notions as regarded his own position towards the world, and that of the world towards him.

His mother died when he was still quite a child; his father thereafter forsook the world, and with it the boy who should have been his first care. Being a very rich man, he felt that his duty ended with providing the boy with a liberal allowance, and seeing to it that he was properly educated. From time to time he had reports from those to whom money was paid on his son's behalf; and as those reports were, to all appearance, satisfactory, he felt that there was no more to be said, and that all was well. So he buried himself in that never-to-be-forgotten sorrow and in his books, and left the son to his own devices.

It is quite unnecessary to follow in detail the fortunes—or the misfortunes—of young Denis Brenderby. He was an idle boy at school, because the fees paid for him suggested that there was no actual necessity for his being prepared for any vocation hereafter; he was an idle young man, because he had all that he asked for, and even a little more than that. Flung upon London, with some innocence remaining, and with more than sufficient means to study vice in its most alluring forms, he went pretty swiftly on the rocks, and was for a time the talk of the town—not without whispers and shrugs and shaking of heads.

Of all this, of course, his father knew nothing. Buried in the past, and shut away from life and experience and the knowledge of men, he felt that his chequebook told him all that was necessary to know concerning his son, and that the rest was only a matter with which time could deal. And in the meantime young Brenderby was making history.

Something more flagrant than usual was

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noised abroad, and the stir of wagging tongues reached even to the recluse. Stunned and appalled, he began to make inquiries; saw a cloud of debt here, and another cloud of disgrace there; heard the name made sacred by the dead woman bandied about on lips that never should have known it. He sent for his son, and confronted him with the whole business.

It was a strange interview, short though it was. The young man went in out of the brightness and the glow of the world he knew into that semi-darkened room occupied by his father. It was years since they had

met, and the father was scarcely prepared for this vision of young manhood—reckless and handsome and headstrong. But he said what he had to say, nevertheless.

"I suppose you know why I have summoned you here?" asked the elder man, looking up through the dim light at

his son.

"I suppose so," replied the

other, with a shrug.

"You have disappointed me. My son should have been all that was good and strong and purposeful; to be the son of his dead mother"—the strident tones faltered a little—"he should have been all this—and more."

"I had no idea," replied the young man listlessly, "that you took so deep an interest in me. You've been very good, in the way of money; but that's about all. You haven't troubled very much about me otherwise."

"It should not have been necessary," retorted the other.

"Now I hear tales of wild expenditure—of losses at cards—of disgraceful things that are spoken of widely. Have you any

explanation to offer?"

"None. You must take me at the valuation the world has set upon me, I suppose," replied Denis. "It might have been a merciful thing for me if I had had something to do—some work in the world. You haven't troubled about that."

"It is totally unnecessary for any son of mine to work," said the old man, with a faint touch of pride. "We are not of a race to work—save in such directions as may be indicated by personal inclination. And so you have nothing to say for yourself?" he added, with a change of voice.

"What can I say? It's for you to speak; you brought me here for that purpose."

"Very well; it shall be for me to speak, as you suggest," said the father harshly. "You have disgraced my name; you have dragged the name borne by your sainted mother in the dust, and have made it a byword on the lips of men and women of the town. Worse than all, there is no repentance in you—no shame for all you have done. From this hour! have done with



"'So-murder is the word-eh?"

you; you blame me for having given you no work and no place in the world—you shall seek both for yourself. You leave this house a beggar; I know nothing more about you, and seek to know nothing."

For what seemed quite a long time the young man stood, with a flushed face and with clenched hands, striving to speak; then the thought of the callous injustice of the thing beat down what words he had, and silenced him. He went out of the house, with never a word of entreaty or of farewell; and he never returned to it while his father lived.

It was after that that old George Brenderby —getting near his end, and feeling somewhat grateful to a Providence that would bring him-in death—near to his beloved again did a curious thing. The threat to his son was unrepented of; but he had an immense property, and it had to be left behind. had to seek for someone whom it would enrich: he had to be certain that that vagrant son of his should have no chance of laying hands upon it. In a fit of vindictive rage against the boy who had defied him, he determined to seek a stranger. And, in some mysterious fashion, he found one ready to his hand.

With that selfish idea alone in his mind that he would soon be guit of the world, and leave the fight to go on without him, he left his vast property to the last person in the world who should have received it. Perhaps he foresaw endless lawsuits, with his son fighting an uphill and useless fight; more probably, he did not trouble about the matter at all. Whatever the cause, he laid his hand upon the most unlikely person, as has been said—a girl—and, suddenly dying, enriched her with all he had.

There had come to the village near which his great house was situated an unknown woman. Forlorn and broken, and spent after long struggling with the world, she gave up the pitiful journey there, and chose it as a place wherein to lay down the life that was merely a burden. does not concern this history, more than by reason of the fact that she left behind a baby girl, of some six or seven years, utterly unprovided for. Or so she thought at the time, being quite unaware of the existence of the dying George Brenderby.

Gossip carried the news of the dead stranger and the living child to the ears of the dying man. Here was his chance. His lawyer was in attendance—vainly pleading, if the truth were told, for the son who had been cast off. It was a matter of a few hours for everything to be arranged. that night, in the silent house, the old man lay sleeping his last sleep, in a room that was darkened; and below, a wide-eyed child, in a black frock, stared wonderingly about her at the new world that was hers.

Of course, Denis Brenderby was duly acquainted with all the circumstances, by the lawyer who had had the drawing up of the last will and testament of the late George Brenderby: wherein he left to his adopted daughter, Miss Lucy Smith—hereafter to be known as Lucy Brenderby—all of which he died possessed. Only in the event of her death, the property would revert to his son, Denis Brenderby. For with but the life of that frail child between all his great possessions and the world, even old George Brenderby had seen that some further provision must be made.

Denis shrugged his shoulders when he heard the story, and asked who was going to look after the "poor little devil"—by which phrase he meant little Lucy. He was informed that a capable nurse had been engaged for the child, and that she was properly and regularly installed at Brenderby House. Denis, resentful though he might be, saw what he felt was the inevitable, and accepted it. And Lucy reigned supreme -the beggar's child, with a fortune in her baby hands.

The first move in the game that was to be played came from the lawyer. Mr. Simon Feast was a scoundrel, with but one idea in his crafty mind—to line his own nest well, and screw something more than fees out of those he served. And here, surely, was a great and unlooked-for opportunity.

He began to make cautious inquiries; discovered that Denis Brenderby had been spending recklessly money which was not his to spend, in the sense that it was borrowed, a long time before, on the strength of expectations destined never to be He discovered that, since the realised. father's death, creditors were pressing heavily and persistently; that certain writs were out, and that Denis Brenderby, driven like a rat to a corner, was fighting hard, and fighting with no earthly chance of success. discovered, also, that the only resource left to the young man was ignominious flightas a ruined and beggared man, without a penny in the world. Here was the chance of a lifetime; and Simon Feast would not have been the man he was, had he not taken advantage of it.

After much search (for Denis Brenderby was practically in hiding) he discovered the young man, in a villainous little inn, in a vile quarter of London. Even there, the young man kept up some sort of style: he had a room to himself, was drinking rather more than was good for him, and was utterly reckless in regard to the future. had with him one friend, who had probably stuck to him in the hope that something might, after all, be recovered from the

Mr. Simon Feast began cautiously. deplored the loss of so great a property to

wreck of his fortunes.

its rightful owner; he was shocked to find Denis Brenderby in such surroundings; he drew a vivid picture of the beauty of the property, and of the amount of the annual income from it. Finally, speaking with deep respect of the dead man, he failed to understand how any human being in his senses could have left all he possessed to a child so commonplace and repulsive as this Lucy

Denis Brenderby said nothing. He sat at the table, in the mean little room, with his head propped on his hand, while he drummed with his finger-tips on the stained wood, almost as though the subject could not interest him. The friend, on the other hand—Mr. Reuben Jelf—was deeply interested, and questioned the lawyer sharply.

"A mere gutter-child, I suppose?" he said bitterly. "A creature, who, when she grows up, will fling all she has to the winds, and make herself the talk of the county

-eh?"

"My dear sir, you have, if anything, understated the case," said the lawyer. "Unfortunately, the will is so clearly drawn, and the late lamented George Brenderby was in such complete possession of all his faculties, and has, moreover, so clearly stated his reasons for disinheriting his son "-he coughed, and glanced at the quiet figure by the table—"that any mere legal process would, I fear, be useless. This baby stands between Mr. Denis Brenderby and a great property." He coughed again, and looked more steadily at the silent figure.

"And what the devil were you about, to help him to make such a will?" cried Denis violently, suddenly starting to his feet. "You must have known what an iniquitous business it was; you might have done something to put it off - or to

"My dear sir, it was impossible," said Mr. Feast, with a sigh. "Your father was not the man to be dictated to; when he said he would have a thing done, it had to be done. If I had refused, there were a score of lawyers ready to do what he demanded. And in that case," he added, "you might have been in a worse position even than you are."

The words were spoken with curious meaning; Denis Brenderby, who had moved away impatiently, turned swiftly, and looked from one man to the other. In the eyes of his friend and of the lawyer was the same look; Denis stood still, watching them.
"Well—what's the game?" he asked

slowly. "Why don't you speak? What mischief are you hatching now?"

"Well—there is a way," said the lawyer, laying a thin hand on the table, and looking down at it, as though it interested him. "Come," he added suddenly, "let's sit It might be well if we down and talk. had something to—to refresh us."

If the child at that great, lonely house in the country could have known, she might have woke from her innocent, quiet sleep, to scream aloud at the shadows in the room. and to tremble in the darkness. For two of these men, at least, were there in the dingy inn in London, to plot against her life.

"Think of the position," said the lawyer, in a voice little above a whisper, and after much talk on his part, and much grim silence on the part of Denis Brenderby, "think how matters stand. On the one side, we will put yourself—a young man, in the full flush of early manhood—knowing the world, and knowing what pleasures await him "—he coughed again slightly, and turned his sharp eyes on the young man-"with money. More than all, remember that you, as the only child of your dead father, have a right to all that was his; remember that he cast you adrift for no adequate reason. On the other hand, there is this child, a waif of the gutter—unknown, and, in a sense, unknowing. Under ordinary circumstances, on the death of her mother she would have gone to that home of the homeless-the workhouse."

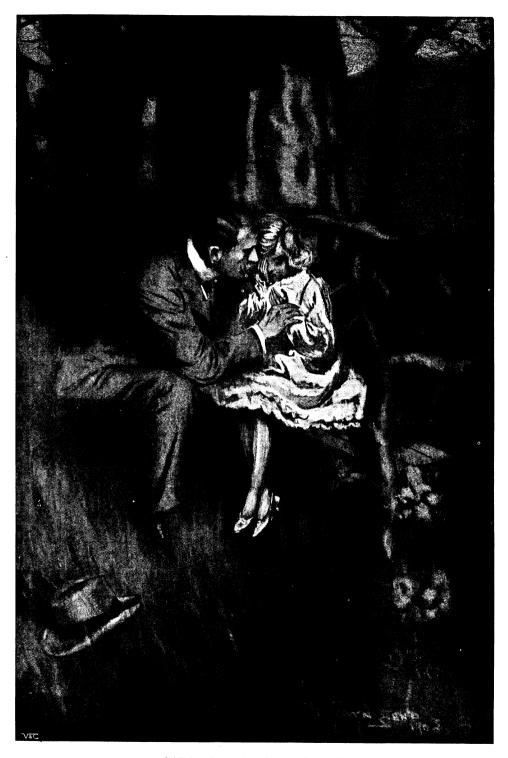
"It—it's a little rough on the kid," said Denis, with a gulp, stretching out his hand towards the bottle which stood near him.

"That's right, my boy—take something to drink; pull yourself together," said his friend Mr. Reuben Jelf. "You're so frightfully sensitive. What on earth does the child matter to you? Besides, there's another side to the question: I want my

money—and I must have it."

"I suppose you think you'll force me into a corner, don't you?" said Denis, starting to his feet, and looking a little unsteadily at both of them. "You know how I standunable to turn my hand to anything, weighed down by debts on every side, and with the near prospect of starvation. the other side of the scale, this beggar's brat, thrust into a position she never ought to have occupied. I know it all; I know what Come, Mr. Simon Feastit all means. moralist and man-of-law-let's know what you want."

He tossed some more spirit down his



"'Baby-baby-don't!' he whispered."

throat, and shook himself, and looked round at them defiantly. There was a swift glance from one to the other (and they were sober enough, in all conscience); and then the lawyer spoke, in his cold, dry, cautious

"Being a morose and sullen child, she wanders at night sometimes—quite alone near the lake in the grounds of of your house," he began steadily. "If a stranger came upon her at such a time, and startled her, she might—might fall in. There are so many accidents of that kind. If you went down—unknown, as it were—you might be back in London the same night.'

Denis Brenderby had flung up a window, and leaned out into the night, as though in want of air. Turning presently, with his hands on the sill behind him, and his white face addressed to the two men, he spoke

sharply.

"So—murder is the word—eh?" he said; and a sort of sob was in his voice. "I won't

do it; that's my last word."

"Very good," said Mr. Reuben Jelf, with "That settles the matter for me. a laugh. You know what you owe me. More than that, you have to understand that the true story has not got about yet. Hard pressed as you are, it's nothing to the hunt that will start when the world knows you haven't a penny. And I start that hunt to-morrow."

Denis came back to the table, and drank a little more of the spirit; shook himself again, and faced them. "What-what sort of child did you say this was?" he asked

huskily.

"The commonest it is possible to imagine —a very child of the gutter. Sickly, too,' added the lawyer, as an afterthought, "and of no use to anyone. Think, Mr. Brenderby, of all this means; on the one side, poverty, disgrace, flight, and starvation; on the other, this great fortune coming into the right hands."

"And your share?" sneered Denis, steady-

ing himself against the table.

"I would suggest a fourth," said the lawyer, with another cough. "You see, my

business is to keep secrets."

The young man went again to the window; and came back once more to them. His face was white and drawn, and his lips trembled when he spoke; but there was a glitter in his eyes that boded no good to the child.

"I—I'll do it," he said, in a whisper. "No—don't speak to me—don't say a word. If I've sunk so low as this, it must come to a mere question of paying the price; there is no need for words. You, Mr. Simon Feast, shall have your fourth of this blood-money; you, Jelf, shall be paid in full. After all "he threw up his head, and laughed aloud-"it's every man for himself in this world, and the devil take the hindmost. And the devil hasn't got me yet! Now, good night to you; not another word!'

The thing was frightful in the cold light of day; but it had to be faced. This last haunt of his was already besieged; the news had got abroad that he was a pauper, and the vultures were upon him, ready to pick his very bones. He managed to escape from the place, and made his way down to that forlorn home of his, filled, if the truth be told, with a bitter hatred against the dead man and against this child who had usurped

his place.

He had, of course, to protect himself from any possibility of suspicion; he must not be seen near the house or in the grounds. had never seen the child, but there could be only one, and he was not likely to make a mistake in that direction. He lingered about, in unfrequented places, until nightfall; he had known that part well, as a lonely boy, and he knew where best to keep out of sight.

So the long day were itself out, and night came, with placid stars to look down upon the work he had set himself to do. He had primed himself pretty strongly for that work, and was in a reckless mood enough when at last he vaulted a gate and started

to cross the grounds.

"She walks at night near the lake!" he muttered to himself over and over again. "If she happens to see me, and starts screaming, the game will be up. I wish to Heaven those trees wouldn't rock and whisper like that! Near the lake! And she's small, and commonplace, and of no account!"

He came near the lake at last, and stood in the shadow of a clump of trees, looking sharply about him. There was a rustic seat not a dozen yards away, standing amid a tangle of grass and weeds, not far from the water's edge. That water was troubled to-night, and a moaning wind struck little waves out of it, and sent them sighing against its banks. While he looked, he heard another sound, that was not the sound of the wind or of the water. Footsteps—coming that way!

There is something appealing about the hesitating feet of a little child—something that seems to call for guidance and protec-The little feet have started but a tion.

short time on the long journey of life—and they have not learned the way. Some such thought as that may have come into the mind of Denis Brenderby, as he stood there among the trees; some sudden shock of horror and shame may have sobered him, and shown him, in all its naked brutal reality, what this thing was he meant to do. As he stood still, trembling and afraid, the little feet came on.

Into the light of the stars came a tiny, white-robed figure. Surely some mistake, Lawyer Feast, for there is nothing repulsive nor commonplace about this baby! A dainty little figure, with hands clasped demurely before her; a staid and modest little figure, seating herself with decorum on the rustic bench, and looking out placidly across the A lonely little figure, pitiful to see at that hour of the night and in that place; a desolate little figure—in the man's eyes, at least, with the knowledge there was in him of the dangers that hedged her round

He must have started forward, in his surprise and wonder, for she turned sharply in his direction. But a brave baby this; for there were no screams—not even a start of fear. Instead, she looked up at him with a smile.

"You have been a long time coming!" was her surprising remark.

"A—a long time?" he stammered. She nodded gravely. "Every night I've come out here, to wait for you; and every night you haven't come," said the child.

"Did you—did you know I was coming?"

he asked, startled.

"Of course. You see—it's this way." She demurely made way for him on the bench, and drew her small skirts aside. "You had better sit down; you look so big right up there." He obeyed her. this way. There never was a princess yet, left alone in a 'chanted castle, but there came along presently a prince, to rescue her. Sometimes she waited years—didn't she?"

"There have been such cases, I believe," he replied gravely, wondering whether or

not this were a dream.

"Sometimes he came in a jump, like. But he always took her away—and always at But you have been a long time!"

Come, Denis Brenderby—here is the chance! Behind you, fortune and all that you desire; in front, the troubled waters, and this baby at your side! Far easier than you imagined, Denis Brenderby!

He got up hurriedly, and walked away

from her; came back again, and sat down. and looked into her wondering eyes.

"Aren't you happy, baby?" he asked in

a whisper.

She shook her head slowly. "It's all so lonely," she said, with a little, quick sob. "And the shadows are deep, and all the rooms are dark, with strange sounds in them when I walk across the floors—yes, even if I tiptoe," she assured him solemnly.

"Poor baby! And—don't they treat you

"They don't speak to me," she said. "I've tried to be friends with them, but it isn't

any use."

"But don't you know, you wise little woman, that you can do as you like? Don't you know that you are one of the richest babies in the world, and can have what you like, and do what you like?"

"Well—I did think you would have known more than that!" she exclaimed, with some indignation. "I can't do what I like; if I

"What would you do?" he asked.

"You don't know your part of the story at all well," she replied. "Of course, what I should like would be for you to carry me off at once. Isn't that what you've come for?"

"Not exactly," he said, with averted head. "I'm afraid I'm not quite the sort of prince you want. I couldn't possibly take you away with me; you don't understand."

For a moment or two she looked at him with a quivering lip; then the little face was bowed in the small hands, and she burst into a passion of hopeless weeping. He was down on his knees in the tangled grass in a mo-

ment, and had his arms about her.

"Baby—baby—don't!" he whispered. "It'll never do to cry, you know. Only I'm not the sort of prince you want-indeed, I'm I came here to-night—God forgive me!—with a very different thought in my Now I'm going away again; and you—rich little baby !—will go back to your warm bed, and dream that the prince is coming one of these days to make you happy. Don't cry; he'll come, sure enough, in good time.

Before her sobs had ceased, he sprang up something of a sob stumbled away through the trees and out of her sight. But not far; he came back within a few minutes—only to find the bench deserted, and to catch through the trees in the distance the vision of a little white figure, going slowly with lagging feet towards the house. He watched till it was out of sight, and then climbed the gate again and

hurried away.

For more than a week Denis Brenderby disappeared. Writs were out against him, and active search was being made for him; but that was not the reason. Truth to tell, he had something from which to recover some shame to be wiped away; some stain upon him that could not lightly be removed. The strange part of the business was, however, that the child drew him back again. Twice at night he started on a journey to her, and twice came away without reaching her, a little ashamed of this new soft place in his heart. On the third occasion he actually reached the house—to find it with drawn blinds and darkened windows. With some curious touch of fear stirring him, he gained admittance, and asked the startled servant where the child was.

The girl, a little wonderingly, asked him what he wanted with her. He thrust her aside and went into the house. She closed the door and came hurriedly after him; caught his arms and twisted him round by main force.

"'Sh!" she whispered. "She's dying!"
Before he could reply, a door near at hand
was opened, and a face looked out—the face
of Simon Feast, the lawyer. Silently he
beckoned to Denis, who followed him into
the room, and closed the door. Somehow
or other, the young man was not in the least
surprised to see, seated at a table, Mr. Reuben

Jelf.

For a second or two there was a dead silence; then Denis Brenderby spoke hoarsely. Even as he spoke, he seemed to have a vision of that lonely little figure by the margin of the lake, seemed to see her going desolately through the trees back to the house. There had been foul play, after all; and for that there should be a reckoning.

"The child—what has happened?" he

asked.

"In a manner of speaking, my dear Mr. Brenderby," replied the lawyer, passing a smooth hand across his lips as though to hide a smile, "we have been forestalled. The thing is not—not in our hands."

"I don't understand. Once again—what

has happened?"

"You have been spared some—some trouble. Nature—wiser than ourselves—has taken the matter in her own hands. The child, in quite an ordinary fashion, has caught something of a fever; we are waiting to-night for the inevitable. My dear Mr.

Brenderby, I congratulate you. It is so much easier than—than the other way."

Denis Brenderby stood with a dazed look in his eyes, and did not answer. To do him justice, all thought of what this easy solution of the matter would mean to him was gone; instead, he saw one poor, frail little life battling hard against those who watched for the spark to go out; for the first time he saw the brutal, bitter injustice of it all—the cowardice of the fight. With an exclamation, he turned and tore open the door, and went up the stairs. Looking back, as he reached the first landing, he had a glimpse of two startled faces at the door of the room below, looking up at him.

The servant he had seen before met him on the stairs. Being a woman, and having, perhaps, for that reason some deeper intuition than a man might have had, she said never a word, but opened the door of a room and, with a finger on her lips, signed to him to enter. And Denis Brenderby

went in.

It happened to be the night when the crisis was expected, the night when life and death warred for this little creature, and when a certain hour should decide which way victory went. Confident in their own minds of what the issue would be, those most interested had quite properly summoned a doctor—a grave-faced young man, who sat beside the bed, quietly watching his small patient. In his own mind there was not much doubt as to what the issue would be.

The doctor turned his head as Denis came in, and then rose slowly. There was a whispered word or two between them, and the young doctor, perhaps, wondered a little at the strange set look of agony on the

visitor's face.

"It's touch and go," he said in a whisper. "You see, a mite like this hasn't a fair chance. She's been neglected and left to herself in this great house, and the fever really springs from her own fear of the place, more than from anything else. We shall know to-night—within an hour or two."

"You might—might leave me with her," said Denis, without looking at the other man. "I'll call you if anything—happens."

The doctor, with a quick look at him, nodded, and passed out of the room. For a moment Denis Brenderby stood silently beside the bed, looking down at that small figure in it.

Perhaps at that time he saw, looking back through the years, another small figure, who might have trod a different path if, by the grace of God, some hand had been held out to him; perhaps, in that solemn time, there rose up within him an infinite pity and a tenderness for this poor waif, cast so strangely on the world, and made so strangely his enemy. After a moment or two he suddenly fell upon his knees beside the bed, and made shift, brokenly enough, to say something of a prayer to the God he had almost forgotten.

It was a mere, poor, broken, muttering sort of thing, but it came from the heart of the man; and perhaps the battle that was being waged in that quiet room ceased for a time while he prayed. Curiously enough, when his poor pleadings had worn themselves out, the hand of the child, moving restlessly about the bed, touched his—clasped the fingers of it with a warm, dry touch. Resting his lips upon it, he found strength to pray again.

"Oh, God! give her back to me! In



"'Do you really mean that you give it all up?' asked the lawyer."

all my clouded, broken life nothing has touched me or held me like this; no other hand has touched me so purely, or held me so strongly. In mercy, give her back to me!"

The brisk young doctor, coming in some

hours later, touched the little fluttering pulse, and screwed up his lips, and nodded; life had won the battle, and the small waif had come into her fortune. Denis Brenderby, strangely awed and quieted, went away from the room, and left the child sleeping.

Thereafter several things happened. There was a tense, stormy interview downstairs with the men who had waited for other news—threats on the one side, open contempt on the other. They went after a time, debating between themselves what the next move should be. And Denis Brenderby settled down to watch the little life growing stronger.

It was quite a curious thing to see this broken, ruined gamester settled down there, and watching day by day beside the child. As she grew stronger, and came to recognise that strange prince of her dreams by the lake, she began to feel that life was very

fine and good indeed, and that there was absolutely nothing more to be desired —indeed, she told him so, more than once.

And then it was that Denis set himself to fight the last battle. For, now that all danger was past, he knew that he must leave her; he knew that he must do what was right and just, and give to her the fortune that was hers — that was the only reparation he could make for that vile thought that once had been in his mind. He would leave her here, and go away, so that his very name should be forgotten.

There had been a thought in his mind that he might stop there, to protect and help her; but he knew what that would mean—that he was simply gaining his lost fortune in the simplest way. So that was clearly out of the question.

On the very day when his mind was made up to

leave her, his purpose was changed again. The lawyer Feast and Reuben Jelf put in an appearance once more at the house—the first full of sneering contempt for the man who was wasting time over "the brat"; the second rough with threats and demands.

In an instant Denis saw that to leave the child and the fortune in the hands of these men would be worst of all. That frail life that had so lately touched the borderland of Death was not safe while that great fortune

depended upon her.

He fought the thing out, step by step, in solitude, and came at last to the conclusion that he could do nothing. This child had been picked out of the great world by his father, and given this burden to bear; she must bear it alone. His father had wronged him and had made him helpless. No doubt, he told himself easily, it would be all right.

Half satisfied, he made his final arrangements, and was going. With some shame at the thought of the helplessness of the baby, he was going away at night—creeping

out like a thief.

At the last moment he found he could not do it; the desperate longing was upon him to see the child. He crept up to her room where she lay asleep, bent over her, and kissed her and whispered his farewell.

"Good-bye, little one. I'd like to stay and fight your battles for you; only I mustn't do that. The time is coming when you will grow up a beautiful and rich woman—with every path in life smoothed and made pleasant for you. And in that time you will have forgotten the prince of your dreams, and will only hear, with a little regret, of the man whose fortune became yours, and who was of no account, and about whom no one ever troubles. Goodbye."

With a hasty exclamation, he turned and went out of the room, not daring to look back. Going to the rooms he had occupied, he put together his small belongings, and left a note saying where they were to be sent. Then he came out again into the

hall, ready to go.

He heard a sound up above him—a sound that made his heart beat quicker; it was the patter of little feet. While he stood irresolute, he saw, at the head of the stairs, the figure of the child; and her arms were stretched out towards him.

"Go back, baby," he said steadily—"go back to your bed. Sleep well, dear!"

She came slowly down the stairs, looking at him anxiously, and with her lips quivering. He had to meet her half way; and all the strength went out of him as the child's arms went about his neck, and her lips touched his cheek. She didn't speak; there seemed no need for that; she held him close—tighter and tighter as he spoke.

"Now, you've got to be a brave baby, and go back to bed. You'll be well looked after—and no harm will come to you. I have to go away."

He tried, gently enough, to release the clinging hands; but it was a more difficult task than he could, without roughness, per-

forn

"With you—with you!" she whispered,

with her lips brushing his cheek.

"I'm going far away, baby—out into the rough world, where I shall sometimes be hungry, and often cold—no warm bed to sleep in, and perhaps the sky for a roof, and God's stars for lamps. That's no place for a baby, is it?"

"With you—with you!" she whispered

again, and held him closer yet.

A door opened below him. As on another night he remembered, he saw the two faces looking up at him. His grip on the child tightened, and hers on him. As he looked down at them, he seemed to see daylight for the first time; he seemed to know what he must do.

"Well, have you made up your mind?"

asked Jelf roughly.

"I have," he replied slowly, bending his face down to the child. "I'm going away."

"And the child?" asked the lawyer.
"Goes with me," he replied steadily.
"As for the rest—fight over it, you wolves!
Tear at each other's throats for it; lie about it; scheme for it; do what you will with it—I take the child."

He went back into the child's room, and hastily wrapped her in the first warm things he could catch up; went out again on to the stairs. As he reached the foot of them, the two men confronted him in amazement.

"Do you really mean that you give it all up?" asked the lawyer, in a startled

whisper.

"Heavens, man! do you think I could buy the baby?" asked Denis. "I've got a sort of curious idea," he added softly—"a strange feeling that she may make a man of me; that she may teach me what life means, and show me a little of the beauty of it. We'll try—won't we, little one?" he whispered, with his face against hers.

Without another word, he went out of the house, carrying the child in his arms. God knows, his heart was lighter than it had ever been. By strange ways this waif had been brought to him; by stranger ways she was to teach him to live finely and strongly and

purely. Nothing else mattered.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MAN-EATER.

By CHARLES F. HOLDER.



was down on the Pagos reef, where the green melts suddenly into seas of turquoise, that the man-eater first saw light. He was born amid scenes of blood and sudden death; ushered into the world amid

pitiless attack, and saved, of all the hellish brood, by the swirl of waters, the uplifted sand-cloud, caused by savage kinsmen in their ruthless charge and cannibalistic feast.

His first act was a drama in the struggle for existence. There was no one to teach him how to swim, to breathe, to see; and instinct, the inheritance of the ages, bade him lie limp and motionless. Being of the same colour as the sandy bottom, a livid, tawny grey, he crouched, and was buried by the shroud of falling particles as they sifted down through the green and opalescent water.

He was about one foot in length, lank, pliable, soft and tender. He did not have a bone in his body—indeed, never had; he was an embryo killing-machine of gristle, with just the suggestion of sharp teeth around his jaws.

For hours he lay, a mound on the sand, resting easily on his big, padlike, pectoral fins and tail that fell over upon his side; then, as darkness came, he moved restlessly, flung his tail to one side, and was surprised to find that he shot forward and found himself in midwater. He could move, was buoyant; then fear came again, and alarmed at his exposed position, afraid of he knew not what, he swung the limp tail, shot ahead and ran blindly beneath the edge of a wall of projecting branch coral which formed a cheval de frise to the channel. No more fortunate position could have been selected; indeed, it was prophetic of the good luck which followed the man-eater all his life.

The jagged points of the coral were so many bayonets over his recumbent body. He had found a snug harbour, and that it was safe was evident by the numbers of crayfish which occupied a similar position along the line, brandishing their serrated whips and assuming an air of hostility and bravery which was the merest presumption.

As night came on, the young shark shifted from side to side, working the sand out so that he could lie with ease, gradually forming a nest in the soft sand the shape of his yielding body. His eyes, which were of the exact shade of his skin, but spotted with black, now began to take in objects near at He was terrified at the strange sights, which, as the darkness deepened, flashed and scintillated in every direction; now as starlike objects, again as comets pulsating on through the water with a fiery train; and as large fishes surged by, the entire mass of water blazed with such a golden radiance that the young man-eater fell back against the coral of his den trembling and quivering with fear.

The very bottom of the sea was paved with wonders. Small animals bored their way upward through the sand, emitting a spark of light, which grew and expanded, out of which darted a fire body which made its undulating way to the surface. There were strange noises—crashing, tumbling concussions now and then, which shook the ledge, and ever and anon the water about him moved, and the delicate, firelike jelly-fishes seemed to sway to one side. It was a night of terror to the young shark, thrust into the world defenceless and half made up.

All night he lay quietly, now and again prodded by the serrated spine of an inquisitive crayfish, while once a sprawling, many-armed octopus crossed over him—a nerve-racking sensation—as this infant man-eater had nerves, and realised it until he was six feet in length, when they gradually became obliterated. In time the light of day came, and he observed that the water over him was much lower than it had been; it had dropped away, as it were, and then seeing that he was partly covered by sand, he fell asleep and did not awaken for some hours, when he saw that the water over him was deeper, that in some way it had risen.

He now began to feel like trying his tail again, and, the sandy plain being clear, he twisted about, flinging his tail boldly to one side, and rose high into the clear spot—so

high, indeed, that he became alarmed as the field of vision opened up, and, ducking his head, swung the remarkable tail from side to side and plunged down—so rapidly that he ran his head into the sand and lay there, frightened and dazed. But the motion was too delightful to resist, and again he gave the long swing and rose upward; then allowing himself to drop, he found that he was balanced to such a nicety that when he moved his tail he sped directly ahead and so fell into a swing from side to side and moved on and on.

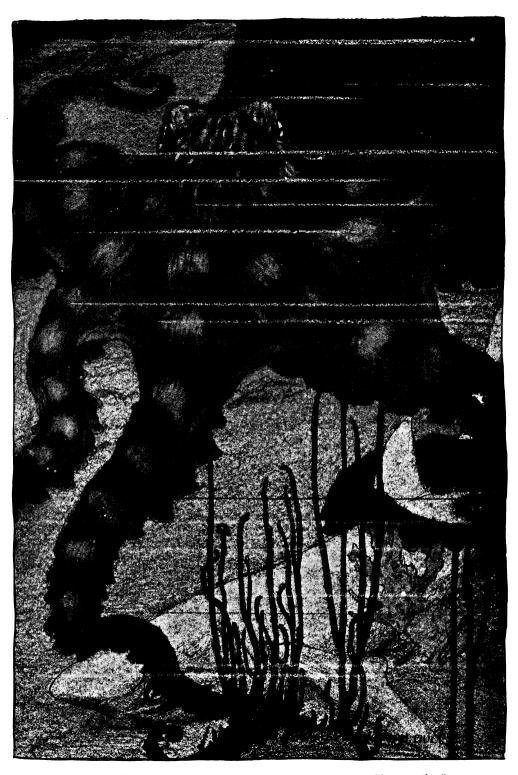
The white sand led gradually upward with coral on all sides, and as he wandered on, he observed that the smaller inhabitants of the place fled from him. He suddenly came upon a very high and beautifully coloured fish twice his own size, and was -about to drop to the bottom and hide, when he was amazed to see the angel-fish dart away. Then, for the first time, there crept into the man-eater's brain the idea that he was a power, that for some reason he was dreaded and feared, and at once his side swing became a swagger, and he shot through the water with such rapidity that he rose up the side of the sandy slope and came into a region of delights, his home or ranging-

ground for many a day. He felt the water moving over him in He could see that it was now and then breaking, forming a foam that was hurled downward with such force that the water all about him was filled with minute globules or particles which, when he breathed, seemed to fill him with new life and vigour. His gills opened and shut rapidly, and with difficulty he restrained the desire to surge ahead at full speed and test his powers. He was now moving over great coral heads tinted with olive and dotted and spangled over their surfaces with brilliant, flowerlike objects. On every side were gorgeous plumes waving to and fro, some in brown, some in yellow, while clumps of reticulated fans of vivid yellow and lavender added to the brilliancy of the scene. Amid these objects were countless small fishes, all in radiant colours. Lying on the sand were long, brown shapes, like worms, and blooming from every crevice were flowerlike anemones, their petals moving gracefully in tidal measure. sea floor over which the young man-eater swam was set with a mosaic of algae: masses of scarlet, blocks of tender green, bits of blue, yellow, and white; every dead coral rock, every vantage-ground being painted in splendid hues.

But the man-eater saw none of these. He swam heavily on until, exhausted, he fell into the friendly, vaselike shape of a huge head of coral and lay panting beneath a great lavender-hued gorgonia. For two days he was caged here, not having the strength or intelligence to rise upward and escape. On the second day a young crayfish fell upon his head, and instinctively the jaws of the young man-eater opened and closed upon the victim. A crunching sound, and the shark, tasting flesh, scenting prey, swung himself about, shaking the morsel as a dog would a rat, tossing the mud high above the surface of the head, clouding the water, out of which he rose. He had eaten, tasted blood, though white, and from now on his

one object was to destroy. For several months he lived this life, slowly making his way over the splendid tropical floor of the ocean, sleeping at times in the crevices of rocks, or between coral heads, or under them, foraging where he could, darting clumsily upon octopi, crabs, even starfishes, or any miserable creature which could offer no resistance, thus early in life displaying his sordid nature. The young shark never left the shallows, and at the end of a year, nurtured on good diet, had materially enlarged. He was now three feet in length, his tail long and powerful, his body noticeably bulky. But the greatest change was in the mouth. The first row of teeth were well defined, sharp, and serrated. The eye was a little larger, but still the colour of sand-paper, with no expression. He had begun to change his diet. covered that crayfish and other crustaceans went out on the shallow flats at night to feed, and that rays came there to hunt them; so one night, instead of coiling up in a coral head, the man-eater, following a little channel through the reef at high tide, swam across a lagoon of sand overgrown by short seaweed. Conchs were lumbering along on this grassy floor, and in the submarine herbage were big yellow crayfish, tough and dangerous.

Suddenly there came floating along a ray with its birdlike motion. As it drew near, the shark rushed blindly upon it and by sheer bulldog ferocity seized and held it. The ray doubled, lashed the enemy with its whiplike tail, then doubled and flung its sharp serrated spines against the shark, inflicting a wound that was followed by a pink cloud that slowly permeated the water. The beadlike, expressionless eyes of the man-eater turned inward almost out of sight, but in no way did he exhibit pain; he held on, gripping



"A sprawling, many-armed octopus crossed over him-a nerve-racking sensation."

harder, scenting the blood fiercely, tasting the flesh of his victim. When the ray became passive, he swung it, gripped it again, and bearing down upon it, tore and lacerated it, striking down the weed with powerful blows of his tail, sending the crayfishes dashing across the submarine mesa.

Engaged in this fierce attack, the maneater was suddenly struck, knocked aside by a sand-shark twice his size; but he circled about with savage menace, retreating only when fairly put to flight by his opponent. Every night now he foraged, learning that nearly all animals feed at night in this land of plenty. In all his wanderings the maneater never exhibited any interest in a certain locality; he never returned to the same place twice. He had no sense of location, no mental action that gave him an interest in a locality sufficient to produce a desire to return, no memory beyond that which blood produced. He slept or rested when he grew weary, and often swam continuously for days; at times at the surface, when his fin would. make broad showing above the water, cutting it like a knife. He swam on, eternally on, but generally in a circle - an instinctive movement, which kept him near the lagoon.

At the end of three years the man-eater was six feet in length. He had increased prodigiously in bulk, was especially heavy just behind the head, which was enormous and threatening. When his jaws gaped, as they sometimes did to throw out some parasite, an array of teeth would be seen, the front row upright, pure white, larger than a man's thumb-nail and perfect triangles, their edges like saws. Back of these were ten or twelve rows of similar teeth lying flat in the mouth, unsuspected, but called into action when blood was tasted and some victim attempted to escape; then all these fierce knives sprang erect and sank into the flesh of the enemy, making escape impossible.

The shark had changed in many essentials. He was lighter in colour, nearly white beneath; the upper lobe of the tail was longer, lithe and capable of remarkable power; but the eyes now appeared smaller and were, if anything, more inexpressive, and grey. The motion was dignified, yet there was the same peculiar swing given by the tail, and when he wished to turn, the massive head was jerked slightly in the given direction and the tail swung to meet it. He had now several boon companions. Three or four remoras had joined partnership with him, fishes about a foot in length, black, with a peculiar sucker on the top of the head. When weary of

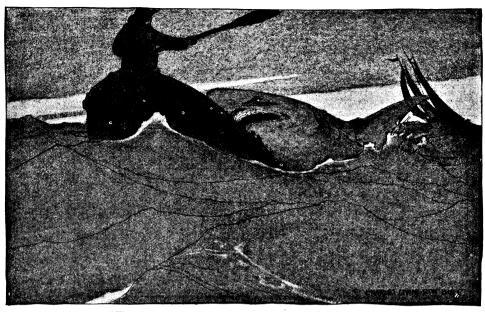
following the shark, they merely attached themselves by the sucker to his back and were towed along. The others were several little striped pilot fishes, which hid beneath the shark's head. They were very curious, and darted out at every strange object that appeared.

The man-eater at this time had developed a remarkable power of scent. A dead animal half a mile away could be traced up the wind or current with marvellous quickness and His plan when a scent was found was to beat up against it like a ship against the wind, swimming with great rapidity, turning the instant it was lost; and as this was always on the surface, with his big dorsal fin out of water, he was not a pleasing sight to men in a boat who had left their fish hanging overboard. The spectacle of a shark of extraordinary bulk darting about in so erratic a manner was taken by some as menacing, and they resented it in various wavs.

All this time the man-eater had remained in one general section, not straying beyond a radius of five miles; but as years passed, he became a wanderer; and when about fifteen feet, or more, in length, like a very ghost compared to the nurse sharks he once slept near in the lagoon, he left shallow water and took to the open sea. It was about this period that the shark became a public character. He began to swim up and down the reef, taking as his route that of many of the coast steamers, ranging from about the latitude of Charleston to Key West, at times

crossing the Gulf Stream.

It is not to be supposed that he had gained any idea of locality. He haunted this region merely because he had certain limitations. He swam north until the water lost the temperature which suited his nature best, and to the south until it grew too warm. certain skipper of a steamer which sailed from a northern port sighted the shark early in 1861 off Carysfoot Light, the shark following the steamer for several hours, his dorsal fin high above water, crossing and recrossing the steamer's wake in a peculiarly rapid manner. For three consecutive trips the shark was observed, and then one of the passengers fired at him, cutting a notch out of his dorsal fin, by which the shark was known for years, nearly always being sighted in a fifteen-mile run from Cape Florida to Havana. The shark was named "Old Bill," and there was not a superstitious sailor on the run who had not taken a shot at him or attempted to capture him.



"The man-eater fell partly on the dory, crushing it down."

The man-eater could not be induced to take a baited hook, and it was believed by many of the men that he followed the vessel waiting for a wreck; and when a certain ship disappeared in a hurricane and went down with all on board in the Florida straits. it was said that "Old Bill" went down with her. In any event, he disappeared for months. He was now eighteen feet long, of enormous bulk. He rarely went north of Hatteras, and then only in summer, when he followed the shad schools north, making the turn at Long. Island in June and the coast of Maine some time later in summer. His habits had changed. He preyed upon dead animals, had become a scavenger, and would follow a cattle-ship half way across the ocean to feed upon a dead steer. He appeared to be too heavy to run down a horse mackerel, and the smaller fishes evaded him altogether, though occasionally he found a school of mackerel surrounded by a net, and would dash into them, crazed by the scent of blood and slime, and gorge himself with them.

He was utterly insensible to pain, as while entangled in a net he was lanced several times by an infuriated fisherman; but the men noticed that he did not stop eating, paying no attention to the wounds; and when his size was seen, the skipper ordered the men aboard the schooner. On another occasion when entangled in a net near Gloucester, five miles off shore, he destroyed it, rolling over and over, biting the net,

tearing it into countless pieces. A dory man attacked him with a harpoon, upon which he turned savagely, gripped the cutwater in his teeth, nearly crushing it and lifting the boat several feet. The men pulled off at a glimpse of his size, and the next day some of his teeth were found in the planking.

One summer he came up the coast searching for some cattle-steamer, but, finding none, he swam on, and attracted by the fishing-boats, followed several. Food was scarce. Horse mackerel eluded him. One day he ate a huge jelly-fish in desperation, and next seized and rent a mass of kelp, in which a dead fish was wound, which brought on a frenzy for food and blood. A schooner was fishing near by, and as the men hauled up fish, he would take them off, carrying away the lines and filling his mouth with hooks, to which he paid little attention. Finally the fishing stopped, and he came to the surface some distance off, and seeing a dory anchored, swam up to it, then circled around His appearance must have terrified the man, for he grasped an oar and struck at the shark, shouting for help. It was said later that the shark deliberately tried to tip over the boat by rising beneath it; but it is an historical fact that over a dozen men and women on the schooner saw the man-eater rush at the dory, rise over it amidships, saw the unfortunate man waving his arms, then saw him strike at the shark with the oar; but the man-eater fell partly on the dory, crushing it down, and then both disappeared. This incident occurred off Nahant, and for several summers the shark haunted the New England coast and the Gulf of Maine. He repeatedly attempted to capsize boats off Boon Island, and terrorised the dory cod fishermen and others by rising beneath them and swimming about their boats. The "Big Shark," under which alias he was known, is still remembered by the old fishermen of the coast.

The shark had earned his title of "maneater" beyond question, and his nature changed with the acquirement. starving at times, he haunted vessels, paying little attention to the large migrating schools of fish which most sharks follow up and down the coast. In his soggy, brutal mind he associated ships and this new game, and the small grey eyes had learned to distinguish between the animate and inanimate parts of a vessel; a floating, rippling flag over the stern of a propeller did not deceive or attract, but men who were hanging in the chains or over the rail painting or scraping ship sometimes saw a strange but mighty shadow below them, and crawled aboard, terror-stricken, with an undefined fear.

The man-eater had at one time been quick of motion, a swift hunter. He had learned the tricks and customs of the fishes. knew when the bluefish hordes, the millions of shad came in from the deep submerged submarine plateau upon which they wintered, and with others he had followed them, lurking about the mouths of rivers, often creeping in, devouring other sharks or eating the hundreds of shad in nets. He lurked about the Gulf-coast islands for some time and lay in wait for the silver king, the tarpon that came up from the South American coast in February, and he soon learned to watch until a fisherman had hooked a tarpon, and more than one will recall feeling a sudden strain and seeing a huge, white-bellied figure rise five feet with the tarpon quivering in his maw. Again, he followed the horse mackerel in the spring, lurching along far beneath them, yet keen on their scent, following the peculiar oily exudations from their scales which followed them for miles, as a hound would a fresh trail, making rushes at night and often running a school inshore, losing them on the sands, where the fishermen lanced them and wondered why they came ashore.

This and more the great shark had done, but now his enormous bulk, his slow movements suggested a different life; the huge creature had reached the demoniacal climax of his development. He had fourteen or more rows of white, serrated, knifelike teeth; he moved with great deliberation and was apparently incapable of rapid movement; but this was not altogether true, the shark was really a type of activity. He could dart ahead or from side to side, or turn upon his side with matchless grace, but he rarely did; he now ploughed slowly along, searching for the objects which suggested the game of his choice.

It was this change of habit that made the great white man-eater an ocean wanderer. He avoided the shore and attached himself to a large ship which sailed from Boston to Liverpool, trailed it, like a hound on the scent, for days, lay by it in storms and calms, and every bucket of refuse thrown over brought the man-eater up from astern with a rush. He finally lost the trail of this ship in chasing something she threw over, and was a thousand miles or more at sea. He swam in every direction hoping to pick up her scent or wake; now madly, again swimming slowly. He dived down a quarter of a mile, searching for the bottom which was three miles beyond, but was driven up by the cold to swim along the surface on calm days.

The marvellous turquoise tints of the ocean's heart, its splendid, virile life, its strength. its ponderous movements, silvery tracery, the frosting of the sea as it broke, made no impression upon his sodden The wonderful illumination of the sea at night, its real comets and constellations of vivid phosphorescence were not seen by him as he moved along. It mattered little to this blood-hunter that the ocean was a realm of beauties, that each crystal drop was buoyant with life and countless levely forms. He failed to note the splendours of the huge jellies whose tentacles of living lace brushed over him in a cloud of colour-lavender, blue, and pink-all were unseen by this incarnate appetite without sensation or desire beyond carnage.

Swimming aimlessly along one day, the shark crossed a familiar scent. Several Mother Cary's chickens were fluttering over the surface after some substance foreign to the clear waters. At once the great bulk shot into action. It rushed across the line, caught the scent, lost it, turned savagely and caught it again, then dashed on into the wake of a great ship bound for Rio. For days he followed, now astern, again lurching along the quarter with one ugly eye cast



"A huge, white-bellied figure with the tarpon quivering in his maw"

upward; again sailing along the surface, his big dorsal fin cutting the water. He was fired at; hooks were tossed over baited with salt pork, but the man-eater paid no attention to them. He crossed the line with the ship, grew gaunt and ugly, and was forced to catch a porpoise or starve, so well did the wind hold, and finally entered the harbour at Rio, and failed miserably in an attempt to capsize the boat of a pilot.

Meeting an outgoing steamer, the maneater trailed it up the coast to Barbadoes. Here he found a small sailing vessel bound to the westward, and so reached Aspinwall in the Caribbean Sea. The water was intensely hot, and he lay out in deep water, cooling his massive bulk, during the day, going inshore at night, occasionally chasing the great rays whose leap from and return to the water sounded like the discharge of a

cannon.

One day the shark entered the harbour late in the afternoon and swam in the direction of the anchorage. The crew of They had a topone ship were in bathing. gallant sail overboard, and were swimming in it, suspecting the presence of sharks. The man-eater swam beneath and around it, and was seized with a frenzy at the scent that drifted away. He began to swim rapidly, first in one direction, then in another, then circling the ship about twenty feet below the surface, then rising. At this time one of the sailors, more venturesome than the rest, swam out into the channel, and the shark, catching the scent, swung its tail from side to side and darted upward, baring its notched fin to the sunlight.

"Ahoy there!" came from the foretop. "Come aboard!"

Come aboard !

The look-out did not utter the word shark, but the swimmer turned and struck out.

"Way third cutter!" rang out from the

quartermaster.

The boat struck the water with a crash, naked men fell into her, and seizing the oars, gave way. Men never pulled like this before; yet the man in the bow, boathook in hand, urged them on in God's name. The swimmer was still twenty feet away when the shark shot ahead, assuming a titanic shape. He turned slightly, though not upon his back, and for a second the man in the bow saw

its ghastly form against the blue, then in a moment of horror realised that he was too late.

The white shark with the notched fin was noticed at Aspinwall several months, where desperate efforts were made to capture him; then he attached himself to a north-bound steamer and followed her through Straits of Florida, by Cuba, up the Bahama Banks, leaving her by a singular fatality where he was born, near Carv's Foot Light on the Florida coast. Here he was attracted by a fleet of wreckers. He lingered here a few weeks, then dogged a tramp steamer to Bermuda, and one day went to sea on the trail of a British cruiser. But she was only going out for gun-practice, and as the huge, sullen brute came boldly to the surface and circled about the vessel, glaring at her with his beadlike eyes, the big, lateenlike dorsal cutting the water, one of the men asked permission to fire at him, and cleverly sent a ball through his gills.

Then came the culmination in the career of this insatiate monster, wounded to the death, but so insensible to injury that the scent of his own life-blood reached his brain before the sense of pain, his first move being not alarm, but desire. Frenzied by the lust for blood, rapine, and slaughter, the maneater turned and dashed through the deep red cloud, and was rushing savagely from side to side in search of himself, when a second shot cut the soft, spinal marrow. The great mass dropped inert. For the first time the powerful tail did not respond; the huge lips gripped tightly, the rows of gleaming teeth stood erect for a moment, then the small, expressionless eyes convulsively turned inward, the pilot fishes darted wildly about the dropping head and open gills, the black and white remoras were along his tawny sides hard and fast; the man-eater was dead.

In one of the great British museums is the mounted and splendid specimen of a shark. The length is given as twenty-five feet, and the card attached to it states that it is an adult specimen of the white shark or man-eater, *Carcharodon*. It was donated by the officers of one of His Majesty's ships. It is a perfect specimen of this rare shark, if we except the wound or notch on the dorsal fin.

AN INVADER.

By FRANCES RIVERS.



ELFISHNESS, that insidious foe that we keep more or less under control in our homes by the shackles that we forge for it by vanity, is unloosed directly we start upon our travels. But it is when we

set our feet within the narrow boundary of a railway compartment that it attains over us complete mastery. Then, under an appearance apparently innocent, the desire to be alone, it whispers its censurable counsel; moulds us to semblance of morose churls; even goads and incites to cheat, men whose honesty at other times and in other matters

is beyond suspicion.

Sir John Hay had, by reprehensible means, secured unto himself a first-class carriage. Within it, he had seen stowed his gun-case, his shirt-case, his cartridge-case, and the general impedimenta of rugs and footwarmer, without which civilised man never moves. He had tipped porters handsomely, and by gift of a twopenny honorarium raised to intense activity and annoying importunity a small boy from the adjacent newspaperstall. He was watching the guard puff his cheeks preparatory to blowing them empty through the whistle that was to give the engine-driver the signal to start, when the handle of his carriage door was wrenched violently open.

The girl who stepped up and in turned to aid the ingress of her companion, who, however, remained on the platform and, uplifting hands, cried: "Mon Dieu! miladi,

les couvertures.'

She repeated this lament as though overwhelmed at its import. Then, turning brusquely from the door of the compartment, she sped rapidly up the platform and dived into the interior of the station.

The long-delayed whistle sounded and the guard locked the door of the carriage.

Sir John had been annoyed out of all reason at the invasion; yet here he was,

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gesticulating, imploring, commanding delay, and offering, in the unauthorised language of diplomacy, backsheesh on the intruder's behalf.

In his voice, tone, accent, zeal, was an inflection of concern, an anxious abruptness, as of one espousing the cause of a muchinjured friend. But the officials of Paddington, an entirely respectful group, watching the train, with its freight, slide from their midst, were adamant—courteous, superior,

apologetic, but adamant.

The laws of the Medes and Persians were as nothing compared to the inexorable rules of Company's Time. Sir John ground his teeth at the amused assurance of the dozen eyes bent in superiority of position upon him. He felt his very amour-propre give way before the acceptance of this his own impotency. Upon the platform his individuality had shone, attractive as a candle, causing to hover near, mothlike, a following of human lepidoptera. He started from his seat and controlled by strangulation, with difficulty, an inclination to protest aloud in language unparliamentary.

The engine groaned, gasped, spluttered, shrieked, then slid into the comfortable level

of long-journey time.

Sir John experienced a feeling of lively

annoyance.

Companionship that has not been sought, although it may prove a boon, man invariably resents. He pictures the rich entertainment of his solitude as it would have been; conjures, to exaggeration, the ideas he would have culled from his imagination for his own entertainment.

But when the case is one of enforced companionship with the particular woman whom for five years the particular man has carefully sought to avoid, the one woman who has set his life awry, then the case but goes to prove the futility of fighting Fate.

He turned to his companion. "There, you see how little one's aid is worth when one

can't even delay a train for you."

She laughed—'twas on a major note, and the moment of tension passed.

"And to think that I have tipped those men for years and years!" he deplored, then added—

"Fate having made us fellow-travellers as



far as Swindon—I presume that you will await your maid at Swindon—we can surely behave like ordinary, courteous beings of the world and discuss such subjects as are not tabooed to the use of strangers."

"I have most fragmentary ideas, but perhaps the weather——?" she suggested.

"The weather! The subject always to hand, the weapon specially prepared for those wishful, with courtesy, to fight the tedium of silence; to wield with graceful posturing as many paces apart as inclination may suggest, certainly offers us a very large field to-day, and I think that, even before we reach Swindon, it would be only polite to offer you the hospitality of my rug. Is that permitted?"

"Certainly, for since your name and condition are advertised by the brass plate on your gun-case, I may be supposed to have seen them, and, taking them as a species of introduction, to accept you as of my world."

"The name has, since you remember it,

an addition."

"You forget that we are strangers, and

that the Sir John Hay of the gun-case is not necessarily my John Hay." There was perhaps the tiniest point of raillery in her eyes.

"True, that's true. And Sir John Hay—"
"Would at this stage of our enforced acquaintance be anxious to inform himself of the news of the day."

Sir John took up the *Times*. "May he be permitted to offer to his companion—?"

"The Field. Thank you." She accepted it with a smile.

"I regret, for your sake, that it is not the Queen." He became immersed in his journal, thus giving to the woman opposite leisure to inspect his face and read in it that which betrayed him a man who, having judged that the best of life lay within the limits of philosophy, had striven for and come very near to reaching it.

No craving for that which he could not get, no wishing for that which was not, no longing for that which has not come, disturbed it. Obviously he had learnt, as clever men rarely fail to learn, to accept with

complacence life's limitations. Perhaps, his instincts being primarily ascetic, the credit of this should not have shown so large a balance. But the difference between self-indulgence and asceticism is rarely rightly appraised, natural asceticism gaining as much "kudos" as that will-enforced, a penitent Faustina being by the world accounted of no more righteousness than a Cecilia.

If there were in the lines of Sir John's face those which pointed to passion, they had been so turned from their original point of index by self-denial and self-restraint that in their diversion they were now but records of a lively humanity. Whatever his career, its temperature had been so favourable to growth that, in it, his mental nature had developed, expanded, and remained at flowering stage.

If his eyes told that he had few illusions about the world, they also betrayed that he had fewer about the world's inhabitants. Past trouble could be traced in the deep chisellings at the corners of the quietly composed mouth, suggesting to a critical observer a successful holding on to conclusions adjudged right; not so much a record of victories over temptations, as a proclamation of a point of view which saw both sides, logically argued them out, and held tenacious to the one chosen.

The crescent-shaped seams at the outer corners of the eyebrows, and the slight lifting at different angles of those brows, betrayed a humour more entertaining to self than to outsiders—an amused and tolerant outlook at the game danced by life's marionettes. They were tolerant even of modern egotism, that power "I" which has grown to such huge proportions that it threatens to become a second Aaron's rod.

Some wrinkles, as though sown by the hands of others, and cultivated and increased by sympathy, so impersonal were they, were clustered in tender shadows round the eyes which by them gained a tempered benignity of expression.

He was, too, decidedly good-looking, aristocratic-looking, distinguished-looking, with the distinction promised at twenty, traceable at thirty, and now, at five-and-thirty, which she knew to be his age, very decidedly marked.

When the train started, it was snowing doggedly, relentlessly, but now tier upon tier the snow increased, crept with the insidious art of magic through even the woodwork of the carriage. Outside, huge flakes threw

themselves against the window-panes, dancing, leaping, bounding, falling, to be caught again by the gale and swirled into space, or tossed as a juggler tosses his many balls. Some, imprisoned and driven before a strong current of wind into a crevice of woodwork, were there built into capricious form and, growing to the semblance of a monster giant, peered within. These, Boreas, chanting their requiem, snatched at with determined grip, raised them aloft to terrific height, whence, holding his breath and opening his hand, he freed them to float and flutter gently back to earth.

Some, as though conscious that intrusion would make them offenders against good taste, backed into the abyss of space, but their vacated places were immediately usurped by others more bold and intrepid who pushed themselves forward in the frenzied procession.

Others, as though voluntary agents rather than wind-driven, alighted for a moment upon the glass, as if to display with pride, in all its perfection, their polygon form. Then, overcome with shyness, they merged, by force of contact, their entity with that of their predecessors.

There was no horizon, no outline anywhere, no heavens, no earth, only a swirling chaos, boundless, mysterious, a desert of eddying fragments. The wind sang and vibrated in the interstices of the window-frames, then, taking the whole train into its grasp, shook it as though with the intention of shaking it to pieces. Then, capricious for a moment, it held its breath, before, with added violence, swelling to renewed fury.

The iciness of the scene threatened to numb to freezing-point and close the avenues of Lady Muir's intelligence; she set to flogging her reason, and by sheer force of will triumphed over its influence.

She broke the noisy silence with a pretty pretence of hesitation: "I beg your pardon—"."

The Times was determinedly put aside, and Sir John, in his turn, looked at his companion, and in an instant things slid into their right proportions. He realised that man was not by nature morose; that women had need of squires; that Providence encouraged reciprocity; that carriages, on the Great Western, were not intended as padded solitary cells.

After all, how absurd had been his idea that on the twopence a week which, more or less, was the income to which five years ago he could lay claim, he could have supposed he might support this exotic flower of womanhood, to whom her sables, "rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries," her general air of wealthy setting, appeared so fitting! How had he ever ventured to suggest to her transplantation to the bleak air of his barren poverty? He had to admit to himself that he had no grievance even against her worldlywise parents.

"You were going to say——?"

"That I fear the weather is getting worse, and ought we not to be somewhere near Swindon?"

"The weather is certainly getting worse, but I am not in a position to be sure about Swindon. It strikes me that we have embarked upon a journey that has no perceivable It's terra incognita, if it is terra at all, which I doubt, for it appears to me rather to be the beginning of interminable space."

He put down the window of the carriage; the wind and sleet cut into his face with blades of ice, and quickly he pulled, to reclose it, at the leathern strap, glad to exclude the

driving hurricane.

"You have"—Lady Muir's eyes wandered to the lunch-basket-" with you a most attractive-looking hamper. The monotony of life gives way before an unopened surprise packet."

"I am liberal-minded enough to offer to

share."

"I cannot acquit myself of interested motives. A woman is, as you have probably found, entirely devoid of principle where other people's property is concerned. this we are all alike; there is not, believe me, one hair's breadth of difference. We each have the same propensity of acquisition, the same predatory taste. Anyhow, your basket attracts me; hope is replenished every time I look at it."

Sir John laughed. "I noticed that for a stranger you are curiously lacking in bashful-It is a pity to open it," he added in a tone compounded of compassion and candour. "I can tell you by previous experience of many other wickerwork compendiums exactly what this one will hold. Chicken—a wizened chicken!—Benson, as caterer, lacks imagination—or, at best, some cutlets in aspic, bread, and a bottle of wine."

"I simply die of hunger."

"Perhaps—again I put forward the suggestion with diffidence—you would like yourself to undo the basket?"

Sheraised her eyes to his. They had in them a smile which in a pleasing, cryptic way recalled to him many memories,

"I am glad that you have not forgotten that I was always inquisitive and materialminded. I have been simply pining for that And here the conversation permission."

broke off suddenly.

"Do you always provide against the chance of famine?" she at length asked, as, criticaleyed, she approved her arrangements and, by way of finish, crinkled up (woman's way is always to ruffle before making straight) the table-napkin to coerce it into lying flat. "But that you have no second drinking-cup, I should have supposed you contemplated a picnic."

She was apparently in the highest spirits. There was something that suggested joy in the manner in which she took possession of the situation. Mistress of it she was, entirely at her ease, and transferred herself from the position of guest to that of hostess. She attacked and devoured her portion with enthusiasm; urged upon Sir John the excellence of the chicken in aspic, and insisted upon his taking no more than his fair share of the imperial pint of Pommery; and when she pushed back the débris and shut the basket-lid upon it, it was at her suggestion that Sir John lighted a cigarette.

Perhaps it was the lunch that unlocked the heart of him. Before it he had felt in Lady Muir's presence a little uncomfortable; but now, looking at her, she became familiar —own sister as it were to the woman he had He talked of interesting, impersonal matters, was a cheery companion and a good-humoured, and Lady Muir responded

by a listening encouragement.

By no sign—not so much as the flicker of an eyelid—did she betray herself to special interest in him or knowledge of any of the West Country names of which he trippingly discoursed. Her charm, no garment to be put on and off, but abiding, integral, exhibited to him the Rosamond whose people had refused her to him, and who, so much he had gleaned, had afterwards married her to Lord Muir, who in his turn had done her one good action by leaving her a widow.

Stations, whose existence, by "express" travellers, had been hitherto unsuspected, now thrust themselves into prominence. At one of these the thundering voice of the engine groaned, spluttered, gasped, in unison with the storm, and as man, with round lips, emits his breath in whistling sigh, so the huge machine belched its thankfulness in steam as it came to a standstill. The guard, primed with much sympathy and considerable elation, appeared at the carriage door to



administer consolation to the travellers, interspersed with recollection of previous similar weather experiences.

They condoled with each other—a sham condolence, for both were excitedly happy—over the inclement day, of which, as hour after hour sped on, the weather became worse and worse. There is something peculiarly inspiriting in a blizzard from which one is protected. The whirling storm crashed, roared, and bellowed with something of a supernatural power, whilst charm lay in its

intervals—to use the word in its musical sense—of quiet.

There were long and frequent stoppages; more anxious and inquisitorial visits from the guard and Benson, each bringing news in fragmentary form: of the failure of a snow-plough to do its work; of intercepted telegraphic communication in front; of the fiat, conveyed from headquarters behind, that no more trains were that day to be despatched.

With Taunton reached at last, in the

gloom of the March dusk, came information that it was the terminus; that two previous trains had been already stopped there; that the waiting-rooms of the station were all blocked by passengers of the less distinguished classes; and that the entire accommodation of all the hotels was absorbed by the suite of a royal personage who was himself arrested and held prisoner.

The violence of the tempest throwing, as it did, into shade all questions of a merely conventional character, that of chaperon showed no prominence. Lady Muir's "What are we going to do?" though it carried to initiated ears a sound suggestive of a nervousness bravely fought, was accompanied by a shrug, affected to disclaim responsibility. The impersonal obedience amused and in no

way displeased Sir John.

Demurely and dispassionately, as though the affair was neither interest nor concern of hers, with all the imposture of simplicity, she stood aside and left to him the onus of "We are still companions in arrangement. misery," she reminded him. And ultimately a commercial inn's commercial room gave them harbourage—the choice was Hobson's, disapproved by Benson. The hostess, solemn, shrewd, observant, critical, assured Sir John that "He and his lady were fortunate to get the shelter"; and enlarging the sphere of her listener's domestic knowledge, added: "Except the bathroom, there is no unoccupied corner in the house."

Intimacy, in overt guise, haunted the two with mockery of home. In gigantic phantasy of conjugality they faced each other at a frugal board, strangeness and domesticity

companioning them.

Later, Lady Muir established herself in a rocking-chair. The best will in the world to keep awake was not strong enough to come off successful in the conflict with warmth; for her chair, become its ally, swinging to rhythmic time, swayed its persuasive encouragement to sleep, and the combination conquered her.

Sir John took up his position on the opposite side of the fire, whence his romantic vision thrust itself forward as the lens to be used. From long lying-by it now appeared to distort the object at which he now gazed, and all the processes of change by which he tried to adjust the focus but continued the

exaggeration.

He shook himself a little roughly, as though to free his sight from delusion. Reason had built him a habitation suitable to his years, his taste, his intelligence—was

he to yield to its humour and allow Romance to hold a film before his eyes?

His self-complacent, enviable bachelordom, which he had thought as long ago brought to perfection's point and needful of no further shoring, now shivered under the featherweight of Rosamond's presence—a little more slim, it might be, a little more attractive, certainly, yet not one whose impress he would have reckoned as likely to influence, for either good or ill, the well-considered structure of his life.

Yet he had to acknowledge that the natural soul of man in him, ever, though often unwittingly, in search of the impossible "she." seemed satisfied as it had never been The sense of propinguity, the consciousness of Rosamond's sleeping presence, filled him with a happiness to which he had long been strange, and now, in this peculiar hour of privileged companionship, it overmastered him and he dreamed his dream—saw himself moving through life with this girl at his side, passing with him from point to point, sharing his joys, soothing his frets. This waif of destiny, hustled and swept to his arms by an arrogant wind, became a second time in his life an all-powerful influence. The juice of "love in idleness" touched his eyes, the desire of acquisition gripped his heart. would be crass stupidity not to make the most of this unlooked-for opportunity, for she might, to-morrow, go out of his life as she had gone once before. The fear became intolerable, and his face took on it an expression of resolution. He turned to her on passion's nerves.

"Rosamond."

"Ah!" The woman awoke, moved, wondering, shy, but completely happy. Her eyes were soft with sleep. "John," she murmured. His face, from the altitude of his seventy-three inches, smiled down at her.

"You woke me," she protested, reproach-

ful.

"Not without good reason."

" No?"

"I wanted to know that you were real."

"I am quite real."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure." She put out a hand: "Is that all?"

"No. I had forgotten, all the time we were together, to ask for where you are bound."

" Falmouth."

"Falmouth! Not to my sister's?"

"Yes. I have always kept up my friend-ship with Mary."



"' Falling in love is no habit of mine."

"Then you knew-?"

"That you were to be there?

"And the train I was to go by?" could see that her lip quivered.

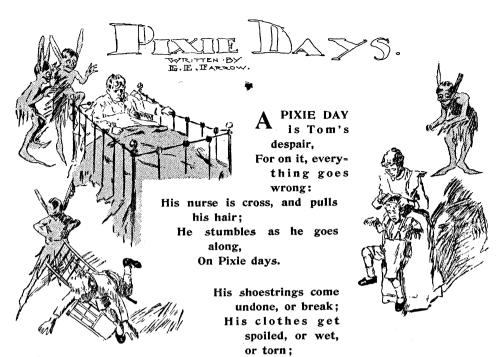
"No. That was really accident." He smiled. "A rare thing in the world is a woman with penetrating intelligence. Falling in love is no habit of mine. did it once, some years ago, and the woman -pardon the descriptive inaccuracy-was a girl who then did not know her own mind-

Lady Muir interrupted: "She had to allow other people to make it up for her."

Sir John dropped upon his knees at her side.

"Now, when Chance throws me with her again-

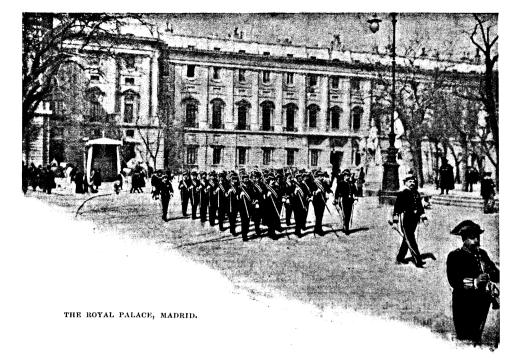
"Chance! Don't you really understand, John, or is a man with penetrating intelligence the rarest thing in the world?"



He gets a whipping, or a shake; And goes to bed, at last, forlorn, On Pixie days.







THE ETIQUETTE OF THE COURT OF SPAIN.

BY THE HON. HANNIS TAYLOR.

Photographs by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.

BEFORE attempting to give an account of the ceremonies and observances peculiar to the Court of Spain, it may be worth while to remind the reader that not until the close of the fifteenth century did Louis XI. of France attempt to supersede the ancient practice of sending temporary envoys for each special occasion, by maintaining ambassadors at foreign Courts as permanent residents.

After permanent embassies and legations were firmly established, the statesmen of every country were continually annoyed, not only by questions of precedence between resident diplomats, but also by controversies concerning the immunities or privileges to which each was entitled. The history of European diplomacy thus presents many serious and some ludicrous instances growing out of such conflicts.

On the occasion of an entry of the Swedish ambassador into London, a contest for pre-

cedence arose between the Spanish and French ambassadors, attended by a loss of life on both sides, which would probably have resulted in war if the pride of Louis XIV. had not been satisfied by adequate concessions. At Prague, the ludicrous side of a struggle for precedence was revealed when the ambassadors of two Italian princes, who had met on a bridge, stood facing each other for the greater part of the day, exposed to the jeers of the crowd collected by the strangeness of the spectacle, as neither would give way to the other.

When, in 1708, an ambassador from Peter the Great was actually arrested and taken out of his coach in London for a debt of fifty pounds there contracted, Queen Anne, who could not cut off the head of the Sheriff of Middlesex, as the Tsar demanded, sent him instead an engrossed and illuminated copy of an Act of Parliament passed to prevent such outrages in the future, by declaring, according to English ideas, the privileges to which diplomatic agents should be entitled under the law of nations.

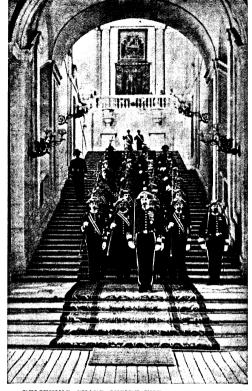
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In the hope of minimising all such difficulties, the great Congress of Vienna, when it met in 1815 to rearrange the affairs of Europe, made the subject of diplomatic precedence a matter of special consideration. The outcome was the establishment of three classes of diplomatic agents—the first being represented by ambassadors, legates, nuncios; the second by envoys, ministers, and others accredited to sovereigns; the third by charges d'affaires accredited to ministers of foreign affairs.

No diplomat can begin to exercise his functions until his reception by the sovereign From that time he has taken place. should be careful to remember that every Court has its own etiquette, regulated by rules which it has an exclusive right to make; and that generally there is a functionary known as an introducer of ambassadors, or by some equivalent title, whose duty it is to explain such rules and direct their application.

The Court of Spain has always been noted for its precise and stately etiquette, in which still linger many of the ancient traditions and outward forms of mediæval splendour. At Madrid can still be witnessed, on a small scale, the pageant of a solemn entry, once enjoyed by all ambassadors at the beginning of their missions, which resulted sometimes in such an armed conflict as that to which reference has already been made.

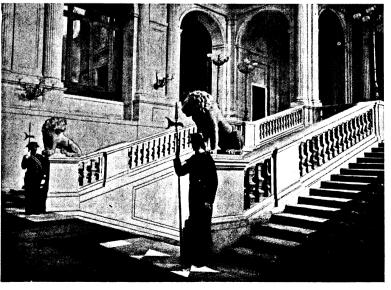
While the royal palace in which the Court ceremonials of Spain are now celebrated is,



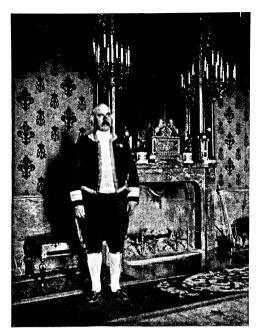
RELIEVING GUARD INSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE.

comparatively speaking, a modern structure, having been completed in 1764, its site is that of the ancient Moorish Alcazar, where

a hunting-seat was built by Henry IV. Enlarged and improved by Charles V. when he first made Madrid his residence, in 1532, it was further developed by Philip II. Philip's great and gloomy creation—at once a convent, a church, and a palace -known as the Escorial, lives on in the solitude of the Guadarrama mountains simply as the stage upon which the last act in the drama of Court etiquette is played after the king is dead.



THE SENTRY AT THE ROYAL STAIRCASE.



THE OFFICIAL WHO ANNOUNCES MINISTERS OF STATE.

Stately as the Court of Spain undoubtedly is, it has a strikingly simple and natural side when contrasted with the grand and formal Court at London, which is divided into two distinct departments. The Court of Saint James is a reception-place for men. There, during the reign of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., surrounded by members of the Royal Family of his own sex, received at stated intervals thousands and thousands of notable men

from every part of the world. The writer can never forget the reception heattended at St. James's Palace in 1897. On that day the Prince, attired as a British Major-General, looked every inch a soldier as the Lord Chamberlain announced to him the names of over a thousand men who passed before him. Soldiers, statesmen. and diplomats from every part of the Empire moved along in a line dotted at times with the white

turbans of princes from India. As a general rule the Prince only inclined his head when a name was called. His hand was never extended save when some personal acquaintance appeared, or when some especially notable figure was announced. His Majesty's subsequent receptions have been still more interesting.

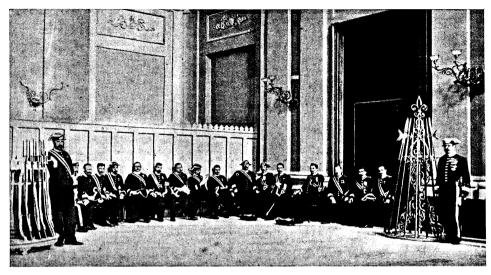
The Drawing Rooms held at Buckingham Palace by the Queen are occasions for the reception of ladies named in the Lord Chamberlain's list, which includes foreigners only to the very limited number each embassy or legation is permitted to present. Before the candidate for such an honour can appear in the royal presence, she must be arrayed in the regulation costume. The main point in the proceeding is the profound curtsy, which can hardly be executed successfully without prior instruction. There is no handshaking, no conversation with royalty.

Only with such a formal and impersonal background clearly in view is it possible to appreciate the social simplicity with which the Queen of Spain receives gentlemen and ladies in her cabinet, no larger than the parlour or reception-room of an ordinary private residence.

Any diplomat at Madrid who applies to the Minister of State for permission to present his countrymen or countrywomen to the sovereign invariably receives a favourable response within ten days after the application is made. The chances are that the applicant will be informed in the morning that in the afternoon of the same day, at six o'clock, his friends and himself will be received in private audience.



MINISTERS' CARRIAGES AWAITING THE END OF A "COUNCIL" AT THE ROYAL PALACE.

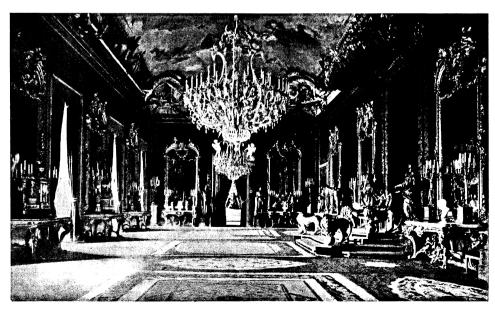


GUARD OF HALBERDIERS OUTSIDE THE ROYAL APARTMENTS.

Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the necessary, or even possible, preparations in the way of dress. Gentlemen who do not wear uniforms go in their ordinary evening dress, while the ladies can do no more than go with their hats on, in such costumes as would be appropriate for an afternoon tea.

When the palace is reached and the grand staircase is mounted, the party is met by the courtly introducer of ambassadors, who has now been in office for nearly fifty years. By

that functionary, the minister, his wife, and their friends are conducted through several of the State apartments, so that the beauties of the palace may be partially disclosed before the royal cabinet is reached. There a pause must be made if it is necessary to settle the question of precedence with prior visitors. If an ambassador is on the spot, a minister must wait. The latter may, however, by virtue of his diplomatic privilege, sweep in ahead of a grandee of Spain.



THE STATE ROOM.

The introducer, who leads the way into the cabinet, after addressing the Queen as Señora—an elastic term of politeness applicable to married or middle-aged women in every walk of life—announces the visiting diplomat by his official title. He then, after



A POOR WOMAN PRESENTING A
PETITION TO A POLICE-AGENT FOR
TRANSMISSION TO THE KING.

saluting the Queen, presents to her the friends in whose honour the audience has been given. When all are seated in a group, formed as in an ordinary drawing-room, the Queen, with her rare grace and dignity, leads the conversation in any one of the five languages of which she has perfect control.

One day, after my wife and myself had presented to her a beautiful young lady of unusual culture, who spoke French and German perfectly, the Queen passed from one language to the other when a hint was given that her visitor was proficient in both.

So interested did the Queen become that she continued for quite half an hour in earnest conversation, at the close of which she addressed the young lady in English at parting as "my dear."

No more high-thinking, brave, or tender spirit ever animated any woman than that possessed by Maria Christina, who has been entirely loyal to Spain in the hour of trial and misfortune.

On State occasions, of course, the easy simplicity of a private audience is superseded by all the pomp and splendour of an etiquette as stately and picturesque as it is ancient. If an ambassador is to be received, and a solemn entry, in the modified form in which that ceremony survives at Madrid, is to be celebrated, the gorgeous State equipages, more than a century old, are brought into requisition, guarded by outriders and footmen arrayed in the royal livery.

Preceded by a battalion of soldiers and bands of music, the *cortège* moves through the streets of the capital until the gates of the palace open before it. Once within the precincts of the royal residence, the representative of the person of his sovereign is received with the distinguished consideration extended only to diplomats of the highest rank

So far as mere ceremony is concerned, an ambassador is treated with far more consideration than a minister. The ambassadorial body stands everywhere at the head of the diplomatic corps; and at Paris,



THE KING'S MORNING WALK WITH HIS MOTHER, QUEEN CHRISTINA, AND SISTER.

Vienna, Madrid, and Lisbon, where there are Papal nuncios, the headship of that body is vested in the Pope's diplomatic representative.

In the capitals named, the nuncio becomes, ex-afficio, the dean of the diplomatic corps from the moment of his arrival. When he departs from Rome, it is as a cardinal-elect,



who must return from his mission with the full dignity of the Sacred College about him. For that reason it is necessary that a special delegation be sent from Rome to the capital in which the nuncio is accredited, with the scarlet hat, which is intended to remind the recipient that he must be at all times ready to shed his blood for the faith. Not until the nuncio, as cardinal-elect, has been

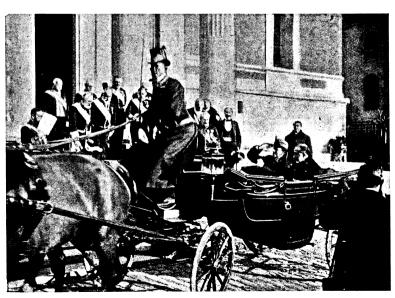
invested with the hat can he depart for Rome, and after he has been invested, he cannot

continue for a moment to discharge his diplomatic functions.

Out of that singular condition of things has arisen one of the most ingenious and amusing devices to which Court etiquette has ever given birth. A nuncio, as well as any other diplomat, may become *persona* non grata to the sovereign to whom he is accredited, by reason of objectionable personal qualities or by intermeddling in affairs of State.

The difficulty in such a case once was for

a Catholic sovereign to present to the Pope a disagreeable accusation against a prince of the Church. To remove that embarrassment the happy thought occurred to somebody to frame a royal letter in which the necessary request for recall is couched in terms of extravagant eulogy. The Pope is informed that the Catholic sovereign addressing him is so deeply impressed with the piety, learning, and statesmanship of the nuncio with whose presence



THE KING LEAVING A MINISTERIAL COUNCIL.

he has been honoured, that he feels it to be his duty to say that the Sacred College at Rome should no longer be deprived of his invaluable services. In that spirit he requests the Pontiff to send at once a delegation with the hat, so that the nuncio may go where he can be most useful. Not many years ago, the King of Portugal, on a well-known occasion, availed himself of the opportunity to pay this kind of a compliment.

If, however, the nuncio, as is usually the case, takes leave at the end of a peaceful and satisfactory mission, the ceremonies attending his investiture are among the most imposing which any Court can ever witness. It was the privilege of the writer to be present in the royal chapel at Madrid when the present Queen placed the hat upon the head of the popular and accomplished nuncio who is now Cardinal Cretoni. The music, the flowers, the vestments, the incense, the orations in Latin and Spanish, the robing of the new cardinal during the ceremony, imparted to the occasion a splendour and solemnity that can never be forgotten.

In republican France the old monarchical tradition still lingers. When the nuncio at Paris is to be invested, the President of the Republic places the hat upon his head just as if he were a king of the House of Bourbon.

Of all the ceremonies that may be witnessed

THE ANCIENT TABLE ON WHICH THE BODIES OF DEAD SOVEREIGNS OF SPAIN ARE LAID IN STATE.

in the capital of Spain, the most unique, perhaps, are those which occur when a sovereign comes into or goes out of the world. An old secretary of legation who went to Madrid with Mr. Russell Lowell, and served during his term as minister, told the writer of the trouble he had to have his chief at the Palace in full dress, when the Princess of Asturias was born.

King Alfonso XII., the father of the present king, was required by the etiquette of the Court to present the new-born infant upon a silver salver to the assembled diplomatic corps, so that they might be able promptly to report the event to their several governments upon a basis more substantial than mere hearsay. At the critical moment, Mr. Lowell, who had been waiting for the summons for several days, was enjoying with some friends a quiet game of whist, which had to be very unceremoniously suspended.

In the grand mausoleum of the Escorial, finished in black marble and gold, only those of the royal house can be entombed who have actually reigned, either in their own right or in the right of another. All others of the king's kin are laid away in another mausoleum of the Escorial, finished in white marble.

As soon as a candidate for the royal mausoleum has won the right to enter it by reigning, the marble sarcophagus is

carefully prepared and the name of the future occupant carved upon it. For years the last resting-places of the Queen Regent and her son, Alfonso XIII., have been in waiting for them, duly labelled in the circular chamber which holds all that is mortal of Charles V. and Philip II.

As stated heretofore, only the polished bones of royalty that has reigned can enter that chamber. For that reason the body must repose in wet earth near by for years, under the special care of the monks who have charge of the vast edifice, until the ordinary processes of Nature have converted into dust all that is immediately perishable.

ULYSSES McCLEOD.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.

III.—OGYGIA.



Peruvia, 2,200 tons, out of New York, lay off Corradino Creek at the upper end of the Great Harbour at Malta. discharging American flour from her forehold, and taking on barrelled Maltese potatoes for Trieste,

The skipper was ashore unburdening a congested mind to the agents, and the three officers were on deck in charge, but the cook's mate, a gentleman ardently desired of the New York police, sate below in his cabin, and, wholly without thought of vanity, regarded his pleasing countenance in the mirror there.

"Hang it!" said he, scowling at the face in the glass, "it's safe as—as 'puss in the corner.' Nobody'd know me. I could walk up Fifth Avenue and nobody'd know me."

Now, the cook's mate, when, rather less than a month before this time, he had been something of a figure in New York social life, had worn a short moustache, and his face had been of an habitual pallor. moustache was now lacking, and the face was burned and weather-beaten till he might have passed for a Sicilian fisherman. further adorned by a scar across one cheekbone, due to an encounter with the after donkey-engine.

"Nobody'd know me," he said again, as if by way of self-persuasion. "You can put on a moustache, and it doesn't change you much; but you take one off, and your own brother would pass you by in the street.

I'm going ashore."

He had already been ashore once—in Naples—with safety, but at Messina, where they had touched for a couple of hours, the skipper had heard from his agents that Mediterranean ports were being watched for a fugitive from American justice named Carter, and had promptly warned the cook's mate, evoking from that gentleman nothing but laughter and the statement that his name was McCleod, that he was plainly

signed upon the ship's articles, and that he knew no more of crime than a new-born kitten—even less.

On deck the cook's mate encountered the skipper just mounting the ladder from his boat.

"You ain't going ashore?" said the

skipper.

"I am going ashore," said the cook's "It's perfectly safe, and, anyhow, I don't care much whether they get me or not. I'm sick of dodging about. Let 'em take me if they like; I shan't run."

"Just you wait," said the skipper, wagging his head as one who knew, "just you wait till you see someone you think is after Then we'll see how sick of dodging

you are."

The cook's mate stepped into the highprowed little boat which had delivered the skipper, and was rowed, gondola-fashion,

down the long harbour.

Two men stood behind the crowd at the water-steps, two men shaven and keen-eved. who watched the cook's mate disembark, and spoke to each other, the while, in low tones. They were straw hats with narrow rims, and their clothes fitted too closely to have come out of London. The swift eye of the cook's mate went from tight coats to shapely boots, and he knew them for Americans.

There was one instant of inward panic when a dagger of fear stabbed all his vitals, and he felt the cold sweat bead on his face. Then the cook's mate did a rather plucky thing, for he removed his hat and bowed elaborately, and demanded in broken English of the South Italian sort, the location of the Italian Consul's office.

As he went on through the gateway he heard one of the two say—

"I knew you were wrong, even before the man spoke."

And the cook's mate laughed aloud; but

it was a shaking laugh.

He had never been in Malta before, and it was all quite new to him; the stucco houses with their queer-shuttered balconies—very Eastern-looking—the Maltese women with their odd black cowls pulled over their heads

like nuns; the half-naked children; the streets that were nothing but stairways leading up from the quay; and everywhere the British Tommy—in scarlet or in khaki or in kilts.

The cook's mate made his way up the interminable stairs of the Strada Santa Lucia, gazing about him with delighted eyes. He hesitated a moment before the cafe in the Piazza San Giorgio; but the glare of the sun on the white dust pricked and burned his eyes intolerably, and he turned up the Strada Reale, past the Malta Union Club, and so to the broad Piazza Regina.

Before him were the gate and drawbridge which lead out of the city to the Magl gardens and to Floriana, but the cook's matturned sharply to the left, past the Opera-House, for a bit of cold breeze bore up from the harbour, and the sun's glare was almost

blinding him.

He wandered through an archway and found himself in the little public garden of the Upper Barracca. A fountain spurted in its centre, and there were beds and borders of bright geraniums and of fuchsias and mignonette and of other flowers strange to him. There were little brown Maltese youngsters who poked at the goldfish in the fountain, and prim English nursemaids, capped and aproned, trundled prim English infants up and down the paths in perambulators.

Then, all at once, the cook's mate halted beside a rosebush, with a little pleased sigh, for down the path near which he stood there came a girl, who was so patently made by Heaven, to be looked at and followed about and delighted in, that not to do all of these things seemed an obvious and direct insult. She was a very tall girl, with yellow hair and a skin toned by sun and wind from its native rose and white to a very beautiful pale gold —as it were to companion the yellow hair. She was an exceedingly English girl. could not, by any possibility, have been anything else, for her face had that sharply cut perfection of features—thin, high nose and pointed chin and Greek brow-which has come from many generations of inbreeding of a certain type.

She was strolling beside one of the many perambulators, and alternately talking to the white-aproned nurse, and making not over-successful attempts at diverting the nurse's charge. It was the inexpert manner in which she did this, and the air of half-amused toleration which she bore, the while, that made the cook's mate certain she was

a girl, and not, by any chance, the child's - mother.

He watched her with a mounting delight as she came slowly down the path towards and past him; she represented so exactly the type of Englishwomen he had always admired most of all; she might have been one of Mr. Sargent's portraits out of her frame for an hour's exercise. He even liked the way she passed him, near enough to touch, but not even glancing once in his direction—wholly oblivious of his presence there. And the cook's mate, turning to go on his way, lifted his hat and bowed profoundly to the young woman's retreating back.

"Thank you very much," said he, "for happening along. It seems a great pity that you will never know how I have enjoyed

meeting you."

He went on through the garden and under one of the further arches, and so out upon the long, iron-railed balcony which overhangs the upper bastions; and all the great harbour lay spread below him. It was as if he stood on a cliff's edge, two hundred feet above the water.

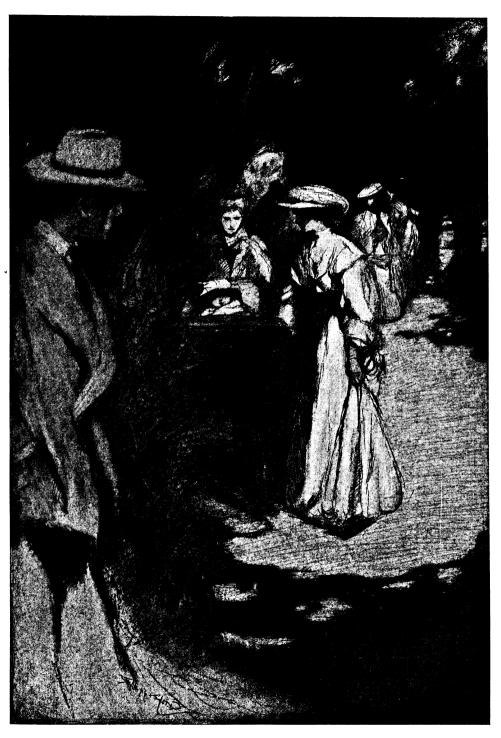
The cook's mate pushed back his hat and laid his arms out over the iron railing of the balcony with a breath of content. The sun was at his back, for it was mid-afternoon, and a cool sea-breeze came up from the water to bathe his hot face.

Then, after a moment, as he leaned there, staring out across the harbour to Burmola and the barren hills beyond, he became dully conscious of a voice behind him, a voice that he knew; and before that sense of danger that was, nowadays, becoming habitual, had had time to warn him, he swung about and looked.

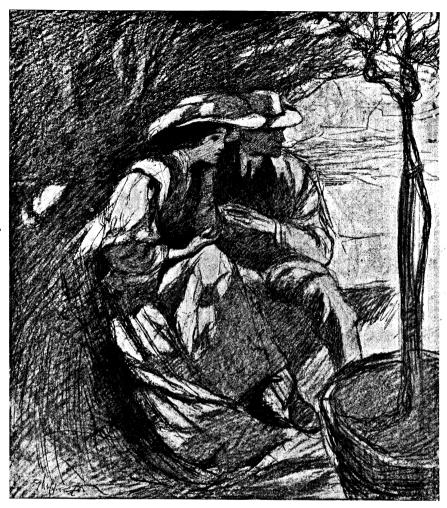
He knew the man at first glance. It was young Evelyn Barrington, the Earl of Strope's nephew. The cook's mate had had occasion to be of some service to him in New York, two years before, when Barrington had come out to shoot grizzly bears. He was in uniform now, the khaki of an engineer subaltern, and he was talking to the girl of whom the cook's mate had approved in the Barracca garden.

The cook's mate, after his first movement of surprise, turned his glance aside, but he felt the Englishman's eyes hard upon him, and, in a moment, the other man approached, at first hesitatingly, then with outstretched

"Oh, I say, it is you, after all, isn't it?" he laughed. "You're so brown, I wasn't



"She was making not over-successful attempts at diverting the nurse's charge."



"Then for a little space the girl sat quite silent."

quite sure. And you've been doing something to yourself, besides—— Ah, it's the moustache! You've shaved your moustache off. What are you doing here?"

He shook hands very warmly with the cook's mate, and said he should never forget what the cook's mate had done for him in New York, and demanded how he had come—on the *Carola* from Syracuse the night before?

"No—oh, no," said the cook's mate uneasily. "No, I came on a yacht, sort of. That is, you can call it a yacht if you like—just a cruising-tub."

"Oh, did you?" said the Englishman.
"I didn't see her come in—lying over in the
Marsamuschetto, I suppose?"

The cook's mate did not know what the Marsamuschetto was, but he said—

"Oh, yes, yes, of course."

And Barrington suddenly remembered that he was not alone, and said that the cook's mate must meet his sister Muriel.

But as they turned to approach the girl, who had been standing by the iron railing, young Barrington flushed a bit and said—

"I say, you'll think I'm an awful ass and all that, you know—and ungrateful into the bargain, but I've such a rotten memory! I've gone and forgotten your name. It'll come to me presently, when it's too late."

The cook's mate breathed a little sigh of relief.

"McCleod," said he. "McCleod."

"Oh, yes, of course," said the other man, and presented the cook's mate to his sister.

OGYGIA.

"Awfully civil to me, out in America, two years ago, you know, Muriel," he explained. "You remember all about it. Don't know what I should have done without him."

The girl said: "Yes, yes, of course," she remembered perfectly, in a tone which assured the cook's mate that she had never before

heard of the circumstance.

"McCleod is with a yacht down in the Marsamuschetto," said the Englishman. "You must bring him home for dinner. He needn't dress. I'm off to see Burbage about that dog."

He hurried away, waving his stick, and the girl looked at the cook's mate and

laughed.

"You mustn't mind Evelyn," she said. "He is always rushing about like that. Of course you know it, though. Tell me about your yacht. I didn't see her come in. Dear me! A yacht in the harbour is an event at this time of the year. You should have had an admiral's salute."

"Yes," said the cook's mate, "your voice is just like your nose and chin. It couldn't be anything but English. Really, I like you a lot." But he said that to his soul. To the

girl he said—

"Oh, you wouldn't care for the tub at all. It's hardly a yacht, you know—just something to knock about in." He did not dwell upon the fact that the vessel in question was, at the moment, taking in a load of very unromantic potatoes to be delivered at Trieste.

".' Just to knock about in!'" said the girl, and breathed a little, wistful sigh. "Do you ever get down on your knees and kowtow to Heaven because it made you a man and so able to 'knock about'? Fancy if you'd been made a woman! From where did you come to Malta, and where are you going on? Tell me about it. I'm a woman and can't do such

things, but I can listen. Tell me!"

So then the cook's mate, out of the fulness of a truly superb imagination, wove tales of unrest and adventure to have put the late Sinbad to shame and humility—street rows in Tangier, which he had never visited; sponge diving off Cabes, which he had; moonlit nights in Seville; and dealings with Montenegrin brigands on the Cettinje road, of which he had read in a book. He told of shipwreck in Molucca Passage, and of carpfishing in the Inland Sea. And the girl listened hungrily, with flushed cheeks and parted lips, and said only: "Go on! Go on!" when the cook's mate stopped for breath.

"Well, really, that's all, I think," said the cook's mate at last. "All I can remember, at least," he added modestly. "I haven't

been about very much-yet."

"'Haven't been about very much!'" cried the girl with a sort of scornful envy. "You've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything that is worth while!" And the cook's mate had the tardy grace to blush.

"I've known other men," she swept on, "who've been everywhere, too, but they couldn't tell. Englishmen are all so. They're tongue-tied. It's born in them. They can do things, but they can't tell about it after-

wards.'

The cook's mate blushed again.

"But you're an American," she said, "and you're different. Do you know you are almost the first American I have ever said a dozen words to? I've seen them about at hotels and on trains and in the theatres; but one—well, one doesn't quite (possibly it's prejudice)—one doesn't fancy them much. You—you're not like the others," she said, looking up into his dark face with a little wondering, questioning smile.

"Are there any more like you—Ulysses?"

she demanded.

"A lot, I expect, Calypso," said the cook's mate, "though it seems a pity."

The girl laughed, and a bit of colour came

up over her cheeks.

"That was an oddly close shot," said she.
"Did you happen to know that Malta was Calypso's isle—the real Calypso's?"

"Pardon me!" said the cook's mate.
"The other Calypso's." And the girl

laughed again.

"The other Calypso's," she amended. "You may see her grotto now. It is out beyond Citta Vecchia, beyond the Bingemma hills."

"Calypso," said the cook's mate, bowing, "has moved into town. The location of her

former home does not interest me."

Then for a little space the girl sat quite silent, her chin in her hand, staring out across the harbour to where the sun lay hot on Senglea, and the arched curve of her mouth was drawn downward discontentedly,

and her eyes were gloomy.

"Tangier — Cabes — Seville — Ragusa — Penang—Kioto!" she said at last slowly. "All that and more. You come from Heaven knows where, Ulysses, and you sit for an hour on my doorstep and tell me tales because I'm starving, and to-morrow you go on—Heaven knows where!—again. For you—the seven seas and all that lies between.

For me—this!" She threw out a hand towards the treeless huddle of roofs and bastions, and her tone was very bitter. "This exile!"

she cried.

"Oh, I don't know," said the cook's mate doubtfully. "It's not so bad as that, is it? I should have said it was—rather fine." He leaned forward, as the girl was leaning, and looked down over the busy harbour. isn't everywhere," said he, "that you can sit and see such things. It isn't everywhere that you can hang your feet over the rim of an important harbour—and that within shouting distance of your own doorstep. There's not another such terrace as this in the world. Look at that colour over there where the sun's burning! Look at those fussy little cargo steamers — Italians and Germans and Austrians—anything you like! Do you know, if I lived in Malta, I'd do nothing but sit out here on this balcony thing watching the ships go by under me, and wondering where they came from and where they were off to, and just what odd things would happen to each one before it would come back here again. That's what I'd do."

A procession of warships, lead-coloured, grim and silent, slid past Port St. Elmo into the harbour—two battleships, two cruisers, and a gunboat. The flagship leading, fluttered signals in swift succession, and the others, obedient, steamed to their anchorages

and backed and swung and lay still.

"Look at that!" cried the cook's mate excitedly. "Look at that! Isn't that fine? Isn't that something to see? I expect, you know," he said rather diffidently, "I expect that if I were an Englishman, the sight of those things would give me a most tremendous thrill of-of patriotism and all that. By Jove! as it is, and though I'm only a rank alien, it makes me go queer inside. Those things," said he, wagging an earnest finger, "mean power—power and authority and dominion. Some fool of a missionary jolly near pushes you into a nasty war somewhere, and a pair of those steel islands yonder just slip quietly into the harbour and it's all off—the war. I tell you they are tremendous!"

The girl stared idly at the new arrivals,

and her face did not lighten.

"That's the Venerable," she said in an indifferent tone, "the flagship. And the other will be the Illustrious, I expect. And the cruisers are the Hibernia and the Intrepia. Jack Carstairs should be on the Intrepia. I'm glad—a little."

Then she turned apon the cook's mate resentfully.

"What do you know of our life here," she cried—"the life we women lead? You're going away to-morrow. This is all very fine and picturesque for you—one day of it. What if you had to live here for years? You've known garrison women—women who were tied to fathers or brothers in isolated posts such as this. What of their lives? You know something of the deadly, dreary monotony of it—the contemptible jealousies and gossip and slander, and worse. Think of what we Englishwomen are brought up to at home, and then—think of this! Do you wonder I'm bitter? Do you wonder I envy you, love to hear you tell about where you've been and what you've done?"

She laughed a little—deprecatingly, as if she would apologise for her seriousness.

"You're an event to me, Ulysses," she said, looking into the face of the cook's mate, still with a little deprecatory smile. "Think what an event to the real—to the other—Calypso, the other Ulysses' arrival must have been!

"I wish you might—stay—longer," she

said after a bit, and looked away.

The cook's mate moved uneasily in his seat. He was conscious of a certain inward stir that he knew of old, and dreaded—the beginnings of response to a woman's attraction. It was because he had loved a woman and overridden the law for the woman's sake that he was an exile and a fugitive, and he had no mind to be made uncomfortable by any other.

That one might, all too easily, come to care for this girl lay beyond question, for she was very lovely, and everything about her, even the restless gipsy spirit of her, appealed to him strongly. He watched, with unwilling, resentful eyes, the perfect line of cheek and chin and neck as she sat, turned a little from him. That strange potency, for which there is no name, breathed from her like a spell, and the inward stir quickened.

"I wish you might—stay, Ulysses," said the girl again, very low, and turned to him. But when she met the cook's mate's eyes, her own widened suddenly, and she caught a little, quick breath and sat for a long time

quite still, gazing.

A group of Maltese soldiers, of one of the native regiments, sprawled at ease on the ramparts below the railed balcony. One of them thrummed a guitar, and he broke into a little snatch of Italian song—a love duetto. And another man with a sweet, high voice like

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a woman's, sang the woman's part. Their voices mounted through the still, hot air.

His—
Tutto d' amore, tutto ha favella.

The woman's voice-

La luna, il zeffiro, le stelle, il mar.



"Presently the cook's mate also rose and said that he must be going down to the yacht."

Then his again—

La barca è presta—deh, vieni, o bella!

And both together—

Amor c' invita—vivere è amar!

"Listen!" said the girl, holding up one

hand. And her lips widened to a smile, but her wide eyes never left those of the cook's mate. "Vivere è amar!" she sang under her breath.

"It's not true!" cried the cook's mate sharply. "I tell you it's not true! I know,

my lady, I know better than you. I loved somebody once, I loved her better than everything in the world—better than any hopes I may have had of any other world—better than faith and law and human life. And she was falser than I had supposed a live creature could be—falser than hell. Oh, I can match your little song!" And he sang, sneering—

E' follia d'un giorno, amor, E' il piu fragile dei fior— Nasce all alba, e a sera muor!

But the girl's eyes were wide and dark and steady, and he could not meet them, and turned away, frowning moodily and chafing his hands together over his knees.

Then, after a time, when his little flash of bitterness had passed, he turned to her again, and his eyes were troubled and somewhat appealing.

"I wonder," said the cook's mate, and he seemed to think the girl would understand what he meant.

"I wonder-

"The moment I saw you in the garden yonder——" he began again, and halted. And the girl seemed once more to understand, for she turned her head away, nodding slowly.

"It's all so extraordinary!" she said, after a silence, musingly, her chin bridged upon her two hands.

"You spring upon me here, quite unheralded. My brother, by a miracle, knows you of old, presents you, disappears. And you—oh, you're so different from all the others, Ulysses! You—well, you're rather the sort one dreams of, and—and all that. You're like a man in a book. It seems hardly

possible that you can have seen and done all those things, and still be—what you are"

"It isn't," said the cook's mate calmly.
"I told you all that rot to amuse you. As a matter of fact, I'm a fugitive from American justice. I'm badly wanted at home by the police." He smiled at her cheerfully, and

the girl laughed in appreciation.

"You all chaff so, you Americans, don't you?" she said. "A fugitive! Fancy!" she laughed again gently, but the laugh died away, giving place to a puzzled frown when she saw the face of the cook's mate go suddenly white and drawn and curiously alert, and heard his breath drawn sharply between his teeth.

"Who are those—two men?" asked the cook's mate in a queer, tense voice. "Do

you—happen to—know them?"

The girl looked over her shoulder, and bowed smilingly to one of two men who had come out from the gardens upon the balcony. One of the two—not the one to whom Miss Barrington had bowed — was gazing very intently at the cook's mate, but the other man seemed to be dissuading him from something, and indicating the girl with whom the cook's mate sat. After a moment they turned and went back through the gardens, and presently the cook's mate also rose and said that he must be going down to the yacht. His manner was still a bit strained and unnatural. He seemed oddly preoccupied, but he smiled down upon the

girl as he stood before her, and if it was a wry smile, one must look closely to see.

"Good-bye, Calypso," said the cook's mate.
"I shan't easily forget you. No, thanks, I won't come to dinner. We sail at dark, I believe."

The girl rose and gave him her hand, and she did not draw it away when he held it longer than was necessary.

"Good-bye, Ulysses," said the girl. "You've taken me out of my exile for a little, and I—

shan't forget, either."

The cook's mate met her eyes, and now anyone might see that the smile was a wry smile.

"I shan't come back, Calypso," said he.

The girl looked towards the gardens where the two men had disappeared, and she looked back into the face of the cook's mate, oddly, wondering a bit, but her eyes were tender.

"No—Ulysses, you won't come back," she

said very low.

A few hours later, the *Peruvia*, 2,200 tons, slipped out into the night under the great red eye of Fort Ricasoli. And the cook's mate, standing beside the rail, looked back to the huddled mound of lights which rose over Malta harbour. There was an odd little, wistful smile upon his face.

"I wonder——" said the cook's mate slowly, "I wonder——" And did not finish his sentence. Then presently he gave his shoulders a shake and turned his face into the warm salt wind towards Trieste, North-

by-West.

THE OLD LOVER.

YOUR voice that was sweet to the world is alone with me now:

No ear can remember, as mine can, the still sweet tone

That lifted, was held, and then fell again—no one knows how!

But I, who am oldest of all men, have this for my own.

Belov'd, though you loved me not, this then, at last, is your fate—
That all which remains of you now makes my winter its nest.
How patient you found me of old!—for I had but to wait
To make you all mine. They are dead: I remember you best.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.



AFTER THE SLUMP.

Mrs. Browne: I wonder what kind of bonnets will be worn this spring?

Browne: Last year's, my dear.

A WANDERER through South Carolina watched an old negro fishing in a brickyard pond for forty minutes, during which time the hook was not pulled up.

"Do you think there are any fish there?" he

asked at last.

"No, sah; I reckon not."

"But you seem to be fishing?"

"Yes, sah."

"But perhaps you are not fishing for fish.

What is your object?"

"De objick, sah, of my fishin' foh fish whah dey hain't any fish, is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to hoe de truck in de gyahdin patch."



IMPROMPTU.

HE sits—he never leaves his chair;
One hand manipulates a quill,
The other decimates his hair.
He sighs—he groans; he must be ill.

Anon his fevered brow he beats;
I scarce can ope his study door,
For knee-deep lie dismembered sheets
Of foolscap thick upon the floor.

What awful literary toil

Is this that has engaged my friend?

He's never had a pot to boil—

He draws a decent dividend.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

He is a man who now and then
Sets down the fancies of his brain
On paper; but his graceful pen
Works more for pleasure than for gain.

I venture near. A baleful light
Gleams instant in each optic disc,
And hints that to address him might
Mean manslaughter—too great a risk.

A yell! Another yell!! A third!!!

Explodes triumphant from his lips.

The cry "Eureka!" 's plainly heard

As round the room the writer skips.

"Oh, drain the cup!" The cup is drained, And sanity refills his eyes.

"To-night I'm to be entertained,
And asked, I hear, to improvise."

Herbert Westbrook.



A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

FARMER: Hallo, young John! Where be goin' with that there lantern?

YOUNG JOHN: I be goin' a-courtin', maister.
FARMER: Goodness gracious! I never used a
lantern when I went courtin' the missus.

Young John: But I wants to do better than you,

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THE SECRET OF THE "CURE."

- "I see by the papers that your husband is undergoing the cure at Karlsbad."
 - "Oh, yes!"
 "Has it benefited him at all?"
 - "No, he's lost £500 up to now."

WANTED ONLY THE BEST.

The yellow and red poster which adorned a big board fence in a country village announced that the circus was soon to pitch tents in that place. Beneath the counterfeit presentment of a man

on a bicycle turning somersaults in the air, a group of rustics were gazing openmouthed at this announcement, in letters of green: "Wait! Wait! Wait! The greatest show on Earth, Sept. 1."

"Ah ain't agoin' to that show," remarked one man to his companion.

"What for you ain't goin'?" she replied in a disappointed tone.

"Ah's goin' to wait for the other show what's better," he said.

"There ain't no better show," said she.

"Yes, there is," was his rejoinder.
"It says so on that bill. Cain't you read? 'Greatest show on earth 'cept one.'"

CURZON'S CAUSTIC COMMENT.

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON has been long noted for his penchant for making cutting and cold remarks.

Some years ago, says the railway official who tells the story, Lord Curzon came down from London, by a railway not famous for punctuality, to address a political meeting. Lord Curzon was in a hurry. The train made its twenty miles an hour all right, but the future Viceroy thought it the slowest train on earth.

He said so to the guard. That dignitary, as usual, took the remark as a personal

insult.
"If you don't like the speed of this train, mister," he said, "you can get out and walk!"

Lord Curzon was not crushed. Tart as vinegar came his reply—

"I would, only they don't expect me till this train gets in!"



EITHER A FEAST OR A FAMINE.

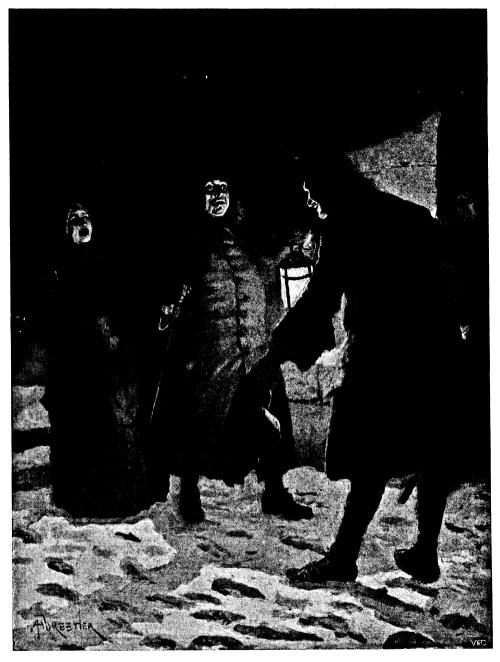
A COUNTRYMAN in a restaurant ordered roast lamb, and the waiter bawled to the cook—

- "One lamb!"
- "Great Scott, mister!" cried the countryman, "I can't eat no hull lamb. Gimme some fried ovsters instead."
 - "One fried oyster!" bawled the waiter.
- "Well, Methuselah's ghost! Mister, one fried oyster ain't going to be enough. Gimme a dozen of 'em. Hang these city eatin'-places!"



THAT SIMPLE LIFE!

FARMER: Now, then, you young rascals, what are you doing with my turnips? COCKNEY YOUTH: Please, sir, Billy and me is leading the simple life.



"TOO POLITE TO BE HONEST."

BY A. FORESTIER.

Good evening, master; roads are dark, The snow is deep, the hour is late: Pray, may I see you through the Park And land you safely at your gate? St. James's, lonely as the moors,
Is perilous—strange tales are rife;
My stick is stouter, sir, than yours,
So, pray, your money or your life!

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

It is a strange fact that the most moral people always are more interested in the history of a noted criminal than in the lives of saints or philanthropists.

It is not enough for a woman to be wise for herself; she is always expected to be wise for

someone else's self.

We gain knowledge by what we learn; wisdom, by what we unlearn.

Love has rights. Friendship must content herself with

privileges.

We are wise to-day, that to-morrow we may look back and say: "How foolish we were!"

To take away a man's good character is to give him a bad one.

The kindness of insincerity is like the beauty of artificial roses; we value it for what it is intended to represent.

To be true to others compels us sometimes to be untrue to ourselves.

It is only exceedingly simple men who aspire to be thought knowing.

Familiarity breeds contempt—but only for that which is contemptible.

Madeline Bridges.



"And what are you going to make Tommy when he grows up?" asked a rustic matron of her neighbour.

"Oh, a butcher, I expect,"

was the reply.

"But why a butcher?"

"Well, you see, he's already that fond of animals you can hardly keep him out of the slaughter-house."



The son and heir was much interested in the news that a baby sister had arrived. On being formally presented to the little lady, he regarded her with some awe, but presently exclaimed: "Wait a minute!" and disappeared from the room. The father and mother aw-ited his return. In his hand he extended the key of a beloved mechanical toy. "There!" he cried breathlessly. "Now wind her up!"

A GREAT statesman was one day accosted by an effusive stranger, who grasped his hand and said—

"Hallo, Lord ——! I'll bet you don't know me!" The eminent man gazed at him unmoved.

"You win!" he remarked laconically, and walked on.



PRECAUTION.

Young Wife (who does not approve of bachelor friends' calls on her husband): By the way, your friend Tomson was at the Lomsons' last night, and said he would call to see you some evening.

HUSBAND: What did you say? WIFE: Oh, I gave him the name of your club.





"SISTERS." BY RALPH PEACOCK.

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"THE WATCHER ON THE HILL." BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

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THE ART OF MR. HERBERT DICKSEE.

By ENOCH SCRIBE.

NE would scarcely suspect that a particularly picturesque and innocent-looking house on the border of Hampstead Heath is the birthplace of lions and tigers. Even did the authorities of the local borough permit the breeding of wild beasts in the vicinity of the great pleasureground, we doubt if the neighbours would consent. But it is not in the living and powerful flesh that "the king of the forest" is here created. It is in the less harmful and more acceptable form of pictures that lions and tigers are here produced, but in so realistic and awe-inspiring a style that one would naturally conclude the artist had living models in his studio. The medium adopted by Mr. Herbert Dicksee-for it is he who brings these beasts into existence and makes them good company—is the etcher's needle, though the artist is also a capable wielder of the brush. His strik-

ingly lifelike presentment of rampant lions and snarling tigers has of late years become very familiar to the general public, and curiosity to ascertain the genesis of these productions attracted me to the artist's studio.

Mr. Herbert Dicksee studies his subjects from living models at the Zoological Gardens. A friend once brought a lion cub home from Africa and offered it to him as a present. The temptation to accept was only momentary, for a little reflection told the artist that the majestic beast would soon become troublesome. So the cub was declined with thanks, and Mr. Dicksee still etches the lineaments of its tribe.

Born of an artistic family, Mr. Dicksee had his path marked out by nature, and his progress assisted by kindly circumstance. His father was a painter who devoted himself chiefly to portraits, and his uncle was

also a painter. The latter was the father of the well-known artist, Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., and of the late Margaret Dicksee, who was a charming painter of old-world subjects. Herbert Dicksee himself began to draw as soon as his fingers could move a pen, his first couraged his work. It is as a painter of dogs that he shows particular skill, and this skill is the offspring of a knowledge and sympathy that began when he was a child, and remains even stronger at the present day.



"IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY." BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

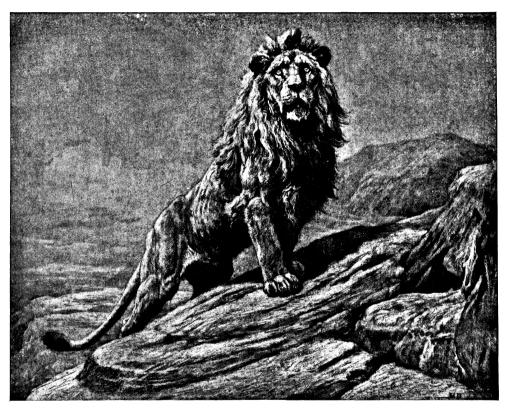
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productions being copies of any book illustrations that took his fancy. His love for animals, which is not limited to the wild species, but also includes the domestic, was due to the influence of John Charlton, who always lent him his sketch-books and en-

At the age of sixteen he entered the Slade School, where he studied under Alphonse Legros, the distinguished etcher. Whilst following a strict course in the life class and drawing from the antique, he devoted much time also to etching, which was zealously

fostered there. It is from the Slade School that a great number of members of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers (to which Mr. Dicksee belongs) have come, the initial impetus that revived etching in this country having been started by Whistler and Seymour Haden about twenty-five years ago. During his five years' course at the school, young Dicksee was successful in obtaining the Slade scholarship, in addition to several medals.

have been twenty years ago, did not yield much opportunity for the study of animal nature. Nevertheless, it enabled him to become acquainted with a variety of atmospheric effects and wild background; and the knowledge thus gained is skilfully displayed in many of his pictures. On his return to England he began to devote himself seriously to the pursuit of art, for on its attainment depended his living. In the first instance he



"THE KING." BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

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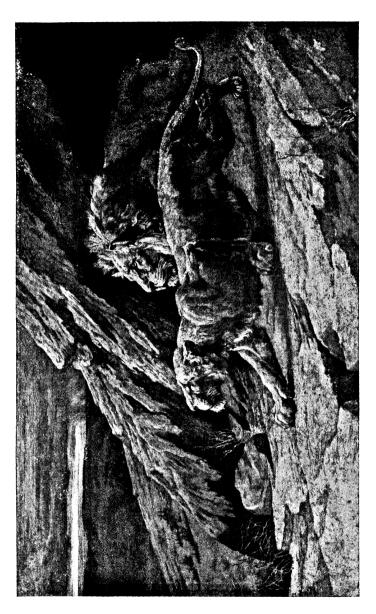
His love for animals developed during this formative period of his art, and he used to rise at six o'clock in the morning to visit the Zoological Gardens before visitors would arrive and obstruct his view. There he was to be seen, morning after morning, making studies of the lions and tigers in the reposeful intervals of their restless movements.

On leaving the school, Mr. Dicksee took a voyage to New Zealand. This excursion to the Antipodes, slow and protracted as it must

turned his hand to black-and-white illustration for books and magazines, and also designed Christmas cards and other humble productions. As a boy he received his first commission from Sadler, who regularly undertook work for Tom Landseer at a time when etching had not yet reached the importance it now possesses. A number of small plates that he etched at this period, already giving indication of his later power, are to be found in back numbers of the Art Journal and the Portfolio. In his leisure he

also painted pictures, and many of the subjects that are now familiar as etchings were first presented as oil paintings.

One of the first important etchings that he undertook was the reproduction of to more ambitious and original productions. As a result he gave forth "Beauty and the Beast," which was disposed of with little difficulty and published in 1887, in the same year with "All His Troubles Before Him."



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Fine Art Publishers, Bristol, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large elthing. "THE RAIDERS." BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

"Hesperia," the picture of his cousin, Mr. Frank Dicksee. The subject was by no means easy to handle, but he devoted to it several months of assiduous work and produced an excellent plate. The success thus achieved encouraged him to proceed

After this he betook himself to his first lion plate, "His Majesty." He made his preliminary studies for this subject at the Zoological Gardens, and found that his model was by no means of an amiable disposition. The artist would no sooner begin his work than the lion

would turn his back and go to sleep in sheer boredom. All attempts to rouse him and make him assume the desired pose were fruitless. But a way out of the difficulty was discovered by accident. One day the artist stood to attention. The memory of the lion must have been long-lived, for on paying it a visit a year afterwards the artist met with a rather hostile welcome.

His next animal plate was "A Wanderer,"



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dropped his brush and stooped to pick it up. No sooner did the animal see this movement, which it suspected to be an attack, than it at once bristled up and remained alert. Henceforth the artist had only to pretend he was picking up a missile, and his model

which literally became a wanderer among the publishers. They all looked askance at it, declaring that the public would not buy "lions." Ultimately, however, it was issued on a royalty agreement, though even then the printsellers required persuasion to exhibit it. But the apprehension thus shown was completely dispelled when once the plate came before the public, for every proof was sold. After this came "A Tigress." With the aid of a certain keeper who had earned the enmity of the beast, the tigress was roused to the necessary snarl. The man had only to walk past the cage, and the beast immediately assumed the snarling pose desired by the artist.

Mr. Dicksee understands that an element in the art of success (and perhaps also in the success of art) is variety, and this principle has guided him in his work. Though publishers were at first reluctant to take up his etchings of wild animals, and then became eager about them as a result of the public's favourable response, the artist perceived that the tide might begin to ebb. Hence he turned to more homely themes, to figure subjects, in which he deftly portrayed the sympathy of mankind. There could be no

greater contrast than that between the felicity of these domestic scenes and the ferocity of the forest beasts, but the artist showed his mastery in both. To this homely category belongs his next plate, "Memories," which is a reproduction of another picture of Mr. Frank Dicksee. This was followed by an etching of his own Academy picture, "Oh, for the Touch of a Vanished Hand!" Proofs of this plate are now very rare, and the lapse of time has enhanced their price to about ten times the amount at which they were originally sold—thus proving that time means money in a way not always understood.

The artist's first great popular success was attained by his plate, "Silent Sympathy." This production occupied him many months, as he had to try several models before he felt satisfied. The labour he spent upon it, however, received its due reward in the immediate favour shown by the public when it was issued in 1894.



"SILENT SYMPATHY." BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

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"THE LITTLE GIPSY." BY HERBERT DICKSEE.

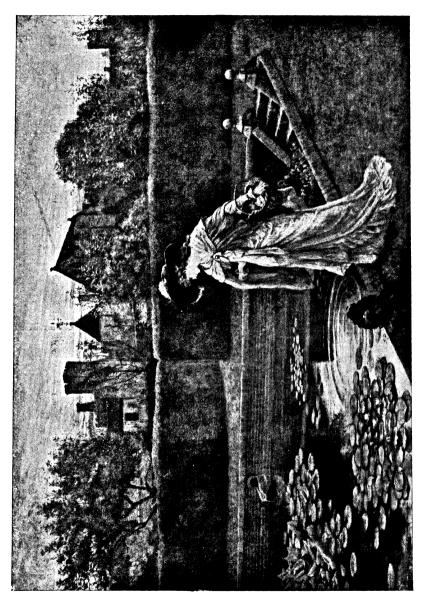
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The plate depicts a young and handsome girl seated in a wicker armchair, with her hand supporting her head of flowing tresses, gazing at the fire with an air of sad anxiety. At her side, his graceful forelegs stretched across the rug, lies a stately deerhound, resting his chin on the knees of his mistress and looking up to her in "silent sympathy." The sweet communion thus touchingly expressed at once secured the interest of an appreciative public. In response to a demand for a companion picture, Mr. Dicksee produced "Her First Love," but between the publication of the two he executed "The Monarch of the Desert" and "Solitude," the latter being a subject that he had previously treated in water colour. In chronological order we next come to "A Happy Mother," for the models of which, a little family of bloodhound puppies, the artist had to travel to the New Forest. In striking contrast to this, both in theme and presentation, is his etching after Joy's picture of "The Death of Gordon."

This was followed by an original subject, "A Fellow-Feeling," in which a flower-girl, seated on a doorstep, is handing a crust to a dog that looks all forlorn.

As frequently is the case, a mere accident suggested to the artist the theme of another of his most popular plates. This is "The Last Furrow," which was based upon a glimpse seen from the window of a railwaycarriage while passing near Harrow. The picture has a striking distinctiveness, and vividly realises the fatigued and struggling horses and the plodding ploughman as they cut up the last stretch of soil. publishers looked upon it doubtfully, owing to the change of subject, but the plate has been sold out, and is now at a high premium. It has a companion in "Against the Wind and Open Sky." In 1898 appeared another notable etching, representing a reversion to the "wild beast period." This was "The Raiders," after the artist's picture which was exhibited in the Royal Academy. The keen

yet cautious gaze of the two animals at once arrests attention, and the rugged formation of the uprising rock and the remote expanse of light, with the desert atmosphere pervading all, give a graphic and convincing presentment of a scene in the wilds of Africa. Its lay before the hearth, fascinated by the fire, they suggested to him his etching of "Fire Worshippers." But he soon returned to the wilds, and in "The Watcher on the Hill" (1900) he presented a tiger, throbbing with vice and violence, squatting on a head



"THE WISHING POOL." BY HERBERT DICKSEE.
"At the quiet eventall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old Manorial Hall."—Tempyson.

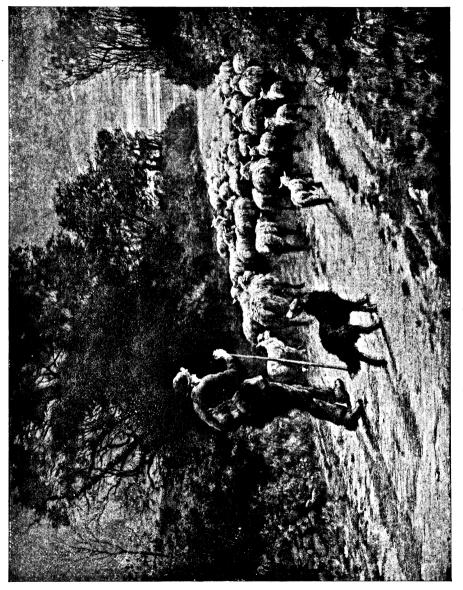
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companion plate, "Maternal Care," also from a picture by the etcher, shows a lioness proudly stationed beside the brink of a river, while her little cub nestles closely to her side.

Again the artist left his friends of the forest, this time for his own dogs. As they

of a lofty rock and gazing down with an eye of insatiable greed. This was followed by several other plates belonging to the same category of subject. "In the Enemy's Country" shows a lion and his mate looking down from an elevated boulder upon the

country below, the distance illuminated by the powerful rays of a tropical moon. "The King" represents the stately and solitary figure of a lion with majestic mane, proudly rearing its body against the heavens. In "The Destroyers" we see two prowling tigers solitude of the landscape—it is a most remarkable fact that he has never seen a beast of prey in its native home. Almost all his studies are made at the Zoological Gardens, whilst for his backgrounds he confesses that he makes use of photographs,



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Fine Art Publishers, Bristol, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large etching. BY HERBERT DICKSEE. "NEARING HOME."

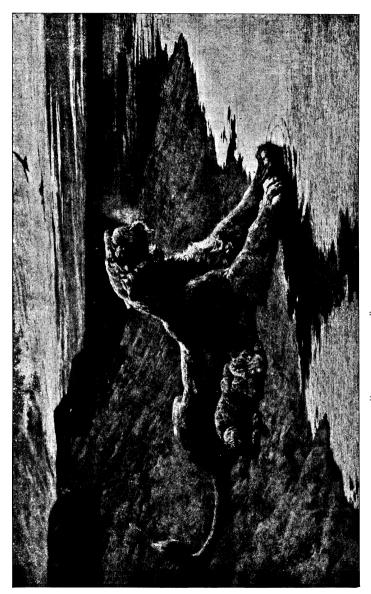
advancing into the open country to slake their thirst in a running stream.

With all Mr. Dicksee's faithful delineation of these savage beasts, and his realistic representation of their wild haunts—even to the very heat of the atmosphere and the

and justifies his method by his results. The Boer war produced one good effect, so far as he was concerned, inasmuch as it resulted in many photographs of African scenery being published. He uses these photographs, however, merely as

suggestions, discovering some scenery of approximate resemblance in the British Isles, and then making a direct study from Nature. Once, indeed, he was invited to join a party of three friends who proposed penetrating the

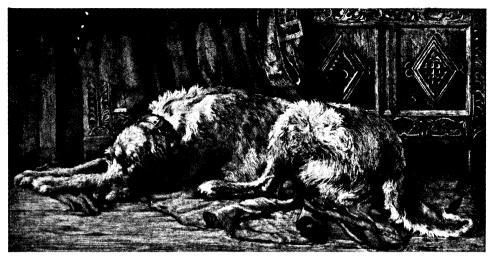
He has made studies also at the menageric attached to the Hall-by-the-Sea, a popular Margate music-hall, where great success has been attained in breeding cubs. Though tame when young and bred in captivity, these



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Fine Art Publishers, Bristol, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large etching. BY HERBERT DICKSEE. "MATERNAL CARE."

wilds of Algeria. One was going to shoot, another to explore, and the third to sketch. Mr. Dicksee, however, was not attracted by the prospect, for he had no guarantee that a lion would emerge from its lair except at night, and the glimpse he might then get could easily be realised by his own imagination.

cubs usually become dangerous by their fifth year, and, for the purpose of the artist, display the same characteristics as if they had been born free. Mr. Dicksee, who is very scrupulous about the anatomy of his models, obtains casts of legs and limbs from dead beasts. In his portrayal of domestic animals,



"OH, FOR THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND!" BY HERBERT DICKSEE. Reproduced by permission of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

however, he is able and happy to be at close quarters with his models. Once he kept as many as five or six dogs, but he found they involved too much attention and distracted him from his work, so that now he only has a toy spaniel actually in his home. When-

ever he wants a dog now as a model, his friends are always eager to oblige him.

We have still to mention several other etchings that Mr. Dicksee has produced. One of them is after "The Boyhood of Raleigh," painted by Millais nearly thirty years ago, which was purchased by Lady Tate for over £5,000, and presented to the Tate Gallery in memory of her husband. Among original subjects is "The Wishing Pool," which is a radical

departure from his usual style of theme. girl in old-world dress is gazing into a circling pool and trying to divine her destiny. the background is a panorama of the countryside, beautifully distinct, showing turret and ancient steeple rising above the thick foliage. "On the Threshold" depicts a village doorway, the young mistress of the home standing with an air of weariness on the upper step, and a little dog lying drowsy on the ground. "Nearing Home" is another plate in a minor key, representing a shepherd taking his flock back to their pen. The light effects obtained in this plate are a triumph for the

etcher's needle, which has also, with singular skill and care, delineated each member of the returning flock. One of Mr. Dicksee's latest productions is a plate entitled "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot.", An old collie is looking up pathetically at its mistress, who is playing with a little pup, while seated near a window.

Mr. Dicksee is a very painstaking artist, and spends at least three or four months over each plate. Inthe winter

generally continues working after sunset, and arranges an electric lamp to shed its light through a screen of tissue-paper. To tone down the glare resulting from constantly having his eyes on the burnished sheet of copper, he sometimes wears blue glasses. His etchings are now in such popular and

frequent demand that he cannot find any



ONE OF MR. HERBERT DICKSEE'S STUDIES FOR A PICTURE.

time for painting, and has even ceased to accept any commissions for his usual work. so that he may enjoy a feeling of freedom. As evidence of his versatility, it may be mentioned that he has also worked in pastel, and

modelled bronze of a tiger conjunction with a young sculptor, Mr. F.

Blundstone. It may be questioned whether the general public, as a whole, shows as much appreciation of etchings as of The paintings. unsophisticated mind loves colourand all the clear contrasts that the wielder of the brush can produce. Attractiveness in a picture for this section of the people - and here, perhaps, one nation differs little from another -- consists not so much in the subject that is shown, as in the medium in which the subject is presented: not so much in the what as in the how, as an ancient Greek philosopher might have put it. It would, therefore, haps be thought that the art of

Mr. Dicksee is being exercised merely for the æsthetic gratification of an eclectic circle, for those who have received an artistic education and are inspired with a love for the best and truest in the artist's craft. This reflection, however, is only partly true, for extended observation has shown that the poor—whose minds are only

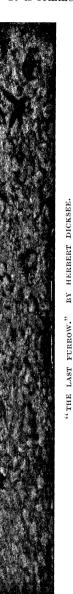
too often impoverished equally with their bodies—are quite as keen admirers of Mr. Dicksee's work as those whom fortune or circumstance has favoured in greater measure. It is commonly supposed that the

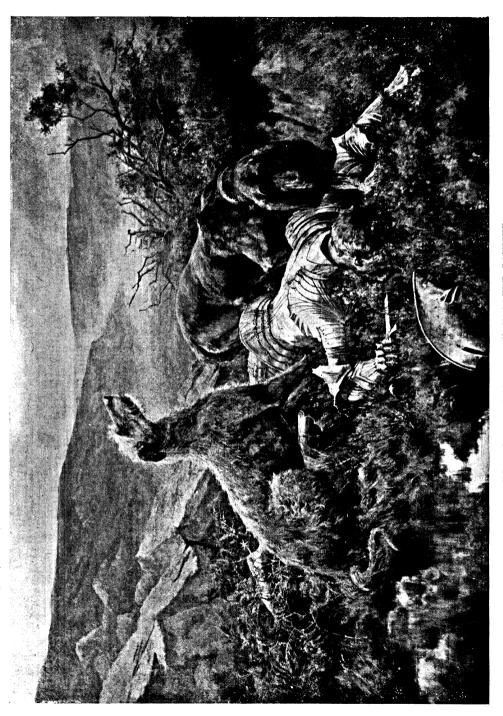
> public art gallery is the poor man's Leproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Fine Art Publishers, Bristol, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large etching gallery, but this is a supposition of only partial truth. hibition such as that periodically held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery is undoubtedly for the poor man, but in this case as in most others the bulk of the visitors belong to the middle classes, and even to those fairly well-to-do people who overcome their dislike to making an ex-cursion into an insalubrious district because of the temporary things bright and beautiful that they will see there. The real poor man's gallery is the window of the art-dealer's shop, and if the frequency with which the needy dwellers in "mean streets" gaze with unspoken appreciation at Mr. Dicksee's

An ex-

etchings there exhibited is any criterion, then the wide appeal made by his delicate art is free from all manner of doubt.

The conservativeness of the Royal Academy in the method in which it selects its members has been a frequent theme of comment and criticism. It may be explained as due to the inveterate aversion from





any change which is characteristic of most old-established British institutions. But whatever the real cause, and whatever palliation may have been necessary to justify the attitude it has hitherto adopted, it is satisfactory

to observe a welcome advance upon a longcontinued policy. By this we allude, of course, to the recent election of Mr. Frank Short and Mr. William Strang a s members of the Academy, on their merits as etchers and en-This gravers. event is interesting for its significance of a wider outlook and truer appreciation than onceupon-a-time were characteristic of the national custodians artistic taste.

Artists are generally regarded as very irritable folk, whom to ask for slightest favour would be provoking a refusal. We believe this is one of those many popular delusions which the unknowing public love to cherish. under the mistaken impression that nobody can be a genius and retain a disposition of amiability.

So far as Mr. Dicksee is concerned, the popular generalisation is certainly quite inapplicable, for he is never so happy as when he is able to give some aid—be it even the most elementary suggestion—to his fellowartists of less experience. Indeed, any ambitious young etcher who desires advice in

an art that is not mastered in a day is sure of receiving from Mr. Dicksee assistance that is all the more stimulating because gladly given. It is Mr. Dicksee's willingness in this respect that has enabled him to achieve signal popu-

larity at the City

of London School, where he occupies the congenial position of Art Master.

Art Master. It is characteristic of our subject that he would not rest content unless he could live in a house of his own designing. Such is the case with the house he occupies on the borders of Hampstead Heath, within a stone's throw of Finchlev Road, and in the heart of a territory sacred to the Muses. Мr. Dicksee's house was built some eight or nine years ago and reveals distinct traces of the Voysey influence. Architecturally it is a triangular structure; æsthetically it is beautifully situated and the ideal home of an artist.

Like many English artists, Mr. Herbert Dicksee has been a member of the Langham Sketching Club. He attended its

weekly meetings regularly for about twelve years, but as time went on he found that after a hard day's work the extra two hours' drawing in a hot room told upon him, and left him rather fatigued the following morning. In another direction he has also evinced an esprit de corps, as he was a member for



BY HERBERT DICKSEE. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Fine Art Publishers, Bristol, owners of the "AGAINST THE WIND AND OPEN SKY."



MR. HERBERT DICKSEE AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

[P. G. Luck.

eleven years of the Artists' Volunteer Corps. The colonel under whose command he served was the late Lord Leighton, the major being the late Mr. Val Prinsep. Mr. Dicksee, however, had no military ambition, and did not attain to any higher rank than that of

a modest lance-corporal. Mr. Dicksee's achievements in his own artistic domain are already great for a man in the early forties, and his past performances give promise of yet more valuable and enduring work.



MR. HERBERT DICKSEE'S STUDIO.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS. — Grouch, that is the name. Some say it should be spelt "Groutch," which makes the pronunciation clear—the word nunct rhyme with "crouch." On an autumn evening in the year 1855. Enoch Grouch, a small farmer of Morpingham, Essex, was killed by the fall of a great bough from one of the elms that form an avenue leading to the village church. Summoned to the scene of the accident, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, of the Hall, find the child Sophy a few yards from her dead father, and, knowing her to be now alone in the world, undertake to look after her future. "Mother always said something would happen to that little girl, because of that mark she's got on her cheek," remarks Julia Robins, daughter of a widowed lady living in the village, alluding to a small birth-mark, just below the cheek-bone, which was destined to win for Sophy, in her subsequent career, the name of "La Dame à l'Etoile Rouge" with her friends, or "The Red-Starred Witch" with the more hostile citizens or ruder soldiers of Kravonia. At ordinary times this mark was a pale red in colour, but it was very sensitive to any change of mood; in moments of excitement the shade deepened greatly. In the second chapter we find Sophy old enough to leave the care of the Hall gardener's wife and "live at the Hall and be taught to help cook." Julia Robins, now grown up and training for the stage, thinks this a somewhat lowly lot for a girl whom the Squire and his wife have treated as though she were of their own class, and the Rector's son, Basil Williamson, lately gone up to Cambridge, shares the thought. But Sophy is installed "to help cook," and three years later, while still scullery-maid at the Hall, she meets the young Lord Dunstanbury. That day means more than Sophy knows, for a chance remark of Lord Dunstanbury's sends his eccentric kinswoman, Lady Meg Duddington, over to call on the Brownlows, and the sight of the girl's strange beauty, with its curious birth-mark, inspires the great lady to adopt her as a protégée, who may possib

CHAPTER III.

THE VIRGIN WITH THE LAMP.



HATEVER Marie
Zerkovitch's feelings
might be, Fate had
its hand on her and
turned her to its uses.
It was she who had
directed Sophy's steps
to the old house ten
doors down the Street
of the Fountain from

St. Michael's Square. It was no more than half a mile from her own villa on the south boulevard (from which the Street ran to the Square), and she had long known the decent old couple—German Jews—who lived and carried on their trade in the house over whose front hung the sign of the Silver Cock. The face of the building was covered with carved timbers of great age; the door of the shop stood far back within a black and ancient porch. Behind the shop were a couple of rooms where Meyerstein and his wife lived; above it one large room, with

Copyright, 1906, by Anthony Hope Hawkins, in the United States of America. Dramatic and all rights reserved. a window which jutted far out over the narrow street. In this room, which was reached by a separate door in the left side of the porch and a crazy flight of a dozen winding stairs, lived Sophy, and thence she sallied out daily to give her lessons to her two pupils.

By the window she sat on the night of the King's name-day, on a low chair. The heavy figure of a girl carrying a lamp—a specimen of her landlord's superfluous stock—stood unemployed on the window-sill. The room was dark, for the path of light from the illuminations, which made the roadway below white, threw hardly a gleam on to its sombre walls; but Sophy had no need of a lamp and every need to save her money. She sat in the gloom, busy in thought, the fresh evening air breathing soft and cool on her brow from the open window.

Swift to build on slenderest foundations, avid to pile imagination on imagination till the unsubstantial structure reached the skies, her mind was at work to-night. The life and stir, the heat and tumult, of the city, were fuel to her dreams. Chances and happenings were all about her; they seemed to lie, like the water for Tantalus, just

beyond the reach of her finger-tips; her eyes pierced to the vision of them through the dusky blackness of the ancient room. In response to the confused vet clamorous cry of the life around her, her spirit awoke. Dead were the dear dead; but Sophy was alive. But to be a starving French-mistress at Slavna—was that a chance? better than being cook-maid at Morpingham: and even in the kitchen at Morpingham Fortune had found her and played with her awhile. For such frolics and such favour, however fickle, however hazardous, Sophy Grouch of Morpingham was ever ready. Dunstanbury had come to Morpingham and Lady Meg. Paris had brought the sweet hours and the gracious memory of Casimir de Savres. Should Slavna lag Who would come now? the highest for Sophy Grouch! The vision of the royal escort and its pale young leader flashed in the darkness before her eagerly attendant eyes.

Suddenly she raised her head. There was a wild quick volley of cheering; it came from the Golden Lion, whose lights across the Square a sideways craning of her neck enabled her to see. Then there was silence for minutes. Again the sound broke forth, and with it confused shoutings of a name she could not make out. Yes—what was it? Mistitch — Mistitch! That was her first hearing of the name.

Silence fell again, and she sank back into her chair. The lights, the stir, the revelry, were not for her, nor the cheers, nor the shouts. A moment of reaction and lassitude came on her, a moment when the present, the actual, lapped her round with its dim muddy flood of vulgar necessity and sordid needs. With a sob she bowed her head to meet her hands—a sob that moaned a famine of life, of light, of love. "Go back to your scullery, Sophy Grouch!" What voice had said that? She sprang to her feet with fists clenched, and whispered to the darkness: "No!"

In the street below, Mistitch slapped his thigh.

Sophy pushed her hair back from her heated forehead and looked out of the window. To the right, some twenty yards away and just at the end of the street, she saw the figures of three men. In the middle was one who bulked like a young Falstaff—Falstaff with his paunch not grown; he was flanked by two lean fellows who looked small beside him. She could not see the faces plainly, since the light from the Square was

behind them. They seemed to be standing there and looking past the sign of the Silver Cock along the street.

A measured military footfall sounded on her left. Turning her head, she saw a young man walking with head bent down and arms behind him. The line of light struck full on him, he was plain to see as by broadest day. He wore a costume strange to her eyes—a black sheepskin cap, a sheepskin tunic, leather breeches, and high unpolished boots—a rough plain dress; yet a broad red ribbon crossed it, and a star glittered on the breast; the only weapon was a short curved scimitar. It was the ancient costume of the Bailiff of Volseni. the head of that clan of shepherds who pastured their flocks on the uplands. The Prince of Slavna held the venerable office, and had been to Court in the dress appropriate to it. He had refused to use his carriage, sending his aides-de-camp home in it, and walked now through the streets of the city which he had in charge. It was constantly his habit thus to walk: his friends praised his vigilance; his foes reviled his prowling spying tricks; of neither blame nor praise did he take heed.

Sophy did not know the dress, but the face she knew; it had been but lately before her dreaming eyes; she had seen it in the flesh that morning from the terrace of the Hôtel de Paris.

The three came on from her right, one of the lean men hanging back, lurking a little behind. They were under her window now. The Prince was but a few yards away. Suddenly he looked up with a start—he had become aware of their approach. But before he saw them the three had melted to one. With a shrill cry of consternation—of uneasy courage oozing out-Rastatz turned and fled back to the Square, heading at his top speed for the Golden Lion. In the end he was unequal to the encounter. Sterkoff, too. disappeared; but Sophy knew the meaning of that; he had slipped into the shelter of the porch. Her faculties were alert now; she would not forget where Sterkoff was! Mistitch stood alone in the centre of the narrow street, his huge frame barely leaving room for a man to pass on either side.

For a moment the Prince stood still, looking at the giant. Incredulity had seemed to show first in his eyes; it changed now to a cold anger as he recognised the Captain. He stepped briskly forward, and Sophy heard his clear incisive tones cut the air:

"What extraordinary emergency has com-

pelled you to disobey my orders, Captain Mistitch?"

"I wanted a breath of fresh air," Mistitch

answered in an easy insolent tone.

The Prince looked again; he seemed even more disgusted than angry now. He thought Mistitch drunk—more drunk than in truth he was.

"Return to barracks at once and report yourself under stringent arrest. I will deal

with you to-morrow."

"And not to-night, Sergius Stefanovitch?" At least he was being as good as his word, he was acting up to the vaunts he had thrown out so boldly in the great hall of the Golden Lion.

"To-morrow we shall both be cooler." He was almost up to Mistitch now. "Stand

out of my way, sir!"

Mistitch did not budge. "There's room for you to pass by," he said. "I won't hurt you. But the middle of the road belongs to

me to-night."

His voice seemed to grow clearer with every word; the critical encounter was sobering him. Yet with sobriety came no diminution of defiance. Doubtless he saw that he was in for the worst now, that forward was the word, and retreat impossible. Probably from this moment he did not intend the Prince to pass alive. Well, what he intended was the wish of many; he would not lack shelter, friends, or partisans if he dared the desperate venture. Be it said for him that there were few things he did not dare. He dared now, growing sober, to stand by what the fumes of wine had fired his tongue to.

For a moment after the big man's taunt the Prince stood motionless. Then he drew his scimitar. It looked a poor weak weapon against the sword which sprang in answer

from Mistitch's scabbard.

"A duel between gentlemen!" the Captain cried.

The Prince gave a short laugh. "You shall have no such plea at the court-martial," he said. "Gentlemen don't waylay one another in the streets. Stand aside!"

Mistitch laughed, and in an instant the Prince sprang at him. Sophy heard the blades meet. Strong as death was the fascination for her eyes—aye, for her ears too, for she heard the quick-moving feet and the quicker breathing of a mortal combat. But she would not look—she tried not even to listen. Her eyes were for a man she could not see, her ears for a man she could not hear. She remembered the lean fellow hidden

in the porch straight under her window. She dared not call to warn the Prince of him; a turn of the head, a moment of inattention, would cost either combatant his life. She took the man in the porch for her own adversary, his undoing for her share in the

Very cautiously, making no sound, she took the heavy lamp—the massive bronze figure of the girl—raised it painfully in both her hands, and poised it half way over the window-sill. Then she turned her eyes down again to watch the mouth of the porch. Her rat was in that hole! Yet suddenly the Prince came into her view; he circled half way round Mistitch, then sank on one knee; she heard him guard the Captain's lunges with lightning - quick movements of his nimble scimitar. He was trying the old trick they had practised for hundreds of years at Volseni—to follow his parry with an upward-ripping stroke under the adversary's sword, to strike the inner side of his forearm and cut the tendons of the wrist. This trick big Captain Mistitch, a man of the plains, did not know.

A jangle—a slither—a bellow of pain, of rage! The Prince had made his stroke, the hillmen of Volseni were justified of their pupil. Mistitch's big sword clattered on the flags. Facing his enemy, with his back to the porch, the Prince crouched motionless on his knee; but it was death to Mistitch to try to reach the sword with his unmaimed hand.

It was Sophy's minute; the message that it had come ran flerce through all her veins. Straining to the weight, she raised the figure in her hands and leant out of the window. Yes, a lean hand with a long knife, a narrow head, a spare long back, crept out of the darkness of the porch—crept silently. The body drew itself together for a fatal spring on the unconscious Prince, for a fatal thrust. It would be death—and to Mistitch salvation torn from the jaws of ruin.

"Surrender yourself, Captain Mistitch,"

said the Prince.

Mistitch's eyes went by his conqueror and saw a shadow on the path beside the porch.

"I surrender, sir," he said.

"Then walk before me to the barracks."
Mistitch did not turn. "At once, sir!"

"Now!" Mistitch roared.

The crouching figure sprang—and with a hideous cry fell stricken on the flags. Just below the neck, full on the spine, had crashed the Virgin with the Lamp. Sterkoff lay very still, save that his fingers scratched the flags. Turning, the Prince saw a bronze



"Then she turned her eyes down again to watch the mouth of the porch."

figure at his feet, a bronze figure holding a broken lamp. Looking up, he saw dimly a woman's white face at a window.

Then the street was on a sudden full of men. Rastatz had burst into the Golden Lion, all undone, nerves, courage, almost senses, gone. He could stammer no more than "They'll fight!" and could not say who. But he had gone out with Mistitch—and whom had they gone to meet?

A dozen officers were round him in an instant, crying: "Where? Where?" He broke into frightened sobs, hiding his face in his hands. It was Max von Hollbrandt who made him speak. Forgetting his pretty friend, he sprang in among the officers, caught Rastatz by the throat, and put a revolver to his head. "Where? In ten seconds—where?" Terror beat terror. "The Street of the Fountain—by the Silver Cock!" the cur stammered, and fell to his blubbering again.

The dozen officers, and more, were across the Square almost before he had finished; Max von Hollbrandt, with half the now lessened company in the inn, was hot on their heels.

For that night all was at an end. Sterkoff was picked up, unconscious now. Sullen but never cringing, Mistitch was marched off to the guard-room and the surgeon's ministrations. Every soldier was ordered to his quarters, the townsfolk slunk off to their homes. The street grew empty, the glare of the illuminations was quenched. But of all this Sophy saw nothing. She had sunk down in her chair by the window and lay there, save for her tumultuous breathing, still as death.

The Commandant had no fear and would have his way. He stood alone now in the street, looking from the dark splash of Mistitch's blood to the Virgin with her broken lamp, and up to the window of the Silver Cock, whence had come salvation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MESSAGE OF THE NIGHT.

The last of the transparencies died out; the dim and infrequent oil-lamps alone lit up the Street of the Fountain and St. Michael's Square. They revelled still down at the Hôtel de Paris, whither Max von Hollbrandt and a dozen others had hurried with the news of the evening's great event. But here, on the borders of the old north quarter, all grew still—the Golden Lion

empty, the townsmen to their beds, the soldiers to barracks, full of talk and fears and threats. Yet a light burnt still in the round room in the keep of Suleiman's Tower, and the Commandant's servant still expected his royal master. Peter Vassip, a sturdy son of Volseni, had no apprehensions—but he was very sleepy, and he and the sentries were the only men awake. "One might as well be a soldier at once!" he grumbled—for the men of the hills did not esteem the Regular Army so high as it rated itself.

The Commandant lingered in the Street of the Fountain. Sergius Stefanovitch was half a Bourbon, but it was the intellectual He had the strong, concentrated, rather narrow mind of a Bourbon of before the family decadence; on it his training at Vienna had grafted a military precision, perhaps a pedantry, and no little added scorn of what men called liberty and citizens called civil rights. What rights had a man against his country? His country was in his King—and to the King the Army was his supreme instrument. So ran his public creed, his statesman's instinct. But beside the Bourbon mother was the Kravonian father, and behind him the long line of mingled and vacillating fortunes which drew descent from Stefan, Lord of Praslok, and famous reiver of lowland herds. In that stock the temperament was different: indolent to excess sometimes, ardent to madness at others, moderate seldom. When the blood ran hot, it ran a veritable fire in the veins.

And for any young man the fight in the fantastically illuminated night, the Virgin with the broken lamp, a near touch of the scythe of death, and a girl's white face at the window? Behind the Commandant's stern wrath—nay, beside—and soon before it—for the moment dazzling his angry eyes—came the bright gleams of romance.

He knew who lodged at the sign of the Silver Cock. Marie Zerkovitch was his friend, Zerkovitch his zealous follower. The journalist was back now from the battlefields of France and was writing articles for The Patriot, a leading paper of Slavna. He was deep in the Prince's confidence, and his little house on the south boulevard often received this distinguished guest. The Prince had been keen to hear from Zerkovitch of the battles, from Marie of the life in Paris; with Marie's tale came the name, and what she knew of the story, of Sophie de Gruche. Yet always, in spite of her praises of her friend, Marie had avoided any opportunity of presenting her to the Prince. Excuse on excuse she made, for

his curiosity ranged round Casimir de Savres' bereaved lover. "Oh, I shall meet her some day all the same," he had said, laughing; and Marie doubted whether her reluctance—a reluctance to herself strange—had not missed its mark, inflaming an interest which it had meant to balk. Why this strange reluct-So far it was proved baseless. first encounter with the Lady of the Red Star—Casimir's poetical sobriquet had passed Marie's lips—had been supremely fortunate.

From the splash of blood to the broken Virgin, from the broken Virgin to the open window and the dark room behind, his restless glances sped. Then came swift impulsive decision. He caught up the bronze figure and entered the porch. He knew Meyerstein's shop, and that from it no staircase led to the upper floor. The other door was his mark, and he knocked on it, raising first with a cautious touch, then more resolutely, the old brass hand with hospitably beckoning finger which served for knocker. Then he listened for a footstep on the stairs. If she came not, the venturesome night went ungraced by its crowning adventure. must kiss the hand that saved him before he

The door opened softly. In the deep shadow of the porch, on the winding windowless staircase of the old house, it was pitch He felt a hand put in his and heard a low voice saving: "Come, Monseigneur." From first to last, both in speech and in writing, she called him by that title and by none other. Without a word he followed her, picking his steps, till they reached her room. She led him to the chair by the window; the darkness was somewhat less

He stood by the chair. dense there.

"The lamp's broken—and there's only one match in the box!" said Sophy, with a low laugh. "Shall we use it now-or when you

go, Monseigneur?"

"Light it now. My memory, rather than

my imagination!"

She struck the match; her face came upon him white in the darkness, with the mark on her cheek a dull red; but her eyes glittered. The match flared and died down.

"It is enough. I shall remember."

"Did I kill him?"

"I don't know whether he's killed—he's badly hurt. This lady here is pretty heavy."

"Give her to me. I'll put her in her place." She took the figure and set it again on the window-sill. "And the big man who attacked you?"

"Mistitch? He'll be shot."

"Yes," she agreed with calm unquestioning emphasis.

'You know what you did to-night?"

"I had the sense to think of the man in the porch."

"You saved my life."

Sophy gave a laugh of triumph. "What will Marie Zerkovitch say to that?"

"She's my friend too, and she's told me all about you. But she didn't want us to meet."

"She thinks I bring bad luck."

"She'll have to renounce that heresy now." He felt for the chair and sat down, Sophy leaning against the window-sill.

"Why did they attack you?"

He told her of the special grudge which Mistitch and his company had against him, and added: "But they all hate me, except my own fellows from Volseni. I have a hundred of them in Suleiman's Tower, and they're staunch enough."

"Why do they hate you?"

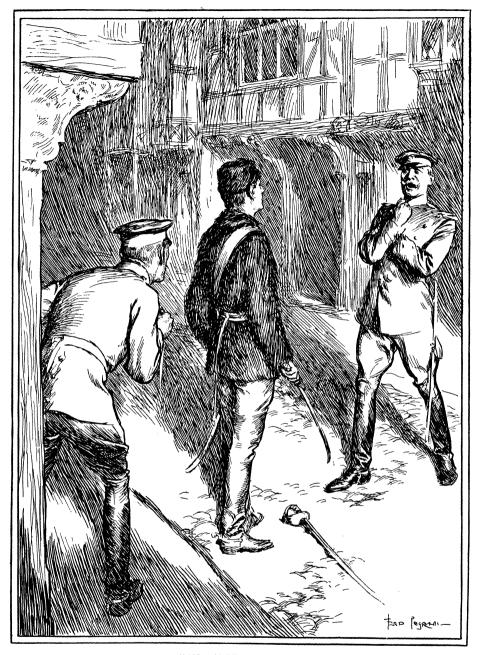
"Oh, I'm their schoolmaster—and a very strict one, I suppose. Or, if you like, the pruning-knife—and that's not popular with the rotten twigs."

"There are many rotten twigs?"

She heard his hands fall on the wooden arms of the chair and pictured his look of "All-almost all. It's not their fault. What can you expect? They're encouraged to laziness and to riot. They have no good rifles. The city is left defenceless. I have no big guns." He broke suddenly "There--that's what into a low laugh. Zerkovitch calls my fixed idea; he declares it's written on my heart—big guns!"

"If you had them, you'd be—master?"

"I could make some attempt at a defence anyhow; at least we could cover a retreat to the hills, if war came." He paused. "And in peace—yes, I should be master of I'd bring men from Volseni to serve the guns." His voice had grown vin-"Stenovics knows that, I think." dictive. He roused himself again and spoke to her "Listen. This fellow Mistitch is a great hero with the soldiers and the mob. When I have him shot, as I shall-not on my own account, I could have killed him tonight, but for the sake of discipline—there will very likely be a disturbance. What you did to-night will be all over the city by to-morrow morning. If you see any signs of disturbance, if any people gather round here, go to Zerkovitch's at once-or, if that's not possible or safe, come to me in Suleiman's Tower, and I'll send for Marie Zerkovitch too. Will you promise? You must run no risk."



"'Now!' Mistitch roared."

"I'll come if I'm afraid."

"Or if you ought to be?" he insisted,

laughing again.

"Well, then—or if I ought to be," she promised, joining in his laugh. "But the King—isn't he with you?"

"My father likes me; we're good friends.

But 'Like father, unlike son' they say of the Stefanovitches. I'm a martinet, they tell me; well, he—isn't. Nero fiddled—you remember? The King goes fishing. He's remarkably fond of fishing, and his advisers don't discourage him. I tell you all this because you're committed to our side now."

"Yes, I'm committed to your side. Who

else is with you?"

"In Slavna? Nobody! Well, the Zerkovitches, and my hundred in Suleiman's Tower. And perhaps some old men who have seen war. But at Volseni and among the hills they're with me." Again he seemed to muse as he reviewed his scanty forces.

"I wish we had another match. I want to see your face close," said Sophy. He rose with a laugh and leant his head forward to the window. "Oh, no; you're nothing but a blur still!" she exclaimed impatiently.

Yet, though Sophy sighed for light, the darkness had its glamour. To each the other's presence, seeming in some sense impalpable, seemed also diffused through the room and all around; the world besides was non-existent since unseen; they two alone lived and moved and spoke in the dead silence and the blackness. An agitation stirred Sophy's heart—forerunner of the coming storm. That night she had given him life; he seemed to be giving back life to her life that night. How should the hour not seem pregnant with destiny, a herald of the march of Fate?

But suddenly the Prince awoke from his reverie—perhaps from a dream. To Sophy he gave the impression—as he was to give it more than once again—of a man pulling himself up, tightening the rein, drawing back into himself. He stood erect, his words became more formal, and his voice restrained.

"I linger too long," he said. "My duty lies at the Tower yonder. I've thanked you badly; but what thanks can a man give for his life? We shall meet again—I'll arrange that with Marie Zerkovitch. You'll remember what I've told you to do in case of danger? You'll act on it?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

He sought her hand, kissed it, and then groped his way to the stairs. Sophy followed and went with him down to the porch.

"Be careful to lock your door," he enjoined her, "and don't go out to-morrow unless the

streets are quite quiet."

"Oh, but I've a French lesson to give at ten o'clock," she remonstrated with a smile.

"You have to do that?"

"I have to make my living, Monseigneur."

"Ah, yes," he said meditatively. "Well, slip out quietly—and wear a veil."

"Nobody knows my face."

"Wear a veil. People notice a face like yours. Again thanks, and good-night."

Sophy peeped out from the porch and

watched his quick soldierly march up the street to St. Michael's Square. The night had lightened a little, and she could make out his figure, although dimly, until he turned the corner and was lost to sight. She lingered for a moment before turning to go back to her room—lingered niusing on the evening's history.

Down the street, from the Square, there came a woman—young or old, pretty or ugly, fine dame or drudge, it was too dark to tell. But it was a woman, and she wept as though her heart were broken. For whom and for what did she weep like that? Was she mother, or wife, or sweetheart? Perhaps she wept for Sterkoff, who lay in peril of death. Perhaps she loved big Mistitch, over whom hovered the shadow of swift and relentless doom. Or maybe her sorrow was remote from all that touched them or touched the girl who listened to her sobs—the bitter sobs which she did not seek to check, which filled the night with a dirge of immeasurable sadness. In the darkness, and to Sophy's ignorance of anything individual about her, the woman was like a picture or a sculpture—some type or monument of human woe-a figure of embodied sorrow, crying that all joy ends in tears—in tears—in tears.

She went by, not seeing her watcher. The sound of her sobbing softened with distance, till it died down to a faint far-off moan. Sophy herself gave one choked sob. Then fell the silence of the night again. Was that its last message—the last comment on what had passed? Tears—and then silence? Was that the end?

Sophy never learnt aught of the woman—who she was or why she wept. But her memory retained the vision. It had come as the last impression of a night no moment of which could ever be forgotten. What had it to say of all the rest of the night's happenings? Sophy's exaltation fell from her; but her courage stood—against darkness, solitude, and the unutterable sadness of that forlorn wailing. Dauntlessly she looked forward and upward still, yet with a new insight for the cost.

So for Sophy passed the name-day of King Alexis.

· CHAPTER V.

A QUESTION OF MEMORY.

King Alexis was minded that all proper recognition should be made of Sophy's service to his family. It had been her fortune to protect a life very precious in his

Alien from his son in temperament and pursuits, he had, none the less, considerable affection for him. But there was more than this. With the Prince was bound up the one strong feeling of a nature otherwise easy and careless. The King might go fishing on most lawful days, but it was always a Stefanovitch who fished—a prince who had married a princess of a great house, and had felt able to offer Countess Ellenburg no more than a morganatic union. The work his marriage had begun his son's was to The royal house of Kravonia was still on its promotion; it lay with the Prince to make its rank acknowledged and secure.

Thus Sophy's action loomed large in the King's eyes, and he was indolently indifferent to the view taken of it in the barrack-rooms and the drinking-shops of Slavna. Two days after Mistitch's attempt, he received Sophy at the Palace with every circumstance of compliment. The Prince was not presenthe made military duty an excuse—but Countess Ellenburg and her little son were in the room, and General Stenovics, with Markart in attendance, stood beside the King's chair.

Sophy saw a tall, handsome, elderly man with thick iron-grey hair most artfully arranged. (The care of it was no small part of the duty of Lepage, the King's French body-servant.) His Majesty's manners were dignified but not formal. The warmth of greeting which he had prepared for Sophy was evidently increased by the impression her appearance made on him. He thanked her in terms of almost overwhelming gratitude.

"You have preserved the future of my family and of our dynasty," he said.

Countess Ellenburg closed her long narrow Everything about her was long and narrow, from her eyes to her views, taking in, on the way, her nose and her chin. Stenovics glanced at her with a smile of uneasy propitiation. It was so particularly important to be gracious just now—gracious both over the preservation of the dynasty and over its preserver.

"No gratitude can be too great for such a service, and no mark of gratitude too high." He glanced round to Markart and called good-humouredly: "You, Markart there, a

chair for this lady!"

Markart got a chair. Stenovics took it from him and himself prepared to offer it to Sophy. But the King rose, took it, and with a low bow presented it to the favoured object of his gratitude. Sophy curtsied low, the King waited till she sat. Ellenburg bestowed on her a smile of wintry congratulation.

"But for you, these fellows might-or rather would, I think—have killed my son in their blind drunkenness; it detracts in no way from your service that they did not

know whom they were attacking.'

There was a moment's silence. Sophy was still nervous in such company; she was also uneasily conscious of a most intense gaze directed at her by General Stenovics. But she spoke out.

"They knew perfectly well, sir," she said.
"They knew the Prince?" he asked sharply." "Why do you say that? It was dark."

"Not in the street, sir. The illuminations lit it up."

"But they were very drunk."

"They may have been drunk, but they knew the Prince. Captain Mistitch called him by his name."

"Stenovics!" The King's voice was full of surprise and question as he turned to his Minister. The General was surprised too, but

"I can only say that I hear Mademoiselle de Gruche's words with astonishment. Our accounts are not consistent with what she says. We don't, of course, lay too much stress on the protestations of the two prisoners. but Lieutenant Rastatz is clear that the street was decidedly dark, and that they all three believed the man they encountered to be Colonel Stafnitz of the Hussars. officer much resembles his Royal Highness in height and figure. In the dark the difference of uniform would not be noticed especially by men in their condition." addressed Sophy: "Mistitch had an old quarrel with Stafnitz; that's the true origin of the affair." He turned to the King again : "That is Rastatz's story, sir, as well as Mistitch's own—though Mistitch is, of course, quite aware that his most unseemly, and indeed criminal, talk at the Golden Lion seriously prejudices his case. But we have no reason to distrust Rastatz."

"Lieutenant Rastatz ran away only because

he was afraid," Sophy remarked.

"He ran to bring help, mademoiselle," Stenovics corrected her, with a look of gentle reproach. "You were naturally excited," he went on. "Isn't it possible that your memory has played you a trick? carefully. Two men's lives may depend on it."



"She struck the match."

"I heard Captain Mistitch call the Prince

Sergius Stefanovitch," said Sophy.
"This lady will be a most important witness," observed the King.

"Very, sir," Stenovics assented drily. Sophy had grown eager. "Doesn't "Doesn't the Prince say they knew him?"

"His Royal Highness hasn't been asked for any account at present," Stenovics

"If they knew who it was, they must die," said the King in evident concern and excitement.

Stenovics contented himself with a bow of

obedience. The King rose and gave Sophy his hand.

"We shall hope to see you again soon," he said very graciously. "Meanwhile General Stenovics has something to say to you in my name which will, I trust, prove agreeable to you." His eyes dwelt on her face for a moment as she took her leave.

Stenovics made his communication later in the day, paying Sophy the high compliment of a personal call at the sign of the Silver Cock for that purpose. His manner was most cordial. Sophy was to receive an honorary appointment in the Royal Household at an annual salary of ten thousand

paras, or some four hundred pounds.

"It isn't riches—we aren't very rich in Kravonia—but it will, I hope, make you comfortable and relieve you from the tiresome lessons which Markart tells me you're now burdened with."

Sophy was duly grateful and asked what

her appointment was.

"It's purely honorary," he smiled. "You

are to be Keeper of the Tapestries."

"I know nothing about tapestries," said Sophy, "but I dare say I can learn; it'll be very interesting."

Stenovics leant back in his chair with an amused smile.

"There aren't any tapestries," he said.
"They were sold a good many years ago."

"Then why do you keep a—"

"When you're older in the royal service, you'll see that it's convenient to have a few sinecures," he told her, with a good-humoured laugh. "See how handy this one is now!"

"But I shall feel rather an impostor."

"Merely the novelty of it," he assured her

consolingly.

Sophy began to laugh, and the General joined in heartily. "Well, that's settled," said he. "You make three or four appearances at Court, and nothing more will be necessary. I hope you like your appointment?"

Sophy laughed delightedly. "It's charming—and very amusing," she said. "I'm getting very much interested in your country,

General."

"My country is returning your kind compliment, I can assure you," he replied. His tone had grown dry, and he seemed to be watching her now. She waved her hands towards the Virgin with the Lamp: the massive figure stood in its old place by the window.

"What a lot I owe to her!" she cried.

"We all owe much," said Stenovics.

"The Prince thought some people might be angry with me—because Captain Mistitch is a favourite."

"Very possible, I'm afraid, very possible. But in this world we must do our duty,

"Risk the consequences? Yes!"

"If we can't control them, Mademoiselle de Gruche." He paused a moment and then went on: "The court-martial on Mistitch is convened for Saturday. Sterkoff won't be well enough to be tried for another two or three weeks."

"I'm glad he's not dead, though if he

recovers only to be shot——! Still I'm glad I didn't kill him."

"Not by your hand," said Stenovics.

"But you mean in effect? Well, I'm not ashamed. Surely they deserve death?"

"Undoubtedly—if Rastatz is wrong—and your memory right."

"The Prince's own story?"

"He isn't committed to any story yet."

Sophy rested her chin on her hand and regarded her companion closely. He did not

avoid her glance.

"You're wondering what I mean? What I'm after?" he asked her, smiling quietly. "Oh, yes, I see you are. Go on wondering, thinking, watching things about you for a day or two—there are three days between now and Saturday. You'll see me again before Saturday—and I've no doubt you'll see the Prince."

"If Rastatz were right—and my memory

wrong----? "

He smiled still. "The offence against discipline would be so much less serious. The Prince is a disciplinarian. To speak with all respect, he forgets sometimes that discipline is, in the last analysis, only a part of policy—a means, not an end. The end is always the safety and tranquillity of the State." He spoke with weighty emphasis.

"The offence against discipline! An

attempt to assassinate——!"

"I see you cling to your own memory—you won't have anything to say to Rastatz!" He rose and bowed over her hand. "Much may happen between now and Saturday. Look about you, watch, and think!"

The General's final injunction, at least, Sophy lost no time in obeying; and on the slightest thought three things were obvious. The King was very grateful to her. Stenovics wished at any rate to appear very grateful to her. And, for some reason or another, Stenovics wished her memory to be wrong, to the end that the life of Mistitch and his companion (the greater included the less) might be spared. Why did he wish that?

Presumably—his words about the relation of discipline to policy supported the conclusion—to avoid that disturbance which the Prince had forecasted as the result of Mistitch's being put to death. But the Prince was not afraid of the disturbance—why should Stenovics be? The Commandant was all confidence—was the Minister afraid? In some sense he was afraid. That she accepted. But she hesitated to believe that he was afraid in the common sense that he was either lacking in nerve or over-burdened

with humanity, that he either feared fighting or would shrink from a salutary severity in repressing tumult. If he feared, he feared neither for his own skin nor for the skin of others; he feared for his policy or his ambition.

These things were nothing to her; she was for the Prince, for his policy and his Were they the same as Steno-Even a novice at the game could see that this by no means followed of necessity. The King was elderly and went a-fishing. The Prince was young and a martinet. age Stenovics was between the two-nearly twenty years younger than the King, a dozen or so older than the Prince. Under the present régime he had matters almost entirely his own way. At first sight there was, of a certainty, no reason why his ambitions should coincide precisely with those of the Prince. Fifty-nine, forty-one, twenty-eight—the ages of the three men in themselves illuminated the situation—that is, if forty-one could manage fifty-nine, but had no such power over twenty-eight.

New to such meditations, yet with a native pleasure in them, taking to the troubled waters as though born a swimmer, Sophy thought, and watched, and looked about. As to her own part she was clear. Whether Rastatz was right—whether that most vivid and indelible memory of hers was wrong—were questions which awaited the sole determination of the Prince of Slavna.

Her attitude would have been unchanged, but her knowledge much increased, could she have been present at a certain meeting on the terrace of the Hôtel de Paris that same Markart was there—and little Rastatz, whose timely flight and accommodating memory rendered him to-day not only a free man but a personage of value. But neither did more than wait on the words of the third member of the party—that Colonel Stafnitz of the Hussars who had an old feud with Mistitch, for whom Mistitch had mistaken the Prince of Slavna. A most magnanimous forgiving gentleman, apparently, this spare slim-built man with thoughtful eyes; his whole concern was to get Mistitch out of the mess! The feud he seemed to remember not at all; it was a feud of convenience, a feud to swear to at the court-He was as ready to accommodate Stenovics with the use of his name as Rastatz was to offer the requisite modifications of his memory. But there—with that supply of a convenient fiction — his pliability stopped. He spoke to Markart, using him as a conduitpipe — the words would flow through to General Stenovics.

"If the General doesn't want to see me now—and I can understand that he mustn't be caught confabbing with any supposed parties to the affair-you must make it plain to him how matters stand. Somehow and by some means our dear Hercules must be Hercules is an ass: but so are most of the men—and all the rowdies of Slavna. They love their Hercules, and they won't let him die without a fight—and a very big In that fight what might happen to his Royal Highness the Commandant? And if anything did happen to him, what might happen to General Stenovics? I don't know that either, but it seems to me that he'd be in an awkward place. The King wouldn't be pleased with him; and we here in Slavna - are we going to trouble ourselves about the man who couldn't save our Hercules?"

Round-faced Markart nodded in a perplexed fashion. Stafnitz clapped him on

the shoulder with a laugh.

"For heaven's sake don't think about it, or you'll get it all mixed! Just try to remember it. Your only business is to report what I say to the General."

Rastatz sniggered shrilly. When the wine was not in him, he was a cunning little rogue—a useful tool in any matter

which did not ask for courage.

"If I'd been here, Mistitch wouldn't have done the thing at all—or done it better. But what's done is done. And we expect the General to stand by us. If he won't, we must act for ourselves—for there'll be no bearing our dear Commandant if we sit down under the death of Mistitch. In short, the men won't stand it." He tapped Markart's arm. "The General must release unto us Barabbas!"

The man's easy self-confidence, his air of authority, surprised neither of his companions. If there were a good soldier besides the Commandant in Slavna, Stafnitz was the man; if there were a head in Kravonia cooler than Stenovics', it was on the shoulders of Stafnitz. He was the brain to Mistitch's body—the mind behind Captain Hercules' loud voice and brawny fist.

"Tell him not to play his big stake on a bad hand. Mind you tell him that."

"His big stake, Colonel?" asked Markart. "What do I understand by that?"

"Nothing; and you weren't meant to. But tell Stenovics—he'll understand."

Rastatz laughed his rickety giggle again.

"Rastatz does that to make you think he



"Sophy curtsied low."

understands better than you do. Be comforted—he doesn't." Rastatz's laugh broke out again, but now forced and uneasy. "And the girl who knocked Sterkoff out of time—I wish she'd killed the stupid brute—what about her, Markart?"

"She's—er—a very remarkable person, Colonel."

"Er—is she? I must make her acquaintance. Good-bye, Markart."

Markart had meant to stay for half an hour, but he went.

"Good-bye, Rastatz."

Rastatz had just ordered another liqueur; but, without waiting to drink it, he too went. Stafnitz sat on alone, smoking his cigar. There were no signs of care on his face. Though not gay, it was calm and smooth; no wrinkles witnessed to worry, nor marred the comely remains of youth which had survived his five-and-thirty years.

He finished his cigar, drank his coffee, and rose to go. Then he looked carefully round the terrace, distinguished the prettiest woman with a momentarily lingering look, made his salute to a brother officer, and strolled away along the boulevard.

Before he reached the barracks in St. Michael's Square he met a woman whose figure pleased him; she was tall and lithe, moving with a free grace. But over her face she wore a thick veil. The veil no doubt annoyed him; but he was to have other opportunities of seeing Sophy's face.

CHAPTER VI.

"IMPOSSIBLE" OR "IMMEDIATE"?

STENOVICS was indeed in a quandary. Mistitch had precipitated an unwelcome and premature crisis. The Minister's deliberate

slow-moving game was brought to a sudden issue which he was not ready to face. It had been an essential feature—a governing rule—of his campaign to avoid any open conflict with the Prince of Slavna until an occasion arose on which both the army and the King would be on his side. The King was a power not merely by reason of his cheaply won popularity, but also because he was, while he lived, the only man who could crown Stenovics' operations with the consummation to which the Minister and his ally, Countess Ellenburg, looked forward with distant yet sanguine hope. The army was with him now, but the other factor was lacking. The King's pride, as well as his affection, was enlisted in his son's interest. Moreover this occasion was very bad.

Mistitch was no better than an assassin; to take up arms on his behalf was to fight in a cause plainly disgraceful—one which would make success very difficult and smirch it for ever and beyond remedy, even if it came. It was no cause in which to fight both Prince and King. That would be playing the big stake on a bad hand—as Stafnitz put it.

Yet the alternative? Stafnitz again had put that clearly. The army would have no more to do with the man who could not help it at the pinch, who could not save its favourite,

who could not release Barabbas.

The Prince seemed to be in his most unyielding mood—the Bourbon in him was peeping out. For the honour of the Royal House, and for the sake of discipline, Mistitch must die. He had packed his court-martial with the few trustworthy friends he had among the officers, using the justification which jury-packers always use—and sometimes have. He had no fear of the verdict and no heed for its unpopularity. He knew the danger—Stenovics made no secret about that—but said plainly that he would sooner be beaten by a mutiny than yield to the threat of one. The first meant for him defeat, perhaps death, but not dishonour nor ignominy. The more Stenovics prophesiedor threatened—a revolt of the troops, the more the Commandant stiffened his neck.

Meanwhile Slavna waited in ominous sullen quiet, and the atmosphere was so stormy that King Alexis had no heart for

fishing.

On Friday morning—the day before that appointed for Mistitch's trial—the names of the members of the Court were published; the list met with the reception which was no doubt anticipated even by the Prince himself. The streets began to fill with loiterers, talkers,

and watchers; barrack-rooms were vociferous with grumbling and with speculation. Stafnitz, with Rastatz always at his heels, was busy with many interviews; Stenovics sat in his room, moodily staring before him, seeking a road out of his blind alley; and a carriage drew up before the sign of the Silver Cock as the Cathedral bells chimed noon. It was empty inside, but by the driver sat Peter Vassip, the Prince's personal attendant, wearing the sheepskin coat, leather breeches, and high boots that the men of the hills wore. His business was to summon Sophy to Suleiman's Tower.

The Square of St. Michael was full of life and bustle, the Golden Lion did a fine trade. But the centre of interest was on the north wall and the adjacent quays, under the shadow of Suleiman's Tower. Within those walls were the two protagonists. Thence the Prince issued his orders; thither Mistitch had been secretly conveyed the night before by a party of the Prince's own guard, trust-

worthy Volsenians.

A crowd of citizens and soldiers was chattering and staring at the Tower when Sophy's carriage drew up at the entrance of the bridge which, crossing the North River, gave access to the fort. The mouth of the bridge was guarded by fifty of those same Volsenians. They had but to retreat and raise the bridge behind them, and Mistitch was safe in the trap. Onlyand the crowd was quick enough to understand the situation — the prisoner's trap could be made a snare for his jailer too. Unless provisions could be obtained from the country round, it would be impossible to hold the Tower for long against an enemy controlling the butchers' and bakers' shops of Slavna. Yet it could be held long enough to settle the business of Captain Hercules!

The shadow of the weeping woman had passed from Sophy's spirit; the sad impression was never the lasting one with her. An hour of crisis always found her gay. entered the time-worn walls of Suleiman's Tower with a thrill of pleasure, and followed Peter Vassip up the narrow stair with a delighted curiosity. The Prince received her in the large round room which constituted the first floor of the central tower. Its furniture was simple, almost rude, its massive walls quite bare save for some pieces of ancient armour. Narrow slits, deep-set in the masonry, served for windows and gave a view of the city and of the country round on every side; they showed the seething throng on the north wall and on the quays; the

distant sound of a thousand voices struck the ear.

Zerkovitch and his wife were with the Prince, seated over a simple meal, at which Sophy joined them. Marie had watched Sophy's entrance and the Prince's greeting closely; she marked Sophy's excitement betrayed in the familiar signal on her cheek. But the journalist was too excited on his own account to notice other people. He was talking feverishly, throwing his lean body about and dashing his hands up and down; he hardly paused to welcome the new-comer. He had a thousand plans by which the Prince was to overcome and hold down Slavna. One and all they had the same defect; they supposed the absence of the danger which they were contrived to meet. They assumed that the soldiers would obey the Commandant, even with the sound of the rifles which had shot Mistitch fresh in their ears.

The Prince listened good-humouredly to his enthusiastic but highly unpractical adherent; but his mind did not follow the talk. Sophy hearkened with the eagerness of a novice—and he watched her face. Marie watched his, remembering how she had prayed Sophy not to come to Slavna. Sophy was here—and fate had thrown her across the Prince's path. With a woman's preference for the personal, Marie was more occupied with this situation than with the temper of the capital or the measures of the

Prince.

At last their host roused himself and patted Zerkovitch's shoulder indulgently.

"Well, it's good not to fear," he said.
"We didn't fear the other night, Mademoiselle de Gruche and I. And all ended well!"

"Ended?" Marie murmured, half under her breath.

The Prince laughed. "You shan't make me afraid," he told her, "any more than Zerkovitch shall make me trust Colonel Stafnitz. I can't say more than that." He turned to Sophy. "I think you'd better stay here till we see what's going to happen to-night—and our friends here will do the same. If all's quiet, you can go home to sleep. If not, we can give you quarters—rough ones, I'm afraid." He rose from the table and went to a window. "The crowd's thinner; they've gone off to eat and drink. We shall have one quiet hour at all events."

An orderly entered and gave him a letter. He read it and said: "Tell General Stenovics I will receive him here at two o'clock." When the messenger had gone, he turned round towards the table. "A last appeal, I suppose! With all the old arguments! But the General has nothing to give in exchange for Mistitch. My price would be very high."

"No price, no price!" cried fiery Zerkovitch. "He raised his sword against you!

He must die!"

"Yes, he must die." He turned to the window again. Sophy rose from the table and joined him there, looking over the city. Directly beneath was the great gate, flanked on either side by broad massive walls which seemed to grow out of the waters of the river. He was aware of her movement, though he had not looked round at her. "I've brought you too into this trouble—you, a stranger," he said.

"You don't think I'm sorry for that?"

"No. But it makes my impotence worse." He waved his arm towards the city. "There it is—here am I! And yet—I'm powerless!"

Sophy followed his gesture and understood what was passing in his mind—the pang of the soldier without his armament, the workman without his tools. Their midnight talk flashed back into recollection. She remembered his bitter complaint. Under her breath and with a sigh she whispered: "If

you had the big guns now!"

Low as the whisper was, he heard it—and it seemed to shoot through his brain. He turned sharply round on her and gazed full into her eyes. So he stood a moment, then quickly returned to the table and sat down. Sophy followed, her gaze fixed on his face. Zerkovitch ceased writing—he had been drawing up another plan; both he and Marie now watched the Prince. Moments went by in silence.

At last the Prince spoke—in a low voice, almost dreamy. "My guns for Mistitch! Mistitch against my guns! That would be

a price—a fair price!"

The three sat silent. The Zerkovitches too had heard him talk of the guns: how on them hung the tranquillity of the city, and how on them might hang the country's honour and existence. Stenovics could give them, if he would, in return for Mistitch. But to give up Mistitch was a great surrender. Sophy's whisper, almost involuntary, the voicing of a regret, hardly even of a distant aspiration, had raised a problem of conduct, a question of high policy. The Prince's brain was busy with it, and his mind perplexed. Sophy sat watching him, not thinking now but waiting, conscious only that by

what seemed almost chance a new face had through her been put on the situation.

Suddenly Zerkovitch brought his clenched fist down on the table. "No!" he almost shouted. "They'll think you're afraid."

"The veil no doubt annoyed him."

"Yes, they'll think that—but not all of them. Stenovics will know better—and Stafnitz too. They'll know I do it not because I'm afraid, but in order that I never need be."

"Then Stenovics won't give them!" cried Marie.

"I think he must give anything or everything for Mistitch." He rose and paced restlessly about the room. Sophy still followed him with her eyes, but she alone of the three offered no argument and made no

suggestion. The Prince stood still for a moment in deep thought. Then his face cleared. He came quickly up to Sophy, took her hand, and kissed it.

"Thank you," he "I don't know said. how it will turn out for me; the case is too difficult for me to be able to foresee that. For me it may be mastery — I always thought it would mean that. Or perhaps somehow it may turn to ruin." He pressed Sophy's hand now and smiled at her. She understood and returned his smile. "But the question isn't one of my interest. duty is plain."

He walked quickly to his writing-table and unlocked a drawer. He returned to the table with an envelope in his hand, and sat down between Marie and Zerkovitch.

The orderly entered again, announcing Stenovics. "Let him come in here," said the Prince. His manner grew lighter, and the smile which had comforted Sophy remained on his face.

Stenovics came in; his air was nervous, and he looked at the Prince's three companions with a visible

access of embarrassment. At a nod from the Prince, the orderly placed a chair for the General and withdrew.

"The same matter we discussed last night, General?"

"There can be but one matter in the thoughts

of all of us now, sir. Pardon me—I understood your Royal Highness would receive me alone."

The Prince gave a low laugh. one bargains, shouldn't one have witnesses?"

In an instant Stenovics laid hold of the significant word; it made him forget his request for privacy. An eager light came into his eyes.

"Bargains? You're ready now to-?" "La nuit porte conseil." He drew a paper from the envelope, unfolded it, and handed it across the table. "You remember thata memorandum I sent to you three months ago—in my capacity as Commandant?"

Stenovics looked at the paper. "I re-

member, sir."

"It's endorsed in your hand?"

" Yes."

"The endorsement runs: 'Impossible.' Rather curt, General!"

"The note was for my private use, but your Royal Highness particularly pressed for the return of the document."

"I did. And, after all, why use more words than necessary? One will still be

enough—but not that one."

"I'm not following you, sir," said Stenovics. The Prince leant across the table to him. "In our conversation last night you asked me to do a very remarkable thing, and to get this lady here" (He indicated Sophy) "to do it too. You remember? We were to think that at night, in the Street of the Fountain, in the light of the illuminations, Sergius Stefanovitch and Nikolas Stafnitz looked—and sounded—just the same. didn't see my way to that, and I didn't think this lady would see hers. It seemed so difficult."

Stenovics was in a strain of close attention. The paper from the envelope crackled under

the trembling of his hand.

"Now if we had such a memory as Lieutenant Rastatz is happy enough to possess!" the Prince pursued. Colonel Stafnitz had taken us into his confidence about his quarrel with Captain Mistitch! All that was not so last night. Consequently Captain Mistitch must be tried and shot, instead of suffering some not very severe disciplinary punishment for brawling in the street and having a quarrel with his superior officer."

Stenovics marked every word and understood the implied offer. The offer was good enough; Stafnitz himself would not and could not ask that no notice whatever should be taken. The trifling nature of the punishment would in itself be a great victory. But the price? He was to hear that in a moment.

"Sergius Stefanovitch—Nikolas Stafnitz! Which was it, General? It's only changing two words, yet what a difference it makes!

"The difference of peace to-night or—" Stenovics waved his hand towards the city.

But the Prince interrupted him.

"Never mind that," he said rather sharply. "That's not first in my mind, or I should have left the matter where it rested last night. I was thinking of the difference to Captain Mistitch — and perhaps to you, General."

He looked full at Stenovics, and the General's eyes fell. The Prince pointed his finger across the table at the paper under

Stenovics' hand.

"I'm a liberal bargainer," he said, "and I offer you a good margin of profit. I'll change two words if you'll change onetwo for you against one for me! 'Sergius Stefanovitch 'becomes 'Nikolas Stafnitz' if 'Impossible 'becomes 'Immediate.''

Stenovics gave one slight start, then leant back in his chair and looked past the Prince

out of the window opposite to him.

"Make that change, and we'll settle details I must have full guarantees. afterwards. I must see the order sent, and the money deposited in my name and at my disposal."

"This afternoon, sir?"

"Wouldn't it be well to release Captain Mistitch from Suleiman's Tower before tonight?"

"The money is difficult to-day."

"The release will be impossible to-morrow." Again Stenovics' eyes wandered to the window, and a silence followed. Perhaps he saw the big guns already in position, dominating the city; perhaps he listened to the hum of voices which again began to swell in volume from the wall and from the quays. There are times when a man must buy the present with a mortgage on the future, however onerous the terms may be. It was danger against destruction. He put out his hand and took from Zerkovitch a quill, which the journalist was twiddling in his fingers. He made a scratch and a scribble on the paper which the Prince had taken from the envelope.

"'Impossible has become Immediate, sir."

"And 'Sergius Stefanovitch' 'Nikolas Stafnitz," said the Prince. He looked at Sophy for confirmation, and she softly clapped her hands.

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

A RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES.

IV.—POLITICS.—SECOND SERIES.

OHN BRIGHT, the chief of the statesmen not included in our former article, Robert Lowe, Granville, W. E. Forster, and Henry Fawcett—it is interesting to get the names in association again. Once they were all linked together within the ranks of the same political party. Then dynamic differences arose to disperse them hither and thither. One of the group, Robert

Lowe, as an opponent of popular suffrage, became anathema to the others. Bright, who went to Scripture and to Milton and (like Stevenson for his style) to Bunyan for his quotations, called Lowe Adullam, and gave him the Cave of the Discontented to dwell in. "Demagogues are the common place of history," was one of Lowe's retorts. remember now the blows exchanged: but how hollow is the echo of the impact, how fantastic the cheers of the onlookers gathered round the ring! Of those antagonists Bright was then held to be far the finer orator: it was a commonly

wilberforce, of Oxford, the honour of being the finest speaker of his time. Against that opinion I cannot set, though I may record my own disappointment when I heard him; and to-day, beyond doubt, the speeches of Lowe are read with far greater gusto than are "the Tribune's" by students of parliamentary oratory. It may indeed be doubted whether, in certain classic passages, Lowe did not surpass all other Victorian speakers.

Later, Lowe, as Lord Sherbrooke, found in the House of Lords an environment better fitted to his tastes, but not to his powers. In Bright's case a Public Department, of which he became President, yielded an environment that suited neither the one nor the other. Bright was the first Quaker to take Cabinet rank; and Queen Victoria with a smile forewent in his regard

the whee ham white mo seer by the there by form too, in his perhaps between him no jalth togg greater on Hot land earl Glad

JOHN BRIGHT. 1899.

the formalities usual when Ministers kiss hands—formálities to which paradoxically more importance seems to be attached by the protest against them than is implied by their due performance. Forster, too, had been Quaker in his belongings, and perhaps it was his later adherence to the tenets of the Church of England that put up certain barriers between Bright and They had himself. no personal affinities, although they stood together, when other great cleavages came, on the question of Home Rule for Ire-Fawcett had land. earlier parted from Gladstone, his leader: Irish University Education had been

the occasion of the split which Bright at the moment denounced to his friends in terms which I, who once heard him, thought strangely embittered; little dreaming that he, too, would yet stand with Gladstone at the parting of the ways, and that they would take a different turning. Fawcett, who, as Professor of Political Economy and as Postmaster-General, achieved in blindness what few men could accomplish in the light, had a face easily caught by

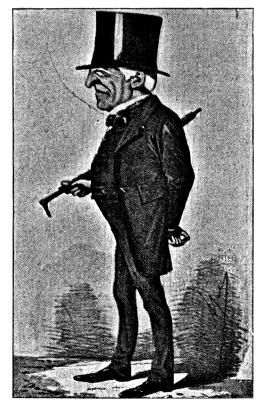


EARL GRANVILLE. 1869.
"The ablest professor in the Cabinet of the tact by which power is kept; it is his mission to counteract the talk by which it is won and lost."

serious portrait-painter and by caricaturist alike. Lowe's face, too, had the peculiarity of the albino to mark it for even casual beholders. Forster was more difficult: his features were not cut clean as of stone, and his bodily attitudes, even when he sat on the Front Bench, were shifting and ungainly. In the statue on the Embankment you have him at his best. Bright, with all his solidity, was not easy to pose. Millais, whose portrait of him is the truest, told me at the time of the sittings how ill at ease as a sitter Bright was. He never could quite forget himself. The difficulty of placing him at the outset was therefore great. The arranged posture was always stiff. The artist began to talk on general things to put the sitter off guard, as it were; and then, when the moment of natural relaxation was reached, said: "There, there, stay like that." But, alas, it was not quite like that: the dramatic instinct was wanting in John Bright. His beautiful voice would have been a fortune on the stage; but, to save his life, he could

not have been an actor. He could not even have been a mimic without feeling that he had made some sacrifice of his own abiding self-conscious sincerity.

John Bright was the third statesman cartooned $_{\rm in}$ Vanity Fair, following upon Disraeli and Gladstone. By the time that his cartoon appeared intense interest had been excited by the series, and the number containing his portrait had to be reprinted several times. Colour printing was primitive in 1869, with the result that in some copies the red complexion of the People's Tribune appeared in the pavement: so remarkable was the effect that, on the editor showing a copy to Charles Dickens on the day of publication, the great novelist exclaimed: "Surely there are limits to political animosity! Why have you put the dear old gentleman in Hades?" We reproduce here a second cartoon which appeared after Mr. Bright's death. Thus ran his epitaph. "Humanity and sentiment," said the writer.



ROBERT LOWE (AFTERWARDS LORD SHERBROOKE). 1869.

[&]quot;An enemy to democracy, yet a professor of Liberal principles which tend to democracy, the combination will one day make him Prime Minister of England."

"which generally provoke a smile or a sneer, did neither in the case of John Bright, because he spoke what he felt with absolute sincerity; he hated war, the Established Church, the Corn Laws, and government by aristocracy, with a great, a holy, and an undying hatred. He loved to fish for salmon and to play billiards. As it is, he is a great example of the English type of man who, being dead, yet speaketh. He might have been a prizefighter, but being a Quaker he was a man of peace. Yet he was a true man who believed in God."



W. E. FORSTER. 1869.
"If he is not an advanced Liberal, it is for want of advancing himself."

Robert Lowe was one of Pellegrini's most successful likenesses. The artist took great pains to secure that peculiar shade of crimson flesh which is characteristic of the albino, and which he felt, if well done, would secure attention without any form of exaggeration. "He is the exponent," said his biographer, "of that Liberalism with which the governing classes have clothed themselves as with a



HENRY FAWCETT. 1872.
"A Radical leader."

garment, loose, ill-fitting, and lamentably threadbare. Avowedly an enemy to democracy, yet a professor of Liberal principles which tend to democracy, the combination will one day make him Prime Minister of England." In this instance "Jehu Junior"

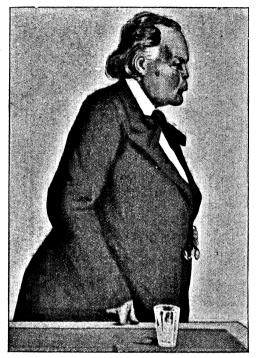
was not a successful prophet.

The caricature of W. E. Forster was severe in the extreme. Yet, if the reader will visit the Victoria Embankment and notice the statue in front of the building occupied by the late School Board for London, and then turn to the two pictures—statue and cartoon—in a mental cinematograph, he will secure a good idea of the man who passed the Education Act of 1870, and who became heartly hated in Ireland.

Professor Fawcett's is a kind caricature—intentionally so, for Pellegrini had great doubts as to whether an afflicted man should be caricatured at all—he said that in carica-

turing a man suffering from blindness he felt that he was doing something mean.

Whether Mr. Bradlaugh or Mr. Paruell aroused the House of Commons to the greater outbursts of emotion it would be hard to tell. The principles which they or their opponents



BRADLAUGH. 1880. "Iconoclast."

held remain; but how fugitive seem the passions with which those principles were espoused! Lord Randolph, throwing down a Bradlaugh pamphlet and trampling upon it in presence of all the assembled members, performed an act of telling drama. Bradlaugh had once been a Sunday-school teacher; and Lord Randolph, too, one knows now, had his developments, his backslidings, his mutations. At school he belonged to a group of boys who prayed together; but when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Stead asked him if he speculated on the Future, he said he never thought of it. Mr. Stead, however, knows that Lord Randolph did not always confess to the interviewer; and perhaps on this occasion he practised economy of speech, great economist as he was in other directions. Bradlaugh was not one of those lucky apostles whose face was part of his propaganda; you were not converted by the sight of him. Parnell, on the other hand, had one of the most attractive personalities known to Parliament. In public life his dignity was never at fault; and though he was the colleague or leader of men whom the ontsider has regarded as fanatical, and was the figurehead for opinions which all English politicians at one time thought Jacobinical, he was himself ever a model of restraint, imperturbable amid an atmosphere charged with storm.

Our portrait of Parnell is a very good one. "He is not a heaven-born orator," said "Jehn Junior," "but an unbounded belief in himself has carried him on; he has it in his hands to do much for his country either



PARNELL. 1880.
"Anti-Rent."

for good or evil. His grateful countrymen have provided him with a variety of seats, but with not one easy one amongst them."

Mr. Joseph Biggar's cartoon created a good deal of attention at the time, for he had been making himself very obnoxious by opposing in the Belfast Common Council



JOSEPH BIGGAR. 1877. "Irish Obstruction."

the vote of congratulation on the recovery of the Prince of Wales, as he then was, from his recent almost fatal illness. Moreover, for reasons that are fairly obvious, he had always shown a marked aversion from facing the camera, so that his portrait had the element of novelty.

Bradlaugh, who was also heartily hated at this date by the Unionist world, met with severe treatment. "He is a powerful speaker, and a fearless advocate of the most nauseous opinions. His influence, which is great with the lower classes, arises partly from his audacity and partly from an unlimited belief in himself which he has communicated to many others."

Mr. John Redmond, the sinister figure (as Mr. Chamberlain called him) who stands behind the Liberal party, knows his own mind, holds his followers with an iron discipline, and is bent on getting his own way. An Irishman who has the ability of his race, a cool head with a hot heart, and the power of holding his tongue when it is to his advantage to do so, must of necessity seem a formidable opponent to Mr. Chamberlain

or to anyone else. The cartoon suggests the idea of the bird of prey, fierce, bold, and remorseless. "A sturdy young Irishman," said "Jehu," "fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, obtained a post in the Vote Office of the House of Commons. His name was Redmond, and in 1881 he was standing for Parliament, was elected, rushed off to London, took the oath, made a speech, and was expelled, with his colleagues, the same night. Parnell had his eye on him. 'Jack has high abilities,' he said, and Jack got employment. He girded up his loins and went forth to beg. In Australia he found an heiress for himself and ten thousand pounds for his In America at a later date he denounced the British nation with such enthusiasm that he came home eighteen thousand pounds the richer. His voice is so melodious that it is difficult to realise what nasty things he has said about England until you read them in the papers next day. is understood that he has consented to accept the title of King John I. when Home



MR. JOHN DILLON.
"The Plan of Campaign."



MR. JOHN REDMOND. 1904 "The Irish Petrel."

Rule comes to Ireland. Anyhow, he is a gentleman."

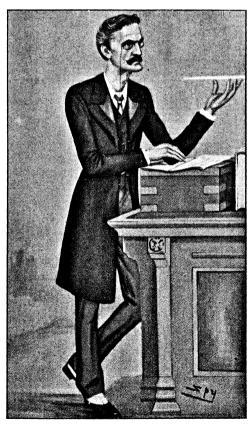
Mr. Dillon was described in violent terms which died down with: "Mr. Dillon is no vulgar, village ruffian; he is a cultured man of pleasing private manners, who has, even in the most violent moods adopted for the American subscriber, the bearing of a gentleman. Violent and ferocious as he is in politics, he is in private life as tame as a cat. He is a devout Roman Catholic; he is unmarried, loves poetry, hates Whigs, and has a sneaking affection for Orangemen."

William Allan was depicted as Scotch, sturdy, canny, and thrifty. "Although his glare is savagely defiant, he is a gentle kind of Gateshead giant, whose faults are on the surface."

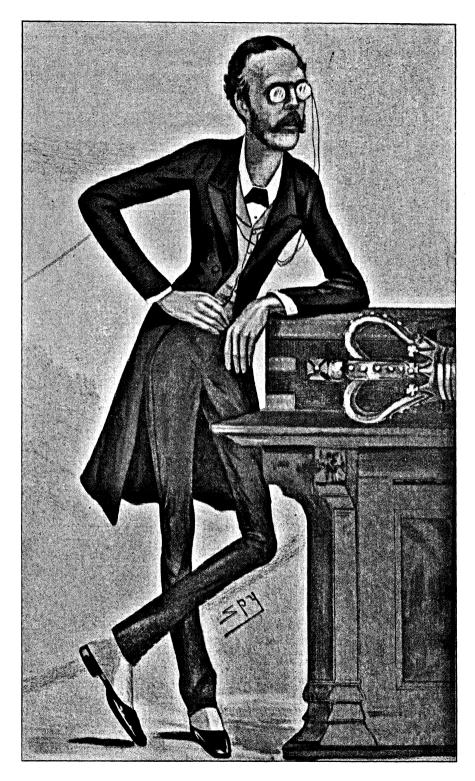
As I write these lines, the country is still waiting for the results of the elections. Whatever these results may be, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is now Premier, and, therefore, we will turn to the group of Liberal politicians who acknowledge him as the head of their party.

Mr. Leslie Ward, during the time that Parliament is sitting, is a constant frequent of the Lobby. Although the majority of unpolitical dignitaries with whom he has to deal give him sittings at his studio—which place, by the by, may be reckoned an historic chamber, when we consider the notables who have passed its doors—Mr. Ward prefers to study his statesmen on their own battle-ground. Many a sketch is made in his notebook, wherein various legislators are represented sitting, standing, gossiping, and speaking, before he finally decides on their more characteristic pose.

When thus engaged, Mr. Ward is as oblivious to the passing of time as to surrounding events. It was only the other day that he entered a country railway station to find the train by which he was to return to London waiting at the platform. "How soon does the train start?" he asked a meditative porter. "In about twenty minutes, sir," was the reply. On hearing the fact, Leslie



RT. HON. GERALD BALFOUR. 1896
"A Chief Secretary."



RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR. 1887.

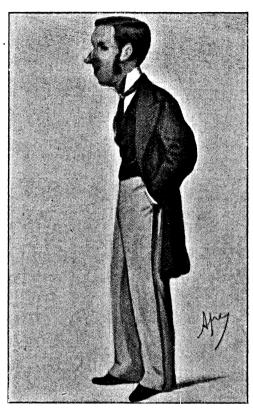
retired to the waiting-room and sat down to sketch a political notability with whom he had recently been talking. The sketch progressed rapidly and most satisfactorily. Presently he emerged from the waiting-room to observe that the station was empty. He sought for and found the meditative porter. "Hullo!" said Mr. Ward, "where's the train?" "It has been gone about twenty minutes," was the reply. "And when is the next train to London?" "In about two hours." "Is there any place where I can get lunch?"

I might also recall, when on this subject, an amusing incident that occurred when Mr. Ward visited the Torrey-Alexander Mission at the Albert Hall. The man next to whom Mr. Ward sat, much struck by the



RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH. 1904. "Brains."

earnest attention with which he was regarding the faces of the preacher and singer, handed him a hymn-book. Without thinking what he was about, Mr. Ward produced therein two admirable caricatures of the gentlemen on the platform. Presently he rose to go. "My hymn-book, please," said the stranger. Mr. Ward walked on. "Give him back his hymn-book," chorused the neighbours. But Mr. Ward had bolted. He admitted after-



RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY. 1878. "The Fortnightly Review."

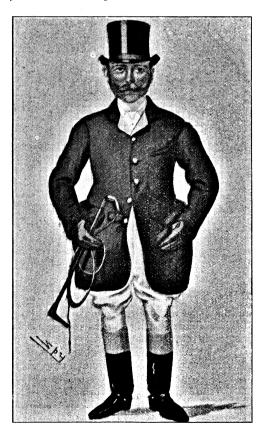
wards that he felt it better to peculate a penny hymn-book than to inflict on the earnest stranger such a shock as he would have received on observing how its pages had been ornamented.

The Premier's biographer in 1899, being a political opponent of Sir Henry's, was not unduly appreciative. "He is chiefly known to fame," he said, "for his attempt to run the British Army on the cheap by keeping them short of powder. His chief fault is that he favours the cult of the jumping cat, sitting on the fence, speaking one way and voting the other, as he showed in February on Mr. Labouchere's amendment for abolishing the House of Lords, on Mr. Redmond's amendment as to Home Rule, and at Ipswich, where he patted Kruger on the back with one hand and held

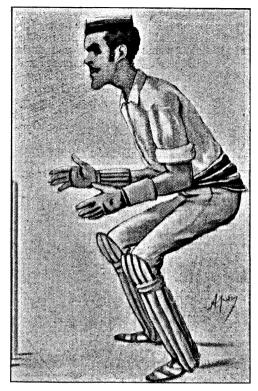
out the other to Lord Salisbury. He is a freak of Nature—a Scotchman who likes a

ioke."

Mr. John Morley was cartooned before he had entered Parliament. Yet the honour was not undeserved by a man who had become editor of the Fortnightly Review at the age of twenty-one. "Forty years ago," said "Jehu Junior," "there was born into the world a man child with brains. Cheltenham and Oxford provided him with the rudiments of literary knowledge, the condition of the world furnished him with provocation for thought, and thus he developed into John Morley, liberal thinker, liberal actor, and journalist. As a young man he splashed about boldly, producing many short articles on many long subjects, and at twenty-one his first great opening presented itself through his becoming successor of George Henry Lewes, as editor of the Fortnightly Review. He is less a literary man than a journalist, and less a journalist than a politician."



RT. HON. WALTER LONG. 1886. " Wiltshire."

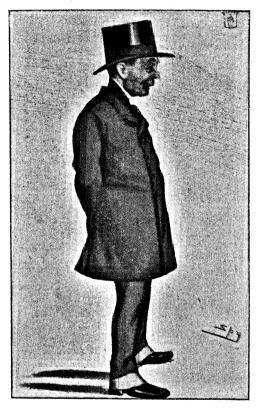


1884. RT. HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON. " English Cricket."

Mr. Asquith is of a similar type to Mr. John Morley. The critical faculty seems to have detached them both from a true appreciation of the human emotions. They are academic statesmen upon whom Oxford has left her stamp. One is a Balliol man; the other might be.

"Young Henry Asquith," said "Jehu," "had as unpromising a start for a great political career as a lady novelist ever imagined for her hero. We first see him a dour little lad, newly from Yorkshire, plodding away at the City of London School. From school he progressed as a scholar to Balliol. He became acquainted with Jowett and acquired the Oxford manner and a first in Mods. He entered the House with reserve in his eye and ambition in his soul. He was a slim, untidy man. 'I don't know if the honourable member is a Nonconformist, but he looks like one,' an opponent called across the floor of the House—rather rudely, it must be admitted. But the remark is illuminating. In 1892, Mr. Gladstone gave him the moving of the resolution which brought to an end the Government of Lord Salisbury. The G.O.M. made him Home Secretary. He was, on the whole, a success. He stood no nonsense from the Fenians, and they hung him in effigy. There were few murderers reprieved during his consulship. . . . As a speaker he is terse, epigrammatic, sarcastic. He has taken to a frock-coat since his marriage, and drives a pair of ponies with caution; also he plays golf, but not well."

And now we come to the present Opposition, headed by Mr. Balfour, under the title of "The Irish Secretary." We learn

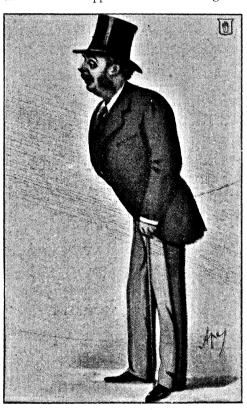


SIR JOHN MOWBRAY. 1882. "Committee of Selection."

that the Balfours of Whittinghame were a younger branch of the Balfours of Balbirnie, who are a younger branch of that ancient Scottish family the Balfours of Balfour. "Mr. Balfour is well instructed," said "Jehu," "highly cultivated, amiable in private converse, and altogether a pleasing companion, but he does not carry many guns, and he is somewhat effeminate and languid in manner, and somewhat indolent, both by temperament and häbit. He was long an obscure and involved, though always a fluent speaker,

but he is now greatly improved, and though not equal to a really great effort, he is so indifferently good as to be one of the readiest and best debaters on the poverty-stricken Treasury bench. Without being a man of first-rate ability, he is capable and clever, and lacks only a greater capacity for hard work and a stronger grasp of essential principles."

The principal points that Mr. Gerald Balfour's portrait suggested to his biographer were that he was something of a philosopher, that he was supposed to have thought a



SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY. 1881. "Ex-official."

great deal, and that by family, marriage, and habit he was quite a wholesome Tory.

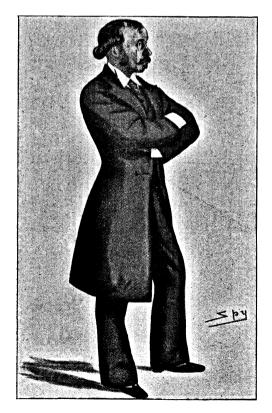
That able gentleman, Mr. Walter Long, was rightly represented equipped for the chase. "A good county gentleman and, although very modest, shy, and retiring, one who has given many quiet proofs of capacity," was "Jehu's" comment upon him.

Of Mr. Brodrick, Vanity Fair has had many stories to tell. It was of him that the story is told that bears reference to a minister's conversation with a wealthy sub-

scriber to the party funds—a subscriber whose birth had been humble. Mr. Brodrick, being desirous of conciliating this gentleman, treated him with considerable affability. Everything went well until a question of duty and conscience cropped up in connection with the action of a certain peer. "Of course, he had to do it," said Mr. Brodrick, "noblesse oblige, you know; though, of course, that would not apply to you."

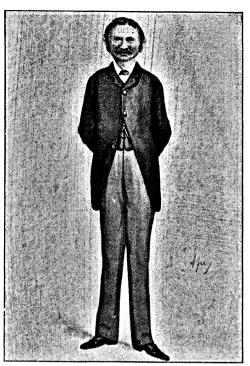
When his cartoon appeared, he was introducing the various reforms in our Army organisation which have made his name famous in connection with the Six Army Corps, and he was described as "a strong, industrious fellow, who has evolved a very elaborate scheme of Army reform which will compass much if it can be worked."

Mr. George Wyndham was an ideal Under-Secretary for War, inasmuch as he was a civilian—but had served in the Army. One of his lighter duties in Pall Mall was that of deciding on details of Tommy Atkins's uniform—a cap, a cape, a button, or a buckle. This did not daunt him; for even outside



SIR E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. 1882.

"The Patriotic League."



RT. HON. A. AKERS-DOUGLAS. 1885.
"The Kent Gang."

the Army he had a trained eye for dress. Before he went into official harness, he gave rein to the horse Pegasus in the Row, and, looking about him, took for his subject "The Walking Skirt":

The band of it a circle, supple as 'tis round, The hem another circle, a foot above the ground.

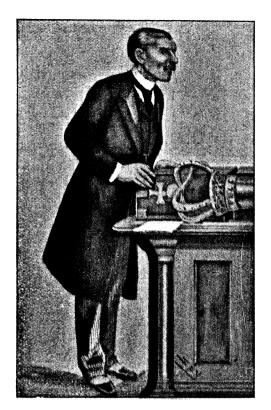
When its wearer goes a walk—

Her face above her body floats, a flower on its stalk; while—

Beneath the hem a swinging, as she sways along so sweet,

The eyes of men are tangled in the twinkle of her feet.

It is a pleasure in muddy London to quote Mr. Wyndham as a champion of the short skirt. Mr. Wyndham, whose adventures among books, already many and delightful, are likely to be increased in numbers, once brought out a selection of the poems of his cousin, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. In that agreeable task he had as his fellow-editor, Mr. W. E. Henley—a deft hand at a dedication, as was proved when he sat down in 1899 to dedicate the volume of Hoby's "Courtyer,"



RT. HON. W. ST. JOHN BRODRICK. 1901. "War."

which he contributed to the Tudor Transation Series:

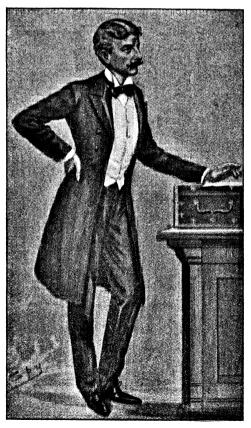
TO
GEORGE WYNDHAM,
SOLDIER, COURTIER, SCHOLAR,
IN A YEAR OF HIGH EMOTION
AND THE ACCOMPLISHING OF
AUGUST DESTINIES,
THIS TREATISE OF AMENITY IN ACT,
THIS OLD-FACED
YET EVER LUSTROUS MIRROR
OF THE
COMPLETE GENTLEMAN.

When Frederick William Faber decided to become a clergyman, Wordsworth said: "Thus England has lost a poet." Those who know Mr. George Wyndham said very much the same thing when the born man of letters was transformed into the made politician.

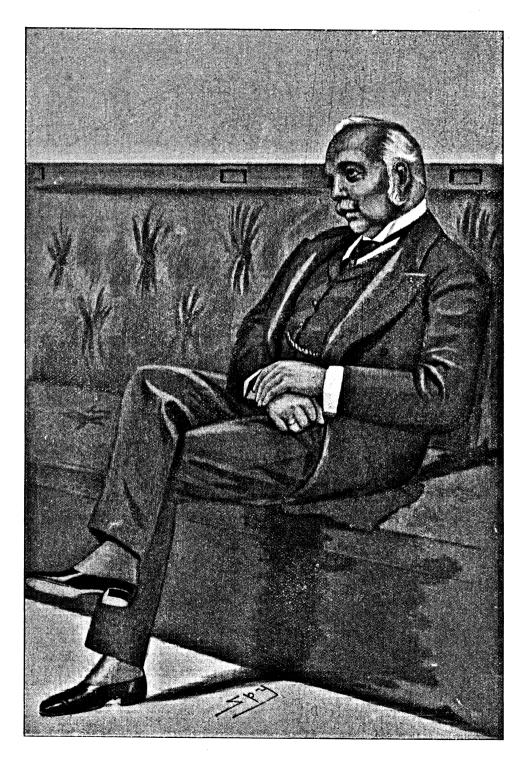
Of Mr. Wyndham "Jehu" said that his manners, appearance, and frock-coats had caught the ear of the House—though how a frock-coat could achieve that feat it is difficult to understand—and that he was a

very clever fellow full of possibilities. Being written in 1900, the sketch of his career did not include his martyrdom, or self-sacrifice, as each may term it, designed to appease infuriated Ulster.

It was sometimes made an accusation against the Balfour Cabinet that it was a family council; the "Hotel Cecil" has outlived as a phrase the Fiscal orthodoxy of Lord Hugh; but instead of elevating other Balfours, the head of the race may be said to have relatively lowered them. Perhaps Mr. Gerald Balfour might be more of a personage were there no Mr. Arthur Balfour—we give up the delicate guesswork. "My right honourable friend," Mr. Balfour has called his brother. It is odd, but your statesmen cannot bring themselves to "right honourable brother," "My right honourable brother," "My right honourable uncle." Mr. Austen Chamberlain would raise a laugh from other lips than Mr. Bowles's if he referred to

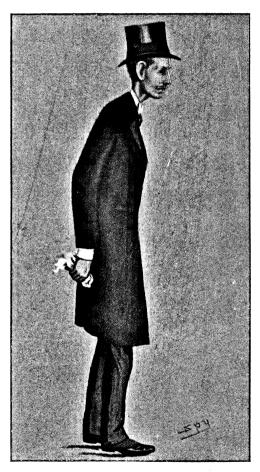


RT. HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM. 1900. "Dover and War."



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. 1899.

"My right honourable father," who also would provoke mirth by an allusion to his "right honourable son"—such being the little byways of etiquette you traverse, guided by custom rather than by reason. A laugh is the easiest thing to raise in the House of Commons, as many makers of little slips have discovered — A. M. Sullivan, when he pronounced General Todleben as Toodleben; Lord Randolph, when he put the stress on the second syllable of Origen, and transformed a Father of the Church into an Irish O'Rygan; Ashmead-Bartlett, when, in an allusion



LORD HUGH CECIL. 1900. "Greenwich."

made, he paralleled the seaboard of Bohemia, as Shakespeare did before him. Mere peculiarities of dialect, however, go politely unnoted, not only in such a case as the late William Allan's, but in that of the

far more racy Tynesider, Mr. Joseph Cowen. But real distinction of dialect is rare. Mr. John Burns has as much of the Londoner in his speeches as Sir Edward Grey of the Northumbrian, as Sir H. Campbell-Banner



RT. HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. 1899. "East Worcestershire."

man of the Scotsman, as much and no more. The late Sir M. W. Ridley had, perhaps, a hint of the Northern burr, and a very pleasant burr, too; but what of Wilts is there in Mr. Walter Long, though Wilts for generations out of mind has given to Parliament, in a Disraelian phrase, "the pleasant presence of Walter Long"?

Another interesting political personality is the brilliant Hugh Cecil. Some of us may consider him wayward, others courageous, yet of his ability there is no doubt. "He is a tall, thin fellow with a stoop," said his biographer, "who reminds one of the oldtime ascetic or of a High Church curate; and,



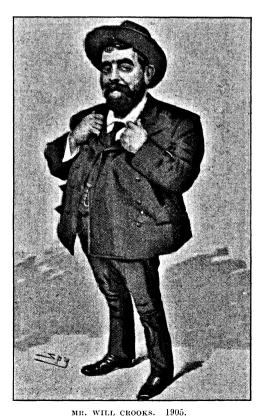
MR. JOHN BURNS. 1892.
"Battersea."

indeed, he is a very strong and high Churchman, who is as much a defender of the faith as of his country. He is also a very good orator, a fair debater, and quite a sharp fellow, who dresses rather badly. He is an able and very wholesome supporter of the great doctrine of Imperialism, as his father's son should be."

Mr. John Burns was described as having "done a great deal of loud talking, for he has a broad chest and a big voice. He is a Socialist who thinks that he believes in the municipalisation of the land and of the means of production, yet he is less violent than he once was. He insisted on eliminating the casual docker from the docks and giving his work to him that had more; yet he says that the busy workman must not be allowed to work for more than a third of the day, so that the unemployed may have a chance. He has been invited to help in more than thirty strikes. He thinks that members of Parliament ought to be

paid. He has a peculiar knowledge of law, for he has been run in more than once, and six or seven magistrates have expounded it for his benefit. He is a stubborn, rather self-sufficient, hearty, hard-working man, who is inclined to bully where he cannot persuade. He has done some good in his busy life, if only for certain Continental ports. He never drinks and never smokes. He used to play football and other athletic games, and he is said to be able to use his fists, and he can cut figures on the ice."

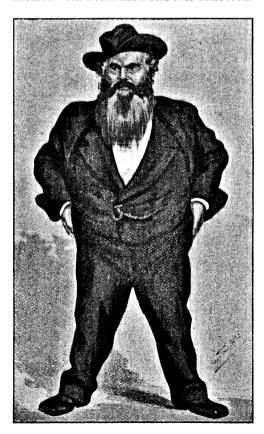
Mr. Winston Churchill has afforded Vanity Fair an opportunity for no little sarcasm, both in verse and prose. In 1900 he had "all the confidence that may be begotten of the union of practical experience with quick youth. At Harrow he showed a precocious love of politics. At Sandhurst he studied politics as much as tactics. He is a clever fellow who has the courage of his opinions, yet he thinks that the Boer is not so black as he is painted. For himself, he has hankered after politics since he was a small boy, and it is probable that his every effort, military or literary has



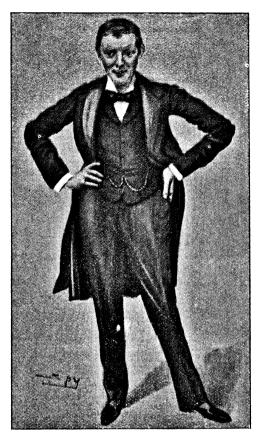
"The labourer is worthy of his hire."

been made with political bent, so that if concentration be worth anything he should reap some reward at Oldham. He is something of a sportsman who prides himself on being practical rather than a dandy. He is ambitious; he means to get on." He has got on!

Certainly he did not waste the time he spent in camp. It prepared him for his excellent work as a war correspondent; it may yet prove to have prepared him for a portfolio at the War Office. Soine of the quality of the fighter he has brought into the arena of politics; and, on the give and take principle which underlies all manly combat, he has been willing to bear with good-temper the thrusts made at him, and to accept the fortunes of war. Nobody ever heard Mr. Winston Churchill whine. The Boers made a prisoner of him, and the story of his escape is one of the most thrilling ever told; but, though he suffered hardships that brought him very near to death, no ill-natured word about the Boers ever came from



william allan. 1893. "The Gateshead Giant."



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. 1900. "Winston."

The fact that he had been on his pen. distant expeditions seemed to give all the more force to his after-clamour for a Government which will think the condition of an English slum no less worthy of the attention of Parliament than a jungle in Somaliland. Once he read his own political obituary the newspapers when he was very much alive; for news of his defeat was published when, in fact, he was victorious. It is sometimes said that the presence of a soldier at the War Office would breed wars. No: men who have seen wars at close quarters will hesitate to make them. That lesson Mr. Winston Churchill did not wait till the Boer war to learn—he learned it at Omdurman. Three days after that action he rode with Lord Tullibardine over that fatal field. "Can you imagine," he wrote home, "the postures into which man, once created in the image of his Maker, has been twisted? Do not try, for were you to succeed, you would ask yourself, with me: 'Can I ever forget?' I have tried to gild war, and to solace myself for the loss of dear and gallant friends, with the thought that a soldier's death for a cause that he believes in will count for much, whatever may be beyond this world. When the soldier of a civilised Power is killed in action, his limbs are composed and his body is borne by friendly arms reverently to the grave. The wail of the fifes, the roll of the drums, the triumphant words of the Funeral Service, all divest the act of its squalor, and the spectator sympathises with, perhaps almost envies, the comrade who has found this honourable exit. But there was nothing dulce et decorum about the Dervish dead: nothing of the dignity of unconquerable manhood. . . . Yet these were as brave men as ever walked the earth: and the conviction was borne in on me that their claim beyond the grave in respect of a valiant death was as good as any which our countrymen could make." The ability to sec things from more than one side has always been Mr. Winston Churchill's. Perhaps it is in the blood. Its possession may do something to condone the shiftings of the great Duke of Marlborough's mind, and everything to explain the journey—not so very long a journey nowadays—taken by Mr. Winston Churchill across the floor of the House of But he is not all Churchill: and it was Mark Twain who, presiding at a lecture of his, referred to him as one whose English father and American mother made a blend which constituted the best kind of man.

A man who represents the University of Oxford in Parliament may almost be said to hold his position on the same terms as a judge. He is only removable for misconduct, political or otherwise, unless he chooses to resign. Sir John Mowbray was elected to represent that University in 1868, and continued to represent it till 1899. time he and his constituency were almost identified in the minds of politicians, and he was one of the most familiar figures at St. Stephen's. He was a man of no small authority and importance, for he was Chairman of the Committee of Standing Orders and of the Committee of Selection. Committee of Selection decides what members are to determine the fate of those measures whose Committee stage is not taken by the whole House, and its choice is generally believed to be the *ne plus ultra* of impartiality —though rumour, which spares no one, has whispered that its judgment is like heaven in one respect, being sometimes taken by storm.

"Jehu Junior" said of Sir John: "He is a man whose aspect inspires the confidence which his conduct has always confirmed. Any man of any party would trust him in anything. He is just and upright, able and industrious, and he makes speeches with discretion. He has recently visited America and has conceived an admiration for that country; and yet he has a sense of humour and his manners are excellent." His son, Sir Robert Mowbray, represented the Brixton Division of Lambeth in the last Parliament.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, fifth baronet of the name, was another well-known Parliamentary figure. He was elected to represent North Northumberland in 1868, first achieved office in 1878, and came prominently before the public as Home Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Administration from 1895 to 1900. In the latter year he was created Viscount Ridley and Baron Wensleydale. In 1881 "Jehu Junior" wrote concerning him: "He is a person of some importance in the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, and he would, if obliged to give an opinion, confess that Sir Matthew Ridley is a man of great and varied ability. He has a clear head and a considerable capacity for work, and is a thoroughly honest and trustworthy gentleman." He died in 1904.

England did not flourish under Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett—the reference is to the defunct newspaper of that name, and not to the still surviving country. But Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, as a member of Parliament and in other capacities, made for himself a considerable reputation of a sort. His career, so far as it had then proceeded, was thus outlined by "Jehu Junior" in 1882: "He was born in the United States, and from that time to this he has never been at rest. He started by being an infant prodigy. ten he read the Latin and Greek authors; at twelve he appointed himself as an authority on European politics. He went to Oxford, where he divided his attention between the athletic sports of running and rowing and the treatment of politics at the 'Union.' Yet in his final examination he took a high place. When the Servian war broke out, he went forth to see it, as he did also the war between Russia and Turkey which followed. Thenceforth he became very especially a follower of Lord Beaconsfield, and, being elected through that leader's good offices for the borough of Eye, he has ever since pursued the dominant Radical party both in and out of Parliament with

unrelenting questions, speeches, criticisms, and denunciations."

Yet he was not precisely a persona grata to Conservatives in high places, and his seizure on board a Turkish vessel by the Greeks during the recent war in the Near East gave some writer of apocrypha the opportunity for a joke. It was rumoured that the Unionist Government then in power had cabled to the authorities at Athens: "Congratulations on capture. Do not hesitate to shoot."

"Jehu Junior" was in a somewhat critical mood when, in 1885, he gave a brief biography of Mr. Aretas Akers-Douglas, who until a few weeks ago was Home Secretary. "The son of a Kentish parson, belonging to a family that had enriched itself in the good old times out in the West Indies, he was born four-and-thirty years ago to the name of Akers, and annexed that of Douglas on succeeding to the unearned increment of a property in Dumfriesshire, left to him by a relative. When he was nine-and-twenty East Kent elected him to the Commons House of Parliament. He started with exceptionally good chances in that orderly parliamentary career which furnishes salaries and honours in reward for party services. He has no high aims, nor any desire to be, or to be thought, a statesman; neither is he troubled with too much ambition; but he is active, courteous, whenever courtesy promises advantage, popular with those whose good opinion is worth having, and industrious in the trade which has honours and salaries for its reward."

One of his last achievements was that of seeing the Aliens Bill through the House of Commons, and he has since drawn up regulations for the administration of the Act which have already consigned a goodly number of undesirables from this country, which could well spare them, to the lands that gave them birth.

If insignia count for anything, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as the inheritor of the monocle and orchid tradition, should become a politician forceful and formidable, if not triumphantly popular. Writing of him in 1899, "Jehu Junior" said: "His father sent him to Rugby to make a man of him; to Trinity, Cambridge, to round off his corners; and to Paris and Berlin to learn the world. From his youth he was able to look on politics through a private window; so that

seven years ago he was ready to represent the Eastern Division of Worcestershire. He has enemies, of course, and it has been said of him that he trades upon his father's great name; but that is a very easy thing to say, and quite as unjustified. He is a young man of quite agreeable presence, real ability, and much promise. It is very hard to look unaffected behind an eyeglass and an orchid, yet he is quite an unaffected young man."

His significant appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the late Government added to the rabidness of our Free Importers, and whatsoever punishment he can be made to bear for his father's alleged fiscal sins and heresies will certainly be meted out to him.

A shrewd and prominent Tory member of the late Parliament once remarked: "Mr. Crooks is the best sort of Labour man we have here," and those who have watched the performances of more notorious labour members will echo the opinion. It was in April of last year that "Jehu Junior" attempted a biography of Mr. Crooks. He wrote: "Will Crooks was born in the grey, dreary High Street of Poplar, almost within the shadow of the Union Workhouse. The terror of the great building entered into the child. The brutality of its regulations, the gaunt monotony of the pauper life within its walls, and the lonely battle of the pauper death were never absent from the mind of the little boy, who regarded it as a monster who would devour him when too weak and old for defence or flight. The boyhood of Will Crooks finished where it ought to have begun. At eleven he was at work to satisfy the needs of the family larder."

He became only too well acquainted with adversity, for he has tramped the country for work, at one time walking to Liverpool. His soles were gone long before he reached that port. When he returned to Poplar, dejected, penniless, and grief-stricken at the death of his child, his chance of success in life seemed small indeed. But the tide turned, and his sterling merit at length secured for him a position which no sensible man of any party will grudge him. As "Jehu Junior" said: "Fate has buffeted Will Crooks, but he has emerged an optimist. The hardships of his early life never engendered in him the suspicion that shuts the door of the heart in the faces of all mankind. Instead, they blessed him with a sympathy that is rather trying to the ratepayers."

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and WILFRID MEYNELL.

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE.

By E. NESBIT.

HE thief stood close under the high wall and looked to right and left. To the right the road wound white and sinuous, lying like a twisted ribbon over the broad grey shoulder of the hill; to the left the road turned sharply down towards the river; beyond the ford the road went away slowly in a curve, prolonged for miles through the green marshes.

No least black fly of a figure stirred on it. There were no travellers at such an hour on

such a road.

The thief looked across the valley, at the top of the mountain flushed with sunset, and at the grey green of the olives about its base. The terraces of olives were already dusk with twilight, but his keen eyes could not have missed the smallest variance or shifting of their lights and shadows. Nothing stirred there. He was alone.

Then, turning, he looked again at the wall behind him. The face of it was grey and sombre, but all along the top of it, in the crannies of the coping-stones, orange wall-flowers and sulphur-coloured snapdragons shone among the haze of feathery flowered grasses. He looked again at the place where some of the stones had fallen from the coping—had fallen within the wall, for none lay in the road without. The bough of a mighty tree covered the gap with its green mantle from the eyes of any chance wayfarer; but the thief was no chance wayfarer, and he had surprised the only infidelity of the great wall to its trust.

To the chance wayfarer, too, the wall's denial had seemed absolute, unanswerable. Its solid stone, close knit by mortar hardly less solid, showed not only a defence, it offered a defiance—a menace. But the thief had learnt his trade; he saw that the mortar might be loosened a little here, broken a little there, and now the crumbs of it fell rustling on to the dry, dusty grass of the roadside. He drew back, took two quick steps forward, and, with a spring, sudden and agile as a cat's, grasped the wall where the gap showed, and drew himself up. Then he rubbed his

hands on his knees, because his hands were bloody from the sudden grasping of the rough stones, and sat astride on the wall.

He parted the leafy boughs and looked down; below him lay the stones that had fallen from the wall—already grass was growing upon the mound they made. As he ventured his head beyond the green leafage, the level light of the sinking sun struck him in the eyes. It was like a blow. He dropped softly from the wall and stood in the shadow

of the tree—looking, listening.

Before him stretched the park—wide and still; dotted here and there with trees, and overlaid with gold poured from the west. He held his breath and listened. There was no wind to stir the leaves to those rustlings which may deceive the keenest and disconcert the boldest; only the sleepy twitter of birds, and the little, sudden, soft movements of them in the dusky privacy of the thick-leaved branches. There was in all the broad park no sign of any other living thing.

The thief trod softly along under the wall where the trees were thickest, and at every

step he paused to look and listen.

It was quite suddenly that he came upon the little lodge near the great gates of wrought iron with the marble gate-posts bearing upon them the two gaunt griffins, the cognisance of the noble house whose lands these were. The thief drew back into the shadow and stood still, only his heart beat thickly. He stood still as the treetrunk beside him, looking, listening. told himself that he heard nothing, saw nothing, yet he became aware of things. That the door of the lodge was not closed, that some of its windows were broken, and that into its little garden straw and litter had drifted from the open door. between the stone step and the threshold grass was growing inches high. When he was aware of this, he stepped forward and entered the lodge. All the sordid sadness of a little deserted home met him here—broken crocks and bent pans, straw, old rags, and a brooding, dusty stillness.

"There has been no one here since the old keeper died. They told the truth," said the thief; and he made haste to leave the

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lodge, for there was nothing in it now that any man need covet—only desolation and the memory of death.

So he went slowly among the trees, and by devious ways drew a little nearer to the great house that stood in its walled garden in the middle of the park. From very far off, above the green wave of trees that broke round it, he could see the towers of it rising black against the sunset; and between the trees came glimpses of its marble white where the faint grey light touched it from the east.

Moving slowly—vigilant, alert, with eyes turning always to right and to left, with ears which felt the intense silence more acutely than they could have felt any tumult—the thief reached the low wall of the garden, at the western side. The last redness of the sun had lighted all the many windows, and the vast place blazed at him for an instant before the light dipped behind the black bar of the trees, and left him face to face with a pale house, whose windows now were black and hollow and seemed like eyes that watched Every window was closed: the lower ones were guarded by jalousies; through the glass of the ones above he could see the set, painted faces of the shutters.

From far off he had heard, and known, the plash-plash of fountains, and now he saw their white changing columns rise and fall against the background of the terrace. garden was full of rose bushes trailing and unpruned; and the heavy, happy scent of the roses, still warm from the sun, breathed through the place, exaggerating the sadness of its tangled desolation. Strange figures gleamed in the deepening dusk, but they were too white to be feared. He crept into a corner where Psyche drooped in marble, and, behind her pedestal, crouched. took food from his pockets and ate and And between the mouthfuls he drank. listened and watched.

The moon rose, and struck a pale fire from the face of the house and from the marble limbs of the statues; the gleaming water of the fountains drew the moonbeams into the unchanging change of its rise and fall.

Something rustled and stirred among the roses. The thief grew rigid: his heart seemed suddenly hollow: he held his breath. Through the deepening shadows something gleamed white; and not marble, for it moved, it came towards him. Then the silence of the night was shattered by a scream, as the white shape glided into the moonlight. The thief resumed his munching, and another

shape glimmered after the first. "Curse the beasts!" he said, and took another draught from his bottle, as the white peacocks were blotted out by the shadows of the trees, and the stillness of the night grew more intense.

In the moonlight the thief went round and about the house, pushing through the trailing briers that clung to him—and now, grown bolder, he looked closely at doors and windows. But all were fast barred as the doors of a tomb. And the silence deepened as the moonlight waxed.

There was one little window, high up, that showed no shutter. He looked at it; measured its distance from the ground and from the nearest of the great chestnut trees. Then he walked along under the avenue of chestnuts with head thrown back and eyes fixed on the mystery of their interlacing branches.

At the fifth tree he stopped; leaped to the lowest bough, missed it; leaped again, caught it, and drew up his body. Then climbing, creeping, swinging, while the leaves, agitated by his progress, rustled to the bending of the boughs, he passed to that tree, to the next—swift, assured, unhesitating. And so from tree to tree, till he was at the last tree—and on the bough that stretched to touch the little window with its leaves.

He swung from this. The bough bent and cracked, and would have broken, but that at the only possible instant the thief swung forward, felt the edge of the window with his feet, loosed the bough, sprang, and stood, flattened against the mouldings, clutching the carved drip-stone with his hands. He thrust his knee through the window, waiting for the tinkle of the falling glass to settle into quietness, opened the window, and crept in. He found himself in a corridor, he could see the long line of its white windows, and the bars of moonlight falling across the inlaid wood of its floor.

He took out his thief's lantern—high and slender like a tall cup—lighted it, and crept softly along the corridor, listening between his steps till the silence grew to be like a humming in his ears.

And slowly, stealthily, he opened door after door; the rooms were spacious and empty—his lantern's yellow light flashing into their corners told him this. Some poor, plain furniture he discerned, a curtain or a bench here and there, but not what he sought. So large was the house, that presently it seemed to the thief that for many hours he had been wandering along its galleries, creeping down its wide stairs,



"The moon struck a pale fire from the face of the house and from the marble limbs of the statues."

opening the grudging doors of the dark, empty rooms, whose silence spoke ever more

insistently in his ears.

"But it is as he told me," he said inwardly, "no living soul in all the place. The old man—a servant of this great house—he told me; he knew, and I have found all even as he said."

Then the thief turned away from the arched emptiness of the grand staircase, and in a far corner of the hall he found himself speaking in a whisper, because now it seemed to him that nothing would serve but that this clamorous silence should be stilled by a human voice.

"The old man said it would be thus—all emptiness, and not profit to a man; and he died, and I tended him. Dear Father! how our good deeds come home to us! And he told me how the last of the great family had gone away none knew whither. And the tales I heard in the town—how the great man had not gone, but lived here in hiding——It is not possible. There is the silence of death in this house."

He moistened his lips with his tongue. The stillness of the place seemed to press upon him like a solid thing. "It is like a dead man on one's shoulders," thought the thief, and he straightened himself up and whispered again—

"The old man said: 'The door with the carved griffin, and the roses enwreathed, and the seventh rose holds the secret in its heart."

With that the thief set forth again, creeping softly across the bars of moonlight down the corridor.

After much seeking he found at last, under the angle of the great stone staircase behind a mouldering tapestry wrought with peacocks and pines, a door, and on it carved a griffin, wreathed about with roses. He pressed his finger into the deep heart of each carven rose, and when he pressed the rose that was seventh in number from the griffin, he felt the inmost part of it move beneath his finger as though it sought to escape. So he pressed more strongly, leaning against the door, till it swung open, and he passed through it, looking behind him to see that nothing followed. The door he closed as he

And now he was, as it seemed, in some other house. The chambers were large and lofty as those whose hushed emptiness he had explored—but these rooms-seemed warm with life; yet held no threat, no terror. To the dim yellow flicker from the lantern came out of the darkness hints of a crowded

magnificence, a lavish profusion of beautiful objects such as he had never in his life dreamed of, though all that life had been one dream of the lovely treasures which rich men hoard, and which, by the thief's skill and craft, may come to be his.

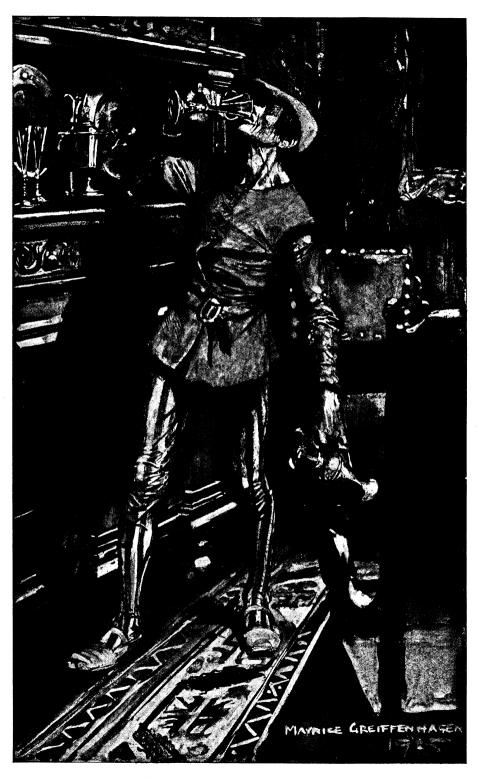
He passed through the rooms, turning the light of his lantern this way and that, and ever the darkness withheld more than the light revealed. He knew that fine tapestries hung from the walls, velvet curtains masked the windows; his hand, exploring eagerly, felt the rich carving of chairs and presses; the great beds were hung with silken cloth wrought in gold thread with glimmering, strange, starry devices. Broad benches flashed back to his lantern's questionings the faint white laugh of silver; the tall cabinets could not, with all their reserve, suppress the confession of wrought gold, and, from the caskets into whose depths he flashed the light, came the trembling avowal of rich jewels. And now, at last, that carved door closed between him and the poignant silence of the deserted corridors, the thief felt a sudden gaiety of heart, a sense of escape, of He was alone, yet warmed and companioned. The silence here was no longer a horror, but a consoler, a friend.

And, indeed, now he was not alone. The ample splendours about him, the spoils which long centuries had yielded to the grasp of a noble family—these were companious after

his own heart.

He flung open the shade of his lantern and held it high above his head. The room still kept half its secrets. The discretion of the darkness should be broken down. He must see more of this splendour—not in unsatisfying dim detail, but in the lit gorgeous mass The narrow bar of the lantern's light chafed him. He sprang on to the dining-table and began to light the half-burnt chandelier. There were a hundred candles, and he lighted all, so that the chandelier swung like a vast living jewel in the centre of the hall. as he turned, all the colour in the room leapt out at him. The purple of the couches, the green gleam of the delicate glass, the blue of the tapestries, the vivid scarlet of the velvet hangings, and with the colour sprang the gleams of white from the silver, of yellow from the gold, of many-coloured fire from strange inlaid work and jewelled caskets, till the thief stood aghast with rapture in the strange, sudden revelation of this concentrated splendour.

He went along the walls with a lighted candle in his hand, the wax dripped warm



"He found such wine as he had never tasted."

over his fingers as he went-lighting one after another, the tapers in the sconces of the silver-framed glasses. In the state bedchamber he drew back suddenly, face to face with a death-white countenance in which black eyes blazed at him with triumph and delight. Then he laughed aloud. He had not known his own face in the strange depths of this mirror. It had no sconces like the others, or he would have known it for what it was. It was framed in Venice glass wonderful, gleaming, iridescent.

The thief dropped the candle and threw his arms wide with a gesture of supreme

"If I could carry it all away! All, all! Every beautiful thing! To sell some—the less beautiful, and to live with the others all

my days!"

A madness came over the thief. So little a part of all these things could he bear away with him; yet all were his—his for the taking—even the huge carved presses and the enormous vases of solid silver, too heavy for him to lift—even these were his had he not found them—he, by his own skill and cunning? He went about in the rooms, touching one after the other the beautiful, rare things. He caressed the gold and the jewels. He threw his arms round the great silver vases; he wound round himself the heavy red velvet of the curtain where the griffins gleamed in embossed gold, and shivered with pleasure at the soft clinging of its embrace. He found, in a tall cupboard, curiously shaped flasks of wine, such wine as he had never tasted, and he drank of it slowly, in little sips, from a silver goblet and from a green Venice glass, and from a cup of rare pink china, knowing that any one of his drinking vessels was worth enough to keep him in idleness for a long year. For the thief had learnt his trade, and it is a part of a thief's trade to know the value of things.

He threw himself on the rich couches, sat in the stately carved chairs, leaned his elbows on the ebony tables. He buried his hot face in the chill, smooth linen of the great bed, and wondered to find it still scented delicately as though some sweet woman had lain there but last night. He went hither and thither laughing with pure pleasure, and making to himself an unbridled carnival of the joys of

possession.

In this wise the night wore on, and with the night his madness were away. presently he went about among the treasures no more with the eyes of a lover, but with the eyes of a Jew. and he chose those precious stones which he knew for the most precious, and put them in the bag he had brought, and with them some fine-wrought goldsmith's work and the goblet out of which he had drunk the wine. Though it was but of silver, he would not leave it. The green Venice glass he broke, for he said: "No man less fortunate than I, to-night, shall ever again drink from it." But he harmed nothing else of all the beautiful things, because he loved them.

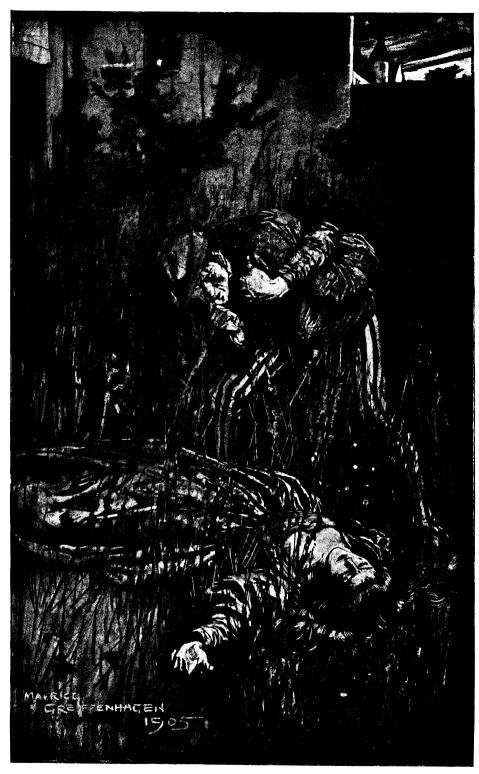
Then, leaving the low, uneven ends of the candles still alight, he turned to the door by which he had come in. There were two doors, side by side, carved with straight lilies, and between them a panel wrought with the griffin and the seven roses en-He pressed his finger in the heart of the seventh rose, hardly hoping that the panel would move, and indeed it did not; and he was about to seek for a secret spring among the lilies, when he perceived that one of the doors wrought with these had opened itself a little. So he passed through it and closed it after him.

"I must guard my treasures," he said. But when he had passed through the door and closed it, and put out his hand to raise the tattered tapestry that covered it from without, his hand met the empty air, and he knew that he had not come out by the door

through which he had entered.

When the lantern was lighted, it showed him a vaulted passage, whose floor and whose walls were stone, and there was a damp air and a mouldering scent in it, as of a cellar long unopened. He was cold now, and the room with the wine and the treasures seemed long ago and far away, though but a door and a moment divided him from it, and though some of the wine was in his body, and some of the treasure in his hands. set about to find the way to the quiet night outside, for this seemed to him a haven and a safeguard since, with the closing of that door, he had shut away warmth, and light, He was enclosed in and companionship. walls once more, and once more menaced by the invading silence that was almost a presence. Once more it seemed to him that he must creep softly, must hold his breath before he ventured to turn a corner—for always he felt that he was not alone, that near him was Something, and that its breath, too, was held.

So he went by many passages and stairways, and could find no way out; and after a long time of searching he crept by another



"Just beyond lay the green gown of a woman, and a woman's hands, and her golden head, and her eyes."

way back, to come unawares on the door which shut him off from the room where the many lights were, and the wine and the treasure. Then terror leaped out upon him from the dark hush of the place, and he beat on the door with his hands and cried aloud, till the echo of his cry in the groined roof cowed him back into silence.

Again he crept stealthily by strange passages, and again could find no way except, after much wandering, back to the door

where he had begun.

And now the fear of death beat in his brain with blows like a hammer. To die here like a rat in a trap, never to see the sun alight again, never to climb in at a window or see brave jewels shine under his lantern, but to wander, and wander, and wander between these inexorable walls till he died, and the rats, admitting him to their brotherhood, swarmed round the dead body of him.

"I had better have been born a fool,"

said the thief.

Then once more he went through the damp and the blackness of the vaulted passages, tremulously searching for some outlet, but in vain.

Only at last, in a corner behind a pillar, he found a very little door and a stair that led down. So he followed it, to wander among other corridors and cellars, with the silence heavy about him, and despair growing thick and cold like a fungus about his heart, and in his brain the fear of death beating like a hammer.

It was quite suddenly in his wanderings, which had grown into an aimless frenzy having now less of search in it than of flight from the insistent silence, that he saw at last a light—and it was the light of day coming through an open door. He stood at the door and breathed the air of the morning. The sun had risen and touched the tops of the towers of the house with white radiance. The birds were singing loudly. It was morning, then, and he was a free man.

He looked about him for a way to come at the park, and thence to the broken wall and the white road which he had come by a very long time before. For this door opened on an inner enclosed courtyard, still in damp shadow, though the sun above struck level across it—a courtyard where tall weeds grew thick and dank. The dew of the night was heavy on them.

While he stood and looked, he was aware of a low, buzzing sound that came from the other side of the courtyard. He pushed through the weeds towards it. And the sense of a presence in the silence came upon him more than ever it had done in the darkened house, though now it was day, and the birds sang all loud, and the good sun shone so bravely overhead.

As he thrust aside the weeds which grew waist-high, he trod on something that seemed to writhe under his feet like a snake. He started back and looked down. It was the long, firm, heavy plait of a woman's hair. And just beyond lay the green gown of a woman, and a woman's hands, and her golden head, and her eyes; all about the place where she lay was the thick buzzing of flies,

and the black swarming of them.

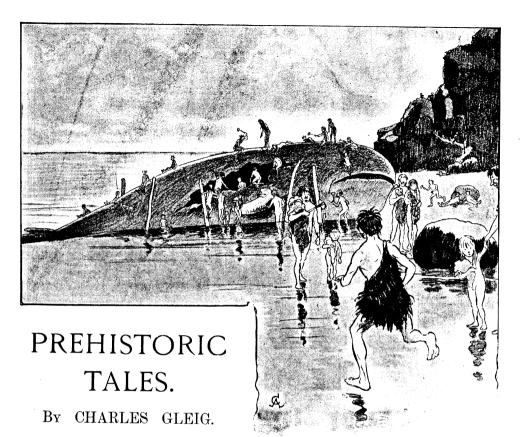
The thief saw, and he turned and he fled back to his doorway, and down the steps and through the maze of vaulted passages—fled in the dark, and empty-handed, because when he had come into the Presence that informed that house with silence, he had dropped lantern and treasure, and fled wildly, the horror in his soul driving him before it. Now, fear is more wise than cunning, so whereas he had sought for hours with his lantern and with all his thief's craft to find the way out, and had sought in vain, he now, in the dark and blindly, without thought or will, without pause or let, found the one way that led to a door, shot back the bolts, and fled through the awakened rose garden and

across the dewy park.

He dropped from the wall into the road and stood there, looking eagerly to right and left. To the right the road wound white and sinuous, like a twisted ribbon over the great grey shoulder of the hill; to the left the road curved down towards the river. No least black fly of a figure stirred on it. There are no travellers on such a road at

such an hour.





I.—THE CAVE OF DISCORD.

BOUT the year 10,000 B.C. (these prehistoric legends can seldom be dated precisely), a great whale feast was in progress on the southern shore of the Bristol In those times the Channel was much narrower than now, and whales quite frequently tantalised by their inaccessible gambols the cave-dwellers on its rocky shores. The coracle was not yet invented though even in coracles one cannot greatly enjoy the pursuit of whales. The seamonster upon which the Sux tribe was feasting had been washed ashore, some days previously, during a severe gale. carcass was still moderately fresh when a bountiful Providence thus favoured the tribe with free meals and a supply of oil that promised cheap lubrication for a month. The tribe had no large vessels in which the oil could be stored, but every man could rub himself from head to heel with lumps of the odoriferous blubber, whilst the married men

"A great whale feast was in progress."

also anointed their favourite wives and carried away fragments of meat for their children.

The sun was setting over what we now call the Welsh hills, as a young man and a maiden clambered out of the stinking carcass, laden with meat and blubber. The season being warm, the man had left his reindeer skin at home. The girl, with a prudery somewhat in advance of the age, wore a narrow girdle of hide, and was further bedecked for the feast with a necklet of shells, strung upon reindeer sinew. The man was named Ug, the maiden Zug. As the girl's head rose above the surface of the torn carcass, she slipped, and would have slid back into the interior but for the swift aid of her companion, who caught her beneath her glistening arms. Regaining a foothold in a crevice of the carcass, she tossed back her dark, oily hair and laughed merrily. Still supporting her with his free arm, Ug bent his head and rubbed his note tenderly against hers. The girl faintly resisted, but presently returned the caress.

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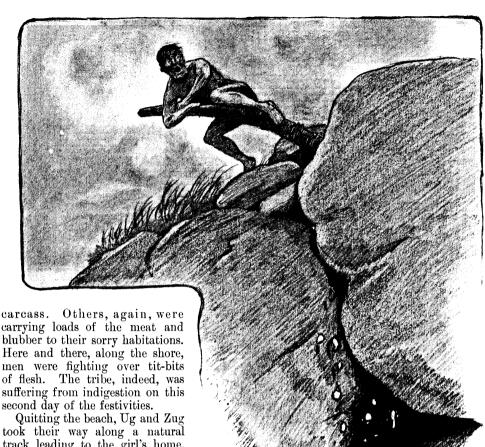
"Ug rubbed his nose tenderly against hers."

"See, you have made me drop a piece of the meat," she said reproachfully.

"I will give you all of mine," said Ug.
"All that I carry is for your father, and
to-morrow I will bring more to his cave."

Zug sighed, but did not reply. Together they slid off the carcass on to the soft mud that fringed the shore. The tide was low; indeed, the prize was submerged at high water, although secured by the skill of the tribe against drifting away. The men had driven many stakes into the mud, forming a rude scaffolding round the carcass.

Gaining the stony beach, the lovers paused to glance back at the festive scene. Scores of men, women, and children were still revelling upon the raw meat beneath the surface of blubber. By strenuous labour the blubber had been torn away, for the tribe owned no better implements than flints. Cooked meat they preferred, but, in the rude fashion of the age, they were well content to eat their fill of a raw dainty liable to be washed away by the next gale. Many of the savages were sleeping, full-gorged, upon the beach. Others still lingered within the



took their way along a natural track leading to the girl's home.

The path was carpeted with turf, and tolerably free from roots and bushes. On their left hand ran the brown waters of the Channel; on their right rose a virgin hillside,

on their right rose a virgin hillside, dense with gorse and forest. Hundreds of rabbits, at play in the twilight, ambled across the track to their holes as the lovers advanced.

Ug was a finer specimen of manhood than you will commonly meet in modern Somersetshire. He was accounted one of the swiftest hunters of the tribe. He was of medium height, very muscular, and swarthy of skin. He had another claim to distinction, being the proprietor of one of the largest and driest caves inhabited by the tribe.

Unfortunately, he had let his cave to Fug, a fellow-tribesman, who had since become a rival for the hand of the fascinating Zug. It is probable that Ug was the first landlord; by the Sux tribe, at any rate, the compact was regarded as entirely original. The rent fixed was six reindeer per annum, and Ug made no charge for water-rate, although there was

"A shout of triumph burst from his brawny chest. The slab had yielded."

a slight fissure in the roof. The cave was salubriously situated, some five feet above high-water mark, commanded a fine view of the Channel, and was agreeably sheltered from the westerly gales of winter by a projecting bluff. A curious feature of the cave merits notice: the great flat slab forming the roof was so delicately poised upon an internal boulder that during exceptionally violent storms it slightly oscillated. The motion was almost imperceptible, but Ug had observed the peculiarity. Indeed, this had been his reason for accepting a tenant, for it seemed to him possible that the slab might some day lose its delicate balance and seal

the mouth of the cave. Being a prudent young man, he kept this apprehension to

himself and became Fug's landlord.

The agreement, made in the presence of old Sux and other chiefs of the tribe, had been somewhat loosely worded. Six reindeer yearly was the stipulated rent, but Ug had carelessly assumed that Fug would pay by instalments. Subject to the payment of his rent, Fug was entitled to occupy the cave indefinitely. For this clause he had contended with a persistence that had rather amused Ug, until he ascertained Fug's reason for making the condition.

Fug had barely been in residence a couple of moons when a large herd of rent chanced to visit the neighbourhood, and scores of them were "bagged" by the tribe. Hitherto, reindeer had been scarce, and Ug had not reckoned upon a glut of the dainty. In the course of ten days, Fug killed and delivered the whole of his first year's rent. objected, and, pending the decision of the chiefs, four out of the six reindeer went bad at the entrance of Ug's temporary abode. Fug was an eloquent speaker and won his case. In those days, you will perceive, the law of landlord and tenant had not been evolved, and the rights of property were but dimly understood. The chiefs held that the rent had been lawfully tendered; so Ug lost his suit, and had, moreover, to bury the bad venison himself.

The case led to strained relations between Ug and his tenant. Several sharp flints grazed Fug's head after nightfall, and the leak in the roof perceptibly increased.

Not long after the memorable glut of reindeer, Ug fell in love, in his primitive fashion, with Zug, a daughter of old Sux, and offered to buy her. He bid three superb flint hatchets, two scrapers, and a small annual tribute of reindeer, being spurred to this liberality by a suspicion that Fug also fancied the smiling maid.

"Oh! it is too much," said the thrifty and modest girl, when Ug told her of his

magnificent offer.

"No, it is not enough," said Ug simply.

"Am I, then, so fair in your eyes?" she

asked bashfully.

"Your eyes," said Ug, "are as bright to me as the stars" (the simile was relatively fresh ten or twelve thousand years ago), "your breath is as sweet as the flesh of the reindeer, your laugh drives away sadness as the sun melts the mists of morning."

"Yet there are no hatchets or scrapers so sharp as thine, O Ug, my beloved,"

replied the maiden; "and after marriage, perhaps, you will wish for your weapons back, and be sad."

"I would pay six hatchets," said Ug recklessly (and, perhaps, not quite truthfully).

"Yet your father denies me."

"What! He refused?" she exclaimed.
"The old chief has refused," said Ug mournfully.

"It is very strange," said Zug, and, mindful of the proprieties, she withdrew herself

from his ardent embrace.

Some weeks had elapsed since this conversation, and, meanwhile, Ug had fruitlessly raised the bidding. Hitherto, the greed of Zug's father had remained inexplicable to the lovers, but on the night of the whale feast the girl's laughter cloaked a heavy heart. Ug, on the other hand, being full of meat, was in hopeful mood.

"See," he said, as they neared the Chief's cave—"see, this gift of meat will gladden your father, and to-night I will offer him one half of all that I kill for twelve moons."

"And yet he will deny you, O mighty hunter," sighed Zug. "Ah! why did you let you cave to Fug?"

Her voice rose to a pitch of passionate regret that smote his ear like a reproach.

"What do you mean?" he asked sternly,

gripping her by the arm.

"My father greatly desires to live in the cave," she faltered. "Oh! why did you let it to Fug? He says that I must wed Fug, and you know that I do not love him. I would rather dwell on the bare hillside with you, than find warmth with such as he."

"Fug must die, then," said Ug quietly.
"No, no!" cried Zug. "Remember the laws of the tribe. If you slay him, except for sufficient reason, they will stone you."

"Then let us escape together," said Ug. "We will renounce the tribe and raise up a new and mightier race from our children."

The girl shuddered as she clung to him. "I dare not," she said. "You are swift and brave, but what is one chief against a tribe? Soon, too, some strange tribe would seize us. You they would slay, and I should become a slave."

"It is true," sighed Ug.

Her news so depressed him that he had no heart to bid again that evening. Old Sux, it was evident, was bent upon ending his days in the coveted cave, and meant to live there with Fug and Zug. The lovers parted in sorrow, Ug retracing his steps towards a hollow tree in which he had found bachelor quarters.

That night Ug could not sleep, but lay



"Ug and Zug often picknicked outside the cave."

tossing and twisting on his circular couch, consumed by a natural craving to assassinate Fug. But the tribal laws were strict, and his rival had given him no provocation that the chiefs would consider adequate. Old Sux had the clearest right to dispose of a daughter to the best advantage, yet Ug, as a landlord, glowed with resentment at his inability to evict Fug. The cave was his own property, and he anticipated, by thousands of years, the natural privileges of the landlord. The expedient of warning old Sux against the

roof danger he weighed and rejected. The Chief would not believe that the roof oscillated—nobody would credit his unsupported statement.

Marriage was not taken very seriously in those days, but the announcement of Fug's approaching nuptials with the twentieth daughter of the Chief excited a mild interest in the tribe, mainly because there would be a feast. Ug's disappointment was much discussed among the maidens, for his renown as a hunter made him an eligible parti.

Ug, meanwhile, prayed earnestly to his gods for stormy weather, and propitiated them with blubber sacrifices. During several days there was no response, but he kept the fire going and fairly beggared himself in vows of future liberality. And his faith was rewarded, for on the night preceding the nuptials a heavy gale sprang up from the right quarter, and then Ug knew that the gods smiled upon his project. To mark his gratitude he burnt his last ounce of blubber, and two of his best reindeer skins. This done, he shouldered a young pine tree, which he had laboriously shaped to his purpose, and took his way along the wind-swept hillside.

An hour later, and hard upon midnight, Ug reached the back of the cave. The gale had increased in violence. The wind howled and sobbed among the trees; the dark waters of the Channel were crested with the foam of breaking waves; the shore was lashed with flying spray; the moon was hidden by a lowering sky. Ug crouched down upon his belly and laid his hands upon the great slab roof. The movement of the stone was distinctly perceptible, and never before had he felt it oscillate so frequently. And yet, so perfect was the balance, so ponderous the slab, that Ug began to doubt whether his lever and one pair of strong arms would suffice to displace it. Then he remembered how his gods had already favoured the enterprise, and took heart. The gale, he piously recognised, was no accidental event. So, with a final prayer, Ug thrust his fir tree into a certain crevice and awaited the upward movement of his side of the slab. Once, twice, thrice, he strained every muscle of his body. At the third attempt, his lever broke like a carrot, about a foot from its lower end. The snap was drowned by the gale, but Ug fell heavily upon the uneven surface of the slab and barked the front of his body, from the nose downwards. On the verge of saying something rude about his gods, Ug checked the imprudent complaint and promised more blubber instead. Fug still slept, which seemed another proof of miraculous favour. Profiting by the accident, Ug now made more intelligent use of the lever. He thrust his pole further into the crevice, muttered a final prayer (which threatened to leave Zug skinless for several winters), and awaited the upward movement.

A shout of triumph burst from his brawny chest. The slab had yielded. For a moment it hung motionless, as though reluctant to glide from its ancient pivot, but Ug re-

doubled his efforts, and slowly the near end rose. Higher, higher it rose, majestic in its silence, awful in its bulk. Then, with a rending crash, the great slab obeyed the law of gravity. The ground shook, the neighbouring rocks trembled, as the monster came to rest, sealing the mouth of the cave.

During some minutes Ug was so deeply awed by his work (not through any sentimentality on behalf of Fug) that he lacked resolution to move. Then anxiety overcame his awe. He scrambled to the front of the cave to see if his hopes were realised. They were realised; Fug was securely entombed. Not till daylight, however, was Ug's peace of mind assured. Kindly dawn showed him that only one little crevice, just wide enough to admit a man's hand, connected his rival with the outer world. Through this narrow aperture he could just distinguish the gloomy face of Fug.

"Good morning," said Ug courteously.

"What time is the wedding?"

"Help me out," groaned Fug, "and you shall marry her yourself. Oh! my friend, I did wrong to pay the rent in a lump."

"No," said Ug, "the Chief sided with

you. Let us say no more about it." "Help me out!" screamed Fug.

Then Ug, being a primitive person, dropped irony and exulted openly in his triumph. He told Fug all about his sacrifices, and how his gods had approved his He also gave Fug his views on the ideal relations between landlords and Reverting to banter, he waived all further claim in the matter of rent, and pointed out to Fug that he might live rent free to quite a ripe old age, if his family thought it worth while to feed him through the crevice. He expressed the hope that Fug was on good terms with his relatives. Lastly, he assured Fug that he would himself be a kind husband to Zug, whom he meant to marry that evening.

Legend records that old Sux raised no further obstacles to the union of his daughter with Ug. He seems to have recognised that a slab of rock, two feet thick, constituted a valid impediment to the marriage which he had previously sanctioned.

Fug, so tradition states, lived rent free to an advanced age, and set up in later life as a kind of prophet. Ug and Zug often picnicked outside the cave on summer afternoons, and occasionally Zug would throw the recluse a piece of meat.



THE RELATIONS OF CIVILISED TO BACKWARD RACES AS RESPECTS LABOUR.*

BY THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

Indicated and briefly discussed some of the problems which are raised by that contact of the advanced and the backward races of mankind which is so remarkable a phenomenon of our own time. There has, indeed, always been a contact of men in different stages of civilisation, and troubles have always arisen from it; but it has never in any previous age of the world's history existed on so large a scale and raised so many grave issues.

I am now invited to touch upon one of the forms in which the contact gives cause for anxiety at the present moment—the relations of the civilised to the semi-civilised or savage races in respect of labour.

Land and labour have been the two main sources of strife between Europeans and the backward peoples ever since the colonisation and conquest of countries outside Europe began. It was out of the taking of their lands by the Spaniards and the English that wars between the settlers and the aborigines first began in America and have lasted down to our own days.

But these land disputes have now virtually

ended, for the whole of both America and Africa, as well as Northern Asia and India, has passed under the dominion of nations from Europe; and where whites leave natives in possession of their own land, they do this either from motives of policy, or because they are not yet numerous enough or not yet sufficiently acclimatised to appropriate these lands for themselves.

Accordingly it is with labour questions more than land questions that economists and governments are now chiefly concerned.

The beginning of these labour questions—between civilised men and savages—dates from the fifteenth century, when the Portuguese, imitating the Mussulman corsairs and land-raiders of North Africa, began to seize the blacks of the West African coasts and sell them as slaves in Portugal.

That exploration of Africa, of which the Portuguese are justly proud—for in it they showed remarkable courage and enterprise—was no less concerned with the pursuit of slave labour and gold than with the spreading of the Gospel or the advancement of discovery. It was half crusading, half commercial.

Then, and for three centuries afterwards, men saw nothing incompatible in destroying, or enslaving, men's bodies while seeking to save their souls.

When the Spaniards occupied the Antilles,

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^{*} Written before Chinese labour had been brought into South Africa.

the first thing they did was to set the natives to work in the mines; and when these unhappy creatures died out, as they soon did under harsh treatment, negroes were brought from Africa to fill the void and provide the labour needed, both for mining and for

tillage.

Slavery had by this time disappeared from Western Europe, though a comparatively mild form of serfdom lingered in some districts. Prisoners of war were no longer, as had been the case in the ancient world, made slaves of. But when the white races came into contact with races of another colour, they ignored the principles they applied among themselves and treated the African blacks and the American aborigines as no better than cattle, without human rights, and, in fact, for the use of those conquerors who could capture them.

So began the Slave Trade, the most horrible form which the oppression of the weaker by

the stronger races has ever taken.

There was an economic need prompting it. Here were fertile tracts to be cultivated, and no labour on the spot to cultivate them, because the natives, naturally feeble and indolent, had been driven away or extinguished by harsh treatment, and the white settlers were, or thought themselves, unfit for open-air toil under a torrid sun. Thus slavery came to prevail, not only in the West India Islands, but in the southern part of North America and over most of South America, for more than three hundred years.

Justified as an economic necessity, it did provide a sort of solution, though a very wasteful as well as a most inhuman solution, of an urgent economic problem. From the time when the English began to colonise Virginia and the country from Virginia southward to the Gulf of Mexico there was so little white labour to be had, and that little would have been so costly, that there seemed no expedient possible except to get the labour of an inferior race accustomed to support tropical heat.

Such labour was obtainable only by kidnapping, and kidnapping excited no horror.

In our time the difficulty I have described has reappeared in a different form. White people have conquered and established themselves in tropical countries where they find mines they wish to cultivate. These countries are not empty, as the southern part of the United States was practically empty when the Carolinas and Georgia were formed into colonies—I say practically empty, because the native

Indian tribes were few in number, and most of them soon died off or moved West. But these countries now annexed to European Powers are tolerably well peopled.

In South Africa and East Africa, for instance, there is a negro population which holds its ground, and, indeed, increases faster than the whites. The difficulty is that this native population does not want to work, and in particular does not want to work underground, though mine-labour is the very kind of labour which whites are most anxious to secure.

Here is the old labour question and the old race question over again. This difficulty has now become acute in South Africa. I take South Africa as a familiar instance, but this same problem has emerged in other regions also.

No sooner was the South African war over than that blissful period of high dividends, which the European companies that own the rich goldmines of the Transvaal had been promising themselves as the result of the war, was found to be thrown back into the future by the want of labour for mining operations. The natives had prospered during the war—indeed, they were the only people who seemed to have got something out of it, for they have had high wages as camp and transport workers, and have become possessed of a certain number of cattle, so they were at first even less disposed to work than before.

The mines of the Rand district alone are said to need more than three hundred thousand native labourers, and were not obtaining, when the recent war came to an end, anything approaching that number.

What is to be done? Two centuries ago the answer of the civilised races would have been prompt: "Kidnap as many blacks as you need and drive them to work by the

lash."

This expedient is, however, no longer possible, though it is no doubt true that a good many Europeans settled in tropical countries would still like to be allowed to obtain labour by force. Their talk shows that they are not far removed from the feelings of the Portuguese navigators, or the companions of Columbus, or the people who carried negroes from Guinea to South Carolina in the eighteenth century. Direct contact with an inferior race is apt to demoralise the European settler, and he drifts unconsciously back towards barbarism.

But the opinion of European nations at home forbids a recourse to the old methods.

The most natural alternative would be to attract and use white labour. But white labour, which in some of these tropical countries is unavailable because the climate is too unhealthy or the heat too great, is in all of them too expensive. Wages far higher than those paid in Europe would be required to induce Europeans to face the conditions of the tropics, and mining or tillage carried on at so heavy an outlay would cease to be profitable.

The mineowner or planter is therefore driven to the only remaining alternative—that of endeavouring to import on a large scale labourers of some foreign tropical race, fit to work in the torrid zone, but willing to work for much less than white men would

demand.

This plan suggested itself a good many years ago to the sugar-cultivators of Demerara and to the French engineers who contracted for the making of the Panama Canal: the former imported coolies from India, the latter Chinese. So the planters of Hawaii brought in Chinese and Japanese; so the planters of Queensland in Australia have brought in Kanakas from the Isles of the Pacific.

But even this device is not always practicable, for the white population, if possessed of political power, may forbid the immigration of a coloured race, which will depress the rate of wages and constitute an element either not capable of assimilation or likely to lower the stock with which it mingles.

As awakened philanthropy now forbids slavery, so also awakened democracy forbids the influx of a type of mankind deemed unfit for social and political equality. The prohibition of Chinese immigration by the United States, by the Canadian Dominion, and by Australia is a familiar instance of this sentiment. And the desire of the Transvaal mineowners to bring in Indians or Chinese for the service of the mines is at this moment arrested by the general feeling of the middle and humbler classes of the white population of South Africa.*

The whites are already in a minority in that country; so they fear, not unreasonably, the intrusion of a new coloured element, which might, if it were to blend with the blacks, render the latter more formidable. So the matter stands, and it is now suggested

that, instead of Chinese, negroes from some other part of Africa may be imported, each batch for a short period of service, and then carried back again to their homes.

In Queensland a somewhat similar difficulty has arisen. The sugar-planters of the hotter parts of that State have kept up the working of their estates by the help of Pacific Islanders, brought from Western Polynesia and sent back after some years. The democratic sentiment of the Australian masses has resolved to stop this practice; and it is not yet clear how the sugar-plantations are in future to be cultivated.

These problems of the relation of race differences to labour supply are not new problems. In one sense, they are as old as civilisation itself. They became specially acute—as already observed—when America was settled and the coasts of Africa explored at the end of the fifteenth century. They have now in our own day been again accentuated by the intrusion of European powers into countries inhabited by backward races.

It might, indeed, be urged that the emergence of these problems constitutes a serious objection to that intrusion, though the annexation of these Southern lands inhabited by these backward races will be admitted, even by the most despondent philosopher, to have been practically inevitable, so strong was the impulse that moved the European nations. Nature—that is to say, physical influences operating during a long course of ages—has moulded each race, some as vessels for honour, some as vessels for dishonour, fitting each to a particular climatic environment.

Each race had down to recent times survived in its dwelling-place because that dwelling-place suited it. Then a time came when the stronger races of the temperate climates moved out and seized for themselves the tropical countries in which they found other races so inferior in knowledge and strength as to be easy victims.

The rivalry of the great European States hastened this process. The vast accumulation of capital in these States, and the eagerness of the capitalists to find more profitable ways of using it than can now be found at home, has insisted on what is called "developing" these countries—that is, on making the most of their natural resources in the quickest way, cutting down forests or bringing fertile tracts under cultivation, and, above all, on opening up mines.

But the rush of capital into the new countries is not accompanied by a rush of

^{*} This was written before the Chinese had been allowed to be brought into South Africa. It now remains to be seen what view the inhabitants of the Transvaal will express on the subject when they come to elect representatives. In Cape Colony popular sentiment appears to be opposed to Chinese immigration.

workpeople belonging to the advanced European races, because tropical countries are not attractive to European settlers. Italians and Basques do, no doubt, go to Argentina, for the climate of much of that vast country is little hotter than the climate of Italy. Germans also go, though in smaller numbers. Spaniards are going to Cuba, and constitute a valuable element in its population. Portuguese labourers, especially from Madeira and the Azores, have gone to Hawaii, because Hawaii, hot as it is, is healthy.

But Germans do not go to labour in German East Africa, and such Englishmen as go to South Africa—not a large number—go to take up the less fatiguing kinds of skilled labour or the direction of native labourers. They did not before the war go to work with their hands either in the open air or in mines, and therefore they provided but a small part of the labour that is needed.

The capitalists might, no doubt, attract a larger number by the offer of very high wages, but high wages would mean a reduction of the profit which is expected from developing the mines, so this expedient is very unwelcome to them. Hence they formed the plan of securing the cheap labour of the inferior races.

It is cheap partly because, in such countries as India and China, population is so dense that the supply is abundant and, therefore, low wages are willingly taken; partly because the wants of these races are so few, compared to those of civilised men, and the standard of comfort, especially among the savage races, so extremely low, that payment which would be nothing to a European is large to them.

With the employment on a large scale of these backward people, whether they are indigenous, like the Kaffirs in South Africa, or whether imported, as the East Indian coolies are brought to British Guiana and the Kanakas brought to Queensland, begin the labour troubles which have been adverted to.

In all countries, in civilised France, Germany, and England, in the civilised United States, the relation of the working men to their employers is fertile in occasions for dispute. There is constant difficulty in adjusting the claim of the worker to his share in the gain derived from manufacturing or commercial industry. Strikes and lock-outs are the natural result of the opposing claims of the two parties, and strikes sometimes lead to breaches of the peace, especially where

the labouring class is not organised in trades unions.

The sight of the ease and luxury in which the wealthy class lives excites envy among those who feel that their toil has contributed to this luxury, and who have themselves obtained a share of the gain which never gives them more than the comforts, often little more than the bare necessaries, of life. There is apt to spring up a jealousy between classes, perhaps even a permanent bitterness and hostility.

Yet in civilised countries where the labouring class is entirely of European stock, this hostility is relieved and reduced by a measure of human sympathy, by the fact that all classes enjoy equal civil rights, and in free countries by the fact that they also enjoy equal political rights, and that the political means of redressing grievances are equally available to all. The sense of a common nationality and a common pride in national greatness diminishes the feeling of antagonism which the contrast between riches and poverty provokes.

But where the labouring class belong to a different race, especially if that race is of a different colour, these mitigating influences have less play. Sometimes they disappear altogether and are replaced by a feeling of

complete severance.

The white employer has nothing in common with the Kaffir or coolie or Chinese workman. The influence of a common religion—which in civilised countries counts for something, though for less than might have been expected—is here usually absent. In South Africa, the employer seems to prefer that the native should remain a heathen, partly because the whites generally profess to think that he is not so good a worker, partly—it may be feared—because they think that if he is a Christian, he is brought nearer to the whites.

The white man, whether he be an employer or not, feels a sense of superiority to the coloured man which disposes him to contempt, often to harshness and injustice. It is only the higher and purer characters that can be trusted to deal with their inferiors, who are practically at their mercy, in the same way as they would deal with their equals.

Impunity demoralises average mankind; and as the public opinion of the whites, taken as a whole, becomes somewhat demoralised when they control a subject race, it does not restrain acts of harshness and injustice. In such a state of things those difficulties incident to the relations of capital and labour which have been already referred to may become

aggravated. The coloured labouring class may become a dangerous class, because it stands quite apart from the whites.

It is a foreign element, possibly a hostile element. Till it has become organised, it may not be able to engage in the open struggle of a strike; but when it reaches that stage, the strikes are likely to be more formidable.

Meanwhile its presence brings serious political difficulties. If the country does not possess free self-governing institutions, as is the case in many British Colonies, the Government is bound to protect the foreign labourers, and often finds this no easy task. If the country has free institutions, the question arises whether the backward race should be admitted to the electoral suffrage and to other political rights. Much is to be said on both sides of this question, which has been largely debated in South Africa and some other British Colonies, and still more debated in the United States.

How are the difficulties which have here been indicated to be met? They are difficulties likely to last for a long time, because it must be a long time before either the coloured races in the tropical lands grow civilised enough to secure some sort of equality, or before the white races become sufficiently acclimatised to labour there. There is, moreover, no present sign that the whites will try to acclimatise themselves in such lands, for the fact that unskilled labour is now performed by the coloured people degrades such labour in the eyes of the whites.

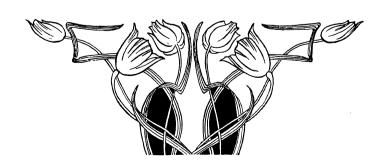
The circumstances of different tropical countries differ widely, and so also must the remedies differ which may be suggested for the evils described. Only one remedy can be said to be of universal application. It is that of treating the inferior races with justice and humanity.

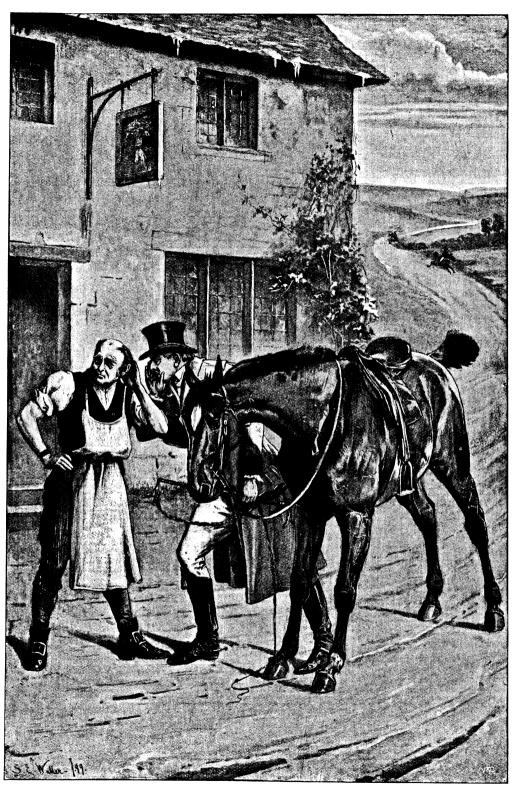
A philosopher might wish to point out to each of the European nations that they need not have been in so great a hurry to seize these new tropical territories and disturb the life which the native people were leading. He might demonstrate that the gains to be made by a few of its capitalists will not compensate the nation as a whole for the cost to which it will be put and the troubles it will have to face.

But these reasonings had never; much chance of being listened to, and now they come too late; for the territories have been seized, and the process called "developing" is in full swing. All that remains is to impress upon the governing authorities at home, and still more upon the European capitalists and settlers abroad, that the worse they use the natives, the worse it will be in the long run, if not for themselves, at any rate for the generations of white men who will hereafter have to deal with these backward races.

Economic mistakes and moral delinquencies bring their own punishment, though it may be long delayed. Slavery brought the War of Secession in the United States. The results of slavery may be seen in the industrial misfortunes which have befallen the British West Indies, though a better future seems to be dawning there with the progress, slow as it is, of the coloured people. A far worse result is to be seen in the condition of Hayti.

So if the backward races are rendered permanently hostile by harsh and contemptuous treatment, they will, as they advance in knowledge and in the capacity for organisation, become a more dangerous element in every country where they dwell beside the whites, and it may be that at last they will become again practically the masters of the country. The one remedy, the one policy which can "save the situation," where advanced and backward races are brought into contact as permanent inhabitants of the same land, is that the more civilised race should treat the inferior one with justice, and not only with justice, but with some measure of indulgent consideration.





"AFTER THE RUNAWAY LOVERS." FROM THE PICTURE BY S. E. WALLER.
"None are so deaf as those who will not hear."

A STRATEGIC MOVEMENT.

CLO GRAVES. By

HEN Mr. William Jupp, mariner, late of the tramping clay-steamer Lucy of Looe, from Stockholm to London Docks with a return-cargo of fresh meat and middle-aged eggs, had drawn his pay as A.B.—a title hotly contested by the

captain and mate of the Lucy of Looe—a desire to inhale once more the health-giving breezes of his native Kentish Town and renew old ties, somewhat rudely broken a few brief years previously, led the returned prodigal to board a 'bus bound for the north-west.

To nostrils fresh from the ocean breezes, the perfume of haddocks in the Queen's Crescent could give no sensation that was new, and after traversing a grove of these saline articles of diet, tastefully interspersed with cheap haberdashery and old ironware, Mr. Jupp steered down a narrow turning, pausing at the corner public-house to inquire the time, and finally brought-to at the middle house of a squeezy row of Unmistakable signs of five. distinguished the festivity dwelling: the muslin curtains were stiff with recent starch, and the doorsteps were dazzlingly clean. A potman from the public-house at the corner was in the act of delivering such a number of frothing quart pots at the "Pausing at the corner public-house area door that Mr. Jupp's first solo on the front-door

knocker, which wore a white calico favour of huge proportions, was rendered faint by emotion. Upon a repetition of the knock, his sister Lizzie, a fresh-coloured young woman of twenty-three, in a state of excitement and ribbons which even Mr. Jupp hesitated to attribute to joy at his return, opened to the wanderer.

"What ho, Liz!" said Mr. Jupp with

easy playfulness.

"My gracious!" remarked the freshcoloured young woman, without perceptible rapture, "it's

Bill ! "

"The same as ever," said Mr. Jupp, by a brotherly salute convincing the young woman that his fraternal feelings and the bristles on his chin were as strong as ever. She squealed, and at the shrill sound the upper half of the body of another young woman —in a similar condition as to ribbons and excitement—appeared above the landing of the kitchen stairs.

"We don't want no coal to-day," cried the second young woman. "Get off my clean doorstep, will you? Here, Rover! Ro——,"

"It ain't the coalman," said Lizzie, as a chain rattled in the back yard and a hoarse bark responded to the second young woman's call. Bill come home from sea!"

"Don't make as though you didn't know as what I was a-coming, both of you," said Mr. Jupp in an injured tone, "when you've 'ad a letter to sav."

The young women exchanged a glance and shook their heads. "That's another Bill," said the of yours,

"We haven't 'ad no first young woman. letter.

"Nor you didn't write us none, neither," said the second young woman. "If anythink came, it was a post-card!"

"It were a post-card," said the injured Mr. Jupp, "with a pictur' of the King o' Sweden on it."



to inquire the time."

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"And no stamp," said the second young woman. "The postman wanted me to pay tuppence for it, so I wouldn't take it in. It was just like you, he said."

"The pictur' of the King of Sweden?"

inquired the flattered Mr. Jupp.

"No; the meanness of posting it without

a stamp," said the second sister.

"I'll remember that postman when I see 'im," said the injured Mr. Jupp. "Meantime, are you two gals a-going to let me come aboard—in, I mean—or ain't you?"

"I suppose we must," said Bessie, the second young woman, who was the elder of the Misses Jupp. "Troubles never come

singly," she added.

"It never rains but it pours!" remarked Lizzie, as she economically opened the hall door just wide enough to admit the form of the returned wanderer, and warmly urged him to wipe his boots once more upon the mut which adorned the sacred threshold of home. "No, don't you go in there!" she added hastily, as Mr. Jupp extended his hand towards the knob of the front-parlour doo: "That's where it's all laid out an' waiting!"

"Not a corpse!" said Mr. Jupp, hastily

withdrawing his hand.

Both the girls giggled, and Mr. Jupp, who had a rooted aversion to corpses, felt relieved. "I noo if it was, it couldn't be neither o' you," he explained, as he followed his sisters to the basement kitchen, "'cos the best ones of a family are them what always gets took fust. Elfred, or Joe, I expected it 'ad 'ave bin, or father. 'Ow is the old man, since we're talkin'?"

"You may well ask how father is?" said Bessie, tossing her head. "You wouldn't need to ask if you knew *where* he is."

"Why, where is 'e?" inquired Mr. Jupp's

puzzled son.

"He's at church!" replied Lizzie. She exchanged a knowing wink with her sister, and together the young women enjoyed the pictorial changes of expression which rapidly succeeded one another on the mobile countenance of their elder brother.

"At church!" gasped Mr. Jupp at length. "Father! Why, what's come over 'im?"

"You may well ask," said Bessie. "Do you call to mind the little sweet-an'-tobacco shop in Railway Lane, kep' by a widow what never really was one—a Mrs. Clark, with a red nose an' a lot o' little ringlets of 'oburn' air? You do? Well, that's what's come over father!"

"Sweet-an'-tobacco shop in Railway Lane!

'Ow could that come over——?" Mr. Jupp was beginning, when an inner light dawned upon him, and he heavily smote his knee. "You mean the widder!" he cried. "Well, I'm blowed! An' so father's up to a bit of a lark at 'is age! Well done, 'im!"

"If you call gettin' married to a red-nosed old cat a bit of a lark," said Bessie, "that's what he is up to this minute. Joe an' Elfred 'ave gone to be bridesmaids," she added, as Mr. Jupp gave vent to a piercing whistle of astonishment, "'as me and Liz couldn't be

spared from 'ome."

"You could 'ave got a gal in," suggested Mr. Jupp, whose protracted abstinence from malt liquor—his last pint having been absorbed at the corner public-house previously mentioned—rendered his brain preternaturally clear.

"I reckon we could, silly," retorted Lizzie; "an' left her to look after the weddin'-

breakfast an' take in the beer."

"I could 'a' done that for you," hazarded

Mr. Jupp.

"I lay you could," said Bessie, with an unsisterly emphasis that brought a flush to the brow of the returned prodigal; "and watch the furniture, too."

"Watch the furniture!" echoed Mr. Jupp.

"For fear of bailiffs, d'yer mean?"

"For fear of stepmothers, which is worse," said Lizzie Jupp, her ribbons bristling with defiance of the lady who was at that moment receiving the vows of the elder Mr. Jupp. "You've no idea what a under'anded, artful thing she is, for all 'er mealy-mouthed talk."

"But we've got the better of 'er, mealy-mouth an' all," said Bessie, "or we shall when her and father 'ave started on the wedding journey to their new 'ome. There's all 'is clothes, packed in that corded box in the passage, ready to go away."

"'Ome!'" echoed Mr. Jupp. "Why, ain't

this their 'ome?"

"Not while me an' Liz an' Elfred an' Joe are inside of it, whatever you may be pore-sperrited enough to think," said Bessie.

"Why, ain't it—ain't it big enough?" hazarded Mr. Jupp, his eye questing furtively

in search of the beer-cans.

"No!" said Bessie plumply.

"It used to be, when mother was alive," said Mr. Jupp, whose tongue clave to the roof of his mouth with thirst.

"But it isn't now," said Lizzie. "The fust thing me and Bess done, when father broke the news of 'is engagement, was to move 'is bed 'an chest of drawers an' wash-stand an' things up into the little attic in the

roof, an' take his large first-floor front bedroom for ourselves. Then we divided the other two bedrooms between Elfred and Joe, an' dared 'em to move out. Father tried 'ard to come over 'em to change with 'im, and once or twice he managed it; but we always changed his things back to the attic whenever he moved 'em out, an' at last he got resigned an' took a little furnished house at 'Ighgate Clayfields for himself an' his bride."

"But what about the rent o' this one?"

asked Mr. Jupp with bluntness.

"There's only two quarters more to pay to the Building Society," said Bessie, "and then the house is ours."

"Father's, you mean," Mr. Jupp was going to say, but the look in Bessie's eye silenced the words upon his tongue, and he turned the conversation, dwelling upon the dryness of the weather and the thirst-provoking properties of the air of Kentish Town. The arid lack of sympathy with which his hints were ignored was fast converting him from a man and a brother into a mere man, when the legs of a cabhorse were seen to pass the window of the basement kitchen, from which all light was immediately afterwards blocked out by the body of a four-wheeled cab. A moment later Mr. Jupp's latch-key was heard in the door, which his daughters had thoughtfully bolted.

"I thought it might be you," said Lizzie, as, after a protracted interval, during which Mr. Jupp senior had been heard to swear, she admitted the happy couple, followed by the bridesmaids, Joe and Alfred; a sandy-haired, middle-aged niece of the bride, attired in the blue serge and poke-bonnet of the Salvation Army; a stout lady in a velvet mantle and feathers, who had taken over the lease, fixtures, stock, and goodwill of the little sweet-and-tobacco shop in the Railway Lane, and who had brought her little girl; and three of Mr. Jupp's male cronies and club associates, who had come to give their friend countenance and support.

"If you thought it was me—us, I mean," said Mr. Jupp, with a fatherly scowl, "'ow is it you didn't open the door?" He led his blushing bride past his daughters, threw open the door of the front room where the wedding-breakfast was spread, and smoothed his corrugated brow as he viewed his well-spread board. "Eliza, you set at the 'ead, side o' me," he continued. "Missis Jecks, you an' Lotty come 'ere on my left. Clarkson, look after the bottom of the table;

there's a cold loin o' pork out o' your own shop what we'll look to you to carve. Widgett, you git on the left and o' Clarkson, an' Blaberry, you set on 'is knife side. Joe an' Elfred, stow yourselves where you can. Now, then, gals, where's the beer?"

But neither Mr. Clarkson, who was gallant, as are all butchers, nor Mr. Blaberry, who was a builder, nor Mr. Widgett, who kept an oil and hardware store, would be seated before the Misses Jupp, whose natural charms, heightened by ribbons and indignation, had created an instantaneous impression.

"We're coming directly," said Bessie, with a fascinating smile, bestowed impartially upon all three men, "an' so's the beer. No wonder pore father wants a drop, after all he

has gone through this morning."

"Gone through?" echoed the stout lady, who, having acquired the sweet-and-tobacco shop upon low terms, was temporarily an enthusiastic partisan of the new Mrs. Jupp.

"Gone through?"

"You're a bit deaf, ain't you?" said Bessie, bridling. "So's father, in one ear, and both when sensible people try to offer 'im advice. I've half wished I was, more than once o' late, when I've 'appened to over'ear remarks as 'ave bin made. What was it, Liz, the cabman said when you took 'im out 'is fare?"

"'No fool like an old fool,' I think it was," said Lizzie, serving out the beer and accidentally passing over the bride, an instance of neglect which the incensed bridegroom remedied by wresting the jug from his rebellious offspring and helping his wife himself. "But 'e 'ad a shilling in 'is mouth, and it didn't come out clear. Move up a bit more, Joe; another plate 'as got to get in at this corner. Ain't it pleasant," she continued brightly—"we shall be just thirteen at table—with Bill?"

Mr. Jupp senior's loaded fork had been arrested on its way to his mouth at the sound of the prodigal's name. As the door creaked modestly open, his jaw visibly dropped, but he shook hands with the thirteenth with some show guest cordiality, and introduced her eldest stepson to the new Mrs. Jupp by the simple process of jerking his chin at the gentleman and immediately nudging the lady in the side. Rendered venomous by the attacks of the sisters, the late incumbent of the sweetstuffand-tobacco shop saw in the awkward form and embarrassed countenance of the returned wanderer a suitable sacrifice, and immediately

proceeded to offer him up, by asking how long he had been away.

"Five year!" said Mr. William Jupp

with brevity.

dear!" ejaculated "Dear, the Mrs. Jupp, "and did they give you as much

"Did who give him what?" queried

Mr. Jupp senior in some surprise.

"The judge and jury, I meant, but I was afraid it 'ud wound 'is feelings to mention 'em," explained the new Mrs. Jupp delicately.

"What maggot 'ave you got into your 'ead now." demanded the bridegroom, "'bout judges and juries? Bill 'as bin

away to sea.

"I'm shore I beg pardon," apologised the new Mrs. Jupp, as her eldest stepson commanded his swollen feelings and addressed himself to cold pork and beer. "I must 'ave bin thinking of your pore wife's brother Ben what broke the jeweller's winder with a brick an' stole a trayful o' wedding-rings."

"I wonder at 'im, if 'e did," said Mr. William Jupp, glaring pointedly at his new parent over a chop bone, at this untimely reference to the undeniable blot "One weddin'on the family scutcheon. ring's enough for most men."

"An' too much for some!" said his younger brother Joe, stimulated to the sally

by the shrill giggles of his sisters.

"Are you a-going to set by and hear me insulted at your-at my own table, an' on such a day as this?" demanded the bride

shrilly of the elder Mr. Jupp.

"Joe," said that gentleman in a voice rendered thick by emotion and mashed "You an' me'll 'ave a word in the back yard by an' by. You ain't too old an' too big to whop—whatever others may be."

"Come, come!" said Clarkson, who loved "Birds in their little '—you know! Who'll 'ave a bit more pork?" and he smiled genially as he contemplated the fast-vanishing

joint, which he had supplied.

"Not for me!" said the second Mrs. Jupp, in a faint, ladylike voice, as she pushed away her empty plate. "I don't wish to put anybody off of it—but it tastes a bit measly, to my mind."

"Measly!" gasped the outraged butcher, crimson from his throttling collar to the tips of his large ears. "Me sell measly meat!

Look here——"

"Don't pay no attention, Mr. Clarkson," said Lizzie in a loud, bright, cheerful whisper. "Don't you know them as ain't used to 'ave no fresh meat are always the

'ardest to please? Bloaters all the week round, an' 'block ornaments' on Sundaysthat's about 'er mark!"

"If you're a man, Jupp," panted the incensed bride, "you'll show it now, by

standing up for your wife!"

"What's the matter now?" growled Mr. Jupp senior, looking up from a plateful of apple-pie, as his spouse sank back in her chair, making noises in her throat suggestive of clucking poultry and clocks running down. "What 'as anybody bin an' said now? You're too feeling, Eliza, that's what you are."

"There, there!" said the stout lady soothingly, as the poultry and the clocks continued: "there, there's a dear! 'er a drop of beer, Mr. Jupp, sir—the jug's your way. See, now," she continued, as Mr. Jupp's compliance promptly flooded the table-cloth, "he's 'elped you as 'e loves you—as the saying is!"

"There's nothing in the glass but froth," sobbed the bride, after an unavailing attempt

to drink out of the tumbler.

"Give 'er the jug," suggested Alfred, who had not yet offered any contribution to the general conversation. Reading in his father's eye an appointment in the back-yard similar to Joe's, the youth choked, and the elderly young lady in Salvation Army uniform patted him obligingly upon the back.

"That's what comes of eatin' in a 'urry,"

said the stout lady rebukingly.

"Don't blame the pore boy," said his new mother in a sudden access of affection. "You'd bolt, if you was kep' as short o' food as Elfred is. Ribbons an' fal-lals has to be paid for at the draper's, if two young women as ought to know better want to be took for worse than what they are." This homethrust delivered at the Misses Jupp rendered Bessie, for the moment, incapable of speech. Lizzie was about to plunge into the arena, when the passage of an enormous furniturevan down the narrow thoroughfare without shook the small house so violently that she was obliged to cling to her next neighbours for support. These being Mr. Clarkson and Mr. Widgett, who manifested gratification at being clung to, the indignation of Mrs. Jupp was raised to boiling-point.

"Well, I'm sure!" she said, with a scandalised glare at the offenders. "Nice goings on!"

"Nice goings off, you mean," said the humorous Mr. Widgett, pointing with his unoccupied arm to the word 'Removals,' which was painted in child-high yellow letters on the passing vehicle.



"'Now, then, gals, where's the beer?"

"Somebody's doin' a quittin' to-day, ain't 'em?" observed the stout lady.

"Prob'ly them Gadgers at Number Five," said Mr. Jupp hastily. "Told me yesterday 'e thought o' movin', Gadger did."

"The van's stoppin' 'ere!" squealed the little girl who had accompanied the stout

lady, as the house left off trembling and the grinding wheels stopped.

"It's a mistake," said Mr. Jupp, hastily bolting the last mouthful of pie. "I'll go an' tell 'em——" He rose, but not as quickly as his daughters.

"Don't you trouble, father," said Lizzie,

with unmistakable meaning, as she turned the key in the door, withdrew it, and placed

it in her pocket.

"You sit down and finish your beer, father," said Bessie warningly. "You'll have to start in a few minutes now, if you want to get into your new place by tea-time."

"Out away by 'Ighgate Clayfields, ain't

it?" queried Mr. Blaberry.

Some secret emotion impeded the speech of Mr. Jupp and flushed his countenance, as he replied that the localisation of Mr. Blaberry was in every way correct, and opened a bottle of unsweetened gin.

"Such a dismal, lonesome, out o' the way kind o' place to settle in, I should 'ave thought," said the Salvation niece of

Mrs. Jupp hesitatingly.

"Not for a noo married couple, my dear!" said the stout lady, taking a little cold water

in a glass of gin.

"It's what I call a hideel situation—that's what I call it!" said Mr. Jupp, sipping at a tumbler he was mixing for his wife and openly winking over the edge of it. "Down near the bottom of a nooly opened street with a railway-embankment blockin' up the end, an' a reclaimed bit o' waste ground at No shops 'cept a chandler's, the back. which is also a greengrocer's an' a butcher's an' a baker's an' grocer's in one. drapers, no theayter, no singin'-'all, no cookin'-club nor Young Women's Friendly, which is another name for sweetheartin' on the sly. Quarter of a mile to walk to catch your train, an' a 'bus every 'arf-'our to the places you don't want to go to."

"Well, I hope you'll both be 'appy there!" said Bessie, laughing unrestrainedly. "How those vanmen are bumping the things about

next door!"

"They've done now!" said Mr. Jupp, lighting a large, pale cigar in a red waistband, as the heavy doors of the van banged to, and the vehicle lumbered away. 'adn't much to take," he added incautiously. Where are you off to?" Lizzie Jupp, with cheeks some degrees paler in hue, had risen and hurried to the door.

"I—I thought I'd 'ave a look at the kitchen fire!" she faltered, her uneasiness increased by the discovery that the new

Mrs. Jupp was smiling.

"Blow the kitchen fire!" said Mr. Jupp "Eliza, get your bonnet on. Joe, lightly.

you run and fetch a cab."

"There's one waiting at the corner, outside the 'Frothing Pot,' said Bessie affectionately. "Me and Liz saw to that!" She produced

a large bag of paper confetti and a secondhand boot from a drawer in the sideboard. and, in a pelting blizzard of coloured paper, Mr. Jupp, his box, and his newly wedded wife, hurried through the hall, down the doorsteps and into the cab, into which Alfred was hauled at the last moment by the author of his being. The door banged, the second-hand boot shattered the window, and the married couple had started on their honeymoon.

"Father feels shy, I suppose," said Lizzie, giggling as she settled her ribbons and exchanged a look of triumph with her sister,

" or he wouldn't have took Elfred."

"He may keep him if he likes," said Bessie Jupp. "Always too much of a favourite, Elfred's bin, to please me. Now, Mr. Clarkson, will you have a cup of tea after all this excitement, or something better?"

The gallant Mr. Clarkson said he would have something better, and took it in the shape of a kiss, Messrs. Widgett and Blaberry following the example of the bold butcher, in claiming like tribute, the payment of which was ungrudgingly witnessed by Joe and Mr. William Jupp, while rousing shivering emotions of disgust and contempt in the bosoms of the stout lady, the Salvation niece, and the little girl, whose expression of outraged virtue was wonderful for so immature a performer. These undesired guests had just reassumed their discarded headgear and taken an unregretted leave, and the suggestion of spending the rest of the evening at the theatre had just been mooted by the popular Clarkson and hailed with rapture by the two young ladies, when a thundering tattoo at the hall door caused the stout lady to start and scream, and the unfastening of the portal revealed the boy Alfred, hatless, crimson, splashed with mud, and gasping for breath.

"My gracious goodness!" cried the stout

lady, "there's bin a accident!"

"Anything happened?" demanded Clark-

"What's up, Elf?" said his elder brother. "Can't you speak?" urged his sister Lizzie. "You're frightening everybody."

"Gasping like a——" Bessie did not say like a "fish," because fish have done all their gasping before they come to be sold in Kentish Town; she substituted "like a bellows," which satisfied everybody. anybody ill—or dead?" she ended.

The boy Alfred gasped once more and

said "Father!"

" What?"

" No!"

"You don't mean-"

"I do," said Alfred loudly—"that is, leastways, 'e ain't quite," he continued glibly. "'E's 'ad a sudden stroke, an' they've carried 'im into Bickford the chemist's, in the Kentish Town Road; an' 'e've sent me 'ome to say as what's 'appened is a judgment on 'im for marryin' agin' 'is dear daughters' wishes. An' he wants the one what always loved 'im best to come an' witness 'is will, 'cos 'e means to leave everythink to 'er. You're to 'urry



"Without an instant's delay, she ran down the street after Lizzie."

there at once without goin' upstairs to put on your 'ats, he says, in case he changes 'is mind."

"The one what always loved im best. That means me," said Bessie, as she snatched her errand-going hat from a peg in the hall. "I was always the one pore father liked best of all."

"Ah, but I was the one what made the most of 'im!" said Lizzie. She wrested the hat from her sister's grasp, and darted out of the house, down the steps, and round the corner in an instant.

"Cat!" ejaculated Bessie. Without an instant's delay, she forcibly deprived Alfred of his cap, and ran down the street after Messrs. Clarkson, Widgett, and Blaberry, left standing on the steps, exchanged dubious glances.

"I wonder which of 'em he thinks loves 'im best?" said Mr. Blaberry, who was

naturally a reflective man.

"I wonder which o' them Jupp'll leave his bit o' money to?" said Mr. Clarkson. "I wish I was quite sure. As to their love for 'im, it seems to me there's more bone

than meat about it—not that I wish to prejudice you against 'em."

"You couldn't if you tried," said Mr. Widgett ambiguously. He started at an amble, and Clarkson and Blaberry guessed that his destination was the chemist's in the Kentish Town Road. Mutually on their guard against the meanness that strives to grasp an advantage, they captured their hats and followed. The boy

Alfred, grinning cheerfully, watched them depart.

Joe, who had a soft heart, snivelled.

Mr. William Jupp, who had hastened back into the banqueting-chamber to fortify himself against approaching bereavement, helped himself to the beer that was left, and then balanced the gin-bottle, in which a small quantity yet remained, upside down upon his underlip.

"It's what 'appens to all on us," he remarked piously, his eyes still riveted piously upon the ceiling. "Slipped 'is cable by now, 'e 'as, I expect. Ploorisy or pewmonia, or 'plexy or 'paralicks, or one o' them sicknesses what all

seems to begin with the same letter. did the chemist say it was, Elfred?"

"The chemist said," growled the familiar accents of Mr. Jupp senior, as his horrified son, with a yell, dropped the bottle and reeled backwards into the fortunately empty fireplace—"the chemist said it were the best joke 'e ever 'eard of in all 'is life, played on two o' the brazenest-faced 'ussies what ever laid their 'eads together to turn their own father out of 'is own 'ouse an' 'ome.

in 'ere, Eliza; you're in your own place. Bolt the front door, Elf; I see them two a-running down the street." He threw up the parlour window and leaned with dramatic carelessness upon the sill, as the flushed faces of Bessie and Lizzie appeared above the level of the area railings. "Bin 'aving a bit of exercise?" their parent queried, with a sarcastic grin. "Nice warm day for a run if you don't overdo it. I see you 'ave, an' upset yourselves," he added kindly, as the outwitted sisters burst, with one accord, into loud sobs. "Better git 'ome an' lay down an' 'ave a cup o' tea—leastways, the one that lays down," he added; "the one what don't'll 'ave to git the tea."

"Fa-father!" sobbed Bessie. "Oh, what a wicked trick you've bin an' played us!"

"Oh, father," wailed Lizzie "" making out as you was dyin' an' all!"

"You're drawin' public attention to the

'ouse," said Mr. Jupp severely. "Go 'ome an' torse up for that cup o' tea!"

"This is our 'ome!" sniffed Bessie.

"You know it is!" added Lizzie tearfully.
"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Jupp genially, his arm affectionately round the waist of the second Mrs. Jupp. "Your 'ome is now the little 'ouse at 'Ighgate Clayfields, in the noo street. You'll find all your clothes an' things there," he added; "I 'ad 'em took away while we was 'aving breakfast—lent the vandriver my spare latch-key, I did, an' two pair of old socks what 'im an' 'is mate put on cret their boots, so as not to be over'eard. Now, git along 'ome. The rent's paid in advance for a 'arf-quarter. I make you a present o' that."

"Oh, father!" wailed the outcast Peris.

"O-oh, father!"

"You go to Highgate!" said Mr. Jupp, and shut the window down.



"'Oh, father!' wailed the outcast Peris."

THE SPECIMEN-CASES.

By PERCY G. MANDLEY.



PURNED from the heels of the clattering Pullman, the moaning metals slid away mournfully into the setting sun, and the Englishman, weary of their complaint,

turned from the breezy tail platform and threw himself, prone and perspiring, on the red plush seats of the smoking compartment. His white drill coat was thrown aside, displaying the senseless starched shirt. his collar was a limp rag, and he regarded covetously the comfort of his companion, the bespectacled, brown-bearded German. who scarcely sweated under flannel and The only other Pullman passengers were three Mexicans who were playing an unknown game with weird-looking Spanish cards in the saloon. Between the months of June and October the Mexican Central runs empty trains down to the Hot Lands. and full ones up to the Great Plateau, for then is the sickly season in the height of its swing, when the Yellow Death holds court along the coast, and the Gulf ports are given over to mosquitoes and microbes. Nevertheless, business is business to some, and so, though it was September and the rains in full flood, three sallow Tampican merchants, having deposited their families safely up in Aguas Calientes, were going back heroically to the accumulation of dollars and the absorption of malarial germs, objects of pity to themselves and to the two Teutons whose business in the same port was to take ship for blessed Europe. The latter, wrapped in a certain sympathy and assorted literature of four languages, compared notes through a curling fog of tobacco smoke. Without, a perpetual green curtain of steaming bush whirled across the window in a bewildering Within was the damp, dank heat of a vapour bath.

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"No-o," said the Englishman reflectively between the pipe-puffs, "the bright land of Anahuac has its points, but I'm not specially sorry to see the last of 'em. It'll be like heaven to breathe the sea air again and to smell the smell of wholesome English cook-Fancy "—he stretched himself with the fat smile of anticipated ecstasy—"fancy being able to get a decent bath every morning, and not having to rub yourself eternally with ammonia. What with fleas and mosquitoes and sand-flies and ticks, all my impressions of this country are dominated by one steady sensation—the verb 'to itch.'"

The German chuckled appreciatively.

"You say right," he observed; "it is a svine of a country, and not much goot for my profession eider. Dere are, as you say, plenty of mosquitoes and garrapatas andoder tings; but specimens—no, dey are vat you call few and far between. Der Guianas are der places for my vork-Columbia or der Guianas."

"You're a naturalist by profession, then not an amateur?" asked the other.

"Dot's right. Vat you people call a bughunter," answered Genius, with cheerful self-

depreciation. "Oh!" remarked irreverent Ignorance, which does not dream of self-depreciation, "I thought you seemed to take a vast interest in the local fauna and flora, and to have a passion for hopping out to prospect at every But it never occurred to me to take you seriously, you know. Those packingcase things they put on board at Rascon would be your specimens, I suppose?"

The German was lighting a fresh cigar, and his face was invisible when his voice

answered at length from the clouds.

Dose vere my specimens, such as dey are—vich is not vort much. Las Palmas—no?"

The train slackened her pace wheezily like a broken-winded mare; the great engine-bell commenced to clang, and the Yankee conductor aired his Spanish lustily.

"Las Palmas!" he bawled out; "twenty minutes for supper!" and the three Mexicans rose with eagerness.

"Oh, Heavens!" groaned the Englishman

wearily; one must eat, I suppose, but I shall have a terrible pain in my innards directly, I know. What's the best antidote for tinned snapper and frijoles, Chinese cooked, and eaten against time? Why can't these Central people feed you on the premises like the National do?"

"Der best," said the other gravely, "is to

he remarked, and bring your grips along with you. You're a durn long way from Tampico yet."

"Hallo!" exclaimed the Englishman,

"what's the matter now?"

"Wash out down the line," came the drawling reply. "Wire just come along to stop us. You'll have to let that old steamer



bring your own scoff along vid you and so

be independent."

He fished out a small luncheon-basket from somewhere under the seat. "You had better choin me, my frient." But before the invitation could be accepted or declined, the conductor's burly figure slouched in through the doorway, his hands deep down in his trousers' pockets, and upon his brow an exaggerated air of resigned calm.

"Guess you may as well come right out,"

rip, I reckon, this journey, 'less you finish the trip horseback. When does she sail!"

"Monday. Good Heavens! Could we

get there in time?"

"Two days. I guess so—hurryin'. I'll fire your trunks out right now if—— Why! what——?"

Without waiting for more, the seemingly placid German had bounced from his seat and, snatching his belongings together, rushed from the car, expressing as he left

his opinion of the Mexican Central Railway, its directors, constructing engineers, and officials, with a fluency and vigour which left the two Anglo-Saxons gasping.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed the astonished conductor, staring after him. "He can rip out some, cain't he? Out of sight I call him, as an elecutionist. How's it wuss for him then the rest earther?"

him than the rest, anyhow?"

Well before the dawn of the following day, a small cavalcade started out from Las Palmas along the trail to the coast. head rode the German naturalist and the Englishman, side by side, each bestriding a wiry, hard-mouthed, tick-tortured Mexican pony. A string of eight pack mules, bearing the baggage and the naturalist's specimen cases, followed in single file, whilst the rear was brought up by a ragged Indian mozo, also mounted, who encouraged the laggard animals from time to time with a stick. was not a very happy little procession. German was sour, the Englishman on his dignity, the mozo more than half asleep, and the chilling influence of the hour was on them all. The night had been one of Sturm und Drang. The mild-mannered naturalist of the preceding day had transformed himself into a raging Goth of Berserk moods, whose sweeping and savage denunciation of all and everything connected with the railway had brought him to the verge of war with the Company's representatives on the spot, from the Yankee conductor to the coloured car-porter. Nevertheless, to his stormy energy was chiefly due the prompt arrangement for transport to the coast, and now, under the influence of motion, he was slowly coming to himself again. Englishman, however, whom his companion's lack of self-control had somewhat disgusted, was inclined to be cold and uncommunicative, and smoked his pipe in severe silence. Thus for a considerable time they proceeded dismally, the harsh, croaking clamour of the ravens proclaiming the dawn from tree-tops, and the squelching shuffle of the hoofs in the deep, soft mud being the only sounds which broke the stillness. German's spirits rose steadily with the sun, though he still evinced a restless impatience to get on, and blasphemed luridly in brilliant Spanish whenever the mules or the mozo showed signs of flagging. He began presently to make tentative efforts to undermine his companion's reserve, though for some time without much success.

"I tell you vat," he said at last; "dies is

rotten business—dies horseback travelling. If ve miss dot steamer, it vill be pretty, I tell you, to vait a fortnight in Tampico and catch Yellow Chack, or to go all der vay back and rount by New York. Ve lost our tempers last night, and no vonder."

He watched the effect of this shot out of the corner of his eye, and was gratified to see that it took effect.

"I wasn't aware that I lost mine," said the Englishman, without turning his head.

"Who vouldn't haf lost it?" went on the other, unabashed. "Dose railway people, dey chuck my specimens about as dough dey were—peons' trunks. It vas a tousand vonders everyting vas not gesmashed. Still, it vas foolish of us both to lose our tempers," he admitted sweetly, with another sidelong glance at his companion; and this time the Englishman caught his eye and gave a shout of laughter.

Diplomatic relations were now resumed, and all through the blazing, reeking day, through the terrific rainstorms which forced them to hack their way into the bush for shelter, and the pitiless, red-hot sunshine which followed on the heels of the rain, the German kept his comrade amused and entertained. He knew the lore of every tree and bird and flower and insect; he imitated the peculiar hornpipe whistle of the sinsontle so perfectly that the mozo could not tell which was bird and which was man; and. despite his anxiety to get on, he dismounted incessantly to examine various plants, of which he had always some wonder to relate. He brought down a wheeling zopilote with a single shot from a 450 Smith and Wesson, as a score of the great, gaunt birds flapped up reluctantly from the carcass of a steer by the roadside, and on other occasions displayed a skill with the same weapon which would have aroused the envy of a Texan cowboy. Or, again, he enthralled his companion with anecdotes of horses and horseflesh, of which he had as many as a yeoman of the English shires. He told of cow-ponies up in Colorado which had eaten of the dreaded loco-grass and gone madder than a March hare, leaping over their own shadows and bolting when the moon rose; of horses stolen from lonely haciendas being recognised by their owners in the Bucareli bull-ring in Mexico City; of the tempers and tricks of all sorts and conditions of steeds, from a Wyoming bronco to a German cavalry-horse. His own seat had the natural, easy grace of a man who spends half his life in the saddle, for though the average Mexican caballo de alguiler does not afford much opportunity for equestrian display, there are certain signs which are not to be mistaken. The light fingering of the rein, like the touch of a girl on the strings of a guitar; the quiet, almost imperceptible play of wrist and knee which gets the most out of a sluggish mount; the deft "pick-up" from a stumble—all these things, though marred occasionally by some Mexican brutality of bit and spur, bespoke In reply to a complimentary remark of the Englishman's, he declared with pride that he had served in the Prussian Guard Hussars. It was palpable, however, that his seat and style had never been acquired in any military riding-school.

But when, with the abruptness of the tropics, the sun had sunk below the bush, and the fireflies began to dance and dart among the trees; when, with diabolical chant, the pitiless mosquitoes sallied forth in their thousands to war, then the German wrapped himself in his serape, shut his mouth down tightly over his cigar, and relapsed into sober silence. He smoked incessantly, and swallowed quinine in quantities which would have made his fellow-traveller reel, for he was not taking any chances. Henceforth the evening was given over to a harsh and clamorous roar, like a blending of the chatter of innumerable guinea-fowl with the boom of surf on the seashore. It was the frogs' Te Deum for the blessings of rain. In the lulls could be heard the ferocious battle-hymn of the mosquito struggling for supremacy with the zig-zig-zig of the little The sickening stench of rotting vegetation invaded and overwhelmed the atmosphere. Grey phantoms stole silently from the swampy ground and glided furtively through the jungle like the shades of lost The Fever-Fiend and all his misty myrmidons were abroad and busy spreading poison on the night air. Death and Decay gibbered at the travellers from the *chapparal* on either side of the trail, and grimly warned them to seek a camp. Silently they acknowledged the hint and pressed on swiftly through the steam and the reek and the menace of the night.

They took their sleep in the squalid encampment of some peons employed on the adjacent railway, accepting the hospitality of a fever-broken Yankee foreman, and were on the road again with the dawn. Two hours later they arrived at the little village of San José, where a new mozo, engaged by wire from Las Palmas, awaited them with a

fresh relay of horses and mules. whilst this exchange was being effected, with the usual accompaniment of haggling and cadging, that the German, who had been in a jovial and cheery mood, became suddenly silent and abstracted. His manner and attitude suggested those of a man who strives to listen through an irritating jumble of jarring sounds. The small crowd of loafers whom curiosity and the national instinct of mendicancy had drawn to the spot, ceased their whining cries of "Por Dios, señores!" to listen likewise, and presently became aware that the noises of the morning were dominated by a crescendo murmur like the coming of a tornado or stampede of cattle. The murmur gathered volume and presently resolved itself into the swishing, trampling rush of horses galloping fetlock deep in mud, accompanied by a military rattle of bit and scabbard and spur, much creaking of leather, and hard breathing of man and beast. Rurales, in brown, mud-bespattered buckskin and broad-brimmed grey sombreros, cantered smartly up, unshipped carbines at a word from their leader, and spread themselves out across the trail. Their officer, a swarthy subaltern, came forward somewhat nervously and saluted the travellers with a civil "Good day, caballeros. He regretted that his duty compelled him to detain them a moment whilst he put a few questions to them. Would the Señores oblige him with their names, occupations, and present destina-His glance as he spoke flashed quickly from one to the other with a puzzled and slightly embarrassed look, like one who finds a stranger where he expected to meet a His manner was that of a man torn friend. between a fine sense of duty coupled with a comfortable consciousness of ten loaded Remingtons at his back, and a lively knowledge of the danger of overdoing that duty in dealing with Teutonic subjects.

Cards were produced to prove that the subjects were one Bertram Ledward, of Liverpool, and a certain Hermann Krause, of Hamburg. Further cross-examination disclosed the facts that by trade one was an electrician, and the other a naturalist, that their destination was Europe, viâ Tampico and New Orleans, and (this last unsolicited) that they were in a very great hurry to get on.

The Rural, however, begged the favour of permission to inspect their luggage, which, being granted, he proceeded to do with the aid of two of his men, and the leisurely deliberation of the most evil-minded of



"The Smith and Wesson spoke again."

Customs officers. The Englishman, after expressing a desire to know the exact nature of the offence of which he was suspected, bore all with a Christian patience, contenting himself with sweetly speculative inquiries as to the possibility of claiming compensation in case of missing the steamer. The German, in a spirit of sarcasm, begged the officer to accept a cigar, to take his own time entirely, and to make himself absolutely at home—in all of which he was, to his dismay, taken gravely at his word. Finally, the luggage having been drawn blank, the gendarme gracefully deplored the necessity for opening the naturalist's specimen-cases.

The Englishman remonstrated forcibly, declaring it would take an hour; the German pointed to the ventilation-holes with which the cases were perforated, prayed that his specimens might be left undisturbed, and finally said wicked things, but the Mexican

remain politely inexorable.

"Well, sir," said the Englishman at last, "if it is your duty, I suppose it will have to be done. But let me beg of you to be

quick."

"And let me beg of you, sir, to be careful," added the German, "not only for my sake, but also for your own. I do not want my specimens to be injured, and I do not want you to be bitten by venomous reptiles, either." The *gendarme* looked startled; nevertheless he ordered his men to unscrew the lid of a case, and as two of them raised it cautiously, the officer peered underneath. A repulsive-looking mass of dead leaves, roots, and other rubbish met his eyes, with creepy suggestions of hidden, crawling things below. The Rural turned pale.

"Loathsome!" he muttered disgustedly, pulling at his cigar; then drawing his sword, he commenced to turn the top stuff over carefully with its point. Instantly there came a violent hiss, and the wicked head of a rattlesnake flickered up threateningly.

"Ah! Caramba! Un cascabel!" yelled the two troopers, letting the lid fall; and the officer bounded backwards, dropping both

his sabre and his cigar.

"Un cascabel!" he exclaimed, trembling violently and wiping the sweat of fear from his forehead. "Que barbaridad!"

He gave orders for the lid to be screwed on again securely, and turned to the

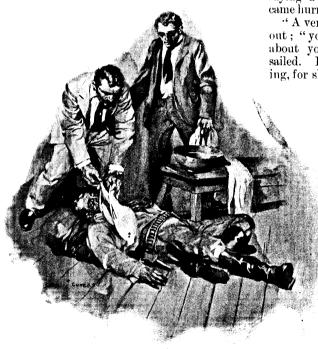
naturalist with profuse apologies.

"It is very evident, senor, that you are not the man we are looking for," he said. "El Brujo would assuredly not carry such things as that about with him. I have to

offer you a thousand thanks for your patience, and my very deepest apologies."

He made his troopers place everything in order again on the mules' backs, himself testing the security of the lashings, pressed the cigar of peace upon both his late victims, and—always apologising—finally rode on with his men, taking with him a proud consciousness of having comported himself as an officer and a gentleman, and leaving behind him an air of oppressive courtesy. travellers heaved a huge sigh of relief as the brown uniforms vanished into the bush ahead, and resumed their way with a hot determination to make up for lost time. now a distinct danger of missing their vessel, and the Englishman looked worried and anxious. He had not, any more than his companion, the slightest desire to spend a fortnight in a dreary and fever-stricken Gulf port; neither did he wish to return by the way he had come and go home by the wearisome railway journey through the States. The German, on the other hand, appeared to have forgotten his fears in his delight over the gendarme's discomfiture, which seemed to have tickled his humour to an astonishing degree. He laughed himself silly over the memory until he seemed to grow ashamed of his mirth, and tried to compose himself, like a man who has taken too much wine at a dinner-party and finds his features setting themselves into a meaningless, moonlike He strove to speak seriously, biting his moustache, but his laughter bubbled and spluttered subterraneously, flinging itself forth from time to time in huge bursts of merriment, like the play of an Icelandic The steamy, languorous heat under which the Englishman was cooking like a cabbage hardly seemed to affect his humorous comrade, who displayed the spirits of a two-year-old terrier. He chattered and joked incessantly, and jettisoned half-smoked cigars in order to blare out German student and soldier songs at the top of his big baritone voice. He sang "Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus," though he at least was no longer a youth, "Der gute Kamerad," in honour of his companion, and "Heil Dir im Siegenkranz," which, having the same tune as two national anthems of Britain and America, was presumably in honour of the whole Teutonic race. And the Englishman, catching the infection of his mood, joined in despite the heat, and the two made merry throughout the day, convincing the astonished mozo that both had a touch of the sun.

The day was drawing in when they came out on the hill above Tampico and beheld the great lake of Pueblo Viejo, swollen to a sea by the recent rains, gleaming vastly on the southern horizon. The broad Pánuco, tumbling torrentially towards the Gulf, had picked up the timid little Tamesí in his arms and swirled her along with him in his headlong course. Half the landscape was under water. The town was invested by thousands of acres of malarial swamp, and between it and the wharves of Doña Cecilia, where the steamers lie, were miles of inundated waste.



"The observant Consul laid his handkerchief gently over the white face."

It was probable that, after booking their passages at the agent's office, they would be compelled to go down to the boat in canoes, as the railway was apparently washed away. They pressed on anxiously towards the town, meeting droves of aguadores, or water-carriers, returning to their villages with their donkeys and mules. The bells of the distant church were ringing the Angelus, and the peons, removing their straw sombreros, ceased for a moment the mechanical beating of their beasts and perpetual cries of "Ai! ai! fuera!" The clear note of a bugle came up from below. They swung along rapidly round the desolate cemetery

and presently found themselves on a species of common, between a ruined old fort which had once withstood the French, and the modern quarters of the Tampico garrison.

"Herr Gott! Dere are dose Rurales again!" and "Why, there's our dear snake-charmer!" broke from the travellers simultaneously, as they perceived half-adozen of their friends of the morning loafing about the barrack-gate, fraternising with the slovenly, slouching linesmen. The "snake-charmer," who was smoking a cigarette and chatting with the lieutenant on guard, jumped up on catching sight of them and, saying a few words to his brother officer, came hurriedly to meet them.

"A very good evening, señores!" he called out; "you are just in time. I have inquired about your steamer, and she has not yet sailed. But you must be aboard this evening, for she leaves to-morrow at dawn."

"Hooray!" shouted the Englishman; "a thousand thanks, señor. And the trains—are they still running to the wharf?"

"No, señor. You will have to take canoes. I must not detain you. I wish you both bon voyage—eh? Remember me to the snake."

"Con muchisimo gusto," they laughed back at him. "Adios, señor." And "Thank the good God for that!" muttered the German under his breath.

Of that which then happened the Englishman had afterwards but a disjointed impression. The whole thing took place with such bewildering rapidity. But it seemed that one of the mules bearing the specimen-cases

cannoned against a water-carrier's mule which was passing, and the latter, wheeling round with a squeal, lashed out furiously with both hind-legs. Bang! came its heels into one of the precious cases. Bang! bang! bang! Again and again it laid into the splintering wood with savage persistence, whilst the *mozo* yelled. lounging soldiers came running to the rescue, and the naturalist, raving like a madman, strove frantically to wrench his animal away. Then came a crash and the smack of two vicious revolver shots. The kicking mule fell in a convulsed heap, and everyone stood staring at a shining heap of silver—bars,

dollars, and plate, mingled with roots and leaves and fragments of wood—which lay at the other one's feet. For an instant there was a dazed silence. Then, with a great shout for the guard, the officer of Rurales sprang at the German's bridle, and dropped limply with a bullet through his brain as the Smith and Wesson spoke again. There was a wild yell of "El Brujo! El Brujo!" a quick clatter of hoofs, a glimpse of a crouching man on a madly racing horse, and then, with the stunning crash of a volley in his ears, the Englishman felt himself seized by the ankle and hurled violently to the ground.

The first distinct recollection he had after that was of finding himself in a dirty little room, filled with dirty little soldiers, talking to the American Consul, who, in absence of His Majesty's representative, had come to rescue him from the suspicious clutch of the law. They were bending over a prostrate form, the face of which bore a pale resemblance to the man at whose side he had ridden for two days. The spectacles and the false beard had gone, but the features were the same, and the eyes, which opened from time with a faint light of recognition.

The sloppy little soldiers had shot straight for once. The Englishman tried to take hold of a limp hand, but the figure shook his head feebly and smiled. Two minutes later the observant Consul laid his hand-kerchief gently over the white face and rose to go.

"M'm!" he remarked, "so much for my distinguished countryman. German? He

was no more German than you are. He was from my own State, and the most thoroughgoing scoundrel in the two Republics. Well, he's dead now, anyway, poor devil, but it's not surprising he felt funny about shaking hands with a decent man. His own were black enough, though I shouldn't have credited him with any fine feeling of that sort. They say he had a dozen men at his back at one time. Anyhow, what you saw was his share of the holding up of a mine and a church, among other things. All those cases but two were chock full of silver. Well, I suppose he's about the last of the oldtime toughs. The railway has pretty well spoilt their game."

"Yes, but there's one thing I don't understand," said the Englishman. "Those specimen-cases must have weighed a deuce of a lot. The peons might not notice it, of course, but it's strange the Rurales didn't."

"Well, you see, they only handled two of 'em—the first that came along. The snakes sort of discouraged further investigation. Our late friend had calculated on that and fixed things so that number one mule had a light-load. He was smart enough to rush those two particular cases to the front whenever there was a chance of trouble."

"Poor devil!" said the Englishman slowly.
"He may have been all you say, but it was hard luck all the same."

"Yes, it was hard luck." The Consul was looking at his watch. "And now we'd better go and see his Nibs the Comandante about your clearance papers. We must do things on the jump, too, if you're to catch the steamer."

GOLDEN DAYS.

SOMEWHERE, out of the swinging years, Gay with laughter, or dim with tears, Something I gathered, to hold and keep, Out of a past that is buried deep.

All the sunshine of one glad day Lovingly gathered and stored away; Ready for ever to brighten again Shadows and mists of the after pain!

Just a remembrance! Gathered, dears, Somewhere out of the swinging years. Happy are they who, in Life's rough ways, Treasure for ever their golden days!



THERE is only one boy at Everton House who is really neat; and it isn't fair to blame him very much for it, because he's a day-boy. One ought always to be charitable, so it is only right to conclude that his neatness is a matter of compulsion rather than of choice. You truly never can tell what a day-boy would be like if he were removed from under the eye of his relations, therefore it is but kind to give him the benefit of the doubt. (On reading over the foregoing sentence, I find it sounds as if his relations had only one eye between them; but, judged by literary standards, I believe it is O.K., and I hope I may not be misunderstood. I don't mean that it is O.K. to have only one eye, but that it is allowable to say "eye" when you mean "eyes.") To return to the boy I have chosen to write upon (I don't mean I am using him as a desk, that being an indignity he would not tolerate for a moment—not to mention the risk of inksplashes on his collar), I ought to explain in what ways he is different from the rest of us. To begin at the extreme top of him: his

(If I said he never has a feather in his hair, people who know what I am talking about might understand, but the uninstructed might carry away a false impression that I am used to the company of boys who sleep on pillows with ill-secured insides — pillows' insides, not boys'). As I was saying, the down with an exquisite symmetry suggestive of bills for hairdressers' stuff in squirty bottles, that no fellow could be expected to squander his limited pocket-money on.

Then, you have only to squint at his teeth to know that he doesn't merely wiggle a brush in a glass of water, and throw the water out without doing anything more, like two or three chaps I could name in Cholmondeley's dormitory. No; he brushes his teeth morning and evening, and he uses a tooth-powder of which the maker has been patronised by the whole Royal Family. There can be no doubt about it, because he grins a good deal.

His collar is always clean, unless some other fellow puts finger-marks on it, and then his spirit knows no rest until he sheds it and gets another. His tie is always tied tightly, and doesn't allow his collar-stud to show. (I am not conspicuously untidy myself, but I cannot keep my collar-stud covered, and I am not in the least ashamed to confess that I

have given up trying.)
His handkerchief is ever spotless—unless when an envious chap hooks it to wipe a pen; and it is hardly necessary to say that there is never either a rent or a stain to be

seen on his clothes.

He keeps his nails even better, if possible,

than he keeps his teeth; and most of the Everton House boys feel that there is something like a personal Besides which, he insult in this. has an irritatingly superior way of regarding boys who are not in every particular like himself, as he proved by the following verse, which occurred in a parody of his composition on "The Walrus and the Carpenter." (The parody is a good one. It is called "Kidneys and Bacon." But it is too long to quote. Likewise a great deal too personal in many of its allusions.) This is the verse—number eight in the parody:

But other Juniors hurried up, All eager to be seen: Their hair was brushed, their ties were straight, Even their nails were clean-And this was odd, because, you know, They ne'er before had been.

ness as neatness; but I do dislike it as priggishness; and that is why I offered no active opposition when Everton House rose up as one man and fell upon the neat day-boy. He had touched the honour of the boarders on the raw in some I think it was by asking Browne why he worried about putting mignonette seed in his garden when he could sow it in his

nails without the trouble of stooping. Anyway, as I said before, they rose and fell, like the breast of a sighing maiden

(which, even if not appro-

that I do not object to neat-

priate, is certainly the most poetical thing I have ever written), and the neat boy went under.

When he emerged, his hair reminded me of the Shakespeare quotation about the fretful porcupine (which I have since forgotten). He had bitten the dust, which was lying pretty thick at the time, and his beautiful white teeth (which deserve to go down to posterity with Good's legs in "King Solomon's Mines") were in immediate need of brush and powder. His collar was in a condition that rendered it impossible to count the black finger-marks upon it. They had, so to speak, all run into one. His nose had bled



"They rose and fell, like the breast of a sighing maiden, and the neat boy went under.

freely over his hitherto spotless light grey clothes. His tie was nowhere in particular. Neither was his collar-stud. Someone had bunked to the schoolroom with his handkerchief and cleaned an ink-bottle with it. And as for his nails—well, he'd been grabbing a lot at his oppressors, and they seemed to have . avoided water in preparation for the occasion.

He was a mournful spectacle, and I couldn't myself help thinking that the boys had gone a little too far. I had scarcely formed the opinion before Mr. Carden came along and confirmed it.

"What's the matter?" said he.

have you been hammering Beau Brummel for?"

"For being too beastly neat, sir," said Browne, "and for sneering at chaps who ain't built that way."

"You shouldn't be so—emphatic," said

Mr. Carden, picking out the word with great deliberation; "and you shouldn't offer a target for sneers. Let the whole school take an extra bath in the half-hour before dinner. Anyone who omits the ceremony will owe me a hundred lines."



"He was a mournful spectacle."

SILENT SUNSET.

THE purple of the heather, and the silence of the hills,
The shining blaze of brightness in the far-off golden West,
Make a grandeur and a glory of the sunset time, that stills
All the world of Nature round us, and is hushing it to rest.

The birds have ceased their singing, and the winds have sunk to peace, And the setting sun is reddening the lofty pine trees' boles; Whilst the sighing and the whispering in their branches seem to cease As the silence of the sunset sinketh deep into our souls.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

By FRANCES RIVERS.



WO people—Lady
Hardcastle and her
brother-in-law,
Christopher—were
seated at tea at a
round table, transferred from its
winter position by
the fire to its
summer one in the
bay of the south
window, in the

pretty, low-ceiled, wood-raftered, gay-chintzed

drawing-room of the Priory.

Christopher, well-groomed, well-bred, unself-conscious, assured, inspected his surroundings. He found the place, as he always did, to be both delightful and annoying. Delightful, because the spacious and symmetrically proportioned room was home—that home with which his early youth had been associated, his early memories bound up; annoying, because his sister-in-law's character had imprinted upon its taste, hived for centuries with such apiary care, many touches of her mind's vulgarity.

The beautiful old miniatures, from which his ancestresses' presentments smiled from their unobtrusive, slender rims of gold, had given place to panel photographs in heavy silver frames. From many of these, Lady Hardcastle's likeness, in ordinary and extraordinary garb, in profile, in full, in threequarter face, looked out. The tambourframe had been pushed from its corner by a basket from which aggressive signs of an advertised charity protruded; harsh yarn proclaiming a deep-sea industry; whilst the place of the daintily bound, much-treasured books was taken by those adorned with the flag of public circulation. He resented, too, as incongruous innovations in the Elizabethan dwelling, the French windows that stood wide open to the soft June breeze which now and again wafted within largess of perfume from the roses on the lawn that. dwarf-bush and standard, blossomed, an infinite perspective of gaiety, to the boundary of Park.

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Into the room flowed the usual sounds of full-breathed summer, producing a pleasant narcotic effect: the murmur of bees: a stream of bird-notes, chanted to a hundred new, delightful melodies, pæans of thanks never before expressed; and the intermittent whirr of a distant moving-machine. wasp—most inquisitive of insects—flew in through the open window, but finding nothing but a teetotal repast in progress, buzzed petulant annoyance before taking his departure by the way he came, back to the lawns where broad-spreading cedars cast These sentinels, which had their shadows. stood in protective guard year after year over the inmates of the house, had kept from them the too-great roughness of the moorland wind. A little austere and weatherbeaten, as it is meet that such sentinels should be, showing signs, in gnarled branch and serried bark, of long and trusty service, these reliable, sombre veterans were now unmoved by the light breeze which shook to tremulous disorder the rank and file of an avenue of pines.

As Lady Hardcastle sipped her well-creamed tea and, with discriminating selection, chose the richest of the cakes, Christopher saw in both actions an irritation, and he inwardly condoled, with a larger amount of heart-felt sympathy than is often put into condolences, with his elder brother upon possessing such a wife; whilst to her, he, in the same silent manner, offered his congratulations on being one of those fortunate persons who, unable to see themselves as others see them, walk through life surrounded by a haze superimposed by self-sufficiency.

Lady Hardcastle, over the top of her pretty, yellow, Dresden teacup, looked at Christopher with eyes that were perplexed—hard, astringent eyes, but now not altogether without a shade of shame in them—or so much he credited to her better nature.

He emerged from the ambush silence. "It's really a very ticklish business, Lydia;

like the passing of base coin. How do we know she isn't an expert? and if she is, she would at once discover my counterfeit; I shall never be able to take her in. Love—I have studied the subject dispassionately,



and can quote you many authorities—is a science, not a mere sentiment. It can be taught and learnt; and, if properly learnt, it crowds out all other knowledge to make room for its own expansion. Even wisdom—

or, rather than 'even,' 'particularly' wisdom—
is sent to the right-about to make way for it."
"Really, Christopher!" Lady Hardcastle laughed on the chromatic scale of
nervousness.

"Love—I haven't half exhausted my knowledge—love is also a contagion to be caught, with equal ease, from the worthy and the unworthy."

"Like measles, you probably had it in

your youth."

"But it may recur, and it's hardly fair to expose me to such a chance, for it is known to be a fearful disease. Madmen—that is to say, minstrels, poets, and novelists—sing of it and manage to make it appear as the amusement of men and the occupation of women; but, believe me, it's the ruin of all sensible careers, for, with a hey-presto! of magic and a touch on a vulnerable point, you have wise men converted into fools. I may have a vulnerable point, even if I have not-He shifted his point of view to bring within his scope of vision the area scanned by his sister-in-law. "Ah! I see that you think me too great a fool to be in any danger, so let us return to the consideration of your instructions. I am, I think, to act the part of stalking-horse, behind which, when the right moment for aim comes, Bob is to appear and let fly a dart to pierce the vestal heart. in the dual capacity of guard, by monopolising the whole attention and time of this girl, I am to keep her from being approached by your other guests, and din into her ears the praise of Bob, to the exclusion of all other sounds. These are your instructions, are they not?"

"Yes," said Lady Hardcastle, looking her brother-in-law up and down with speculative eyes. "Yes," she added, "you ought not to find much difficulty in praising Bob. For one thing, he is extremely good-looking."

"Is he? I should not have supposed that a dispassionate observer would describe him as of the first order of beauty. I am not, indeed, by any means sure that his beauty would strike the dispassionate observer at all; but perhaps I know Bob too well to be a fair judge, for my opinions of him have got so interwoven with my being that I cannot disentangle them as a stranger would do."

"Have you seen him lately?"

"He moves on too high a plane for a mere younger son like me; consequently we never meet, though we sometimes greet each other from a distance."

"Then he is particularly cultivated—you

can dilate on that."

"He certainly has a cultivated taste, a cultivated moustache, and a host of cultivated creditors; yet "—he was still dubious—"some people, like some ground, need a lot of cultivation."

"Exactly," said Lady Hardcastle, polite,

"Bob did me the honour to see me off this morning from King's Cross."

"And what did he say?"

"Interdum stultis bene loquitur."

"Which, being interpreted—?" she hesitatingly asked. Christopher had for so long made a point of feeding his sister-in-law's arrogance with truths of unpalatable quality that, made wary by past experience, she, like an old pike often disenchanted, now fought shy of the strange bait.

"I was only reminding myself that, sometimes, Bob speaks well," said he, to calm her fears and reassure.

"Then why not say it in English?"

"Translated, the sentence would not to you perhaps mean quite the same thing."

"Why not?"

"Because, for one thing, there is a deafness in every ear, and with motherhood that ailment is much increased."

"I hate expressions in other languages."

"Yet there are many that are not translatable into English. For instance, 'Noblesse oblige' is become a stumbling-block."

The mental habits of Lady Hardcastle did not admit of her being enticed quickly from the ground upon which she had taken her stand. "What brought Bob to King's Cross this morning?" she asked.

"Most probably a hansom. You agree with me that nepotic love would not have prompted him to such early rising?"

"He must have had some good reason."

And from Christopher's point of view there blinked at him, from behind his sister-

in-law, an eye humorous.

"I think you expect too much, Lydia. Bob is very good form, very good company, and has a very good position. Why expect his reason to be good, too? Such as it was, he had one, however."

"It was——?"

"In agreement with those held by you: that I should become a foster-mother to hatch the eggs of his love-brood—a sentimental incubator."

"He explained, then-?"

"That, dressed in the vestments of his vanity, he wished me to caper and grimace for the amusement of his goddess. But he was most careful to say that, had I been a young man, he would never have thought of asking my help; even paid me the compliment of informing me that there might, then, have been danger to his own suit in suggesting such a thing; but that at forty he reckons



"There are halting-places in the lives of most of us."

me a safe ally, and I gather that he is by my help to enjoy an orgy of sentiment, and that the after heart-ache is to be borne by me."

- "He seems to have given you a code of instruction."
- "And I'm almost of opinion that a word on such a theme would be one too many. Does Bob like the girl?"
 - "He has had no chance of meeting her."
 - "Then he isn't really in the swindle?"
- "Swindle!" Lady Hardcastle seized upon the offensive word and worried it.

Christopherreconsidered the matter. "Deal, then!" The substitution came out triumphant.

- "I hate these slang expressions, but 'deal' more or less expresses the contemplated exchange."
 - "The girl-?"
- "Is an American. Quite nice, quite well-off, quite presentable."

- "A well-filled purse makes excellent social ballast; it is marvellous the stability it confers."
- "She had no opportunity of getting into society but by my help; and I invited her here for a few weeks, thinking that Bob might make a suitable marriage. She says she likes soldiers."
- "Probably because she confuses them with the drum—all women love the drum."
- "Bah!" said Lady Hardcastle, with a contemptuous movement.
- "But," augmented Christopher, "as she has money, there is no reason, that I can see, why she shouldn't have a whole drum-and-fife band of her own. I might suggest as much to her."
- Lady Hardcastle this time ignored the flippant interruption. "She has, fortunately, no people——"

"How extremely thoughtful of Fate!"

"—except an aunt, whom I know, and who had suggested bringing her here, but married, instead, one of the ship's officers of the liner they came over in, and, finding the girl in the way, telegraphed to know if I would receive her." Lady Hardcastle folded her white hands, which played so large a part in her petty life, in a complacent movement of tolerance, as if to indicate that she could not reject that which Providence had dropped into her lap.

"Another danger to your scheme suggests itself to me, Lydia. If I undertake to spin the web to catch your unwary butterfly, what assurance have you that I shan't mark for her the family unattractiveness, and by so

doing bring her to refusal's point?"

"You have a very crude way of expressing

yourself, Christopher."

He laughed. "That makes the risk all the greater. Wouldn't it be better to get Bob here?"

"His Colonel won't give him leave for another fortnight; hearing this, I telegraphed to you."

"Why not have waited? Even now I can

return to town."

"No! Because your brother has chosen

to fill the house."

"And you fear——?" This was a question that Lady Hardcastle's hard eyes seemed to tell him that he was ungenerous in expecting her to answer, so Christopher found himself thrown back upon his own intuition and his knowledge of his sister-in-law's character. "I see—fortune-hunters! From a vulgar point of view, these threaten to queer your pitch. Has she really money?"

" Yes."

"How much?"

"About four thousand a year."

Christopher whistled. "Then she can afford even to be exacting." He looked, affection beaming from his eyes, round the room.

"Four thousand a year, naturally, would be very useful here. Poor dear old place! It would benefit by a little money being laid out upon it."

"And unless Bob marries money, there is

no likelihood of that."

Christopher got up from his chair—moved

impatiently to and fro.

His face, at first aglow with amusement, had gone through the gamut of interest, doubt, disapproval, then settled into an expression decidedly contemptuous.

"You don't suggest all this to me seriously? It's monstrous! preposterous!! inhuman!!!"

"I hoped you would at least have undertaken to protect the girl."

"Who is coming here?"

"The Burts, the Langfords, the Savilles, Colonel Wicks, Lord Rashville, and one or two other men."

"It would certainly be a charity to any woman to protect her from Lord Rashville."

"So I thought. Although not to help Bob to a wife, who might very probably prove his salvation, you are yet willing to throw yourself chivalrously into the breach, to protect a strange girl from Lord Rashville?"

"Yes, I acknowledge that the 'Quixote' in me is roused by the very name of Rashville. It tempts me even to valiant deeds. It is really a thousand pities that Cervantes ever lived and, by the creation of a gaunt hero, established a dangerous precedent. For it is possible, as I began by warning you, that the candle may prove attractive to an elderly moth; indeed, I have never heard that the victim's age was ever taken into account or that its wings were supposed, because seasoned, to be less inflammable at the seductive flame. By Jove!" He made a sudden movement. "Is that the candle?"

Lady Hardcastle's attention was caught by some unusual tone in his voice. She saw his eyes stray past the flowers that danced as though beating time to the breeze, and rest on the figure of a girl to whom he pointed an indicating finger. She was exceedingly well dressed and wore a garden-hat of strangely twisted straw, in which nestled violets that ranged from the timid lilac to the imperial purple in tone; moats of light danced fantastic over her, turning, by contrast with their brilliance, her white frock to lavender. One hand, delicate, somewhat heavily jewel-laden, held a parasol which, from time to time, she spun. She had an abundance of very lovely hair, soft as smoke and black in shadow, though, where the light touched it, even smoke-tinged in colour. In a single loose wave it was swept away from her face, of which it left the line, regular as the outer circle of a new moon, clear marked against a skin, white, as is found only, and that but occasionally, in people of dusky hair. Her eyes were grey, deep, luminous, as grey eyes only can be, and the lids of them were tinged with the colour that is on the sheath of the iris-flower before its birth. The rose of "belle Lyonnaise" was on her cheeks, that of the deep crimson of "Paul Ricaut" There was about the girl, on her lips. altogether, a look of holiness that put



"The task of pleading somebody else's cause."

Christopher in mind of Sunday in the country—when the sound of distant churchbells is substituted for the clang of the anvil; when, the world's traffic stilled, its cares are laid aside in honour of the day.

There are halting-places in the lives of most of us, where, for a time, we stand irresolute, seeing two roads ahead; and, both appearing to us equally attractive or unattractive, we hesitate, undecided, to pursue one in preference to the other. Then we, for no reason that our judgment calls adequate, make our choice. In the road which Christopher now elected to

follow, waved an ensign of preposterous insignificance, a lilac gown.

There was something in the mere presence of the wearer that made the sordid discussion of money in connection with her seem profanation.

He wondered if her mental equipment were in harmony with the beauty of her exterior. He turned to Lady Hardcastle.

"The blame which I was heaping upon you has suddenly become distributed. It is now here, there, and everywhere; a great deal of it rests upon life, but the chief part on my own ineligibility."

Lady Hardcastle deprecatingly shook her head. "Please explain what it is you mean,

so that I can understand."

"I withdraw all my objections. It strikes me that it will be a real pleasure to make that lilac gown's acquaintance, to find out what manner of soul lurks within. A week's uninterrupted tête-à-tête with so pretty a 'Dulcinea' doesn't seem as disturbing, as upsetting a task as it did. I will make love to her—by proxy, of course—talk to her on all subjects—subjects the most intimate, the most remote, the most discriminate, the most indiscriminate. I will make her my confidante; pour out my raptures into her presumably pretty ear and extract sympathy from her presumably tender heart. This sympathy I shall certainly need, for if to make love in order to be loved is human, to make love in order that another may be loved is superhuman, and in such a task I shall want encouragement."

* . * * * *

A fortnight later, and the same two people, in exactly the same surroundings, were again discussing tea. Yet in the attitude of both there was a change. Urbanity beamed upon the face of Lady Hardcastle. The ease, the assurance properly belonging to Christopher, woven to a mantle of content, seemed to have fallen upon her shoulders; whilst a look of dubiety, almost of shamefacedness, so youthful was it, rested upon the countenance of Christopher. His "I am afraid you'll think I've mulled it, Lydia," was absolutely self-conscious.

"On the contrary, you have been wonderful, Christopher; you shadowed the girl so that nobody could get near her. I am excessively grateful to you. And now," continued the trustful woman, "how glad you must be that your task is over, for Bob, as

you know, arrives to-night!"

"Does he?"

"I fear you have been very much bored."

"Not at all. Even at the first, when I thought 'Dulcinea' merely a brilliant abstraction, and I fluttered round as elegantly as my advancing years would permit, I was interested. Then, keeping well in mind your instructions to talk to her on all subjects, subjects the most intimate, the most remote, the most discriminate, the most indiscriminate—extracting sympathy from her assuredly tender heart—pouring raptures into her assuredly pretty ear; in a word, making love to her by proxy, as you urged upon me—"

Lady Hardcastle looked bewildered.

"I—urged upon you——!" she interrupt-

ingly faltered.

"I should think so," Christopher affirmed.
"Well, one day—or, to be more circumstantial, this particular day—she and I got upon the subject of American literature—or, at least, she talked of American literature—and I talked of Bob——" He broke off. "Why didn't you tell me she was so well up in it?" he asked.

"So well up in American literature?"

asked Lady Hardcastle.

"Yes, Longfellow! He's an American, isn't he?"

"Longfellow! Yes, I suppose so," said Lady Hardcastle, weighing his words.

"He appears to have written a poem about

a man named Miles Standish."

"Did he?" Lady Hardcastle raised her eyebrows until they became notes of interrogation. "I really don't see—"

"Neither did I, till 'Dulcinea' explained."

"Explained what?"

"That there was a silly fool who took upon himself the task of pleading somebody else's cause to a girl, who pulled him up with: 'Why not speak for yourself, John'?' Christopher looked at his sister-in-law and smiled—a smile quite useless if it were intended to disarm resentment. "Dulcinea, I think, forgot'the man's name, for what she did say was: 'Why not speak for yourself, Kit'?'





"THE VICTORIA FALLS, LOOKING WEST." BY E. H. HOLDER.

From the large painting exhibited at the Mendoza Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

THE VICTORIA FALLS.

By S. R. LEWISON.

Illustrated from paintings and drawings by E. H. Holder.

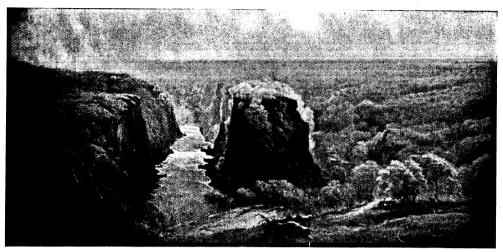
THEN the historians of empires still unborn set out to write the history of Africa, there will be such a tribute to the nineteenth century as will make its predecessors, for all the notable achievements associated with the kingdom of the Egyptians, seem by comparison dull and insignificant. In days of old, the history of Africa was, to no small extent, the history of the southern shore of the Mediterranean. Here the interest centred, and just as the pillars of Hercules closed in upon the ambition of many a hardy navigator, so the great Libyan desert separated even the great conquerors from the world of Equatorial and Southern Africa. True it is that some stray echoes reach the pages of ancient history from the south, that there are many who locate King Solomon's treasury, in the land now known by the name of Cecil John Rhodes; but if we ask for positive proof, it is not forthcoming. There is conjecture, probability; but the mists of Time have gathered round the facts, and no human eye can discern them now.

Africa, down to the nineteenth century, was only known intimately here and there. Livingstone, Baker, Speke, Stanley, and many others to whom honour is due, had

yet to accomplish their life-work, and this Empire had yet to take advantage of it. Even when their task was completed, Africa lay open to the world, the proper prize of the race that had the instinct for colonisation most completely developed. Nowadays we all know the results of the competition. Great Britain first, France (longo intervallo) second, and the rest—Germany, Portugal, Belgium, Italy—content, or ill-content, to possess the share that awaits late-comers, who have neither the pluck to dare in the beginning nor the talent to administer later on.

After the discoverers of empire come the makers, and from a host of names worthy to be remembered, one stands out prominent above all—the name of a man who was great for good, and was not without great faults—the man whose imperial patriotism, aided by strong will, tireless activity, and some measure of good fortune gave Rhodesia to Great Britain, and in so doing added nearly one million square miles to the vast realms that fly the British flag. From the Limpopo river northward to Lake Tanganyika, to the Congo Free State on the west, and German and Portuguese East Africa on the east, a civilisation is arising, hitherto unknown to

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"THE CAÑON BELOW THE VICTORIA FALLS." BY E. H. HOLDER.
From the large painting exhibited at the Mendoza Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

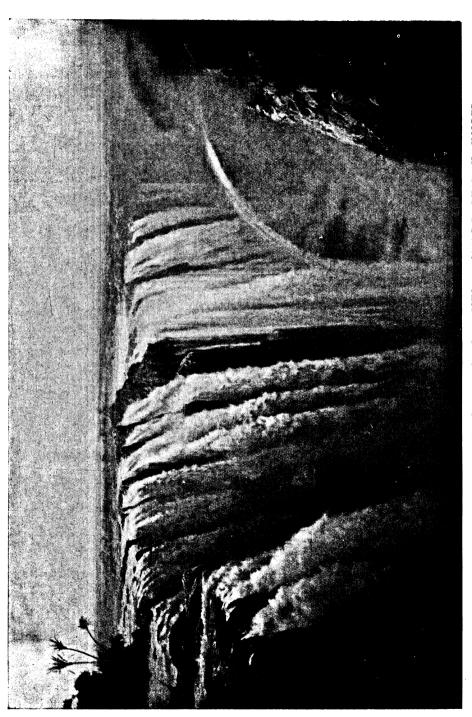
that part of the Dark Continent, and destined, for all its faults of omission or commission, to be infinitely superior to anything that preceded it. And when the acquisition of this vast territory was an accomplished fact, and the development of other schemes hardly less important was shaping satisfactorily, the man who "thought in continents" determined to link the Cape to Cairo with iron rails. We have but to realise British political supremacy in Egypt, Great Britain's preponderating influence in Africa, and the geographical importance of Cape Colony as the new centre of the British Empire, and some suggestion of the magnifi-

cence of the Cape to Cairo scheme must present itself to the dullest mind. To grasp the full extent of the undertaking, together with its social and political possibilities, is not so easy. The whole matter that concerns us here is no more than the solution of one engineering problem that had to be overcome as the railway took its course towards the north. It is like the study of one small wheel in a watch, one lever in a railway engine.

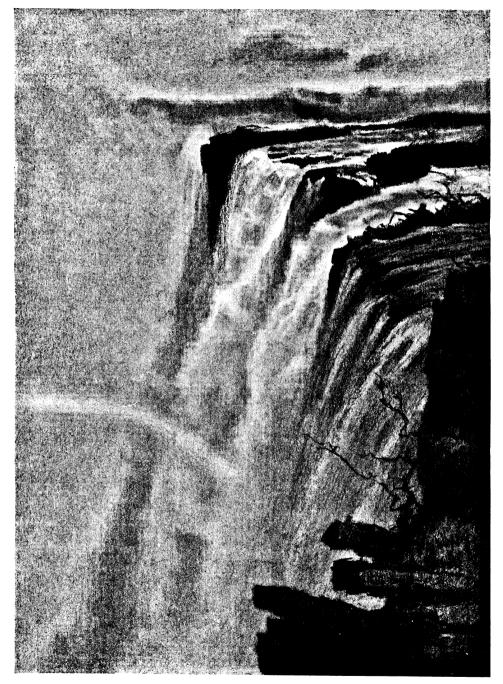
On the boundaries of southern and north-western Rhodesia the Zambesi River threatened to arrest the railway's northward progress. The gorge through which the



"THE VICTORIA FALLS, LOOKING EAST." BY E. H. HOLDER.
From the large painting exhibited at the Mendoza Galleries, New Bond Street, W



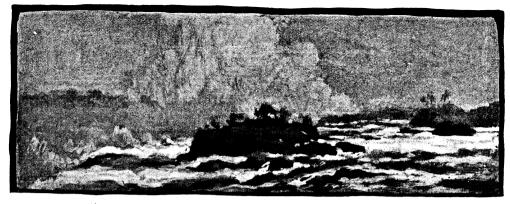
"THE VICTORIA FALLS AND CHASM SEEN FROM LIVINGSTONE ISLAND." BY E. H. HOLDER. From the large painting exhibited at the Mendoza Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



"THE FALLS FROM LIVINGSTONE ISLAND." FROM A DRAWING BY E. H. HOLDER.

Zambesi rushes had to be spanned by a bridge, at a place where the water plunges from the sill, into a huge volcanic cleft called the "Boiling Pot" more than four hundred feet below. Below the cleft, but at

a height of nearly three thousand feet above sea level, and more than four hundred feet above river level, the bridge over which the railway moves to Cairo spans the Zambesi River. In fact, the beautiful steel structure



"THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS." FROM A DRAWING BY E. H. HOLDER.

that appeals at once to the eye of the traveller and the mind of the engineer, though unplanned when the nineteenth century gave

way to the twentieth, is supporting passenger trains to-day.

The traveller, passing on his road, can see the Zambesi tumbling over the Falls with a force that is estimated to be five times as much as that displayed by Niagara, and now that the Falls Bridge, as it is called, is an accomplished fact, it is permissible to look back upon the days when its existence was no more than a dream of the founder of Rhodesia. When the time had come to pass from thought to action, and the first plans were being made, the great war had begun out in South

Africa, and no man knew how it was going to end. Happily, railway construction was never suspended in the troubled days when

Briton fought Boer, and the lines reached the Victoria Falls nearly two years ago (in May, 1904), having been brought more than sixteen hundred miles from Cape Town Harbour on their way to Cairo.

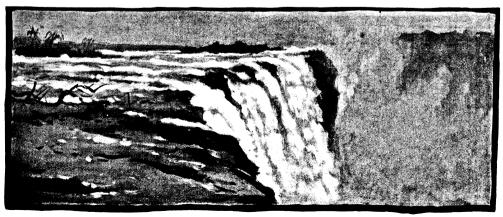
To the traveller who regards the most remote and seemingly inaccessible corners of the world as fit and proper places for a scamper and a diary's record, the Bridge is merely an appanage to the Falls. He realises no more than that the Zambesi River, in a part where it is proceeding in its normal, leisurely fashion over an area a mile wide, falls



Photo by Frank Wilkins, Redhill.

MR. E. H. HOLDER.

The painter of the Victoria Falls.



"A VIEW FROM LIVINGSTONE ISLAND," FROM A DRAWING BY E. H. HOLDER.

suddenly into a deep chasm, and thence into the narrow gorge spanned by the bridge. expected no less. He must needs be slow to realise the full value of the achievement

for which many great men were jointly responsible, for this is an era of great achievements—the blaze of them dazzles our eyes. Cecil Rhodes, of course, was the originator of the idea, and the bridge itself was designed by Sir Charles Metcalfe, Chief Engineer of the Rhodesia Railways, and Mr.G.A. Hobson, of the firm of Sir Douglas Fox and Partners.

It is a curious fact, perhaps, and not altogether a pleasant one, that there was no great competition among British firms for the contract for building. Some distinguished firms shrank from tendering altogether, and eventually the contract fell to the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Co., of Darlington, and the work was started in charge of Mr. J. C. Imbault, who took with him to Rhodesia a staff of about twenty - five English bridge-builders, and was assisted by about a hundred native The width labourers. of the gorge where the bridge crosses it is six hundred and fifty feet at the upper level, and the depth from the top to the surface of the water in dry season is about four hundred and twenty feet. The weight of the steelwork used in construction is two thousand tons, and between the bridge and the low-water line of the unfathomable river

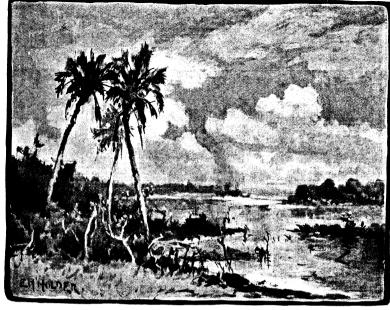
beneath it, you could stand the highest building erected in the Old World or the New.



He realises that the bridge was necessary, and that consequently it has been made—he

"THE VICTORIA FALLS AS SEEN FROM THE 'BLONDIN' TRANSPORTER." BY E. H. HOLDER. From the large painting exhibited at the Mendoza Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

Communication was first established between the two banks by means of a rocket carrying a cord, and out of that cord the bridge may be said, in a certain imaginative sense, to have grown. One rope after another was drawn across in ever - increasing thickness, until at last a 2.7 cable connected the banks, and to this was harnessed the Blondin Transporter, which carried hundreds of tons of permanentway material, countless trucks, a locomotive, and endless bridge-

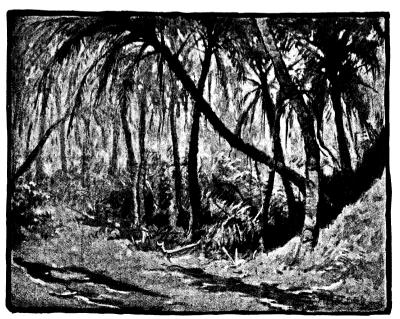


"THE HAUNT OF THE 'HIPPO."—ABOVE THE FALLS."
FROM A DRAWING BY E. H. HOLDER.

work—in fact, this transporter carried an average of nearly two hundred tons of material per day. It was a curious place in which to set up what is in point of fact the most remarkable bridge in the world, a corner of tropical Africa where the range of

luxurious vegetation is of a kind that the Western world has never seen; and much of the work had to be done through the clouds of spray that rise many hundreds of feet above the top of the gorge and keep the bridge, even to-day, enveloped throughout a

great part of the rainy season in a cloud of spray. There are some who tell us that this was Cecil Rhodes's intention-that he said: "Build the bridge across the Zambesi where the trains as they pass will catch the spray from the falls." If he did use these words, they are not altogether out of keeping with the character of the man who chose to be buried among the Matoppo hills, and sympathised with Nature in her most sublime moods and aspects. All great men respond to



"THE PALM GROVE." FROM A DRAWING BY E. H. HOLDER.

Nature, and have some deep sentiment underlying their ambitions. It is a part of their motive power.

In an interesting article contributed to the African World Annual for 1905, Mr. Hobson, of the great firm of Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, who was responsible, with Sir Charles Metcalfe, for the designing of the

Nature, in her own curious fashion, is intolerant of the work of man. At all hours of the day and night she is seeking to destroy or to obliterate. Now and again she fails to subdue the material in which the mighty dead have wrought, and for witness of times past we have the Pyramids and the Acropolis, and other great monuments upon which the

THE BRIDGE OVER THE ZAMBESI GORGE. ENGTH OF BRIDGE 650 Feet

Western and Southern Rhodesia, the rains begin in October or November and last until May. During these months the column of spray from the river rises some three thousand feet into the air, so that for

the greater part of the time the bridge is enveloped in mist.

In these days the bridge has fallen into line with the rest of the world's wonders. There is a hotel built to command a full

bridge, declares that the risky part of the erection lay in the end spans, which now look so small by comparison with the arch itself, that they pass almost unnoticed. He says, with engaging frankness and modesty: "Once the tall end-posts of the main arch were erected, and the short spans were connected with them, and the shore afforded a

stable platform to start from, the rest was easy and rapid work."

passage of the years leaves no perceptible effect. But while stone and marble are, in some climates, well-nigh impenetrable, the steelwork upon which our modern engineers depend has no such quality. From the moment when it is first exposed to the action of the air, rust begins, and between the finest steelwork in the world and destruction stands the painter, whose modest work has a value it would be impossible to overestimate. It is claimed for the bridge over the Zambesi that it is the finest piece of steel construction in the world, and it has been put together with full recognition of the fact that there must be nowhere any spot hidden from reach of the paint-brush, nor any hollow in which water can collect. At the junction

view of the gorge, fitted with electric light and refrigerating plant, ready to supply visitors with guides for excursions into the neighbouring Rain Forest and boats for the Zambesi River, and to equip shooting parties for the realms of the hippopotamus, the rhino, the koodoo, and other of the great beasts that still thrive in Central Africa, but stand in urgent need of protection to-day. In April, before the rainy season is quite over, and in November, when it is beginning, the Victoria Falls and their environs are among the most attractive spots on the face of the earth, and the road to them is made so easy by the enterprise of railway companies and hotel-keepers, that a man may travel almost as comfortably as he can in these Islands. The climate has few terrors for abstemious people, and with a modest diet,

complete abstention from alcohol, and no more than a moderate abuse of the tobacco leaf, an Englishman may travel through Rhodesia, from Bulawayo to Abercorn, and enjoy the journey. When he returns to England, home, and duty, he will have a keen perception of the value of Imperial progress and colonising work. And even if he be a traveller who knows the world from China to Peru, he will confess that he has nowhere seen a piece of engineering work that will compare with the bridge over the Zambesi at Victoria Falls, and that he has nowhere seen a more striking monument to the spirit of progress that has led Britons to seek out the neglected and waste places of the earth, to turn deserts into populous cities, and replace barbarous conditions by civilisation.

THE VICTORIA FALLS IN PICTURE.

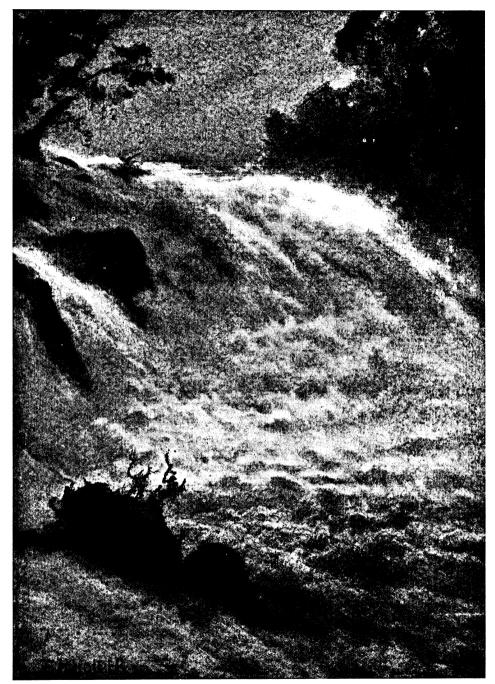
BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

To turn from contemplation of London's streets, with their push, hurry, and grey monotony of colour, into the spacious Galleries in New Bond Street, to which, from King Street, St. James's, Messrs. Mendoza have migrated, is to find ourselves within the precincts of a new world. And it is a fact that as the doors of the Galleries swing-to behind us, they, shutting out the tedium of civilised supremacy, as though by magic, reveal to us, within the compass of four walls, the grandeur of uncultivated Nature. The wizard metamorphosis is made by no harlequin hand, but is the achievement of a painter's truthful brush. a series of paintings of singular interest, Mr. Holder reveals to us the greatest marvel of that marvellous land, South Africa. transports us to a delectable country in which everything is decked in golden hue, a land where the very clouds are of rose-colour and on which even at midday there lingers the flush of dawn—the reflection probably of the land's red earth, says the painter of these pictures—pictures painted with the purpose to instruct, to tell the people of this small island, which owns much of this vast continent of Africa, something of the generous nature of that far-off land, and persuade those who overcrowd our shores here of the lavish bounty in which over there they may For back behind the present, back beyond the classic, back even beyond the patriarchal, our thoughts are taken, to be at last reined up against that period which, in

the sixth and seventh verses of the first chapter of Genesis, is called the second day: "And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters."

Incomparable in power, methodical, inexhaustive, majestic, the waters of the Zambesi, even in their shallowest periods, pursue their gigantic and exuberant way elsewhither. Indifferent, content to be left alone, they seem here, from uninterrupted time, to have cut their own course, making, decade by decade, a scarcely deepening impression on the hard basalt rocks within which they are controlled.

Professor Henry Drummond, in an interesting article, says: "The chief physical feature of the Zambesi is 'the Mosi-oatunya,' 'Smoke sounds there,' or 'Victoria Falls,' admitted to be one of the noblest waterfalls in the world. The cataract is bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 ft. high, and these, along with the many islands dotted over the stream, are covered with sylvan vegetation. The Falls, according to Livingstone, are caused by a stupendous crack or rent, with sharp and almost unbroken edges, stretching right across the river, in the hard, black basalt which here forms the bed. The cleft is 360 ft. in sheer depth, and close upon a mile in length"; or, in the more graphic though everyday description of Mr. Holder, the width of the cataract extends for a distance equal to that between the Marble Arch and Tottenham



"THE DEVIL'S CATARACT" OR "LEAPING WATER."

From a drawing by E. H. Holder.

Court Road; and into the cleft, which is the depth the water falls, we could drop St. Paul's to its complete envelopment. "This chasm," continues Professor Drummond, "is more

than twice the depth of Niagara, and as the river rolls into it with a deafening roar, it sends up vast volumes of spray which are visible over a distance of twenty miles.

"Unlike Niagara, the 'Mosi-oa-tunya' does not terminate in an open gorge; the river immediately below the fall being blocked at eighty yards distance, by the opposing side of the (supposed) cleft running parallel to the precipice which forms the waterfall. The only outlet is a narrow channel cut in this barrier at a point 1,170 yards from the western end of the chasm and some 600 from its eastern, and through this the Zambesi, now only 20 or 30 yards wide, pours (and pours) for 120 yards before emerging into the enormous zigzag troughs which conduct the river past the basalt plateau "—troughs which Dr. Livingstone ascribed to earthquake.

More recent opinions suppose them to be due to the continuous hammering action of water falling into cracks in the columns of basalt. This, aided by the constant vibration caused by the precipitated masses of water, has come gradually to force asunder these zigzag caverns, the breadth of which is probably determined, at their extremities, by some cross-structural formations in the basalt which forbids further incursion to the flood

This last explanation appears extremely probable, as does also that which upholds the theory that the first incision of the water into the basalt rock occurred at the farthest extremity of the zigzag and worked back to the actual Falls. There the perpetual churning and grinding done by the pieces of rock which the force of the water tears from the main bulk, have ground that chasm to its present dimensions.

At the eastern corner of the Falls there is indication that the waters may, centuries hence, find themselves new channels of issue. Such are the opinions on the geological aspect of the Falls. The pictorial aspect expressed by Mr. Holder is that of a scene so gigantic, so incomparable, that it literally beggars mere verbal description. Naturally the artist has chosen to paint the Falls at the time of year most favourable to his purpose, that selected being after the first rains of the season, which occur in November, when the land is refreshed, and foliage, recovering from the period of drought, has its renewed birth. And before the Zambesi is in full flood, which occurs in April, for then the clouds of whirling spray and mist entirely conceal from view the forms which the masses of water take.

Sir Gilbert Parker has written his impression of the scene in poetical prose. He says: "My first glimpse of the Falls was by moon-

light, and the lovely white reeking splendour of the thing—the rolling clouds of spray, the sombre rain forest on the bank opposite the Falls, the stream of the Zambesi shimmering far above, the trembling earth, the smell of the tropic wood, a lunar rainbow stealing over the clouds of spray, all made a picture for a lifetime of memory."

Mr. E. F. Knight wrote: "I spent nine days at the Victoria Falls and viewed them from several points, under various conditions. Each day the grandeur of them impressed me the more; the fascination of them grew stronger, and I discovered new awful wonders in them. The sublimity of the scenery can be but dimly comprehended at one's first sight. A spectator feels as if he had entered a universe where the phenomena are so far vaster and more majestic than those of his previous earthly experience that his limited mundane senses fail to grasp them at first, and can only gradually, by extending their perception, adapt themselves to that larger nature."

And in the following lines the Rev. W. Owen Jenkins, of Ronde-bosch, has put into verse his thoughts of this impressive scene—

Creation's masterpiece! What human thought
Dare cope with thy sublimity? The Soul,
Awed into silence, knows that God is nigh.
His pride subdued, man feels that he is nought,
The flood, resistless, sweeps him to his goal—
Before him yawns the abyss, Eternity!

Yet from the chasm's abysmal depths, behold!
The covenant tokens of Heaven's guiding love.
Pillars of cloud-spray soar thy head above,
Close round thee, rainbow-gleams of circling gold.
Here in this awe-full shrine, by man scarce trod,
Rest then, O Soul, and put thy trust in God.

The painting of these canvases has been undertaken by Mr. Holder from motives which show less the desire to immortalise himself by idealising "a cataract leaping in glory," than to present to us real scenes; and as eyes accustomed to Nature's colour can rarely judge of a country when from presentments of it, as in photography, colour is eliminated, these works, now being exhibited at Messrs. Mendoza's, should be of inestimable value in aiding people to comprehend the features of the land to which many are entrusting their lives and money.

As Mr. Holder says, his primary aim was not the selection of scenes most suited for reproduction from the artistic point of view pure and simple, but to afford with as much of their aspect of beauty and grandeur as possible a representation of the Falls as they are, with a realisation of Rhodesian land-scape. Consequently, while in regard to composition Mr. Holder has of necessity

restrained his artistic inclinations, the pictures afford the public an accurate idea of the subjects presented.

For one of the pictures, sketches were taken from the Blondin Transporter already mentioned. Another shows "The Falls from the East. The 'Knife Edge' is seen on the left, the water is rushing from us to escape by the 'Boiling Pot,' the entrance to which is discernible in the distance on the left of the ravine. Above rises a vast cloud of spray or 'Thundering Smoke,' casting a dense shadow. In the wet season this rises to an altitude of over 3,000 feet."

Another picture is painted from the west with "The Leaping Water" in the foreground. Here again the mass of water below is tearing away from us for 1,000 yards to meet that coming from the east, together to roar through the "Boiling Pot," and away down the cañon.

A further painting depicts the view seen from the hotel. The cloud-spray is on the left, and some way down the cañon is seen the spot where the bridge crosses—a view which reveals miles and miles of trees and vegetation, with glimpses of the snakelike river here and there.

The largest picture shows "The Main Falls from 'Livingstone Island.'" The special feature is the lacelike character of the falling water, caused by the great distance it has to fall and the quantity falling.

It is the hope of Mr. Holder that these

It is the hope of Mr. Holder that these pictures may form the nucleus of a permanent exhibition, an illustrated South Africa in London, so that those desirous to emigrate to that land, in which lies buried the wealth of future generations, may, through the prodigality of detail shown on these canvases, grasp some of the immensity of the land's possibilities.

That Mr. Holder should be anxious to

place his talents at the service of commerce is peculiarly natural, for he comes of a family which has been connected with the commercial side of pictures for many years. There is a card still in existence, once belonging to his grandfather, the purpose of which was to announce to the London public, at the time when George IV. was King, that one Edward Holder, of No. 11, Leader Street, Chelsea, was a cleaner and restorer of damaged paintings; that he had been regularly articled to the profession; and had had the honour of cleaning more of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits than perhaps any other of the profession.

The uncle of the present painter, Mr. Edwin Holder, appears to have been an able instructor of painting, and to have had in his nature some of the philanthropy for which the nephew is distinguished. Of this philanthropy and instruction, that true artist, Mr. Frederick Lee Bridell, was the subject; and if we can judge the talent of the master by the results attained by the pupil, Mr. Edwin Holder must have been an exceedingly clever instructor.

Mr. Holder, although brought now for the first time prominently before a large public, is an artist by no means unknown to exhibition goers, and to critics his work is thoroughly familiar. As long ago as 1883 we read of a memorable landscape by him, as containing "force and poetry"; and since that year he has greatly added to his record.

At his studio at Redhill he has commenced the first of a series of several large pictures which he designs to paint from sketches which he made during his stay in South Africa. These pictures, which will probably be added to those now on view, are to include the presentments of "The Victoria Falls by Moonlight" and "The Rain Forest."



ULYSSES McCLEOD.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.

IV.—MIRAMAR.

OWARDS eight o'clock the band begins to play in the Piazza Grande, and the three big cafés, whose terraces line the three sides of the square, light sputtering electrics under their awnings. But the long rows of marble-topped tables yawn empty and deserted. Only a few snuffy old gentlemen nod over their mezza granita and the evening's Piccolo, for Trieste knows a better trick. It has removed itself bodily to the San Carlo mole, and is walking up and down that stone-paved stretch in the dusk, staring and chattering and talking scandal and sniffing the evening air.

The music comes to it mercifully mellowed by distance. A night wind bears in from the open sea, soft and cool and life-giving. Lights begin to flash from the heights to the east—Belvedere, Concanello, Obcina; from far up the northern coast at Barcola and Grignano. Then the lighthouse on the Molo Santa Teresa bursts all at once into

flower, and night has come.

On one side of the mole lie the two big Austrian Lloyds, black-hulled, white-housed, their names lettered amidships—the Venus flying her pilot flag, for she is the night boat to Venice, and the Graf Wurmbrand, which plies all the long way down the Dalmatian coast — Zara, Sebenico, Spalato, Ragusa, Cattaro. On the other side the fishingsmacks rock and squatter—latteen-sailed, gay with painted stripes, dragon-eyed. Their sailormen lounge at the stone mooring-posts, or hang over the shaft at the mole's end where is the dial, compass-carved, graven with all the winds that blow-Bora, Maestrale, Sirocco, Fortunale, Greco-Levante, and a dozen more.

The black water slaps at the stone pier and sucks under the fishing-boats, and Trieste, chattering always, walks in the

evening cool.

The cook's mate of the *Peruvia*, 2,200 tons, out of New York—a gentleman ardently desired, not to say sought after, by the New York police—leaned against the *Graf Wurmbrand's* gangway and watched the crowded throng move up and down. He

liked the pretty Austrian girls, bareheaded and in lacy summer clothes; and he liked the fierce-looking old gentlemen with their hair parted down the back, and their belligerent fashion of smoking a cigarette as if it were a weapon of offence; he liked even the officers in their pale blue tunics and tan trousers, corseted like Frenchwomen and swaggering like bull-fighters. They all seemed to him so gay and comfortable and care free, so wholly unhurried and full of lazy content; such a happy mean between the theatricalism of Italian loungers and the stolidity of Germans.

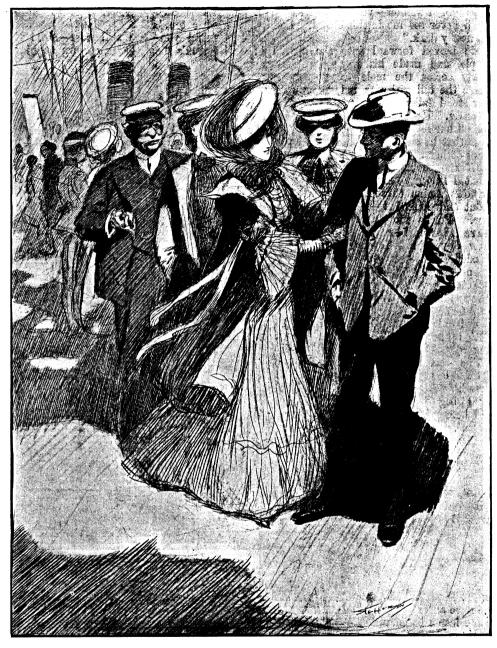
He was thinking how much the cleanshaven, neatly dressed younger men looked like Americans, when one of a pair of officers who had halted near him spoke a familiar

name.

"Look!" the officer was saying to his friend, "there is the Princess Anina Arany, who was to have married the Russian duke. What can she be doing here? Yes, the tall one with red hair. I do not know who the other ladies are. The man is Graf von Ostermund, I think."

The cook's mate of the Peruvia turned eagerly to where the little officer had pointed, and it was the Princess Anina. His mind went back with a rush, half laughing, half sad, to the time, two years before, when he had known her. It was in Washington, and she had been visiting the Cassinis there. was shortly before she had become a personage of international importance through the marriage arranged for her with one of the younger Russian dukes. That marriage, the cook's mate remembered, was to have healed old wounds, Austrian and Russian, was to have built a bridge of peace between Vienna and Petersburg. It had been arranged by Franz Josef, who loved the young Hungarian girl like a daughter, partly for her own sake and partly for the sake of dead old Stefan, her father, who had been his tower of strength in the South. The cook's mate remembered the tragic death of the young duke, and the consequent failure of the whole scheme of amity, and he looked

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"The Princess Anina laid hands upon his arm and shook it impatiently."

once more over the heads of the chattering throng at the girl who had been so suddenly called to high place, and so suddenly dropped again into private life. He laughed a little, as he looked, remembering her odd whims and her rather startling independence, her swift likes and dislikes, her hatred of everything German, for, like many Viennese women, she would never even speak a word of the language, but clung always to French or to her queer, broken English.

or to her queer, broken English.
"I wonder," said the cook's mate hesitatingly, "if I dare go nearer her. I'd like to see how she looks. She was very pretty two

years ago. I wonder—yes! It's safe enough. She'll never see me in this crowd. Besides,

it's nearly dark."

He moved forward into the stream of

people, and made his way slowly across the mole to where the tall girl with red hair stood talking with her friends. He stood close behind her for an instant, so close that he could hear the tones of her voice, and then, as if the cook's mate had shouted her name aloud, the Princess Anina turned full about and looked into his For a moment she stared, and her brows drew down in a frown of half - recognition. puzzled Then-

"Cartaire!" cried the Princess Anina. "Mon Dieu! Cartaire!" and seized the two hands of the cook's mate in her own, laughing

amazedly.

The cook's mate withhis hands drew and

bowed.

"I beg your pardon!" id he. "It is evidently a said he. mistake. My name is McCleod. I am," he explained courteously, "cook's mate of the cargo steamer Peruvia."

But the Princess Anina laid hands upon his arm and

shook it impatiently.

"Nonsense, Cartaire!" she cried. "Do you think I shall not know you jus' biccause you 'ave shave' off your moustache? Nonsense!" Then all at once she gave an exclamation and broke into a little gurgle of laughter. "Oh, pig that I am, Cartaire," she grieved, "I forget! You ave run An' those awway ! \mathbf{Yes} ? imbeciles the police, they

look for you, so you are no more Cartaire, bot Mac-Mac- 'Ow do you say, Car-

taire?"

"Oh, you knew, Princess?" said the cook's

"Yes, Cartaire, I know," said she. "Alice

von Ballenberg, she write it to me from Washeenton."

"And you—you still take—that?" said the cook's mate, looking down at his out-



"A little, grey old man, who kissed the hand of the Princess Anina."

And his voice shook a stretched hand.

"Take it!" cried the Princess Anina. "Take it? Oh, Cartaire, Cartaire, w'at 'ave you think of me? Me, I think it was magnee-ficent w'at you 'ave done--to kill 'im,

that pig! Someone should 'ave kill 'im w'en 'e was a baby, biffore 'e marry—'er."

And at that time a softness came into the Princess Anina's face, and a certain tender pity to her voice.

"You will not-go back, Cartaire?" she

said.

"No, Princess," said the cook's mate.

"Poor Cartaire!" said the Princess Anina very gently "That is the hardes' of all. Yes? You 'ave save 'er from a brute, bot you cannot go to 'er. That is the hardes' of all."

"Yes, Princess," said the cook's mate

steadily, "that is the hardest of all."

"You 'ave 'ear that—that 'E is—dead—

Boris?" she said after a little.

"Yes, Princess," said he, and the Princess caught at his hand once more and gave it a

She had drawn him apart, a bit out of the moving stream of people, and they began to walk along the quay away from the Molo San Carlo. The Princess seemed quite to have forgotten the others of her party—the gentleman whom the cook's mate had heard called Graf von Ostermund, and the two rather German - looking ladies; but these three. glancing at each other with raised brows and little shrugs of the shoulders, fell in behind and followed at a short distance.

And presently the Princess Anina began to laugh, as she walked, clinging to the arm of the cook's mate, for she was a whimsical lady, quick from tears to laughter or from laughter to tears.

"Cook's mate!" she cried. "Oh, Cartaire, Cartaire, you a cook's mate! W'at is a cook's mate, Cartaire? Do you cook?"

"No, Princess," said he. "I bear no grudge against the *Peruvia's* crew, and I do not know what a cook's mate is. I think he is a passenger who signs the ship's articles for good reasons. At any rate, that is my sort of cook's mate."

"The people in Washeenton an' in New York that you 'ave dance' weeth would be surprise'," said the Princess with conviction.

"I dare say," he admitted. "But I shan't go back to tell. I've given them one surprise already. What are you doing here, if one may ask? You're not, by any chance, cooking too?"

The Princess Anina gave another little

gurgle of laughter.

"No, Cartaire," said she. "I am 'ere to look at Schloss Miramar, down the coast vonder—the castle Maximilian—God res' 'is soul !-use' to own biffore 'e went to Mexico to be killed."

"Well, I hope," said the cook's mate resentfully, "that you'll have better luck than I. I tried to go out there this morning, and they wouldn't let me-said it was not open to visitors this week. Why not, I should like to know? Nobody lives in it.

The Princess clapped herself dramatically

upon the breast.

"Me! Cartaire," she said. "It is me. Listen, bot you mus' not tell anyone. Maybe—I shall not say for sure, but maybe—the Emperor, 'e will give me Miramar. We 'ave talk' of it a little. An' me, I 'ave come to see it aggain. It is ver' beautiful. No one 'as live' in it for years."

Then, after a moment, she turned towards

him, clapping her hands together.

"Cartaire!" she cried, "you shall come to Miramar weeth me to-morrow—jus' you an' me, allone. An' you shall tell me if I shall go there to leeve al-ways—if I shall make the Emperor give it to me. Will you go, Cartaire? Ah, yes, you mus' go! You shall come to lunch weeth us all, an' after lunch we will go to Miramar in the boat."

So the next day the cook's mate of the Peruvia lunched on board Graf von Ostermund's yacht, which lay at anchor off the old roads. The Princess Anina presented

him most felicitously.

"M. Cartaire," said she, "is an ol', ol' frien'. 'E 'as, jus' a little w'ile aggo, kill' a man I 'ave dis-pise—a German pig!'

And after luncheon the two were borne swiftly up the coast—a matter of five miles —to Schloss Miramar, in the yacht's electric launch.

Miramar sits by the open sea. From its outer balconies you may drop a pebble into the surf far below you, but behind the castle there is a tiny bay sheltered from the sea by a high breakwater which is also a sort of pier. The castle, on this landward side, makes a hollow angle, and you approach it from the water-steps by a series of balustraded stairs and terraces in the formal Italian fashion, bordered and flanked by hedges of laburnum. Beyond lie the gardens. They are not large, as great gardens go-they cover only a few acres—but they are the most beautiful in Europe.

There was no guard of honour drawn up to receive the Princess Anina and her guest, no high functionaries to show her about with ceremony, only the three or four men who are the ordinary caretakers and guides at Miramar had been warned by telephone, and were waiting quietly at the entrance.

They had unlocked all the doors of the

various suites so that the two visitors might move about at their will, and the Princess Anina led the cook's mate through all the rooms of the castle, from Throne Room to banqueting-hall, and from gorgeous royal bedchambers to the plain little cabinet where Maximilian worked and slept. showed him the famous portraits of the Empress Elizabeth and of all the Hapsburgs, and the priceless Japanese curios and hang-· ings that Maximilian had collected.

And from the *château* they went out along terraces and galleries to the beautiful Italian garden where cypresses pointed to heaven, and beds and borders of box and of laburnum and of bright flowers lay like a painted map

—a labyrinth of decorous loveliness.

They came upon a little, grey old man, bent and wrinkled—the head gardener—who kissed the hand of the Princess Anina, and would have paid like homage to the cook's mate, thinking him some foreign Highness. He had been at Miramar in the ill-starred Emperor's time and had loved him. The tears ran down his brown old cheeks when he spoke of his dead master.

"He was a great man," said the Princess

Anina gently.

"Also he loved flowers, Highness," said the little gardener. "He brought the laburnum here and many other things. worked in my garden with his own hands -his own hands, Herr Gott! And from those water-stairs yonder he sailed away, and those Mexican pig-dogs, those devil-begotten animals of no name—pardons, Highness!
—shot him against a stone wall!"

The Princess Anina laid her hand upon the little old man's shoulder, and she slipped

a gold coin into his withered claw.

"God made him a noble gentleman, friend," said she. "He died a martyr." And she signed to the cook's mate to come away.

They went up marble steps to a terrace, and through a very long pergola, grown over with vines and set with statues, and so, presently, came out over higher ground still, and among trees, to a little shaded plateau, a bosquet, which looked over the sea. There was a seat overhung by odorous shrubs; there was a trickle of water from somewhere out of sight; the splash of the surf came up from below their feet, faint and soothing.

The Princess Anina dropped upon the wooden seat with a little sigh of weariness.

"Sit down 'ere, Cartaire," said she. "Me, I am tired—an' al-ways a little sad w'en I am 'ere at Miramar. It speak' so of 'im-of Maximilian. 'E was the nobles' Habsburg of them all, Cartaire, the braves', the trues'sans peur et sans reproche."

She sat for a little time silent, her chin upon her hands, staring out over the blue Adriatic. Then, presently, when she spoke again, a faint blush came up over her face, and something to her blue eyes which the cook's mate had never before seen there.

"There 'as been anothaire like 'im," she said just over her breath, "the nobles', the trues'-sans peur et sans reproche, bot 'e-'e

died too, Cartaire."

"Boris!" said the cook's mate gently.

"Yes, Cartaire," said she, staring still out over the blue sea. "Boris, I—we—loved each other ver much, we. Sometimes it is I wondaire w'y 'e 'ave to die. I wondaire if God wan' 'im more than I 'ave wan'

Then, after she had sat for another space, she turned her grave eyes upon the cook's

"You—you mus' 'ave love 'er ver' much, Cartaire," she said half-wistfully.

"Yes, Princess," said the cook's mate.

"Or you would not 'ave kill' that pig for 'er sake," she went on. "Poor Cartaire! An' she, she mus' love you all the more, now. I theenk she 'ave love' you all the time, even w'en she marry 'im. 'Ow she must love you,

"I think not, Princess," said the cook's mate, looking away. "Once I thought so, but—I think not."

"O-oh, Cartaire!" cried the Princess Anina in a shocked, pitying whisper. stared at his averted face for a long time with wide eyes.

"I do not billieve that is possible," she said at last. It was as if she spoke to herself. "If it is—true, then you—— Oh, I am sorry, Cartaire! I am sorry. God, 'E 'as not been ver' good to you. No! 'E 'as not been ver' good to either of us, mon ami.

Maybe 'E forget——

"Cartaire!" after another pause.

"Yes, Princess," said he.

"If it is true, Cartaire, w'at you say—that she does not—care any more, then there is nothing to make you' wan' to go back, hein? There is nothing to tie you to America? You will jus' go on an' forget as soon as you may? You will make a new life?

"Yes," said he. "Oh, yes, I suppose so. Why?" He looked up rather curiously into the Princess Anina's face, for it seemed to him that she had some thought behind her words, something she did not voice.

"W'y?" she repeated. "Oh, nothing,

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"'They're red, my lady!' said he bitterly. 'There's blood on them.'"

Cartaire. I jus' asked to ask. Bot w'at will you do now? You will not always sail abbout on a little cargo steamship? W'at will you do, mon cher?"

The cook's mate shook his head wearily.

"I don't know, my lady," said he. "I do not look ahead. I drift. Sometime I shall strand somewhere, I expect. For the present, I drift. It is not so bad. It gets into one's blood curiously. I know, now, how the tramp feels—the habitual vagabond. It is a fever, sort of. Yes, it gets into one's blood. It is the gipsy instinct."

"Bot lonely, Cartaire!" said the Princess Anina. "You 'ave not been born to thees. You mus' be lonely sometimes." "Yes, my lady," said the cook's mate, and, for an instant, she saw the loneliness in his face—the gipsy look. She put out her hand and touched his hand that strained over his knee.

"We are two lonely ones togethaire," she said. "The *misère*, it love' company." And, as if the words, heedlessly spoken, brought to her some new thought, she flushed all at once, drawing back her hand, and the cook's mate, looking up, caught once more that momentary impression of something unvoiced, something beyond his ken.

He sat looking at her so long, his mind going back whimsically over the days when he had known her in America, that the Princess stirred in her seat with a certain embarrassment.

"'Ave I change' ver' much, Cartaire?" she asked presently. "'Ave I grow' ver' old?"

"No, Princess," said the cook's mate, laughing gently. "You do not change. You were beautiful then, in Washington, and you are beautiful now—more beautiful, I think. A little older—the littlest—a little graver—you used always to be laughing in those days—a little kinder, I dare say, but still very much you. No, Princess, you do not change."

"Not 'Princess,' Cartaire!" said she with a little frown. "I do not like that 'Princess,' me. We are too ol' frien's. 'Anina,'

Cartaire!"

"Anina!" said the cook's mate, and, if he had known it, a little flush came up over his cheeks, for she was, as he had said, beautiful, and he had been very lonely.

Then, for she was an April lady, quick to tears or laughter, the Princess began softly

to laugh.

"Oh, Cartaire!" she said, "do you remember—in Washeenton?"

"I remember many things, my lady," admitted the cook's mate, with a certain gleam in his eye.

"You 'ave make love to me bettaire than

anyone I ever knew," said she.

"I could do it again!" boasted the cook's mate.

"Cartaire," said the Princess Anina an hour later, "once, for a little w'ile, I was a ver' important person. Now that is all over. I am jus' a woman, once more, for a Hungarian princess, w'at is she? Nothing! The Emperor will not aggain weesh to make a—w'at do you say, Cartaire? A—political marriage. So I am—nobody. If 'e give me, the Emperor, thees Miramar, I shall be ver' lonely 'ere. It is beautiful—the mos' beautiful, but w'at is that? An' you, Cartaire," she said, bending away from him a little, you will be lonely, too, God knows w'ere. Oh, Cartaire, Cartaire!" cried the Princess Anina between laughter and tears. "Mus' I say it all, Cartaire? Will you not help me even a little?"

The cook's mate turned to her, white-faced, wide-eyed.

"Princess!" he whispered, and his voice shook. "Princess!"

He spread out his two hands before her, staring into her eyes.

"They're red, my lady!" said he bitterly. "There's blood on them."

"It does you honnaire!" cried the Princess Anina. "I am glad it is there! Oh, Cartaire, we are two shipwreck' people to whom life 'as done its wors'. We 'ave love' an' los', an' maybe we can nevaire do quite the same aggain; but, Cartaire, we are young, an' there mus' be something lef' for us. Boris is dead, an' she is dead to you. Should we not be 'appy, 'ere at Miramar, my frien'? Should we not, Cartaire?"

She put out her two hands to him, and the cook's mate bent his hot face over them, kneeling upon the turf at her feet. But, after a little time, he rose and walked a bit away from her and stood smiting his hands together and staring out over the sea. His racked and lonely soul cried out to this haven which opened to it. His heart shook him from head to foot, for he had, at one time, come very near to loving the Princess Anina.

But all at once, as he stood there staring out over the blue sea, he became aware that he was staring at something definite, the Lloyd steamer *Graf Wurmbrand*, Dalmatiabound, which was leaving the harbour beyond. His thoughts flew to her like a homing bird, and to the ports she was to make—Zara, Sebenico, Ragusa, Cattaro. He found himself picturing the strange, fertile coast, mountain-backed, the men in Turkish breeches, the women in queer head-dresses, and aprons like an Eastern rug—bazaars—market-places—strings of donkeys wineskin laden—

He gripped his hands sharply and turned back to the Princess Anina. His heart jumped as he met the look in her eyes, but even as his eyes flashed in answer he was thinking of the *Graf Wurmbrand*, Southbound.





THE OBVIOUS SURMISE.

"Is Mr. Brown clever, dad?"

"Yes, very; he's making a name for himself."
"Didn't they give him one when he was born,

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

T ONG ago, so runs the story. Dwelt a very ancient dame. Bent her back, her ringlets hoary-But I do not know her name.

Cares no doubt she had in plenty, And of children not a few, Four or five or six and twenty, And their dwelling was a shoe!

Simple broth the children's dinner, No concomitant of bread: And at night each drowsy sinner Stole with tingling tail to bed.

This was rough. They will when older Revolution's flag unfurl; And, "Revenge is sweet": grown bolder, Won't they go for that old girl!!

Herbert S. Sweetland.

TOO HISTORICAL AMERICA.

I WILL back an appreciative American against a Mahratta horde. Opposite to where my uncle lives in old Dulwich is a Tudor mansion, where lived an Elizabethan worthy. This fact was recorded on a stone in the front. One very foggy

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

night two winters ago, a tapping and scraping were heard, continuing for an hour. In the morning there was a hole in the house—the commemorating stone had been stolen. Last summer an English traveller passing through the town of New Florence. Illinois, saw an inscription that made him rub his It said that at that house had lived and died Sir W-, seaman, courtier, poet, and far twinkling star in the diadem of Queen Elizabeth, and that Her Majesty had held high revel there Christmas, 1587. He took a snapshot to convince himself that his reason was not dethroned, and while doing so was hailed by the householder.

"Taking a picture of our stone? We're kinder proud of that stone. My wife and I dug it out of an English mansion with our own hands; yes, sir -a lovely house, too. We're kinder stuck on the Old Country. America is God's country all right, but it lacks objects of hi-sto-rical interest."

"No objects of historical interest in America?" said the traveller. "Why, at the rate you are going, there soon will be no objects of historical interest anywhere else."

B. A. Clarke in his new book, "All Abroad."



ON PAROLE.

PORTLAND BILL: Beg pardon, mister, but would you mind 'avin' this 'ere window up? I'm chilly. They would give me a bath before saying "Au reservoir!"

A LATTER-DAY VICTIM.

I'M a broad-minded man, and I've made it my plan to study the progress of Science

In hygienic improvements, and all other movements for setting disease at defiance;

But I'm free to maintain I've a right to complain when my family, going one better,

Unites to conclude that these theories crude should be all carried out to the letter.

And I shouldn't much mind if they only combined to try one at once, but the fact is

They're each of them mad on a separate fad and determined to put it in practice.

There's Mary—she's sure that the Open Air cure is the only unfailing specific,

And I'm in for a fight on the stairs every night with a hurricane simply terrific;

And I'm chilled through and through, and my fingers are blue, and my throat is so sore I can't swallow;

And she says on no terms must we put up with germs and the deadly diseases that follow.

Then Bob's rather stout—has a touch of the gout—and declares that there's nothing like skipping,

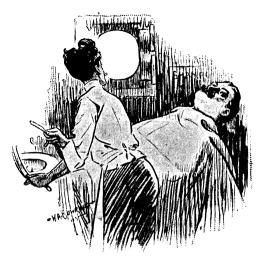
And he hasn't a doubt I shall soon be "snuffed out" if I don't do the same, and "it's ripping!"

And my temper is mild, but it makes me feel wild when I'm just in the humour for napping,



THE BETTER WAY.

"And did you say my husband was a numskull?"
"No—no, my dear young lady; I always keep my thoughts to myself."



ON A LINER.

BARBER (to gifted professional singer): So you're not singing at the concert on deck to-night, sir?
SINGER: No--when I'm at sea, I take a complete

rest-never sing a note.

BARBER: I'm just like that myself, sir—when I'm ashore, I never look at a razor.

To be kept wide awake by the ceiling a-shake, and that rope's everlasting tap-tapping.

And John will explain: "In an age of such strain the Rest Cure is quite indispensable; If you're using your head, then five weeks in bed, now and then, is the only course sensible." So he's gone there to stay, and has ten meals a-day, while it makes my position distressing, For he will not be seen, though eight clients have been to complain that their business

is pressing.

Then Elizabeth's read that we're all overfed—
among viands too long have been rioting;

For all bilious ills better poison than pills, it's merely a matter of dieting.

So we've only one course now for dinner (sans sauce), which we sit round in silence and masticate;

Thus it strengthens the frame, but neglect of the same severe indigestion will castigate.

And I've lost half a stone the last fortnight alone, and my face is enough to affright one;

But the paler I grow, the more they all know that their own special cure is the right one. For my life each contends, while my bachelor

friends sotto voce pronounce me a "silly ass." Oh, pity the prey of the whims of the day, a

Oh, pity the prey of the whims of the day, a helpless old paterfamilias!



E. M. Griffiths.

FRIEND: Do scenes of the past ever return to you?

BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST: Yes, if I enclose a stamped envelope.



TO BE OR NOT TO BEE?

"My daughter," said the loving father, with perhaps a shade of harshness in his voice, "what does that young man who calls on you every evening do for a living?" "He hasn't determined yet, father," replied the fair girl, with a glad look in her eyes, "but he is thinking of a profession." "And what walk in life does he propose to adorn?" asked the parent. "Well," she replied, "he hopes to get a post as life companion to a nice girl."

THE LIBRARY CATALOGUE.

We turned over the library catalogue, but could not determine upon books. As we glanced through the titles, a feature of modern fiction struck us disagreeably—the tendency of the novelist to give one of his characters the surname of a more famous writer, and to use this in the title—"The Folly of Thomas Meredith," for example, and "Robert Hardy's Seven Days." (Why should Hardy get seven days?) These were both in the library, but

we could recall many others. I suggested that this is prompted by envy. The less successful lady author, for example, puts forth a book, "The Downfall of Kate Broughton," and feels happier. My wife objected that there is not always a disparaging suggestion in the title, there is sometimes even the appearance of praise, as in "The Goodness of Thomas Morrison," published last spring, and that other book, "How Joe Kernahan Won the Victoria Cross." The idea is rather this. The last stage of fame is when a particular Christian name is so firmly welded to a surname that no other seems possible. For example, you cannot imagine a George Shakespeare. A mathematician will tell you that such a combination is possible, but the mind will not entertain it. If a witness gave his name as George Shakespeare, the judge would warn him of the dangers of perjury. Small-minded scribes would prevent this distinction befalling their contemporaries, and hence this taking of illustrious surnames and affixing to them Christian names, felt to be absurd in proportion to our love for the wronged authors.



A CERTAIN famous professor of learning is a fond father as well as a desperate punster. favourite form of exercise is trundling a babycarriage along the campus walks. One day while he was so employed, a friend hailed him with the query: "Giving your son an airing?" "No," replied the professor with dignity, "I'm giving my heir a sunning."

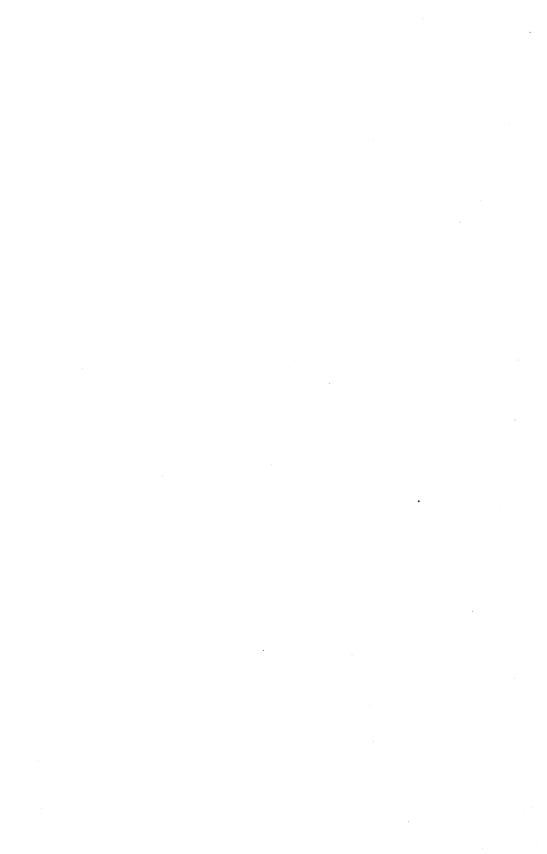


EXACTING.

Miss Dolly (to polite admirer who has already got a bad start): Thanks awfully. Just hold it a minute please—there's mother close behind in the pony-cart!



MAMMA: Good-bye! But I must say I'm surprised that you can't understand him! I think he speaks very plainly for a child of his age. VISITOR: No doubt: but, you see, I'm not familiar with his dialect,





"SWEET LAVENDER." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

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"CRUSOE." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S.

THE ART OF MR. J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

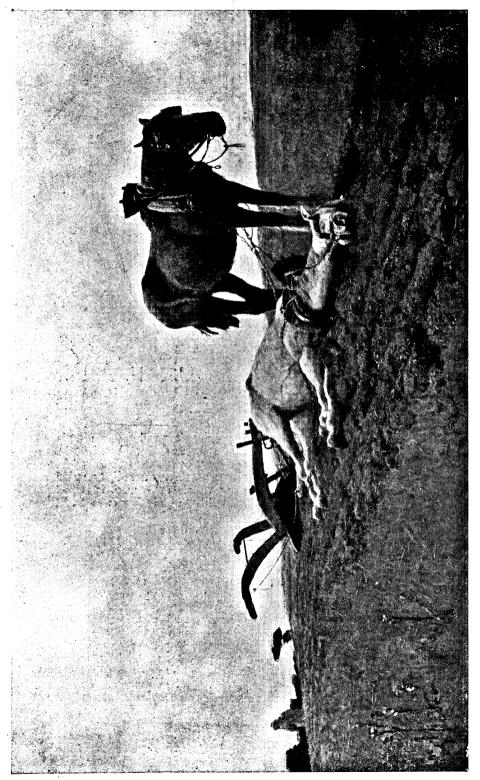
T no time in the history of painting have we had more schools or more conflicting theories. While the great mass of the public refuses to divorce literature from art, an earnest minority declares that a picture should not attempt to deal with art in terms of literature. The minority looks for a sentiment in colour, for a quality of poetry in composition or line—in short, for qualities that are little more than abstractions to the untrained mind. It may be doubted whether the most ardent admirers of a Corot or a Monet, a Whistler or a Sisley, can really avoid the literary sense. For them, the most daring impressionism tells a story, the only difference being that it is a subtle instead of an obvious one. In the first volume of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," there are some exquisite illusive lines inscribed to Whistler, and expressing the poet's view of one of the Master's works. Both picture and poem were on a plane that is more familiar to the student than to the man of affairs, neither work is likely to reach the multitude. Probably the truth that the ancients and moderns among artists are striving to realise lies somewhere between them, and succeed-

ing generations will gather what is best able to survive from both hostile traditions, and will carry on the work that must be for ever changing. For, after all, evolution in art is as inevitable as in man, it is part of life's natural law; and when one set of theories is acclaimed by all the schools, Art must die of inanition.

It is a mistake to suppose that the men who hold the relation of the painter to his canvas to be the same as that of the writer to his book would sl rink from defending their position. Mr. J. C. Dollman, whose work is the subject of these lines, insists most strongly that a picture should be dramatic. Mere executive ability he holds to be no more than a part of an artist's equipment. "First and foremost," he said to the writer, "is my desire to present a dramatic incident, one as novel as possible. Having found it, I express myself, naturally enough, to the best of my ability. My drawing, composition and colour are the best I have to offer."

Mr. Dollman started work in London as an Academy student nearly five-and-thirty years ago, and secured many honours at the Schools. He exhibited at the Academy for

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"THE TOP OF THE HILL." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S.

the first time in 1872, and three years later joined the staff of the *Graphic*, to whose service he has devoted some quarter of a century. Since the early 'seventies he has been a fairly regular exhibitor at the Academy, and his least serious work has been very widely published and circulated. We may be permitted to pass over most of the earlier successes; not that they do not represent conscientious endeavour, but because the artist's steady progress makes us more eager to deal with the product of his riper brush. For example, "Table d'Hôte at a Dog's Home," exhibited in 1879, and purchased by the Liverpool Corporation, is very clever and

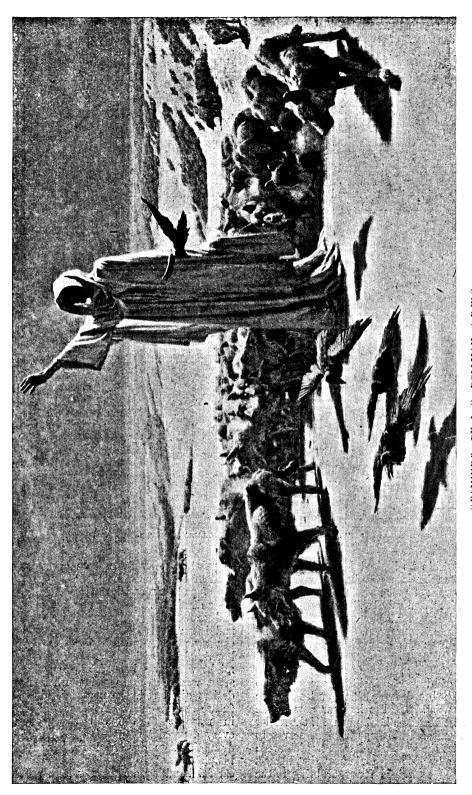
canvas a suggestion of the intoxication of the open-air life, there are pictures that touch a deeper note, "the pity of unpitied human things." In these higher flights of his imagination Mr. Dollman must command the admiration of the sober thinkers of all schools.

The gradual development of the painter's work is in this case the more interesting because in his less serious moods he had already scored a palpable hit. His earliest fancies in which domestic animals played so large a part had been engraved and sold far and wide; only an artist with a serious purpose could have broken away from the class of picture that was sure to sell and easy

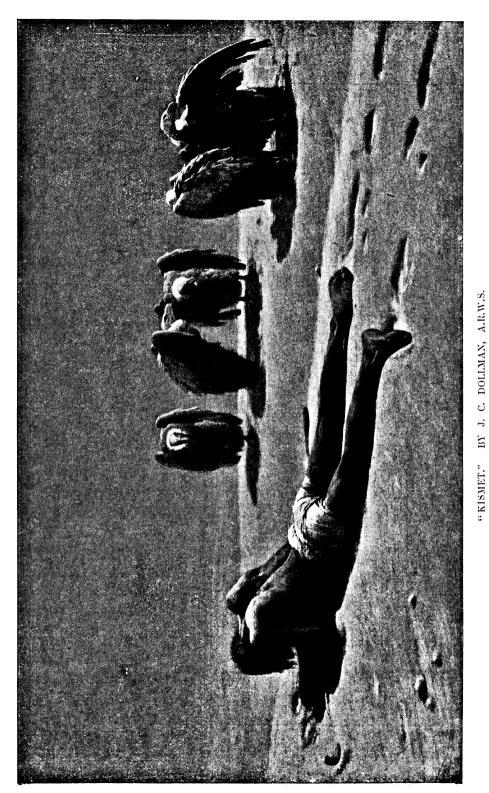


"TRESPASSERS." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S.

skilful within its limited boundaries, but it cannot be taken as seriously representative of the life-work of a man who has given us "Les Misérables " and "Judas." It is interesting as a landmark, a milestone upon the road of the painter's progress. He has passed steadily from the expression of comedy in terms of paint, to see and present other and more fascinating aspects of life. Not all the wealth of dramatic incident can avail to conceal the broad, sympathetic outlook of the serious artist. He has humour now in the sense that Meredith has humour; if the earlier work seems a little superficial, it serves to emphasise the strength of what has followed; and side by side with pictures that show a dainty and restrained fancy, or bring to the to paint. Mr. Dollman is an open-air man, fond of sport, and keenly observant of the life of paddocks and kennels. Consequently his animals have a certain quality of skilled and accurate observation that is very pleasing, and is readily recognised by sportsmen and countrymen who are accustomed to be with horses, dogs, and cattle. Such a facility might well have been fatal, for while the artist was content to paint what fine-art dealers could sell, the material side of his future stood secured. As he moved forward in response to the call that comes to every devoted servant of a high ideal, the dramatic sense developed more and more; his pictures, while retaining their skilled and careful handling, acquired a higher literary

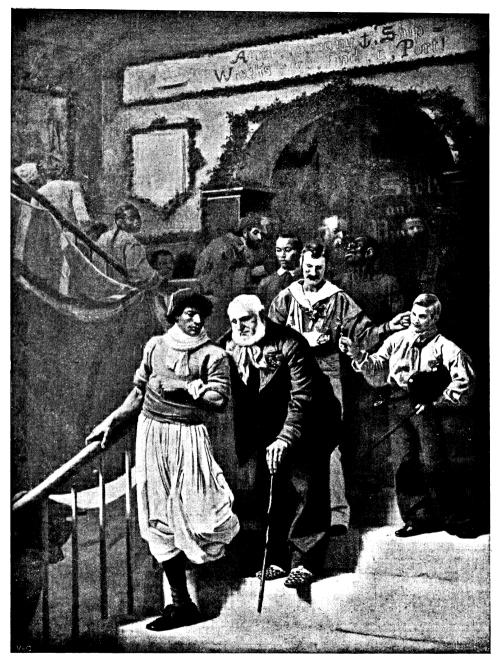


"FAMINE." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S. By permission of James Gresham, Esq.





"MOWGLI." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S. A picture on the theme of Rudyard Kipling's famous story.



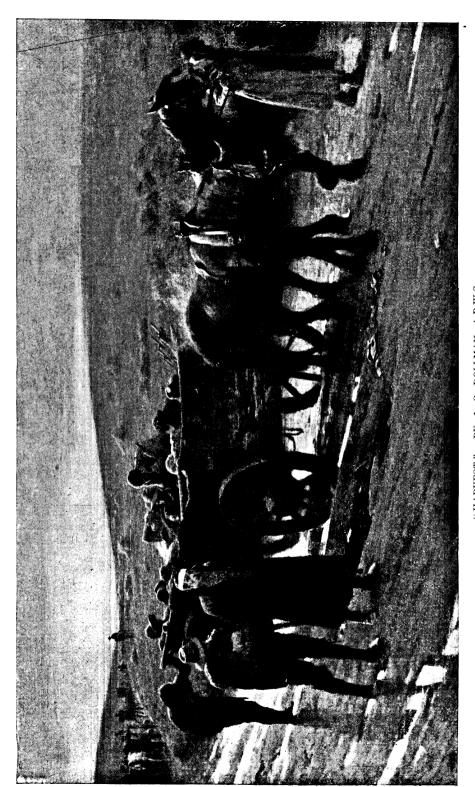
"CHRISTMAS AT THE DREADNOUGHT HOSPITAL, GREENWICH." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S.
Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Nottingham, from the picture in the Art Gallery, Nottingham Castle.

significance than they had enjoyed before; instead of calling forth a smile, they stimulated a thought. In much of his modern work animals claim a large share of the canvas, but they do no more than help to

carry out a great central idea, and to remind us that the painter has neither lost his keen sympathy with our four-footed friends, nor his ability to portray them in a manner that gives the close observer of Nature a thrill of



"YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S. Reproduced by permission of Mr. Cadary James, owner of the copyright and publisher of the large plate.



"HARVEST." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S.

pleasure. Something of the sagacity of the lower animals always finds expression in their pictures painted by Mr. Dollman; if he errs at all, it is in making them too intelligent.

Turning from general consideration of the artist's work to the pictures by which he has been best known in the latter years, one finds a wide ground covered by equestrian subjects. "Polo," exhibited in the Academy of 1890, is a singularly spirited picture most skilfully composed. Naturally enough, it must lose heavily in reproduction; the contrasts of light and shade disappear, the background becomes blurred, but it remains a vigorous presentation of a great game, full of suggestions of the joy of the open life and

not developed the sympathy of many who had never realised the sufferings of these animals before? Mr. Dollman's picture of grey skies and snow-sodden streets, of horses in every stage of dejection, is not a fanciful affair; it was a life study, and you can see it if you will on any winter's day. But the sights that await us at every street-corner are those we are slowest to see. Happily the horse is near the day of his release from bondage, and if anything can reconcile us to the smell of petrol and the "Teuf, teuf!" of the relentless car, it is the thought that it puts a period to the sufferings of the horse.

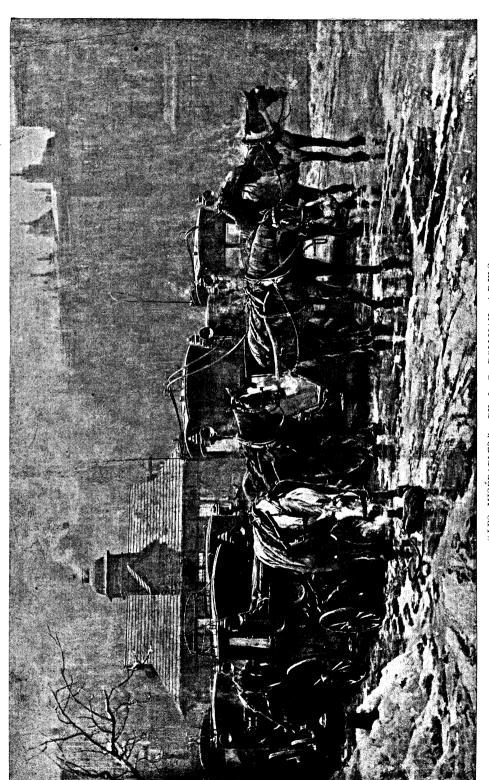
Very subtle, too, and well thought out is the



"THE FIELD OF HONOUR." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S.

the spirit of sport. Here the horses seem to share the enthusiasm of the men; turn from them to the cab-horses of that wonderfully sympathetic picture "Les Misérables," exhibited in the Royal Academy some two years earlier. Few of us realise the tragedy of the London cab-horse; literature has little to say about it, though one sketch by Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, a man who knows and loves horses, occurs to the writer. was published in "Thirteen Stories," or "The Ipané," and brought the horrors of the life vividly to the mind. So here, Mr. Dollman has done with his brush what Mr. Cunninghame-Graham did with his pen; and who shall deny that the pictures painted by one sympathiser and written by another have

picture entitled "At the Top of the Hill." Here we have one of the tragedies that await the ploughman's beasts. One has fallen, the days of its labour are at an end; the other, patient, indifferent, spiritless, stands waiting some order from its master. There is a fine dramatic sense in this picture. In the wellknown series of pictures dealing with the life of a highwayman, the horses do not claim the centre of the canvas. "Your Humble Servant," the picture showing a highwayman reading the notice of a reward for his own capture alive or dead, rose out of the artists' desire to present a country signpost standing at the cross-roads in some place where there was a wide expanse of open land. It had been a half-developed idea for a very long



"LES MISÉRABLES." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S. Reproduced by permission of Mr. Serimgeour.

time, and on a sudden came the idea to make the highwayman the central figure.

Five years later, in 1892, at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, we saw a companion picture, "Dead or Alive." Here the long-drawn-out struggle between lawlessness and authority has come to an end, the highwayman's horse lies on the ground by his side.

game may be, if it has been played truly and cheerfully to the end, our sympathy goes with the player; and there is no doubt that most of the highwaymen were gallant and attractive scoundrels. Who has closed "Rookwood" without a kindly feeling towards Dick Turpin? The writer of books and the painter of pictures dealing with the Knights

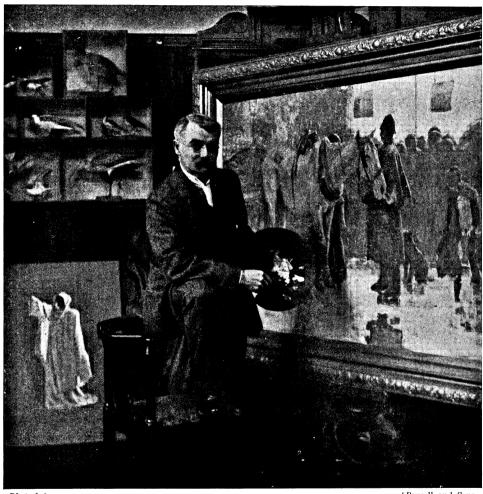


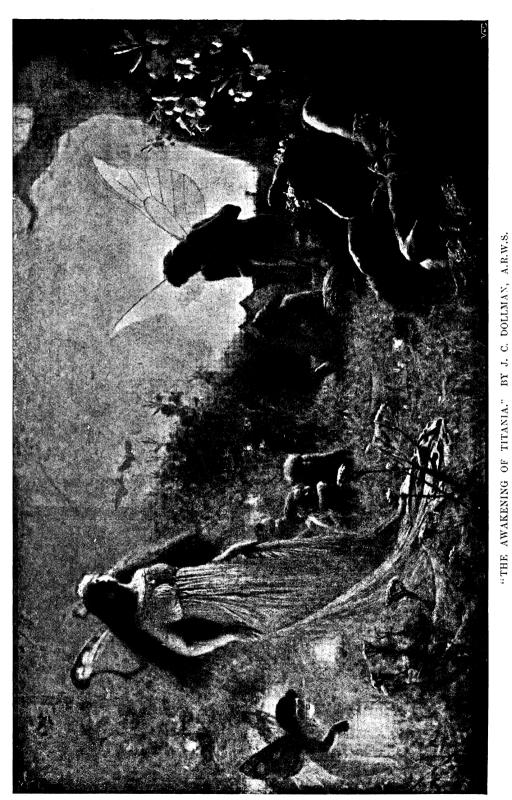
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MR. J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S., AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

[Russell and Sons.

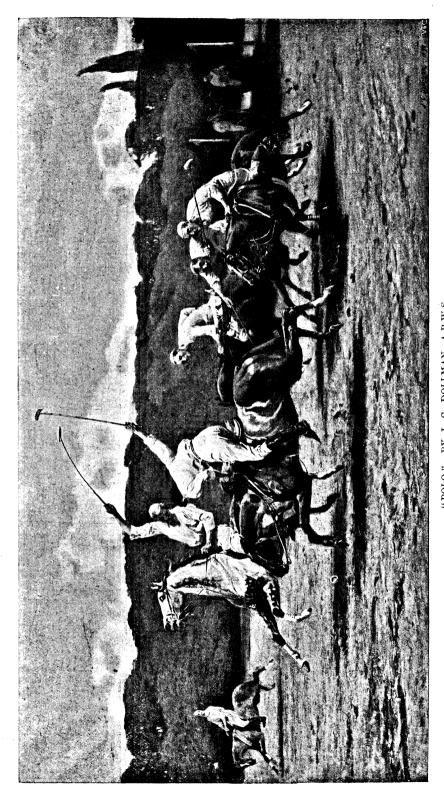
dead, and in the distance the pursuers are dividing their ranks to surround the beaten man on all sides and make the stern pursuit effective. It is a moment finely chosen, and presented with a simplicity that makes for strength and must inevitably arrest attention. Perhaps it directs sympathy in the wrong direction; but, then, who can feel for the triumphant majority? However wrong the

of the Road must needs lean charitably towards the men who gave our happy land the touch of colour that County Councils and stolid policemen have taken away. Your only highwayman to-day is the motorist, who, securely masked and hard to catch, kills dogs, cats, chickens, foxes, and now and again cripples the pedestrian when he ventures to forget that the world was made for the





"GOLD." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S. Reproduced by permission of J. Parker, Esq.



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Mendoza, New Bond Street, W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate. "POLO." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, A.R.W.S.

pushful and hurried people who scorch from

pole to pole on motor-cars.

Only one more picture in which the horse plays a part calls for attention here, and that is "Daily Bread," a very charming and reposeful study of the plough at rest among the autumn fields. Where the land is newly turned, the rooks are gathering, the horses enjoy their well-earned meal, and the old ploughman, bent, gnarled, and twisted by his strenuous service on the land, suggests in his wellrendered pose the pleasure of the leisured It is a picture that could have been painted only by a real lover of the country life, by a man who had seen beyond the bare, prosaic facts of the ploughman's daily toil the glamour of Mother Earth. Such a picture makes less startling claim to recognition than such works as "His Only Friend" (R.A. 1875), or "Christmas Day at the Dreadnought Hospital" (R.A. 1880), but it is an infinitely stronger effort; stronger because the appeal is less obvious, the painting more subtle, the power of discarding what is superfluous more clearly seen. As a painter progresses, he learns not only to throw aside the unessential details, but to reduce the number of details that are essential, and rely more upon the intelligence of the spectator. "Gold," exhibited at the Academy in 1893, is a powerful and well-elaborated picture, but it strikes one as belonging more to literature than to art, and is the more disappointing because it followed a work that will be regarded by many as Mr. Dollman's masterpiece. This is the tragic "Judas," that created so much attention when it was seen for the first time at the Academy in 1892. Few pictures of modern times strike a deeper note of suffering and remorse, and the intensity of the emotions is the greater because they are suggested rather than expressed. The face of the Betrayer is hidden by his hair—"there are some emotions that we may not ask to see" said the painter, referring to the picture in a recent conversation—but there is a power of expression in the stricken figure and the tightly clenched hands, while the tragic note is enforced by the bag that lies on the ground and the pieces of silver scattered round it. Sad and sombre it may be, but of its power and the devotion that must have been demanded for an accomplishment at once so dramatic and so restrained there can be little What a long way we find ourselves from the earlier work, painted at a time when

the skill of the hand had yet to be reinforced by the observation and sympathy of a matured

and serious intelligence!

The very recent pictures ca

The very recent pictures call for no more than brief mention here. There is "Famine" moving over a plain followed by a horde of wolves and having an advance guard of ravens. The artist, who studied his wolves in the Zoological Society's Gardens, says he had some difficulty in making his studies, because the wolves in Regent's Park are all well fed. "Mowgli," which attracted considerable attention at the Academy in 1903, was, of course, suggested by Mr. Kipling's story, and affords one of the few cases in which the artist has gone to literature rather than to life for his inspiration. It is a considerable achievement, this picture, and the colouring is most effective in its golden light and deep blue shade. In connection with the painting of "Mowgli," Mr. Dollman tells an amusing story. He had applied to Professor Blandford for advice in the choice of the monkey, and finally found a young organ-grinder who possessed an example of the proper species. The lad was so well satisfied with his treatment that he spread the story of his experiences among his brethren, with the result that the quiet corner of Chiswick in which the artist works was speedily crowded with organgrinders and monkeys. These men refused to understand why their animals were not required, and on the day when the picture was taken to Burlington House. there were half-a-dozen disappointed owners of monkeys still waiting in the street for a job.

Mr. Dollman is still in the prime of life, a strenuous worker with many interests, and it is reasonable to expect that we have still to see many interesting pictures from his brush. Glancing retrospectively at his work, it reminds us—as the work of every serious man should of the life history of a river. The water rises almost unknown and hardly seen, and flows for a time an unnoticed stream. Then it gathers strength from the land through which it passes, and becomes noticeable to many men, and helpful to some, at least, of those who watch its progress. Passing from strength to strength, it becomes the broad river that may well have forgotten the earliest springs and the miles of pleasant country through which it was content to play. Then the waters widen to the estuary, and the

estuary meets the sea.

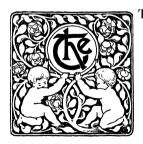
SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—Grouch, that is the name. Some say it should be spelt "Groutch," which makes the pronunciation clear—the word must rhyme with "crouch." On an autumn evening in the year 1855. Enoch Grouch, a small farmer of Morpinglam, Essex, was killed by the fall of a great bough from one of the elms that form an avenue leading to the village clurch. Summoned to the scene of the accident, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, of the Hall, find the child Sophy a few yards from her dead father, and, knowing her to be now alone in the world, undertake to look after her future. "Mother always said something would happen to that little girl, because of that mark she's got on her cheek," renarks Julia Robins, daughter of a widowed lady living in the village, alluding to a small birth-mark, just below the cheek-bone, which was destined to win for Sophy, in her subsequent career, the name of "La Dame à l'Etoile Rouge" with her friends, or "The Red-Starred Witch" with the more hostile citizens or ruler soldiers of Kravonia. At ordinary times this mark was a pale red in colour, but it was very sensitive to any change of mood; in moments of excitement the shade deepened greatly. In the second chapter we find Sophy old enough to leave the care of the Hall gardener's wife and "live at the Hall and be taught to help cook." Julia Robins, now grown up and training for the stage, thinks this a somewhat lowly lot for a girl whom the Squire and his wife have treated as though she were of their own class, and the Rector's son, Basil Williamson, lately gone up to Cambridge, shares the thought. But Sophy is installed "to help cook," and three years later, while still scullery-maid at the Hall, she meets the young Lord Duutsanbury. That day means more than Sophy knows, for a chance remark of Lord Dunstanbury's sends his eccentric kinswoman, Lady Meg Duddington, over to call on the Brownlows, and the sight of the girl's strange beauty, with its curious birth-mark, inspires the great lady to adopt her as a protegée, who may possibly

CHAPTER VII.

THE BARONESS GOES TO COURT.



TROOPS of the garrison and their allies, the scum of the streets, thought that they had scored a great victory, and inflicted deep humiliation on the unpopular martinet who ruled and harried them. They

celebrated the event with noisy but harmless revels, and when Captain Hercules was seen about again (he submitted to a fortnight's confinement to barracks with feelings in which thankfulness, though not gratitude, predomi-

Copyright, 1906, by Anthony Hope Hawkins, in the United States of America. Dramatic and all rights reserved. nated), he found his popularity with them greater than ever. But in the higher circles—the inner ring—of the party he served his reception was not so cordial. Stenovics would not see him; Stafnitz saw him only to express a most uncompromising judgment on his conduct.

Yielding in appearance, in point of substance the Prince of Slavna had scored heavily. The big guns were ordered from Germany. The Prince had the money to pay for them, and they were to be consigned to him; these were the guarantees which he had asked from Stenovics. When the guns came—and he had agreed to make an extra payment for early delivery—his situation would be very different. With trusty men behind them, it would go hard with him if he were not master of Slavna, and he had already obtained the King's sanction to raise and train a force of artillery from among his own men in Volseni and its neighbourhood. The men of Volseni were proof against

Mistitch's bragging and the subtle indulgence by which Stafnitz held his power over the rank and file of the army. They were true to the Prince.

The idle King's family pride was touched; it was the one thing which could rouse him. At his son's express request—and at that only—he acquiesced in the release of Mistitch and his satellite Sterkoff; but he was determined to make his own attitude clear and to do what he could to restore the prestige of his family. The Prince said drily that the prestige would profit best of all by the big guns; the King was minded to supplement their effect by something more ornate. He created a new Order and made his son Grand Master of it. There was no harm in that. and Stenovics readily consented. He declared that something more must be done for the lady to whom his son owed his life; to be made Keeper of the Tapestries might be a convenient recompense, but was not honour enough. Stenovics declared that any mark of favour which His Majesty designed for Mlle. de Gruche might most properly be hers. Finally the King instructed Stenovics to concentrate all his energies on the matrimonial negotiations. A splendid marriage would enhance and strengthen the prestige more than anything else. Stenovics promised zealous obedience, and withdrew full The Order was an easy matter. and honours for Sophy did no harm. The marriage was ground much more delicate. It touched the "big stake" which Colonel Stafnitz had so emphatically warned the General not to play on the bad hand dealt to him by Mistitch's blundering. But with the big guns in position and the sturdy men of Volseni behind them—would a good hand

There were but three in the inner secret of the scheme, but they were three of the longest heads in Kravonia. Countess Ellenburg was a pious woman and of exemplary demeanour; but (as Markart told Sophy) women are ambitious, and she had borne the King a son. Stenovics saw himself cast aside like an old glove if Prince Sergius came to the throne. Stafnitz was a born fisher in troubled waters, and threw a skilful Twice before in the country's history intrigue had made revolution and changed the order of succession in the House of The three waited on chance, Stefanovitch. but the chance was not yet. If the King were at enmity with his son, or if there were a demise of the Crown while the Prince was not on the spot to look after his interests,

there might lie the opportunity. But now the King was all cordiality for his Heir Apparent, the Prince was on the spot; the guns and their Volsenian gunners threatened to be on the spot too, ere long. It was not now the moment for the big stake.

King Alexis was delighted with his new Order, and the Grand Master's insignia were very handsome. In the centre of a fivepointed star St. Michael slew the Dragon-a symbol, perhaps, of Captain Mistitch! The broad ribbon was of virgin white; it would show up well against either the black sheepskin of the Volsenian tunic or the bright blue of the Prince's hussar uniform. There were some day to be five other Knights; with the Grand Master and the Sovereign himself the mystic number Seven would be reached—but it would never be exceeded: the Order would be most select. All this the King explained in a florid speech, gleeful with his new toy, while the serious folk listened with a respectful deference and a secret smile. "If he would make order, instead of Orders!" thought the Prince; and probably Colonel Stafnitz, in attendance as His Majesty's aidede-camp, had thoughts not very different. Yet even toys take on a significance when grown-up people play with them. Countess Ellenburg was not pleased that only one appointment should be made to the Order of St. Michael. Was it not time that the pretty boy Alexis wore a Star?

The King had not done yet; there was honour for the Prince's friends too; men should know that service to the Royal House was meritorious in proportion to the illustrious position of that House. Zerkovitch stood forward and was made Chevalier of the Cross of Kravonia. The occasion cost Zerkovitch the price of a Court suit, but for Marie's sake he bore the outlay patiently. Then the King, having refreshed himself with a draught which his valet Lepage brought him, turned to his most pleasing task. The Keeper of the Tapestries was called from her place in the circle beside Marie Zerkovitch. Colonel Stafnitz had not noticed her standing there, but now he gave a little start; the figure seemed familiar. He turned his head round to Markart, who was just behind him. "Yes, that's her," Markart whispered in answer to the question in the Colonel's eyes. The eyes flew back to Sophy instantly. There too was set the gaze of Countess Ellenburg. For Sophy was in full beauty that day. She too loved toys; and her ancient hatred of the name to which she had been born must be remembered. Her eves



"'Since the scenery is fine and the people interesting-yes, Monseigneur."

glowed, and the Red Star glowed on her cheek. All her air was triumphant, as she curtsied to the King, and then stood, erect and proud, to hear his gracious words.

Gracious his words were for her deed, and gracious his smile for her comely beauty. He could at least look a king—no man denied him that—and speak in kingly phrases. "A service unmatched in courage, and immeasurable in importance to us and

our Royal House, the preservation of our dearly loved son and only Heir." (Countess Ellenburg looked down her nose at that!) For such an act did he confer a patent of nobility on Sophy, and for greater honour gave her as title the name of one of his own estates, together with a charge on its revenues equal to her new dignity.

He ended and sank back in his chair. Her Prince came forward and kissed her hand before them all. Countess Ellenburg bowed condescendingly. A decorous murmur of applause filled the hall as, with shining eves, Sophia, Baroness Dobrava, curtsied again very low.

So, as Sophy Grouch had gone, went

Sophie de Gruche!

"She's delighted—poor child!" whispered Marie Zerkovitch; but only Julia Robins, in England far away, heard the full torrent of Sophy's simple childlike exultation. Such a letter went to her that night—but there was stuff in it besides the Baroness's pæan.

Suddenly a childish voice rang out clear through the hall—a fearless eager little

voice.

"What's that you've got on your cheek?" asked young Alexis with engaging candour;

his finger pointed at Sophy's face.

So quaint an interruption to the stately formality of the scene struck people's sense Everybody laughed — even Countess Ellenburg. Sophy's own laugh rose rich and merry. Her ignorance or carelessness of etiquette betrayed itself; she darted at the pretty boy, caught him in her arms, and kissed him, answering: "That's my luck-my Red Star."

The boy touched the mark with his finger: a look of childish awe came into his blue

"Your luck!" he said softly, and continued to look at the mysterious sign after Sophy had set him down again. The little scene was told all over Slavna before nightand men and women talked, according to their temper, of the nature and the meaning of the Red Star. If only the foolish think about such things, even the wise talk.

The King left his chair and mingled with his guests. His movement was the signal for a general relaxation of caremony. The Prince came across the room and joined Sophy, who had returned to Marie Žerkovitch's side. He offered the Baroness his congratulations, but in somewhat constrained His mind seemed to be on something else; once or twice he looked inquiringly at Marie, who in her turn showed signs of restlessness or distress. A silence followed on Sophy's expression of her acknowledg-The Prince glanced again at Marie and made up his mind to speak.

"You've done me the kindness I asked?"

he inquired of Marie.

Marie picked at the feathers of her fan in unhappy embarrassment. "No, sir, I haven't. I—I couldn't."

"But why not?" he asked in surprise.

"I-I couldn't," repeated Marie, flushing. He looked at her gravely for a moment, "Then I must plead my own then smiled. cause," he said, and turned to Sophy. "Next week I'm leaving Slavna and going to my castle of Praslok. It's near Volseni, you know, and I want to raise and train my gunners at Volseni. We must be ready for our guns when they come, mustn't

His eyes met hers—eager glance exchanged for glance as eager. "Our guns!" whispered

Sophy under her breath.

"Marie here and Zerkovitch have promised to come with me. He'll write what ought to be written, and she'll cook the dinners." He laughed. "Oh, well, we do live very simply at Praslok. We shall be there three months at least. I asked Marie to persuade you to come with her and to stay as long as you could. But she's disappointed me. must plead for myself."

The changing expressions of Sophy's eyes had marked every sentence of his speech, and Marie marked every expression of the eyes. They had grown forlorn and apprehensive when he spoke of leaving Slavna; a sudden joy leapt into them at his invitation to

"You'll come for a little? The scenery is very fine, and the people interesting."

Sophy gave a low laugh. "Since the scenery is fine and the people interesting—

ves, Monseigneur."

Their eyes met again, and he echoed back her laugh. Marie Zerkovitch drew in her breath sharply. With swift insight she saw —and foresaw. She remembered the presentiment under whose influence she had begged Sophy not to come to Kravonia. But fate had weighted the scales heavily against her. The Baroness Dobrava was here.

 The Prince turned to Marie with a puzzled look. Sophy was lost in glad anticipations. Marie met the Prince's look with a deprecating imploring glance. frowned a little—not in anger, but in puzzle; what she foresaw he himself had not yet divined; he was feeling the joy without understanding it.

"At any rate you're not responsible now if we do freeze her to death with our mountain snows," he said in a jest which

veiled friendly reproach.

"No, at least I'm not responsible," Marie answered.

There was a note in her voice now which commanded even Sophy's pre-engaged attention. She looked sharply at her friend—and perhaps she understood. But she did not yield to the suggestion. She drew herself up proudly. "I'm not afraid of what may happen to me at Praslok, Monseigneur," she said.

A simultaneous exclamation of many voices broke across their talk. At the other end of the room men and women pressed into a circle round some point of interest which could not be seen by Sophy and her companions. A loud voice rang out in authoritative tones: "Stand back! Stand back—and open all the windows!"

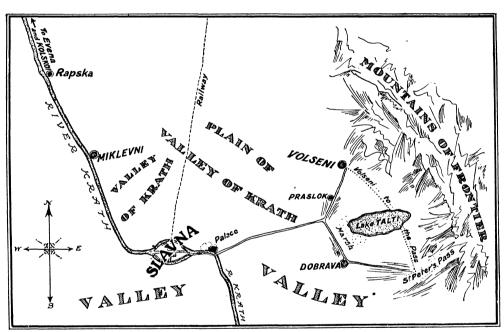
"That's Natcheff's voice," said the Prince.

The King showed signs of recovering, but Natcheff's face was grave beyond even the requirements of his profession or of his patient's rank. The next moment Lepage came up. This man, the King's body-servant, was a small plump person, who had generally a weary, impassive, uninterested manner. He looked rather uninterested even now, but his walk was very quick, and he was soon aiding Natcheff with deft and nimble fingers.

"This is strange, Lepage," said Natcheff. Lepage did not look up from his task.

"Has it ever happened before?"

Then Lepage did look up. He appeared



PLAN OF SLAVNA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

Natcheff was the leading physician of Slavna. "Somebody's fainted, I suppose. Well, the

place is stuffy enough!"

Markart emerged from the circle, which had widened out in obedience to the physician's orders. As he hurried past the Prince he said: "The King has fainted, sir. I'm going to fetch Lepage." Two or three other men ran and opened the windows.

"The King fainted! I never knew him do that before."

He hastened to where his father lay, the subject of Natcheff's ministrations. Sophy and Marie followed in his wake through the opening which the onlookers made for him.

to consider and to hesitate. He glanced once at the King before he answered.

"It's the third attack in two months," he said at last.

"You never told me!" The words shot sharp from Natcheff's lips.

"That was by His Majesty's peremptory orders. He'll be angry that I've told you now."

"Clear the room!" ordered Natcheff shortly.

Slavna had plenty to talk about that night. Besides the Baroness Dobrava's Red Star, there was the fainting fit of King Alexis! The evening bulletin was entirely favourable; the King had quite recovered. But many

had heard Lepage's confession and seen the look that it brought to Natcheff's face.

Stenovics and Stafnitz rode back from the Palace to the city side by side. The General

was silent, immersed in deep
thought. Stafnitz
smoked his cigarette with a light,
rather mocking
smile. At last,
when they were
almost opposite
the terrace of
the Hôtel de
Paris, Stenovics
spoke.

"It looks like the handwriting on the wall," he

said.

"Quite so, General," Stafnitz agreed cheerfully. "But at present there's no evidence to show to whom, besides the King himself, the message is addressed."

"Or what it says?"

"I think that's plain enough, General. I think it says that the time is short."

He watched his companion's face closely now. But Stenovics' mask was stolid and unmoved; he said nothing; he contented himself with a sullen grunt.

"Short for the King!" pursued Stafnitz, with a shake of his head.

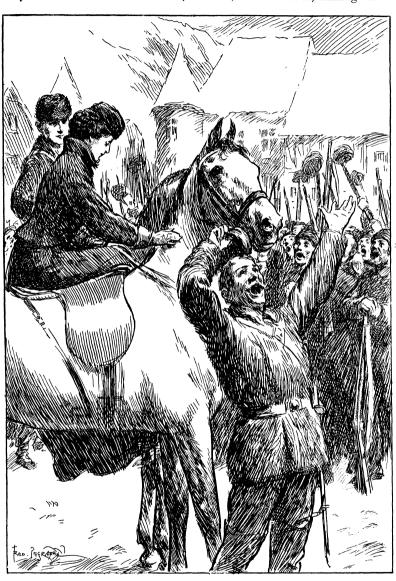
"Short for the Prince perhaps! And certainly, General, uncomfortably short for us!"

Stenovics grunted again and then rode on some while in silence. At last, just as he was about to part from his companion, he made one observation:

"Fortunately Natcheff is a friend of

mine; we shall get the best possible information."

"That might become of importance, no doubt, General," said Stafnitz, smiling still.



"The answering cheer brought tears to Sophy's sparkling eyes."

CHAPTER VIII.

MONSEIGNEUR'S UNIFORM.

DR. NATCHEFF amply reassured public opinion. What information he gave to General Stenovics, his friend, is another matter, and remained locked in that statesman's heart. Publicly and to everybody

else, from the Prince of Slavna downwards, he declared that there was no ground for apprehension, and that the King merely needed rest and change; after a few days of the former it was proposed to seek the latter by moving the Court to His Majesty's country seat at Dobrava—that estate from which Sophy had been graciously bidden to choose her title. Meanwhile there was no reason why the Prince should not carry out his intention and proceed to the Castle of Praslok.

Below Slavna, the main post-road—as has already been stated, there was no railway at this time—follows the course of the River Krath for about five miles in a south-easterly direction. It is then carried across the stream (which continues to trend to the south) by an ancient wooden bridge, and runs north-east for another fifteen miles through flat country and past prosperous agricultural and pastoral villages, till it reaches the marshy land bordering Lake Talti. The lake, extending from this point to the spurs of the mountain range which forms the frontier, bars its further direct progress, and it divides into two branches. The right prong of the fork continues on the level till it reaches Dobrava, eight miles from the point of bisection; here it inclines to the north-east again, and after some ten miles of steady ascent crosses the mountains by St. Peter's Pass, the one carriage road over the range and over the The left prong becomes a steep frontier. ascent directly the bisection has occurred, rising sharply for five miles to the hill on which the Castle of Praslok stands. it runs for another five miles on a high plateau till it ends at the hill city of Volseni, which stands on the edge of the plateau, looking down on Lake Talti and across to Dobrava in the plain opposite.

Beyond Volseni there is no road in the proper sense, but only cart or bridle tracks. Of these the principal and most frequented runs diagonally across the valley in which Lake Talti lies, is interrupted by the lake (at that point about a mile and a half wide), and then meets the road from Dobrava half way up St. Peter's Pass, and about twenty miles across country from Volseni. It thus forms the base of a rough and irregular triangle of country, with the point where the Slavna road bisects, Dobrava, and Volseni marking its three angles. Lake Talti is set in the middle, backed by a chain of hills continuous everywhere except at the indentation of the page of t

tion of the pass.

Though so near to Slavna in actual distance, the country is very different from the fertile river-valley which surrounds the capital; it is bleak and rough, a land of hill pastures and mountain woods. Its natural features are reflected in the character of the inhabitants. The men who count Volseni a local capital are hardier than the men of Slavna, less given to luxury, less addicted to quarrels and riots, but considerably more formidable opponents if once they take up arms. For this reason, no less than on account of their devotion to him, the Prince did well to choose this country as the recruiting-ground for his new force of gunners.

The Prince had been at Praslok for a week when Sophy set out to join him there. At the last moment Zerkovitch decided to remain in Slavna, at least until the Court made its promised move to Dobrava: reassuring as Dr. Natcheff was, it would do no harm to have a friendly pair of eyes and ears in the capital so long as the King remained in residence. Thus the two ladies were accompanied only by Peter Vassip, whom the Prince had sent to escort them. They set out in a heavy travelling-carriage at ten in the morning, reckoning to reach the Castle before evening fell; their progress would never be rapid, and for the last five miles exceedingly slow. They left the capital in complete tranquillity, and when Sophy settled her bill at the sign of the Silver Cock and bade farewell to old Meyerstein her land-lord, he expressed the hope that she would soon be back, though, indeed, his poor house was, he feared, no fit quarters for the Baroness Dobrava.

"I don't know whether I shall come back here, but I can never forget your house. I shall always love it in my memory," said Sophy.

Max von Hollbrandt had obtained leave of absence from his Legation and had accompanied the Prince to Praslok. two were friends, having many tastes in common, and not least the taste for soldiering. Besides having the pleasure of his company, the Prince looked to obtain valuable aid from Max in the task on which he was engaged. The young German was amused and delighted with his expedition. Praslok is a primitive old place. It stands on an abrupt mound, or knob, of ground by the roadside. So steep and sudden is the ascent that it was necessary to build a massive causeway of wood--an inclined plane-to lead up from the road to the gate of the square tower which forms the front of the building; the causeway has cross-bars at short intervals, to give foothold to the horses which in old days were stabled within the walls. Recently, however, modern stables had been built on the other side of the road, and it had become the custom to mount the causeway and enter the Castle on foot.

Within, the arrangements were quaint and Besides the tower already very simple. mentioned, which contained the dining-room and two bedrooms above it, the whole building, strictly conditioned by the shape of the hill on which it stood, consisted of three rows of small rooms on the ground floor. In one row lived the Prince and his male guests, in the second the servants, in the third the guard. The ladies were to be accommodated in the tower above the diningroom. The rows of rooms opened on a covered walk or cloister, which ran round the inner court of the Castle. The whole was solidly built of grey stone—a businesslike old hill-fortress, strong by reason of its massive masonry and of the position in which it stood. Considered as a modern residence, it had to be treated humorously—so Max declared, and found much pleasure in it from that point of view. The Prince, always indifferent to physical comfort and ever averse from luxury, probably did not realise how much his ancestral stronghold demanded of his guests' indulgence. Old Vassip, Peter's father, was major-domo - always in his sheepskin coat and high boots. wife was cook. Half-a-dozen servants completed the establishment, and of these three were grooms. The horses, in fact, seemed to Max the only creatures whose comforts were at all on a modern footing. But the Prince was entirely satisfied, and never so happy any where as at Praslok. He loved the simple hardy life; he loved even more, though perhaps less consciously, the sense of being among friends. He would not yield an inch to court popularity in Slavna; but his heart went out to meet the unsought devotion of Volseni, the mountain town, and its surrounding villages. Distant and self-restrained in Slavna, here he was open, gay, and full of an almost boyish ardour.

"It's worth coming here, just to see its effect on you," Max told him as the two rode back together from Volseni on the day of Sophy's arrival. They had been at work,

and the recruiting promised well.

The Prince laughed gaily. "Coming here from Slavna is like fresh air after an oven," he said. "No need to watch your tongue—or other people's! You can laugh when you

like and frown when you like, without a dozen people asking what's your motive for doing it."

"But really you shouldn't have chosen a diplomatist for your companion, sir, if you

feel like that."

"I haven't," he smiled. "I've left the diplomatist down there and brought the soldier up. And now that the ladies are coming—."

"Ah, now we must watch our tongues a little bit! Madame Zerkovitch is very pretty—and the Baroness might make me

absolutely poetical!"

Least prying of men, yet Max von Holl-brandt could not resist sending with this speech a glance at his companion—the visit of the Baroness compelled this much tribute to curiosity. But the Prince's face was a picture of unembarrassed pleasure.

"Then be poetical! We'll all be poetical!" he cried merrily. "In the intervals of drilling, be it understood!" he added

with a laugh.

Into this atmosphere physical and moral the exhibitation of keen mountain breezes, the brightness of a winter sun, the play of high hopes and of high spirit—came Sophy, with all her power of enjoying and her ardour in imagining. Her mind leapt from the sad embraces of the past to fly to the arms of the present, to beckon gladly to the future. No more than this had yet emerged into consciousness; she was not yet asking how, for good or evil, she stood or was to stand towards the Prince. Fortune had done wonderful things for her, and was doing more yet. That was enough, and beyond that, for the moment, she was not driven.

The mixture of poetry and drilling suited her to perfection. She got both when she rode over to Volseni with the Prince. Crisp snow covered the ground, and covered, too, the roofs of the old, grey, hillside city—long sloping roofs, with here and there a round tower with a snow-clad extinguisher atop. The town was no more than one long street, which bayed out at the farther end into a market-place. It stood with its back against a mountain-side, defended on the other three sides by a sturdy wall which only now, after five centuries, began to crumble away at the top.

At the city-gate bread and salt were brought to the Bailiff and his companion, and she and he rode side by side down the long street to the market-place. Here were two or three hundred tall fine fellows, waiting their leader. Drill had not yet

brought formality; on the sight of him they gave a cheer and ran to form a ring about him. Many caught his hand and pressed or kissed it. But Sophy too claimed their eyes. It was very cold; she wore a short jacket of sable over her habit, and a round cap of the same fur—gifts of Lady Meg's in the days of her benevolence. She was at the pitch of pleasure and excitement.

cried—quite indiscreetly. The Prince smiled and shook his head, but the answer was an enraptured cheer. The hatred of Slavna was a recommendation to Volseni's increased regard, the hint of danger a match to its fiery enthusiasm,

"A favour, Bailiff, a favour!" cried a young man of distinguished appearance. He seemed to be well known and to carry weight,

for there were shouts of "Hear Lukovitch! Hear Lukovitch!"— and one called with a laugh: "Aye, listen to the Wolf!"

"What is it, Lukovitch?" asked the Prince.

"Make the lady of our company, Bailiff." New cheers were raised. "Make her a lieutenant of our artillery."

Sophy laughed gaily.

"I have His M a j e s t y 's authority to choose my officers," said the Prince, smiling. "Baroness, will you be a lieutenant, and wear our sheepskins in place of your sables there?"

"It is your uniform, Monseigneur," Sophy answered, bowing her head.

Lukovitch sprangforwardand kissed her hand.

"For our Bailiff's preserver as for our Bailiff, men of Volseni!" he cried loudly. The answering cheer brought tears to Sophy's sparkling eyes. For a moment she could not see her Prince nor the men who thus took her to their hearts.

Suddenly, in the midst of her exultation, she saw a face on the outskirts of the throng. A small spare man stood there, dressed in unobtrusive tweeds, but making no effort to



"Her Prince who rode beside her."

In a moment a quick-witted fellow divined who she was. "The lady who saved him! The lady who saved him!" he cried at the full pitch of his voice. The Prince drew himself up in the saddle and saluted her. "Yes, the lady who saved me," he said. Sophy had the cheers now, and they mounted to her head with fumes of intoxication. It may be guessed how the Red Star glowed!

And you'll save him, if need be?" she

conceal himself; he was just looking on, a stranger to the town, interested in the picturesque little scene. The face was that of Lieutenant Rastatz.

She watched the drilling of the gunners, and then rode back with the Prince, escorted beyond the gates by a cheering throng, which had now been joined by many women. Dusk was falling, and the old grey city took on a ghostly look; the glory of the sunshine had departed. Sophy shivered a little beneath her furs.

"Monseigneur, did you see Rastatz?" she

"No, I didn't see him; but I knew he was here. Lukovitch told me vesterday."

"And not in uniform!"

"He has leave, no doubt, and his uniform wouldn't make his stay in Volseni any more pleasant."

"What's he there for?" she asked fret-

fully.

"Ah, Baroness, you must inquire of those who sent him, I think." His tone was light and merry.

"To spy on you, I suppose! I hate his being there. He—he isn't worthy to be in

dear Volseni."

"You and Volseni have fallen in love with one another, I see! As for spying, all I'm doing I do openly, and all I shall do. But I don't blame Stenovics for keeping an eye on me, or Stafnitz either. I do my best to keep an eye on them, you know. We needn't be afraid of Rastatz, we who have beaten Hercules Mistitch in open fight!"
"Oh, well, away with him!" cried Sophy.

"The snow's not frozen-shall we canter

home, Monseigneur?"

Merrily they cantered through the fast falling evening, side by side. Rastatz was out of mind now; all was out of mind save the fascination of the crisp air, the silent suggestion of gathering night, her Prince who rode beside her. The dark mass of the tower of Praslok rose too soon before her unwilling eyes. She drew rein, sighing.

"If life were just all that and nothing else!" she said, as he helped her to dismount and the grooms took the horses. She stopped half-way up the steep wooden causeway and turned to look back towards Volseni. The

Prince stood close by her.

"That's good, but life has better things," he said softly. "To ride together is good, and to play together. But to work together is better still, Baroness."

For a moment Sophy was silent. Then she laughed in joy.

"Vell, I'm to wear your uniform henceforth, Monseigneur!"

He took her hand and kissed it. Very slowly and gradually she drew it away, her eyes meeting his as he raised his head. heavy door at the top of the causeway opened; Marie Zerkovitch stood there, holding a lamp high in her hand; the sudden light flooded their faces. moment more he looked at her, then went down again on his way to the stables. Sophy ran up to where Marie Zerkovitch stood.

"You heard our horses?" she asked gaily. But there was no responsive smile on arie's lips. For her too the light had Marie's lips. shone on those two faces, and she was sorely

troubled.

The next day again they rode together, and the next. On the third day Sophy rode into Volseni in the sheepskin cap and tunic, a short habit of blue hiding her leather breeches and coming half-way over her long The Prince gave her his hand as they rode into the market-place.

Marie Zerkovitch trembled, Max von Hollbrandt shrugged his shoulders with a laugh —and little Rastatz drove back to Slavna through the night. He thought that he had seen enough for his purposes; his report would be useful in the city on the Krath.

CHAPTER IX.

COUNTESS ELLENBURG PRAYS.

In Slavna, Dr. Natcheff continued his reassuring reports until the public at large was so reassured as to ask for no more reports even of the most optimistic description. But the state of mind of the few people behind the scenes was very different. Stafnitz's conclusion held sway there. time was short! That was the ruling thought and the governing fact. It might be very short; and the end might come without warning. The secret was well kept, but to those to whom he spoke at all Natcheff spoke openly. The King's life hung on a thread, which the least accident might break. With perfect quiet and tranquillity he might live a year, possibly two years; any shock or overstrain would precipitate the end. Countess Ellenburg and her confidential friends knew this, the King knew it himself, and Lepage his valet knew it. There the possession of the secret stopped.

The King was gay and courageous; courage, at least, he had never lacked. He seemed almost indifferent. The best years were over,



"For a moment more he looked at her."

he said, and why not an end? An end swift, without pain, without waiting! There was much to be said for it. Lepage agreed with his master and told him so in his usual blunt fashion; they agreed together not to cry about it, and the King went fishing still. But the time was short, and he pushed on his one great idea with a zeal and an earnestness foreign to his earlier habit. He would see his son married, or at least betrothed, before he died; he would see the great marriage in train—the marriage which was to establish for ever the rank and prestige of the House of Stefanovitch. The Prince of Slavna must set forth on his travels, seeking a wife; the King even designated a Princess of most unquestionable exaltedness as the first object of his son's attentions or pursuit. With an unusual peremptoriness and an unusual independence, he sent Stenovics orders to communicate his wishes directly to the Prince. Stenovics received the royal memorandum on the day on which Lieutenant Rastatz returned to Slavna with the fruits of his observation at Volseni in his hand.

At first sight the King's commands were totally at variance with the interests of the Ellenburg coterie and with the progress of their great plan. They did not want the House of Stefanovitch strengthened and glorified in the person of its present Heir Apparent. But the matter was more complicated than a first glance showed. were the guns to be considered as well—and the gunners training at Volseni; these would be sources of strength and prestige to the Prince, not less valuable, more tangible, than even a great match. And now the Prince was on the spot. Send him on his travels! The time was short; when the short time ended, he might be far away. Finally, he might go and yet take nothing by his journey; the exalted Princess would be hard to win: the King's family pride might defeat itself by making him pitch his hopes and his claims too high.

On the whole the matter was difficult. The three chief conspirators showed their conviction of this in their characteristic ways. Countess Ellenburg became more pious than ever; General Stenovics more silent—at least more prone to restrict his conversation to grunts; Colonel Stafnitz more gay and interested in life; he too was fishing, and in his favourite waters, and he had hopes of a big rise.

There was one contingency impossible to overlook. In spite of his father's orders, the Prince might refuse to go. A knowledge

of the state of the King's health would afford him a very strong excuse, a suspicion of the plans of the coterie an overpowering The King himself had foreseen the former danger and feared its effect on his dominant hopes; by his express command the Prince was kept in ignorance; he had been amply reassured by Dr. Natcheff. the latter point the coterie had, they flattered themselves, nothing to fear. On what ground, then, could the Prince justify a refusal? His That would be unwarrantable: the King would not accept the plea. Did Rastatz's report suggest any other ground for refusal? If it did, it was one which to the King's mind would seem more unwarrantable still.

There is no big game without its risk; but after full consideration Stenovics and Stafnitz decided that the King's wishes were in their interest and should be communicated to the Prince without delay. They had more chances for them than against them. If their game had its dangers—well, the time

might be very short.

In these days Countess Ellenburg made a practice of shutting herself up in her private rooms for as much as two additional hours every day. She told the King that she sought a quiet time for meditation and prayer. King Alexis shrugged his shoulders; meditation wouldn't help matters, and, in face of Dr. Natcheff's diagnosis of the condition of his heart, he must confess to a serious doubt even about prayer. He had outlived his love for the Countess, but to the end he found in her a source of whimsical amusement, divining, if not her ambitious, at least her regrets, understanding how these regrets, when they became very acute, had to be met by an access of piety. Naturally they would be acute now, in view of Natcheff's diagnosis. He thanked her for her concern and bade her by all means go and pray.

What was the stuff of her prayers—the stuff behind the words? No doubt she prayed for her husband's life. No doubt she prayed for her son's well-being. Very likely she even prayed that she might not be led into temptation, or to do anything wrong, by her love for her son; for it was her theory that the Prince himself would ruin his own chances and throw the Crown away. It is not easy always to be sure of conscious insincerity.

Yet the devil's advocate would have had small difficulty in placing a fresh face on her prayers, in exhibiting what lay below the words, in suggesting how it was that she came forth from her secret devotions not happy and tranquillised, but with weary eyes and her narrow lips close-set in stern self-control. Her prayer that she might do nothing wrong was a prayer that the Prince might do nothing right. If that prayer were granted, sin on her part would become superfluous. She prayed not to be led into temptation—that sounded quite orthodox; was she to presume to suggest to Heaven the means by which temptation should be avoided?

Stenovics skilfully humoured this shade of hypocrisy. When he spoke to her, there



"In the sheepskin cap and tunic."

were in his mouth no such words as plans, or schemes, or hopes, or ambitions—no, nor claims, nor rights. It was always "the possibilities we are compelled to contemplate "-"the steps we may be forced into taking" -"the necessities of mere self-defence" "the interests of the kingdom"—"the supreme evil of civil strife"-which last most respectable phrase meant that it was much better to jockey the Prince out of his throne than to fight him for it. Stafnitz bit his lip and gnawed his moustache during these interviews. The Countess saw —and hated him. She turned back to Stenovics' church-going phrases and impassive face. Throughout the whole affair the General probably never once mentioned to her in plain language the one and only object of all their hopes and efforts. In the result business took rather longer to transact—the church-going phrases ran to many syllables; but concessions must be made to piety. Nor was the Countess so singular; we should often forgo what we like best if we were obliged to define it accurately and aloud.

After one of these conferences the Countess always prayed; it may be presumed that she

prayed against the misfortune of a cast-iron terminology. Probably she also urged her views for prayer is in many books and mouths more of an argument than a petition that all marriages were on one and the same footing, and that Heaven knew naught of a particular variety named in some countries morganatic. the keeping of contracts made contrary to the presumed views of Heaven we are all aware that Churches—and sometimes States too-are apt to know or count nothing.

Such were the woman and her mind. Some pity may go out to her. In the end, behind all her prayers and inspiring them —nay, driving her to her knees in fear — was the conviction that she risked her soul. When she felt that, she pleaded that it was for her son's sake.

Yet there lay years between her son and man's estate; the power was for someone during those years.

"If I had the Countess's views and temperament, I should grow potatoes—and, if possible, grow them worse than my neighbours," said Colonel Stafnitz. "If I lived dully, I should at least die in peace!"

The King held a very confidential conference. It was to sign his will. The Countess was there; the little boy, who moved in happy unconsciousness of all the schemes which centred round him, was sent into the next room to play with Lepage. Stenovics and Stafnitz were present as wit-

nesses, and Markart as secretary. The King touched lightly on his state of health, and went on to express his conviction of the Prince of Slavna's distinguished consideration for Countess Ellenburg and fraternal affection for little Alexis. "I go the happier for being sure of this, gentlemen," he said to his two counsellors. "But in any case the Countess and my son are well secured. There will be enough for you, Charlotte, to live in suitable style, here or abroad, as you please. My son I wish to stay here and enter my I've settled on him the estate of Dobrava, and he will have means equal to his station. It's well to have this arranged; from day to day I am in the hands of God."

As with another King, nothing in life became him like the leaving of it. There was little more work to do—he had but to wait with courage and with dignity. The demand now was on what he had in abundance, not on a faculty which he had always lacked. He signed the document and bade the General and Stafnitz witness it. In silence they obeyed him, meaning to make waste-paper of the thing to which they set their names.

That business done—and the King alone seemed happy in the doing of it (even Stafnitz had frowned)—the King turned suddenly to Stenovics.

"I should like to see Baroness Dobrava. Pray let her be sent for this afternoon."

The shock was sudden, but Stenovics' answer came steady, if slow.

"Your Majesty desires her presence?"

"I want to thank her once again, Stenovics. She's done much for us."

"The Baroness is not in Slavna, sir, but I can send for her."

"Not in Slavna? Where is she, then?" He asked what the whole kingdom knew. Save himself, nobody was ignorant of Sophy's whereabouts.

"She is on a visit to his Royal Highness at Praslok, sir." Stenovics' voice was a triumph of neutrality.

"On a visit to the Prince?" Surprise

sounded in his voice.

"Madame Zerkovitch is there too, sir," Stenovics added. "The ladies have been there during the whole of the Prince of

Slavna's stay."

The King shot a glance at Countess Ellenburg; she was looking prim and grim. He looked also at Stafnitz, who bit his moustache, without quite hiding an intentional but apparently irrepressible smile.

The King did not look too grave—and most of his gravity was for Countess Ellenburg.

"Is that-hum-at this moment quite

desirable?" he asked.

His question met with silence; the air of all three intimated that the matter was purely one for His Majesty. The King sat a moment with a frown on his brow—the frown which just supplants a smile when a thing, generally amusing and not unnatural, happens by chance to occur inconveniently.

Across this silence came a loud voice from the next room—Lepage's voice. "Take care, take care! You'll upset the flowers,

Prince!"

The King started; he looked round at his companions. Then he struck a handbell on the table before him. Lepage appeared.

"Lepage, whom did you address as 'Prince' just now?"

"Count Alexis, sir."

" Why?"

"The Count insisted."

"Don't do it again. It's absurd! Go

awav."

A dull red patched Countess Ellenburg's cheeks. Lids brooded low over the eyes of Stafnitz and of Stenovics. It was a very awkward little scene—the King's irritation had got the better of him for the moment. What would the kindred of the exalted Princess have said? The King turned to Countess Ellenburg and forced a smile.

"The question of reproof is one for you, Countess," he said frigidly. "And now about the Baroness—— No, I mean, I wanted to ask if my wishes have been com-

municated to the Prince of Slavna."

"The Prince has received them, sir. He read them in the presence of my messenger, and requested leave to send his answer in writing, unless he might wait on Your Majesty."

"There are reasons why I had better not see him just now. Ask him to write—but very soon. The matter isn't one for delay."

The King rose from his seat.

"Your Majesty still wishes me to send for Baroness Dobrava?"

The King reflected for a moment, and

answered simply: "No."

His brief word broke up the conference it had already lasted longer than suave and reassuring Dr. Natcheff would have advised. The men went away with a smile, all of them—the King, Stenovics, Stafnitz, roundfaced Markart—each smiling according to the quality of each, their smiles answering to Max von Hollbrandt's shrug of the shoulders. There are things which bring men to what painful youth was taught to call the least common denominator. A horse-race does it, a prize-fight, a cricket match, a battle too in some sort. Equally efficacious very often, though it is to be recorded with reluctance, is a strong flirtation with no proper issue obvious.

The matter was grave, yet all the men laughed. The matter was grave, Countess Ellenburg did not laugh. that what Stafnitz called her views and her temperament? In part, no doubt. Besides, men will laugh at the side-issues of the gravest affairs; it is not generally the case with women. Added again to this, perhaps Countess Ellenburg knew more or divined Amongst glaring diversity there was perhaps something—an atom of similarity between her and Sophy—not the something which refuses, but the something which couples high conditions with assent. The thousandth chance is to most men negligible; to most women it is no worse than the tenth; their sense of mathematical odds is sorely and sometimes magnificently—imperfect.

It had flashed across Countess Ellenburg's mind that maybe Sophy too played for a big stake—or, rather, lived for it and so would die. The men had not thought of that; to them the violent flirtation had its obvious end and its passing inconvenience. It might delay the Prince's departure for awhile; it might make his marriage more

entirely an affair of duty and of state. With this idea they smiled and shrugged; the whole business came under the head which in their thoughts and their confidential conversations they would style nonsense.

It was not so with the Countess. Disconcerted by that episode of Lepage and young Alexis, more moved by the sudden appearance of Baroness Dobrava as a factor in the game, she returned to prayer.

What now was the form and matter of her prayer? The form must go unformulated—and the words unconjectured. Yet she prayed so long that she must have succeeded in putting a good face on her petitions. Without a plausible plea nobody could have rested on their knees so long.

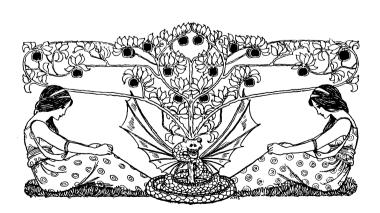
It is probable that she prayed for others as she prayed for herself—she prayed that the Prince of Slavna and the Baroness Dobrava might escape temptation.

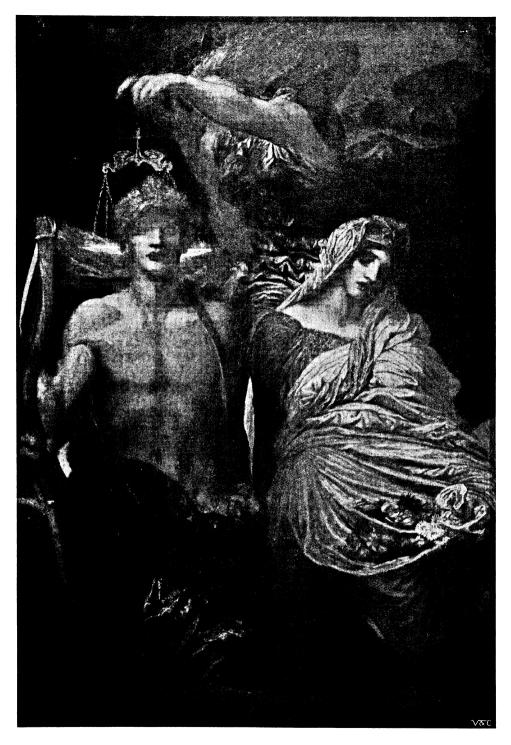
Or that if they fell——? Again it was not for her to dictate to Heaven. Heaven had its ways of dealing with such sinners.

Yet through all her prayers must have echoed the words: "It's absurd!" She prayed again, most likely, against being suspected of wishing that the man who uttered them—her husband—might soon be dead.

The King dead—and the Prince a slave to love—to the idle hours of an unprofitable love! It was a fine vision, and needed a vast deal of covering with the veil of prayer.

(To be continued.)





"TIME, DEATH AND JUDGMENT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Reproduced from the photograph by Frederick Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

A RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES.

V.—BENCH AND BAR.

THE Law and Vanity Fair have ever been the best of friends. "Ape" and "Spy" have found their most successful caricatures amongst the members of Bench and Bar. It may be that the legal profession lends itself more readily than any

other to the humorist's pencil; it may be that amongst successful barristers there are more men with well-defined characteristics, with more remarkable personalities, than in any other rank of life; it may be that the proximity—and traditional alliance between Fleet Street and the Temple has influenced the artists. But the fact remains.

It is an unfortunate truth that the best legal stories cannot be told without inflicting an unfair publicity on the men concerning whom they are related. Let me explain by an example. At a certain court in the North of England there appeared on one occasion a barrister. as brilliant as he was alcoholic, who asked the judge if he would postpone a certain case. The judge granted

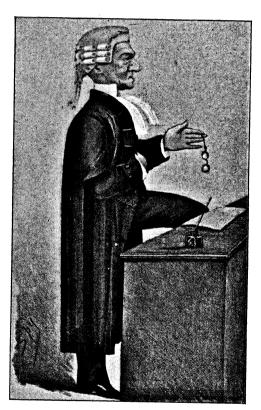
his request. Now, the barrister went out and found certain convivial friends in whose company he forgot his application. He again appeared in court, and the judge, who knew him, again granted his request for postponement without further comment. A large lunch-party ensued. After which, the learned counsel, with his wig on one side,

appeared in court for the third time with his request. This was too much for the judge. "Mr. Blank," he said, "this is the third time you have interrupted the business of the court. For the third time I have to tell you that your application is granted."

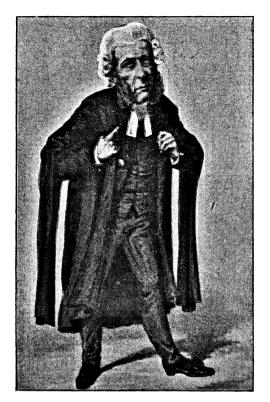
"Beg your pardon, m'lud," said the unabashed but erring one. "But the factsh is, your ludship shpeaks so indistinctly." Wild horses could not draw from me the information as to whether this learned gentleman has or has not been carricatured in Vanity Fair—or, if he has, what his name happens to

Yet again there is the case of the young man-since risen in legal estimation—who had a misfortune with his first case. He had, and has never lost, a vast estimation of himself. To his first witness he lisped: "You are a butchar, aren't you?" "No. sir," came the sullen The young reply. man carefully consulted his brief. "Then you are a bakah, aren't you?" "No, sir."

court tittered, much to the annoyance of the young man. "Really," he said, "it doesn't matter a —— what you are. But where do you live?" However, the careful biographer of *Vanity Fair* and its cartoons can yet tell certain stories of the celebrities that have appeared in its pages without inflicting serious damage on the persons involved.



MR. HENRY HAWKINS (LORD BRAMPTON). 1873. "The Tichborne case."

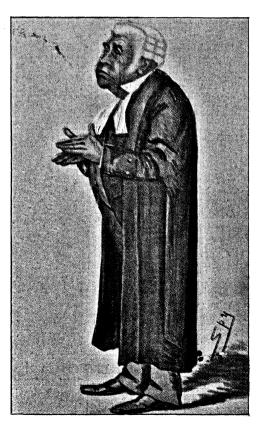


SERJEANT BALLANTINE. 1870.
"He resisted the temptation to cross-examine a Prince of the blood."

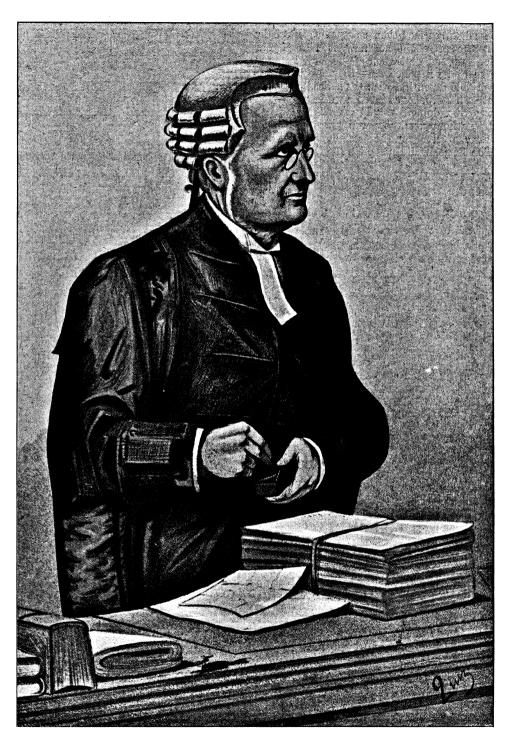
Serieants Ballantine and Parry were inseparably connected both by friendship and professional rivalry. It is doubtful whether any two barristers have ever occupied so high a position in public estimation. They had similarity of tastes, a great appreciation of effect, and a habit of treating the Courts as a stage for the exploiting of their genius, though never at the expense of their clients. Their two cartoons are not works of the highest order, but I am told by one who knew them well that they very adequately express the characters of the men at the moment of commencing the cross-exami-This stage nation of a hostile witness. was always marked by each with supreme urbanity, giving the witness little indication of what was in store should he prove refrac-Ballantine had the appearance of an innocent man desirous of information, while Parry proceeded with great slowness and such unctuousness as once to cause a witness of the Sam Weller type to exclaim: "Speak up, old 'Butter-Scotch'!" to the great amusement of the court.

Ballantine and Parry were among the last representatives of the Order of Serjeants whose Inn was sold in 1877. The former was by resolution allowed to select a piece of plate as its last treasurer. To the public the chief interest in the change is that the excitement over criminal cases in which the Crown prosecutes has diminished; for the Serjeants were able to accept briefs from prisoners who could afford the luxury, while King's Counsel can only appear in such cases by leave (which they do not seem to apply for very often) and the payment of a small fee.

Ballantine was very popular with the fair sex, who, on their part, seem to have taken considerable interest in his bachelor life. This fact he often humorously turned against himself, but resented hints thereat from others. In defending a prisoner, the policeman's evidence had been strongly corroborated by the cook's in a manner by no means pleasing to the learned Serjeant, and in his address he spoke thus "If it



SERJEANT PARRY. 1873. "A lawyer."



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN. 1890, "Cross-examination."

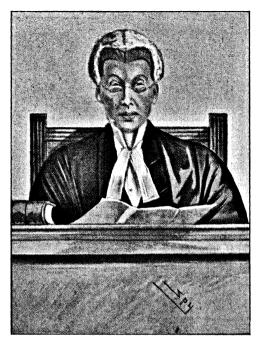
should ever be my lot to occupy a position less distinguished than that which I occupy at the present time, may it please your lordship and gentlemen of the jury, I should like to be a policeman—they are such invariable favourites with the ladies." On the other hand, he once asked a witness: "What were you doing?" "I was talking with a lady whom you know well," was the reply. "I can give you her name if you like." The Serjeant did not press for the informa-



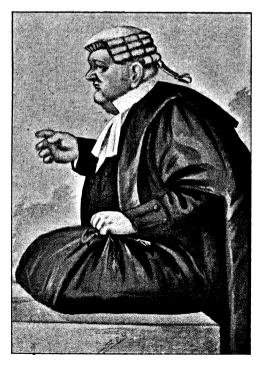
MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS. 1879.
"In his military capacity."

tion, but in his address spoke eloquently of witnesses who, desirous of evading the truth, brought in extraneous matters.

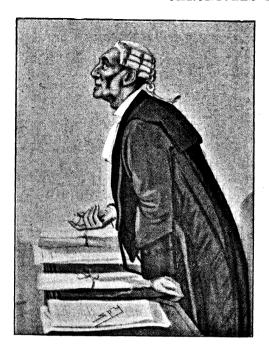
In the Tichborne case, Ballantine led for the Claimant in the first action that took place in the Common Pleas before Lord Justice Bovill, but not before he had interviewed Lady Tichborne, who, it will be remembered, had identified Orton as her son, and had come to the conclusion that there was a case for careful investigation. In the subsequent trial at Bar, his friend Parry was



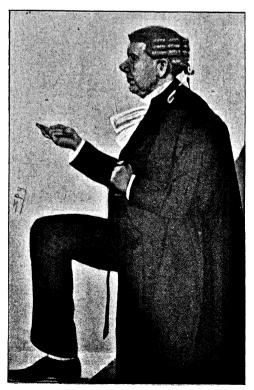
THE HON. SIR JOSEPH WILLIAM CHITTY. 1885. "The Umpire."



MR. SAMUEL POPE. 1885. "Jumbo."



MR. FREDERICK A. INDERWICK. 1896. "Divorce Court."



MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD. 1887. "York."

joined with the present Lord Brampton for the prosecution.

Serjeant Parry was thus summed up in

the pages of Vanity Fair:—

"John Humffreys Parry was sent by his father at an early age into the office of a City merchant, there to east up totals and docket letters. But the young man thought himself made for other than these base uses, and having, as he thought, a power of speech, joined a debating society, where, showing



SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS. 1884 "The deceased wife's sister."

much readiness in words and a notable talent for recasting the whole system of Society, he was pronounced to be a great orator. Upon this, he procured a small appointment in the British Museum and began to read for the Bar, to which he was called at the somewhat late age of seven-and-twenty. And he soon showed that the debating society had been right in their estimate of him. His oratory, indeed, was—and still is—rather of the stumping kind; he is a believer in action so far as to impart it even to his wig by

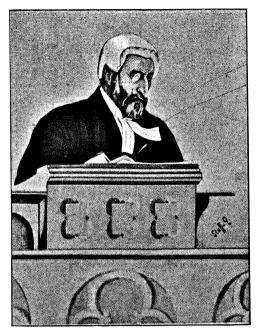
the action of his forehead; he drapes himself in his gown with the movement of a senator of melodrama, and his perorations have a boldness of flight which a confirmed ranter might envy."

During the best period of his career there was no more famous advocate at the English Bar than Sir Charles Russell — the Lord Russell of Killowen of later years. He had a hard struggle of it in his youth; but, like many of the leading lights of the Bench

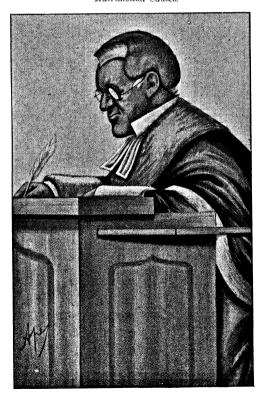


MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM. 1890.

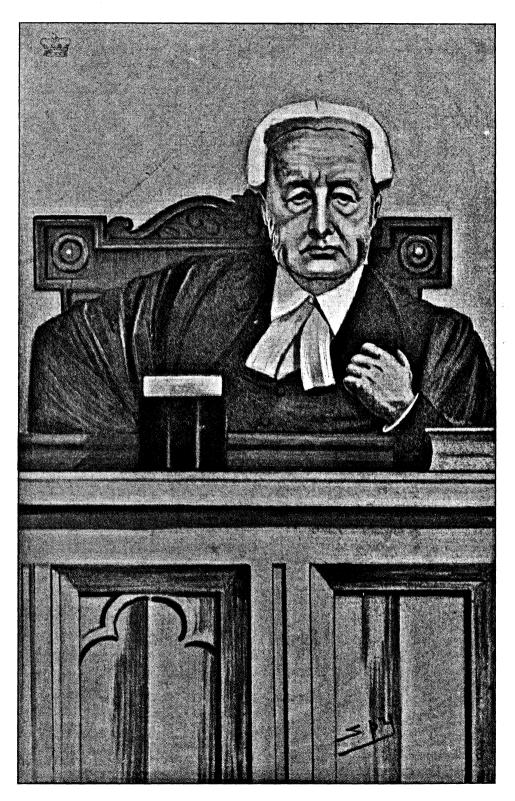
and Bar, he fought his way to the front by endurance, energy, and perseverance. When he came to London, after having been apprenticed to a Belfast attorney, he earned bread and cheese as a newspaper reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons until such time as he was called to the Bar. There is a well-known story in the legal profession of how he once practically decided to abandon the contest with Fortune, since briefs refused to come. But at last he had his opportunity, and, moreover, used his opportunity to such advantage that the fame of his cross-exami-



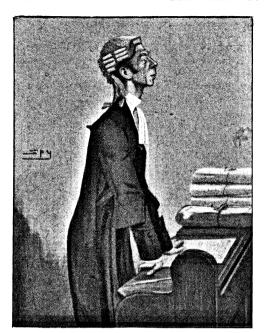
SIR FRANCIS HENRY JEUNE. 1891. "Matrimonial Causes."



LORD COLERIDGE. 1887
"The Lord Chief Justice."



LORD ALVERSTONE. 1900. "Dick."



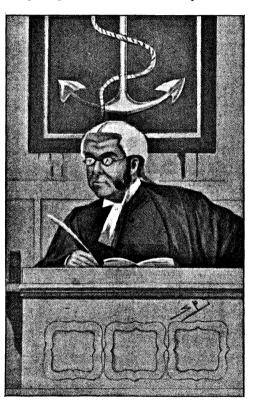
MR. HORACE AVORY, K.C. 1904 "Slim."



SIR ROBERT THRESHIE REID. 1895.
"Mr. Attorney."

nations went throughout the land, and it became the fashion to retain him in big cases.

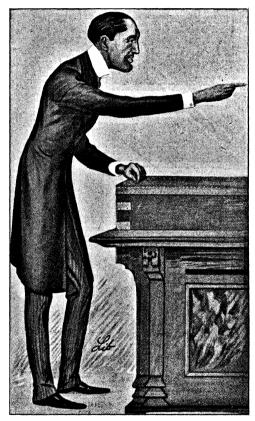
There was never a more dramatic moment in his life than when he rose to cross-examine Piggott, the forger of the so-called Parnell letters. In the letters the word "hesitaney" had been misspelt. Sir Charles was aware that Parnell, being a highly educated man, would not have made such a mistake; but he was also aware that this misspelling had been commented upon in the



THE HON. SIR JOHN GORELL BARNES. 1893. "Admiralty Jurisdiction."

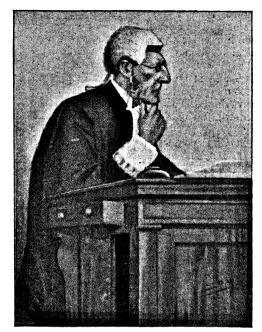
public press. It was possible—nay, even probable—that Piggott had seen this discussion. But Sir Charles took his risk, knowing the slipshod character of this particular breed of Irishman. "How do you spell 'hesitancy?" he asked. "H-e-s-i-t-e-n-c-y," came the reply. It was the same mistake that had occurred in the letter, and was the first severe blow that had been dealt at the forger. From that moment his credibility was shaken.

Nor, when on the subject of his trial, can we forget the great scene when Sir Charles broke down with emotion towards the close of one of the finest speeches ever heard in a law court from the days of Cicero. Sir Charles loved Ireland with the passionate affection that is not uncommon amongst the sons of that country who spend their lives outside her borders. In his address he was pointing out that he had not laboured so fiercely through hostility to the newspaper implicated, nor for political reasons, nor for any advantage that might accrue to his pocket

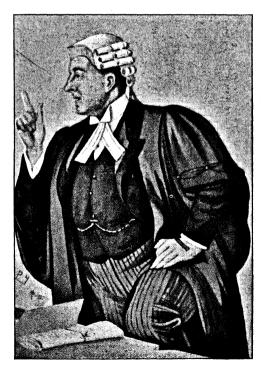


MR. HENRY EDWARD CARSON, M.P. 1893. "Dublin University."

or his reputation. He had fought because he loved his country and was jealous of her reputation. It was at this point he broke down in a manner wherein the dramatic and the pathetic were so mingled as to produce an effect upon the hearers which has never been forgotten. Whether Charles, the advocate, or Lord Russell of Killowen, the judge, he was ever a sportsman, and, to be truthful, something of a gambler; indeed, as his biographer in Vanity Fair said of him: "He is supposed to know something about a



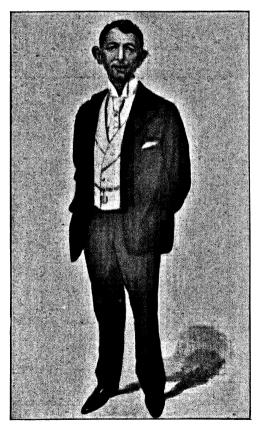
MR. F. A. BOSANQUET. 1901.
"Boseu."



MR. GILL. 1891. "Gill Brass."

horse, though the bookmakers are said to rejoice more than his clients do when they see him enter the ring. He makes a great deal of money and he also spends a great deal."

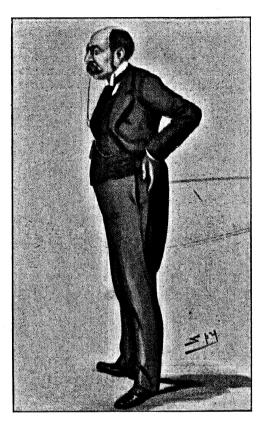
There is no more distinguished barrister upon my list than Sir Henry Hawkins, to give him the title by which he was widely known for many years. He was never an orator in the high-flown sense. Men said that he could not cross-examine, until Mr. Baigent came before him; also they declared that he did not work at his briefs, until his masterly summary of the Tichborne case proved how he had laboured over and sifted the immense mass of evidence. He was ever quick at seeing the weakness of his opponent, as a born general should be,



MR. J. G. BUTCHER, K.C. 1901. "York City."

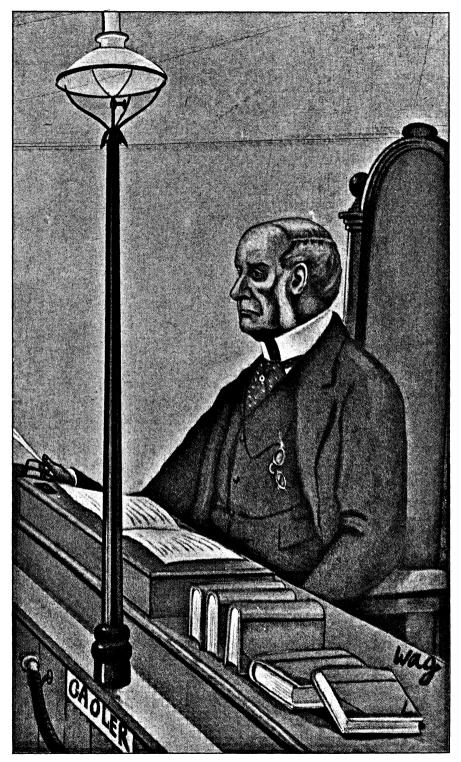
whether he is marshalling his evidence or his armies. Withal, he had the drollest and most irresistible manner and, perhaps, the hoarsest voice extant; indeed, he is stated to have said that his voice was worth five thousand a year to him.

One of the most dramatic scenes ever remembered in a court of law occurred



MR. FLETCHER MOULTON. 1900. "Patents."

when Mr. Justice Hawkins was passing the sentence of death on a young woman convicted of the murder of her infamous lover. It was a glorious summer's day. The window of the court stood open, and in a hawthorn tree below a thrush was singing. In the gloomy silence each note thrilled through the spectators, as if in the joy of the bird there was something uncanny. The judge had been presented with a bouquet of roses. These he had in one hand. In the other he held a long knife with which the murder had been committed. With his black cap on his grey head, he passed the sentence, asseverating each point with a movement of the knife or of the roses. That his heart was against his task was most plain. Indeed, the woman was subsequently respited and sentenced to imprisonment. But the whole



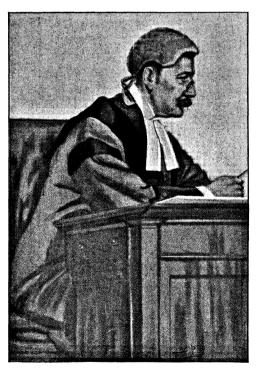
SIR ALBERT DE RUTZEN. 1900.
"A model magistrate."

scene—thrush, roses, knife, and judge—was

most striking and remarkable.

Of Hawkins stories there is no end. He even tells a good one against himself, and as it shows the notorious Tichborne claimant in the new light of a humorist, I may recall it. One morning during the famous trial—Hawkins was one of the prosecuting counsel, of course—as the Claimant came into court, a lady clad in deep mourning presented Orton with a tract. After a few minutes the Claimant wrote something on the tract, and before long it was passed on to Hawkins. The tract was boldly headed, in great black type, "Sinner—Repent!" and the Claimant had written upon it: "Surely this must have been meant for Hawkins!"

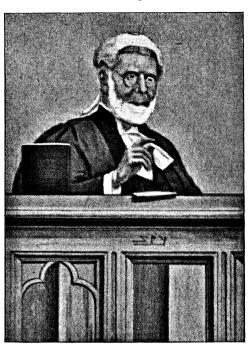
The present judges and many members of the Senior Bar have probably more pleasant memories of Montagu Williams than of any man who ever practised among them. Starting life as an actor, often meeting Irving and



SIR FORREST FULTON. 1903. "The Recorder."

Toole when they were strolling players, then taking a spell at soldiering, and after that, while reading for the Bar, writing with Frank Burnand their first farce, "The Benicia Boy"—his was a many-sided career. His marriage

with the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley renders him a link between the present generation and the past. Among his many friends, Sir Douglas Straight, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at the present time, stands



JUDGE RIGBY. 1901. "A blunt Lord Justice."

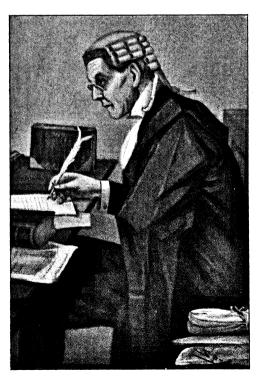
out as one of the most interesting, for he possesses the same versatility as Williams, and they appeared in a great many cases together. It was Williams, as junior to the present Lord Halsbury, who successfully defended Sir Douglas from bribery charges after the Shrewsbury Election of 1870, and so elated were the two friends at the result that on Hardinge Giffard, who hates tobacco, objecting to their prolonged smoking in his rooms, the M.P. and his junior counsel went out and joined in a snowball fight that was taking place in the churchyard.

Before this they had become known as "The Twins," and on one occasion, after a legal battle of great ferocity at the Guildhall, they strolled away to the "Garrick" arm in arm. On their way they were delighted to hear the following conversation: "Lor', Bill, ain't we been sold? Why, we thought they were quarrelling together inside like cat and dog! It is all a put-up job, I tells yer. Just look at 'em now, arm in arm and roarin' with laughter like two old pals." As is well known,

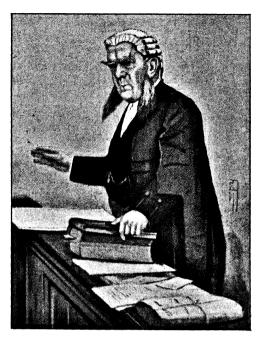
the Mr. Straight of those days became, at a comparatively early age, Mr. Justice Straight of Allahabad and the North-West Provinces, and on his return he found his friend, Montagu Williams, notwithstanding an extirpated larynx, one of the best and most popular magistrates that London has ever had. He made his poor-box at Worship Street, by careful administration, a substantial aid to the poverty-stricken and distressed.

Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, can do most things well, whether in the field or in the House, but he has one weak point, and that is his handwriting. In a case which occurred two or three years ago, he began to read aloud in court some of his annuscript notes, but after several gallant attempts he broke down and explained apologetically that his handwriting was very bad. But even Lord Alverstone is beaten by the great lawyer of a former generation—John Bell, who wrote, I have heard, three hands: one of them no one but himself could read, another his clerk could read and he could not, and a third no one living was able to decipher.

At a dinner after the Bar Point-to-Point



MR. J. LAWSON WALTON, K.C. 1902.
"A Radical lawyer."



SIR EDWARD GEORGE CLARKE, K.C. 1903. "Sir Edward."

Races, the late Sir Frank Lockwood once made a most amusing speech, somewhat disconcerting to the Lord Chief. It appeared that Sir Frank had been welshed to the extent of a sovereign during the meeting. The bookie had first requested Lord Alverstone to have "something on," and the Lord Chief had laughingly directed him to Sir Frank as more likely to make a bet with him. From this basis Sir Frank constructed a most amazing story, in which he insinuated that the gentleman in the Tyrolese hat, as he called the welsher, had plotted with the Lord Chief to obtain his sovereign; he was not sure, but he was almost certain that he had seen them divide the spoil behind the grand-stand after the races.

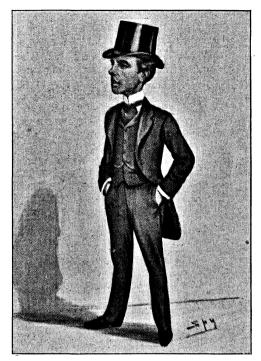
The Lord Chief's career is well known. He owed his success to natural ability, tempered by painstaking industry, early rising, and regular attention to work. He is an admirable judge, even-tempered and dignified. He is, indeed, a really great lawyer, with a clear mind and a lucid manner of expressing it. He was described in Vanity Fair as "a straight man, a good friend, and the soul of honour."

Mr. Justice Darling is the chief, if not exactly the best, of living judicial jesters, but many of his quips are not received by the Bar with the ready smile that is the usual welcome of humour contributed by the Bench. Perhaps his bias towards joking at counsel's expense may have something to do with it. For example, I heard him pull up a cross-examining counsel one day with "a round turn" by the following remark: "Do you know you have said the same thing so often that you make me think I am back again in the House of Commons?"

Certainly there are few better after-dinner speakers in London than he. I remember one instance of his ready wit which deserves quotation. It was at a dinner at which a large body of well-known English and Americans were present. The American Ambassador of that time, Mr. Choate, had been pointing out that on first meeting Englishmen, Americans were often dissatisfied by their apparent frigidity; they were inclined to think that not only was England an island, but every Englishman was an island.



MB. EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, K.C., M.P. 1903.
"Southport Division."

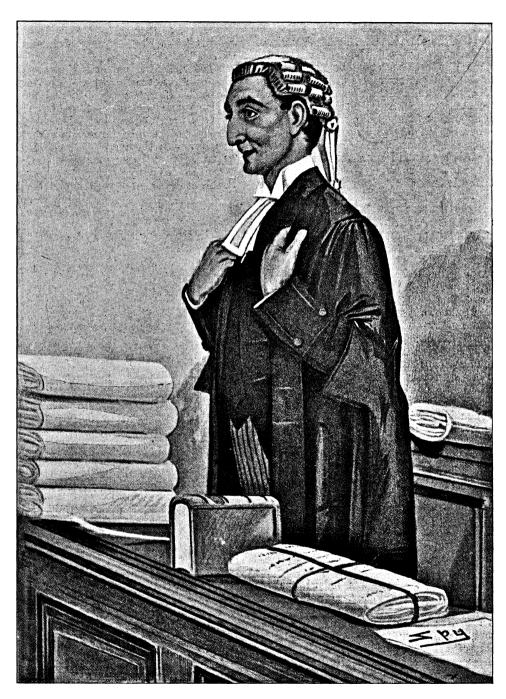


JUDGE DARLING. 1897. "A Little Darling."

Mr. Justice Darling rose to reply. With a humorous twinkle in his eye, he admitted the truth of what the Ambassador had said, but Englishmen could make mistakes which subsequent friendship could rectify. Thus when they first met Americans, they were inclined to think that not only was America a continent, but that every American was a continent. I never heard a more hearty burst of laughter than greeted this effort.

Mr. Justice Grantham loves a horse almost as much as he does a model cottage. He has been singularly unfortunate in supplying the newspapers with paragraphs. He endeavours to take a common-sense view of things, but he is not always successful. At the Bar he made his reputation by his care, industry, and politeness. "Jehu Junior" thus wrote of him:—

"As a judge, he has not been an unmitigated success; for he is sometimes overruled by the Court above him, and he has occasionally expressed himself too plainly for some people—as when he set the Principality by the ears by asserting that the Welsh were liars. He holds strong views as to the proper treatment of criminals, and makes an excellent judge of criminal cases; and though his enemies said when he was elevated to the



MR. RUFUS ISAACS, K.C. 1904. "Rufus."

Bench that he was little qualified to be a judge, no man among them was able to show that he had any particular disqualification for that office. He is a genial sportsman, fond of shooting—which he does well—and of games; so that he has twice damaged himself while playing cricket. He knows something of agriculture, and has done much for his tenants, by whom he is beloved. He comes of an ancient family, and owns to an ancestor—one St. Hugh Grantham—whom the Jews crucified at Lincoln in the good old days when Richard the Lion Heart was King."

Lord Justice Rigby had a very distinguished career at Cambridge before going

to the Bar, for he left the University a Second Wrangler, a Smith's prizeman, and a Fellow. He was a strong Liberal and a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, who had a great belief in him. He was known for his solid honesty and his robust manner. his biographer said of him: "Being strong in his own sense of independence, he cares for nobody, and, though his temper is gusty, he has a host of friends. Like many other eminent Chancery men, he has not very much history, yet he is a sturdy, honest fellow, who believes in himself. In summer he patronises the penny steamers, and

he has been known to ride a horse eloquently."

Lord Justice Rigby was indeed one of those men who cared next to nothing for appearances. In the days when he was busy as a pleader before the House of Lords, he would drive down to the House in all the glory of a full-bottomed wig, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckles, and mount the steps to the gilded chamber puffing away at his beloved and well-used briar pipe! On the first occasion, one of the stately attendants, under the impression that this unseemly conduct was owing to absent-mindedness, ventured to remind Sir John of his pipe; but the reply he

got rapidly and completely removed that impression.

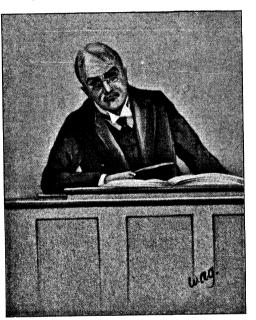
Frederick Bosanquet, better known as "Bosey" to the legal profession, once stood for Parliament, but the election was over before he had time to state his case to the electors. He was an admirable, if rather too slow and solemn, advocate, and was at his best in the more ponderous cases. On circuit his portentous solemnity of manner earned him the reputation of a wit; though, as it has been stated by an irritated humorist that the Oxford Circuit cannot recognise wit when they hear it, this achievement of the Common Serjeant

of London is not so great as it seems. He is quite a good judge both in the Mayor's Court and at the Old Bailey.

Mr. Justice Butcher is the most sporting judge now on the Bench. He is a thoroughly good man across country, and the Bar Point-to-Point Meeting owes much to him. At the Chancery Bar he frequently developed a humour which surprised, if it did not alarm, his brethren. His chief political triumph was in 1892, when he beat the late Sir Frank Lockwood for York City. "Who is this Mr. Butcher?" the

Liberal candidate had asked the electors just before the poll was declared. "Mr. Butcher is the senior member for York," telegraphed Mr. Butcher to him immediately after that event.

There was never a more successful caricature by "Spy" than that of Sir Edward Clarke, who, with Mr. Rufus Isaacs, now shares the first place in public estimation so far as the Bar is concerned. Like many a well-known barrister before him, he worked his way upward by sheer force of character. His father was a jeweller in King William Street. He was educated at the City Commercial School and at the City of London College: he has done great credit to these institutions. At eighteen he was a



MR. A. C. PLOWDEN. 1901. "Marylebone."

writer in the India Office. Once established, he rose rapidly until he became almost a public idol. To adroit advocacy he adds a genuine eloquence, and there are not many barristers who have ever possessed that gift in a more striking form. His personal opinions, which have not always been those of his party, have stood in the way of his political career, yet as a politician he is generally respected. It may be said of him, indeed, that, had he managed his own career as well as he has managed the cases of his clients, he would have achieved all the public eminence that he could desire.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs is one of those men who are obviously intended by Nature for successful barristers. He tried the sea and the Stock Exchange before he went to the Bar and learnt his true vocation. He has risen with amazing rapidity to the top of his profession by sheer hard work and real merit. There is no more hard-worked man than the barrister in full practice. After days in Court, he has to spend his nights over his briefs; endurance is, therefore, a necessary adjunct to success, and endurance is what Mr. Rufus Isaacs possesses. He was a fine boxer in his young days, and still keeps himself fit by riding, cycling, and golfing. He made his first successes by cases connected with commerce and finance; now he finds himself in sensational and fashionable suits of every description. As "Jehu Junior" said of him: "He does not try to be too brilliant, he has a quiet and very convincing way with him, and altogether, with the single exception of Sir Edward Clarke, he is recognised as the leader of the Common Law Bar. Socially he is quite popular, for not only is he exceedingly clever, rather good-looking, and very good-tempered, but he is absolutely devoid of conceit." He has strong artistic and almost romantic tastes. Artistic, at any rate, they are, as anyone would gather on entering his charming house in Park Lane. His china is interesting and beautiful, as well as merely valuable, and the numerous examples of Dresden, Nankin, and Sèvres which are scattered about confirm the soundness of his judgment. Pastel drawings form another of his hobbies, and yet another is represented by his mezzotints. I believe that Mr. Isaacs knows the Cluny Museum in Paris better than any living Englishman, and I know that he has amongst his art treasures many replicas of the wonderful specimens that made that museum one of the most interesting in Europe.

What can I write of Mr. Plowden? Are

not his humorous sayings daily quoted in the newspapers? But in this Mr. Plowden has a grievance, for he has been known to state that he does not own to a half of the witticisms which are ascribed to him in the evening newspapers. He is a kindly and a just magistrate, and has earned the respect of the most hardened and frequent offenders who appear before him. In the words of "Jehu": "He tempers justice with mercy, and he is not afraid of the police."

Sir Forrest Fulton, the Recorder of London, practised at the Sessions and the Old Bailey, and, since Parliament found him to be a good fellow and a gentleman, he was naturally chosen to succeed Sir W. Charley as Common Serjeant at the time when Sir Charles Hall was made Recorder. When soon afterwards the latter died, Sir Forrest succeeded him. "Jehu" summed him up as "a hard-working, good-tempered, sensible judge, who understands his work and knows his own mind. He can keep the Bar in order."

Sir Albert de Rutzen is a model magistrate. The cruel and sordid experiences which come into the life of anyone in such a position as he holds have not hardened his soul. "He is," wrote "Jehu," "a very honest, painstaking, kindly mentor to those whose distress brings them before him, and, despite the tedious monotony of his office, he never fails in any one of his virtues."

Ever since these Islands were peopled it would seem as if some Chitty or other had been writing or editing books about English law. Sir Joseph William Chitty was not the offspring of "Chitty's Statutes" or of "Chitty on Contracts," but of the second son of an eminent and popular special pleader. He was one of the most amiable of judges, and his wit was seldom calculated to hurt his hearers. For instance, when the ceiling of his court fell down with a crash one day, he promptly exclaimed: "Fiat justitia, ruat calum!" and, as a rule, his jests were similarly impersonal. On one occasion, however, the long-drawn-out arguments of a counsel engaged in a bill-of-sale case exhausted his patience, and when, after talking for an hour and a half, the counsel said: "I will now proceed, my lord, to address myself to the furniture," the Lord Justice mildly replied: "You have been doing that for some time, Mr. O." Of him, "Jehu Junior" wrote: "He rowed for his University, he took much interest in the Inns of Court Volunteers, and for many years he officiated as an umpire at the Oxford and

Cambridge Boat Race. In court he is agreeable, but business progresses rather slowly there, they say, because he wants to talk quite as much as the counsel appearing before him, wherefore they call him 'Mr. Justice Chatty.'"

Lord Coleridge was a pious, legal, and literary man. His winning smile and his suavity of demeanour won him many cases at the Bar. In politics he rose steadily, so that he became in turn Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and a peer, all in the remarkably brief space of nine years from his entry into Parliament. "Jehu" treated him with a playful cynicism:—

him with a playful cynicism:—
"Lord Coleridge," he said, "is a very moral man. He throws off without an effort the most beautiful moral platitudes; in cases which require hard, sound law he is less admirable, but his morality is superior to and compensatory for all shortcomings in this respect. He is sentimental, he is pious, he is literary, and he is distinguished by great humility and an apostolic innocence of the wicked ways of men of the impious, unliterary, unsentimental, common world. His detractors hold that he has made many mistakes in his law, but he knows that he cannot err, and when he recently came into collision with the facts in the case of Lord Ferrers, whom he had hanged by a jury, while history hanged him by his peers, he easily demonstrated that the perversity lay in such facts as refused to agree with Lord Coleridge's assertion. He is a classical scholar, a metaphysician, a High Churchman, and a writer who once used to split hairs in the Edinburgh Review. But, unfortunately, he also thinks himself a wit. Anything so refined and superior as Lord Coleridge was never known, anything so inferior and bad as Lord Coleridge's jokes was never heard, even from the Bench."

Dizzy described Lord Coleridge as a "silver-tongued mediocrity." Chief Justice Cockburn declared that Coleridge's speeches had "neither iron nor grit in them," that he thought of the form rather than of the substance. This charge was true, though at the moment of delivery the form and diction were so perfect that the listeners were deceived. At any rate, when he became Chief Justice he illustrated to perfection Sir Walter Scott's dictum that "a lawyer without history or literature is a mere mechanic."

I remember a good story which Lord Coleridge used to tell of the London cabby. He had hailed a cab in a great hurry, and told the man to drive to the Courts of Justice.

"Courts of Justice?" said the cabby. "Where be thev?"

"What!" said Coleridge. "You a London cabman, and don't know where the Law Courts are?"

"Oh, the Law Courts, is it? I knows them; but you said the Courts of Justice!"

Of all our recent judges, Lord Bowen enjoyed the greatest reputation for phrase-making. He had a perfect command of scholarly English, and he used his power to create some very happy mots. The famous question which Coleridge put many times to the Tichborne Claimant—"Would you be surprised to hear?"—was, in fact, invented by Bowen.

But I have no space to recount the felicities of Bowen's judgments. It must suffice for me to recall a humorous note he sent J. C. Mathew—now Lord Justice of Appeal—with reference to driving him to that annual but dreary function, the Lord Chancellor's "breakfast." It ran thus:—

"My dear J. C., Will you be free To carry me Beside of Thee In your buggee To Selborne's tea, If breakfast he Intends for we, on 2 November next D.V., Eighteen hundred and eighty-three A.D.? For Lady B., From Cornwall G., Will absent be, And says that she Would rather see Her husband be D dash in D, Than send to London her buggee For such a melancholy spree As Selborne's toast and Selborne's tea."

Lady Bowen had added to this: "What a libel on me!" But the note shows the boyish spirits which survived all the hard knocks of a long and busy life, and thus gives a sidelight on the genial relations Bowen maintained with his brother judges.

Samuel Pope, Q.C., was the largest and fattest man that ever donned silk, and his only possible rival during his life was his brother. On one occasion they were both driving across Waterloo Bridge in a fourwheeled cab, when suddenly, though not surprisingly, the cab proved unequal to their combined weights, and the bottom fell out. The brothers endeavoured in vain to make the cabby hear, and they were compelled to cross nearly the whole length of the bridge running on the road, but confined within the narrow limits of the cab, when the amusement of the passers-by enlightened the Jehu; but I am told that the Popes were black and blue for weeks afterwards from the collisions and pounding they had only too unwillingly inflicted on each other.

A favourite joke against himself that Sam Pope used to tell concerned a newsboy who asked him the time well in sight of the clock at the Law Courts. When he had got at his watch, which caused him some difficulty on account of his well-known configuration, he exclaimed on realising the position: "Why the —— couldn't you see for yourself?" "I wanted counsel's opinion!" cried the lad, running off.

Of Samuel Pope "Jehu" remarked: "He is the honorary secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, but he is not a teetotaller. He has the ordinary culture and manners of the Bar, he has much experience in Parliamentary practice, and is greatly given to showing his experience by digging up his old cases. He has a rich, vulgar, effective humour, and he is good-tempered and persuasive. His friends call him 'Sam,' the Bar calls him 'Jumbo,' and he is altogether a good fellow of the Irish variety."

There have been few more popular advocates who practised in the Divorce Court than Mr. Frederick Inderwick—I use the word "popular" in reference to the clients rather than the hostile witness. The erring and unfaithful wives or husbands to whom he was opposed left the box with a feeling of terror and a general idea that they had suffered some form of surgical operation, which extracted the truth whether they liked it or no. His manners were gentlemanly, smiling, and quiet; and, as "Jehu" said: "His voice is soft and so low that the judge is often the only man who hears him, which is further evidence of his tact. He can skate very lightly over thin ice, and he is a good, kindly fellow."

Mr. Fletcher Moulton, whose name is connected with Patent Law, was the son of a Wesleyan minister. At Cambridge he made for himself a very distinguished career, and at thirty was called to the Bar. He is an exceedingly able man, and his word on a patent is practically law. He considers himself an advanced thinker, which means that he is a Radical, and, under the present favourable circumstances, he has got a judgeship. "He is," said "Jehu Junior," "a rare example of the mathematical mind triumphant."

When Mr. Charles Gill was cartooned, he had a peculiarly fresh and boyish appearance. He looks older now, but he still possesses the same buoyancy of spirit, the same vivacity and endurance.

There is no more useful fighter in the world of advocates than he. He climbed the ladder in the approved traditional style, from the Sessions to the ancient Bailey. Gradually he made his way towards those more refined Halls of Justice that grace the Strand. His "criminal" successes brought him many briefs in actions for libel and breach of promise. Thus he followed in the footsteps of Serjeant Ballantine and Lord Halsbury. How far he will go time has yet to show us. He is ever unruffled and calm, even when his best witness goes back on him. As "Jehu" said: "He is not a bully, nor floridly eloquent, yet he is very quietly aggressive when occasion seems to demand it, and in the making of points he can hold his own. He is a comfortable-looking fellow whose temper is excellent."

The late Lord St. Helier—better known as Sir Francis Jeune—was modesty itself, in spite of his being on intimate terms with the leaders of every phase of social life. One night, during the progress of a brilliant "At home" in his house in Harley Street, a friend alluded to the presence of a royal duke and duchess at the dinner which had preceded the less exclusive function. "Yes," said Sir Francis in his gentle, sensible way, "they are dear, good people: they will go anywhere."

As Sir Francis Jeune he was thus summed up in 1891: "He married a lady who brought the influence of Society to bear on his career. He became known in Parliamentary committee-rooms, and when Mr. Charles, Q.C., his only rival, was raised to the Bench, he took silk and practised with yet more gain until the late President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division was promoted; then, having long before appeared in a celebrated divorce case, he was converted into the junior judicial separatist. He is a popular man without enemies. He wears a large eyeglass and an apologetic manner."

Mr. Horace Avory is not a man who indulges in fervid flights of eloquence; he is, however, as a celebrated criminal once said of him, a pertinacious beggar. He is not a maker of epigrams, and he denies most of the stories circulated about him by members of the Junior Bar. One retort of his, however, may be recalled. The counsel opposed to him quoted a text from the Book of Job. "That evidence is not admissible," said Mr. Avory gravely, "seeing that you cannot put Job in the box to prove it."

Mr. Marshall Hall is gifted with a dash of

eloquence which, though it may be more impressive than logical, puts him in great favour with those litigants whose best chance of winning a case is to convey an unfavourable impression of the opposing party, so that he is a really strong counsel in what is called a losing case. In the criminal courts he is so clever a defender of prisoners that he is supposed to have restored quite a number of burglars to their friends and relations. In the opinion of "Jehu Junior": "Although some of those who know him regard him as aggressive, he is naturally a kind-hearted, rather nervous fellow, who hides his modesty under a bushel of assertiveness. He is a capital host, who can tell a good story well. He has many friends and quite a distinguished

appearance." Sir Robert Reid has now, after many years of political eclipse, become Lord Chancellor, under the title of Lord Loreburn. is a Dumfriesshire man, and took his title from the ancient battle-cry of his locality, "A Loreburn!" which means "To the lower burn," a spot open to attack, which was the rallying cry of the men of Dumfries. The idea was both poetical and charming. Lord Loreburn was an athlete in his younger days, keeping wicket and playing rackets for Oxford. He had a long fight of it before he made a legal reputation, but then his progress was rapid. Ten years ago he was described as "a shrewd, sensible, industrious counsel of considerable ability and honest intentions. He is known as 'Bobbie,' and he is a good-natured, most popular fellow, with something of a temper, but wholly without side. He smokes a clay pipe and is held in very general favour."

Of Frank Lockwood, the late lamented and most popular of men, there are many legal stories to tell. His cartoons are still treasured by their fortunate possessors, but he never made the mistake of sending a judge a cartoon of himself. He sent him one of a learned brother instead, whereat his lordship would always laugh heartily.

In one of the stories which Lockwood liked to tell against himself he was on circuit with Mr. Waddy, Q.C., and the latter, being

a staunch Nonconformist, was announced to preach at a local chapel. Lockwood and a friend decided to attend the service, but Waddy was equal to the occasion and announced from the pulpit that Brother Lockwood would lead in prayer, a statement which secured the hurried withdrawal of Brother Lockwood.

Sir Edward Carson is a long, lean Irishman, who has never paid heed to the attacks of his Nationalist compatriots. "He is a hardworking, painstaking, lyux-eyed practitioner (said "Jehu"), who can speak strongly. He has as much wit and as much ability as Irishmen often have."

Sir John Gorell Barnes is a solid lawyer. He was never very eloquent and never very brilliant, but he is learned, sound, and grave; yet, as "Jehu Junior" said: "His gravity in court has never been sepulchral, but rather jovial. He is a good judge, who gets through a great deal of work in a businesslike way. He wears very solid spectacles which add considerably to his dignity."

Lord Esher was the only man ever made a viscount for purely judicial services, and undoubtedly he was one of the very greatest, if not absolutely the greatest, of the judges of the Victorian period. He was always intensely serious until his later years, and then he became very willing to lighten his labours with some hilarity. When, for instance, in dealing with a famous betting case, he had to define "a place," he told counsel that in his opinion "every spot was a place except a tight-rope"; and on one occasion he was accompanied into court by his little grand-daughter, whom he introduced to the leaders of the Bar as a new judge. But these were lighter moments, and Lord Esher's great claim to distinction lay in his sober common sense. Indeed, a favourite dictum of his was that "the business of a judge is to find a good legal reason for the conclusions of common sense."

If the wealth of *Vanity Fair* cartoons taken from other walks of life permits a further selection from the legal world in our present series, that list will be found scarcely less interesting than the present group of eminent lawyers.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON,

Editor of "Vanity Fair."

UBI SATANAS HABITAT.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

TOHNNY had served under Methuen, and was haranguing the smokeroom upon his experiences—but you need have no fear, this is not a South-African chestnut. But, as is the fashion on such occasions, a chance word of his set another man talking, and the tale he told was pecu-

liar and suggestive.

"The queerest thing out," said Johnny, "was to watch the Rookies. Pretty raw recruits they were, most of 'em, and never had seen a shot fired except at the butts. Gad! what a funk they were in! It wasn't just blue, it was ultramarine, laid on thick, and yet, though you could almost hear them sob at the zip, zip, zip, and the ough as a shot came home, they stuck to their work like 'Course, we were in open order, little men. and that made it worse. To have a beggar rubbin' shoulders with you kind of keeps your heart up. But to stand apart and be shot at on your lone, to feel you're a blessed solitary, potted at by all creation, that's rough on a raw man. I don't wonder they felt sick, and funk isn't a pretty thing to look at.'

Johnny stopped for breath, and it was

then that Holwarth cut in.

"You're right, it isn't, though there are funks and funks. Remember Eckroyd, any of you?"

"Eckroyd? What Eckroyd?"
"Toughey. He was in Holy Moses' house at Westchester. Old Jacobs had the bitterest tongue of the lot of them, and so, of course, we called him Holy Moses. You remember that, don't you?"

"'Course I remember that, and Eckroyd too. He was the chap that went under the ice after Rickety Ricketts, and a plucky dive it was. Clean under he went, and had to grope his way back, dragging that fool

Ricketts after him."

"He did a pluckier thing than that later on," said Dunscombe—"at least, a thing with steadier grit. You see, a fellow dives on the spur of the moment and doesn't stop to Parsons told me of it. He and Eckroyd, and one or two other fellows, were out in the Caucasus or Carpathians or somewhere--Albania, I think it was-shooting, and he and Eckroyd were nipped by brigands. He had twisted his ankle and couldn't budge a step, and Eckroyd stood over him all night, fighting the beggars off, he loading. course, Eckroyd could have got off in the dark—in fact, had got off when Parsons hurt his leg, and Eckroyd trotted back to him."

"H'm," said Johnny; "any fellow'd do

that."

"Perhaps so, but I'm not sure. beggars out there have pretty little ways of their own that make a man think twice before he says: 'Here! Take and play with me!' The risk, you see, wasn't just that of being shot down, and Eckroyd knew it. Deuced plucky, I call it. Why did you bring Eckroyd in, Holwarth?"

Instead of replying, Holwarth took his briar from between his teeth and looked at the mouthpiece reproachfully, as if it fouled

his palate.

"When was that varn!" said he, as he leaned aside and jerked the nicotine out upon the floor.

"About—let me see—two or three years ago; before he went exploring in Africa."

"Ah, just so; before he went exploring in Africa. Well, I bring him into it, as you say, because when I saw him last, not three months ago, he was the pitifullest poor devil I ever met in my life. But that was after he had gone exploring in Africa.

"It was this way; and though there's no real yarn to it, no battle or murder or sudden death to speak of, I would say nothing at all about it if there was a chance of Eckroyd coming back. But there isn't. Mostly when a man of Eckroyd's type goes under, he stays there; take it from me that in West Africa the mostly is always. You knew Holbrook? A rattling good fellow; had more money than was good for most men, but a bit weak in the bellows-box? The sea suited him, and he mostly spent his winters prowling round forsaken waters somewhere south in that eight-hundred-ton yacht of his. A sensible chap in spite of all his coin, and for speed and comfort the Beryl can't be beat. Sheltered decks, big cabins with lots of head room, an ammonia refrigerating plant,

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turbine engines that can drive her up to twenty-seven at a pinch—that's the Beryl. Not that Holbrook pegged ahead like that; once south of Gib, or when coasting, he just loafed along, taking life easy. Where's the good of being in a hurry when you know that precious soon you'll be tired of where you're going and want to move on again? That was Holbrook.

"Another good thing about the *Beryl* was that you weren't crowded out. Five or six decent fellows, with three or four womenfolk to keep the climate from degenerating their manners, are quite enough. Some men would have stuffed her like an Atlantic liner, and so spoilt the trip for everyone, but not

Holbrook.

"First we ran down to the Canaries—not to Grand Canary, though, or Teneriffe. Out-ofthe-way places were what Holbrook liked, and we spent most of our time round the islands, but chiefly at Palma. Of course, we knew that was only a preliminary canter, but where next, none of us could guess. Some thought we were booked for the West Indies, Holbrook talked so much of a winter he had spent poking round Haiti and San Domingo; but when at last we put out to sea, we headed due south and not due west. seemed that while in Haiti, Holbrook had come across old survivals: Obeah, Voodooism, and worse, and had a fancy for hunting up more information about the beastly things first hand.

"'The niggers out Haiti way are a precious bad lot,' said he, as we sat on deck after the women had all turned in; 'and if that be so after a hundred years of civilisation—civilisation of sorts, I grant—what must the good old black original be? "Manners none,

and customs nasty," won't be in it.'

"Seccombe, who had his wife on board, looked grave at that and hinted that West

Africa called for caution.

""'Course it does,' said Holbrook. 'We'll just potter down the coast and land here and there at likely spots, tropic vegetation and all that sort of thing, y'know; but when it comes to a real promising place, we'll leave the ladies behind us. It won't be healthy, or there's big game about—any excuse will do. The right kind of lie is always to be had for the looking for it.'

"Then we tried to draw him on what he had found in Haiti and expected to find down the coast. But he was as close as wax

and wouldn't be drawn.

"'If we find nothing, you'll say I'm a fraud,' said he. 'Only mind this—anything is pos-

sible; and when I say "anything," I mean it. If we find what I'm looking for, you'll remember this cruise, whatever you forget. It's my belief that when you come to occultism in general, and—and—the devil in 'particular, our black brother can give Dr. Dee points.'

"The first land we made was Blanco, but though from that on we kept the coast pretty well in sight, Holbrook touched nowhere till we reached Freetown. There we shipped some fellows for surf-boat work, and partly with their hiring, and partly, as I believe, with his making inquiries high and low, we saw very little of Holbrook till we sailed

forty-eight hours later.

"But after that, hardly a day passed that we did not run in somewhere and go ashore. but never by any chance where there was a white man's village. I won't say we didn't see some queer things, but it grew a bit monotonous until the thing happened that I want to tell you about, and that must have been on the eighth or ninth day after leaving Freetown. Whereabouts it was, I don't pretend to know. Of course, the skipper-Marlowe was his name—took sights every day, but Holbrook never posted up our position, so that all I can tell you is that we were heading due east, fumbling our way along the northern coast of the Gulf of Guinea. Any of you know the Gulf of Guinea? Well, take Punch's famous advice, and— Don't!

"Nor do we know why we pitched upon the place where we landed that forenoon. Holbrook may have been given a hint at Freetown, or perhaps the information came from the boatmen, but that I doubt. They were too beastly scared for that to be probable. But whatever had influenced him, this was the first time the women were left behind, and from the instructions given Marlowe, it was evident Holbrook was uneasy in his mind. The Beryl was to cruise up and down about five furlongs from shore, a kind of sentry-go, one mile east and one mile west, and to have a second boat in readiness in case it was wanted. Wanted for what? Goodness knows! None of us did, anyhow, not even Holbrook himself; but whoever gave him the hint to go ashore just there gave him the hint to take care of himself.

"That the place was specially picked was evident. Marlowe had been conning the chart for hours before. Of course, we were armed. The reason Holbrook gave for not taking the ladies was that there was dangerous game about, and that allowed us to put



"'Only mind this—anything is possible."

four or five Winchesters into the boat, and no questions asked. Though we little thought it at the time, the lie was nearer the truth than any of us bargained for.

"We landed on a stretch of hard sand about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of a sluggish river, and as, for a wonder, there was no surf to speak of, we let the boat rest with her nose high and dry. Beyond the sand there was shingle with a boulder-strewn coast higher up, and beyond that, a matted, scrubby undergrowth that suggested swamp. It was a dismal hole of a place, and as little like the gorgeous tropics as can well be imagined; nor was there any sound of life.

"All this time, you understand, no one, except perhaps Holbrook, had the least idea what we had come to hunt, but from the look of things it wouldn't be big game. Even Holbrook seemed uncertain and anxious to reconnoitre, for when he said that a whisky-and-soda would do us no harm before going inland, he said it more to gain time than because he was thirsty.

"It was so blazing hot that a cool drink always came in useful, and the first tumbler had just been set down on the seat that filled the bow of the boat, when one of the Freetown niggers let a howl out of him and. pointing ahead, gibbered something none of the rest of us could understand. Against the dingy green of the scrub, a hundred yards away, there was a man's figure, naked all to a loin-cloth, and a white man at that. None of us spoke, and, except that Holbrook laid his rifle across his knees, none of us moved; we only waited, staring. After this first shout, even the niggers quieted down, but out of the tail of my eye it seemed to me they had faded to a dirty grey-scared, I suppose; and I don't wonder, for the whole thing was ghostlike and uncanny. At first the fellow didn't move, but stood like a statue, half turned towards us, but looking back into the scrub across his shoulders. Then he came forward a step or two, walking very deliberately, the way a man plants his feet in the dark, but soon faster, a few short, trotting strides with little pauses between, his face always turned from us as if something hunted him and was not far off.

Nearer he came, nearer, nearer, always with the queer, frightened, short runs, always with his face turned backwards. His arms hung stiff by his side, his hands were clenched, and the strained twist of his neck tightened the skin across his ribs till they stood out like barrel-hoops. By Jove! what

a poor, starved wretch he was! Not an ounce of flesh showed anywhere. He was a skeleton in parchment, and worse, for his wrists, ankles, and back had been galled or scored to the bone. But the wounds were old, and there was neither bruise nor fresh cut upon him that I could see.

"When he was about twenty yards from us, he turned, and I heard, rather than saw,

Holbrook stumble to his feet.

"'Eckroyd!' he said, in a far-away voice.
'Eckroyd! Poor old beggar! poor old beggar!'

"And Eckroyd it was, a decent kind of cleanness about his body, but as unshorn as a dervish. It was his eyes that gave him away, and yet I had never seen Eckroyd's eyes look like that before. There was a strained anxiety in them—a fearful, shamed expectation rather than a dread, and whatever caused it so filled his mind that I don't think he recognised Holbrook or myself, though he had known us both well.

"It was queer, but none of us moved or spoke. I suppose we should have lugged him into the boat and pushed out, but we did nothing of the sort. I don't know that we were to blame. There was nothing to be afraid of that we could see, so we lounged there, some on the thwarts, and some outside against the bow of the boat staring; and as he came nearer, these of us drew aside. There he stood for a moment, his mouth hanging open like an idiot's, his gaze fixed and vacant, till the long tumbler with its fizz of soda caught his eye and he snatched it The tense watchfulness of his face relaxed, and for a moment he was Eckroyd's But half-way to his mouth his hand stopped with a jerk that shot half the liquor out on the sand, and his face changed, the expectancy went out of it, and a woeful agony of terror, a currish abasement of spirit took its place.

"I say, you fellows, I can't describe it, but it was a horrible thing to see in a man you knew to be a good fellow. It was as if a soul escaped from the pit had crept near to the gates of peace, only to find its ancient hell split open at its feet; that, in a way, was Eckroyd. His keener ears had caught something we had missed, but the next instant we heard it; the boom of a drum beaten to a monotonous rhythm, and through its rumble a high-pitched, wailing cry, so shrill, so weird, so playing on the nerves that we shivered, even in the withering heat. Down with a crash fell the glass, and dragging his limbs as a man does who walks through

water, Eckroyd turned, whimpering and sobbing, back towards the dingy scrub. It was as if the spirit in him fought against an external, compelling will, was conquered, and was abjectly afraid. Louder rolled the drum, shriller rose the wail, and with every rising tone Eckroyd shuffled the faster, his arms again rigid to his sides, his head poked forward, a rattle of sobs in his throat; faster, faster, till he ran with short, cramped steps, his wealed back all a-glisten with sweat, and the dingy green of the scrub gulfed him. Even then, though I could not see him, I am sure he ran, panting, whimpering, cringingly afraid, till of a sudden the wailing ceased and the roll of the drum died. Afraid of what? We couldn't guess, but I think we found out later.

"From the first uprising of that infernal cry, no man of us spoke, no man of us moved; but now two or three made a bolt up the beach, with what object I do not know. I was one of them, and yet I do not know. But Holbrook called us back; and as I returned, I saw the niggers piled one upon the other, huddled anyhow, in the bottom of the boat, but all flattened on their faces.

"'It's no good, you fellows,' said Holbrook —'at least, not just now. The best thing we can do is to go back to the *Beryl*.'

"'And leave Eckroyd?'

"Holbrook gave me a queer look.

"'I think Eckroyd's safe. No worse will happen to him than has happened. And who told you we were going to leave Eckroyd? In with you to the boat, there's a good fellow.'

"There was nothing for it but to do as he said, so we kicked the niggers out of the way—grovelling beasts—and shoved off. It was curious, but none of us seemed to have anything to say; but half-way across to the Berul. Secombe wakened up.

"The women will ask why we're back so

soon.

"'Bad day for shooting,' answered Holbrook laconically; 'and no lie either—it's a beastly bad day.'

"But Seccombe wasn't satisfied. You see, he was married, and his wife was bound to

pump him.

"'They'll have seen that poor devil— Eckroyd, you call him. They'll have seen that he's white.'

"'Say he was an Arab with a message; and again it's no lie—it was the deuce of a message. For goodness sake, Seccombe, don't raise a scare! As for you niggers,' he went on, his voice rising viciously, 'if one

of you so much as prattles a word, by the Great Hornless Goat, I'll shove you ashore and leave you there! I suppose you know what that means?'

"I suppose they did, though I didn't, for they shivered and gibbered at one another

like so many apes.

"As soon as he decently could, Holbrook got us all into his own cabin, and having explained to those who did not know who Eckroyd was, he turned to me.

"'You knew him well—what struck you

most?'

"'Two things: that he was drawn as a magnet draws steel, drawn whether he would or no, and that he was horribly afraid. He! Eckroyd! Think of it! Eckroyd! Horribly afraid! That beats me!'

"Holbrook nodded thoughtfully.

"'Two things, and yet the two are one.

Did any of you see his chest?'

"But no one had. It had been half curved from us as he sidled down the beach; and when at last he turned, his face caught and

held our gaze.

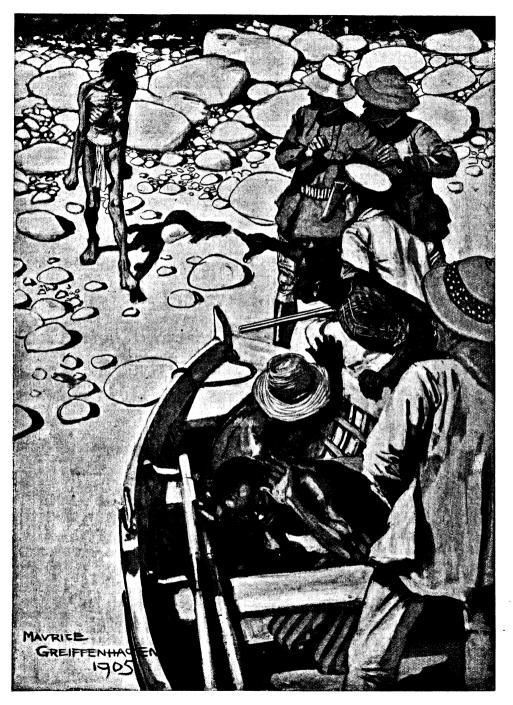
"'Well, I did,' Holbrook went on. 'I don't know that I would have, but for the drum. But I've heard that drum before; and when the niggers beside me grovelled like swine, I knew what it meant. There was a snake drawn on his breast, skin deep, and very well drawn, too. If that stands for what I think it does, if it means the work I think it means, then no wonder Eckroyd's nerve is broken—his very soul must be sick.'

"Of course we asked him what he was driving at; but instead of answering, he sat staring at us in a perplexed kind of way, his eyes—he was a very kindly fellow, was

Holbrook—his eyes full of trouble.

"'I can hardly explain,' he said at last. 'It took me two or three months prowling round Haiti before I understood. The best thing we can do is to go and see for ourselves, for of course we can't leave Eckroyd there. It will be an ugly business, a dangerous business, and—look here, Seccombe, you're a married man, we won't take you; and I think it would be as well if you didn't know anything about our plans at all. Not that we don't trust you, old fellow—by Jove, no! but if you fell dreaming o' nights and talked —besides, we have the women to think of, and someone must be left in charge in case things go wrong.

"Of course Secombe protested, but the rest of us, recognising that Holbrook, for all his easy ways, had a head full of sound sense, overruled his protests; and when he heard



"Nearer he came, nearer."

that the attempt to get at Eckroyd was to be made at night, he gave in with a grudge. A pretty fluttering of the dovecot Fanny Secombe would have made if her beloved Charlie had been dragged into darkest Africa in the dead, unhappy night!

"'It's rather nonsense,' he said, as he stood at the door, 'for, y'know, I never dream.'

"'Don't you?' answered Holbrook grimly.

'Well, some of us will after to-night.'

"When Seccombe had left us, that he might lie with some semblance of truth, Holbrook went on: 'Here's my theory—Eckroyd fell into bad hands, probably Arabs, up north. A Congo Belgian they can pal with—like to like, y'know - but they're death on the Englishman who hinders their slave trade. You saw his wrists and legs? That meant irons. You saw his back? It spoke for itself, poor, battered devil! But the scars were old, were healed, and worse followed their healing. The blackguards sold him south - mind, this is pure guessworkniggers bought him, and then Gehenna began. For the greater glory of their god, the devil, they made him high priest—I get that from the snake on the breast-Papaloi. they call it in Haiti, and his functions are are—mostly sacrificial.' Holbrook stopped, his face all puckered with worry. But none of us spoke, for I don't think we quite grasped the significance of his pause, and after a minute or two he went on again: 'I say, you fellows, old Eckroyd was a chum of mine, and I don't think we need go into particulars of that worship. It is West Africa with the varnish off, naked and unashamed. They're not very particular what they-er-sacrifice.'

"'But,' said someone who at last understood, 'wouldn't a decent Englishman die before he'd—you know what I mean?'

"'Not if they drugged him,' said Holbrook. 'What Eckroyd has done was done drugged, I'll take my oath on that. But think of the horror of the knowledge—afterwards. wonder his nerve is broken. Add to the drugging an influence we don't understand. You saw how that weird cry drew him? He strained and struggled against it until he sobbed, yet he had to go. Hypnotism? Perhaps so, but Africa has ways of its own we haven't fathomed yet. Call it what you like, the effect is a subordination of will. But the question now is how to get Eckroyd out of that. If I am right, he is bound tighter than ever he was when his ankles were raw, and we must use force, not only against the wretches who hold him, but against himself. For many reasons—never mind them now—we must act to-night, and as soon as the ladies are in their cabins, I propose to drop quietly ashore. The moon rises about half-past ten, and so will be rather better than three-quarters full. That will be light enough, and we shall paddle upstream, either till we come upon the village, or a track from it; like every other brute, they must find their way to fresh water somewhere. After that we must dree our weird.'

"'As many as can be spared from the Beryl—but only volunteers; God forbid that I should persuade any man to go—yonder!'

"'Don't you think, Holbrook,' someone asked, 'that you're making too much fuss over a parcel of niggers?'

"But Holbrook shook his head.

"'I'm not afraid of them, but---'

" 'Yes?'

"'D'you remember something about "not flesh and blood, but rulers of darkness, and spiritual wickedness in high places"? No, I don't think I'm making a fuss. God send us all safe out of it!

"I'll not deny, you fellows, but that the way he said it gave me the creeps, and that I felt horribly uncomfortable in that crawl up the river. To sit chewing one's pluck in the dark doing nothing comes rough on a man. Perhaps it was the state of the tide, but there was no life in the waters, and only enough stir in the air to draw up in spires the clammy white mist that lay like steam between the banks. No one spoke; we were like the dead in a world of the dead travelling across the lake of the pit. Then, just as Holbrook, with a pull of the rudder-lines, drew us inshore, the rumble of that confounded drum rolled out, the same bim, bam, boom, boom we had heard in the day, but this time no cry came with it.

"Three stayed by the boat; the rest of us nine, I think—climbed ashore. That it was the watering-place of the village there was no doubt. The bank was trodden flat and cleared of brush, and into the scrubby growth a narrow laneway had been cut. Down this Holbrook turned, swinging along as if through a Devonshire byway instead of the gloom of the grave, foul from the rotting swamp at each side, or from worse. The sky was white enough, but the moon was so low, and the scrub so high and dense, that our very feet were in darkness. anyone watching us from the nearest bend of the lane, we must have looked like

truncated ghosts, so white was the moonlight to the waist, so black the shadows below.

"On we marched, twisting, turning, Holbrook first, I next behind him, that infernal bim, bam, boom, boom never ceasing its beastly din. Presently Holbrook halted, raising his hand, and with my nerves on the rack, as they were, my heart jumped to my mouth. I tell you, you fellows, there are more kinds of funk than one in the world, and I was sweating from the West-Coast breed that minute.

"'Do you hear?' said he. 'Do you hear?'
"Holding my breath, I listened. Through
the continuous roll of the drum, and above
the thump of my heart on my ribs, came
a weaker, mourning note, a long-drawn,
drawling groan, repeated and repeated and
repeated, a moan now like the soft, tearless
wailing of a child, now deeper, fuller, as if——

"'God have mercy!' said Holbrook

hoarsely, and ran forward.

"The laneway took a sharp turn to the left, and widened so broadly that one half lay white in the moonshine, and all that lay to that side was plain to be seen. Round its edge were set—never mind what was set, but before we had crossed the glade there was not a man of us, even though he stopped his ears, who did not know hell was loose in West Africa, and wish he was Seccombe, innocent and ignorant aboard the Beryl. But most of all it sickened me to hear Holbrook mutter to himself—

"'Eckroyd! Oh! poor Eckroyd!'

"'What!' said I, pulling up short in my trot. 'Do you think Eckroyd is there?'

"'No, no; worse than that,' he answered, his face white in the moonlight. 'For Heaven's sake, come on and get it over!'

"Nor were we long. Still at a trot, we broke into the scattered group of huts and, guided by the unfailing throb of the drum, ran through it to where a glare lit the night at the further side. It came from an unroofed space enclosed by rough-hewn log walls, and, except for the hoarse buzz of life within these walls, the village was a village of the dead. But that commingling of uncouth sounds never ceased, a harsh mumble of raucous voices ill-suppressed, a snarl as of starved beasts struggling for their food, a full, monotonous, discordant chant, and over all the bim, bam, boom of that accursed drum.

"Holbrook was still leading, and the assured way in which he skirted round the wall to the further end struck me even then as marvellous. Afterwards he explained it: he had seen such places in Haiti, and as the rites had survived with so little change, he argued that the place of worship was also an accurate copy; where the door had been in Haiti, there would the door be found in West Africa. He was justified, and behind an opening in the wall at the further end we grouped ourselves."

Holwarth broke off, and, grinding his tobacco-ash, cold in his pipe-bowl, with a mechanical forefinger, sat silent. His forehead was netted by deep wrinkles, and there was uncommon tenderness about his mouth.

"I don't know how to finish," he went on at last; "for though we had but a glance, I can't tell you half it showed us—the naked, grovelling, black bodies dribbling with sweat; the narrow lane between them open clear up the centre, and marked off by red lines that seemed to hedge the howling wretches right and left, as if by a stone wall they dared not cross; the altar of loose stones piled at the further end, the wicker basket with the ugly, green-skinned snake darting its restless head from side to side; the naked little human creature stretched upon the pile of stones; the red-robed, white-faced, rigid priest-Eckroyd—behind the altar, lank-jawed, openmouthed, staring, and—God forgive him! a wicked bit of steel bare in his hand. his right stood the singer of the chant, to his left the beater of the drum, and the writhing, moaning, half-epileptic crowd before him were the snarling beasts we had heard, waiting for—the—the sacrifice. But it was never offered—not this one, no, thank God! This one was never offered.

"'Eckroyd!' shouted Holbrook; 'Eckroyd!' and something in the cry broke open the prison of his will. With a shiver he awoke, but as life flashed to his eyes the cringing rabble was on its feet, fuel of fire to the first spark. Without permission they dared not

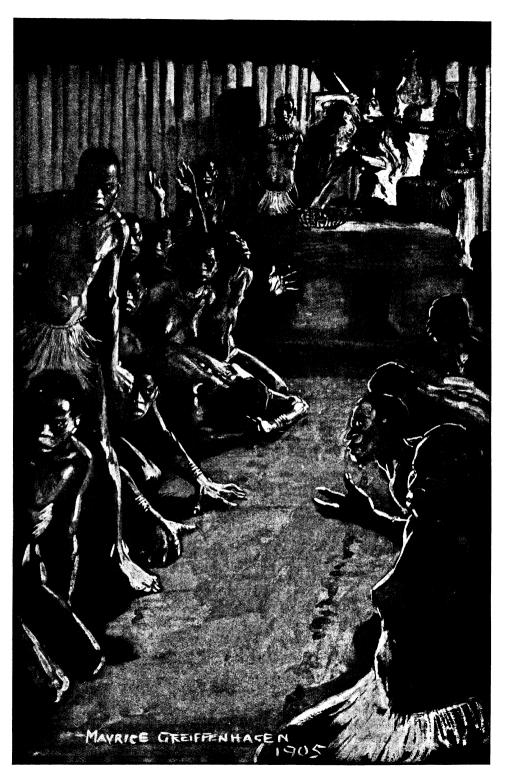
cross the lines that pent them in.

"'From right to left he looked, and I saw the beater of the drum fix him with a stretched forefinger, his teeth white behind the black pout of his lips. The same spasm of abominable fear we had seen on the shore passed across his face, and the old struggle recommenced. But a different issue followed. With a wrench he turned and faced us, tearing open the bosom of his red robe.

"'Fire here, Holbrook, fire here!' he cried, baring his chest. 'It's the only way! Quick, Holbrook! quick! The only way!

Now, now!'

"Everyone of us had his rifle at the shoulder,



"'Fire here, Holbrook!"

and there they hung for an instant. Then suddenly the singer of the chant shot out both arms point blank at Holbrook and broke into a shricking anathema.

"'No, no, no!' screamed Eckroyd, striking at him weakly. 'Not that! never that! Kill him, Holbrook! kill him! It is your only chance! He's putting death

"Who it was I do not know, but someone behind me fired, fired and missed, then a volley roared, and this time there was no mistake, take my word for that."

Holwarth drew a long breath and groped

aimlessly for his tobacco-pouch.

"I say, you fellows, that's all," said he, as the rest of us sat silent. But Johnny wasn't satisfied.

"All? Nonsense! What about Eckroyd?"

"Didn't I tell you there was no mistake? Poor old Eckroyd!"

"That was rough on—on—Holbrook."

"You can leave Holbrook out of it. He's dead these two months. Malaria, I suppose, though the doctors couldn't quite make it out."

It was Dunscombe who relieved the tension.

"Deuce of a pity, ain't it, that poor beggar didn't have his whisky-and-soda?"

Then he rang for the waiter.

A SONG OF SPRING.

WELCOME, cold March wind,
Though thou dost sting,
Still dost thou bring
In April and the sunny Spring.
Youth is ever wild and free,
Welcoming her, we welcome thee;
Childhood's tears soon turn to smiles,
So forego thy winter wiles,
March, and be more kind.

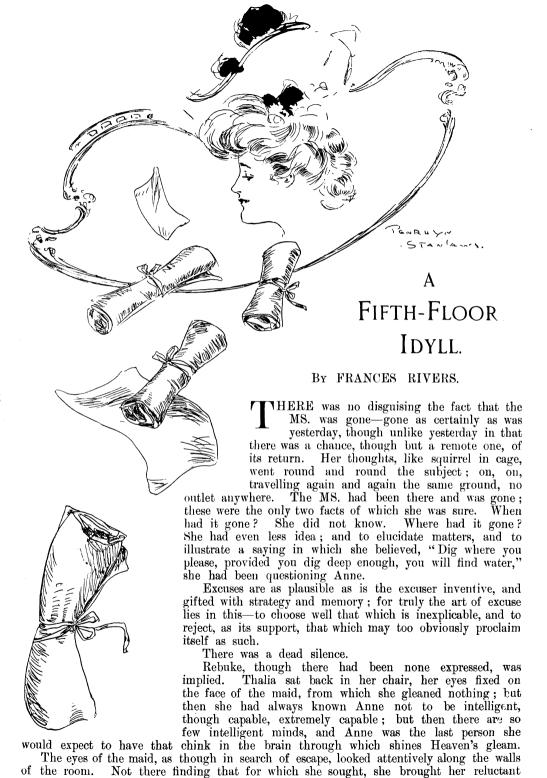
Welcome, sweet March sun,
Bid the earth
Renew her birth,
And warm her with thy genial mirth;
Kiss the ground, the trees, the flower,
Change the world to fairy bowers,
Sparkle on the rivers flowing,
With new life, all Nature glowing.
So bring in the gentle maid—
Blushing April, unafraid,
March, with thee to run.

Merrily, merrily, sing the birds, Sunny, sunny Spring; Hear the trees in whispers low Praises murmuring. Ring the merry chorus round, Birds and trees and weather. We'll be happy while we may, All the world together.

Now that Spring is here again,
Dull Care haste away.
Who could weep 'neath skies so pure?
Who be sad in May?
Ring the happy chorus out,
Weather, trees, and birds.
They will give the music sweet,
We will bring the words.

Listen to them laughing back!
Rash is he to try
With words to match the melody
Of earth, and trees, and sky.
Rippling, whispering music,
Nature's song of praise,
Heaven herself rejoicing
In long, perfect days.

EILY ESMONDE.



gaze back again to the face of her mistress, an unwise memory, and a yet more unwise oblivion, on her own. "It was a big bundle tied up with pink tape," said she.

" Yes."

"And I dusted it carefully; but one day the tape came undone."

"Yes?"

"Well, miss, I tied it up again."

"Yes?" .

"Then I missed it." "Missed it?"

"It wasn't there."

"Not there?" "No, miss; but when I took down the waste-paper basket, there it was."

"Oh!"

"And then I said to myself: 'It can't be of any use, for it's been on the writing-table for months," and Anne's narrative grew to a triumph of selfreliance.

The "Go on!" of Thalia was almost incoherent from

anxiety.

"So I just put it in the dustbin with the other rubbish."

"And has the dustman been

for the dust?"

"Last Tuesday, miss."

"But you know how particular I am about none of my papers being destroyed!" said Thalia, and the roller of her anger passing over the maid's mind, seemed to obliterate from it all individuality; and Anne, who had at first taken up the cudgels of self-defence but to prove herself unequal to the task of wielding them, now dodged behind woman's ambush—tears.

"I've not done nothing with it!" she sobbed; and desirous, in her turn, to punish someone, walked across the room to the window, and with cunning twist of the wrist, enveloped, by aid of a dark cloth, in black night, canaries in separate cages, each of

which, arrogant, exultant, in pretended ignorance of the proximity of the other, shrilled his special cadenza. Woman's revenge, like her genius, is practical rather than imaginative.

Finally, in disgust at her flagrant carelessness, Anne was dismissed, and Thalia Grant fell to considering what she should do. Mr. Child might be here at any moment.

The terms of Lady Croft's letter which had enclosed to her the manuscript, now missing, stood out, a writing of rebuke on the walls: "I send Mr. Child to you because you will, I know, help him. He has an especial admiration for your talent, and particularly asks for this introduction. By the accompanying story he should, when it is published, secure not only recognition, but fame."

It was six months ago since she had



"'I've not done nothing with it! she sobbed."

received this letter, and for those six months, till the other day, that bundle of MS. had lain undisturbed, unread, by side on the writing-table. And now, this morning, it was gone; and she had just had a telegram announcing the advent of Mr. Child. In her mind she turned over what she should say to him, every way.



She was incapable of breaking to him the accident which seemed to have befallen his masterpiece. (She had known that he considered it a masterpiece, by the care with which it had been written out.)

She debated with herself every possible excuse, and in the course of some twenty minutes' consideration had quite a pretty array of feminine artifices from which to choose.

They were as follows:

First. To insinuate that the multitude

of her engagements had driven from her head all recollection of having ever been entrusted with the MS.

Rejected. For if she adopted this course,

there would be, added to the gratuitous insult to Mr. Child's sense of importance, the ultimate acknowledgment of the MS. having been missing, should it prove to have been deported, not beyond redemption, to Tartārean regions of dust.

Second. That she had given the MS. to the consideration of her publisher.

Rejected. Inasmuch that the falseness of the statement would, on the presentation in the morning to the aforesaid publisher of the visiting-card of Mr. Benedict Child, be found out and the subterfuge exposed.

Third. To commit herself to condemnation of the work in question, and advise its being entirely rewritten.

Rejected. Inasmuch as the author would probably be offended, and demand the instant return of the insulted manuscript.

Fourth. Should she ring for the recalcitrant Anne, and make her flat impregnable to assault, by instructing her to use the magic words, "Not at home!" on the appearance of the visitor?

This course she also rejected, not only because it infringed a domestic by-law and but put off the evil day, but its adoption would

hurt a certain fastidiousness in Thalia's nature which shrank and closed—a sensitive plant—from a participated lie, for in participatory evil-doing a woman should always choose as an accomplice one of the opposite sex.

Thus, having marshalled her army of excuses, Thalia decided, womanlike, to leave the issue of the encounter to circumstance.

It was with heavy spirits and the dismallest forebodings that she turned to the window and looked out. Down below, in the near foreground, where the tributary stream of traffic ran into the main road, she saw but the hats and bonnets of passers-by, which appeared to have independent volition, no attachment of body being, from her height, a fifth-floor flat, observable. Beyond the road spread the green of Hyde Park. gravel path, a curved ribbon of yellow, tapered to the horizon and ultimately lost itself, in the dark foliage of distance, dwarfed trees, Kensington way, over which, on this September evening, the quiet air held the smoke suspended, a canopy of gloom.

The truth! Would it be better to tell him the truth? Would it win for her its way into forgiveness, and so save her from this degrading feeling of subterfuge? this man, Benedict Child, really written anything which it was a pity should have been destroyed—anything good, original; or was the pose of author, the choice of profession, but a repeated illustration of that of which she was weary—the saying, less well and in a less scholarly manner, that which had been before, and often, said?

She was still pondering these things when the electric bell sounded, vehemently, commandingly. Now that the moment for which she had sought to prepare herself had

come, Thalia was distinctly afraid.

Mr. Benedict Child, hat in hand, stood on her threshold, awaiting permission to enter. She studied him attentively for a moment or two, with the dismallest forebodings. The inspection was not reassuring. There was, she thought—noting this with a sinking heart an air of determination about him. He appeared to be about thirty; of a sedate look —a look approaching almost to gravity. No man to tamper with the truth, this. the door he paused, as though he felt that the room, with its wide-flung casement, had received what little freshness there was in the air.

"Your dais is high," said he, and

smiled.

It was a delightful smile, and meant all manner of things; amongst others, comprehension of his fellow man and woman considerable knowledge of the last, with large appreciation of the good of the same and a leaning towards leniency of the bad. It revealed, too, a wit for merry days, and suggested a tear for sad ones.

She came forward and gave him her hand, a small, cool hand, firm of grasp; and by the time tea was over they had discussed many things, turned them about and considered them in many lights, and finally drawn up and approved and put their names to articles of friendship.

He had been given permission to smoke a cigarette, and she had almost forgotten the weight of ill-omen that lay upon her heart, when-

"Now, let's be serious," he said.

The words startled her excessively: she thought them instinct with a dreadful threat, too direct a menace to admit of parry. "Ah!" she gasped, and moved into fuller light and breathed again; her feint was a success. She saw her companion indulge in a very intense scrutiny of her.

"How young you look!" he said.

"Don't say things to my discredit," she warned him.

"Why didn't the Crofts tell me how tremendously good you are to look at?" he blurted forth, noting that, though her mouth was large, it was a beautiful mouth a bow, that when she spoke, showed its string to be of perfect white. Her hair, too —the colour of the hen-pheasant—was unusual.

"I am, in fact," she smiled, "of a quite high order of mediocrity," and the danger of seriousness was passed.

On days that followed their talk floated, a very cockleshell of lightness, over the deep waters of friendship.

"Is Thalia your Christian name?" asked

"Not very Christian, but it is my front name."

"I thought it a literary sheep's clothing?" "And are disappointed to find that I am

really the sheep?

"No. Though the name doesn't, somehow, fit you."

"That's because I'm not in a comedy mood; but it is usually fairly symbolic."

"Then you know what dulness means?" questioned he.

"Usually an indigestion of our affairs, or

the lack of a particular person." "I am often dull," he assured her, "though my affairs are very prosperous."

"Then you don't write for your breadand-cheese?"

"No. Does this surprise you?"

"Rather; it is a pleasant shift of the point of view."

"I acknowledge my affluence grudgingly, for I have never got over the idea that it is praiseworthy to be industrious and poor."

"You may expend your praise upon me, then, for my work is all or nothing—a desperate kind of life."



"'Now, let's be serious.

"I've always expended praise on you. It was your writing that made me love words, their right use, the happily expressed sentence, the mot juste."

"But the Crofts, who wrote to me about

you, why didn't they tell me---'

" What?

"That I needn't take you seriously?"

"They probably intended to deceive you into interest—bread-and-cheese being supposed to be a greater excuse for a career than love for it; and they could only have added that I have a place near them in the country."

"Then your dulness is due to the lack of

the particular person?"

"I've never had anyone belonging to me since I can remember."

"You're not married?"

"Only a Benedict in name," he assured her, and paused, his eyes dwelling musingly on his companion's face. "As yet," he murmured to himself.

One evening, at about eight o'clock, as Thalia was finishing her modest dinner,

Benedict arrived.

"Shall we go and see if the Big Wheel is still in its place?" said he, "or have the mad extravagance of an omnibus drive,

Baker Street way?"

"I think that, as we might not be able to secure the front seats, the prospect of the Wheel is the more attractive," she decided; and the child, starved for pleasure, looked out of her eyes, blue as those of a month-old kitten.

"You have no fear of Mrs. Grundy?" he

asked.

Thalia shook her head. "My name is not now on her visiting-book."

"I suppose she called when first you set

up your spinster-rooms?"

"Certainly, in the guise of an old family friend, and hinted, amongst other frothy things, that to be a lone woman was bad taste, and to have no settled income most improper. She was certain that it was not literature that would support one woman alone, and suggested that I should pay a

chaperon. Afterwards, when she called, nerved to denying point, I refused to see her; since then the shadow of her portly form has never fallen across my home. At first, as a wrong slide, thrust for an instant into a magic lantern and quickly withdrawn, makes a momentary blur on the sheet, the thought of her disturbed some of my sense of freedom."

So they sat in the "Welcome Club."

It was partly, I dare say, the dim, mysterious moonlight, but chiefly, perhaps, the music of the band; it certainly was not the nasty-smelling, little, coloured lamps, which outlined trees, railings, and pagodas alike, that were responsible for the rapid march of intimacy between these two people—an intimacy which prompted Benedict to speak to Thalia from his heart, and allowed him to catch a glimpse of the real woman in her—to gauge her charm, a spell so vivid that before it even her beauty waned to dimness.

They looked together at the surging crowd which, in one vast circle, a hoop of pleasure, revolved before them a body compact, hub and wheel-fellow of solid humanity; and whilst they looked, Nature, the sculptor, moulded from opportunity a Cupid.

It was late when Benedict put her into a hansom. He closed the doors upon her and

took her hand.

She tried to withdraw it, her lips faltered despairingly over the words: "I must tell you something. There is something for days I have tried to confess."

With hazy inspiration he interrupted—
"You needn't tell me. I have for days seen the confession hovering on your lips. You didn't like my book when you read it. And no wonder. Neither did I. But I have rewritten it, and, if I may bring it to you to-morrow, I should like to read it to you. Then, when you have heard it, if you think I'm good enough, perhaps you will take me as——" He paused, and as the horse sprang forward, added—"a collaborator."



CONUNDRUMS.

By FRANK RICHARDSON.

HE man who invented conundrums was a bad fellow. It is fortunate for any of his descendants that his name is lost in obscurity. If his identity were known, it is probable that his birthday would be celebrated in public squares by the burning of his effigy. Compared with the man who invented conundrums, Guy Fawkes has caused little inconvenience. And yet there is a day set apart annually for pouring scorn on the memory of poor Guido.

According to my dictionary, quite a good

dictionary
in twelve
volumes, a
conundrum

1. A term of abuse.

2. A whim. A crotchet.

As a matter of fact, a conundrum is much worse. A conundrum is a sort of verbal assault

and battery. It is impossible to protect yourself against the enemy who attacks you with a conundrum. You do not know he possesses this weapon until you have been wounded. True, there are people who, void of all shame, openly produce their conundrums. They say: "I've a conundrum; can you guess it?"

Your course is clear. You leave the building and cut the man out of your will.

Another, a quasi-open form of administering the conundrum, is to pretend that you are seeking for information.

A fellow of my acquaintance asked me one day, in a quite respectable club, if I knew the difference between an egg and an elephant. He seemed, of course, a very ignorant man. But in these days of universal genius it is quite a pleasure to meet an ignorant man.

I told him that there were many vital differences; that even the largest egg was

infinitely smaller than the smallest elephant. I drew, as well as I could, a life-size picture of an egg and a caricature of a very small elephant, drawn to scale. When I had finished, instead of giving me thanks, he roared with laughter and said I had no sense of humour. He added that he had asked me a conundrum. Then I had a large brandy-and-soda.

On another occasion, a charming girl whom I was taking down to dinner asked me if I knew the difference between whiskers

and whitebait. I explained to her that they were not at all alike—that one was an ornament, whereas the other was an edible.

But she

"Do you give it up?"

"Give up what?" I



"The man who invented conundrums was a bad fellow."

asked, completely baffled. "Whiskers or whitebait? It is absurd to ask me to give up wearing whiskers, because I am cleanshaven. I have never worn a whisker in my life. And I shall certainly not give up eating these whitebait, which are excellent."

She looked curiously at me.

"Is that meant to be funny?" she asked. I admitted it was not.

Then she answered a little pettishly: "If you didn't know the difference between whiskers and whitebait, you should have said so. It is perfectly clear that you haven't eaten any whiskers. Good, isn't it?"

I shrugged my shoulders and replied: "To me the whole thing is regrettable and somewhat rude."

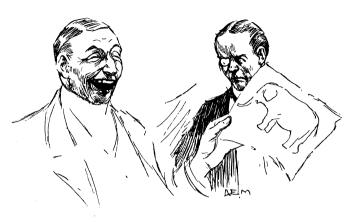
During the rest of that dinner she attended to the man on her other side.

If one moves much in conundrum circles, it is possible that one acquires a habit of being on one's guard against the brands of the atrocity I have described. But a man must be a pessimist of the first water who is

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sceptical of a delightful girl who meets him in the street and, in the course of conversation, inquires if he has seen Nelly.

A gentleman naturally answers: "What



"Instead of giving me thanks, he roared with laughter."

Nelly?" . . . unless, indeed, his wife or sister happens to possess this name-which is bad luck.

Then the girl, with a malevolent though gleeful grin, exclaims: "A Nellyphant."

Here is another case which is so bad that it seems almost incredible, and yet we are all liable to suffer from it.

Aggressor: "Seen anything of Arthur lately?"

Defendant: "Arthur who?"

Aggressor (probably digging the defendant in the ribs): "Arthermometer. Learn to be brighter."

Good Heavens! And this is Merrie

England in the twentieth century!

With the criminals who deliberately ask you at dinner to work out an elaborate mathematical problem, which is eventually solved in so simple a manner that your well-meant efforts only cover you with ridicule, it is not necessary to deal. are on a social level with persons who eat peas with a knife, or who habitually drop their h's. Still, their frame of mind is to me a puzzle. Do they propound these propositions with a view to testing your mental calibre? In the event of your success, do they propose to appoint you to some office of emolument, or to recommend you to some person in a position to do so? Does your failure convince them that you are weak in brain power? Or is it that they are making you jump through hoops after the manner of performing dogs? Again, it may be that word "chiaroscuro" will have no difficulty

they merely wish to make you appear at a disadvantage, and to win the hand of the woman you love. At any rate, whatever be the actual motive of the conundrumite, he is

> a base fellow and should not sit in the seats of the Just.

> In framing this indictment against these persons, it may be suggested that I have failed as a conundrumite, that I have attempted vainly to propound a mental monstrosity myself. On the contrary, when I was a young man, I composed a It is a good conundrum. conundrum. It is a conundrum that no human being has ever Therefore, it is enguessed. titled to rank with the leading conundrums of our day. It is, also, an excellent conundrum to ask, because, though I purpose setting it down here in tabloid form, it is possible to

prolong it almost interminably by the very nature of the conundrum. You can, here and there, insert a lecture on goldfish and naval estimates, the character of Mary Queen of



"Asked me if I knew the difference between whiskers and whitebait."

Scots or Philip the Second of Spain; hence to Velasquez is but a short step, and from Velasquez anyone who can use that neat



"You jump through hoops after the manner of performing dogs."

in getting, eventually, to Sargent. In fact, the prospect is illimitable. Indeed, I have often thought of selling my conundrum as a *scenario* to a lecturer.

Now here is the conundrum.

You have been waiting for it, and now you have got it. But you will observe it is very concisely compressed.

Now look out! Here is the conundrum.

A lady of a certain age, living in South Molton Street (or, indeed, any other street that would raise a laugh), while pouring boiling water into the bowl for her goldfish, scalded her left arm. Supposing you, dear sir (or dear madam), enjoyed the friendship of the lady of a certain age living in South

Molton Street, and also were on speaking terms with Philip the Second of Spain, there is a question which you could put to both of them with equal aptness. Now, dear sir (or dear madam), what is that question?

Is it too hard? Can't you guess? No bids?

I offer no prize, but I give the answer to the conundrum.

The answer is: How about your Armada? Of course, had I stated that the name of the lady of a certain age who lived in South Molton Street was Ada, it is possible that a very intelligent man would have guessed it. And then, where would the fun have been?

Where is the fun, anyway, in conundrums?

ORCHARD BLOOM.

A WEEK ago the sleet was keen and swift;
The long white lances of the rain were sharp;
An edge still lingered of the last white drift,
And winds wailed through the hedges like a harp.

To-day has April wakened, all a-blush,
And, as a spinet's note, the winds are bland;
From fence to fence a tender, misty flush
Is quivering across the orchard-land.

Deep fleeces all the cherry branches wreathe;
With rosy stars the ragged peach boughs glow—
Yet wait a day, O heart, and thou shalt breathe
The honey of the apple blossom snow.

HARRIET WHITNEY DURBIN,

ULYSSES McCLEOD.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.

V.—TORRE DORMITOR.



E local Dalmatian steamers—Lloyds from Trieste, Hungarian Croatians from Fiume—plynofarther south than the Bocche de Cattaro, that splendid spread of land-locked bays overhung by the

Montenegrin mountains; but if you will take the Corfú boat from Cattaro, you may go on down the unlovely coast of the Primorje towards Antivari, and, just south of where the low cliffs run out in a point to shelter Budua, you will see a tiny island with a round, squat tower on it, crenellated, ancient, weather-beaten, Venetian by make. The tower rises from the water's edge, and behind it sit the two wings of a little castle; behind those, cypresses very tall and dark and funereal; then, seemingly, a bit of walled garden. This makes up the whole of the island.

The captain of your steamer will tell you, if you ask him, that the castle is called "Torre Dormitor"; why, nobody knows, for the Dormitor is a mountain in the north of Montenegro. He will tell you that it belonged to a prince of sorts from the interior—Montenegrin, Bosnian, Servian—a devil; that the prince died, not long ago, together with his daughter—and a very good thing, too, being a devil and credited with the Evil Eye. Then, if your captain be a good Catholic, he will cross himself and shut his mouth, and you will get no more out of him.

This is how the lord of Torre Dormitor

and his daughter came to die.

A young man, one time of social importance in America, left New York, to the bitter disappointment of New York's police, unobtrusively signed as cook's mate upon the articles of a small cargo-steamer Mediterranean-bound. Having adventured somewhat oddly in various ports, he wandered down

coast through Spalato. Dalmatian Sebenico, Ragusa, and the rest; so, tramping one day across the peninsula from Cattaro to Budua, he settled there to fish. an example of the extraordinary things which Fate, in her whimsical mood, will go out of her way to compass, for the young American -whose travelling name, by the way, was McCleod—pulling out one morning to fish to leeward of the northern port, came upon a small boat caught on a sunken reef in a falling tide. It was just seaward from Torre Dormitor. There was a girl in the small boat, and though this man had sworn, in bitterness and soul torments, to have no more commerce with love of woman, there lay something in her black eyes, when she had stepped into his boat for rescue, there breathed from her presence some strange spell, that suddenly weakened his hands on the oars and set his heart to foolish shaking.

"Oh!" said the man who had sworn to have done with loves—and his breath caught in his throat—"this is the woman the fairy tales sang me of when I was in the nursery! This is the woman I've gone looking for and dreaming of all my life—Princess Goldenhair—Sleeping Beauty—all of them put together! Oh, you're the one—you're the

one!"

"Day after to-morrow my father returns, Excellence," said Natalia, two weeks later. She made two little dabs in the air, like a Sicilian when she said the dopo domani.

"He shall find an empty nest, beautifullest," said the man. "And I have begged you not to call me Excellence. Comes he from

north or south?"

"From the south, by Antivari—Excellence," said she. "Then the going-away is to-morrow?"

"To-morrow evening, by fisher-boat to Castelnuovo, thence steamer to Ragusa."

They spoke in Italian, for all the seaboard Slavs know it as well as their native tongue. It is a memorial of the six centuries of Venetian rule.

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"He tried to set this present coil fairly, dispassionately, before his mind."

"To-morrow evening?" said the girl, with a little, halting, nervous laugh, and looked back over her shoulder, from the cove where their boat rocked to Torre Dormitor across the bay.

"Afraid, beautifullest?" he smiled, but the girl laughed in his face, a tender laugh of trust and scorn.

"Not while I live and you live, heart's lord," said she. "For me there is no fear, but for you—oh, Excellence! will you not tire? Like mates with like, my heart. Think! It is only two weeks—two littlest weeks that we have known each other, you and I. How can you be sure that it is love? Like mates with like, Excellence. Shall one out of that world beyond the seas mate with me? Oh, Signore, I am afraid! For you I

am afraid. Will you not regret, after a long time? Will you not wish to go back?"

The man moved aft in the boat to where she sat troubled and wistful-eyed. And, kneeling, he held her by the shoulders. The very touch of her set him to shaking, set his eyes ablaze.

"Oh, beautifullest!" he cried. "Do you doubt?"

And the girl, with a sudden little sol, caught his head in her arms. "Lord, how can I doubt when you look at me so?" she said piteously. "Take your eyes from me, for I must speak."

"It is I who must speak," said he, "for you torture yourself with nothings. See, heart's flower! Have we not stripped all this matter many times, and sworn to have

no more of it? You know why I left New York. You know that I killed."

"Naturalmente!" said the girl composedly.

"There was nothing else to be done. Moreover, you did it for a woman's sake."

"Still," said he, "there is the law, and the law will not abide killings. Wherefore, there is no question of going back to my world. That is done with."

"Yes, Excellence," said Natalia, "but will you not wish to go—after long? What, am I to hold a man?"

"Everything, everything!" he cried. "Everything a man loves and lives for. What in all the world should have voice to call a man from you, loveliest? You seem to speak mad things." He drew himself nearer to her, in the boat's stern, and rested his arms upon her knees, staring up into her face.

"And you, small one?" he said. "Are you sure that you love me enough for this going away, so that you will not regret, after

a long time?"

But the girl made a little, low, half-fierce cry and bent over him suddenly. "Love you, lord?" she said, with a queer halt between the words. "Love you! God of the Tree, how I love you! Mary full of Sorrows, how I worship you! Love you enough? love you so that I cannot see or hear or think of anything but you. I do not know how I lived my life before you came to me. I have forgotten it. Oh, Excellence, it is only in these days that the sun has been blue on the sea, and the flowers sweet in my garden, and the wind soft in the night-time! I cannot tell you how I love you! There do not seem to be words!" Her lips shook so that she could not go on, but sat staring down into his eyes, breathing quickly. And they were both a little pale.

"It is—like that with me—also, beautifullest," said he in a halting whisper, and

dropped his face into her lap.

Then, after a time, he turned, sitting on the bottom of the boat, and laid his head back against her knees, and the girl's hands played over it—stroked the hair, touched the cheek and brow. He faced westward over the sea. The sea was very still, of an oily, treacly stillness, and a golden haze lay upon it, far off, seeming to curtain the Primorje from the world beyond.

And the man, with his head against Natalia's knees, stared westward towards that world beyond the golden haze, and his mind ran back, half amusedly, half contemptuously, over the life he had led there. It seemed

to him such a pallid, unillumined life—such an aimless, bloodless puttering about. He thought of the man whom he had killed, and the thought awakened in him no compunction, no emotion. He thought of the woman for whose sake he had killed him, and his blood did not stir, though he had considered himself in love with her for some years. Love! he almost laughed aloud. Who was he, in those alien days, that he should know what love was?

He tried to set this present coil fairly, dispassionately, before his mind—to judge it, as it were, from outside in its true values, for he quite realised that it involved all his life, that it was no entanglement of a week or a month. But it loomed too large for him. It was too near and too vital. It dwarfed completely everything he had known or been before. One thing only stood clear and strong. There was no fear, no regret.

He turned, still in his mood of calm criticism, back towards the girl who sat above him, and gazed at her as one might gaze at a picture in an exhibition. The judging voice within him said dispassionately that she was the loveliest woman he had ever seen, which was undoubtedly the sober truth, and that she would prove the faithfullest, which was

again truth.

God had meant her to be fair, as her brown hair bore witness, but a lifetime spent in the open under a blazing Southern sun had tanned her white skin to a very beautiful golden tint, and had burned bits of red light into her hair. She had the great, dark, clouded eyes of the Slavs, and their straight, fine nose and oval cheeks. And she had a short mouth, very red, and an odd little trick of curling the upper lip when she smiled.

She wore the costume of the Dalmatian women of the South—a white bilaca of very fine linen cut in a little V down from the base of the neck, and over it a long, sleeveless sadak, which was open wide down the front to show the gold embroidered bodice (krozet) and the pregaca, which is a heavy apron like a woven The edges of her sadak were worked with silk and gold thread, and her krozet must have cost a small fortune. Properly she should have worn a small, flat fez (a kapa), and over it a white head-dress, and her hair should have been fastened about her head in tight braids; but she would have none of such things, and wore her hair in a long, loose rope down the back, caught together here and there with gold sequins. Further, she wore rings of price and many bracelets, and a wonderful necklace of gold coins from Vrlika. The lord of Torre Dormitor was not poor, and he chose that his

daughter should go fine, though, till now, she had never spoken to any man save the one-eyed Boris who cared for her garden—nor even seen one, save the fishermen, at a distance.

"King of the world," said Natalia. and laid her hands over his eves, for she could not hold her voice steady while he looked at her. "King of the world, it wears on to sun - setting. You must take me home."

"For the last time," said he, and went back to his thwart. The girl caught her breath herbreath

"Madonna Santissima!" she cried under her breath, "that is true. It is the last time. Tomorrow at dusk we shall be gone. Oh, Excellence, I'm so glad

me!"

They landed in the little cove on the landward side of Torre Dormitor, where

water - steps. very ancient, led down between the black cypresses to low - tide mark. Boris the gardener came to hold the prow of the boat, and his one little eye gleamed at the for-eigner with malevolent distrust. The woman Varva looked down from certain balcony, near the tower's battlements. where she kept watch daily while her mistress was abroad.

Then, after a last word, McCleod his turned boat landward and sculled. standing like a gondolier, slowly back to Budua. The sunlight was almost gone from the sea's level about him. and from the lowshore.but it lay bright and clear on the great Montenegrin mountains which towered.



"As she hung there, swinging gently from side to side, her little feet almost touched the water, and from them something dark dripped and clouded the green Adriatic with red."

that my happiness hurts

grim and riven and bare, beyond the green hills of Budua. The man's mind was busy with the many details of the morrow's work, and he had little attention for what lay about him, but the magnificence of the scene beat its way through to his consciousness till he stared up at the looming man of the Lovcen with a dull, unwilling admiration.

He made a few necessary arrangements that evening with the fishermen who were to take him, on the morrow, to Castelnuovo, and, after his dinner, sat in the open window of his room in the little house by the quay, smoking a pipe and emptying a mug of the country wine. The last thing he saw as he closed the wooden shutters was the moonlight on Torre Dormitor.

He wakened, seemingly from his first doze, with a quick sense of alarm. There was a noise of beating on the window-shutter. He stumbled out of bed upon the stone floor, growling disgustedly, and was dully surprised to find the room grey with early dawn. He swung open the shutter grumbling still, and the woman Varva stood below. She was white with terror, wildeyed and stammering, and her Italian had gone from her. She babbled in meaningless Slav.

One thing he gathered with no uncertainty. He was to come, and swiftly. Even while he nodded and made signs, the woman was gone, running uncouthly to her beached boat. By the time the man, panic-smitten, had reached the quay, she was out of sight in the island cove.

His own boat was chained and locked; he had forgotten the key. He took a great stone, cursing aloud, shrilly, and smashed the lock. Then he rowed, and the boat leaped beneath him.

At the entrance to the cove he looked ahead, and the woman Varva stood by the water-steps waving him away. Even as she waved, Boris ran from the castle and dragged her back, striking her about the head with his fists.

"Good Heavens!" cried the American, "the father has come back before his time!" He had never thought of such a possibility. It seemed to him that in waving him away the old woman had pointed to the other side of the tower, the seaward side. He pulled swiftly around the little island, and, as he came opposite, gave a great shout.

"Coming, girl, coming!" for someone was descending what seemed to be a rope hung from the uppermost window of the tower—someone whose hair and figure he knew. He was too far away to see clearly,

but she seemed to be coming down, hand under hand.

At a little distance he ceased rowing and allowed the boat to approach slowly with its own momentum, while he stood up to catch the girl in his arms. Just then, when he was within a few yards of her, the sun reached a certain cleft in the eastern mountains, shot suddenly across the water in a golden flood, and—he saw.

"Natalia! Natalia!" cried the American in a terrible scream, and staggered to his knees in the bottom of the boat, chattering, while the world went black and blinding before him, and then red—crimson—and burst into sparks that seared his eyes.

The girl had not come down the rope, hand under hand. The rope was fastened about her two wrists so that she hung by them. Her head, with its splendid mane of hair, drooped low—wide-eyed, fronting the sunrise—very pale cheeked, and between her two breasts stood out the jewelled hilt of a very beautiful dagger which McCleod had bought in Ragusa and given to her a week before. As she hung there, swinging gently from side to side, her little feet almost touched the water, and from them something dark dripped and clouded the green Adriatic with red.

"Natalia! Natalia!" screamed the man again, writhing in the bottom of the boat, and he turned his face to the sweet, blue sky and cursed the God who had made him, with horrible shrieking blasphemies.

A sound from above sobered him. A shutter clicked, and one came out upon the little balcony from which Natalia's rope hung—a huge Slav, fierce-eyed, bristly of moustache, gorgeous of raiment. His kapa sat rakishly on one side of his great head, and he leaned chuckling over the railing of the balcony and shook with laughter.

The young American turned all at once white and still and grim, staring upward. He stood in the boat and slipped one arm about the waist of the girl, who hung there dead. She was still warm. He gave one gasping sob as he cut the rope above her upstretched arms and she dropped limp upon his breast. Then he sat to his oars and rowed quickly around the island to the cove and the water-steps.

The one-eyed Boris would have stopped him in the doorway—he had never entered the castle before—but, holding his burden to him with his left arm, he swept the old man aside with the other and went in.

It was a great hall, long and high-arched



"The Slav met him with a knife longer than his own."

and stone-paved. There were pillars and niches in the old Venetian fashion, and lamps hung here and there by chains. At the farther end a balcony stretched across, high between floor and roof. He laid the girl's body gently upon a certain long oaken table which he found there, and, kneeling beside the table, he laid his arms and his face upon the body, and every beat of his heart rent and tore within him like hot pincers.

There came again, from above, the chuckle of amusement. He looked up, and the lord of Torre Dormitor hung over the balustrade of the balcony and shook with horrible

laughter.

McCleod leaned once more over the girl he had loved. Very gently he drew from her breast the jewelled dagger, and he kissed the wound which had killed her, and kissed the cold lips, and drew the lids down over the great eyes, lest she should see what he was about to do. Then he took the dagger in his teeth and began to climb to the balcony. The man above shouted aloud and fired at him twice with a pistol snatched from his belt. The noise rang and echoed in the great room, and something burned sharply in McCleod's shoulder, but he climbed on.

The Slav met him with a knife longer than his own, but the younger man's face was bad to see, and the Slav struck too slowly. He never had a chance, for the American was, to all purposes, mad with the superhuman strength and recklessness of mania. He ran at the other with bare hands, and with bare hands killed him there, terribly.

The one-eyed Boris told, later, how the mad Inglese after Torre Dormitor's lord lay still, but before his spirit had quite fled, drove into the bull throat a certain dagger which he, the Inglese, had held in his teeth—how then the Inglese broke the dagger on the stone floor with a great cry, and, making his way somehow down from the balcony, staggered from the castle, raving in strange tongues, fell into his boat by the water-step, and so floated away, presumably dead.

But in this last the one-eyed Boris proved wrong, for that Fate which had played at cat-and-mouse with the young American had still a long part for him to enact, and he

could not die.

A gentle maestrale was blowing from the north-west, and it bore the unguided boat before it far down the coast, and beached it carefully near that monastery which lies by Spizza. Here, two lay brothers, walking beside the sea, found it with its unconscious burden, and carried the man to a chamber, and nursed him through weeks of delirium back to strength and bitter sanity.

Then Fate took him once more by the hand and led him abroad.



"His little stomach fitted better into the lump of boulder."

PREHISTORIC TALES.

By CHARLES GLEIG.

II.—CLUB-LAW.

G and Zug had been very happily married for a year, when a member of the tribe, named Mug. came to reside in the empty cavern opposite. Mug appears to have moved early in the spring of 9999 B.C. The season was certainly springtime, but the prehistoric records are uncertain, within a thousand years or so, and the precise date cannot be accurately stated.

Moving was not a very arduous business in those days, and Mug, being newly married, had little furniture to shift beyond two pairs of reindeer skins and his outfit of flint

choppers and scrapers.

The bride simplified the move by wearing the whole of her trousseau; but a civilised observer would hardly have noticed it. Zug, of course, did notice it. She was nursing her baby at the entrance of Ug's cave, and, catching sight of Mrs. Mug's pebble necklace and bone earrings, she instantly grew

dissatisfied with her entire outfit of shells and feathers.

The Mugs' cavern was situated some twenty yards inland of Ug's cave, and Zug had sometimes proposed using it as a spare room for the accommodation of her husband's bachelor friends. For Zug was rather a prude, and, if the legends may be credited, this defect in her charming character was never entirely overcome. Ug, however, would not permit his friends to be isolated in a damp cavern, so it had remained unoccupied for a long time.

"Ug," said his wife, when he returned from the chase that night, "those Mugs have moved into the cavern, and I want a

pebble necklace."

The young hunter had been married long enough to perceive the connection between the Mugs' move and his wife's inordinate desire

"The necklace was the gift of Mug's father," he replied, "and they say it took fifty moons to make."

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"Your father," sighed Zug, "only gave me a worn-out marrow-pusher."

"For which, at the time, Zug, you thanked him on your own pretty marrow-bones."

The conjugal compliment pacified her for the moment, and Ug managed to get to sleep. But Zug lay awake for an hour, partly because of the undecorated state of her shapely neck; partly, too, because Ug had secured the better side of the conjugal couch. Her side had two nasty lumps of boulder in of maternity, Zug forgot the necklace; but her pangs of envy revived next day. For the well-dressed bride opposite vaunted her neck-gear even on working days; and Zug, as she went about her simple, cavehold duties, felt at her own nude neck as a young man fumbles anxiously with his hairless upper lip. Probably Mrs. Mug was afraid to hang it up or hide it in a hole, but Zug did not consider these risks.

Thus the relations between the ladies

were, from the outset, strained. Zug omitted the usual courtesy of presenting her neighbour with a joint of meat, and Mrs. Mug retaliated by making a very offensive bonfire when the wind blew towards the mouth of Ug's cave.

After gazing upon the pebble necklace for half a moon, Zug began to lose her

appetite.

"If you were a loving lord," she told Ug, "you'd get me a necklace."

"But, my dearest lake - eyes," protested Ug, "there is but one other in the tribe, and that belongs to your father's new wife."

"Still, you would get me one," persisted Zug sullenly, "and," she added significantly, "it wouldn't be my new stepmother's."

Ug pondered the dark saying as he

followed the prints of the deer. His wits were less swift than his nimble heels, but after two days he grasped her meaning. Now, Zug was very dear to his heart, although she had been his wife for a year; but the etiquette of the tribe prohibited internal theft, whilst unprovoked assassination was sternly and painfully revenged. For even in those joyous days a rude kind of club-law prevailed. Unless a tribe were exceptionally large and powerful, internal murder was a luxury in which only the greatest chiefs could indulge.

Soon Zug taunted Ug again with the

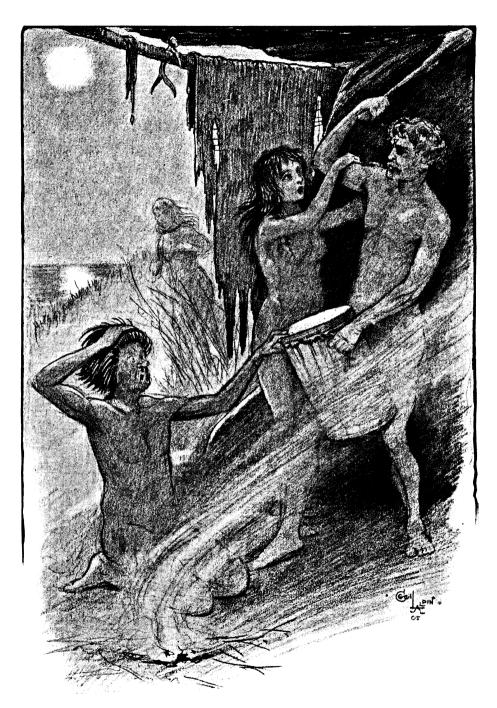


it, and she could feel them plainly through the layers of skins.

"Such is marriage," thought Zug discontentedly. "Six moons ago he would have taken the lumpy side himself. Had I asked him for a whole girdle of pebbles when I was a maid, he would have got it for me."

Then the baby felt a boulder in *his* back and began to whimper.

"My precious bit of blubber," she cooed in swift remorse, and turned the discontented infant the other side uppermost. His little stomach fitted better into the lump of boulder; the child slept. Thus, in the pride



"It was a critical moment in the history of music."

shameful nudity of her neck, but his retort came pat.

"The man Mug does not love strife," he said. "He gives me no reason to slay him."

"Thrice she has made a bonfire when the wind blew from the forest," replied Zug.

"For that I dare not club him, but I will

order him to do it no more."

Zug's sole reply was a petulant snort. She knew that Mug would put a stop to the nuisance. Presently she sidled up to Ug.

"I know a way by which you could provoke him," she whispered tenderly.

"How?" he asked incredulously.

"Listen," she said, as she nestled to his breast. "The sun grows hot, and soon that woman will begin to swim in the sea. Then I will find means to take the necklace from her, for she will not let the water touch it, I am sure."

"It is forbidden to seize the goods of a

friend," objected Ug.

"They will not know who has taken it," she argued.

"But they will suspect us."

"Yes," said Zug eagerly, "and she will make Mug accuse us of the theft. We can deny it, and if I hide the necklace in the secret crevice, who shall find it?"

"Well?" said Ug doubtfully.

"Then you can club them both," she concluded simply. "The Chiefs will hold that

he provoked you sorely."

Now, Ug was anxious to please his wife and restore her happiness, but the more he reflected upon her scheme, the less he liked it. He felt no enmity against his harmless neighbour, besides which he was more conventional than his wife, and harboured a prejudice against internal theft. Zug was, for the period, an advanced woman. The tribal laws, she complained, were made by the men and with scant regard for the interests of the Her inordinate craving for the weaker sex. necklace increased her contempt for the laws. She was seriously piqued, too, by Ug's refusal to oblige her in so trifling a matter as the duly provoked assassination of a neighbour whose wife made offensive bonfires.

Thus coolness arose between Ug and his lady. Their conjugal happiness might have been blasted but for the happy chance that Mug made a drum and began to play upon it. It was, I need hardly say, a rude and primitive instrument, and Mug played it badly. Still, it was the first drum ever heard in this country, and Mug was the first musician—the ancestor of the long-haired race that has since multiplied excessively

throughout the world. Within a short time Mug achieved local celebrity by his execrable playing, and he began to suffer from the complaint that has made such terrible ravages in the modern artistic world. In brief, he got a "swollen head."

If space permitted, it would be valuable to trace here all that legend records of the moral decline of this prehistoric drummer. I can only tell you, however, that Mug speedily abandoned his honest calling in order to devote himself to music. After his astonishingly successful début, on the occasion of a sacrificial feast, he never disembowelled another quadruped. Yet he had been skilled in that useful speciality, having been trained to it from boyhood. At first he was content to play at mere family gatherings, and accepted moderate payment; but, as his inflated reputation increased, his charges became so heavy that a considerable audience was needed to defray them. the memorable occasion when old Sux, the Chief of the tribe, celebrated the birth of his fiftieth child, Mug charged two hindquarters of reindeer, half a woman-load of the best blubber, and a child-load of bear's grease. Mrs. Mug also grew inflated with vanity, sat beside him when he played, and sported her pebble necklace most offensively.

The tribe began to distinguish between the artist and his art, and Mug's wealth and luxurious mode of gorging himself earned him many enemies. The man was parsi-

monious and did not entertain.

At one Council meeting there was some talk of paying Mug a fixed tribal salary, and of obliging him to drum for eight hours a day. But the motion was not carried, owing

to jobbery on the part of Mug.

The Mugs still resided in the cavern opposite the Ugs, for you will understand that Mug had splashed into fame headlong, and that desirable caves seldom fell vacant. Whether from real love of art, or mere greed, Mug practised strenuously. Artist like, he kept late hours, and often, when indigestion prevented sleep, he would drum till ten o'clock. Ug, though not insensible to the genius of his neighbour, soon grew restive under the din, and presently irascible. As a keen hunter, he usually went to bed with the sun—at least, figuratively.

Zug noted the growing irritability of her lord with great expectations. Often the drumming awoke the baby and made it howl. When it failed, Zug used to pinch the child. At length Ug awoke one night in a

great rage.

"That beastly child makes more din than the drum," he complained.

Zug (who had recently pinched it) clasped

the babe protectingly to her breast.

"Mug is the destroyer of sleep," she said. "Were I a man, I would take away his drum."

Without reply, Ug rose and quitted the cave, leaving Zug in disturbing suspense. "Had he left her, or gone to act upon her advice?"

But in a few minutes he returned, carrying the drum, and followed by the Mugs.

"Gimme back my drum, you crocodile!"

wailed the outraged artist.

"For two fishbones," said Ug, "I'd smash it up with my club, and you too."

"No, no," entreated Mug. "Hold your Philistine hand. Club me, but spare my——" Emotion choked the rest.

"Your wife?" asked Ug.

"My drum!" shrieked Mug unchivalrously.

"Destroy the drum," urged Zug, "for then shall my lord dream sweetly."

Ug raised his club to strike. It was a critical moment in the history of music, for the hunter was quite unmoved by the agonised prayers of the Mugs. A moment later the club would have fallen, and the evolution of music must have been arrested for centuries. We of the Twentieth Century, for example, might now regard "Haydn's Surprise" as the greatest triumph of musical composition. We assuredly should not have advanced so high in culture as to be able to accord national appreciation to "Pretty Little Pansy Faces." But at this awful prehistoric moment (what a subject for the "story" painters!) Zug caught the club-arm of her husband.

"Hold, my lord!" she exclaimed.

Ug, who was really a very polite husband for those times, humoured her by pausing.

"Well?" he asked. "What now, my

lake-eyes?"

"Let her give up the necklace, and we

will spare the drum," said Zug.

Mrs. Mug's nails itched for vengeance. Her face grew distorted by passion, and she hurled opprobrious prehistoric epithets at her crafty neighbour.

"Give up the gaud!" snarled

Mug.

His wife slipped the necklace over her head and threw it upon the floor of the cave.

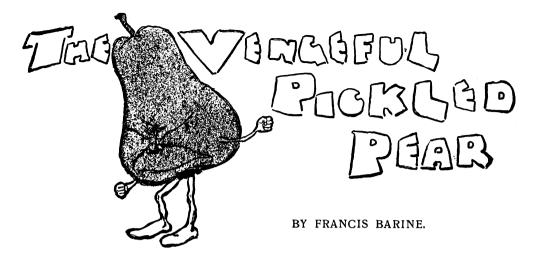
"Now give me my drum!" cried Mug suspiciously.

"Yes," said Ug, "take it; but dare to play by night again, and I will beat both you and drum into fragments no bigger than my son's thumb!"

Thus the fair Zug obtained her heart's desire, and peace was restored to the cave of Ug.



"Thus the fair Zug obtained her heart's desire, and peace was restored to the cave



Oh, why, why didn't Mary Ellen leave it growing there?

The harm she did, the woe she wrought, how little did she wit

When she plucked that little pear, still green, and went and pickled it!



How large and sweet and juicy it had grown, if left to grow,

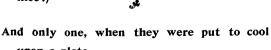
And very slowly ripened in a cool, dark room!

—but no:

Twas pickled hard for Christmas Day, with vinegar and spice.

(And Mary Ellen's pickles really are extremely nice!)

against its fate.



upon a plate,
Had so soured a disposition that it kicked

The others didn't seem to care; but, "Why" it stormed, "should we

Thus be prematurely pickled, while the rest grow on the tree?

"To be a paltry pickle, when one might have been dessert!—

Could any pear sustain a deeper or more grievous hurt?

But patience!—let them think I am resigned and do not care!

Ha! Ha! I bide my time!" exclaimed the vengeful pickled pear.



The table on the happy day is bravely spread and fair:

Clarissa comes to peep—0h, did it wink, that pickled pear?

Oh, did it slyly beckon?

Such a shocking thing to do!—

She took it (with her fingers!) and, alas! she ate it, too!



Let's turn away our shuddering eyes: it is a fearsome sight,

Those drops of juice upon the cloth!—but worse Clarissa's plight

When dinner-time arrives, and she's in bed, and doesn't care!

A comprehensive vengeance wreaked that wicked pickled pear!





THICKER THAN WATER.

By E. E. KELLETT.



HEN I told Hoppy, on the first day of term, that Thompson, our dormitory prefect, had brought a small brother to school, he wouldn't believe me.

> "Thompson's inhuman for that," he said savagely, all the

memories of former encounters, latent during the holidays, being revived by the I had arrived a couple sight of the school. of hours before him, and was thus able to tell him all that was worth knowing. takes a human being to have a brother," he went on. "I don't believe he ever had a father, or a mother, or a nearer one still, or a dearer one yet. No, Sloppy, my boy, you may tell that to the Marines, but not to an

old bird like Hoppy."

"It's true all the same," I answered. "Just as I came into the school-grounds a couple of hours ago, I saw a crowd of chaps hanging about, and Bob in the midst of them. When I got near, I saw that he had hold of a tiny new kid by the coat-collar. As I got near, he said: 'What's your name?' 'Thompson, said the kid, who is obviously a timid little chap. 'Any relation of the prefect of that name? 'Yes, brother.' 'Then take that for a cad and a sneak,' said Bob, suiting the action to the word. I believe he'd have half killed the poor little chap if he hadn't caught sight of me."

"Roberts is a cad and a half," said Hoppy. "If Thompson has been a bit of a beast to him, that's no reason why he should go and take it out of his brother. Why can't he take

it out of Thompson himself?"

"Because he's a funk," said I; "and so I told him. I told him besides that if Thompson heard he'd been bullying his brother, he'd only come down on him all the harder.

"That's more like the thing to appeal to Roberts," said Hoppy. "Look here, we must stop that sort of thing. What's this little beast like?" he asked suddenly, after

a pause.
"The very image of Thompson, but younger, you know. You won't doubt that Thompson has a brother, when you see him.

I took him up to Thompson's study, and saw them together. It was ridiculous: it was like twins, only as if one had slept for a year They're just like a foal and its mother; Thompson's awfully fond of him."

"A colt, the foal of an ass," said Hoppy. "Well, I'm sorry for the little beast. If all the chaps Thompson's been down on are going to be like Roberts, and take it out of him, his life won't be worth living, I should fancy."

"It won't indeed," I answered. And so it proved; the young beggar did have a poor time of it, but the reason wasn't exactly what

we'd expected.

At night, in the dormitory, Hoppy's conduct rather astonished me. He got me to introduce him to the little chap, and was obviously amazed by his likeness to Thomp-He stared at him sharply a moment, as if to make sure he wasn't dreaming; and then—would you believe it?—he shook him kindly by the hand, patted him on the head, hoped he'd have a good time at school, and finally said, loud enough for all the dormitory to hear: "If anyone bullies you, you can apply to me, Hoppy." At this unexpected kindness the little fellow's eyes filled with It was indeed a change after the treatment he had received from Roberts; and as, doubtless, he had heard from his brother that Hoppy was a terror, he was the more touched. As for me, I was, as I have said, astonished. Hoppy wasn't a bully, of course; but he wasn't a sentimentalist, either; and he certainly had no great reason for showing special kindness to a scion of the house of Thompson. He had, indeed, often told me that, judging from the one specimen he'd seen, he regarded the Thompson family as the worst family on the face of the earth. He firmly believed that scores of Thompson's ancestors had been hanged, and he was certain that his parents, by the very fact of their parentage, deserved to be. When I had told him that Thompson might be the only black sheep in an otherwise excellent flock, he would reply that that made little difference. He is so bad, he would say, that he brings down the average till the flock is the worst in the world, however good the rest may be. Why, then, on this first night of the term,

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· We aren't the sort to run little chaps into .rows, and sneak out ourselves." This pointed allusion to certain conduct of Roberts with little Jones reduced him to silence. Hoppy meant what he said, too. He never took the little chap out of bounds, wouldn't even let him suspect the existence of cigarettes in the cupboard, and, whenever Tommy was in the study, behaved like a regular model boy. Of course, we made up for it occasionally. Sometimes we wished to have a bit of a bust; and then we would tell the "little brother," as some of the chaps called Tommy, that we wanted to have a go at work, and that he'd better run off to his "other brother's" study. Nevertheless, of course, Hoppy didn't see why we should look after the kid and store his hampers for nothing. If he was to be Tommy's elder brother, he must utilise the position and make him pay his way. Accordingly, not many days had passed before the proper steps were taken for carrying out the scheme which had led to our taking the kid up. First of all, his bed was removed and placed next to ours, at the far end from Thompson, who, as we had been so kind to the boy, made no objection. Some of the chaps, noticing this final proof of Hoppy's kindness, took to calling him "Tommy primus," but he didn't After a night or two the plan began to work. There's no need for me to say how, is there? You chaps can yourselves think of a dozen ways in which a row can begin, without anybody particular being to blame. Personally, I fancy Hoppy began it, by giving a friendly shove to young Tommy, who fell against me, and I fell against Roberts, and Roberts against Brown, and so on ad infinitum, as the algebra books say. It may have been Hoppy, or it may have been me, or it may have been accidental; anyhow, it happened, and Thompson didn't like it. Of course he assumed it was Hoppy; he always did; and that was why Hoppy liked him so much—the more because he was generally right.

"Shut up that row down there!" began

Thompson.

"What row?" answered Hoppy.

"Why, the row you were just making," said the prefect.

"I just making!" cried my friend indignantly; "what had I to do with it?"

"You shoved against Thompson secundus," answered the guardian of law and order; "and that began the whole thing."

"There you go!" cried Hoppy. "I gave a gentle shove to Thompson secundus, that

wouldn't have hurt a flea, and you're down on me like a load of bricks. He goes and shoves Montagu so hard that Montagu falls on Roberts, and Roberts on Brown, and you say nothing to him. Call that fair? Why don't you go for him, if you want to go for anybody? You favour him, that's about the size of it. Don't you think so, you chaps?"

All the chaps agreed that Thompson's treatment of his brother showed the rankest favouritism ever seen. Did he call himself a prefect, they wondered, when he wouldn't give his brother five lines when he deserved a hundred? So far, Hoppy's plan was working admirably; at any rate, Thompson gave neither his brother nor anyone else any impot that night, though that wasn't the only thing that happened by a good deal. We found out that he gave Tommy a jaw in his study instead, and told him it was mean to try it on with him because he was a brother. Tommy promised never to do it again. He was fond of Thompson, you know; and that was the only thing I ever

found wrong in the little chap.

Next night, however, it was hard to avoid doing it again. Somehow, there was a row all night till the gas was put out; and wherever the row was, little Tommy was always in the midst of it. I don't think he wanted to be; but, you see, he couldn't easily help As for Thompson, he got angrier and angrier, obviously spotting that something was up, but trying to catch Hoppy out in something that little Tommy wasn't doing. But he couldn't; Hoppy was too 'cute for that. If they were wrestling, well, Thompson couldn't say that little Tommy wasn't and Hoppy was. It takes two to make a wrestle, you know. If they pillowed each other, well, Hoppy pointed out that what you do to each other, both do. Altogether Thompson was utterly cornered. He once did think he'd caught Hoppy alone, but he was so conclusively proved guilty of favouritism that he had to let him off. It was a warm night for Thompson, poor chap; I don't think he'd perspired so much for months.

Next day, he again lectured little Tommy; this time till he wept, poor kid. He even threatened to move his bed back again if he didn't mend; but the little chap pleaded so hard that he didn't do it. However, that night he did punish him. "You shan't call me a favourer anymore," he said; "Thompson secundus and Hopkins will each do me a

hundred lines."

Though Hoppy tried to show that this was

still favouritism, for Thompson secundus had deserved twice as much as he, and they had both got the same, yet I fancy he began to think his scheme wasn't working as well as he had hoped. If once Thompson began to give Hoppy what he deserved, even if he lacerated his own feelings by giving his brother the same, Hoppy was likely to have a thin enough time of it. But he wasn't the man to give up a cherished scheme in a "He can't go on like this," he said to me a few days later, when Hoppy and Tommy owed each of them six hundred lines to Thompson primus. "Look at that little chap's face! It must rend his heart to see What a hard-hearted tyrant he is not to give in and let him off!"

I pointed out that perhaps if Hoppy himself stopped, it might lighten little Tommy's miseries a little; but he refused to see it in that light. "I a tyrant!" he said. "What have I to do with it? I have my row and

take my punishment."
"Yes," I answered, "but every time you get a punishment you get an equal one for little Tommy. Rough, I call it. Thompson's not going to be called a favourer, and he's made up his mind, every time he gives you a line, to give his brother one. It's your fault." But Hoppy wouldn't relent, though the poor little chap was getting a terrible time of it between the impartial prefect and the theoretically minded Hopkins. True, he and I did as many of the lines as we could; but that left still a fair margin for the little "If this went on," I said to Hoppy, fellow. "Tommy would die, and he would be to blame."

Bad as this was, it became worse. Hoppy was so provoking, always telling Thompson he was a favourer, and goading him on to desperation, that one night things came suddenly to a head. Thompson stood at the end of the dormitory and made

announcement.

"You chaps," he said, "are always telling me that I favour my brother. I don't think I do; I've always given him exactly what I

give to the rest.

"Oh, oh!" cried the incorrigible Hopkins. "Well, to prove I'm not a favourer," went on Thompson in sheer fury, "I intend in future to give Thompson secundus twice as much as I give anyone else for the same offence. You shan't say he's my favourite after that."

"You've done it," I whispered to Hoppy. The thing was indeed a thunderclap; for everyone knew, in his heart of hearts, that poor little Tommy had been badly enough treated already. The kid was too loval to complain; he worshipped Hoppy so much that he could not conceive of his doing wrong; but he had had a terrible time already; and if it was to be made twice as bad, I shuddered as to the results. There was a dead silence after the announcement; I don't think Hoppy went to sleep for a good long time. Doubtless he was wondering how he could score off Thompson without harming Tommy. For, though he doubtless repented of having landed his "little brother" in such a mess, I am afraid he did not repent of what he had done so far as it merely concerned Thompson.

In the morning, thinking he might be in a chastened humour, I broached the subject the first moment I could find him without young Tommy, who of late had taken to sticking to his heels wherever he went.

"This is the end of your precious schemes, then," I said somewhat severely. "So far from getting your disorder without any punishment at all, you're getting as much as ever, or a little more, yourself; and for every line you get, you give an innocent little chap two!"

Hoppy was truly chastened. right," he said, "except that it's not I that does it, but that beast Thompson. However,

speak on; I deserve it all."

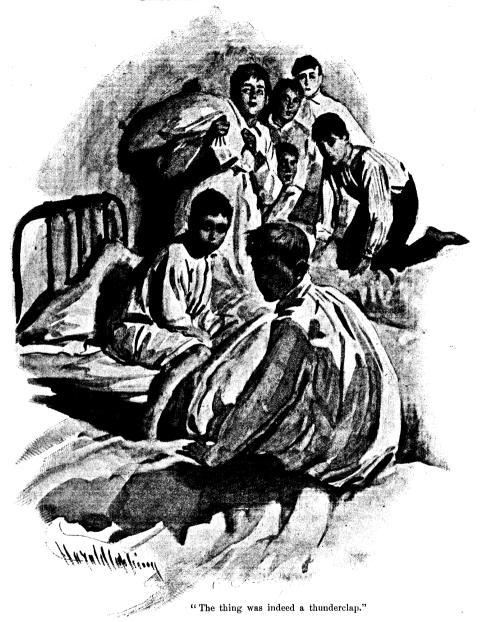
"Little Tommy doesn't," I said.

"No," answered my friend. "A decent little chap indeed. The only thing against him is his family; and he can't help that. But what's to be done?"

"Can't we ask Thompson to change his mind?"

"No use, though any change would be an improvement. He's one of those silly idiots who'll stick to what they've said, simply because they've said it, through thick and We can't do the impots, either; it's thin. taken all our time to do what we have done, and even so little Tommy's nearly in his grave. He isn't used to impots. As for double pens, what knoweth he thereof? The whole thing is intolerable."

That night, though Hoppy did try to be mild, old Thompson gave him a hundred, and, to show that his impartiality was not an affair of words only, gave little Tommy two hundred also. Nothing would make him alter. Hoppy asked for the whole three hundred himself; he refused it. for little Tommy, he was all but crying, and nothing but pride and the presence of Hoppy saved him from a regular outburst. I could hear him sobbing half the night



when the gas was out. Obviously he could not understand the game that was going on; he did not see why he should be the pawn to suffer between two queens. As Shakespeare says—

'Tis dangerous when the lesser nature comes Between the pass and fell incensed points Of mighty opposites.

And the poor kid saw how true that was.

But Hoppy was thinking. "Must stop
this," he said in the morning. "You and I
a hundred for very little, and Tommy two

hundred for nothing at all, and that after all that's gone before. There's only one way out of it that I can see."

"What, chuck ragging?" I cried, in a tone as if I thought such a solution out of the question, though in my heart I should not have been sorry if Hoppy had chosen it, for there were times when I should have been glad enough of a little peace.

"No, not so bad as that; but to sack

Tommy."

"Sack him from our study?"

"Yes; and make Thompson send him to another dormitory, too. There's Spouncer; he'll look after him all right."

"As for kicking him out of the dormitory,

that's impossible.

"Why?"

"Because Thompson has given a solemn promise to his pater to look after the youngster, and especially to protect him in the dormitory. Besides, if he hadn't promised, he'd never do it. What would the chaps say if he confessed himself unable to look after his own brother?"

"A precious lot of looking after he gives him," muttered Hoppy. "Why, Roberts himself couldn't give him a worse time than

his own brother does!"

"That may be so," I said. "Still, we know what Thompson is by this time; he won't alter. What we've got to do is to get this business out of the tangle by ourselves, and to look sharp about it, too, or there'll be

a fine splash up.

Things, indeed, were getting serious. Roberts was beginning to avail himself of Hoppy's permission to call him names. And some of the other chaps, too, who weren't, as a rule, inclined to meddle with us, began to say we were getting ourselves and the kid into an awful mess. Nor, whatever skill in defending himself Hoppy might show, could I deny that there was some apparent justice in the accusation.

"We'll think about it," said Hoppy, as the bell rang and called us off to other I felt rather doubtful of his success, for his recent reflections had not brought us very far forward; but I trusted to luck, and was soon able to dismiss the problem from my mind. Indeed, I had such great difficulty in avoiding serious troubles of my own with Fatty Taylor that my mind had quite enough to do without bothering itself with Tommy's misfortunes. Partly in consequence of these complications, and partly by a series of other accidents, it was quite a long time before I again saw Hoppy to speak to. Then at last, having leisure, and thinking of spending it at the nets, I went round to the study to get a bat. What I saw as I opened the door was sufficiently astonishing. Young Tommy with his head dripping wet was vigorously engaged in wiping it with a towel, while Hoppy was just setting on the table a large water-jug, that had obviously—to judge by the huge splash on the floor—been that instant emptied over Tommy's head. What astonished me more still, though, was that Tommy, usually so shrinking and timid, didn't seem in the least disconcerted by this somewhat severe discipline. He was even laughing; and Hoppy was not angry. It was plain that whatever else this strange ceremony might be, it was not anything in the nature of a punishment.

"What are you up to?" I cried, almost forgetting cricket in my surprise at this

remarkable sight.

"You'll soon learn," answered Hoppy, but at present it's a secret between us two. Now, then, Tommy, are you dry? Hurry up, and get out your ink and paper."

Tommy gave his head a final rub, and then, to obviate the risk of cold, rolled the towel round it turban-wise. He then sat

down and seized a pen and paper.

"Oh, I see," I said, "another imposition. I'm not going to wait for that. Tell me later. Here, Hoppy, chuck me that bat; I'm off to the nets." Off I went accordingly, while Hoppy and Tommy went on with their mysterious dictation. I was, I confess, a trifle curious about what it all might mean; but a few balls at the nets soon drove all that out of me, so much so that I thought no more about it till bedtime. But as soon as I entered the dormitory my curiosity was appeared. Three or four chaps were at the far end of the dormitory, engaged in perusing a sheet of foolscap paper that was pinned to the panel. Going nearer, I soon saw what it was. It was, for the most part, written in the letters of print, but a few words were in ordinary hand—a childish hand, which it did not take me long to detect as young Tommy's. what I saw :-

To all whom it may concern.

Be it known by these presents that I,

John Algernon Thompson (secundus)
hereby give notice to all and sundry
that I desire henceforth
to be known and called

by the name of
John Algernon Hopkins (secundus)
and that I hereby renounce and discard

for ever during term

the name of Thompson.

The other fellows, as they read this very surprising document, seemed to think it a peculiar kind of joke, perhaps not in the best taste on the part of a new boy like little Tommy, who ought to have waited at least till next term before making himself prominent. That Hoppy had had a hand in

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Photo by] [U. W. Mat TRADERS' BOATS RUNNING THE RAPIDS, ATHABASCA RIVER.

VIÂ HUDSON BAY.

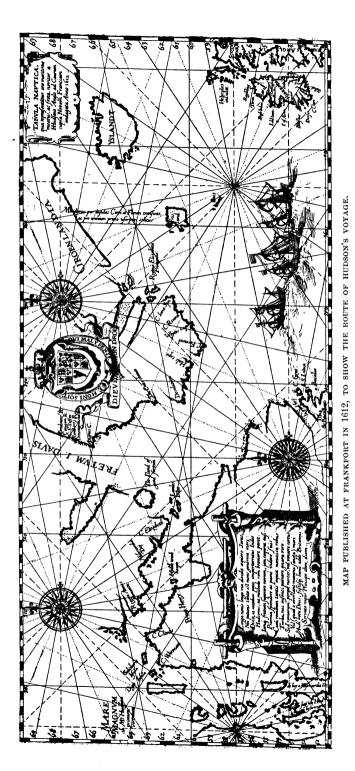
By ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

MPIRE-BUILDING has only now seriously commenced. The countries and continents which we have acquired during the generations since Elizabethan days are for the most part still in the position of building estates upon which the work of construction is delayed till long after the purchase has been completed. The time for development is now full ripe. Territories in the Old World which aforetime passed for fair and wide domains now show as cramped and ridiculously parochial, and for us, at least, the nation's home has become but the nation's headquarters.

Imperial ambitions and a desire for new markets, accentuated by the difficulty of obtaining and retaining them, have fired the nations with enthusiastic eagerness to acquire and extend their Colonial dominions, even at the cost of blood and treasure. England cannot afford to lag in the race; and the duty of making the fullest possible progress in the lands already beneath our flag must not be neglected.

Yet, and notwithstanding the newly awakened interest in the Empire's outlying provinces, and the vigorous development

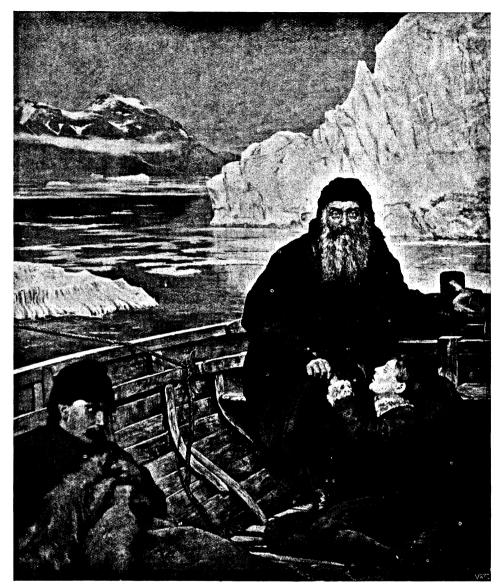
which is already toward in many of those provinces, the work has been neglected, strangely neglected — almost shamefully neglected. No more conspicuous instance of this neglect could be adduced than the Dominion of Canada, notwithstanding the wonderful progress of the past few years. To say nothing of the very early discoveries, European civilisation has been planted in Canada since the seventeenth century, and the country has been an undisputed portion of the British Empire for considerably over a hundred years. Yet over that great Domain, the vastness of whose distances baffles the imagination—its total area is more than three and a third million square miles—wild Nature still reigns almost supreme, and her rule is only mitigated by the presence of some six million souls, who, for the most part, are confined to what is, by comparison with the whole Dominion, just a corner of or a strip along the southern boundary. And how inadequate this population is to cope with the tremendous task of developing the Dominion's resources is patent to every visitor to Canada who sees, in the course of an hour or two's railway ride from



the capital city, great forests awaiting in silence the lumberman's axe before they can begin to give forth their riches.

THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY.

Consider only the country which forms part of, or is contiguous to, the Hudson Bay Basin. A few years ago, the Canadian Government Survey knew not of the existence of a big river draining into James Bay, the southern prolongation of Hudson Bay; its basin, comprising an area of some 70,000 square miles, has been. in recent years for the first time, explored by Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey. Again, while Dr. Bell was making his discoveries in a district of Ontario comparatively near to the city of Ottawa, Mr. O'Sullivan, for the Province of Quebec, was exploring another of the unknown territories adjoining Hudson Bay, eastward of the scene of Dr. Bell's investigations—a territory comprising some 50,000 square miles. And a point about these expeditions worth particular notice is that they were both in regions tacitly assumed, even by Canadians living within a few hundred miles of them, to be just barren Yet of both, wildernesses. the explorers testified that they contained great potential wealth. In certain districts barren lands were seen; but barren lands are often fruitful of mineral wealth; and there is every reason to believe that these lands contain their store. Silver-mines, indeed, began to be worked here last summer. For the most part, however, what these gentlemen saw was, not barren rocks, but forests, full of good, merchantable timber. Dr. Bell waxed enthusiastic over the "almost inex.



"HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE." BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
Reproduced, by permission, from the picture in the Tate Gallery.

haustible supply of the finest pulp-wood." Mr. O'Sullivan spoke of "a fertile region several thousand square miles in extent, where there is an abundance of merchantable timber, principally tamarac, of which there is a sufficient quantity to supply sleepers for all the railways in the Dominion."

Moreover, much of the soil is good for farming. Both explorers are positive on that point. We read of good crops being gathered in the little plantations around Hudson Bay forts—an augury of what might

be accomplished if the country were settled by farmers. On the fringe of this Hudson Bay district, where settlement is now beginning slowly to progress, I have myself seen farms and farmlands giving, despite their rough, pioneer condition, every indication of prosperity.

Farther away to the north-west, on the plains of Manitoba, of Assiniboia, of Alberta, of Saskatchewan, of Keewatin, lie the world's finest wheat-fields. Concerning Manitoba, the oldest and most thickly settled

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of these Provinces, and of its marvellous grain production, everyone now knows; mile after mile of wheat waves there, and its quality places it at the top of the world-market. Of the newest Provinces, too, we have but lately begun to hear; and in some of these lands the plough has already broken the soil's virginity.

A word more as to minerals. How many more Klondikes may there not be, hidden away in the vast solitudes of British North Remember, it was only the chance find of a man who was wandering in the Yukon district in search of furs that brought the riches of Bonanza Creek to the world's hungry gaze. When Dr. Bell was lecturing in February, 1886, to the American Institute of Mining Engineers, he casually stated that there was "reason to believe that to the west of the lower part of the Mackenzie River a promising region for gold and silver exists. From private sources it has been ascertained that gold has been washed from the sand and gravel of some of the upper branches of the Yukon and the western tributaries of the Liard." And yet Dr. Bell's knowledge of the geology of Canada requires a lot of beating. No man can prophesy concerning the presence of precious metals in the North-West more than that the wealth there is unknown, but that there is no reason why Klondike and Cassiar should not be repeated many times over. In the southern part, in the region of Lake Superior and westward of it, in the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River country, gold has for some years past been mined to a small extent, and with by no means unsatisfactory results. To the north of Georgian Bay are the famous nickel-mines of Sudbury; when, as seems probable, nickel becomes in greater request than is the case at present, eager search will doubtless be made for a metal of which the earth appears to be somewhat chary; and Sudbury is a hopeful sign of the quest turning out successful. There is good reason to believe, likewise, that in the Great Mackenzie Basin — midway between Hudson Bay and British Columbia, stretching away northwards to the Arctic Ocean there lies an immense territory full of petroleum; and it is more than suspected that around the southern part of this Basin great quantities of brown coal await the collier's pick. Some is already being won. As to the presence of iron, of useful qualities and in big quantities, there is no room to doubt. It is not the lack of the ore, but the lack of means for getting it away cheaply, and the lack of smelting and manufacturing works in the country, which account for the present absence of mining operations upon an important scale. And the minerals I have mentioned are but specimens from the list. Go into the museum of the Geological Survey at Ottawa, and look at the bewildering array of samples of well-nigh every metal and mineral substance known to man, sent from all parts of the great Dominion; and you will be ready to credit almost any story that may be told you of the mineral wealth of Canada.

The country lying in and around the Hudson Bay Basin contains another source of illimitable wealth in its water-power. We are nearing the time when the country which possesses this magnificent form of electrical energy will hold its head very high among the manufacturing centres of the earth. few years ago, the chairman of the British Aluminium Company complained to the Chemical Society that chemical works were leaving Great Britain and establishing themselves at Niagara, for the sake of the waterpower needed for the electrolysis process. But it is not only chemical processes which feel the need: in every department of industry we are finding that the best and cheapest motive force is electricity—a force which lies to hand almost as a free gift wherever there is falling water. And in no part of the world is falling water at man's disposal in more prodigal abundance than in the parts of Canada which could be brought in touch with Hudson Bay. There is no reason—to mention but two allied industries -why the lumber and the pulp-wood, with which Northern Ontario and Quebec abound, should not be manufactured on the spot, instead of being shipped in their raw state to foreign countries, to feed foreign industry.

A country, before it can be settled and developed, must satisfy three needs: it must possess a fertile soil (for farming settlement); it must have a habitable climate; and it must furnish adequate means of transport. It is no longer open to question that the country of which I am speaking satisfies the first of these requirements; and where the soil is not good enough for the farmer, it is like to be a paradise for the mining pro-Concerning the climate, it should not be necessary for me to stop now to refute the misapprehensions which have been rife in the Old Country about Canada's dreadful winters—misapprehensions which have most unfairly delayed her progress. The winters are cold—very cold, even in the southern



HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S TRANSPORT LOADED WITH FUR.

parts of the Dominion; but they are not unbearably cold; on the contrary, they are for the most part delightful. They are long; but the rapidity of Nature's processes in the spring and summer months suffices for the purposes of harvest. The severity of the climate is certainly not going to stop the development of Canada's vast resources.

There remains the third requirement: facilities of transport.

THE NEED OF TRANSPORT.

The development of Canada's resources is woefully handicapped by the lack of means of getting for the produce easy and cheap access to market. The absence of an adequate railway system is painfully conspicuous. It is melancholy to think of the millions which English capitalists have squandered—often literally squandered—in developing the great railway system of our

rival across the border, while the loval and patient Dominion has been starved—watching idly the building up of transport facilities in the United States which, transferred to Canada, would have gone far to make her as rich as her neighbour. True, much has been done within the past five-and-twenty years, and the length of completed lines in Canada already exceeds 17,000 miles — practically all single track. Even apart from the big Grand Trunk Pacific scheme, more mileage is under construction, and much more is projected; but very, very much more is wanted to furnish so vast a country with adequate means of transit. happens, also, that the present railway system is almost exclusively confined to the southern The Prince Albert and Edmonton border. . branches of the Canadian Pacific are a modest and quite inadequate attempt to penetrate the interior; and though the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme will open out the interior of the



LANDING THE GOODS FOR A PORTAGE.

country farther north than does the Canadian Pacific main line, the railway-fed region will not thereby be carried so very much farther north. But with regard to the Hudson Bay country, we have at present to be content with the line from North Bay, in Ontario, to Fort Moose on James Bay, which will not only open upthe valuable lumbering and promising agricultural country on its route, but will also do something to bring Hudson Bay into touch with the world. Unfortunately, however, the shallows of James Bay render that prolongation of the inland sea the least available part of it for harbour purposes.

Practically, then, Canada, save near its boundary with the United States, lacks

waterways of Canada are absurdly inadequate for the work of developing the country, and here also we find the system confined to the southern fringe of the Dominion, while the great interior is left in a state of nature. But a state of nature in Canada is a very different thing from a state of nature, say, in Australia. Throughout the Dominion, huge rivers and lakes abound—rivers so large that our own Thames is a brooklet by comparison: lakes of such extent that on several of them you can spend hours or even days out of sight of land, and be as seasick as in the English Channel. It happens, too, that these great lakes are for the most part joined to each other by rivers, so that, with the



Phote by [C. W. Mathers.

railway facilities, and its development is held back thereby. Canada, however, does not depend entirely on railway communica-She is a glittering mesh of lakes and watercourses, many of which are navigable, or can be made so. Canada has long been at work constructing canals or canalising natural watercourses; the history of her enterprise dates from the construction in 1779 of the canals designed to overcome the Cedar, Cascades, and Coteau Rapids. Since then, some £17,000,000 of public money has been expended in improving and constructing inland waterways, about a fourth of this sum having been found by the Imperial Government. The result of this work is a system of canals, river and lake navigation of over 2,700 miles in length. Here, again, as in the case of the railways, the

necessary dredgings and lockings, there is no reason why a ship should not be able to coast up and down well-nigh the whole of the interior of Canada. It might, for example, come in at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. given the construction of the overdue Montreal, Ottawa, and Georgian Bay Canal, go up the river to Montreal, along the Ottawa and French Rivers to the Great Lakes, across Lake Superior and (with a certain amount more of canalisation already projected) along canalised rivers to Lake Winnipeg, thence by the Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers to Athabasca Lake and the Great Slave Lake, and down the Mackenzie River, right away to the Arctic Ocean. This, however, is somewhat of a digression from my immediate subject. It is not my present purpose to dilate on the magnificent field for canal



HORSE-RANCHING.

engineering enterprise which Canada affords, but rather to call attention to one great trade route into the heart of the Dominion which is at present neglected.

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE.

In treating of this route, our scope is enlarged beyond the subject of internal communication, though this, as will be seen, is also included. The main aspect is of international communication. The use, by ships trading across the Atlantic, of Hudson Strait and Bay is primarily concerned with the opening up of a shorter means of communication between England and her trans-Atlantic dominion; but this, after all, is as vitally important to the development of the internal regions of Canada as the provision of merely local methods of transport would Again, the railway, which, to complete the scheme of the Hudson Bay route, would

be necessary to connect the west coast of the Bay with the Pacific coast, though the essence of a great project for providing another and safer "all-British" direct link between England and the far East, is of even greater importance in a local view. It is not to be assumed that through traffic between the Atlantic and the Pacific would ever feed this railway with more than a very small part of the traffic necessary for its subsistence; it would be from the granaries and the ranches and the mines of the North-West that the line would tap its freight, and it would therefore on that account serve to develop, and to accelerate the development in a most remarkable degree, of the districts through which it would pass.

Let us enumerate the principal advantages of the Hudson Bay route. In the first place, it is much the shortest possible highway between Great Britain and America. To get



CATTLE-RANCHING, ALBERTA.

a notion of the saving in point of distance, it is necessary—as no one would want to land on the Atlantic seaboard by Hudson Strait—to make comparisons on a complete trans-Atlantic and trans-continental journey. We then find that the journey from Liverpool to Vancouver, viâ Hudson Bay and a projected railway from the western side of the Bay to a junction with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and then along the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver, would be 4,568 miles. On the present southern Canadian route—from Liverpool to Montreal by steamer, and thence

1,031 miles on the Liverpool and San Francisco route $vi\hat{a}$ New York, which, notwithstanding its direct trans-continental railway, involves a total journey of 6,630 miles.

But a shorter total distance is not the sum of the advantage possessed by the Hudson Bay route. Port Churchill (or perhaps some other port south of it would be chosen), on the western side of Hudson Bay, is right in the heart of the continent—indeed, is nearer the Pacific than the Atlantic. This means that a very much larger proportion of a journey between

England and Western America would be taken by water on the Hudson Bay route than on any other route, and this involves a great saving in freight, while in the case of livestock, owing to the reduction in the length of railway transport, the injury to the cattle would be proportionately lessened. The actual saving of railway travel would be, in fact, compared with the Liverpool, New York and San Francisco route, the 1,031 miles by which the northern journey is shorter.

There is another respect in which the Hudson Bay route, in conjunction with direct

railway communication with the Pacific coast, would be advantageous. Our Imperial trade and our Imperial power generally are going to be challenged by the great Trans-Siberian Railway. At present our only answer to the challenge in the northern hemisphere is the Liverpool, St. Lawrence and Canadian Pacific Railway route, and a consideration of the two routes prompts the criticism that our answer needs strengthening in order to be fully effective. I will not go so far as to argue that all the needed strengthening would be furnished by a Hudson Bay and Pacific route, but it is obvious that the present English western



Photo by]

COAL-MINING ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

[C. W. Mathers.

to Vancouver viû the Canadian Pacific, the distance is 5,896 miles—that is to say, this route is 1,328 miles longer than the proposed Hudson Bay route. To institute comparisons with the New York route, we must take San Francisco as the point of termination. On this journey the Hudson Bay route would follow the same direction as to Vancouver, to Mission Junction, just this side of Vancouver, where it would connect with the Northern Pacific Railway and follow it down the coast to San Francisco, a total distance of 5,599 miles. This, again, is a saving of 1,328 miles on the Montreal and San Francisco route, but it also represents a saving of

route round the world would, if added to another route shorter by 1,328 miles, be a more formidable competitor with the Russian eastern route than is the case now.

Finally, there is the strategic aspect of the question. boundary line between Canada and the United States from Lake Superior westward to the Pacific consists merely of a parallel, which, as our school-books used to tell us, is an imaginary line; and the famous Forty-ninth parallel is not indicated on the plains with anything in the

nature of fortifications-the adequate fortification of such a vast boundary would be Yet the Canadian practically impossible. Pacific Railway, at present the solitary road from east to west, is, for the greater part of



TRADING-BOATS.

[C. W. Mathers.

its length, so uncomfortably close to the border that it would be in imminent danger of seizure in the event of hostilities between England and the United States. A railway from Port Churchill would not be in such



[A. F. Bury Austin. Photo by] TIMBER-LUMBERING.

danger, and its strategic value would be so great that the Imperial Government might spend its defence money in much worse fashion than in subsidising the line, in order to help forward its construction.

THE PRACTICABILITY OF THE ROUTE.

The reply to the question, Why has this short cut to America been so strangely neglected? is that its impracticability has been tacitly assumed. The assumption does not accord with the facts. One hears pessimistic talk—springing sometimes from ignorance,



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[C. W. Mathers.

TRADING WITH AN ESKIMO, FORT MCPHERSON.

sometimes from interested motives—which almost tends to make the hearer confound the Hudson Bay route with that other North-West Passage sought by Arctic explorers. As a fact, no part of Hudson Strait or of the Bay is within the Arctic Circle; the southern extremity of the Bay is south of the latitude of London; it is approximately midway between the North Pole and the Equator. But, objectors may urge, though its situation is not Arctic, its climate is. This, again, is a misconception. Dr. Bell, who has made a speciality of Hudson Bay and the surrounding country, affirms that

"over a great part of this vast region there is a temperate climate." The Bay (which is more than half the size of the Mediterranean Sea) does not, except comparatively near the shore, freeze, even in the depth of winter; in the summer it is warm enough to bathe in. Dr. Bell, in his evidence before a Select Committee of the Canadian House of Commons, said: "We have not only bathed ourselves, but others have done the same; for example, at Churchill, the people of the place go down from the fort, which is four or five miles up the river, and camp out to enjoy the sea-

bathing in the summer-time."

There is the question of safety; but in this respect Hudson Bay's record compares favourably with, say, the St. Lawrence route, which a hundred and fifty years ago was deemed—and judging by the number of wrecks, with more reason—to be more impracticable than even critics affirm the Hudson Bay route to be to-day. True, there is ice to be met with in Hudson Strait, but not much more than in the Straits of Belle Isle, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence; and it is less dangerous in the northern water, because there is less fog. Moreover, there are fewer storms. The exceeding calmness, indeed, has positively injured the reputation for navigability of Hudson Strait: so much of the navigation has been undertaken in sailing-vessels, which in calm weather are held back by the streams of small ice-floes; whereas a steamer, particularly one of greater horse-power than the small craft which have hitherto made the voyage, could easily plough its way through the drifting obstacles. Such is the testimony of Admiral Markham, who commanded an expedition in 1886 on a small fifty horse-power steamer. of the delays he met with he attributed to the low power of his vessel, which was "often arrested entirely by loose, brashy ice, through which a more powerful steamer would easily have penetrated." "I cannot," he says, in summing up his report, "call to mind a single instance during our passage through the Strait when a more powerful steamer, commanded by an able and experienced seaman, and one well acquainted with ice navigation, would have suffered detention from the ice, except perhaps for about two or three days at the outside." In proper vessels, and with proper care, there seems every reason to believe that Hudson Strait

^{* &}quot;Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," October No., 1881.



Photo by]

C. W. Mathers.

DOG-TRAINS LOADED STARTING FOR THE NORTH.

affords a safe passage; nor does there appear any ground for fearing that, in the like conditions and at the proper seasons of the year, there would be any unreasonable or formidable delay in making the passage. And once within the Bay, all is literally "clear sailing"—the crossing of a calm inland sea, of ample and uniform depth, as free from dangerous currents as from shoals or rocks, and at the end as good a harbour as the most exigent skipper could desire.

It is not contended that the route would in the early weeks of the season be practicable for ordinary vessels which are not built for ice navigation. There would need to be special features introduced into the construction of the vessels destined for this route. But this circumstance does not interpose a bar to the use of the route. On this technical point, however, I had best quote the words of an authority. Admiral Markham, in his report on the Alert expedition through Hudson Strait, which he commanded in 1866, says:—

"There appears to me to be no difficulty in designing vessels of moderate speed, with

good cargo - carrying capacity, and at the same time specially constructed for navigating through the ice in Hudson Strait. I should recommend that these vessels be built, of course, in several compartments: that they be strongly fortified in the bows, and be. moreover, sufficiently strengthened by extra beam power, doubling if necessary, so as to render them capable of resisting any ordinary ice pressure. The question whether they



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[C. W. Mathers.

should be built of wood or iron is also a matter for serious consideration, but I am inclined to think that a composite ship might be built that would be well suited for the service. Speed is an important item, and

should not be less than twelve knots; the vessel should possess sufficient rudder-power to ensure the helm being answered quickly, and the ship turned with ease and

celerity."

But Admiral Markham goes on to emphasise that in advocating the necessity for specially constructed steamers, he is not apprehensive that the ordinary ocean steamer "would be crushed like an egg-shell if beset in the pack," but only in order that the ships may resist the heavy blows which must occasionally be received from heavier pieces of ice when the vessel is threading her way through the ice.

The final objection, and the one which is most frequently urged, is that the passage is not open long enough to make it of commercial value. And here, too, there is good reason to believe that the objection lacks a basis in fact. Expert opinions vary as to the exact number of months during which navigation would be practicable. Admiral Markham thinks "the Straits will be found navigable for at least four months of every year, and often for five or more." Captain Clisby, of New London, Connecticut, after fourteen years' experience, says "four months and often five." Mr. William A. Archibald, for many years in the Hudson Bay Company's service at Fort Moose—and the Company is hostile to the opening up of the route says navigation is possible from June to December; while another of the Company's officers, Captain Hackland, goes so far as to say that there is "no reason why steamships should not navigate at any time.

THE DIANA'S EXPEDITION.

The latest contribution to the literature of the Hudson Bay route is the report of the Diana's expedition. The pessimistic may regard this report as throwing considerable doubt on the commercial practicability of the route; and such, let it be confessed, is the avowed object of the report. But a careful reading of it in the light of other expert evidence, and, more particularly, a consideration of the circumstances in which

this expedition was undertaken, will modify the doubt.

It should be premised that the Canadian Government, which for many years past has been admirably exercised on the subject of



PORTAGE BETWEEN RIVERS.

developing the Dominion by the provision of transport facilities, took great interest in the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in order to give that project a good, unimpeded start, refrained from encouraging other methods of crossing the Dominion (which might come in competition with the new railway) until the Canadian Pacific had fairly got upon its legs. This was largely the explanation of the Canadian Government's indifference to the Hudson Bay route, notwithstanding the favourable report on that route of the Ottawa House of Commons' Select Committee in 1884. But now the Canadian Pacific has got upon its legs; and the time has come for other routes, interest in which should not be exhausted by the Grand Trunk Pacific project.

As to the expedition itself. The Dominion Government chartered for the purpose a wooden screw whaler, built in Dundee in 1870, and rebuilt in 1892, of 275 tons net and 473 tons gross, and of 70 horse-power. According to the commander's log, this vessel proved herself exceedingly handy in the ice, and in other respects well adapted to her task; but her smallness, and more especially her low power, do not proclaim her to be an ideal ship for the purpose of determining the length of time during which Hudson Strait is navigable. It is obvious. as Admiral Markham pointed out in the report he made upon his expedition in a steamer of 50 horse-power, that a large and

powerful vessel is of great importance where, during the early months of the season, navigation is often occupied with forcing a passage through ice-floes. It is the custom, when a mass of ice is encountered through which the ship will not easily pass, to back her off and then run her at the ice in order to force a way through, and the success of this ramming process clearly depends on the ship's power. It is therefore to be regretted that the Canadian Government did not see its way to adopt Admiral Markham's suggestion, and charter another Dundee whaler which was available, the Terra Nova, of 450 tons net and 120 horse-power. Better still, perhaps, would have been the Anglo-Australasian Steam Navigation Company's vessel, Port Pirie, which was also suggested. vessel, built in 1886, is of 1,829 net tons, 3,020 gross tons, and 350 horse-power. Being an ordinary steel steamer, not specially adapted to ice navigation, she would have needed fortifying for the work, but this though doubtless thoroughly competent seamen, lacked the experience of ice navigation which was so necessary in an expedition of the kind. This lack of experience was responsible for some, at least, of the difficulties of navigation detailed in the *Diana's* report. This fact I have learned from independent sources, but it is also confessed by Commander Wakeham himself in the following important excerpt from his report:—

"I am fully convinced that had I stuck to my original intention and kept outside of the pack until we had a change of wind, and the ice began to go abroad, we would have got through and into the Bay a few days earlier than we did, and the ship would not have been as roughly used as she was."

With more to the same effect. This admission is in itself enough to prevent the details of this expedition and its difficulties as set out in the report, and the time occupied in the passage, from being accepted as final evidence of the route's practicability,

and justifies Admiral Mark-ham's criticism that "the inexperienced invariably magnify the dangers and difficulties encountered, and by their extreme caution and prudence not only materially extend the duration of the voyage, but also, not infrequently, place their ships in those very positions of danger they would fain have avoided."

Nor must importance be attached to the "scare" photographs, in the publication of which the animus of the report appears somewhat too obvious. Though the report is but a mere pamphlet in size, it is packed with twenty - eight photographs, all but five of which are ice scenes, and had therefore to be taken during the early weeks of the expedition, the camera lying idle during the major part of the time, when other interesting views might have been obtained, though their publication would not

have been obtained, though their publication would not have induced a sense of Arctic rigour. These photographs are therefore misleading; because, in the first place, equally awe-inspiring representations of ice might have been obtained from the River and Gulf of



Photo by]

[C. W. Mathers.

BRINGING THE FURS OUT OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.

surely should not have been an insuperable objection.

Hardly less unfortunate was the selection of the commander, the sailing-master, and the special officers of the expedition, who, the St. Lawrence or around the coasts of the Maritime Provinces; and, in the second place, the photographs give no idea of the quality and formidable character of the ice. No one doubts the presence of ice in Hudson Strait during June and July: the only question is as to whether the ice is (as Admiral Markham asserted when he made the trip) of a loose, brashy character, which a powerful steamer could easily forge its way through.

The Diana's report, however, has a value: for in spite of all the unfavouring circumstances of the expedition—in spite, moreover, of the fact that the commander tried his hardest to throw cold water (or shall we say ice?) on the commercial practicability of navigating Hudson Strait, there still remains the commander's conclusion that navigation for commercial purposes is practicable as early as the beginning of July and as late as the 20th of October, after which date storms and the disagreeable atmospheric conditions called by the sailors "frozen fog" make navigation in Commander Wakeham's opinion no longer safe—at any rate, until the mariner is furnished with accurate charts and lights.

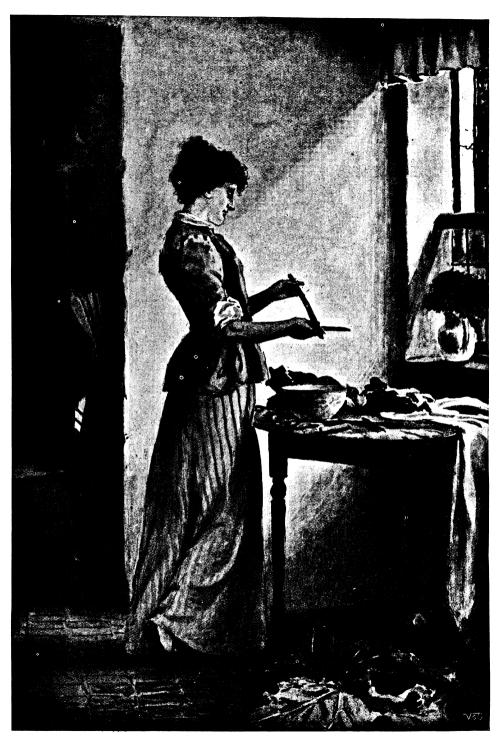
Three and a half months—if that be the total length of time in each year when commercial navigation of the Strait is practicable

-are not a long period for the conduct of traffic, but it by no means follows that in view of the many great advantages of other kinds which the route affords the time is too short to make the route worth developing. Ocean trade, like all other forms of business, has a habit of accommodating itself to the exigencies of Nature. And when it is remembered that a considerable part of the North American traffic—agricultural produce, to wit — would want to travel just in the autumn months, when the easy navigability of the Strait is not open to doubt, and that much of the remaining traffic could accommodate itself to the conditions of a seasonable port; when references are made to Montreal, which, though closed for half the year, accommodates vessels during the season to a total tonnage of over 1,500,000 tons; and to the great and growing prosperity of Archangel, which lies much further north than Port Churchill, and can only be approached through the Polar Sea—it is surely not an extravagant dream to look forward to the time when Hudson Strait and Bay shall become one of the world's great ocean highways, and Churchill or the alternative part to the south of it the Archangel of the West.

THE TIDINGS.

THE pungent smell of the dusty box
And a bee that drowsed in the hollyhocks,
The elm's faint shadow across the floor
And through the crack of the open door
A moated bar of the sun's last gold—
These were the things that were real to me—
Box, smell and sun and a droning bee:
And another part of me heard you say—
"He has been dead, since yesterday!"

ARTHUR KETCHUM.



CHLOE IN THE KITCHEN.

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY H. J. WALKER.

THE HIDDEN ARMY.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.



DOZEN men were seated around a table in the stuffy, stale-odoured room—and a spokesman on whom all their eyes were bent.

"It is for that, my brothers, that you are summoned here to-

night," he was saying in a low yet distinct tone. "It is to bid you prepare. We have sure advices. The wrath of the Fatherland is kindled. Even now, our great and invincible army is being mobilised. Soon you shall rule in the country where you have served!"

There was a little murmur of guttural approval. The faces of the men turned towards the speaker were of various types enough, but their dress was uniform—the grease-stained, shapeless livery of the waiter fresh from his night's toil.

The man at the head of the table twirled

his fair moustache fiercely.

"Ah!" he cried, "my children, think what it means! They force a landing, our brave German soldiers, and what do they find? An opposing army of the cowards who ran from the Boers! Perhaps—but what else! An army of brave men, many thousands strong, trained, armed, sprung from who knows where ?—as eager to strike for the Fatherland, and crush these fat, stiffnecked English, as their brothers who comefresh from the barracks. Think what a joyful surprise—what a certainty of victory, what glory for all of us who have secretly planned and organised the army of hidden Brothers! The Fatherland!—and victory!"

They grunted and drank and grunted again. The chairman took up his hat.

"I ask you," he said, "to drink one more toast—success to my mission! I cannot tell you what it is. One man only, save myself, knows it. But I can tell you this: If I am successful, your rifles will be on your shoulders before many days are past, and you will see these English, as you march through

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the streets, scurry to their holes like rabbits. I go to make the war!"

They drank, and set down their empty tankards. Their voices were scarcely raised above a whisper, for this was a business meeting of the Waiters' Trades Union Association.

"Success to Max! To the war!"

A neatly dressed young man, fair, with waxed moustache, and a bearing which seemed to indicate some sort of military training, stepped out from a small pony-cart in front of the Grand Hotel, Settlingham-by-the-Sea, and promptly commenced a spirited argument with the driver as to the fare. Having ascertained the exact legal amount, he paid it in a shilling and some carefully counted coppers. Then, carrying his own bag, he marched into the hotel.

"Is the manager, Mr. Rice, in, miss?"

he asked the young lady at the office.

She glanced behind her. The manager stepped forward. The young man took off his hat.

"My name," he said, "is Spielman. I received your wire, and I have come by the earliest possible train."

The manager was disposed to be affable

and held out his hand.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Spielman," he said.
"The hall-boy here will show you your room, and you had better change as soon as possible. Will you step inside and have something first?"

"I should enjoy," the young man answered, "a glass of beer. It is a warm afternoon!"

He entered the little bar behind the office and bowed to the young ladies, who received his greeting with a mixture of condescension and reserve. A head-waiter was a person who had been known to presume upon his position.

"I trust," Mr. Spielman said, "that busi-

ness is fairly good, sir?"

"We are very nearly full up," the manager answered. "You will find plenty to do."

"I like work," the young man said simply.
"Is there anyone to whom you wish me to show special attention?"

"Certainly," the manager answered—"I

am glad vou mentioned it. I will give you the names of the others to-morrow, but our most important visitor just now is Lord Brentmore."

The head-waiter bowed. It was one of his professional habits always to bow at the

mention of a lord's name.

inquired deferentially. "Not only rich," the manager answered, "but he is a Cabinet minister—Secretary of State for Foreign He has come Affairs. down here, with all his family, for a rest and a month's golf.

much rest, poor fellow, with all these Continental troubles getting worse

everyday. By the by, Mr. Spielman, are you a German?"

"I am a Swiss," lied Mr. Spielman.

"Can't say I'm sorry," the manager admitted. "Mr. Spielman, I don't want to hurry you, but-"

Mr. Spielman finished his beer at once.

"In one quarter of an hour," he announced. "I shall be in the diningroom."

The new arrival was shown to his

room on the fifth floor, and with expressionless face made a rapid toilet. On his way to the dining-room he met, in the hall, a young man who was lounging against a table, with a paper in his hand, and who surveyed him

curiously through an eveglass. Mr. Spielman bowed and passed on to his duties, but a slight frown had gathered upon his forehead.

"I was an ass!" he murmured softly.

Philip Usher, and was Lord Brentmore's private secretary, strolledtowards the door and met his Lordship, who was just coming in from

The young man, who

"Good match, sir?" he asked.

Lord Brentmore's face was beaming.

"Excellent," he "We answered. played a four-ball the Colonel and I against Holland and Dick. The Colonel

was off his game, only came in once, but we won two up. I did five threes."

Usher nodded sympathetically. "There is one despatch, sir," he said. have decoded it. Shall I come upstairs with you now?"

Lord Brentmore led the way to a private sittingroom on the first floor and listened to the message. His face clouded over a little.

"A bit stiff, eh?" he remarked.



"He burnt all the fragments of destroyed letters which he could find in the waste-paper basket.'

Usher nodded.

"It may be my fancy, sir," he said, "but it really seems to me that they want to force a quarrel."

We won't have it," Brentmore answered.

"We can't afford it. If war must come, it must, but not now. Another couple of years, and we can snap our fingers at them."

"I am afraid," Usher remarked, "that

our friends realise that."

"I wouldn't mind so much," Lord Brentmore continued, "if I could get the chief and Morland to realise the position. Practically, you know, Usher," he added, glancing round the room and lowering his voice a little, "I am the only man in the Cabinet who is hot for peace."

"I know it, sir," Usher answered, "and I know that you are right. That is why I am glad that you are so much better just now. If you were laid up, I believe that we should

be at war in a week.

Lord Brentmore nodded.

"Fortunately," he said, "I never felt better in my life. This place suits me exactly. I shall build a house here some day.'

"I wish that you had one now, sir," Usher answered. "When so much depends upon you, I am not sure that it is wise to stay in a hotel."

Lord Brentmore shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing could happen to me here," he remarked, "to which I should not be liable in my own house. Besides, as you know, we could not get a house. Now, then, Usher, if you are ready, I'll give you down a reply. I'm going to try the gentle answer."

The new head-waiter was apparently a great success. He was prompt, courteous, and possessed of obvious administrative gifts. No one in the room could complain of being neglected, but his chief attention was not unnaturally bestowed upon Lord Brentmore's party, which consisted of his Lordship himself, his wife, one daughter, Lady Eva, and Usher. He frequently brought them dishes with his own hands, and they found every Usher eyed him more want anticipated. than once curiously.

"I'm inclined to be a democrat," he remarked, when their new attendant was out of the room for a moment, "but I can't help thinking that fellow had rather a cheek to come down from town first class."

Lord Brentmore looked up amused. "Are

you sure that he did?" he asked.

"Absolutely," Usher answered; "we were in the same carriage for some distance, until I changed into an empty one at Ipswich. Saw you coming down, didn't I?" he remarked, as Spielman reappeared.

"I believe so, sir," the head-waiter an-

swered quietly. "A friend of mine gave me a pass."

"That's a lie," Usher muttered, as Spielman hurried off to another table. "I saw him give up his ticket."

Lord Brentmore smiled.

"After all, why not?" he remarked. "We all have one pet extravagance. His may be travelling first class. Mine, if I could afford to indulge in it, would be to put down a new ball on every tee."

"I don't see why he wanted to lie about it,

anyhow," Usher remarked.

They left the room soon afterwards. Usher sought out the manager in his room.

"Mr. Rice," he said, "I hope you won't think me'a nuisance, but can you tell me anything about your new head-waiter?"

"Certainly, sir," the manager answered. "I trust that he has given satisfaction?"

"Absolutely," Usher answered. "It isn't There are just a few things I should like to know. Is he a German?

"No, sir, a Swiss."

"H'm!" Usher remarked. "He doesn't look like one? Now, can you tell me this? Lord Brentmore first wrote you about coming here in July, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you engage this fellow before or

after then?"

"Afterwards, sir. In fact, I did not engage him at all. Hausman was coming, the dark German from the Imperial, who was here last year—you may remember him, sir; but it seems he was taken ill, and Spielman has come on to take his place for a month."

"At Hausman's recommendation?"

"Yes, sir. I had other references, though." "Does it pay these fellows to come down

here?" Usher asked.

The manager smiled.

"Wonderfully well, sir," he answered. "I know for a fact that Hausman made more in his three months here last year than he could make in a twelvemonth at the Imperial. I shouldn't have engaged him again on the same terms, but he begged so hard, and the visitors here liked him so much."

Usher nodded.

"He wouldn't be likely to give up the job of his own accord, then?" he remarked. "Sham being ill, or anything of that sort?"

"Is it likely, sir?" the manager asked. "Besides, I saw him in London only last week, and he was most eager about it."

Usher nodded and turned away.

"I trust that there isn't anything about



"'Some fresh tea, sir,' the head-waiter answered."

the new man that you disapprove of, sir?" Mr. Rice asked with concern.

"Nothing at all," Usher answered. "He seems a most capable fellow. Please don't let him think that I've been complaining. He seems to know his business thoroughly."

"But," Usher added to himself as he went

upstairs, "I am not quite sure what his business is."

Lady Eva waited below for her escort in their usual after-dinner stroll for a long time. Usher, having first locked the door, spent nearly an hour in the sitting-room where Lord Brentmore and he usually worked. He first of all re-set all the combination locks of the despatch-boxes, and sealed them up with a signet-ring, which he carefully replaced upon his finger. Then he took out the codebook and disposed of it in a secret place about his own person. Finally, he destroyed the blotting-paper and burnt all the fragments of destroyed letters which he could find in the waste-paper basket. Lord Brentmore came in just as he had finished.

"What on earth are you up to, Usher?"

he asked.

"Taking precautions, sir," the young man answered.

"Against what?"

"I'm not sure. Espionage, I suppose."

Lord Brentmore's eyes twinkled. For a statesman, he was distinctly an unimaginative person.

"Do you suspect anyone in particular?"

he asked.

Usher nodded. "The new head-waiter," he answered briefly.

"Because he came first class?"

"That and many other reasons," Usher answered.

Lord Brentmore lit a cigar.

"Go ahead!" he said.

"Right!" Usher answered. "To begin with, he came first class because he wished to escape observation, and he was busy all the time sorting papers. I took him for someone's private secretary. Then, he came as substitute for another man, who is supposed to be ill, but who served me with my luncheon yesterday morning at the Imperial. The change was made since it was announced that you were coming here. Further, he calls himself a Swiss, when I'm perfectly certain he's a full-fledged German."

Lord Brentmore was unconvinced.

"Supposing he is a spy," he said, "what good can he do himself here? We are not likely to talk secrets before him, or to leave despatches about."

Usher shrugged his shoulders.

"I am sure of one thing only," he said, "he wants watching."

II.

The next morning Lord Brentmore was late for breakfast. When, at last, he appeared, Usher regarded him anxiously. The healthy colour of the night before had gone. He was pale, almost sallow, his eyes were clouded, and the flesh under them was baggy. He had all the appearance of a man suffering from a bad bilious attack.

"Good morning," he said curtly, sinking

into his chair. "Tea and dry toast only for me, waiter."

"Seedy?" Usher inquired laconically.

"Liver!" Lord Brentmore answered irritably. "That brutal sweet champagne, I suppose."

"Hard luck," Usher answered. "You'll

have to take it easy to-day."

"I'm down here to play golf, and I shall play golf," Lord Brentmore growled. "The Colonel will knock my head off, I suppose, though. What's this?"

"Some fresh tea, sir," the head - waiter answered. "The other has been standing

some little time."

Lord Brentmore drank two cups, and ate a little toast. Then he went out on the links, and returned to the hotel at lunch-time a little better. He ate a sole specially prepared, drank one whisky-and-soda, and went back to golf. About four o'clock, however, he returned, looking worse than ever.

"I shall have to lie down," he announced

shortly. "Any despatches?"

"Two," Usher announced. "They are important. I will read them to you upstairs."

Lord Brentmore listened to the messages

with darkening face.

"Upon my word," he said fiercely, "it makes one feel that the Chief and Morland are right. It's no use humbugging about with these fellows. I've a good mind to give them what they're asking for!"

Usher looked at his chief anxiously.

"Isn't that just what they are aiming at, sir?" he remarked. "They have been trying all the time to goad us into a belligerent frame of mind."

"And, egad, they'll succeed soon!" Lord Brentmore answered. "Here, take down."

It took Usher nearly an hour's persuasion before he got the message into reasonable terms. When he returned from sending it off, he brought back with him the Settlingham doctor. Lord Brentmore was obviously annoyed, but submitted himself to the usual examination. The doctor was thoughtful for a moment or two afterwards. He sat with his note-book in his hand, as though about to write a prescription, but instead he asked a few more and apparently irrelevant questions.

"Liver, I suppose?" Lord Brentmore asked, when at last the physician's pencil

began to move.

"Yes," the doctor answered. "You should be quite yourself in a couple of days."

He gave some instructions as to diet and



"The head-waiter was held by the throat by the new cook's assistant."

handed over his prescription. Usher left the room with him.

"Rather sudden attack, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Very, I should say," was the answer.

"The symptoms are a little puzzling, but they do not point to anything serious."

Üsher drew a little closer to the doctor's

side and took his arm as they descended the

"No trace at all of—poison, I suppose?" he inquired.

The doctor started. The suggestion was

somewhat startling.

"No," he answered. "I can't say that. His Lordship must have taken something to disagree with him rather violently. Beyond that, there is nothing to be said. I think he will be better to-morrow."

Usher went back to his chief.

"If I were you, sir," he said, "I should leave this place."

"What do you mean?" Lord Brentmore

asked testily.

"Frankly," Usher answered, "I believe that head-waiter has been interfering with your food."

"Then you're an ass!" Lord Brentmore declared. "I haven't patience to listen to such rubbish!"

Usher went out and sent a telegram to Scotland Yard. He went also to the manager, and the next day there was a new assistant in the kitchen. Luncheon-time passed without incident. Lord Brentmore was very irritable, ate nothing, and looked worse than ever. He had abandoned any attempt to play golf, and sat studying some recent despatches with an ominous frown. He came in late to dinner, and gave an order to the head-waiter, who attended him obsequiously to his chair. Five minutes afterwards the trouble came.

Usher heard the clatter of falling dishes and the sound of raised voices, and springing from his chair hastened to the screened-off passage from the kitchen. The head-waiter, immaculate no longer, but with stained shirtfront and eyes almost starting from his head, was held by the throat by the new cook's assistant, and on the floor, by the side of a broken dish, was what seemed to be a small silver phial, with holes perforated at the top. The detective touched it with his foot.

"Pick up that, sir," he said, recognising Usher. "I caught him shaking it over the sole he was taking to Lord Brentmore."

Usher stooped down and put it in his pocket. The waiters were beginning to

gather round.

"Bring him this way," Usher directed. A minute later they were in an unoccupied room at the rear of the building. The detective let go his prisoner, who stood for a few moments breathing heavily.

"Are you both mad?" he asked, with a show at least of indignation. "What have I done to be treated like this?"

"I fancy," Usher answered coolly, "that we can answer your question better when we have had the contents of this little phial analysed. In the meantime the police had better take care of you!"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"As you will," he answered contemptuously. "I am curious to know, however, what I shall be charged with."

The detective smiled.

"Perhaps I shall be able to tell you better, Mr. Max Meyell," he said, "when we have searched the premises of the Waiters' Trades Union. I've had a hint about you before."

There was a blinding flash—a loud report, and the detective staggered backwards. The room was full of smoke—Usher sprang to the door, but he was too late. He wrenched it open. At the end of the passage the headwaiter was coming calmly towards him.

"I am ready for your arrest, sir," he said, bowing and holding out his hands, as though for the handcuffs. "I trust that the gentleman inside is not hurt, but I was forced to send a message before I could comfortably make the acquaintance of your English For Milord Brentmore you need have no anxiety; he will very soon be well."

The detective came out with his left arm

hanging helpless.

"He's done us, sir," he said gloomily. "There are forty-six German waiters here, and Heaven knows which one --- Ah!"

He rushed for the telephone. The wire was cut and the instrument smashed. side, a little German waiter, with his coat-tails flying behind him, was bending over a bicycle on his way to the post-office.
"Quite a genius," Usher remarked. "Take
his revolver away."

The head-waiter stepped back and bowed professionally. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he pressed the muzzle to his forehead and blew out his brains.

"The Fatherland!" he muttered, as he fell in a crumpled heap across the threshold.

"Quite au Japonais," Lord Brentmore remarked when they told him about it.

Lord Brentmore was playing golf again in two days, and once more the war clouds lightened. The premises of the Waiters' Union were duly raided, and it was a very harmless lot of documents which fell into the hands of the police, and a much injured society who shouted of their wrongs. But another reigns in Max Meyell, alias Spielman's place, and many a garret bedroom in Soho or thereabouts is still adorned with the waiting rifle.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

MY FIRST WHALE.

"THAT is the nearest you have ever been to a whale," said the first officer.

As a matter of fact, it wasn't. In childhood I had patted a whale and called it "Poor old fellow!" as one might a dog.

"A stuffed whale in a museum, I suppose,"

sneered the

"No, a live whale."

And then I told them about it. The monster had come ashore on the sands at Saltmore, a small watering-place near Ramsgate. It was just the kind of whale to get stranded—a bottlenose. The length was trifling for a whale - about thirty feet; but it looked enormous, three parts out of the water. making terrific play with its tail. A syndicate of boatclaimed There was a rumour that Mr. Farini, of Royal Aquarium, was on his way down with assistants who understood the treatment of whales in captivity. The bathing-(who, no

doubt, had some basis for his calculation) put the value of the whale as an Aquarium attraction at one hundred pounds a week. It was this talk, no doubt, that gave the boatmen the notion of keeping it alive. They contemplated tethering the whale to the pierhead, surrounding him with walls of canvas, and charging visitors from Ramsgate (of whom

there would be hundreds) a shilling a head to be rowed round him. When the whale ceased to draw at Saltmore, they could lead it round, like a performing dog, from watering-place to watering-place, earning good money everywhere.

"And wonderful sagacious is whales," said the oldest part-owner, "and fust-rate company. Get

to know you in no time. A cousin of my wife's was keeper to a whale. Uster clamber up on a raft at meal-times and kiss h i m. He learned it to sing and play the tambourine."

The old man was thinking of seals.

After a lot of difficulty, and perhaps a little danger, the boatmen got a loop of stout rope over the whale's tail, and the other end of the rope fastened to a windlass on the pier.

At the first strain the rope broke with a bang, and the piermaster, who, had only just arrived, forbade secondattempt. He would not hear of the whale being kept swimming about supports of the pier. Once in

EXTREMELY AWKWARD.

machine man The above is not a case of Lynch Law; it merely depicts the disadvantage tied to the supports of the

deep water, he said, the monster was capable of swimming away with the whole rickety structure.

The next plan was to get the whale afloat, tow him up the Thames, and sell him as he swam to the highest bidder; but it was objected that whalefanciers might combine and grind you down to a mere song, and while you were haggling, dock



HARDLY FAIR.

"DID you tell your master that I helped you with your French exercise, Gerald?"

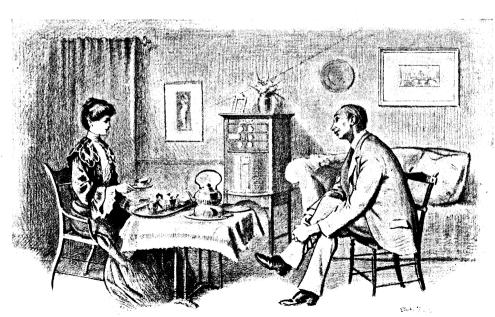
"Yes, Pater."

"What did he say?"

"Said he wouldn't keep me in to-day, cos it didn't seem fair I should suffer for your ignorance!"

dues, demurrage, and what not, would cat up all the profit, to say nothing of risk under the Collision Clause. A gentleman in the crowd said that the laws against leading bears along highways applied equally to whales. At last they decided to kill it. This was the stage at which I waded in, patted the whale, and said: "Poor old fellow!" I like to recall that I did that. In the whole crowd not another soul had a movement of pity towards the poor monster. Ladies and nursemaids and little girls watched its despatch (with a rusty cutlass; it makes me sick now), as though it were a turn at a circus.

The following morning I edged into a circle of They were talking about oil, their unit being the hundred gallon. No one knew anything about the extracting of oil from whales, or was taking any steps to learn. In some mysterious way the whale would shortly be converted into oil and whalebone, and they would all be rich men. The only ones to show enterprise were the beach hawkers, who came out with squares of camphor at twopence. The camphor was worth twopence, if you were spending much time upon the beach. The second day the boatmen were threatened by the health officers, and their dreams burst. A spring tide was running that night. The boatmen got the carcass afloat, towed it out a mile, and left it making steady progress towards the shores of France. We threw away our camphor next but before eleven there came a morning, suggestion of the old smell. At noon the whole town was within doors, and every door and window tight fastened. The whale, now plainly in sight, approached rapidly, and the tide dropped



AWKWARDLY PUT.

NERVOUS CALLER (who has delayed paying his respects to the bride): You know, Mrs. Stanley, I have been meaning to call upon you for ever so long; in fact, you know, the way to your house is simply paved with good intentions.

him on his old station. It was the dream of Eugene Aram on a vaster scale. Our boatmen denied all knowledge of this whale. This interloper did not resemble their whale in any particular. It had been killed elsewhere. ("With a cutlass? Of course. How else would you kill a whale?") and set adrift again with criminal carelessness.

"A nice thing," said they, "if we have to bury every whale that meets a violent end."

The authorities were not logicians. They did not argue, but spoke of penalties. By next morning the beach was clear. The whale had been cut up, and the pieces sunk miles from Saltmore, and there, so far as we visitors were concerned, the episode ended. But the boatmen received peremptory letters from Boards of Health all round the coast saying that pieces of whale had come ashore, and ordering them to attend and give suitable burial. The theory of our boatmen was that these pieces were the result of another whale having come into collision with a torpedo; but again logic had to go under. For a week the harassed seamen lived in light carts, driving furiously from place to place, and all the villages they passed through on these funereal errands reverently let down their blinds.

> B. A. Clarke, in his new book, "All Abroad."



"WE TWO."

We went along the winding lane, With hawthorn hedges newly blown, O'erjoyed to greet the Spring again, We two alone.

Not hand in hand, nor side by side, But one full twenty yards before. We never smiled nor even tried, We two, no more.

Along the copse, across the stile We went, and breathed the balmy air, But breathed no syllable the while-A silent pair.

And yet we ne'er had known dispute, Each loved the other passing well, No secret rift within the lute Broke friendship's spell.

One gazed upon the trees and sky, On smiling orchards, bloom-besprent; To earth the other's downcast eye Was ever bent.

One searched the bank for primrose pale And fragrant lurking violet; The other, ah! on other trail That heart was set.

> And this was scarce a curious thing: For think with what a different eye And different thoughts we viewed the Spring, My dog and 1!

> > C. Du l'ontet,

A LABOURER, having to carry a grindstone down a steep hill, put his head through the hole in the middle of it. Half-way down he met a friend, who said: "Woi doant 'ee roll 'un, Tummas?" "Sakes!" says Tummas, "I niver thowt on't, but I'se gang oop top agen an begin."



EASILY EXPLAINED.

"IT is strange what a time we have with cooks, dear. Dawson was telling me that they've had theirs for ten years.

"Yes, dear; and did he tell you who she was?"
"No. Who?"

"His wife."

The geography class was learning the points of the compass. Said the teacher: "You have in front of you the north, on the right the east, on the left the west. What have you behind you?" After reflection, little Charlie replied; "A patch on my knickerbockers."

ONLY MEASLES.

My mother tucked me up in bed,
And gave me stuff to drink—
To bring 'em out, I think she said—
I felt quite sure 'twas ink.
She drew the window curtains tight,
And bade me go to sleep;
But when she tiptoed off so light,
The things began to creep.

The flower-figures on the wall
Turned spiders and old men.
I tried to count 'em; but they'd crawl
And make me count again.
The nursery ceiling, up so high,
Slowly began to sink,
And then a big, red, burning eye
Came out to glare and blink.

And after that a bulging pig—
I don't see how he came—
Tried on my pillow for a wig,
And called me a bad name.
Then, suddenly, in ev'ry nook,
Were voices whisp'ring fast.
I hid my face; I dared not look
Till they had drifted past.

And then the green book winked at me,
Imploring to be read.

I just pretended not to see,
And took the blue instead.



OF COURSE NOT.

"But is your husband in favour of Yellow labour?"
"No, sir, he's a whitewasher."



AN UNNECESSARY APOLOGY.

Brown (to Jones, whose gun will go off of its own accord): For goodness sake be careful, man! You only just missed me that time!

Jones: Did I, old chap? I'm awfully sorry!

Next all the walls came slanting down, To catch and crush me flat, While something sobbed, all soft and brown—

A pitying pussy-cat!

And then I took a nap.

I called; my voice was faint and queer,
Yet mamma heard, and ran—
It's strange, mamma can always hear
When no one thinks she can!
She drove some grinning apes away,
And laid me in her lap—
The room grew still and cool and grey,

Marion Ames Taggart.



Mr. Jones: If you marry my daughter, would you expect me to pay your debts?

Young Smith: No, sir; as soon as I stop courting her, I can pay them myself.



MAGISTRATE: Why were you driving your auto so fast?

CHAUFFEUR: Well, I wanted to get as far as I could before the thing would break down!



"HENRY JAMES says that our newspaper and magazine English isn't good."

"That's too bad. It's about all we have left."

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"THE DAUGHTERS OF JUDAH IN BABYLON," BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.
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THE ART OF MR. HERBERT SCHMALZ.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

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THE annals of English art are studded with foreign names. The Academy is a British institution—a particularly British institution; yet its first roll-call of members rings cosmopolitan, and that of to - day — a list almost less familiar — is German with Von Herkomer, Dutch with Alma-Tadema, French (by descent) with La Thangue, American with Sargent, Shannon, Abbey, whilst amongst these desirable quasialiens we number Herbert Schmalz. Yet with his mother's English blood also came artistic traditions; for to-day you may see on his dining-room walls, in a leafy and painter-loved corner of Kensington, a large picture which was painted by her father, J. W. Carmichael, the marine artist. picture—the subject of which is two ships passing between icebergs, when on their MAY, 1906.

voyage of search for Sir John Franklinwas given to Mr. Schmalz's parents as a wedding present by the artist, and it played an important part in the boyhood of his grandson Herbert, who, one day, being left alone in his country home in Northumberland, made a reduced copy of this picture in sepia. When his parents returned, his father was so much pleased at the evidence of the boy's artistic ability, that he then and there —though hitherto reluctant—consented to the idea of his becoming a painter. This career, which it had always been his mother's hope that he might follow, had not appealed to his father, because the latter had founded a successful business at Newcastleon-Tyne, where for thirty years he was also German Consul, and his hope had been to see that business carried on by one of his

3 .

two sons—a hope not to be realised, for the elder became a clergyman, and the younger is the subject of the present article.

Herbert Schmalz was seventeen when he became a probationer at the Royal Academy Schools and started upon the training that is to mean so little to some of Art's votaries, to others so much. Later, he entered the

Academy at Antwerp, but while there, hearing from a friend that Leighton and Tadema were to be visitors at the Academy Schools in London, he returned, wishing to have the advantage of their teaching. The next summer, while painting landscape in the Engadine, intending to stay the following winter at Munich, he thought of a subject which he felt such a keen desire to paint that he gave up Munich and came to London and took a studio and settled down to work. result was a picture entitled: "I Cannot Mind My Wheel, Mother," which was well hung in the Academy. A modern domestic subject was followed by a costume picture entitled, "For Ever," and this, hung on the line at Burlington House, brought the young artist of twenty-two prominently before the notice of the public. Then came a classical subject, and then a Viking picture. range was wide, but

"I always thought far more of the human interest than of the period," the artist declares. The same rule governed his excursions into the realm of religious art, and, careful as are his studies of the Holy Land, it is not so much the genius of place as the genius of the sanctity for which those

places stand in the vision of men that has given them their strong hold on popular affections. Before starting the painting of Scriptural subjects, Mr. Schmalz decided to visit the East. To this Leighton encouraged him, saying it was a wise thing to do, but that he would find four or five days quite sufficient for Jerusalem. The young

traveller himself at the outset thought that this prediction was to have fulfilment. But the first impression wore away; the Holy Land grew upon the painter, and he remained there far longer than he had intended.

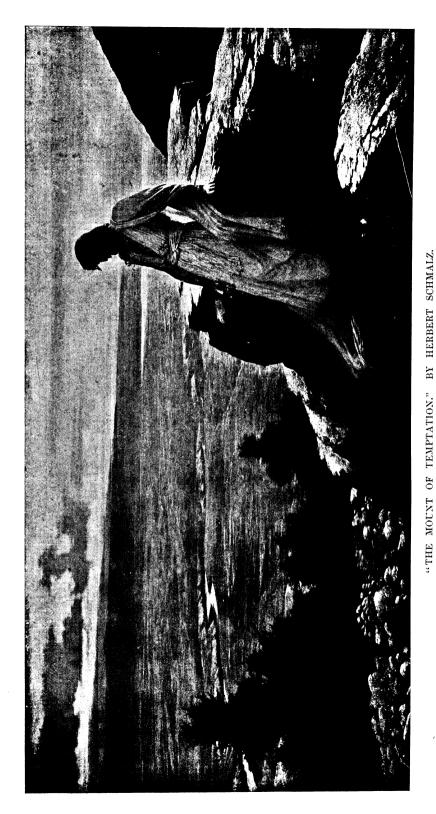
In an interesting series of articles. suitably named Painter's Pilgrimage," which appeared a few years ago in the Art Journal, Mr. Schmalz writes how: "Having decided to paint a picture of the events immediately following the culmination of the World-Tragedy, I desired keenly to visit the Holy City, so as more fully to enter into the spirit of my theme, and there obtain the local colouring and atmosphere so essential in a subject of this character. 'The Return from Calvary had (as a subject) been in my mind for years; I had always felt that the idea of those dear to Our Lord returning to their homes after the awful event con-

the awful event contained in it more human interest of a pathetic character than any other scene of that eventful epoch, which worked, and still continues to work, so great a change in the lives and in the minds of the inhabitants of the greater part of the civilised world."

Mr. Schmalz goes on to tell how, from realising the wondrous charm that lies in the mere mention of the names Jerusalem, Beth-



"THE KING'S DAUGHTER." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.
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"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."-Matt. iv. 1.

lehem, Nazareth, and Galilee, he came to fall under the more wondrous influence exercised by the places themselves; for, as he says, "there is a simplicity and grandeur about the scenery of Palestine which impressed me immensely. The colouring subdued is full of pearly-greens and purply-greys....low in tone and harmonious." He tells also of his excursions to Bethlehem through the Valley of Hinnon, across the plain where the Philistines were defeated by David; and how, on another occasion, he made the longer journey to Hebron—that city in which, at the bidding of the Lord, David dwelt; and how, standing agaze on the ridge of the hill

"Strangely impressive to behold where happy Naomi went out from the city with her husband and her two sons, journeying over there to the right toward the land of Moab, where they abode, and where her sons, Ephrathites of Bethlehem-Judah, took them wives of the women of Moab; and it was there also, at the beginning of the barley harvest, that Naomi, the desolate and childless widow, re-entered the city, returning with her daughter-in-law, Ruth, the Moabitess, who, unlike Ophah, the other son's wife, would not return unto her people and unto her gods, but clave unto the grief-stricken Naomi, saying: 'For whither thou



"ST. MONICA'S PRAYER." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

Marelyas, he looked across the plains of Mamre to Jerusalem on the one side, and Bethlehem on the other. "The situation this City of David," writes Schmalz in this same journal, "is most striking, rising, as it does, from the wellcultivated fields below, in terrace upon terrace covered with vines and fig trees and olives, the whole surmounted by a massive pile of buildings consisting of the Church of the Nativity and three convents-Latin, Greek, and Armenian-on a sort of platform, round which are clustered, one above another, the square houses of the villagers. This is a marvellously suggestive site, and the soul-stirring thoughts which crowd into the mind when looking down on the surrounding country are strangely impressive.

goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' And it was down in those fields below that Ruth garnered barley in the fields of Boaz on those hills beyond that the youthful David of the ruddy countenance, and beautiful withal, kept his father's flocks ; here, that Samuel came with his horn of oil to anoint this same shepherd. . . . Yonder, up the valley toward the Dead Sea, is the spot where, in later years, those other shepherds, while abiding in the field keeping watch over their flocks by night, were vouchsafed a vision of angels, who told them not to be afeard, for they brought them tidings of great joy, for, in the City of David, a Saviour was born that day who was the long-looked-for Messiah, who was to be the



"BETHANY." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

Consolation of Israel and a Light to lighten the Gentiles."

Just as before the Advent of Christ, the

thoughts of the civilised world, of Virgil, Tacitus, Suetonius, Josephus, were turned to the East in expectation of some great



"THE END OF THE DAY, SAMARIA." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ,



"ZENOBIA'S LAST LOOK ON PALMYRA." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

From the original in the National Gallery at Adelaide.

Deliverer, so, since His Advent have all been mysteriously influenced by the atmosphere which surrounds the Holy City.

What wonder, then, that Mr. Herbert Schmalz—who, by his writing, describes earnestly and graphically the impressions he received from Jerusalem, who was alive "to the humming stillness of the midday hour, the cool greyness of the dusk," and had an equipment of knowledge of the Scriptures

far more complete than that ordinarily possessed by a layman—should have fallen under the potent spirit of place, the mysterious influence of locality? Thus was he led, first to experiment, then to a high achievement, in the portrayal of those tragic scenes which mark the opening years of Christianity, and the record is seen in "Evening in Nazareth," "Mary of Magdala," "Rabboni," "The Resurrection



"THE VOTIVE OFFERING." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.
From the picture in the collection of Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart.

Morn," "The Mount of Temptation," and "The Return from Calvary," the fruits of

the artist's sojourn in the East.

"The Mount of Temptation" is Mr. Schmalz's latest Biblical subject. It illustrates the text: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil." It is a most im-

pressive and original rendering of the subject. The following description gives one a full understanding of the scene:—

"This picture shows the view from the traditional scene of the Temptation of Christ, the Quarantania or Mount of Temptation, a mountain overlooking Riha, the village that now stands on the ancient site of Jericho. Beyond the plains of Jericho, through which the River Jordan flows into the Dead Sea, rise the Mountains of Moab, from whose highest point, Mount Nebo, Moses saw the Promised Land. The trees to the left are of the kind called 'Nubk,' from which the Crown of Thorns is supposed to have been made."

We may take Mr. Schmalz's picture of "Bethany" and by a study of it conjure up in our minds that period of Christ's life which was spent there, for it is round that place that much of intense interest

centres. Here was He summoned by news of the death of Lazarus, and here did He perform the greatest of all His miracles; here it was that, in the house of Simon the Leper, Mary and Martha made for Him the banquet at which Mary "in her devotion and gratitude broke the alabaster of precious ointment over His head and feet. It was from here that He made His triumphant entry into Jerusalem amid the palm-waving throngs who shouted "Hosanna to the Son of David!" here that on the Tuesday of Passion Week, in the cool of the evening, He walked with His disciples back for the last time; and it was from here that on the Thursday following He went forth to those final scenes of sacrifice and atonement.



"NO ONE TO LOVE ME!" BY HERBERT SCHMALZ. Reproduced by permission of Mr. F. M. Evans, Parliament Street, Harrogate, owner of the copyright and publisher of the large plate.

Watts dedicated a picture to all the creeds, and Mr. Schmalz has nothing exclusive about his treatment of such themes as the Gospel narratives afford. Prelates of the various churches have given him their needed sympathy. The Very Rev. Dr. Adler, Chief Rabbi of the Hebrew Congregation of the British Empire, and the Right Rev. Dr. Vertue, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth, we find in this in true accord. The Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) wrote, in terms of glowing appreciation, a prose study of the picture called "The Great Awakening," speaking of it as "a work of didactic art," and one to reinforce faith and minister comfort in the various straits of life. Dr. Popham Blyth, Bishop of Jerusalem and the East, writing on "The Return from Calvary," expressed his opinion that "never before has this

subject been treated in so comprehensive and complete a manner, with all the human sympathy which it has continued to draw forth, and which will ever centre in it." Dean Farrar urged of "The Resurrection Morn" that in it Mr. Schmalz's ability had attained that poetic space which "lies between vulgar realism and pure idealisation." "You are a great preacher,"



"WHEN THE WORLD IS FULL OF WONDER." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

From the picture in the collection of Henry Silver, Esq.

was the commendation of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple. That such pictures as these exercise an enormous influence for good has been shown in innumerable instances. That they have deeply roused religious emotionalism is exemplified by a curious incident that happened at Blackburn when "The Return from Calvary" was being exhibited there. The room in which it was being shown was very full, when someone suddenly began to sing a hymn; others immediately joined in, the picture being apparently all they needed to inaugurate a revival meeting. The four pictures of this series, "The Return from Calvary," "The Resurrection Morn," "The Awakening," and "Rabboni," were each in turn submitted, by her command, to the inspection of Her late Majesty

Queen Victoria; and Her Majesty showed her appreciation of the pictures by becoming the purchaser of one of the fine engravings. That this royal appreciation extended to all classes is shown by the following instance. A mechanic in Coventry put down his name as a subscriber for an engraving of "The Return from Calvary"; later, he wrote asking, regretfully, that his name should be taken off the list, as he was out of work; a short time after he once more wrote, saying that, times being better with him, he would still like to have his engraving.

Mr. Schmalz, having thus convincingly proved the value of pictorial illustration from a religious point of view, is much in favour of the hanging of pictures in churches, but in the event of this being done, as he well says, "the pictures should be hung archi-



tecturally, with a view to the general decorative effect." He adds that he has always had a very great desire to paint an altar-piece.

There are two, if not three, painters in Mr. Schmalz, for, as we repeat, his range is wide, and extends from that period on which we bestow vaguely the term "classic"—to which "Her First Offering," "A Gift to the Gods," and "A Votive Offering," belong — to the present, in which he is expending much of his pictorial ability in portraiture. In this branch of art he shows a rare facility, an ingenuity and grace the result of which is very winning; he records his impressions of his sitters in terms both convincing and appropriate, and invariably displays in his work a sympathetic unity, the province of which quality is to make truth into poetry. Perhaps more than most artists, Mr. Schmalz has had the privilege of painting those memorable for personal charm, and there are few who will fail to recall that sense of character which is impressed upon his portraits of Mrs. Alec Tweedie and Mrs. Craigie. In many cases, the artist has painted a portrait and exhibited it under a fancy name. One such depicted face has passed into the possession of the King; and others have had a welcome from the hangers at the Salon, where last year "The Return from Calvary" was given a prominent position. Mr. Schmalz has been a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, contributing large canvases of important subjects such as "For Ever," "Sir Galahad," "The Temple of Eros," "Too Late" (purchased by the Bendigo Art Gallery), "Christianæ ad leones, "Where is myLord, the King?" to mention a few. He also exhibited many early pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery;

THE IS MY LORD, THE KING?" BY HERBERT SCHMALZ. ture in the collection of Charles Nevill, Esq., Branall Hall, Cheshire.



"TOO LATE." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ. From the picture in the Bendigo Art Gallery.

and later, when the New Gallery opened, he had in the first show, "Zenobia's Last Look on Palmyra" (purchased by the National Gallery of Adelaide), and has exhibited there every year since, pictures including: "The King's Daughter," "A Gift for the Gods" and "Her First Offering" (both engraved by Jules Jacquet), "A toi!" "St. Monica's

merit than there were in former days, though perhaps fewer of extraordinary merit, that it would be a good thing to have a certain number of men (other than Academicians and Associates), who have had pictures on the line for, say, seven years, hors concours; these men to have the right of having one picture on the line. Even if these men were



"MARGARET EUNICE, DAUGHTER OF THE REV. ERNEST SCHMALZ."
BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

Prayer," "Thoughts," "Sweet Lavender," and "When the World is Full of Wonder."

Mr. Schmalz is now engaged upon an important work—an entirely new treatment of the old subject, Pygmalion and Galatea—which has technical and luminous qualities likely to place it in the very front rank of his previous successes.

Talking of the Salon and the Royal Academy, Mr. Schmalz is of opinion that there are now so many more painters of

to have their pictures judged with a little extra care, it would be better, so that they are not left to the chance of being examined at a non-psychological moment, when the judges are perhaps worn out and dazed with the tedious procession of all sorts of pictures in all sorts of styles. "We are all merely human," added Mr. Schmalz, "and it is quite impossible to avoid injustice now and then; but it seems a bit unfair in a case of two men of equal ability that one by a



"DIANE." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

chance vote should get in, and be sure of having his four pictures hung on the line, regardless of merit, for the rest of his life; and the other, after having been on the line for years, should have his pictures altogether rejected." Mr. Schmalz is not, however, among the eager band of reformers of the Royal Academy. Possibly he thinks that reforms are best made from the inside, not from the outsid, and he does not pay much heed to the controversies that battle

bravely about Burlington House. Mr. Schmalz, fresh from Paris when we last saw him, had brought thence a brainful of impressions. He said one finds just as many, if not more, old-fashioned and commonplace pictures in Paris as in London. That much the most interesting work is now being done by men quite in the "new movement," such as Gaston La Touche, Henri le Sidaner, Avrey, and others of similar aims—sincere and refined workers, who are the outcome of



"PORTRAIT OF OLIVE, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL WOOD." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

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the Impressionist movement. These, the cream come to the surface, leave behind the residue, the so-called Impressionists who use Impressionism as a cloak to conceal their shortcomings, and endeavour to attract attention by indulging in screaming eccentricity. If originality is not in a man, it is of no use to put it on as a garment, and it is quite useless to try and paint like anyone else. A man," continued Mr. Schmalz, wax-

ing enthusiastic over his art, "must be true to himself and work out his own salvation. He should nevertheless be influenced by the ideas of the day in which he lives; teach himself to look for certain things in Nature, and to discard others."

If not an ardent admirer of Claude Monnet, Mr. Schmalz is an admirer of men of his school, and is therefore that desirable thing amongst painters, a man who can



"THOUGHTS." BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

From the picture in the collection of James Low, Esq.

appreciate the methods of others, however widely those methods may differ from his own.

When you ask Mr. Schmalz which of his pictures are his own favourites, he says: "Those that are yet to come." And judging

by the work now in his studio, and by the great strides he is making on the technical side of his art, we do not for a moment doubt that he will yet give to the world work which will be in the nature of a revelation to his appreciative public.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—On an autumn evening in the year 1855, Enoch Grouch, a sm 'I farmer of Morpingham, Essex, was killed by the fall of the bough of a great elm. Summoned to the scene, Mr. a d Mrs. Brownlow, of the Hall, find his child Sophy a few yards from her dead father, and, knowing her to be now alove in the world, undertake to look after her future. 'Mother always said something would happen to that little garl, because of that mark she's got on her cheek," says Julia Robins, daughter of a widowed lady living in the village, alluding to a small birth-mark, just below the cheek-bone, which was destined to win for Sophy, in her subsequent career, the name of "La Dame à l'Etoile Rouge" with the friends, or "The Red-Starred Witch" with the more hostile citizens or ruder soldiers of Kravonia. At ordinary times this mark was a pale red in colour, but it was very sensitive to any change of mood; in moments of excitement the shade deepened greatly. In the second chapter we find Sophy old enough to leave the care of the Hall gardener's wife and "live at the Hall and be taught to help cook." Julia Robins, now grown up and training for the stage, thinks this a somewhat lowly lot for a girl whom the Squire and his wife have treated as though she were of their own class, and the Rector's son, Basil Williamson, lately gone up to Cambridge, shares the thought. But Sophy is installed "to help cook," and three years later, while still scullery-maid at the Hall, she meets the young Lord Dunstanbury. That day means more than Sophy knows, for a chance remark of Lord Dunstanbury sends his eccentric kinswoman, Lady Meg Duddington, over to call on the Brownlows, and the sight of the girl' strange beauty, with its curious birth-mark, inspires the great lady to adopt her as a protegée, who may possibly prove a good "medium" for the clairvoyant experiments which are her chief hobby. Sophy thus finds an interesting life among Lady Meg's Royalist friends in Paris; one of whom, a Madame Zerkovitch, forms a link between t From the window of her humble lodging Sophy witnesses a night attack upon the Prince by two half-drunken, insubordinate officers, Mistitch and Sterkoff, and, by hurling a massive bronze lamp down upon the latter, she saves the life of the Prince. The court-martial on Mistitch, a hero with the soldiery and mob, seems likely to turn on Sophy's testimony that the Prince's assailants were aware of his identity; but at the last moment the Prince bargains with the intriguing General Stenovics. The Prince has been refused the big guns which he wants for ensuring the tranquillity of the city and, possibly, the very country's honour and existence. Stenovics agrees to give the guns in return for Mistitch's life. Yielding in appearance, in substance the Prince of Slavna has scored heavily. The big guns are ordered from Germany. The Prince has the money to pay for them, and they are to be consigned to him, and he has already obtained the King's sanction to raise and train a force of artillery from among his own men in Volseni and its neighbourhood. The idle King's family pride is touched, and he instructs Stenovics to concentrate all his energies on arranging a brilliant foreign marriage for the Prince. Meanwhile, honour is paid to Sophy's services to the State, and she is created Baroness Dobrava. She pays a visit to the Prince's frontier fortress of Praslok, where Marie Zerkovitch with some misgiving watches the daily companionship of Sophy and the Prince. Meanwhile, the Countess Ellenburg and her party are busy with plans, for at a State reception the King has had an alarming fainting-fit, which his valet, Lepage, states to be the third within two months.

CHAPTER X.

THE SOUND OF A TRUMPET.

THE Prince of Slavna's answer to the intimation of big fail dutiful, courteous, and discreetly The Prince was much occupied with his drills and other occupations; he availed himself of Max von Hollbrandt's practised pen—the guest was glad to do his royal host this favour.

They talked over the sense of the reply; Max then drafted it. The Prince did no more than amend certain expressions which the young diplomatist had used. Max wrote that the Prince cordially sympathised with the King's wishes; the Prince amended to the effect that he thoroughly understood them. Max wrote that the Prince was prepared cordially and energetically to cooperate in their realisation; the Prince preferred to be prepared to consider them in a benevolent spirit. Max suggested that two or three months' postponement of the suggested journey would not in itself be fatal; the Prince insisted that such a delay was essential in order that negotiations might be set on foot to ensure his being welcomed with due *empressement*. Max added that the later date would have an incidental advantage, since it would obviate the necessity of the Prince's interrupting the important labours on which he was engaged; the Prince said instead that in his judgment it was essential in the interests of the kingdom that the task of training the artillery should not be interfered with by

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any other object, however well worthy of consideration that object might be.

In the result the draft as amended, though not less courteous or dutiful than Max's original, was noticeably more stiff. Translate them both into the terse and abrupt speech of every-day life, and one said: "I'd rather not, please," while the other came at least very near to a blank "I won't!" Max's was acquiescence, coupled with a prayer for postponement; the Prince's was postponement first, with an accompanying assurance of respectful consideration.

Max was not hurt, but he felt a professional disapproval; the Prince had said more, and shown more of his mind, than was needful; it was throwing more cards on the table than

the rules of the game demanded.

"Mine would have done just as well," he complained to Marie Zerkovitch. "If mine had been rejected, his could have followed. As it is, he's wasted one or other of them. Very foolish, since just now time's his main object!" He did not mean saving time, but protracting it.

Marie did no more than toss her head peevishly. The author of the original draft

persevered.

"Don't you think mine would have been

much wiser—to begin with?"

"I don't see much difference. There's little enough truth in either of them!" she

snapped.

Max looked at her with an amused and tolerant smile. He knew quite well what she meant. He shook his head at her with a humorous twinkle. "Oh, come, come, don't be exacting, madame! There's a very fair allowance of truth. Quite half the truth, I should think. He is really very anxious about the gunners!"

"And about what else?"

Max spread out his hands with a shrug, but passed the question by. "So much truth, in fact, that it would have served amply for at least two letters," he remarked, returning to his own special point of complaint.

Marie might well amuse the easy-going yet observant and curious young man; he loved to watch his fellow-creatures under the stress of feelings from which he himself was free, and found in the opportunities afforded him in this line the chief interest both of his life and of his profession.

But Marie had gradually risen to a high nervous tension. She was no puritan —puritans were not common in Kravonia, nor had Paris grafted such a slip on to

her nature. Had she thought as the men in the Palace thought when they smiled, had she thought that and no more, it is scarcely likely that she would have thus disturbed herself; after all, such cases are generally treated as in some sense outside the common rules; exceptional allowances are in fact, whether properly or not, made for exceptional situations. Another feeling was in her mind—an obsession which had come almost wholly to possess her. The fateful foreboding which had attacked her from the first had now full dominion over her; its rule was riveted more closely on her spirit day by day, as day by day the Prince and Sophy drew closer together. Even that Sophy had once saved his life could now no longer shake Marie's doleful prepossession. Unusual and unlooked-for things take colour from the mind of the spectator; the strange train of events which had brought Sophy to Praslok borrowed ominous shadows from a nervous apprehensive temperament.

No such gloom brooded over Sophy. She gave herself up to the hour: the past forgotten, the future never thought of. It was the great time of her life. Her feelings, while not less spontaneous and fresh, were more mature and more fully satisfied than when Casimir de Savres poured his love at her feet. A cry of happiness almost lyrical runs through her scanty record of these days—there was little leisure for diary or letters.

Winter was melting into spring, snow dwelt only on the hilltops, Lake Talti was unbound and sparkled in the sun; the days grew longer, yet were far too short. To ride with him to Volseni, to hear the cheers, to see the love they bore him, to watch him at work, to seem to share the labour and the love—then to shake off the kindly clinging friends and take to a mountain-path, or wander, the reins on the horses' necks, by the margin of the lake, and come home through the late dusk, talking often, silent often, always together in thought as in bodily presence—was not this enough? "If I had to die in a month, I should owe life a tremendous debt already "—that is her own summing up; it is pleasant to remember.

It would be enough to say—love; enough with a nature ardent as hers. Yet with love much else conspired. There was the thought of what she had done, of the things to which she was a party; there was the sense of power, the satisfaction of ambition, a promise of more things; there was the applause of Volseni as well as the devotion of the Prince; there was too—it persisted

all through her life—the funny, half-childish, and (to a severe eye) urchinlike pleasure in the feeling that these were fine doings for Sophy Grouch of Morpingham in Essex! "Fancy me!" is the indefensibly primitive form in which this delight shows in one of the few letters bearing date from the Castle of Praslok.

Yet it is possible to find this simple gracious surprise at Fortune's fancies worthy of love. Her own courage, her own catching at Fortune's forelock, seem to have been always unconscious and instinc-These she never hints at nor even begins to analyse. Of her love for the Prince she speaks once or twice—and once in reference to what she had felt for Casimir. "I loved him most when he left me, and when he died," she writes. "I love him not less now because I love Monseigneur. I can love Monseigneur more for having loved Casimir. God bade the dear dead die, but He bade me live, and death helped to teach me how to do it." Again she reflects: "How wonderfully everything is worth while—even sorrows!" Following which reflection, in the very next line (she is writing to Julia Robins), comes the naïve outburst: "I look just splendid in my sheepskin tunic—and he's given me the sweetest toy of a revolver; that's in case they ever charge, and try and cut us up behind our guns!" She is laughing at herself, but the laugh is charged with an infectious enjoyment. So she lived, loved, and laughed through those unequalled days, trying to soothe Marie Zerkovitch, bantering Max von Hollbrandt, giving her masculine mind and her feminine soul wholly to her Prince. "She was like a singularly able and energetic sunbeam," Max says quaintly, himself obviously not untouched by her attractions.

The Prince's mind was simple. He was quite sincere about his guns; he had no wish to go on his travels until they had arrived and he could deliver them into the safe custody of his trained and trusty Volsenians and of Lukovitch their captain. Less than that was not safety, with Stenovics in office and Colonel Stafnitz on duty at the capital. But Marie Zerkovitch was right too, even though over-exacting, as Max had told her. The letter to the King held but half the truth, and that half not the more significant. He could not go from Sophy's side to seek a wife. The desire of his heart and the delight of his eyes—she was here in Praslok.

Her charm was not only for his heart and eyes, her fascination not solely for his passion. On his intellect also she laid her powerful hold, opening the narrow confines of his mind to broader views and softening the rigour of his ideals. He had seen himself only as the stern master, the just chastiser of a turbulent capital and an unruly soldiery. But was there not a higher aim? Might he not be loved in the plains as on the hills, at Slavna as at Volseni?

By himself he could not achieve that; his pride—nay, his obstinacy—forbade the first step. But what his sensitive dignity rejected for himself, he could see her sunny graciousness accomplish without loss of selfrespect, naturally, all spontaneously. He was a soldier; hers were the powers of peace, of that instinctive statesmanship of the emotions by which hearts are won and kingdoms knit together by a tie stronger than the sword. Because in his mind's eye he saw her doing this, the idea at which the men in the Palace had smiled, and which even Marie Zerkovitch would have accepted as the lesser evil, never came into his head. In the future years she was to be openly at his side, doing these things for him and for the land of his love and labour. Would she not be a better partner than some stranger, to whom he must go cap in hand, to whom his country would be a place of exile and his countrymen seem half barbarians, whose life with him would be one long tale of forced and unwilling condescension? A pride more subtle than his father's rose in revolt.

If he could make the King see that! There stood the difficulty. Right in the way of his darling hope was the one thing on which the King insisted. The pride of family—the great alliance—the single point whereon the easy King was an obstacle so formidable! Yet had he despaired, he would have been no such lover as he was.

His answer had gone to the King; there was no news of its reception yet. But on the next day, in the evening, great tidings came from Slavna, forwarded by Zerkovitch, who was in charge of the Prince's affairs there. The Prince burst eagerly into the dining-room in the tower of Praslok, where Sophy sat alone. He seemed full of triumphant excitement, almost boyish in his glee. It is at such moments that hesitations are forgotten and the last reserves broken down.

"My guns!" he cried. "My guns! They've started on their way. They're due in Slavna in a month!"

"In a month!" she murmured softly. "Ah, then——"



"'If I had to die in a month, I should owe life a tremendous debt already."

"Our company will be ready too. We'll march down to Slavna and meet the guns!" He laughed. "Oh, I'll be very pleasant to Slavna now—just as you advise me. We'll meet them with smiles on our faces." He came up to her and laid his hand on hers. "You've done this for me," he said, smiling still, yet growing more grave.

"It'll be the end of this wonderful time,

of this our time together!"

"Of our time at Praslok—not of our time together. What, won't Lieutenant Baroness Dobrava march with her battery?"

She smiled doubtfully, gently shaking her head. "Perhaps! But when we get to Slavna——? Oh, I'm sorry that this time's so nearly done!"

He looked at her gravely for a few moments, making perhaps a last quick calculation, undergoing perhaps a last short struggle. But the Red Star glowed against the pallor of her face; her eyes were gleaming beacons.

"Neither the guns, nor the men, nor Slavna—no, nor the Crown, when that time comes—without you!" he said.

She rose slowly, tremblingly, from her chair and stretched out her hands in an instinctive protest: "Monseigneur!" Then she clasped her hands, setting her eyes on his, and whispering again yet lower: "Monseigneur!"

"Marie Zerkovitch says fate sent you to Kravonia. I think she's right. Fate did—my fate. I think it's fated that we are to be

together to the end, Sophy."

A step creaked on the old stairs. Marie Zerkovitch was coming down from her room on the floor above. The door of the diningroom stood open, but neither of them heard the step; they were engrossed, and the sound

passed unheeded.

Standing there with hands still clasped, and eyes still bound to his, she spoke again—and Marie Zerkovitch stood by the door and heard the quick yet clear words, herself fascinated, unable to move or speak.

"I've meant nothing of it. I've thought nothing of it. I seem to have done nothing towards it. It has just come to me." Her tone took on a touch of entreaty, whether it were to him or to some unseen power which ruled her life and to which she might have to render an account.

"Yet it is welcome?" he asked quietly. She was long in answering; he waited without impatience, in a confidence devoid of doubt. She seemed to seek for the whole truth and to give it to him in gravest fullest words.

"It is life, Monseigneur," she said. "I can't see life without it now."

He held out his hands and very slowly she laid hers in them.

"It is enough—and nothing less could have been enough from you to me and from me to you," he said gently. "Unless we live it together, I think it can be no life for us now."

The chain which had held Marie Zerkovitch motionless suddenly snapped. She rushed into the room and, forgetful of everything in her agitation, seized the Prince by the arm

"What do you mean?" she cried. "What

do you mean? Are you mad?"

He was very fond of little Marie. He looked down at her now with an affectionate indulgent smile.

"Come, you've heard what I said, I suppose—though it wasn't meant for your ears, you know! Well then, I mean just what I said, Marie."

"But what do you mean by it?" she persisted in a feverish, almost childish, excitement. She turned on Sophy too. "And what do you mean by it, Sophy?" she cried.

Sophy passed a hand across her brow. A slow smile relieved the enchanted tension of her face; she seemed to smile in a whimsical surprise at herself. Her answer to Marie came vague and almost dreamy. "I—I thought of nothing, dear Marie," she said; then with a sudden low murmur of delighted laughter she laid her hands in the Prince's again. She had thought of nothing but of that life together and their love.

"She'll share my life, Marie, and, when

the time comes, my throne," the Prince said softly: he tried to persuade and soothe her with his gentle tones.

Marie Zerkovitch would not have it. Possessed by her old fear, her old foreboding, she flung away the arm she held with an angry gesture. "It's ruin!" she cried. "Ruin, ruin!" Her voice rang out through the old room and seemed to fill all the Castle of Praslok with its dirgeful note.

"No," said he firmly. "Ruin will not come through me nor through her. It may be that ruin—what you call ruin—will come. It may be that I shall lose my life or my throne." He smiled a little. "Such changes and chances come as nothing new to a Stefanovitch. I have clever and bold men against me. Let them try! We'll try too. But ruin will not be by her fault nor through this. And if it were, don't I owe her my life already? Should I refuse to risk for her the life she has given?" He dropped his voice to homelier, more familiar tones, and ended, with a half laugh: "Come, little friend, you mustn't try to frighten Sergius Stefanovitch. It's better the House should end than live on in a coward, you know."

The plea was not perfect—there was wisdom as well as courage in question. Yet he would have maintained himself to be right in point of wisdom too, had Marie pressed him on it. But her force was spent; her violence ended, and with it her expostulations. But not her terror and dismay. She threw herself into a chair and covered her face with her hands, sobbing bitterly.

The Prince gently caressed her shaking shoulder, but he raised his eyes to Sophy, who had stood quiet through the scene.

"Are you ready for what comes, Sophy?" he asked.

"Monseigneur, I am ready," she said with head erect and her face set. But the next instant she broke into a low yet rich and ringing laugh; it mingled strangely with Marie's sobs, which were gradually dying away, yet sounded still, an undertone of discord with Sophy's mirth. She stretched out her hands towards him again, whispering in an amused pity: "Poor child—she thought that we should be afraid!"

Out from the dusk of the quiet evening came suddenly the blare of a trumpet, blown from Volseni by a favouring breeze. It sounded every evening at nightfall to warn the herdsmen in the hills of the closing of the gates, and had so sounded from time beyond man's memory.

The Prince raised his hand to bid her listen.

"In good Volseni there is watch and ward for us!"

The echoes of the blast rang for an instant round the hills.

"And there is watch and ward, and the glad sound of a trumpet, in my heart, Monseigneur," she said.

The sobs were still, laughter was hushed, the echoes died away. In utter silence their hands and their eyes met. Only in their hearts love's clarion rang indomitable and marvellously glad.

CHAPTER XI.

M. ZERKOVITCH'S BEDROOM FIRE.

Often there are clever brains about us of whose workings we care nothing, save so far as they serve to the defter moving of our dishes or the more scientific brushing and folding of our clothes. Humorists and philosophers have described or conjectured or caricatured the world of those who wait on us, inviting us to consider how we may appear to the inward gaze of the eyes which are so obediently cast down before ours or so dutifully alert to anticipate our orders. a rule we decline the invitation; the task seems at once difficult and unnecessary. Enough to remember that the owners of the eyes have ears and mouths also! A small leak, left unstanched, will empty the largest cask at last; it is well to keep that in mind both in private concerns and in affairs of public magnitude.

The King's body-servant, Émile Lepage, had been set a-thinking. This was the result of the various and profuse scoldings which he had undergone for calling young Count Alexis "Prince." The King's brief sharp words at the conference had been elaborated into a reproof both longer and sterner than His Majesty was wont to trouble himself to administer; he had been very strong on the utter folly of putting such ideas into the boy's Lepage was pretty clear that the idea had come from the boy's head into his, but he said nothing more of that. The boy himself scolded Lepage—first for having been overheard, secondly (and, as Lepage guessed, after being scolded himself very roundly) for using the offending title at all. Meekly Lepage bore this cross also—indeed with some amusement and a certain touch of pity for young Alexis, who was not a prince and obviously could not make out why: in the books a king's sons were always princes, even though there were (as in those glorious days there often were) fifty or threescore of them.

Then Countess Ellenburg scolded him: the King's "It's absurd!" was rankling sorely in her mind. Her scolding was in her heaviest manner—very religious: she called Heaven to witness that never by word or deed had she done anything to give her boy such a notion. The days are gone by when Heaven makes overt present answer; nothing happened! She roundly charged Lepage with fostering the idea for his own purposes; he wanted to set the Prince of Slavna against his little brother, she supposed, and to curry favour with the rising sun at the poor child's cost.

She was very effective, but she angered Lepage almost beyond endurance. By disposition he was thoroughly good-natured, if sardonic and impassive; he could not suffer the accusation of injuring the pretty boy for his own ends; it was both odious and absurd. He snapped back smartly at her: "I hope nobody will do more to put wrong ideas in his head than I have done, Madame la Comtesse." In a fury she drove him from the room. But she had started ever so slightly. Lepage's alert brain jumped at the signal.

Finally Stenovics himself had a lecture for poor much-lectured Lepage. It was one of the miscalculations to which an over-cautious cunning is prone. Stenovics was gentle and considerate, but he was very urgent—urgent above all that nothing should be said about the episode, neither about it nor about the other reprimands. Silence, silence, silence was his burden. Lepage thought more and It is better to put up with gossip than to give the idea that the least gossip would be a serious offence. People gossip without thinking, it's easy come and gone, easy speaking and easy forgetting; but stringent injunctions not to talk are apt to make men References to the rising sun, also, may breed reflection in the satellites of a Neither Countess Ellenburg setting orb. nor General Stenovics had been as well advised as usual in this essentially trumpery matter.

In short, nervousness had been betrayed. Whence came it? What did it mean? If it meant anything, could Lepage turn that thing to account? The King's favourite attendant was no favourite with Countess Ellenburg. For Lepage too the time might be very short! He would not injure the

boy, as the angry mother had believed, or at least suggested; but, without question of that, there was no harm in a man's looking out for himself; or if there were, Lepage was clear in thinking that the Countess and the General were not fit preachers of such a

highly exacting gospel.

Lepage concluded that he had something to sell. His wares were a suspicion and a fact. Selling the suspicion wronged nobody—he would give no warranty with it—Caveat emptor. Selling the fact was disobedience to the King his master. "Disobedience, yes; injury, no," said Lepage with a bit of casuistry. Besides, the King too had scolded him

Moreover the Prince of Slavna had always treated M. Émile Lepage with distinguished consideration. The Bourbon blood, no doubt, stretched out hands to la belle France in

M. Lepage's person.

Something to sell! Who was his buyer? Whose interest could be won by his suspicion, whose friendship bought with his fact? ultimate buyer was plain enough. Lepage could not go to Praslok, and he did not approve of correspondence, especially with Colonel Stafnitz in practical control of the Household. He sought a go-between—and a personal interview. At least he could take a walk; the servants were not prisoners. Even conspirators must stop somewhere—on pain of doing their own cooking and the rest! At a quarter-past eight in the evening, having given the King his dinner and made him comfortable for the next two hours, Lepage sallied forth and took the road to Slavna. He was very carefully dressed, wore a flower in his buttonhole, and had dropped a discreet hint about a lady in conversation with his peers. If ladies often demand excuses, they may furnish them too; present seriousness invoked aid from bygone frivolity.

At ten o'clock he returned, still most spruce and orderly, and with a well-satisfied air about He had found a purchaser for his suspicion and his fact. His pocket was the better lined, and he had received flattering expressions of gratitude and assurances of He felt that he had raised a buttress against future assaults of fortune. He entered the King's dressing-room in his usual noiseless and unobtrusive manner. He was not aware that General Stenovics had quitted it just a quarter of an hour before, bearing in his hand a document which he had submitted for His Majesty's signature. The King had signed it and endorsed the cover

" Urgent."

"Ah, Lepage, where have you been?" asked the King.

"Just to get a little air and drink a glass

at the Golden Lion."

"You look gayer than that!" smiled the King. Evidently his anger had passed; perhaps he wished to show as much to an old servant whom he liked and valued.

Conscience-stricken — or so appearing — Lepage tore the flower from his coat. "I beg Your Majesty's pardon. I ought to have removed it before entering Your Majesty's presence. But I was told you wished to retire at once, sir, so I hurried here imme-

diately."

The King gave a weary yawn. "Yes, I'll go to bed at once, Lepage; and let me sleep as long as I can. This fag-end of life isn't very amusing." He passed his hand wearily across his brow. "My head aches. Isn't the room very close, Lepage? Open the window."

"It has begun to rain, sir."

"Never mind, let's have the rain too. At least it's fresh."

Lepage opened a window which looked over the Krath. The King rose: Lepage hastened to offer his arm, which His Majesty accepted. They went together to the window. A sudden storm had gathered; rain was pelting down in big drops.

"It looks like being a rough night," re-

marked the King.

"I'm afraid it does, sir," Lepage agreed.
"We're lucky to be going to our beds."

"Very, sir," answered Lepage, wondering whose opposite fate His Majesty was pitying.

"I shouldn't care, even if I were a young man and a sound one, to ride to Praslok

to-night."

"To Praslok, sir?" There was surprise in Lepage's voice. He could not help it. Luckily it sounded quite natural to the King. It was certainly not a night to ride five-and-twenty miles, and into the hills, unless your business was very urgent.

"Yes, to Praslok. I've had my breath of air—you can shut the window, Lepage."

The King returned to the fireplace and stood warming himself. Lepage closed the window, drew the curtains, and came to the middle of the room, where he stood in respectful readiness—and, underneath that, a very lively curiosity.

"Yes," said the King slowly, "Captain Markart goes to Praslok to-night—with a despatch for his Royal Highness, you know. Business, Lepage, urgent business! Everything must yield to that." The King enun-



"'Monseigneur, I am ready."

ciated this virtuous maxim as though it had been the rule of his life. "No time to lose, Lepage, so the Captain goes to-night. But I'm afraid he'll have a rough ride—very rough."

"I'm afraid so, sir," said Lepage, and added, strictly in his thoughts: "And so will

Monsieur Zerkovitch!"

Captain Markart was entirely of His Majesty's opinion as he set out on his journey to Praslok. His ride would be rough, dark, and solitary—the last by Stenovics' order. Markart was not afraid, he was well armed; but he expected to be very bored, and knew that he would be very wet, by the time he reached the Castle. He breathed a fervent curse on the necessities of State, of which the Minister had informed him, as he buttoned up his heavy cavalry overcoat and rode across the bridge on to the main road on the right bank an hour before midnight.

Going was very heavy, so was the rain, so was the darkness; he and his horse made a blurred labouring shape on the murky face of night. But his orders were to hasten, and he pushed on at a sharp trot and soon covered his first stage, the five miles to the old wooden bridge, where the road leaves the course of the Krath, is carried over the river, and strikes north-east towards the hills.

At this point he received the first intimation that his journey was not to be so solitary as he had supposed. When he was half-way across the bridge, he heard what sounded like an echo of the beat of his horse's hoofs on the timbers behind him. The thing seemed He halted a moment to listen. The sound of his horse's hoofs stopped—but the echo went on. It was no echo, then; he was not the only traveller that way! He pricked his horse with the spur; regaining the road, he heard the timbers of the bridge still sounding. He touched his horse again and went forward briskly. He had no reason to associate his fellow-traveller's errand with his own, but he was sure that when General Stenovics ordered despatch, he would not be pleased to learn that his messenger had been passed by another wayfarer on the road.

But the stranger too was in a hurry, it seemed; Markart could not shake him off. On the contrary he drew nearer. The road was still broad and good. Markart tried a canter. The stranger broke into a canter. "At any rate it makes for good time," thought Markart, smiling uneasily. In fact the two found themselves drawn into a sort of race. On they went, covering the miles at a quick sustained trot, exhilarating to the

men, but rather a strain on their horses. Both were well mounted. Markart wondered who the stranger with such a good horse was. He turned his head, but could see only the same sort of blur as he himself made; part of the blur, however, seemed of a lighter colour than his dark overcoat and bay horse produced.

Markart's horse pecked; his rider awoke to the fact that he was pounding his mount without doing much good to himself. He would see whether the unknown meant to pass him or was content to keep on equal terms. His pace fell to a gentle trot—so did the stranger's. Markart walked his horse for half a mile—so did the stranger. Thenceforward they went easily, each keeping his position, till Markart came to where the road forked—on the right to Dobrava, on the left to Praslok and Volseni. Markart drew rein and waited; he might just as well see where

the stranger was going.

The stranger came up—and Markart started violently. The lighter tinge of the blur was explained. The stranger rode a white horse. It flashed on Markart that the Prince rode a white charger, and that the animal had been in Slavna the day before—he had seen it being exercised. He peered into the darkness, trying to see the man's face; the effort was of no avail. The stranger came to a stand beside him, and for a few moments neither moved. Then the stranger turned his horse's head to the left: he was for Praslok or Volseni, then! Markart followed his example. He knew why he did not speak to the stranger, but he was wondering why on earth the stranger did not speak to him. He went on wondering till it occurred to him that perhaps the stranger was in exactly the same state of mind.

There was no question of cantering or even of trotting now. The road rose steeply; it was loose and founderous from heavy rain; great stones lay about, dangerous traps for a careless rider. The horses laboured. At the same moment, with the same instinct, Markart and the stranger dismounted. The next three miles were done on foot, and there before them, in deeper black, rose the gate tower of the Castle of Praslok. The stranger had fallen a little behind again; now he drew level. They were almost opposite the Castle.

A dog barked from the stables. Another answered from the Castle. Two more took up the tune from the stables; the Castle guardian redoubled his responsive efforts. A man came running out from the stables with



"'The King's life hangs by a hair, and your Crown by a thread."

a lantern; a light flashed in the doorway of the Castle. Both Markart and the stranger came to a standstill. The man with the lantern raised it high in the air, to see the faces of the travellers.

They saw one another's faces too. first result was to send them into a fit of laughter—a relief from tension, a recognition of the absurdity into which their diplomatic caution had led them.

"By the powers, Captain Markart!"

"Monsieur Zerkovitch, by heaven!"

They laughed again.

"Ah, and we might have had a pleasant ride together!"

"I should have rejoiced in the solace of

your conversation!"

But neither asked the other why he had behaved in such a ridiculous manner.

"And our destination is the same?" asked Zerkovitch. "You stop here at the Castle?"

"Yes, ves, Monsieur Zerkovitch. you?"

"Yes, Captain, yes; my journey ends at the Castle.

The men led away their horses, which sorely needed tending, and they mounted the wooden causeway side by side, both feeling foolish, yet sure they had done right. the doorway stood Peter Vassip with his lantern.

"Your business, gentlemen?" he said. It was between two and three in the morning.

They looked at one another; Zerkovitch was quicker, and with a courteous gesture invited his companion to take precedence.

"Private and urgent—with his Royal Highness."

"So is mine, Peter," said Zerkovitch.

Markart's humour was touched again; he began to laugh. Zerkovitch laughed too, but there was a touch of excitement and nervousness in his mirth.

"His Royal Highness went to bed an hour

ago," said Peter Vassip.

"I'm afraid you must rouse him. My business is immediate," said Markart. "And I suppose yours is too, Monsieur Zerkovitch?" he added jokingly.

"That it is," said Zerkovitch.

"I'll rouse the Prince. Will you follow

me, gentlemen?"

Peter closed and barred the gate, and they followed him through the courtyard. A couple of sentries were pacing it; for the rest all was still. Peter led them into a small room where a fire was burning, and left them together. Side by side they stood close to the fire; each flung away his coat and tried to dry his boots and breeches at the comforting blaze.

"We must keep this story a secret, or we shall be laughed at by all Slavna,

Monsieur Zerkovitch."

Zerkovitch gave him a sharp glance. "I should think you would report your discreet conduct to your superiors, Captain. Orders are orders, secrecy is secrecy, even though it turns out that there was no need for it."

Markart was about to reply with a joke when the Prince entered. He greeted both cordially, showing, of course, in Markart's presence, no surprise at Zerkovitch's arrival.

"There will be rooms and food and wine ready for you, gentlemen, in a few minutes. Captain Markart, you must rest here for to-night, for your horse's sake as well as your own. I suppose your business will wait till the morning?"

"My orders were to lose not a moment in

communicating it to you, sir."

"Very well. You're from His Majesty?"

"Yes, sir."

"The King comes first—and I dare say your affair will wait, Zerkovitch?"

Zerkovitch protested with an eagerness by no means discreet in the presence of a third party—an aide-de-camp to Stenovics!—"No,

sir, no—it can't wait an——"

The Prince interrupted. "Nonsense, man, nonsense! Now go to your room. I'll come in and bid you 'Good night.'" He pushed his over-zealous friend from the room, calling to Peter Vassip to guide him to the apartment he was to occupy. Then he came back to Markart. "Now, Captain!"

Markart took out his letter and presented

it with a salute. "Sit down while I read it," said the Prince, seating himself at the table.

The Prince read his letter and sat playing with it in his fingers for half a minute or so. Then a thought seemed to strike him. "Heavens, I never told Peter to light fires! I hope he has. You're wet—and Zerkovitch is terribly liable to take cold." He jumped up. "Excuse me; we have no bells in this old place, you know." He ran out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Markart sprang to the door. He did not dare to open it, but he listened to the Prince's footsteps. They sounded to the left—one, two, three, four, five, six paces. They stopped—a door opened and shut. Markart made a mental note and went back to the fire, smiling. He thought that idea of his really would please General Stenovics.

In three minutes the Prince returned. "I did Peter injustice—Zerkovitch's fire is all right," he said. "And there's a good one in your room too, he tells me. And now, Captain Markart, to our business. You know the contents of the letter you carried?"

"Yes, sir. They were communicated to me, in view of their urgency and in case of accident to the letter."

"As a matter of form, repeat the gist to me."

"General Stenovics has to inform your Royal Highness on the King's behalf that His Majesty sees no need of a personal interview, as his mind is irrevocably fixed, and he orders your Royal Highness to set out for Germany within three days from the receipt of this letter. No pretext is to delay your

Royal Highness's departure."

"Perfectly correct, Captain. To-morrow I shall give you an answer addressed directly to the King. But I wish now to give you a message to General Stenovics. I shall ask the King for an audience. Unless he appoints a time within two days, I shall conclude that he has not had the letter, or -pray mark this—has not enjoyed an opportunity of considering it independently. General Stenovics must consider what a responsibility he undertakes if he advises the King to refuse to see his son. I shall await His Majesty's answer here. That is the message. You understand?"

" Perfectly, sir."

"Just repeat it. The terms are important."
Markart obeyed. The Prince nodded his head. "You shall have the letter for the King early in the morning. Now for bed! I'll show you to your room."

They went out and turned to the left. Markart counted their paces. At six paces they came to a door—and passed it. Four further on, the Prince ushered him into the room where he was to sleep. It was evident that the Prince had made personal inspection of the state of M. Zerkovitch's fire!

"Good night, Captain. By the way, the

King continues well?"

"Dr. Natcheff says, sir, that he doesn't think His Majesty was ever better in his life."

The Prince looked at him for just a moment with a reflective smile. "Ah, and a trustworthy man, Natcheff! Good night!"

Markart did not see much reason to think that the question, the look, the smile, and the comment had any significance. But there would be no harm in submitting the point to General Stenovics. Pondering over this, he forgot to count the Prince's paces this time. If he had counted, the sum would have been just four. M. Zerkovitch's fire needed another royal inspection—it needed it almost till the break of day.

"The King's life hangs by a hair, and your Crown by a thread." That was the warning which Lepage had given and Zerko-

vitch had carried through the night.

CHAPTER XII.

JOYFUL OF HEART.

The storm had passed; day broke calm and radiant over the Castle of Praslok; sunshine played caressingly on the lake and on the hills.

Markart had breakfasted and paid a visit to his horse; he wanted to be off by nine o'clock, and waited only for the Prince's He was returning from the stables, sniffing the morning air with a vivid enjoyment of the change of weather, when he saw Sophy coming along the road. She had been Her eyes and cheeks for a walk. with exhibitation. She wore her sheepskin tunic, her sheepskin cap with its red cockade, and her short blue skirt over high boots... She walked as though on the clouds of heaven, a wonderful lightness in her tread; the Red Star signalled the exaltation of her spirit; the glad sound of the trumpet rang in her heart.

Her cordial greeting to Markart was spiced with raillery, to which he responded as well as his ignorance allowed; he was uncertain how much she knew of the real situation. But if his tongue was embarrassed, his eyes spoke freely. He could not keep them from her face; to him she seemed a queen of life and joy that glorious morning.

"You've recovered from your fright?" she asked. "Poor Monsieur Zerkovitch is still sleeping his off, I suppose! Oh, the story's all over the Castle!"

"It'll be all over the country soon," said

Markart with a rueful smile.

"Well, after all, Monsieur Zerkovitch is a journalist, and journalists don't spare even themselves, you know. And you're not a reticent person, are you? Don't you remember all the information you gave me once?"

"Ah, on the terrace of the Hôtel de Paris! Much has happened since then, Baroness."

"Much always happens, if you keep your eyes open," said Sophy.

"If you keep yours open, nothing happens

for me but looking at them."

She laughed merrily; a compliment never displeased Sophy, and she could bear it very downright.

"But if I were to shut my eyes, what

would you do then?"

He looked doubtfully at her mocking face; she meant a little more than the idle words naturally carried.

"I don't think you'll give me the chance of considering, Baroness." He indicated her costume with a gesture of his hand. "You've entered the Service, I see?"

"Yes, Captain Markart, the King's Service. We are brethren—you serve him

too?"

"I have that honour." Markart flushed

under her laughing scrutiny.

"We fight shoulder to shoulder then. Well, not quite. I'm a gunner, you see."

"Minus your guns, at present!"

"Not for long!" She turned round and swept her arms out towards the lake and the hills. "It's a day to think of nothing—just to go riding, riding, riding!" Her laugh rang out in merry longing.

"What prevents you?"

"My military duties perhaps, Captain," she answered. "You're lucky—you have a long ride; don't spoil it by thinking!"

"I think? Oh, no, Baroness! I only

obey my orders."

"And they never make you think?" Her glance was quick at him for an instant.

"There's danger in thinking too much,

even for ladies," he told her.

She looked at him more gravely, for his eyes were on her now with a kindly, perhaps a remorseful, look.

"You mean that for me?" she asked. "But if I too only obey my orders?"

"With all my heart I hope they may lead

you into no danger," he said.

"There's only one danger in all the world—losing what you love."

"Not, sometimes, gaining it?" he asked

quickly.

"Still the only danger would be of losing it again."

"There's life too," he remarked with a

shrug.

"Sir, we're soldiers!" she cried in merry

reproof.

"That doesn't prevent me from prizing your life, Baroness, in the interests of a world not too rich in what you contribute to it."

Sophy looked at him, a subtle merriment in her eyes. "I think, Captain Markart, that, if you were my doctor, you'd advise me to try—a change of air! Praslok is too exciting, is that it? But I found Slavna—well, far from relaxing, you know!"

"The Kravonian climate as a whole,

Baroness——'

"Oh, no, no, that's too much!" she interrupted. Then she said: "It's very kind of you—yes, I mean that—and it's probably—I don't know—but probably against your orders. So I thank you. But I can face even the rigours of Kravonia."

She held out her hand; he bent and kissed it. "In fact, I hadn't the least right to say it," he confessed. "Not the least from any point of view. It's your fault, though,

Baroness."

"Since I'm party to the crime, I'll keep the secret," she promised with a decidedly kindly glance. To Sophy admiration of herself always argued something good in a man; she had none of that ungracious scorn which often disfigures the smile of beauty. She gave a little sigh, followed quickly by a smile.

"We've said all we possibly can to one another, you and I; more than we could, perhaps! And now—to duty!" She pointed

to the door of the Castle.

The Prince was coming down the wooden causeway. He too wore the Volseni sheepskins. In his hand he carried a sealed letter. Almost at the same moment a groom led Markart's horse from the stables. The Prince joined them and, after a bow to Sophy, handed the letter to Markart.

"For His Majesty. And you remember

my message to General Stenovics?"

"Accurately, sir."

"Good!" He gave Markart his hand.
"Good-bye—a pleasant ride to you, Captain—pleasanter than last night's." His grave face broke into a smile.

"I'm not to have Monsieur Zerkovitch's

company this time, sir?"

"Why, no, Captain. You see, Zerkovitch left the Castle soon after six o'clock. Rather a short night, yes, but he was in a hurry."

Sophy burst into a laugh at the dismay on Markart's face. "We neither of us knew that, Captain Markart, did we?" she cried. "We thought he was sleeping off the fright you'd given him!"

"Your Royal Highness gives me leave——?" stammered Markart, his eye

on his horse.

"Certainly, Captain. But don't be vexed, there will be no invidious comparisons. Zerkovitch doesn't propose to report himself to General Stenovics immediately on his arrival."

Good-natured Markart joined in the laugh at his own expense. "I'm hardly awake yet; he must be made of iron, that Zerko-

vitch!"

"Quicksilver!" smiled the Prince. As Markart mounted he added: "Au revoir!"

Markart left the two standing side by side—the Prince's serious face lit up with a rare smile, Sophy's beauty radiant in merriment. His own face fell as he rode away. "I half wish I was in the other camp," he grumbled. But Stenovics' power held him—and the fear of Stafnitz. He went back to a work in which his heart no longer was; for his heart had felt Sophy's spell.

"You can have had next to no sleep all night, Monseigneur," said Sophy in reproach

mingled with commiseration.

"I don't need it; the sight of your face refreshes me. We must talk. Zerkovitch

brought news."

In low grave tones he told her the tidings, and the steps which he and Zerkovitch had taken.

"I understand my father's reasons for keeping me in the dark; he meant it well, but he was blinded by this idea about my marriage. But I see too how it fitted in with Stenovics' ideas. I think it's war between us now—and I'm ready."

Sophy was almost dazed. The King's life was not to be relied on for a week—for a day—no, not for an hour! But she listened attentively. Zerkovitch had gone back to Slavna on a fresh horse and at top speed; he would have more than two hours' lead of Markart. His first duty was to open communications with



"Sophy burst into a laugh at the dismay on Markart's face."

Lepage and arrange that the valet should send to him all the information which came to his ears, and any impressions which he was able to gather in the Palace. Zerkovitch would forward the reports to Praslok immediately, so long as the Prince remained at the Castle. But the Prince was persuaded that his father would not refuse to see him now that he knew the true state of the case. "My father is really attached to me," he said, "and if I see him, I'm confident that I can persuade him of the inexpediency of my leaving the kingdom just now. A hint of my suspicions with regard to the Countess and Stenovics would do it; but I'm reluctant to risk giving him such a shock. I think I can persuade him without."

"But is it safe for you to trust yourself at

Slavna—in the Palace, and alone?"

"I must risk the Palace alone—and I'm not much afraid. Stenovics might go to war with me, but I don't think he'd favour assassination. And to Slavna I shan't go alone. Our gunners will go with us, Sophy. We have news of the guns being on the way; there will be nothing strange in my marching the gunners down to meet them. They're only half-trained, even in drill, but they're brave fellows. We'll take up our quarters with them in Suleiman's Tower. I don't fear all Slavna if I hold Suleiman's Tower with three hundred Volsenians. Stafnitz may do his worst!"

"Yes, I see," she answered thoughtfully.
"I can't come with you to Suleiman's Tower,

though."

"Only if there are signs of danger. Then you and Marie must come; if all is quiet, you can stay in her house. We can meet often—as often as possible. For the rest we must wait."

She saw that they must wait. It was impossible to approach the King on the matter of Sophy. It cut dead at the heart of his ambition; it would be a shock as great as the discovery of Countess Ellenburg's ambitions. It could not be risked.

"But if under Stenovics' influence the King does refuse to see you?" she asked —"Refuses to see you and repeats his

orders?"

The Prince's face grew very grave; but

his voice was firm.

"Not even the King—not even my father—can bid me throw away the inheritance which is mine. The hand would be the King's, but the voice the voice of Stenovics. I shouldn't obey; they'd have to come to Volseni and take me."

Sophy's eyes kindled. "Yes, that's right!"

she said. "And for to-day?"

"Nothing will happen to-day—unless, by chance, the thing which we now know may happen any day; and of that we shouldn't hear till evening. And there's no drill even. I sent the men to their homes on forty-eight hours' furlough yesterday morning." His face relaxed in a smile. "I think to-day we can have a holiday, Sophy."

She clapped her hands in glee. "Oh,

Monseigneur, a holiday!"

"It may be the last for a long time," he

said; "so we must enjoy it."

This day—this holiday which might be the last—passed in a fine carelessness and a rich joy in living. The cloudless sky and the glittering waters of Lake Talti were parties to their pleasure, whether as they rode far along the shore, or sat and ate a simple meal on the rock-strewn margin. Hopes and fears, dangers and stern resolves, were forgotten; even of the happier issues which the future promised, or dangled before their eyes, there was little thought or speech. The blood of youth flowed briskly, the heart of youth rose high. The grave Prince joked, jested, and paid his court; Sophy's eyes gleamed with the fun as not even the most exalted and perilous adventure could make them sparkle.

"Oh, it's good," she cried—"good to live and see the sun! Monseigneur, I believe I'm a pagan—a sun-worshipper! When he's good enough to warm me through, and to make the water glitter for me, and shadows dance in such a cunning pattern on the hills, then I think I've done something that he likes, and that he's pleased with me!" She sprang to her feet and stretched out her hands towards the sun. "In the grave I believe I shall remember the glorious light; my memory of that could surely never die!"

His was the holiday mood too. He fell in with her extravagance, meeting it with

banter.

"It's only a lamp," he said, "just a lamp; and it's hung there for the sole purpose of showing Sophy's eyes. When she's not there, they put it out—for what's the use of it?"

"They put it out when I'm not there?"

- "I've noticed it happen a dozen times of late."
- " It lights up again when I come, Monseigneur?"

"Ah, then I forget to look!"

"You get very little sun anyhow, then!"

"I've something so much better."



"Days of idleness are not always the emptiest."

It is pathetic to read—pathetic that she should have set it down as though every word of it were precious—set it down as minutely as she chronicled the details of the critical hours to which fate was soon to call her.

Yet was she wrong? Days of idleness are not always the emptiest; life may justify its halts; our spirits may mount to their sublimest pitch in hours of play. At least the temper of that holiday, and her eager prizing and recording of it, show well the manner of woman that she was—her passionate love of beauty, her eager stretching out to all that makes life beautiful, her spirit sensitive to all around, taking colour from this and that, reflecting back every ray which the bounty of nature or of man poured upon it, her

great faculty of living. She wasted no days or hours. Ever receiving, ever giving, she spent her sojourn in a world that for her did much, yet never could do enough, to which she gave a great love, yet never seemed to herself to be able to give enough. Perhaps she was not wrong when she called herself a pagan. She was of the religion of joy; her kindest thought of the grave was that haply through some chink in its dark walls there might creep one tiny sunbeam of memory.

They rode home together as the sun was setting—a sun of ruddy gold, behind it one bright purple cloud, the sky beyond blue, deepening almost into black. When Praslok came in sight, she laid her hand on his with a long-drawn sigh.

"We have been together to-day," she said. "That will be there always. Yes, the sun and the world were made for us this day

-and we have been worthy."

He pressed her hand. "You were sent to teach me what joy is—the worth of the world to men who live in it. You're the angel of joy, Sophy. Before you came, I had missed that lesson."

"I'm very glad"—Thus she ends her own

record of this day of glory—"that I've brought joy to Monseigneur. He faces his fight joyful of heart." And then, with one of her absurd, deplorable, irresistible lapses into the merest ordinary feminine, she adds: "That red badge is just the touch my sheepskin cap wanted!"

Oh, Sophy, Sophy, what of that for a final reflection on the eve of Monseigneur's

fight?

(To be continued.)

FLED EROS.

OH, nodding plumes of lilac, an' ye list,
Waft me a kiss of fragrance, as ye blow—
Lean lower, skies of April-amethyst,
Touch me with Heaven! Roses all aglow
With Robin's wooing, lend your hearts to me;
In Spring's sweet heyday I would joyous be,
But Love hath loosed his fingers from my wrist.

In the low cradle of two loving hills,
Lined with soft daffodils, and dark and deep,
A nook of dreams, where the mad mock-bird spills
His golden rain of joy—I lay asleep,
And Love a-tiptoe came, and oped mine eyes—
Oh, long, sweet breath of wonder and surprise!
It was last March among the daffodils.

Sweet little Love! Young April's rosy hours,
And May, star-crowned, and languorous, red-lipped June,
Found us, gay pilgrims in the realm of flowers,
And so the Summer ripened into noon—
Go hide thy little changeful face for shame.
Oh, Eros! Eros! Thou art all to blame!
—I stood alone, 'neath bloom-bereaved bowers.

I vowed to follow thro' the Autumn rain
And Winter snow; why didst thou turn and flee?
I ceased to feel strange music move my brain,
I shook my fettered hands—and found them free!
Fell at my feet a withered daisy-chain.
Oh, sing, birds, 'mid the blossoms of this year,
Perhaps fled Eros may look up and hear,
And dancing down the meadows, come again.

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

A RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES.

VI.—THE ARMY.

THE biographer of living celebrities has not an enviable position. If he desires to avoid offence, he must repress his sense of humour; indeed, a sense of humour is almost as dangerous to the biographer as, according to Ian Maclaren, it

is to the young man who desires to succeed in business.

Take, for example, a story which is told of a distinguished officer whose cartoon —I carefully avoid the date—has appeared in the pages of Vanity Fair. He was a very excitable man, and in his younger days, at any rate, liable to lose his head on occasions. An attack had been prepared upon a hill tribe in the north of India. The tribesmen were occupying rough and rising ground, and a simultaneous advance was to be made upon them by two bodies of troops acting from different angles. The officer in question, who, though he held the rank of colonel, had then seen no service, was walking up and down behind his men in a state of great excitement. Presently he heard

the firing begin on the other side of the hill, and knew that the time for action had arrived. He looked wildly round him. "Where's the bugler?" he said. "Here, sir," said the bugler, saluting. "Blow, boy!" he said. "Why the devil don't you blow?" "What am I to blow, sir?" "Blow any blooming thing you like!"

The boy blew a charge, they took the hill, and the officer got a C.B.

Painters fix for all time the ages of their sitters; and it seems as if Lord Napier of Magdala could never have grown older than he appears in the Watts portrait in

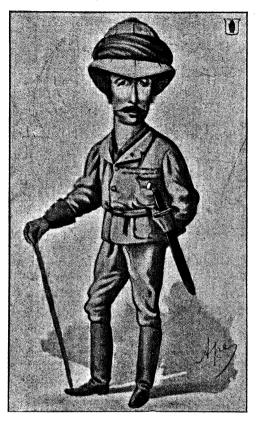


LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA. 1878. "The British Expedition."

the National collection. As a matter of fact, he lived for many a year after it was painted—on, indeed, till 1890. And the Napiers, even after their obituary notices are written, do not seem to join the great army of shadows. Somehow. life will not leak out of the name. There are sieges and sorties that are immortally remembered for the sake of these heroes who had a hand in them. They give life to the inanimate even. And where did not Robert Cornelius Napier sally out to encounter the arrow by night and the pestilence by noonday, once he was eighteen years old and entered the Bengal Engineers? His almost immediate service in the Sutlej campaign was but the prelude to further distinction under Lord

Gough at Goojerat, and under Sir Colin Campbell during the Mutiny. We recall the Goomtee River, because he bridged it at a pinch with the enemy. India calls to Napiers. The conclusion of this Napier's service in China, as Sir Hope Grant's right-hand man, found him a military member of the Council of India, and a little later he became Com-

3 C



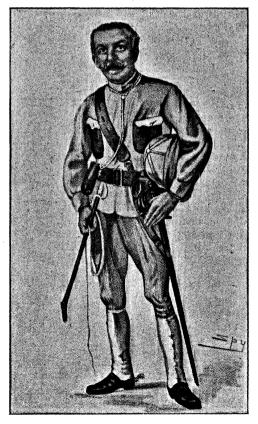
LORD WOLSELEY. 1874. "The man who won't stop."

mander-in-Chief at Bombay. That expedition into Abyssinia which resulted in the release of English missionaries at the price of great bloodshed, the regenerated Englishman might prefer to forget; but the title of Lord Napier of Magdala keeps it in mind; and the storming of the ill-fated King Theodore's capital was, at any rate, a deed of fame. With Napier's peerage went a grant of £2,000 a year, to be paid during his own life and that of his heir. Even so, he got back to his own environment again as Commander-in-Chief in India, and he it was who would have led our forces against Russia had war not been averted by the Treaty of Berlin.

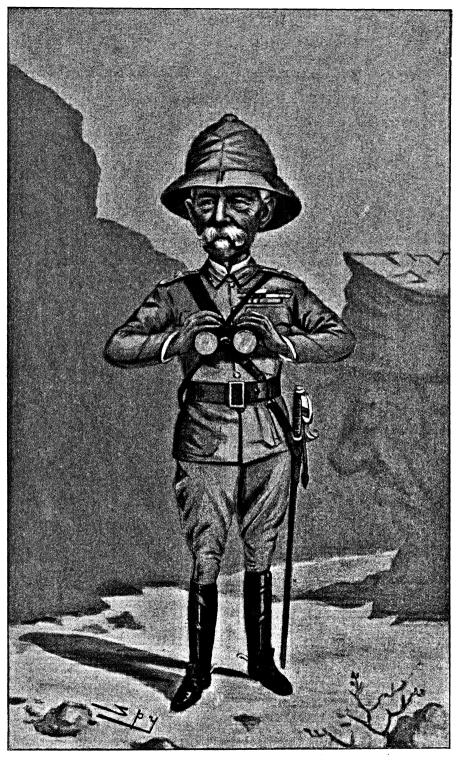
Lord Wolseley is among the few Crimean veterans remaining to us, and from the time that he was left for dead in that campaign, and only avoided capture by vigorously proclaiming himself alive, he has been in many tight corners on behalf of our Empire. At the time of the appearance of his portrait in 1874 there seemed every prospect that he would some day be our leader in a great

European campaign; but although the General may at times have felt disappointed, he is too good a citizen not to rejoice that his services have not been required in this capacity. Sir Evelyn Wood will ever be associated in the mind with Lord Wolseley, on account of the brilliant work these brothersin-arms did in the Ashanti campaign. absolute resistance offered was not the chief difficulty, but the race against time was tremendous, and it was only by their splendid co-operation with each other that a second campaign was avoided. The least delay or the slightest check would have caused retire. ment before climatic conditions, and this would have resulted in a long-extended resistance for the next season.

When organising the Red River Expedition, Lord Wolseley received from home the following cable: "Remember Butler, 69th Regiment." He thought no more about it. One day, some weeks later, Lieutenant Butler (now Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler) walked into Wolseley's headquarters and



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD. 1879.



LORD ROBERTS. 1900. "Bobs."

mentioned the telegram. He asked for a job. "I'm afraid there are no billets left," said Wolseley. "All Canada and the Army wanted to get on this expedition."

"There is one billet," said Butler. "What

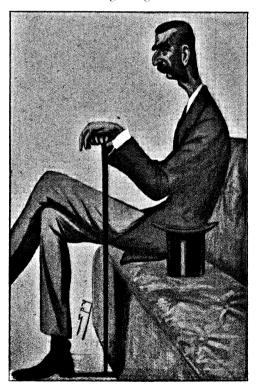


SIR EVELYN WOOD. 1879. "The Flying Column."

is that?" "You will want to know what is happening among the Indians on your flank during the advance." "By Jove, you're right!" said Wolseley, and the billet was his. Moreover, the General was so impressed by this forethought that he conceived the idea of keeping a record of the names of soldiers who think things and do things. Butler's was the first name on that list, which was afterwards known as the famous Wolseley ring.

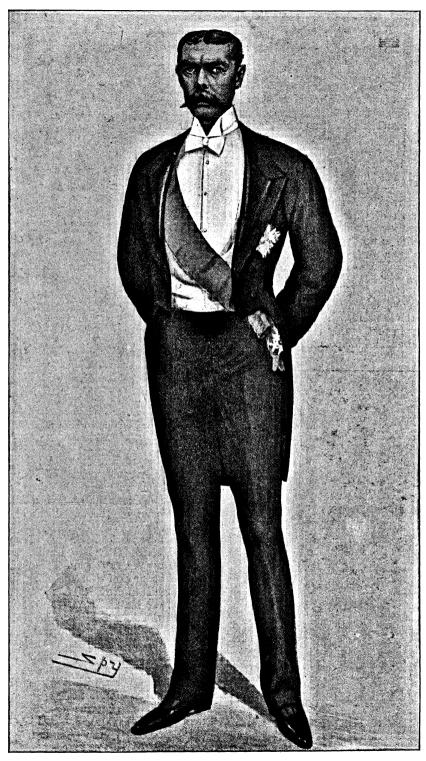
If there is the swing of the pendulum in the popularity that attends military renown, Lord Wolseley has had a strong enough personality to see the approach and the retreat without moving a muscle. He has said little and endured much. As gallant

Sir Garnet he was "our only general," and as a field-marshal and viscount he was put on his defence in the House of Lords on the word of a civilian. England gives titles and huge grants and pensions to her victors in the field, but is perhaps niggard of something they would value vastly more—a continuity of appreciation for eminent services rendered. Of old English descent, Lord Wolseley now counts as an Irishman; and perhaps the better qualities of both races are part of his equipment. He has dash and he has caution. Though soldiers are always superstitious, and he has never ridded himself of a certain fear of omens, he is known to be a man of iron nerve. twice in his life has he been seen to be agitated. Once it was at Tel-el-Kebir, when the success of his march depended on darkness, and he saw in front of him what he mistook for the beginnings of the dawn. It



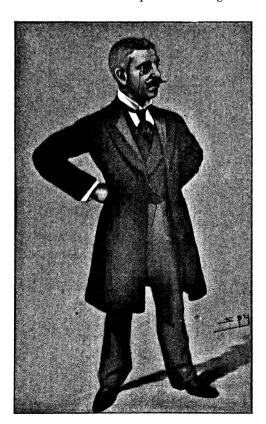
LORD CHELMSFORD. 1881. "Isandula."

was the light of an uncovenanted comet. Once, too, he lost his K.C.B. decoration on Southsea Common—so strange are the causes of human agitation. The military police sounded an alarm; soldier and civilian

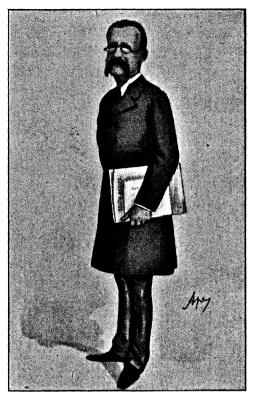


LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM. 1899. "Khartoum."

scoured the scrub and—the Cross was found. Like Napoleon and Wellington, he had, when he most needed it, the faculty of sleeping at will, even in a hansom on its way to the War Office through crowded streets, or on a camel in a desert. He adds to the art of war and of government that of telling a story well; and he has that great adjunct of nearly all good talkers—a splendid laugh! Some people say that the story-teller should not laugh at the fun of his own stories; but they do not know Lord Wolseley's laugh. It is the loudest and most joyous of all the chorus; it recalls, to those who ever heard it, the laugh of Charles Dickens. He has proclaimed with emphasis that he thinks a soldier's life is worth living; and some say that he has a taste—not universal in our day among soldiers—for fighting for its own The soldier's is, he says, the active patriotism; "and the world without active patriotism and devotion to duty would be a world without poetry, without beauty; but if wanting in that sturdy valour which both causes and enables its possessor to fight for



SIR FRANCIS REGINALD WINGATE. 1897. "In the Mahdi's Camp."

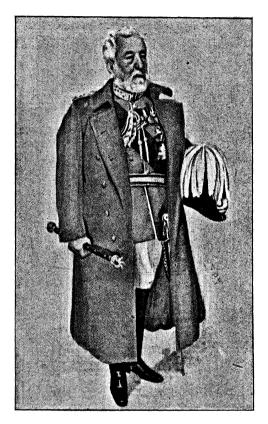


SIR CHARLES WARREN. 1886. "Bechvanaland."

his country, the world would indeed be but 'blank chaos come again.'" Such words gain a significance that would be otherwise denied to their conventionalism when they come from a man of the sword rather than of the pen.

You may see in books of reference that Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood was born a good many years ago; but he has not, for all that, lost any of the rollicking Jack Tar manner he acquired before most people now living were born. It was in 1852 that he entered the Navy—the year of Wellington's In the Crimea he served with the Naval Brigade, and was there severely wounded while carrying a scaling-ladder at the Redan. He fights with the good-temper of play; he plays with the keenness of a fight. His orderly, bearing or requiring despatches, has known how to wait till a tennis-set has been completed. Aides-decamp, who have borne the brunt of battle with him, have had to confess themselves played out at "singles" which leave him still ready for the next encounter. silly antithesis between war (under glorious

denominations) and commerce (under ignoble ones—the "yard measure" and the like) can find no illustration in the case of a gallant field-marshal who takes pride in descent from a famous City alderman—a gallant alderman



SIR HENRY W. NORMAN. 1903. "Chelsea Hospital."

in his own degree, for he it was who did veoman service to Queen Caroline. Victoria Cross came to him in recognition for valour done in the release of a "friendly native" in India when he was still a lieutenant; he has worn it for nearly half-acentury. Once Sir Evelyn showed a courage in which other brave men have sometimes shown a deficiency—he withdrew some harsh words, words spoken about President Kruger, whose acquaintance he had made so long ago as in 1881, when he was Agent for the British Government in South Africa. Sir Evelyn thinks the Service more serious now than in the days when he himself Young officers then deprived entered it. indignant citizens of their knockers with a light heart. That may be. But that the

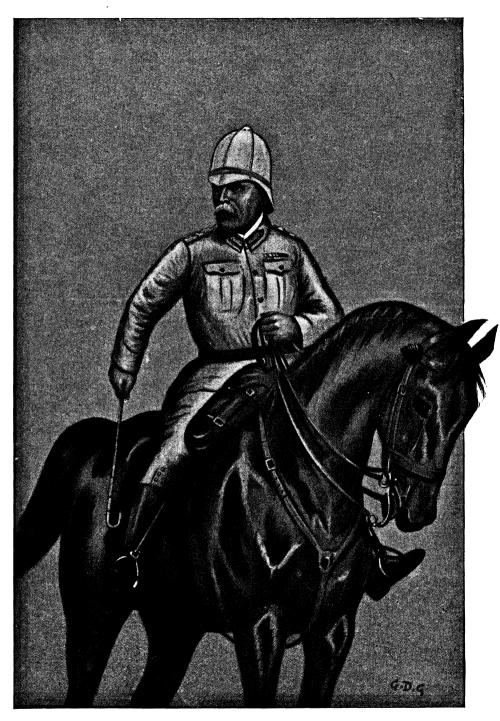
Army can at least go light-heartedly into a great war the pages of our recent history attest.

Intense concentration of thought upon the idea of the moment is a marked feature of Sir Evelyn Wood's character. Eighteen years ago, when he commanded at Colchester, Sir Evelyn was riding round the night outpost positions taken up by his brigade, and impressing his views on one of the battalion commanders and to his Staff, when his horse suddenly gave a tremendous buckjump and landed him on the broad of his back in the road. Now, Sir Evelyn, as everyone knows, is an exceedingly good rider, and "cutting a voluntary" would



GENERAL POLE-CAREW, 1901. "Polly."

therefore be an exceedingly great and very unpleasant surprise for him. Yet so intent was he upon the matter he had been discussing that he entirely ignored the interruption. He picked himself up, remounted



SIR JOHN FRENCH. 1900. "The Cavalry Division."

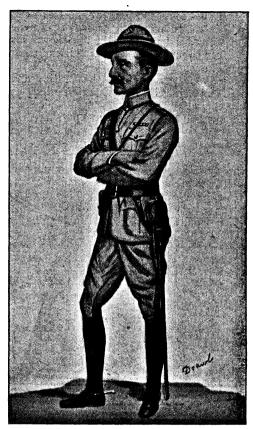
his horse, and said: "Well, gentlemen, as I was saying when my horse kicked me off"—and so continued his discourse.

Sir Evelyn Wood was not always merciful in his manner of chaffing. When he commanded at Aldershot, there was serving under him a general of very short stature, whom we will call Smith. General Smith had a great aversion from being called upon to speak at "pow-wows," and his practice was to hide behind some big man, occasionally glancing from behind his cover. Wood soon noticed this habit, and, seizing his opportunity just at a particularly exciting point in the "narrative" of the operations, suddenly cried out, pointing his finger at the same time in the playful manner of a proud parent in the nursery: "Peep Bo! Peep Bo! I see you! Peep Bo! General Smith!"

A good story is told against Sir Evelyn.



MAJOR-GENERAL MACKINNON. 1901. "C. I. V."



MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL. 1900. "Mafeking."

One day, meeting a man leaving the cookhouse with a tin, he asked to taste the soup. "Disgraceful! It's nothing better than dirty water," said Wood. "Yes, sir," replied the man; "that's what it is, sir!"

In the Mutiny he often carried some despatches. One day, while he was sleeping, spies searched his kit. They found nothing. Wood had buried his despatches in a hole, digging them up ere moving on.

During the Boer war the most distinguished of our generals engaged in active service made their appearance in *Vanity Fair* in quick succession; and it is with these that I will now deal.

At the moment when Lord Roberts was cartooned he was the most popular man in the British Isles. It was difficult to believe that the hard, active, brisk little man had been born in Cawnpore no less than eight-and-sixty years before. He came of a fighting stock, for his father was a distinguished general and his mother an Irish soldier's daughter.

"He has fought in half a hundred battles and has shown so much courage that none dare deny his bravery. He has shown his worth in so many places that the list of them grows monotonous, but it may well be pointed out that between the Mutiny and that campaign in Afghanistan in which he rode himself into the style of Kandahar, he was mentioned in despatches no fewer than twenty-three times, and, while he has been very often more or less barrenly thanked by the Government of India, his breast is covered with medals. He is a strategist as well as a soldier who, in spite of all his work, has found time to write books, to hunt, and to cycle; yet is little "Bobs" full of dignity which is all his own. He is a very kindly



MAJOR-GENERAL PLUMER. 1902. "Self-reliant."

man who has suffered great grief like a hero. He is also a man of very great ability, quick grasp of faces, swift certainty of action, and quite definite ideas. In a word, he is a great general who does his duty, loves his country, and is no respecter of official persons, consequently he has a few enemies whose enmity is a tribute to his merit."

Those who were in South Africa during the war will remember a good story that was



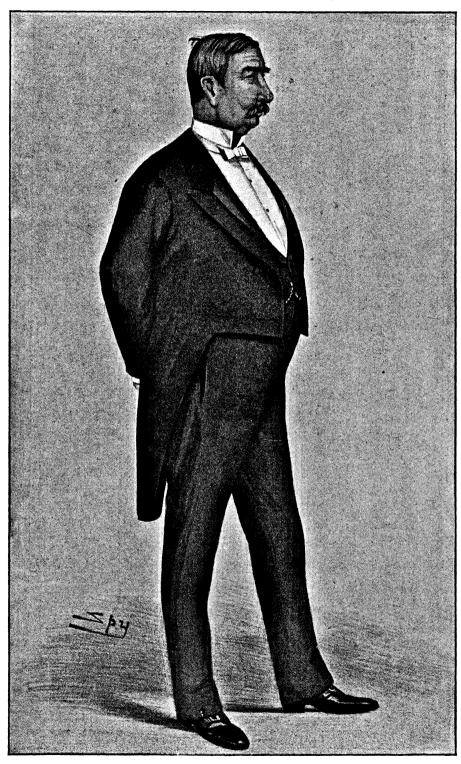
SIR FREDERICK FORESTIER-WALKER. 1902
"Shookeu."

circulated concerning Lord Roberts and a Canadian trooper who had looted some fowls.

The man was stopped by one of Lord Roberts's Staff, who shouted: "For goodness sake, hide those fowls! Lord Roberts is just behind us, and he will have you shot." But the Commander-in-Chief was already too near, and he rode up to the man with a black look. "Where did you get those fowls?" he said sternly. "Sir," interjected the Staff officer, "the man says that he heard you were on short rations, and was bringing you them for dinner." "Very kind, I am sure," said Lord Roberts; "much obliged to you." He passed on, leaving the trooper struggling with emotion. It is understood that "Bobs" ate the fowls that night.



SIR GEORGE WHITE. 1900. "Ladysmith."



SIR REDVERS BULLER. 1900. "Redrag."



SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER. 1899. Our Youngest General."

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is no longer the "Bobs" of the London crowd. As the nickname was one of endearment, "no disrespect intended," its cessation is a little melancholy. Nor could Mr. Kipling write over again the verses that delighted us all a decade—or was it two decades ?—ago. Somehow we have become very serious about our soldiers: the nation will not jest at Pall Mall any longer. But Lord Roberts is sure of his countrymen, all War Office machinery apart. He marches on to Kandahar through the pages of English history; and he has lived long enough and lived actively enough to be able to read of his own earlier exploits with almost the impartiality of one who took no part in them. The first Baron, Viscount, and Earl of his line, he locates his title as of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford—a cosmopolitan designation which ends, however, at home-in the Waterford with which

his family has been long associated. That might be taken by Lord Roberts as a symbol of his own career, for he ends his life with a home mission. The last conquest that he craves is a victory over the supineness of the English citizen in the training of the future generation in the art of self-defence.

Perhaps the present holder of Lord Napier of Magdala's old post in India may complain that opportunities enjoyed by soldiers of an older generation are denied to soldiers of to-day. Yet Lord Kitchener's career hardly illustrates the theory that war is now an affair of weapons rather than of personal leadership. His campaign in Egypt proved how powerful is the personal equation; still more his conduct of the concluding stages of the cruel racial struggle in South Africa. He has had many parts to play, including that of a surveyor and map-maker in Palestine, which he rather enjoyed, as



SIR IAN HAMILTON. 1901. "Mixed Forces."

Lieutenant H. H. Kitchener; and he still has memories of his stay at the monastery on Mount Carmel. One function of the monks he never could emulate, though they and he be alike doomed bachelors; for whereas he found them to be excellent hosts, he accuses himself as the worst host in the world. He does not love a pageant in which

he has to "receive"; and when he is welcomed by crowds, he asks innocently what they have come out to see.

The word "impossible" is not in the Kitchener dictionary, and he has little patience with officers who venture to suggest that any order given by him involves anything impracticable. For example, after Omdurman, a boatservice was organised for the conveyance of the sick and wounded. The boats were to be towed along the bank, according to the usual method employed in English canals. The officer in charge of the first convoy of boats wired to Kitchener: "Further progress impossible owing to bush on river bank." Kitchener laconically replied: "Cut down the bush." The convoy reached its destination.

Shortly after his elevation to the peerage as Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, he wastalk-

ing with Lord Cromer and a number of Staff officers and mentioned the difficulty he found in deciding how to sign his name. "Kitchener of Khartoum" would, he said, be inconveniently long, and the choice seemed therefore to lie between "K. of Khartoum," or "Kitchener of K." Frankly, he said, he could not make up his mind. It was then that one of the party suggested a happy idea. "Why don't you make it 'K. of K.'?" he said; "that would stand equally well for 'Kitchener of Khartoum' or 'King of Kings.'" "K. of K." it has been, unofficially, ever since.

It was after his triumphs in the Soudan and before the war in South Africa that his biographer said of him in Vanity Fair: "He is a first-rate soldier; he is also a hard, obstinately decided man, who has made himself, for his success in life is in

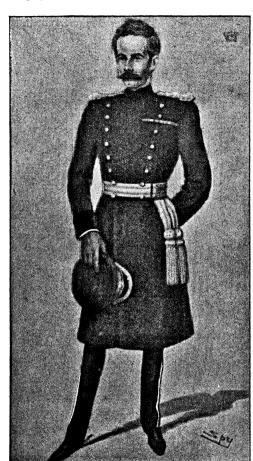
no way due to anything but his own determination. He may not be very popular with all his Army, but that Army does not include a man who does not respect him. He knows how to treat the Dervish, and his memory is so marvellous that on quite petty details he can correct his officers on their own business; it is said of him, indeed, that he never errs, yet he never takes notes. He is a very sensible fellow who knows his business."

During the winter campaign in South Africa, Lord Kitchener was wont to wear a big coat with the collar turned up to

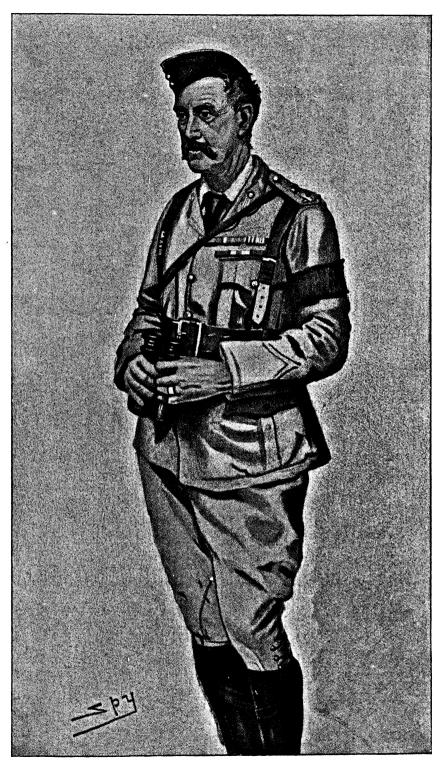
his ears, and his helmet (which was not only a large one, but slightly too large for his head) pressed down over his eyes. Thus he was not at all times easily recognisable; more especially as the strenuous life he led prevented him having the exclusive "staff' appearance, suggestive of recent emergence from a "bandbox."

Sundry contretemps resulted, as was perhaps inevitable. Here are two examples.

Following "on the heels of De Wet" was physically fatiguing and morally wearisome, so that there was a good deal not only of excusable, but also of undue straggling, especially in certain regiments which shall be nameless. One day, Kitchener, as he rode along, overtook a solitary soldier marching rather limpingly, while at the same time



THE EARL OF DUNDONALD. 1902. "A Cavalry Reformer."

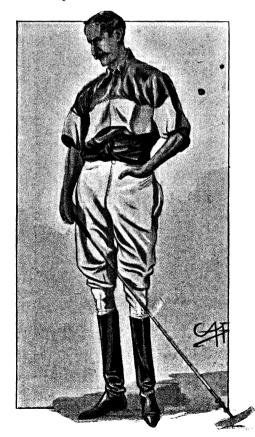


GENERAL THE HON. SIR NEVILLE LYTTELTON. 1901. "4th Division."

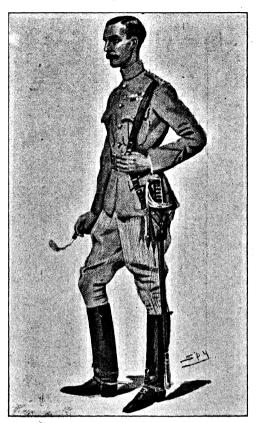
giving vent to an unceasing flow of rich and marvellous invective directed against South Africa in general and De Wet in particular. "Who are you, and where are you going?" asked Lord Kitchener as he arrived alongside. Without troubling even to look round at his interrogator, the man replied: "I belong to the Royal Bally-well Fed-ups, and I'm coming back from the Bally Wet manœuvres."

Upon another occasion the officer commanding an infantry battalion, waiting impatiently for the arrival of a battery of artillery, observed a well-muffled person riding leisurely towards him. Supposing the stranger to be a ground scout, or possibly an officer sent on ahead of the long-expected battery, the angry colonel rode furiously up to him and shouted so that all could hear: "Now, then, hurry up, can't you! Where the devil are your bally guns?"

With a hand which he slowly withdrew from his pocket the man thus addressed



GENERAL RIMINGTON. 1898.
"Descended from Edward Longshanks."



COLONEL STUART-WORTLEY. 1899. "Eddie."

proceeded first to open his coat-collar very deliberately, and then, sharply pushing up the front of his helmet from over his eyes, disclosed the features of Lord Kitchener himself, wearing what was described as a "look." The effect was very withering. Words being needless, none were said upon either side.

A friend of mine has told me of an amusing scene which occurred on board an Indian liner. Lord Kitchener was dozing in a deck-chair; a small girl who was playing on the deck presently lost her ball among "K's" feet. The General woke up.

"Pick up my ball," she said imperatively. Lord Kitchener frowned.

"Pick up my ball!" insisted the maiden.

"Where's your nurse?" growled Kitchener
"Pick up my ball!!"

"Where's your mother?"

"Pick—up—my—ball!!!"

The rising tone dismayed his lordship.
He picked it up and fled.

When Lord Kitchener went to India, Sir

Power Palmer met him at Bombay and presented the senior medical officer. Lord Kitchener, instead of saying: "How d'you do?" asked—

"What's the health of the troops in this

Presidency this morning?"

The medical wallah nearly fell over the gangway at the suddenness of the question. But the query put all India on the alert!

South Africa has dealt many a blow at our great military names; so much so that there is a sort of superstition about it as the grave of a soldier's reputation. That was not the view taken by General Buller about the merits of the men under his command during the last Boer war. "The men were splendid" was his reiterated The men returned the compliment; and if Buller has had hard knocks, he has also had great compensations in the exceptional devotion yielded to him in and out of the Army, by mere strangers and, best of all, by friends. The best words spoken of this brave soldier are those said by brother-fighters who knew him best. wrote to his wife in 1879 during the Zulu war: "Everybody is loud in Buller's praises, and speaks of him as having made his name in this war, and impressed men with his talent for war, and especially as a leader of irregular horse. Although stern enough in maintaining discipline, his men worship him. He has on several occasions brought men out under fire, and saved lives; he is everywhere himself, leader in every charge, rearguard in every retreat, and seems to contrive an admirable military eye, very cool judgment, with wonderful courage and dash." Buller has Wolseley, too, attempted a threeline sketch: "A man whose stern determination of character nothing could ruffle, and whose resource in difficulty was not surpassed by any man I ever knew."

Of Sir Redvers Buller the stories that are told are many and various; for there are two Bullers, the official and the social. Officially he is a determined, rather repellent person, whose only idea is to do what he is about to do; socially he unbends and becomes a genial companion. The Zulus called him "The Devil's Brother," and he takes such good care of his troops that they

have ever sworn by him.

Born in 1835, Field-Marshal Sir George White entered the Army in 1853 and served in the Indian Mutiny. With the Gordon Highlanders he went through the Afghan war of a little more than a quarter of a century ago, and for bravery at Charasiab and at

Kandahar be won his Victoria Cross. With all the traditional adaptability of an Irishman, he soon found himself at home among Gordon Highlanders, taking their ways, and even addressing as "laddie" the private who sometimes turned out to be a Cockney! And no Highlander of them all wore his kilt so clannishly. If Sir George White has a sentiment that predominates, it may perhaps be most happily expressed in the single phrase, esprit de corps. His coloneley dates back twenty years—the date of the Nile Expedition, in which he took part. Ten years later he was promoted to be lieutenant-general for distinguished services in the field, and he held the post of Commander of the Forces in India from 1893 to 1898. The next year found him, where he seems to stay in history, in the Boer war and beleaguered Ladysmith. story of that One Hundred and Nineteen Days' sorry entertainment would make excellent reading if now, in his repose, the Governor of Chelsea Hospital would consent to tell it as a real bit of military autobiography.

For Sir George White will go down to fame as the defender of Ladysmith. Whatever telegrams he received from the relieving forces, whether he was advised to surrender or no, the fact remains that he held that town with indomitable energy and endurance. The War Office, during the whole of his service, insisted on spelling his second name "Stewart" instead of "Stuart," and Sir George White is stated to have said that he trusted that, as he had saved Ladysmith, the War Office would spell his name properly

at last.

Sir George has a grand constitution. "I have broken my leg," said an officer to him. "That's nothing," he replied; "I once broke mine in seven places." He is a great teller of good stories. He has been known to relate how a certain gallant and hospitable soldier, one Captain Blank, upbraided his company for hard drinking. The men, who were fully aware of their fault, stood in shamefaced silence. As the captain turned to go, a parrot broke the silence with a screech from the barrackroom: "Is it brandy for you, Blank?" it velled.

General Neville Lyttelton comes of a good old Worcestershire family of cricketers and soldiers. He was the first boy to pass direct from Eton into the Army, the absence of cramming helping to make the useful man of him that he is, He is marked with a

certain gruffness of speech which makes an excellent foil to the refinement of his mind There was a good story told of and words. him when he was pressing on to the relief His energy did not meet of Ladvsmith. with the entire approval of the Commanderin-Chief, who sent him orders to halt; but the advance being safe and easy, Lyttelton persevered in defiance of the order. It was again repeated; again he ignored it. third message was peremptory, and to it at last he gave a reply, which ran as follows: "As Lord Dundonald's troops are already entering Ladysmith, I am continuing my advance subject to your future concurrence!"

It is said that the messengers at the War Office insist on twice saluting him. One of them was questioned on their reason for so doing. "Well, sir," said he, "we always salute him twice over—once because we have to, and once because he's a gentleman." Honour with the W.O. doorkeepers is worth

having.

"He has a ready sense of humour, and no particular regard for the spick-and-spanness of a crack regiment, yet he was promoted Lieutenant-General over nearly sixty heads. He is a fine soldier, whose desire is rather to his God and his country than to the bubble reputation. He is a typical Lyttelton."

The House of Commons gave one of the sincerest of its cheers when, at the time of greatest gloom during the Boer war, an allusion was made to General French as a cavalry leader in whom the nation might have hope. Lord Roberts made him his left-hand man-he commanded the left wing of the forces which finally entered Pretoria. The records of that campaign are too fresh to bear recapitulation. It was a campaign which made unexpected demands, and General French was among those who met them. The son of a captain of the Navy, he himself was a midshipman for four years, and rode sea-horses before he could make much of the mount that was later to carry him to fame. He was twenty-two when he joined the 8th Hussars. Transferred to the regiment he afterwards commanded — the 19th Hussars—he went through the Soudan campaign of 1884-85. Many Staff appointments followed; but "the penny fights at Aldershottit" (Mr. Kipling had need of the rhyme to "got it") gave no clear assurance to the world that it possessed a cavalry leader whose powers would stand the test of real warfare, and under that strain would not merely be maintained, but would develop and strengthen.

Sir John French rides with a hunchbacked seat, and can keep in the saddle until his Staff shriek for mercy. He is a silent general. Short of neck is he, with a small, pointed chin below a full lip—such a chin, indeed, as facial experts call "the administrative." Some foolish thought in the past that because he would not bark, he could not bite, wherein they showed their ignorance. In 1899, General Buller was the only man who believed that French could lead a cavalry brigade; indeed, his appointment in South Africa was no cer-What he did during the war in South Africa is now common knowledge. In 1904 he interviewed the Sultan, and told him what he thought of the Near East. dentally he declared that in his opinion the Ottoman troops were the best material in the In his early youth it is recorded that he wanted to be a clergyman, but of this period only one story remains. He lost caste at family prayers by reading in a loud voice: "Oh, Lord, cut us not off as cucum-I need hardly say that it should have been "cumberers."

"He is so full of energy that he rides about at a gallop until his Staff gradually tail off. He always carries a cane, and he has a habit when excited of flogging his leg with it. He wears a peculiar helmet with no puggaree, and the colour of his khaki is so washed out that it is nearly white. He is as retiring in private life as he is forward in war, so that he is less well known to the public than he should be."

Captain Sword and Captain Pen unite in General Sir Ian Hamilton, who is soldier and poet too. His is a very modest little volume of verse, but it is an index to that sensitiveness of character which shows also in the face, which his friend Mr. John Sargent has twice put on record for ever. The marks of combat are not absent from his person. Born in 1853, he entered the Army when he was twenty, and had his first fighting in the Afghan war of 1878–80. In the first Boer war he had a very human place which is fixed for him in the letters of Sir Pomeroy The brother returned to his sister; but he to whom that brother's life was a sacred trust forfeited his own. The sorrows of Majuba must have been present with Sir Ian during the terrible sequel that was lately written in the blood of Boer and Britain. Since then he has seen bloodier fields than even those of South Africa; for as Military Representative of India he went with the Japanese Army to Manchuria.

married, in 1887, Jean, daughter of Sir John Muir. She looks out, with a gay serenity like that of the white satin she wears, from the canvas of Mr. Sargent, a woman of culture, who loves literature and painting, those arts of peace which yield man hope that he may yet slay the art of war.

Sir Ian is extremely brave, and should have got a V.C. at Elands Laagte. India he had the reputation of a dandy. "There goes darling Hammy, bless him!" was supposed to have been the perpetual chorus of the ladies when he rode by. now lives in a baronial hall at Tidworth, on Salisbury Plain. When a subaltern, he was not a good riser in the morning, and suffered accordingly. When he was on leave, he is reported to have ordered his servant to knock at his door and say: "The Adjutant's compliments, sir, and he is waiting for you on parade." The joy of being able to turn over in bed, while condemning the imaginary adjutant in violent language, was the sweetest moment in his life. He has broken himself of that habit.

Everything that could be said of General Baden-Powell has been said already many times over; all the complimentary adjectives in the British and many other tongues have been directed at his devoted head. until he staggers beneath the burden of compliment. Of him "Jehu Junior" wrote: "He is an author who has been guilty of a valuable book on the art of scouting, of which art he is a master, as well as of several other works, but it is said he will not write about Mafeking. He is a big game shot, and a hunter who has brought home many spoils. He won the Kadir Cup for pig-sticking, he is fond of hunting, devoted to sailing, and exceedingly keen on acting. He sings a little, paints a little, and generally enjoys life, while he is a very complete stage manager. He believes greatly in the virtue of a smile."

Last year he was inspecting the 6th Dragoons at Dublin; twenty horses bolted when he came on parade. "They must have been with me in South Africa," he explained, "and heard shout the gour."

"and heard about the soup."

General Sir Archibald Hunter is a very popular man. He has always had military ambitions, and they should have been now partially satisfied, seeing that he is the youngest Field General in the British Army. When he was wounded at Omdurman, he was told by the surgeon that his arm must come off. "Now, understand this," he replied, "if you take it off, the first thing I

shall do with my other arm will be to blow my brains out." The General still has his two arms.

He can hold his tongue, and is a believer in silence on important topics. A well-known correspondent who had chronicled all his battles, asked him after the South African war if he could lend him a diary to write a history of the achievements of his troops. "Sir," said the General, "there are two of my diaries in existence: one is the War Office record, which you cannot have, and the other is my private diary, which you may not see."

General Warren was cartooned long before the last Boer war. The portrait was by Pellegrini, when the subject of it was chiefly known as a more than usually studious Engineer officer, who had done much spade work for the Palestine Exploration Fund, and had more recently carried out with marked success a little war in Arabia. Sir Charles is a very earnest man, who has occupied pulpits before now. advocates the most rigid temperance for children as the surest way of curing the drink habit. It is interesting to recall that in 1877, when bound for Mossel Bay, he met a young man of the name of Cecil Rhodes, and wrote of him in his diary as follows: "Met a young man named Rhodes; he is well versed in all the questions I am about to examine." Later on in Africa, he met Rhodes in the Kimberley coach, while the latter was committing to heart the Thirty-Nine Articles, for he had clerical designs in those days. The General offered to hear him, and did. It is believed that Rhodes passed the test satisfactorily.

One night in Africa the General awoke to feel something cold wriggling on his back. "Snakes!" He jumped out of bed, but the thing still stuck to him. He could not reach it with his hand, and stood wondering why he had not been stung. At last, groping cautiously round his neck, he discovered the

reason—it was his eyeglass!

Major-General Plumer has the modest appearance that might be expected from an amiable country parson, yet there is no man more full of daring, energy, and resource. He always adds "Please" to an order, but sees that it is done. He is rather a stickler for red tape. It is still remembered how he was asked at Aldershot to sign a petition to the effect that one express train a day should be run between Aldershot and Waterloo. He refused to sign. "You see," he said, "I am not a citizen, I am merely sent here

for duty." Not being a citizen, he would not break the letter of the law by signing a

civilian petition.

He has a passion for cleanliness. "Your General must be very dirty," said a Dutchman; "he is always washing." A man who served with him records the following dialogue to illustrate his politeness: Plumer: "Sergeant, will you try the pompom on that cloud of dust, if you please?" A pause. "Thank you. Just a leetle more. That is right, thank you. Now tell Major A. to try the fifteen-pounder on the right-hand kopje. Thank you." His eyeglass never stirred, but the Boers did.

Major-General Sir R. Pole-Carew is a remarkably handsome man. It was related that during the war he shaved even when he was under fire. When he was on Lord Roberts's Staff in India in 1888, he looked absurdly young for his colonel's rank. It is told how at a Quetta ball a burly colonel of Native Infantry came up to him and said: "Here, you with the face of a child and the rank of a Marshal, come and have a drink!" The joke was not forgotten against him.

"He is a soldier who is not ashamed to study his profession. He can ride a horse well, and he can shoot big game. He is probably the only living man who has been walked over by three elephants after wound-

ing one of them."

Major-General Mackinnon comes of a distinguished family. He had no fewer than five uncles and great-uncles in the Brigade of Guards, of whom one was blown up at Ciudad Rodrigo, another fell at Inkerman, and three others died while serving. He spent two months in the Rockies with Buffalo Bill, and had almost as strenuous a time as when he brought the C.I.V.'s back through London.

General Wingate was thus described in 1897: "He knows as much of the Mahdi as most men, and he has written of ten years in the Mahdi's camp. He also knows more Arabic than any other man since Palmer. He is quite free from fear, and he means to do a good deal yet." He certainly has done a good deal since 1897.

Lord Dundonald is a very gallant and hard-working soldier; he is a man of brains and bravery. In the Soudan he twice carried his life in his hand across the desert. He has ever maintained the credit of a great family which has for many generations been devoted to science and the naval and military service of its country. His grandfather's

numberless patents included the method of tunnelling under water by means of compressed air which made the Blackwall Tunnel possible. He himself has invented much. from a galloping gun-carriage to a sanitary water-cart. He believes in the educated Staff officer; he also believes in the citizen soldier with a faith that will be our salvation if one-half of it can be infused into the military authorities. He is a very serious soldier, of too rare a type, who has travelled over most of the world. He has laid the basis of the reorganisation of the Canadian Militia, has criticised the Government, and thrown etiquette to the winds. He possesses a sense of humour. It is related how a young Colonial apologised to him for want of etiquette. "I don't mind," said Dundonald; "I have lived two years in Ottawa."

General Rimington, the commander of "Rimington's Tigers," has a well-deserved reputation for "slimness"; he tackled the Boers at their own game and beat them. At Colesberg he kept fires burning by night where the picket lines ought to be; but the majority of the men withdrew to comfortable quarters, only occupying the line before dawn. The Boers, convinced that they were always there, spent nights which were un-

pleasantly wakeful.

General Rimington took a degree at Oxford, rowed in the Keble eight, played in its cricket eleven and in its football team, jumped hurdles, hunted, and generally behaved athletically. He was one of the first pioneers in several expeditions to Zululand and Bechuanaland. It is said that if he had not been ordered to Zululand so that he was beyond the reach of a wire, he would have made a fortune in Johannesburg. He has

contributed sketches to the *Graphic*.

The dusty phrase "an officer and a gentleman" blossoms again with the mention of the name of General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker. His father before him was a general, and his mother brought him fighting blood, for she was the daughter of an Earl of Seafield. Sir Frederick entered the Scots Guards in 1862; served in the Kaffir war in 1877-78, became Military Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere, and took part in the Zulu war of 1879. Further experiences fitted him for his onerous duty as Lieut.-General in command of the Lines of Communication in the South Africa Field Force, 1899-1901. Since those days he has been at peace at Government House, Gibraltar.

THE ABSENT-MINDED COTERIE.

By ROBERT BARR.



NCE upon a time I had the unique experience of pursuing a man for one crime and getting evidence against him of another. He was innocent of the misdemeanour the proof of which I sought, but was guilty of a

serious offence; yet he and his confederates escaped scot free, in circumstances which I

now propose to relate.

I well remember that November day, because there was a fog so thick that two or three times I lost my way, and there was not a cab to be had at any price. The few voitures then in the street had no drivers on the box; the cabmen were leading their animals slowly along, making for their stables. It was late when I reached my flat, and after dining there, which was an unusual thing for me to do, I put on my slippers, took an easy-chair before the fire, and began to read my evening journal.

I had allowed my paper to slip to the floor, for in very truth the fog was penetrating even into my flat, and it was becoming difficult to read, notwithstanding the electric light. My man came in and announced that Mr. Spenser Hale, of Scotland Yard, wished to see me, and, indeed, on all nights, but especially that one, I am more pleased to converse with a man than to read a newspaper.

"Mon Dieu, my dear Monsieur Hale, it is surely an important thing that brought you out on such a night as this. The fog must be very thick in Scotland Yard."

This delicate shaft of fancy completely missed him, and he answered stolidly—

"It's thick all over London—and, indeed, throughout most of England."

"Yes, it is," I agreed, but he did not see that, either.

Still, a moment later he had made a remark which, if it had come from some people I know, might have indicated a glimmer of comprehension.

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"You are a very, very clever man, Monsieur Valmont, so all I need say is that the question which brought me here is the same as that on which the American election was fought. Now, to a countryman, I should be compelled to give further explanation, but to you, monsieur, that will not be necessary."

There are times when I dislike that crafty smile and that partial closing of the eyes which always distinguishes Spenser Hale when he places on the table a problem which he expects will baffle me. If I said he never did baffle me, I would be wrong, of course, for sometimes the utter simplicity of the puzzles which trouble him leads me into an intricate involution entirely unnecessary in the circumstances.

I pressed my finger-tips together and gazed for a few moments at the ceiling. Hale had lit his black pipe, and my silent servant had placed at his elbow the whisky-and-soda, and then had tip-toed out of the room. As the door closed, my eyes came from the ceiling to the level of Hale's expansive countenance.

"Have they eluded you?" I asked quietly.

" Who?"

"The coiners."

Hale's pipe dropped from his jaw, but he managed to catch it before it reached the floor. Then he took a gulp from the tumbler.

"That was just a lucky shot," he said.

"Parfaitement," I replied carelessly.
"Now, own up, Valmont, wasn't it?"

I shrugged my shoulders. A man cannot contradict a guest in his own house.

"Oh, stow that!" cried Hale impolitely. He is a trifle prone to strong and even slangy expressions when puzzled. "Tell me how you guessed it."

"It is very simple, mon ami. The question on which the American election was fought is the price of silver, which is so low that it has ruined Mr. Bryan, and threatens to ruin all the farmers of the West who have silvermines on their farms. But how does that affect England and Scotland Yard? you may ask. In two ways. Someone has stolen bars of silver, let us say. But that was done

three months ago, when the metal was being

unloaded from the German steamer at Southampton, and my dear friend Spenser Hale ran down the thieves very cleverly as they were trying to dissolve the marks off the bars with acid. Now, crimes do not run in series, like the numbers in roulette at Monte Carlo. The thieves are men with brains. They say to themselves: 'What chance have we to steal bars of silver while Mr. Hale is at Scotland Yard?' Eh, my good friend?"

"To tell the truth, Valmont," said Hale, taking another sip, "sometimes you almost persuade me you have reasoning powers."

"Thanks, comrade. Then it is not a theft of silver we have now to deal with. It must be coinage, and there the low price of silver comes in. You have, perhaps, found a more subtle crime going forward than heretofore. They are making your shillings and your half-crowns from real silver instead of from baser metal, and yet there is a large profit, which has not hitherto been possible through the high price of the metal. With the old conditions you were familiar, but this new element sets at naught all the ancient formulæ."

"Well, Valmont, you have hit it. I'll say that for you, you have hit it. There is a gang of expert coiners who are putting out real silver money, and making a clear shilling profit on the half-crown. We have no trace of the coiners, but we know the man who is shoving the stuff."

"That ought to be sufficient," said I.

"Yes, it should, but it hasn't proven so up to date. Now, I came up to-night to see if you would do one of your French tricks for us, right on the quiet."

"What French trick, Monsieur Spenser Hale?" I inquired with some asperity, forgetting for the moment that the man invariably became impolite when he grew excited.

"No offence intended," said this blundering person, who really was a good-natured fellow, but would always put his foot in it, and then apologise. "I want someone to go through a man's house without a search-warrant, spot the evidence, let me know, and then we'll rush the place before he has time to hide his tracks."

"Who is this man, and where does he

"His name is Ralph Summertrees, and he lives in a very natty little bijou residence, as the advertisements call it, situated in no less a fashionable place than Park Lane."

"I see. What has aroused your suspicions

against him?"

"Well, you know, that's an expensive district to live in—it takes a bit of money to do the trick. This Summertrees has no ostensible business, yet every Friday he goes to the United Capital Bank in Piccadilly, and deposits a bag of swag, usually all silver coin."

"Yes, and this money——?"

"This money, so far as we can learn, contains a good many of these new pieces which never saw the British Mint."

"It's not all new coinage, then?"

"Oh, no, he's a bit too artful for that. You see, a man can go round London with his pockets filled with new coinage five-shilling pieces, buy this, that and the other, and still come home with his pockets well filled with legitimate coins of the realm; twos, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, and all that."

"I see. Then why don't you nab him one day when his pockets are full of the

illegitimate five-shilling pieces?"

"That could be done, of course, and I've thought of it; but, you see, we want to land the whole gang. Once we arrested him, without knowing where the money came from, the real coiners would take flight."

"How do you know he is not a real

coiner himself?"

Now, poor Hale is easy to read as a book. He hesitated before answering this question, and looked confused as a culprit caught in some dishouest act.

"You need not be afraid to tell me," I said soothingly, after a pause. "You have had one of your men in Mr. Summertrees' house, and have learned that he is not the coiner. But your man has not succeeded in getting evidence to incriminate other people."

"You've about hit it, Monsieur Valmont. One of my men has been Summertrees' butler for two weeks, but, as you say, he has found

no evidence."

"Is he still butler?"

" Yes."

"Now tell me how far you have got. You know that Summertrees deposits a bag of coin every Friday in the United Capital, and I suppose the people at the bank have allowed you to examine one or two of the bags."

"Yes, sir, they have; but, you know, banks are very difficult to deal with. They don't like detectives bothering about, and whilst they do not stand against the law, still, they never



"The cabmen were leading their animals slowly along."

answer any more questions than they're asked, and Mr. Summertrees has been a good customer at the United Capital for many years."

"Haven't you found out where the money comes from?"

"Yes, we have: it is brought to Park Lane night after night by a man who looks like a respectable City clerk, and he puts it into a large safe, of which he holds the key, this safe being on the ground floor in the dining-room."

"Haven't you followed this clerk?"

"Yes. He stops in the Park Lane house every night, and goes up in the morning to an old curiosity shop in Tottenham Court Road, where he stays all day, returning with this bag of money in the evening."

"Why don't you arrest and question him?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Valmont, there is just the same objection to his arrest as there is to that of Summertrees. We could easily arrest them both, but we have not the slightest evidence against either of them, and then, although we put the go-betweens in clink, the worst criminals of the lot would escape."

"Nothing suspicious about the old curiosity

hop?'

"No, it appears to be perfectly regular."

"This game has been going on under your noses for how long?"

" For about six weeks."

"Is Summertrees a married man?"

" No."

"Has he any women servants in the house?"

"No, except three charwomen who come in every morning to do up the rooms."

"Of what is his household comprised?"

"There is the butler, then the valet, and,

last, the French cook."

"Ah," cried I, "the French cook! This case interests me. So Summertrees has succeeded in completely disconcerting your man. Has he prevented him from going from top to bottom of the house?"

"Oh, no, he has rather assisted him than otherwise. On one occasion he went to the safe, took out the money, had Podgers—that's my chap's name—help him to count it, and then actually sent Podgers to the bank with

the bag of coin."

"And Podgers has been all over the place?"

" Yes."

"Saw no signs of a coining establish-

ment?"

"Oh, no. It is absolutely impossible that any coining can be done there. Besides, as I tell you, that respectable clerk brings the money."

"I suppose you want me to take Podgers'

position?

"Well, Mr. Valmont, to tell you the truth, I should rather you didn't. Podgers has done everything a man can do, but I thought if you got into the house, Podgers assisting, you might go through it, night after night, at your leisure."

"I see. That's just a little dangerous in England. I think I should prefer to assure myself the legitimate standing of being the amiable Podgers' successor. You say that

Summertrees has no business."

"Well, sir, not what you might call a business. He is by way of being an author, but I don't count that any business."

"Oh, an author, is he? When does he

do his writing?"

"He locks himself up in his study most of the day."

"Does he come out for lunch?"

"No, he lights a little spirit-lamp inside, Podgers tells me, and makes himself a cup of coffee, which he takes with a sandwich or two."

"That's rather frugal fare for Park Lane."

"Yes, Mr. Valmont, it is; but he makes up for it in the evening, when he has a long dinner, with all them foreign kickshaws you people like, done by his French cook."
"Sensible man! Well, Hale, I see I shall

"Sensible man! Well, Hale, I see I shall have pleasure in making the acquaintance of Mr. Summertrees. Is there any restriction on the going and coming of your man

Podgers?"

"None in the least. He can get away

either night or day."

"Very good, friend Hale. Bring him here to-morrow, as soon as our author locks himself up in his study—or, rather, I should say, as soon as the respectable clerk leaves for Tottenham Court Road, which I should guess, as you put it, is about half an hour after his master turns the key."

"You are quite right in that guess, Mr. Valmont. How did you come at it?"

"Merely a surmise, Hale. There is a good deal of oddity about that Park Lane house, so it doesn't surprise me in the least that the master gets to work earlier in the morning than the man. I have also a suspicion that Ralph Summertrees knows perfectly well why the estimable Podgers is there."

"What makes you think that?"

"I can give no reason, except that my opinion of the acuteness of Summertrees has been gradually rising all the while you were speaking, and at the same time my estimate of Podgers' craft has been as steadily declining. However, bring the man here to-morrow, that I may ask him a few

questions."

Next day, about eleven o'clock, the ponderous Podgers, hat in hand, followed his chief into my room. His broad, impassive, immobile, smooth face gave him rather more the air of a genuine butler than I had expected, and this appearance, of course, was enhanced by his livery. His replies to my questions were those of a well-trained servant who will not say too much unless it has been made worth his while. All in all, Podgers exceeded my expectations, and really my friend Hale had some justification for regarding him, as he evidently did, a triumph in his line.

"Sit down, Mr. Hale, and you, Podgers." The man disregarded my invitation, standing like a statue until his chief made a motion, then he dropped into a chair. The English are great on discipline.

"Now, Mr. Hale, I must first congratulate you on the make-up of Podgers. It is excellent. You depend less on artificial assistance than we do in France, and in

that I think you are right."

"Oh, we know a bit over here, Monsieur Valmont," said Hale, with pardonable pride.

"Now, then, Podgers, I want to ask you about this clerk. What time does he arrive in the evening?"

"At prompt six, sir."

"Does he ring, or let himself in with a latch-key?"

"With a latch-key, sir."

"How does he carry the money?"

"In a little locked leather satchel, sir, flung over his shoulder."

"Does he go direct to the dining-room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen him unlock the safe and put in the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does the safe unlock with a word, or a key?"

"With a key, sir. It's one of the old-

fashioned kind.'

"Then the clerk unlocks his leather money-bag?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's three keys used within as many minutes. Are they separate, or in a bunch?"

"On a bunch, sir."

"Did you ever see your master with this bunch of keys?"

"No, sir."

"You saw him open the safe once, I am told?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he use a separate key, or one of a bunch?"

Podgers slowly scratched his head, then

"I don't just remember, sir."

"Ah, Podgers, you are neglecting the big things in that house. Sure you can't remember?"

"No, sir."

"Once the money is in and the safe locked up, what does the man do?"

"Goes to his room, sir."

"Where is this room?"
"On the third floor, sir."
"Where do you sleep?"

"On the fourth floor, with the rest of the servants, sir."

"Where does the master sleep?"

"On the second floor, adjoining his study."

"The house consists of four storeys and a

basement, does it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have somehow arrived at the suspicion that it is a very narrow house. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does the clerk ever dine with your master?"

"No, sir. The clerk don't eat in the house at all, sir."

"Does he go away before breakfast?"

" No, sir?",

"No one takes breakfast to his room?"

" No. sir."

"What time does he leave the house?"

"At ten o'clock, sir."

"When is breakfast served?"

"At nine o'clock, sir."

"At what hour does your master retire to his study?"

"At half past nine, sir."

"Locks the door on the inside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never rings for anything during the day?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"What sort of a man is he?"

Here Podgers was on familiar ground, and he rattled off a description minute in every

particular.

"What I meant was, Podgers, is he silent, or talkative, or does he get angry? Does he seem furtive, suspicious, anxious, terrorised, calm, excitable, or what?"

"Well, sir, he is by way of being very quiet—never has much to say for himself;

never saw him angry or excited."

"Now, Podgers, you've been at Park Lane for a fortnight or more. You are a sharp, alert, observant man. What happens there that strikes you as unusual?"

"Well, I can't exactly say, sir," replied Podgers, looking rather helplessly from his

chief to myself, and back again.

"Your professional duties have often called upon you to enact the part of butler before, otherwise you wouldn't do it so well. Isn't that the case?"

Podgers did not answer, but glanced at his chief. This was evidently a question pertaining to the service to which a subordinate was not allowed to reply. However, Hale said at once—

"Certainly, Podgers has been in dozens of

places."

"Well, Podgers, just call to mind some of the other households in which you have been employed, and tell me any particulars in which Mr. Summertrees' establishment differs from them."

Podgers pondered a long time.

"Well, sir, he do stick to writing pretty

closely."

"Ah, that's his profession, you see, Podgers. Hard at it from half past nine till towards seven, I imagine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anything else, Podgers? No matter how trivial."

"Well, sir, he's fond of reading, too: leastways, he's fond of newspapers."

"When does he read?"

"I've never seen him read 'em, sir; indeed, so far as I can tell, I never knew the papers to be opened, but he takes them all in, sir."

"What, all the morning papers?"

"Yes, sir, and all the evening papers, too."

"Where are the morning papers placed?"

"On the table in his study, sir." "And the evening papers?"

"Well, sir, when the evening papers come, the study is locked. They are put on a side table in the dining-room, and he takes them upstairs with him to his study."

"This has happened every day since you were there?"

"Yes, sir."

"You reported that very striking fact to your chief, of course?"

"No, sir, I don't think I did," said

Podgers, confused.

"You should have done so. Mr. Hale would have known how to make the most of a point so vital."

"Oh, come now, Valmont," said Hale, "you're chaffing us. Plenty of people take

in all the papers!"

"I think not. Even clubs and hotels subscribe to the leading journals only. said all, I think, Podgers?"

"Well, nearly all, sir."

"But which is it? There's a vast difference."

"He takes a good many, sir."

"How many?"

"I don't just know, sir."

"That's easily found out, Valmont," said

Hale, "if you think it so important."

"I think it so important that I'm going back with Podgers myself. You can take me into the house with you, I suppose, when you return?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Returning to those newspapers for a moment, Podgers—what is done with them?"

"They are sold to the ragman, sir, once a

week.'

"Who takes them from the study?"

"I do, sir."

"Do they appear to have been read very

carefully?"

"Well, no, sir; leastways, some of them seem never to have been opened, or if they have, to have been folded up very carefully

"Have you noticed any clippings being

made from any of them?"

" No, sir."

"Does Mr. Summertrees keep a scrapbook?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"Oh, the case is perfectly plain," said I, leaning back in my chair, and regarding the puzzled Hale with that cherubic expression of self-satisfaction which I know is so annoving to him.

"What's perfectly plain?" he demanded, more gruffly perhaps than etiquette would

have sanctioned.

"Summertrees is no coiner, nor is he linked with any band of coiners.

"What is he, then?"

"Ah, that opens another avenue of inquiry. For all I know to the contrary, he may be the most honest of men. On the surface it would appear that he is a reasonably industrious tradesman in Tottenham Court Road, who is anxious that there should be no visible connection between so plebeian an employment and so aristocratic a residence as that in Park Lane."

At this point Spenser Hale gave expression to one of those rare flashes of reason which are always an astonishment to his friends.

"That is nonsense, Monsieur Valmont," he said. "The man who is ashamed of the connection between his business and his house is one who is trying to get into Society, or else the women of his family are trying it, as is usually the case. Now, Summertrees has no family. He himself goes nowhere, gives no entertainments, and accepts no invitations. He belongs to no club, therefore to say that he is ashamed of his connection with the Tottenham Court Road shop is absurd. He is concealing the connection for some other reason that will bear looking into."

"My dear Hale, the Goddess of Wisdom herself could not have made a more sensible Now, mon ami, do you want my assistance, or have you had enough to go on

with?"

"Enough to go on with? We have nothing more than we had when I called on you last night."

"Last night, Mr. Hale, you supposed this man was in league with coiners. you know he is not."

"I know you say he is not."

I shrugged my shoulders and raised my eyebrows, smiling at him.

"It is the same thing, Monsieur Hale."

"Well, of all the conceit-!" and the good Hale could get no further.

"If you wish my assistance, it is yours." "Well, not to put too fine a point upon it,

"In that case, my dear Podgers, you will

return to the residence of our friend, Summertrees, and I wish you to get together for me in a bundle all of yesterday's morning



"The hook, if pressed upwards, allowed the door to swing outwards, over the stairhead."

and evening papers that were delivered to the house. Can you do that, or are they mixed up in a heap in the coal-cellar?"

"I can do it, sir. I have instructions to

place each day's papers in a pile by itself, in case they should be wanted again. There is always one week's supply in the cellar, and

we sell the papers of the week before to

the ragman.

"Excellent. Well, run the risk of abstracting one day's journals, and have them ready for me. I will call upon you at exactly half past three o'clock, and I want you to take me upstairs to the clerk's bedroom on the third storey, which I suppose is not locked during the daytime?"

"No, sir, it is not."

With this the patient Podgers took his departure. Spenser Hale rose when his assistant left.

"Anything further I can do?" he-

asked.

"Yes, give me the address of the shop in the Tottenham Court Road. Do you happen to have about you one of those new five-shilling pieces which you believe to be illegally coined?"

He opened his pocket-book and took out the bit of white metal and handed it to me.

"I'm going to pass this off before evening," I said, putting it in my pocket, "and I hope none of your men will arrest me."

"That's all right," laughed Hale,

and then he went his way.

At half past three Podgers was waiting for me, and opened the front door as I came up the steps, thus saving me the necessity of ringing. The house was strangely quiet. The French cook was evidently down in the basement, and we had probably all the upper part to ourselves, unless Summertrees were in his study, which I doubted. Podgers led me directly upstairs to the clerk's room on the third floor, walking on tiptoe with an elephantine air of silence and secrecy combined which struck me as unnecessary.

"I will make an examination of this room," I said. "Kindly wait for me down by the door of the study."

The bedroom was of a respectable size when one considers the smallness of the house. The bed was nicely made up, and there were two chairs in the

room, but the usual washstand and swing-mirror were not visible. However, seeing a curtain at the further end of the room, I drew it aside, and found, as I expected, a

fixed lavatory in an alcove of perhaps four feet deep by five in width. As the room was about fifteen feet wide, this left two-thirds of the space unaccounted for. A moment later I opened a door which exhibited a closet filled with clothes hanging on hooks. absorbed another five feet, leaving a third space of five feet between the clothes-closet and the lavatory. I thought at first that the entrance to the secret stairway must have issued from the lavatory, but examining the boards closely, although they sounded hollow to the knuckles, they were quite evidently plain matchboarding, and not a door. entrance to the stairway, therefore, must be from the clothes-closet. The right-hand wall proved similar to the matchboarding of the lavatory, so far as the casual eye or touch was concerned, but I saw at once it was a The latch was somewhat ingeniously operated by one of the hooks, which held a pair of old trousers. I found that the hook, if pressed upwards, allowed the door swing outwards, over the stairhead. scending to the second floor, a similar latch let me into a similar clothes-closet in the room beneath. The two rooms were identical in size, one directly above the other, the only difference being that the lower room door gave into the study, instead of into the hall, as was the case with the upper chamber.

The study was extremely neat, either not much used, or the abode of a very methodical man. There was nothing on the table except a pile of the morning's papers. I walked to the further end, turned the key in the lock, and came out upon the

astonished Podgers.

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed he.

"Quite so," I rejoined; "you've been tiptoeing past an empty room for the last two weeks. Now, if you'll come with me, Podgers, I'll show you how the trick is done."

When he entered the study, I locked the door once more, and led the assumed butler, still tiptoeing through force of habit, up the stair into the top bedroom, and so out again, leaving everything exactly as we found it. We went down the main stair to the front hall, and there Podgers had my parcel of papers all neatly wrapped up. This bundle I carried to my flat, gave one of my assistants some instructions, and left him at work on the papers. Then I took a cab to the foot of Tottenham Court Road, and walked up that street till I came to J. Simpson's old curiosity shop. After gazing at the wellfilled windows for some time, I walked

inside, having selected a little iron crucifix, the work of some ancient craftsman.

I knew at once from Podgers' description that I was waited upon by the veritable respectable clerk who brought the bag of money each night to Park Lane, and who I made certain was no other than Ralph Summertrees himself.

There was nothing in his manner differing from that of any other quiet salesman. The price of the crucifix proved to be seven-and-six, and I threw down a sovereign to pay for it.

"Do you mind the change being all in silver, sir?" he asked, and I answered without any eagerness, although the question aroused a suspicion that had begun to be allayed—

"Not in the least."

He gave me half-a-crown, three twoshilling pieces, and four shillings, all the coins being well-worn silver of the realm. This seemed to dispose of the theory that he was palming off illegitimate money. He asked me if I were interested in any particular line of antiquity, and I replied that my curiosity was merely general, and exceedingly amateurish, whereupon he invited me to look around, which I proceeded to do, while he resumed the addressing of some wrapped up pamphlets, which I surmised to be copies of his catalogue, which he stamped for posting. He made no attempt either to watch me or to press his wares upon me. I selected at random a little inkstand, and asked its price. It was two shillings, he said, whereupon I produced my fraudulent five-shilling piece. He took it, gave me the change without comment, and the last doubt about his connection with coiners flickered from my mind.

At this moment a young man came in, who I saw at once was not a customer. He walked briskly to the further end of the shop, and disappeared behind a partition which had one pane of glass in it that gave an outlook towards the front door.

"Excuse me a moment," said the shopkeeper, and he followed the young man into

the private office.

As I examined the curious, heterogeneous collection of things for sale, I heard the click of coins being poured out on the lid of a desk or an uncovered table, and the murmur of voices floated out to me. I was now near the entrance of the shop, and by a sleight-of-hand trick, keeping the corner of my eye on the glass pane of the private office, I removed the key of the front door

without a sound, and took an impression of it in wax, returning the key to its place without being observed. At this moment another young man came in and walked straight past me into the private office. I heard him say—

"Oh, I beg pardon, Mr. Simpson. How

are you, Rogers?"

"Hello, Macpherson!" saluted Rogers, who then came out, bidding "Good night" to Mr. Simpson, and departed whistling down the street, but not before he had repeated his phrase to another young man entering, to

whom he gave the name of Tyrrel.

I noted these three names in my mind. Two others came in together, but I had to content myself with memorising their features, for I did not learn their names. These men were evidently collectors, for I heard the rattle of money in every case; yet here was a small shop, doing apparently very little business, for I had been there for more than half an hour, and remained the only customer. If credit were given, one collector would certainly have been sufficient, yet five had come in, and had poured their contributions into the pile Summertrees was to take home with him that night.

I determined to possess myself of one of the pamphlets which the man had been addressing. They were piled on a shelf behind the counter, and I had no difficulty in reaching across and taking the one on top, which I slipped into my pocket. When the fifth young man went down the street, Summertrees himself emerged, and this time he carried in his hand the well-filled, locked satchel, with the straps dangling. It was now approaching half-past five, and I saw he was eager to close up and get away.

"Anything else you fancy, sir?" he asked

"No—or, rather, yes and no. You have a very interesting collection here, but it's getting so dark I can hardly see."

"I close at half-past five, sir."

"Ah," I said, consulting my watch, "I shall have to call some other time."

"Thank you, sir," replied Summertrees

quietly, and with that I took my leave.

From the corner of an alley on the other side of the street, I saw him put up the shutters with his own hands; then he emerged, with overcoat on, and the money satchel slung across his shoulder. He locked the door, tested it with his knuckles, then walked down the street, carrying under one arm the pamphlets he had been addressing. I followed him at some distance, and these

pamphlets he put into the box at the first post-office he passed, then walked rapidly to his house in Park Lane.

When I returned to my flat and called in

my assistant, he said-

"After putting to one side the regular advertisements of pills, soap, and what not, here is the only one common to all the newspapers, morning and evening alike. The advertisements are not identical, sir, but they have two points of similarity—or, perhaps I should say, three. They all profess to furnish a cure for absent-mindedness; they all ask that the applicant's hobby shall be stated, and they all bear the same address—a Dr. Willoughby, in Tottenham Court Road."

"Thank you," said I, as he placed the scissored advertisements before me.

I read several of the announcements. They were small, and perhaps that is why I had never noticed any of them in the newspapers, for certainly they were odd Some asked for lists of absentminded men, with the hobbies of each, and for these lists prizes of from one shilling to six were offered. In other clippings, Dr. Willoughby professed to be able to cure absent-mindness. There were no fees, and no treatment, but a pamphlet would be sent, which, if it did not benefit the receiver, could do no harm. The doctor was unable to see patients personally, nor could he enter into correspondence with them, and the address was the same as that of the old curiosity shop in Tottenham Court Road. At this juncture I pulled the pamphlet from my pocket, and saw it was entitled: "Christian Science and Absent-Mindedness," by Dr. Stamford Willoughby, and at the end of the article was the statement contained in the advertisement, that Dr. Willoughby would neither see patients nor hold a correspondence with them.

I drew a sheet of paper towards me, wrote to Dr. Willoughby, alleging that I was a very absent-minded man, and would be glad of his pamphlet, adding that my special hobby was the collection of first editions. I then signed myself, "Alport Webster,

Imperial Flats, London, W."

I may here explain that it is often necessary for me to see people under some other name than the well-known appellation of Eugène Valmont. There are two doors to my flat, and on one of these is painted, "Eugène Valmont"; on the other is a receptacle into which can be slipped a sliding panel bearing any nom de guerre I choose.

The same device is arranged on the ground floor, where the names of the occupants of the building appear on the right-hand wall.

I sealed, addressed, and stamped my letter, and then I told my man to put out the name of "Alport Webster," and if I did not happen to be in when anyone called upon that mythical personage, he was to

make an appointment for me.

It was nearly six o'clock next afternoon when the card of Angus Macpherson was brought in to Mr. Alport Webster. I recognised the young man as one of those who had entered the little shop carrying his tribute to Mr. Simpson the day before. He had three volumes under his arm. He spoke in a pleasant, insinuating sort of way, and I knew at once he was an adept in his profession of canvasser.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Macpherson?

In what can I serve you?"

"Are you interested at all in first editions, Mr. Webster?"

"It is the one thing I am interested in," I replied, "but unfortunately they often run

into a lot of money."

"That is true," said Mr. Macpherson sympathetically, "and I have here three books, one of which is an exemplification of what you say. This costs a hundred pounds. The last copy that was sold by auction in London brought a hundred and twenty-three pounds. This next one is forty pounds, and the third ten pounds. At these prices I am certain you could not duplicate three such treasures in any bookshop in Britain."

I examined them critically, and saw that what he said was true. He was still standing

on the opposite side of the table.

"Please take a chair, Mr. Macpherson. Do you mean to say you go round London with a hundred and fifty pounds' worth of

goods in this careless sort of way?"

"I run very little risk, Mr. Webster. I don't suppose anyone I meet imagines for a moment there is more under my arm than perhaps a trio of volumes I have picked up in the fourpenny box, to take home with me."

I lingered over the volume for which he asked a hundred pounds, then said, looking

across at him-

"How came you to be possessed of this book, for instance?"

He had a fine, open countenance, and answered me without hesitation, in the

frankest possible manner.

"I am not in actual possession of it, Mr. Webster. I am by way of being a connoisseur in rare and valuable books myself, although,

of course, I have little money with which to indulge in the collection of them. I am acquainted, however, with lovers of desirable books in different quarters of London. These three volumes, for instance, are from the library of a private gentleman in the West End. I have sold many books to him, and he knows I am trustworthy. He wishes to dispose of them at something under their real value, and has kindly allowed me the loan of them until to-morrow. I make it my business to find out those who are interested in rare books, and by trading I add considerably to my income."

"How, for instance, did you learn that I

was a bibliophile?

Mr. Macpherson laughed genially.

"Well, Mr. Webster, to tell you the truth, I chanced it. I do that very often. I enter a flat like this, and send in my card to the name on the door. If I am invited in, I ask the occupant the question I asked you just now: 'Are you interested in rare editions?' If he says 'No,' I simply beg pardon and retire. If he says 'Yes,' then I show my wares."

"I see," said I, nodding. What a glib young liar he was, with that innocent face of his! and yet my next question brought forth

the truth.

"As this is the first time you have called upon me, Mr. Macpherson, you have no objection to my making some further inquiry, I suppose? Would you mind telling me the name of the owner of these books in the West End?"

"His name is Mr. Ralph Summertrees, of

Park Lane."

"Of Park Lane? Ah, indeed!"

"I shall be glad to leave the books with you, Mr. Webster, and if you care to make an appointment with Mr. Summertrees, I am sure he will be kind enough to say a word in my favour."

"Oh, I do not in the least doubt it, and should not think of troubling the gentleman."

"I was going to tell you," went on the young man, "that I have a friend, a capitalist, who, in a way, is my supporter, for, as I said, I have little money of my own. I find it is often inconvenient for people to pay down any considerable sum. When, however, I strike a bargain, my capitalist buys the books, and I make an arrangement with my customer to pay a certain amount each week, and so even a large purchase is not felt, as I make the instalments small enough to suit my client."

"You are employed during the day, I take

it?"

"Yes, I am a clerk in the City."

Again we were in the blissful realms of fiction.

"Suppose I take this book at ten pounds, what instalment should I be expected to pay each week?"

"Oh, what you like, sir. Would five shillings be too much?"

"I think not."

"Very well, sir. If you pay me five

shillings now, I will leave the book with you, and shall have pleasure in calling this day week for the next instalment."

I put my hand into my pocket and drew out two half-crowns, which I passed over to him.

"Do I need to sign any form or undertaking to pay the rest?"

The young man laughed cordially.

"Oh, no, sir, there is no formality necessary. You see, sir, this is largely a labour of love with me, although I don't deny I have my eve on the future. I am getting together what I hope will be a very valuable connection with gentlemen like yourself who are fond of books."

And then, after making a note in a little book he

took from his pocket, he bade me a most graceful "Good-bye" and departed, leaving me cogitating over what it all meant.

Next morning two things were handed to me: the first was a pamphlet on Christian Science and Absent-Mindedness, exactly similar to the one I had taken away from the old curiosity shop; the second was a small key made from my wax impression, that would fit the front door of the same shop—a key fashioned by an excellent

Anarchist friend of mine in an obscure street near Holborn.

That night, at ten o'clock, I was inside the old curiosity shop with a small storage battery in my pocket, and a little electric glow-lamp at my button-hole—a most useful instrument for either burglar or detective.

I had expected to find the books of the establishment in a safe, which, if it were similar to the one in Park Lane, I was

prepared to open either with the false kevs in my possession, or, at worst, take an impression of the keyhole and trust to my Anarchist friend for the rest. But, to my amazement, I discovered all the papers pertaining to the concern in a desk which was not even locked. The books, three in number, were the ordinary day-book, journal, and ledger referring to the shop book-keeping of the older fashion; but in a portfolio lay half-a-dozen foolscap sheets, headed "Mr. Roger's List," "Mr. Mac-pherson's," "Mr. Tyrrel's," the names I had already learned, and three others. These lists contained in the first column, names; in the second column. addresses; in the



"I was inside the old curiosity shop."

third, sums of money, and then in the small square places following were amounts ranging from two-and-sixpence to a pound. At the bottom of Mr. Macpherson's list was the name "Alport Webster, Imperial Flats, £10," then in the adjoining small square space, "five shillings." These six sheets, each headed by a collector's name, were evidently the record of current collections, and the innocence of the whole thing was so apparent that if it were not for my fixed rule

never to believe that I am at the bottom of any case until I have come on something suspicious, I should have gone out emptyhanded as I came in.

The six sheets were loose in a thin portfolio, but standing on a shelf above the desk were a number of fat volumes, one of which I took down, and saw that it contained similar lists running back several years. noticed on Mr. Macpherson's current catalogue the name of Lord Semptam, an eccentric old nobleman whom I knew slightly. Then turning to the list immediately before the current one, the name was still there; so it went on back through list after list until I found the first entry, which was no less than three years previous, and there Lord Semptam was down for a piece of furniture costing fifty pounds, and on that account he had paid a pound a week for more than three years, totalling to a hundred and seventy at the least; and instantly the glorious simplicity of the scheme dawned upon me, and I became so interested in the swindle that I lit the gas, fearing my little lamp would be exhausted before my investigation ended, for it promised to be a long one.

In several instances the intended victim proved shrewder than old Simpson had counted upon, and the word "Settled" had been written on the line carrying the name when the exact number of instalments had been paid. But as these shrewd persons dropped out, others took their places, and Simpson's dependence on their absentmindedness seemed to be justified in nine cases out of ten. His collectors collecting long after the debt had been paid. In Lord Semptam's case the payment had evidently become chronic, and the old man was giving away his pound a week to the snave Macpherson two years after his

debt had been liquidated.

From the big volume I detached the loose leaf dated 1893, which recorded Lord Semptam's purchase of a carved table for fifty pounds, and on which he had been paying a pound a week from that time to the date of which I am writing, which was November, 1896. This single document taken from the files of three years previous was not likely to be missed, as would have been the case if I had taken a current sheet. I, nevertheless, made a copy of the names and addresses of Macpherson's present clients; then, carefully placing everything exactly as I had found it, I extinguished the gas and went out of the shop, locking the door behind

With the 1893 sheet in my pocket, I resolved to prepare a pleasant little surprise for my suave friend Macpherson when he called to get his next instalment of five shillings.

Late as the hour was when I reached Trafalgar Square, I could not deprive myself of the felicity of calling on Mr. Spenser Hale, who, I knew, was then on duty. was never at his best during office hours, because officialism stiffened his stalwart frame; mentally he was impressed with the importance of his position, and added to this he was not then allowed to smoke his big, black pipe and terrible tobacco. received me with the curtness I had been taught to expect when I inflicted myself upon him at his office. He greeted me with-

"I say, Valmont, how long do you expect to be on this job?"

"What job?" I asked mildly.
"Oh, you know what I mean — the Summertrees affair."

"Oh, that!" I exclaimed with surprise. "The Summertrees case is already completed, of course. If I had known you were in a hurry, I should have finished everything yesterday; but as you and Podgers, and I don't know how many more, have been at it sixteen or seventeen days, if not longer, I thought I might venture to take as many hours, as I am working entirely alone. said nothing about haste, you know."

"Oh, come now, Valmont, that's a bit thick. Do you mean to say you have already

got evidence against the man?"

"Evidence absolute and complete." "Then who are the coiners?"

"My most estimable friend, how often have I told you not to jump at conclusions? I informed you when you first spoke to me about the matter, that Summertrees was neither a coiner nor a confederate of coiners. I have convicted him of quite another offence, which is probably unique in the annals of crime. I have penetrated the mystery of the shop, and the reason for all those suspicious actions which quite properly set you on his trail. Now, I wish you to come to my flat next Wednesday night at a quarter to six, prepared to make an arrest."

"I must know who I am to arrest, and on

what counts."

"Quite so, mon ami Hale. I did not say you were to make an arrest, but merely warned you to be prepared. If you have time now to listen to the disclosures, I am quite at your service. I promise you there are some original features in the case. If, however, the present moment is inopportune, drop in on me at your convenience, previously telephoning, so that you may know whether I am there or not, and thus your valuable time will not be expended purposelessly."

With this I presented to him my most courteous bow, and although his mystified expression hinted a suspicion that I was chaffing him, as he would call it, official dignity dissolved somewhat, and he expressed his desire to hear all about it then and there. I had succeeded in arousing my friend Hale's curiosity. He listened to the evidence with perplexed brow, and at last ejaculated he would be blessed.

"This young man," I said in conclusion, "will call upon me at six o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, to receive his second five shillings. I propose that you, in your uniform, shall be seated there with me to receive him, and I am anxious to study Mr. Macpherson's countenance when he realises he has walked in to confront a policeman. If you will allow me to cross-examine him for a few moments—not after the manner of Scotland Yard, with a warning lest he incriminate himself, but in the free-andeasy fashion we adopt in Paris—I shall then turn the case over to you, to be dealt with at your discretion."

"You have a wonderful flow of language, Mr. Valmont," was the officer's tribute to me. "I shall be on hand at a quarter to

six on Wednesday."

"Meanwhile," said I, "kindly say nothing of this to anyone. We must arrange a complete surprise for Macpherson. That is essential. Please make no move in the matter at all until Wednesday night."

Spenser Hale, much impressed, nodded acquiescence, and I took a polite leave of him.

The question of lighting is an important one in a room such as mine, and electricity offers a good deal of scope to the ingenious. Of this fact I have taken full advantage. I can manipulate the lighting of my room so that any particular spot is bathed in brilliancy, while the rest of the space remains in comparative gloom, and I arranged the lamps so that their full force impinged against the door that Wednesday evening, while I sat on one side in semi-darkness, and Hale sat on the other, with a light beating down on him from above, which gave him the odd, sculptured look of a living statue of Justice, stern and triumphant. Anyone entering the room would first be dazzled by the light, and next would see the gigantic form of Hale in the full uniform of his order.

When Angus Macpherson was shown into this room, he was quite visibly taken aback, and paused abruptly on the threshold, his gaze riveted on the huge policeman. I think his first purpose was to turn and run, but the door closed behind him, and he doubtless heard, as we all did, the sound of the bolt being thrust in its place, thus locking him in.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered.

"I expected to meet Mr. Webster."

As he said this, I pressed the button under my table, and was instantly enshrouded with light. A sickly smile overspread the countenance of Mr. Macpherson as he caught sight of me, and he made a very creditable attempt to carry off the situation with nonchalance.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Webster! I did not notice you at first."

It was a tense moment. I spoke slowly and impressively—

"Sir, perhaps you are not unacquainted with the name of Eugène Valmont."

He replied brazenly—

"I am sorry to say, sir, I never heard of the gentleman before."

At this moment came a most inopportune "Haw haw!" from that blockhead Spenser Hale, completely spoiling the dramatic situation I had elaborated with such thought and care. It is little wonder the English have no drama, for they show scant appreciation of the sensational moments in life.

"Haw haw!" brayed Spenser Hale, and at once reduced the emotional atmosphere to a fog of commonplace. However, what is a man to do? He must handle the tools with which it pleases Providence to provide him. I ignored Hale's untimely laughter.

"Sit down, sir," I said to Macpherson,

and he obeyed.

"You have called on Lord Semptam this week," I asked sternly.

"Yes, sir."

"And collected a pound from him?"

"Yes, sir."

"In October, 1893, you sold him a carved antique table for fifty pounds?"

" Quite right, sir."

"When you were here last week, you gave me Ralph Summertrees as the name of a gentleman living in Park Lane. You knew at the time that this man was your employer?"

Macpherson was now looking fixedly at me, and on this occasion made no reply.

"You also knew that Summertrees, of Park Lane, was identical with Simpson, of

Tottenham Court Road?"

"Well, sir," said Macpherson, "I don't exactly see what you're driving at, but it's quite usual for a man to carry on a business under an assumed name. There is nothing illegal about that."

"We will come to the illegality in a moment, Mr. Macpherson. You and Rogers, and Tyrrel, and three others, are confederates in the employ of this man Simpson?"

"We are in his employ? Yes, sir; but no more confederates than clerks usually

are."

"I think, Mr. Macpherson, I have said enough to show you that the game is—what you call it—up. You are now in the presence of Mr. Spenser Hale, from Scotland Yard, who is waiting to hear your confession."

Here the stupid Hale broke in with his—

"And remember, sir, that anything you

say will be——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Hale," I interrupted hastily. "I shall turn over the case to you in a very few moments, but I ask you to remember our compact, and to leave this investigation for the present entirely in my hands. Now, Mr. Macpherson, I want your confession, and I want it at once."

"Confession? Confederates?" protested Macpherson, with admirably stimulated surprise. "I must say you use extraordinary terms, Mr.—Mr.—what did you say the

name_was?"

"Haw haw!" roared Hale. "His name is

Monsieur Valmont."

"I implore you, Mr. Hale, to leave this man to me for a very few moments. Now, Mr. Macpherson, what have you to say in

your defence?"

"Where nothing criminal has been alleged, Mr. Valmont, I see no necessity for defence. If you wish me to admit that somehow you have acquired a number of details regarding our business, I am perfectly willing to do so, and to subscribe to their accuracy. If you will be good enough to let me know of what you complain, I shall endeavour to make the point clear to you if I can. There has evidently been some misapprehension, but, for the life of me, without further explanation I am as much in a fog as I was on my way coming here, for it is getting a little thick outside."

Macpherson certainly was conducting himself with great discretion, and presented, quite unconsciously, a much more diplomatic figure than my friend Spenser Hale, sitting stiffly opposite me. His tone was one of mild expostulation, mitigated by the intimation that all misunderstanding speedily would be cleared away. To outward view he offered a perfect picture of innocence, neither protesting too much nor too little. I had, however, another surprise in store for him—a trump card, as it were—and I played it down on the table.

"There!" I cried with vim, "have you

ever seen that sheet before?"

He glanced at it without offering to take it in his hand.

"Oh, yes," he said, "that has been abstracted from our file. It is what I call

my visiting-list."

"Come, come, sir!" I cried sternly; "you refuse to confess, but I warn you we know all about it. You never heard of Doctor Willoughby, I suppose?"

"Yes, he is the author of the silly

pamphlet on Christian Science."

"You are quite right, Mr. Macpherson; on Christian Science and Absent-Mindedness."

"Possibly. I haven't read it for a long

"Did you ever meet this learned doctor,

Mr. Macpherson?"

"Oh, yes. Dr. Willoughby is the penname of Mr. Summertrees. He believes in Christian Science and that sort of thing, and writes about it."

"Ah, really! We are getting your confession bit by bit, Mr. Macpherson. I think it would be better to be quite frank with us."

"I was just going to make the same suggestion to you, Mr. Valmont. If you will tell me in a few words exactly what your charge is against either Mr. Summertrees or myself, I will then know what to say."

"We charge you, sir, with obtaining money under false pretences, which is a crime that has landed more than one

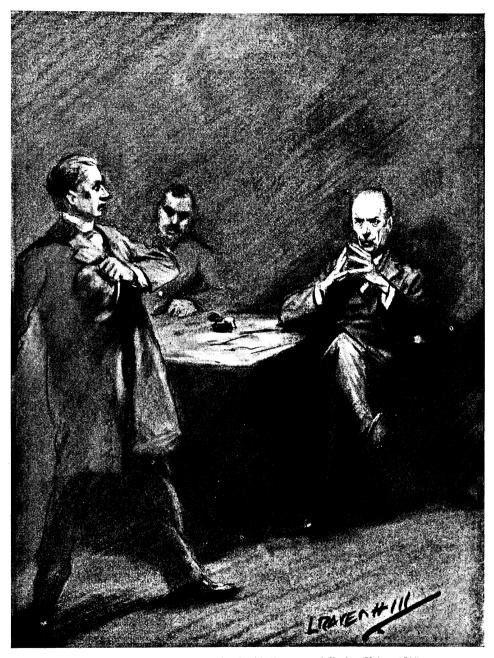
distinguished financier in prison."

Spenser Hale shook his fat forefinger at me and said—

"Tut, tut, Mr. Valmont; we mustn't threaten, we mustn't threaten, you know."

But I went on without heeding him.

"Take, for instance, Lord Semptam. You sold him a table for fifty pounds on the instalment plan. He was to pay a pound a week, and in less than a year the debt was liquidated. But he is an absent-minded man, as all your clients are. That is why you came to me. I had answered the bogus Willoughby's advertisement. And so you kept on collecting and collecting for more



"'Perhaps you are not unacquainted with the name of Eugène Valmont?"

than three years. Now do you understand the charge?"

Mr. Macpherson's head during this accusation was held slightly inclined to one side. At first his face was clouded by the most clever imitation of anxious concentration of mind I had ever seen, and this was gradually

cleared away by the dawn of awakening perception. When I had finished, an ingratiating smile hovered about his lips.

smile hovered about his lips.

"Really, you know," he said, "that is rather a capital scheme. The absent-minded league, as one might call them. Most ingenious. Summertrees, if he had any sense

of humour, which he hasn't, would be rather taken by the idea that this innocent fad for Christian Science had led him to be suspected of obtaining money under false pretences. But really there are no pretensions about the matter at all. As I understand it, I simply call and receive the money through the forgetfulness of the persons on my list; but where I think you would have both Summertrees and myself, if there were anything in your audacious theory, would be an indictment for conspiracy. Still, I see where the mistake arises. You have jumped at the conclusion that we sold nothing to Lord Semptam except that carved table three years ago. I have pleasure in pointing out to you that his lordship is a frequent customer of ours, and has had many things from us at one time or another. Sometimes he is in our debt: sometimes we are in his. We enjoy a sort of running contract with him by which he pays us a pound a week. He and several other customers are on the same plan, and in return for an income that we can count upon, they get the first offer of anything in which they are supposed to be interested. As I have told you, we call these sheets in the office our visiting-lists, but to make the visiting-lists complete you need what we term our encyclopædia. We give it that name because it is in so many volumes; a volume for each year, running back I don't know how long. You will notice little figures from time to time above certain amounts stated on this visiting-list. These figures refer to the page of the encyclopædia for the current year, and on that page is noted the new sale and the amount of it, as it might be set down, say, in a ledger."

"That is a very entertaining explanation, Mr. Macpherson. I suppose this encyclopædia, as you call it, is in the shop at Tottenham Court Road?"

"Oh, no, sir. Each volume of the encyclopædia is self-locking. These books contain the real secret of our business, and they are kept in the safe at Mr. Summertrees' house in Park Lane. Take Lord Semptam's account, for instance. You will find faint figures under certain dates, 102. you turn to page 102 of the encyclopædia for that year, you will then see a list of what Lord Semptam has bought, and the prices he was charged for them. It is really a very simple matter. If you will allow me to use your telephone for a moment, I will ask Mr. Summertrees, who has not yet begun dinner, to bring with him here the volume for 1893, and within a quarter of an hour you will be perfectly satisfied that everything is quite

legitimate."

I confess that the young man's naturalness and confidence staggered me—the more so as I saw by the sarcastic smile on Hale's lips that he did not believe a single word spoken. There was a portable telephone on the table, and as Macpherson finished his explanation, he reached over and drew it towards him. Then Spenser Hale interfered.

"Excuse me," he said, "I'll do the tele-What is the call number of Mr. phoning.

Summertrees?"

"140 Hyde Park."

Hale at once called up Central, presently was answered from Park Lane. We

heard him say—

"Is this the residence of Mr. Summertrees? Oh, is that you, Podgers? Is Mr. Summertrees in? Very well. This is Hale. I am in Mr. Valmont's flat—Imperial Flats, you know. Yes, where you were with me the other day. Very well. Go to Mr. Summertrees, and say to him that Mr. Macpherson wants the encyclopædia for 1903. Do you get that? encyclopædia. Oh, he'll understand what it Mr. Macpherson. No, don't mention my name at all. Just say Mr. Macpherson wants the encyclopædia for the year 1893, and that you are to bring it. Yes, you may tell him that Mr. Macpherson is at Imperial Flats, but don't mention my name at all. As soon as he gives you the book, get a cab and come here as quickly as possible If Summertrees doesn't want to let the book go, then tell him to come with you. If he won't do that, place him under arrest, and bring both him and the book here. All right. Be as quick as you can-we're waiting.'

Macpherson had made no protest against Hale's use of the telephone: he merely sat back in his chair with a resigned expression on his face which, if painted on canvas, might have been entitled "The Falsely Accused." When Hale rang off, Macpherson said-

"Of course, you know your own business best, but if your man arrests Summertrees, he will make you the laughing-stock of London. There is such a thing as unjustifiable arrest, as well as getting money under false pretences, and Mr. Summertrees is not the man to forgive an insult like that. And then, if you will allow me to say so, the more I think over your absent-minded theory, the more absolutely grotesque it seems; and if the case ever gets into the papers, I am sure, Mr. Hale, you'll have an uncomfortable half-hour with your chiefs at Scotland Yard."

"I'll take the risk of that, thank you," said Hale stubbornly.

"Am I to consider myself under arrest?" inquired the young man.

'No, sir."

"Then, if you will pardon me, I shall withdraw. Mr. Summertrees will show you everything you wish to see in his books, and can explain his business much more capably than I, because he knows more about it; therefore, gentlemen, I bid you good night."

"No, you don't. Not just yet awhile," exclaimed Hale, rising to his feet in unison

with the young man.

"Then I am under arrest," protested Macpherson.

"You're not going to leave this room

until Podgers brings that book."

"Oh, very well," and he sat down again.

And now, as talking is dry work, I set out something to drink, a box of cigars, and packets of cigarettes. Hale mixed his favourite brew, but Macpherson, shunning the wine of his country, contented himself with a glass of plain mineral water, and lit a cigarette. Then he awoke my high regard by saying presently-

"As nothing is happening, while we are waiting, Mr. Valmont, may I remind you

that you owe me five shillings?"

I laughed, took the coin from my pocket, and paid him, whereupon he thanked me.

"Have you any connection with Scotland Yard, Mr. Valmont?" asked Macpherson, with the air of a man trying to make conversation to bridge over a tedious interval; and before I could reply, Hale blurted out: " Not likely."

"You have no official standing as a

detective, then, Mr. Valmont?"

"None whatever," I replied quickly, thus

getting my oar in ahead of Hale.

"That is a loss to our country," pursued this admirable young man, with evident sincerity.

I began to see I could make a good deal of this young fellow if he came under my

"The blunders of our police," he went on, "are something deplorable. If they would but take lessons in stratagem, say, from France, their unpleasant duties would be so much more acceptably performed, with much less discomfort to their victims."

"France!" snorted Hale in derision. "Why, they call a man guilty there until

he's proven innocent."

"Yes, Mr. Hale, and the same seems to be the case in Imperial Flats. You have

quite made up your mind that Mr. Summertrees is guilty, and will not be content until he proves his innocence. I venture to predict that you will hear from him before long in a manner that will astonish you."

Hale grunted and looked at his watch. The minutes passed very slowly as we sat there smoking, and at last even I began to get uneasy. Macpherson, seeing our anxiety, said that when he came in, the fog was almost as thick as it had been the week before, and that there might be some difficulty in getting a cab. Just as he was speaking, the door was unlocked from outside, and Podgers entered, bearing a thick volume in his hand. This he gave to his superior, who turned over its pages in amazement, and then looked at the back, crying-

"'Encyclopædia of Sport, 1893!' What sort of a joke is this, Mr. Macpherson?"

There was a pained look on Mr. Macpherson's face as he reached forward and took the book. He said with a sigh-

"If you had allowed me to telephone, Mr. Hale, I would have made it perfectly plain to Summertrees what was wanted. I might have known this mistake would have occurred. There is nothing for it but to send this man back to Park Lane, to tell Mr. Summertrees that what we want is the locked volume of accounts for 1893, which we call the encyclo-Here, I shall write an order that will bring it. Oh, I'll show you what I have written before your man takes it," he said, as Hale stood ready to look over his shoulder.

On my notepaper he dashed off a request such as he had outlined, and handed it to Hale, who read it and gave it to Podgers.

"Take that to Summertrees, and get back as quickly as possible. Have you a cab at the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it foggy outside?"

"Not so much, sir, as it was an hour ago. No difficulty about the traffic now, sir."

"Very well; get back as soon as you can." Podgers saluted, and left with the book under his arm. Again the door was locked, and again we sat smoking in silence until the stillness was broken by the tinkle of the telephone. Hale put the receiver to his ear.

"Yes, this is the Imperial Flats. Mr. Valmont. Oh, yes, Macpherson is here. Out of what? Can't hear you. Out of print. What! the encyclopædia's out of print? Who is that speaking? Dr. Willoughby?"

Macpherson rose as if he would go to the

telephone, but instead (and he acted so quietly that I did not notice what he was doing until the thing was done), he picked up his sheet which he called his visiting-list, and, walking quite without haste, held it in the glowing coals of the fireplace until it disappeared in a flash of flame up the chimney. I sprang to my feet indignant, but too late to make even a motion towards the saving of the sheet. Macpherson regarded us both with that self-depreciatory smile which had several times lighted his face.

"How dare you burn that sheet?" I demanded.

"Because, Mr. Valmont, it did not belong to you; because you do not belong to Scotland Yard; because you stole it; because you had no right to it; and because you have no official standing in this country. If it had been in Mr. Hale's possession, I should not have dared, as you put it, to destroy the sheet; but the sheet was abstracted from my master's premises by you, an entirely unauthorised person, whom he would have been justified in shooting dead if he had found you housebreaking, and you had resisted him on his discovery. I have always held that these sheets should not have been kept, for, as has been the case, if they fell under the scrutiny of so intelligent a person as Mr. Valmont, improper inferences might have been drawn. Mr. Summertrees, however,

persisted in keeping them, but made this concession, that if ever I telegraphed him or telephoned him the word "encyclopædia," he would at once burn these records, and he on his part was to telegraph to me: "The encyclopædia is out of print," whereupon I would know that he had succeeded. Now, gentlemen, open this door, which will save me the trouble of forcing it. Either put me formally under arrest or cease to restrict my liberty. I am very much obliged to Mr. Hale for telephoning, and I have made no protest to so gallant a host as Mr. Valmont seems to be, because of the locked door. However, the farce is now terminated. The proceedings I have sat through have been entirely illegal, and, if you will pardon me, Mr. Hale, they have been a little too French to go down here in Old England, or to make a report in the newspapers that would be quite satisfactory to your chiefs. I demand either my formal arrest or the unlocking of that door."

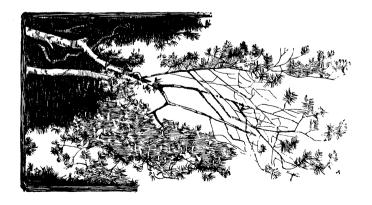
In silence I pressed a button, and my man threw open the door. Macpherson walked to the threshold, paused, and looked at Spenser Hale, who sat there silent as the Sphinx.

"Good evening, Mr. Hale."

There was no reply; then, turning to me

with the same ingratiating smile—

"Good evening, Mr. Valmont," he said.
"I shall call next Wednesday at six for my five shillings."



BEGINNINGS OF FAME.

By AGNES REPPLIER.

S soon as a man grows famous, people begin to remember — what never occurred to them before—that he was a wonderful child in the nursery, a remarkable boy at school. Old servants relate anecdotes of his infancy, and middle-aged friends recall the days when he wrote his classmates' exercises. Teachers tell stories of his early application, and affectionate sisters bear in mind the prediction of a grand-aunt, who said that Tom-then five

vears old—would make his mark in the world

some day.

It is well not to examine too closely into all these pretty tales. There is a tradition that Dr. Johnson, when he was a baby of three, trod on and killed a newly hatched duckling, the eleventh of the brood, whereupon he promptly composed the following epitaph: ---

Here lies good Master Duck, Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had lived, it had been good luck, For then we'd had an odd

This is not inspired poetry, but then

children of three do not as a rule make rhymes. They are not always able to speak plainly at that age.

When Johnson grew up and became one of the greatest scholars and writers of his day, this story began to circulate; and when his life was written by Boswell, we find it carefully repeated.

Boswell said that Mrs. Porter, Johnson's step-daughter, told him it was true; but how did Mrs. Porter know what happened years before she was born? Dr. Johnson himself sturdily declared he never composed the verse, nor any other verses at that tender age.



MILTON AS A BOY. From a painting by Cornelius Johnson.

Sometimes it happens that the man of genius does nothing remarkable in his childhood, save study a little harder, or read a little more than other children about him. Sir Walter Scott was such a boy. He took to his books—to some of them at least—with passionate delight, and stored his mind with material for future use; but he gave no token of the power that slept within him.

When Milton was a little lad, he worked so long and so late at his lessons that he

injured his eyes and paved the way for coming blindness. He went to St. Paul's School in London, and was permitted to pore over his books by candlelight, instead of being sent, as he should have been, to bed. Greek and Latin and French and Italian. and even Hebrew, he learned them all at a very early age : but he never wrote anything that won a hearing until he had entered manhood.

There was, however, another English schoolboy, iust ten years younger than Milton, a boy named Abraham Cowley, who

had a very different experience. This little fellow composed such wonderful verses before he was fourteen that they were deemed worthy to be published in a costly volume which men rushed to the bookshops to buy. It was called "Poetical Blossoms," and had a portrait of the youthful author—a very pretty child—for its frontispiece.

There were five long poems in the book, and the best of the five was written when Cowley was only ten years old. It is the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, with which Shakespeare made merry in "Midsummer Night's Dream "; but it is told very seriously and sorrowfully by the grave little poet, and dedicated to the head-master of his school,

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Milton, it is said, felt a pang of regret that a boy ten years younger than he should have so far eclipsed him in renown; but precocity is never a sure sign of genius. Cowley continued all his life to write poems and plays which to-day are forgotten by the world; while Milton's work stands for ever in its splendour and beauty and might.

The two English poets who developed earliest were Pope and Thomas Chatterton. Chatterton died when he was only seventeen, and the wonderful promise of his youth never reached fulfilment; but Pope lived to be fifty-six, and every now and then he wove some of his boyish verses in among his later ones, thinking they were too good to be lost.

He was a crippled child, sickly and deformed, with an indulgent father (that was not the day of indulgence), a brilliant and loving mother, and a devoted old aunt who taught him his letters in easy, friendly fashion when he was still a baby in the nursery. Having learned this much, he quickly taught himself the rest.

At eight, we find him reading a translation of Homer with such enjoyment that the memory of that first rapture never faded from his mind, and scribbling away at verses which nobody ever saw.

I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came,

is his pretty way of telling us what a marvellous child he was.

Pope's masters at school thought him as naughty as he was clever, and in an unkind world which mocked at his deformity he grew sharp and cruel of speech; but at home he was always gentle and happy and affectionate.

He made a play out of his beloved Iliad when he was a very little boy, and persuaded the other schoolboys to act it, though they grumbled dreadfully at the length of their parts. No one of them could play Ajax to his liking; so, after much consideration, he offered the *rôle* to the gardener, who must have been singularly good-natured, for he studied as much of it as he could, and was at least big enough and strong enough to be an imposing figure in such a youthful troupe.

Pope's early verses are really good. It is hard to think that lines so smooth and sparkling could have been written by a boy of twelve.

Only a few of those precocious efforts—and probably the best of them—have survived, because a *very* sensible friend, the Bishop of Rochester, counselled the young author to destroy the rest. He didn't wish to destroy them at all. There was an unfinished epic

of four thousand lines on Alcander, Prince of Rhodes. It was composed before the poet was thirteen, and was very dear to his heart. But the Bishop said "Burn it!" and Pope was wise enough to obey.

Of all the famous authors, Oliver Goldsmith seems to have had the jolliest time



THOMAS CHATTERTON.

when he was a child. The son of a poor Irish farmer, and as ugly and lazy a little fellow as ever lived, he took so long to learn to read that the old woman who first taught him called him a blockhead and a fool.

But she was a stupid old woman to make such a mistake. The blind harper who sat playing in the warmest corner of the kitchen turned his sightless eyes oftenest towards the boy who lay by the fire hearkening in a frenzy of delight. He knew that Oliver was no fool.

Peggy Golden, the dairymaid, sang ballads to her master's little son, and loved to see the tears raining down his face as he listened to "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night." She knew that Oliver was no fool.

Paddy Bryne, the schoolmaster, had been a soldier in his day, had fought in England's foreign wars, and was the best story-teller in the village of Lissoy. He knew that Oliver was no fool.

There never was such a jewel of a school-master as Paddy Bryne. He knew all the beautiful wild fairy tales of Ireland. He knew ghost stories that made little boys' blood run cold and their red hairs stiffen on their heads. He knew terrible legends of pirates and smugglers and robbers. He knew of children carried off by elves, and of banshees that howled on stormy nights, foretelling danger and disaster. It was

worth while to go to school and hear all these wonderful things when you had said your lessons and the afternoon light grew dim.

Oliver Goldsmith spent such breathless, happy hours listening to Paddy Bryne's stories, and to Peggy Golden's ballads, and to the blind harper's playing, that the very thought of them made his heart ache in London with longing for Lissoy. He described his birthplace in a charming poem called "The Deserted Village," and sadly wrote, knowing he should see it no more:—

I still had hopes, my long vexations past, Here to return, and die at home at last.

Perhaps it is better for a poet to have a happy, careless, imaginative childhood like this than to be stuffed full of knowledge at an early age. Goldsmith, to be sure, was incorrigibly idle. He hated his Cicero as cordially as any schoolboy hates it to-day.

Johnson was just as lazy—or would have been if he had had the chance. When he was asked in manhood how he came to be so fine a scholar, he said frankly: "My master whipt me very well at school. Without that, sir, I should have learned nothing."

On the other hand, there are children who take to their books like ducks to water, who study from pure love of studying, and who begin to scribble as soon as they know how to form their letters. Such a child was Lord Macaulay, the English historian.

It was jestingly said of him that the period



SIR WALTER SCOTT AT THE AGE OF SIX.

Engraved by J. Horsburgh from a miniature,



ABRAHAM COWLEY AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

of his greatest literary activity was from his eighth to his tenth year. He showed from the start in what direction his talent lay. When he was seven years old, he wrote for his own amusement a compendium of universal history, which began with the Deluge, ended with the French Revolution, and filled a quire of paper.

At eight, he wrote a tract, modestly designed "to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion." How a baby of eight ever came to know that there was such a place as Travancore is mystery enough; but little Tom seems to have known everything from his birth. His mother, who thought him the cleverest child in the world, wrote proudly to her friends about the "strong arguments" in this Christian tract, and evidently considered that only a pebble-hearted heathen could refuse to be converted by her son.

Macaulay was a remarkable little boy. There is no denying it. He wrote long poems on "The Battle of Cheviot," and "Olaus the Great," when he should have been grubbing in the dirt. He wrote verses to his uncle, General Macaulay, beginning:—

Now safe returned from Asia's parching strand, Welcome, thrice welcome to thy native land.

He always spelled correctly, always put commas in the right places, always expressed the most admirable and virtuous sentiments, and always used the biggest words he could find in the dictionary. Think of a school-boy, twelve years old, commencing a letter to his mother—

"MY DEAR MAMA,—"Pursuant to my promise, I resume my pen to write to you with the greatest pleasure."

Think of his telling her: "Everything now seems to feel the influence of spring"; and that he is reading for diversion Plutarch's "Lives," Milner's "Ecclesiastical History," and Fénélon's "Dialogues of the Dead." Never was a boy so little of a boy as the future historian of England.

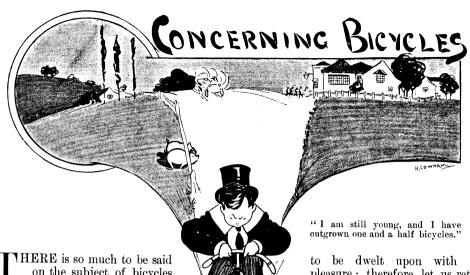
It is pleasant to turn to simpler pictures. Tennyson, who was a very great poet, was also a singularly precocious child. He could no more have helped scribbling verses when he was a little fellow than he could have helped breathing and sleeping. But nobody paid much attention to him or to them, and nobody dreamed of treasuring up these scraps of baby rhyme. Indeed, he wrote most of his effusions on his slate, which was a fine saying of paper.

He used to cover both sides of the slate with poetry of his own composing, and then wash it off and begin a fresh supply. Sometimes he merely made up the lines in his own head, and shouted them to himself when he was at play. At twelve he fell to work in earnest and wrote an immensely long poem in imitation of Sir Walter Scott. But in a few years he burned it, just as he had washed his earlier verses off his slate. His genius was ripening fast, and he had the wisdom of the great.



SAMUEL JOHNSON AS A CHILD.

From the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds reproduced from the plate published by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., Pall Mall, S.W.



BYA

BOY

WHO

ONE

RIDES

on the subject of bicycles that I find I must, from the start, confine myself to a consideration of their effect on the human character, or, more particularly, their effect on the character of boys—especially the boys of Everton House.

If I were to write on bicycles technically considered, I should have to buy a ream of foolscap for myself (which is against my principles, as I make it a rule that what I am paid for writing articles shall be all clear profit), and also I should have to learn a great deal more about them than I know at present.

My father says that indolent, inaccurate minds take refuge in

the abstract, having refused the trouble of instructing themselves in the concrete. (I didn't know what he meant until he explained it; but as you're sure to know, it need not be explained over again.)

Well, that's all jolly fine for people who, being merely talented, can master concrete details without any trouble; but it's another pair of shoes for geniuses. A real genius revels in the abstract. That's why I prefer it; and I can only hope that my father, in advising me to resist the promptings of genius in favour of the cultivation of mere talent (which I can't help regarding as extremely bad advice) is not actuated by unworthy feelings of envy.

However, paternal weakness is not the subject of this article, and it is not one

to be dwelt upon with any pleasure; therefore let us return to bicycles.

If you have not already studied the subject, you would be astonished by the change that takes place in a boy when he is put in possession of a bicycle for the first time. He may have been a quiet, unassuming chap before, but directly he gets on wheels he is as cocky as if he owned the universe; and his manner to boys who have still only their feet to take them along is always patronising, and occasionally insolent.

It's much the same with girls, only that their follies are foolisher than the follies of boys, even when the girls are grown up.

My aunt (I've mentioned her before) went on a cycling tour last summer, winding up with a visit to us; and the dayafter she arrived she kept our man busy for three hours cleaning railway labels off her bicycle.

I asked her if she didn't think she'd have had less worry travelling if she'd left her bicycle at home; and she was awfully mad, especially when she saw my father laughing. She said she had used her bicycle a great deal on her tour, and I (wishing to please and pacify her) said I supposed she had used it to go from one railway station to another; but that made her madder than ever.

Then my father, to change the subject to a certain extent, said: "How did you get your mudguard so badly bruised?"

"A stupid cabman let it slip," said my aunt, "when he was trying to hoist it on to the top of a hansom."

"Oh, then," said I, "you didn't even ride it when you got out of the train?"

And my father, although he had every wish for peace, chortled in a way that could not be mistaken.

My aunt tried to blight us both with a look, muttered something about the inconsiderateness of men and the impertinence of boys, and sailed out of the room with her nose in the air.

I have told this about my aunt merely for the sake of fairness, because I wish it to be understood that folly is not confined to the male sex, as some women—my aunt among the number—would like it to be supposed.

No boy of my acquaintance (and I know a good many) would start on a cycling tour and then do all his travelling in trains and cabs. Even Dowson wouldn't; for, as it happens, cycling is the one thing Dowson is any good at. Indeed, it may well be that having been given a bicycle at an unusually early age had a great deal to do with increasing Dowson's natural conceit and self-satisfaction to the abnormal proportions they have attained at the present time of writing.

Smith minor says he has one at home; but then we have only his word for it. He says that, being a boarder, he considered it unsafe to bring it to school, and I advised him not to make the same remark to any of the boarders.

This shows (I mean Smith minor's remark, not my advice) that the possession (or supposed possession) of a bicycle is liable to develop a sense of mean caution and shabby suspicion in the possessor (or supposed possessor), as well as the uppishness which has been already enlarged upon.

You may perhaps wish to know whether I have escaped these moral defects myself; and, so far as uppishness is concerned, I think I may truthfully say that I am kept humble by the rapid growth of my legs.

You see, I know that, although I ride my bieycle to-day, I may be unable to ride it to-morrow—or, less poetically speaking, in a couple of months' time—and that there may be doubts as to the exact date on which I can get another.

I am still young, and I have outgrown one and a half bicycles. I mean that I got



rid of one two years ago, and have very nearly outgrown the one I am riding now, which makes the half.

I should have no uneasiness were it not for the extraordinary difficulty of getting smaller fellows to buy what one outgrows. Without the help of a little simple, honest trading of this kind, it is not easy to make one's Christmas boxes and birthday presents stretch to the constant purchase of new bicycles; and the strain of uncertainty about one's future acts wholesomely in preventing one from being unduly cocky in the present.

As for the caution and suspicion, I don't think these things are in my nature to any harmful degree. I have even been told that I ought to try to grow more caution than I have; but one can't grow in many directions simultaneously without being weedy in all, and someone will have to show me how to

check my legs before I can afford to launch out into moral increases.

It strikes me that this is rather a good opportunity to advertise the bicycle I have half outgrown, so I will here insert a few particulars, and anyone wishing for more can be referred to me.

It was a ripping machine when I bought it, and cost an awful lot of money (I had to go on tick for many necessaries for six months afterwards), and it really ought to be as good as new at the present minute. The only drawbacks to the perfection of its condition are injuries occasioned by little personal misadventures—a bruised handlebar, a bent pedal, and so forth. Also, a short while ago, some rotter at Everton House borrowed it

(entirely without my consent), and brought it back looking as if he had laid it down on the ground and hired a motor to run over On this occasion the gear-case was damaged and certain spokes removed.

The same evening I told my father that Brown's uncle had read his last book and was delighted with it; and, when I saw him looking pleased and at peace with the world, I asked him for a modest sum. His supply met exactly half my demand, therefore I could do little more than get the spokes restored. I thought that, considering the trouble I had taken to make him happy, he had treated me rather shabbily; but that has no bearing on the present question.

From what I have said it can be seen that anvone with a little ready money convenient for spending on repairs would have a really good bargain in my bike at half price.

I had really a great many other things to say about bicycles, but my supply of paper presents the usual difficulty, and—talk about caution and suspicion! - my father has actually begun to keep tally of his foolscap.



"I (wishing to please and pacify her) said I supposed she had used it to go from one railway station to another.'

ISRAELS.

MAARTEN MAARTENS. Bv



I were rich—a thing I never shall be—I should chuck up the whole thing tomorrow.'' The speaker was a man in middle life—Dante's five-and-thirty-palefaced and nervous. the sort of man who

lives by ploughing and harrowing his own brains. He was a fairly successful journalist and writer. At this moment he lay back, tired, in an easy-chair at his club.

The other man, also in an easy-chair, also tired, also a journalist, looked up lazily, watching the blue smoke of his cigar.

"Have you ever reflected," he asked,

"what you would do instead?"

"A score of times."

"Do you know, I never have. never occurred to me that I could, by any possibility, become rich. In fact, I know I can't.'

"Nor can I. It is quite as impossible for That constitutes the chief charm of

thinking it out."

"I don't quite understand, but I suppose you have more imagination than I have.

"I have plenty of imagination of a kind. But I have to be the hero of my own imaginings. I don't run to a novel or a

"You could live a drama, but you couldn't get one acted by other people." The voice indicated banter. "In other words, you are

a strictly subjective genius."

The middle-aged man—he was a good deal the younger of the two-didn't like banter. "I am not a genius at all," he answered "Would you pass me a light?" shortly.

"H'm; I'm not so sure," said the elder man, complying. "Well, tell me, Kortum, if you came into a fortune to-morrow, what would you do? Chuck up all the writing. Get away from the treadmill. Naturally-

"I should live absolutely and entirely for

myself henceforth."

"In these altruistic days that sounds frankly refreshing. You mean you would spend all your money in having an unmitigated good time? "Yes.

"Like the once famous Jubilee Plunger?" "No, not a bit like that. My enjoyments, as you can realise, Hackner, if you choose, would be largely intellectual. Not only so.

They would also be sensuous."

"Invite me, please."

"You wilfully misunderstand. My chief delight would be to escape at once, and for ever, from this grey town, from this chill country, from the whole bleak, ugly North. I should never again, during this brief life, leave sunshine and orange-groves, blue seas That, I admit, is and Oriental colour. merely sensuous—up to a point. For there is more artistic enjoyment in a month of Spain or Italy than in a cycle of—Cathay."

"You know the South?"

"Know it? No. I have glimpsed at it -twice, in a tourist's trip—seen its possibilities, like a hungry boy at a pastry-cook's window. Seen just enough to keep a craving at my heart for ever. Oh, what's the use of talking? I say, isn't this a beastly glum hole, this murky, native city of ours? Wouldn't you be precious glad to escape from it?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the elder man, musingly watching his rings of smoke. "It is a beastly place, but I suppose I've got

past wanting to leave it."

"Not I. Every year makes it worse—and the horrible grind. However, this sort of talk isn't much good. I'm out of sorts to-night. Something's happened to upset me. A fellow had much better simply play the game."

The grey-haired man looked kindly at the black-haired one. "At your age," he said, "there's always a chance of something

turning up."

"Oh, no. And it's a poor sort of chap who hopes for that! Besides, I once had an only chance—a sort of a chance—and That's as much as would fall to lost it. the lot of any man." He shook himself "Please don't think, Hackner, that I'm the sort of fool who goes through

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"'If I were rich, I should chuck up the whole thing to-morrow."

life grumbling, and playing in a lottery, or helping old bodies over crossings in hopes of a legacy. You know me better than that."

"I know you better than that, dear boy. It was I that set you building your castles in the air. I assure you I built plenty in my day, if not on the impossible chance of a fortune; but my castles, like many an older one, are—ruins. I am sorry something has occurred to put you out."

"Oh, it's nothing; only I suppose it was that set me talking about money. You know the rich paper-manufacturer, Ostlar?"

"By sight. Thear he is very ill."

"He is dying. I met his doctor this morning. He can't live through the night, the doctor said."

"Well, I suppose he is one of the richest men in the City. His mills and his money will go to some distant relatives, Heaven knows where."

"Or perhaps to a charity?" said Kortum.

"Possibly. One never heard of his having any relations. And it is quite in accordance with the present craze for vast philanthropic

bequests.

"I hate," said Kortum, "this parade of charity nowadays. What a sickening thing is all our philanthropic notoriety, in the papers after death, and on the platforms before! I am burning to write a series of articles on it, showing the people up. Any villain nowadays can earn universal respect by large public donations; any fool can make himself interesting by talking about the poor. And the meanest of all are those that wait to disgorge some of their ill-gotten gains till they're dead."

"'Tis easiest for those that have nothing to disgorge, or to leave behind them, to

anvone."

Kortum remembered that his companion was a married man with a family. He edged away from what might become delicate

ground.

"The public like articles abusing the rich," he said. "That's the strangest thing about our time; they like them, because they think they're deserved. Never, I suppose, not even in Juvenal's day, has money been so entirely the one thing desired and desirable. In the Rome of the Decline, in the Byzantine corruption, there were always a great many superstitions, and a good many class distinctions, left; we have absolutely nothing but the greed, and the recognition, of gold. Yet, at the same time, even in my day, since I was a boy, there has come up an uncomfortable feeling that the new

religion is a base religion, that great wealth is a thing to be ashamed of—the very wealthy themselves are ashamed of it, and try to apologise, as it were, by making some sort of philanthropic stir. I mean the intellects among them; of course, there are plenty of hereditary fools that just fool along."

"Yes, I suppose that is true," said the other thoughtfully, a little comforted about his own poverty, as Kortum, perhaps, had

intended he should be.

"Now, if I were rich," continued Kortum, "I should resist all that modern affectation. It wouldn't touch me. I should use my money, as intended, rationally, for myself."

"That's why you don't get it."

"That, if correct—which it isn't (look around you!)—would only prove what a blind idiot is Fortune. Spending money is a far better way of diffusing it than giving it—far more beneficial to the community. All this talk about charity, luxury, the simpler life, is rubbish, economically and socially unsound."

"Old Ostlar made all his money for himself, and kept it to himself, and now he is leaving it behind him," moralised the older man, the poorer man, the man with children.

"What we need," said Kortum, not heeding him, "is to get away from all this maudlin controlling of each other's actions. The whole world just now is conscience to its neighbour. We want to get back to 'Every man for himself, and the State to see fair play."

"Well, that's a generous attitude, at any rate, in a man as—unwealthy as yourself. The social conscience of most of us havenots is just wanting to get at the haves."

nots is just wanting to get at the haves."

Kortum laughed. "I treat of these things theoretically," he said. "As a matter of fact, I am really quite happy as I am. The work's interesting enough, though one abuses it, and I've always a spare coin for a cigar or a drink, to a friend. Yes, I'm happy enough. I should be awfully bored, say, with a large business, or as a thieving lawyer, or in a dozen other positions that one sees men happy in. A thousand a year and Italy; that's my ideal. Old Ostlar set me thinking about rich and poor."

"But why should the thought of him put

you out?"

Kortum reflected a moment. "Why shouldn't I tell you? It's really of little importance. You were saying he had no known relatives. But you've heard, I supvose, of his friend?"

"No. Who was he?"

"Dear me, I thought everybody knew about that business. How we exaggerate our own importance! Well, it's long ago. For the first quarter of a century of their lives, Ostlar and my father, living side by side in the same village, and then working together in the same foreign surroundings, were inseparable comrades. At the age of fifteen they ran away from home to the same ship. As a grown man, Ostlar fell violently in love with a young woman; he worked long for her, got engaged to her; then my father stole her away from him. I'm afraid my father—didn't behave very well. my mother was worth it. She told Ostlar she couldn't love anyone but my father. He never spoke to either of them again, nor took any further notice of them. They tried several times to make up, but he never answered."

"Probably he couldn't trust himself. It was better so," said Hackner, with a sym-

pathetic whiff of his pipe.

"I dare say. But, you know, he grew into a dreadful old curmudgeon; his temper was All his workpeople hated him, I When I was born, they — my believe. parents — asked him to let bygones be bygones, and come and stand godfather. That was the only time he ever took any notice or made any reply."

"What did he do?" asked the other with

"Sent them the will, torn across, which he had made before his engagement, in his early days, by which he left the little he then possessed to my mother—or to my father, if she died without heirs."

Hackner, the worn man with the kindly eyes, looked straight in front of him, and, as the silence deepened, he remarked: "It was hardly judicious, perhaps, however well meant -that asking him to be your godfather."

"I suppose not. But, you see, I seem to have missed somehow being, either by my mother or my father, old Ostlar's ultimate heir."

"In rather a topsy-turvy manner—don't you think?"

Kortum broke into a peal of merriment. "Well, yes. I didn't mean to be literal. Talking of money, do you know the Chief told me the other day he was going to raise my salary?"

"He ought to have done it long ago. They have been underpaying you for years."

"Do you think so? I'm so glad you think so! If it has to be one or the other—and I suppose it mostly has—I for one would much rather be under- than over-paid. At least —and again he laughed—"I would much rather have my friends, my colleagues, take that view." And then they talked on of "the Shop," as they called it—the office of the great morning and evening daily, with the incessant worry through most hours of the twenty-four. They talked on, as men do who have great part of their life in common; dozens of petty interests cropping up along the road, as they talked on.

"Please, sir, you're wanted at the telephone," said a noiseless waiter at Kortum's

"Nine o'clock!" cried Hackner, at the same time, rising. "Dear me, I must hurry home.'

Kortum had taken up a review. "It's only my landlady," he said, "wanting to know whether she must still keep my dinner. had told her I should dine at home to-night. Just speak to her as you go down, will you?—that's a good fellow!—and tell her I shan't dine at all."

"For a man who is going to live in luxury some day, you are wonderfully abstemious at present," said Hackner.

"I should go to my dinner fast enough if it were a particularly good one." He settled himself in his deep leather chair. "It is the thought that one will never be able to command a very much better meal which is so depressing; it keeps one from enjoying this."

"Fie. Kortum! And just now you were

saving you were contented——'

Kortum looked up from his "Quarterly" with the shine in his dark eyes that everyone who knew him liked. "Are you always consistent?" he said. "Besides, if I may say so, I shouldn't care about ordering the banquet unless I could get somebody to share it." He had not read many pages of an article on Labour Colonies in Roumania when Hackner once more stood between him and the light.

"It's not your landlady who wants you,"

he said, "but Rosberg, the lawyer."

"Well, what does he want? I don't know him. I suppose I must go." Kortum

"He asked whether you could come round to see him. I said you would, unless I telephoned afresh."

"I don't know where he lives. Some-

where on the Heerengracht?"

"Yes. He gave the number—eighty-seven. Well, good night. I must get home to my wife.

"Good night. I suppose it is some tiresome charity business. But they won't get me on to any more of their committees. I

had enough of the last."

Meditating on the follies and iniquities of charity bazaars, concerts, and balls, Hans Kortum started for the Heerengracht. was a bitterly cold winter evening. east wind whistled along the blackness of the gloomy streets. People hurried past, wrapped close, as if eager to get away from the weather. At a corner a child held out its hand. "Get away!" said Hans; "it's very wrong to beg." The child ran beside him whining. "Get away!" he said; "it's very wrong to give to beggars." The child ran beside him whining. He gave it a silver He turned on to the Heerengracht, which is a sombre, a stately, a cold canal. He passed one of the biggest mansions upon it, and looked up at the dead stone front. "Old Ostlar's house," he said to himself. "I must be getting near the lawyer's number. He looked under the next street lantern. Ninety-nine. He retraced his steps. Eightyseven was old Ostlar's.

He rang; the bell sounded away into the hollow stillness with a foolishly persistent clang. The whole front of the house was dark. After a wait there approached a feeble shuffling, bolts were drawn back, and by the light of a flickering candle, an old woman appeared in a great empty marble hall.

"This—this is not Mr. Rosberg's?" said Kortum lamely. "Could you direct me

where he lives?"

"It's all right, sir," replied the old crone in a shrill voice. "Are you Mr. Kortum? Come in. He is waiting to speak to you." And she flung open a heavy oak door and stood aside.

Hans Kortum entered a lofty dining-room, the walls of which were covered with Italian landscape, over oaken wainscoting, in the Dutch manner of the eighteenth century. Unlike the hall, this handsome room was well lighted by Japanese bronze oil-lamps, and on one half of the broad table silver and glass had been laid out for a meal. A decanter of wine stood there, and the lawyer had helped himself to its contents.

"Yes," said Rosberg, a little old notary, with a brisk, impertinent manner, "I had to speak to you at once, and it was best we should meet here. Old Ostlar is dead. Did

you know him?"

"No," replied Kortum.

"So much the simpler. Well, he has left you all his money."

"Good Heavens!"

"You may well say so. So should I, if Providence had acted so well by me; but it hasn't. He has made you not only his sole heir, but his executor. I have the will here"—he leant with his hand on a long blue document. "There are one or two things you must do to-night, and do here. That's why I asked you to come round."

"Can I read the will?" asked Hans.

"By all means. Shall I read it to you?"

"I think, if you don't mind, I should like

to read it by myself."

"By all means," replied the lawyer, offended. "Well, yes; he says a thing or two—but I dare say you will understand. Would you like to do everything else by yourself, too?"

"Is there anything very special?"

"Well, perhaps not to-night. There will be formalities to-morrow. But he wishes you to stay in the house to-night." The lawyer replenished his glass. "It is perhaps hardly a festive occasion. Still, you must allow me to drink to your good fortune, Mr.——"

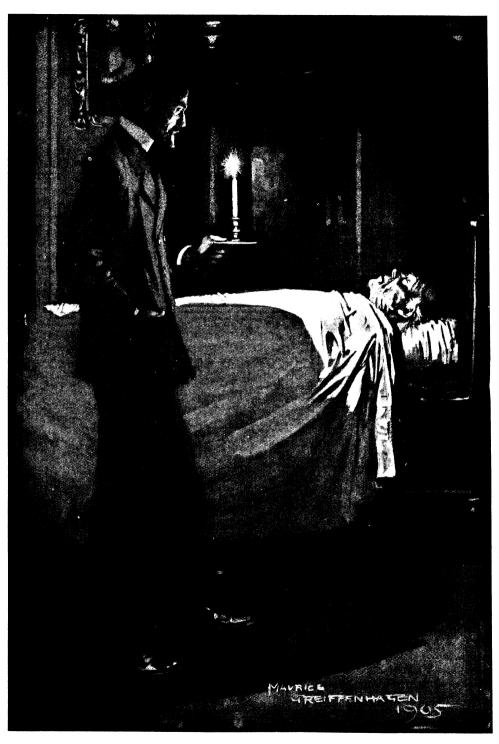
"Oh, not to-night! Not here!" cried Hans.

The lawyer emptied his glass in silence. Then he said: "It's a very fair claret," wished Kortum a curt "Good night," and took his leave.

Hans sat down in the nearest chair—a fine old bit of flowered Utrecht velvet—and stared around like a man demented. In the deadly silence he gazed at the splendid room, and then at the bit of blue paper which, the lawyer had said, gave all this to him. All this? A great deal more. He was one of the richest men in the town.

Then he thought of the dead man lying upstairs, with whom he had never exchanged a word in his life, whom he only knew by sight. He supposed he must go and see him now, for the last time—near, for the first—a curious thrill of unwillingness ran through him. The lawyer had said there were things he must do at once. He drew the document towards him.

It was simply worded. It said that Hans Kortum's mother had been the hope and the joy and the ruin of Ostlar's life. He could not forgive her and he could not leave off loving her. He told this to her son. And after her death, her husband being dead also—only a few years ago—the old man had made this will, leaving all he possessed to her only child.



"He stood looking at the cold, yellow face."

e . 33%

He asked Hans to come, immediately upon the news of his death, into the house no Kortum had ever entered, and not to leave it till after the funeral. "I have lived alone; I shall die alone," he wrote. He was evidently anxious that his heir should protect the remains and see that they were treated decently. Moreover, he asked him to burn, unread, within twelve hours, a parcel of letters, and to place on the dead breast, before it was cold, a portrait and a lock of hair.

Kortum rang at once. The old woman conducted him to the death-chamber. was a sombre room, with green hangings. He stood looking at the cold, yellow face. In an escritoire he found the things as described; he recognised the girl-portrait of his mother. At the moment when he took the keys from the dead man's table, he felt that the change in his own life came true. By the light of his solitary candle he crept downstairs again. He remembered now that old Ostlar had taken over this whole house, with all the furniture, in a bankruptcy which he himself had brought about. He had lived in it with the old charwoman-housekeeper and a slavey.

In the dining-room he found the old woman placing several dishes, cold, all of them—an aspic, a French pâte, a fruit jelly—a luxurious, if somewhat peculiar repast. "He said I was to get them from the pastry-cook's for you," remarked the old woman. "He told me to spend twenty florins on them. He must have been wandering in his mind. But I done it. He never spent five on a meal for himself in his life."

Something rose up in Hans Kortum's throat and choked him for a moment. It was all the mourning old Ostlar had.

Hans ate some of the good things, and that cleared his mind wonderfully. He leant back in his chair and surveyed the situation.

Well, he was rich now, suddenly rich beyond his wildest dreams. A little too rich, he was afraid, but he mustn't mind that. He could do all he had ever wanted to do. And he had written his last unwilling article! Oh, joy! he had written his last unwilling article!

Within a fortnight he would leave for Italy; would leave all his old, murky world behind him; would leave, and begin a new life. At last he would enjoy to the full his long pent-up love for all that is beautiful. Here, in this northern city, everything was ugly. Oh, yes, of course, there were a few

beautiful pictures in the Museum, and you could occasionally hear very beautiful music. But that does not make life beautiful. The city itself was monstrous, the streets, the shops, the clothes, the factories—everything he could think of—the faces, the climate, the ideals, the conversations, the moneymaking, the vulgar newspapers. In a fortnight he would be away from it all.

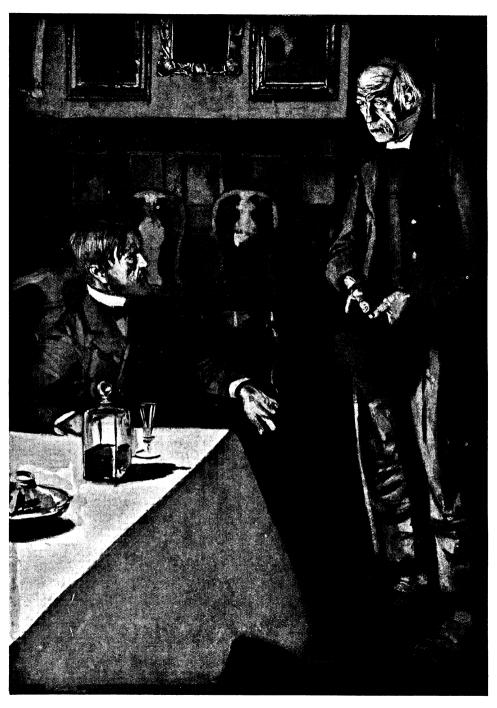
His eyes rested on the temples and nymphs of the painted landscape around him. The walls of the room were a blaze of sunlight and a maze of revelry. In this way the old seventeenth-century Dutchmen endeavoured to escape from the grey platitude of their daily lives. Soon he would be amidst the real thing. Dear me, these Italian landscapes were very well done; so well, they really might be Moucherons. He took up a lamp to examine them. What a sensuous delight of colour and movement! What happiness! What a joy of living, unknown in these latitudes! He wondered—were they Moucherons? Admirably done.

they Moucherons? Admirably done.

And suddenly a desire seized him to discover what other treasures the house possessed that had now become his. What was behind those two finely carved folding-doors? He flung them open, and stood, lamp in hand, on the threshold of a white and gold Louis XV. saloon. The furniture and hangings were dark blue and silver silk. Against the walls hung a number of pictures in gilt frames. Modern art, as he saw at a glance. He advanced towards the nearest. An Israels! The great living Dutch painter of pathos in humble life. A poor woman by an empty cradle in the grey sorrow of the lonely room.

He went on quickly to the next. A fisherwoman by her open door, looking out to the stormy sea. An Israels. A very fine one. Full of subdued anguish and stress in sea and sky. The next. Two old peasants in the dull, drab cottage at their all too scanty meal. Under this a title: "Their Daily Crust." He stood looking at it a long time; as he turned away, his eyes were soft. He remembered now having heard that the man on whom Ostlar had foreclosed had been a great art connoisseur, and had wasted his money buying pictures. Why, every one of these paintings must now be worth thousands of pounds!

Another large picture arrested him as he turned. A splendid thing. A sick child in the cupboard-bedstead at the side; in the middle, father and mother by the table, his pockets inside out, a few coppers on the board. And near to this another sadly



""Begging your pardon, sir, this is a very important event for all of us."

simple, impressive scene. A young man, neat and poor, in front of a closed door, in the dark drizzle, turning away, looking straight at you with despair in his eyes. Under this also a title, though unnecessary: "No Work." The whole room seemed to be hung with Israels; the pinched poverty stared out too terribly against the mass of heavy gilding and brocade.

He went back to the dining-room and sat for a long time thoughtful. He must spend the whole night in this house, by the dead man's will. He had no wish to go to bed;

he knew he would not sleep.

At midnight a knock came at the diningroom door, startling him. A man entered, evidently an artisan of the most superior "I beg your pardon, sir," said the class. man. "I understand you are the new master. I arranged with the housekeeper to watch here, while she lay down."

"Oh, yes, quite right. But how do you mean—master? Are you "—Kortum looked dubious—"a servant of——?"

"I've been foreman The man smiled. at the paper-mills for thirty years."

"Oh, of course! The paper-mills!" exclaimed Kortum.

"Begging your pardon, sir, this is a very important event for all of us, sir. There's eight hundred hands at the paper-mills."

" Eight hundred hands!"

"And, if I might be so bold as to say it, sir "- he paused; then, with an effort: "It's a very anxious moment for us." Kortum did not answer. "The—mills will be kept on?"

"Doubtless. I shall sell them."

"God help us, if that be true!"

"What do you mean? You'll probably get as good a master as you've lost."

The old foreman shook his head. "May I speak, sir, to-night, while there's time?"

"Speak, if you like," answered Kortum.
"Sit down!" With a respectful movement the old man declined this invitation.

"You can't sell the mills, sir, and that's the truth. You can only close them. My old master was not an easy man to get on with—he was soured, somehow; but he had his soft side. I could get on with him, though I say it myself, and he'd often talk over matters with me that even the gentlemen in the office didn't quite know the rights of. Well, sir, he'd made a power of money out of the mills, but in the last years they didn't even pay their expenses. my own fault, Brest, he would say to me; 'I can't put in the new improvements.

too old. We must rub on like this now; it isn't for long.' He knew he was breaking

"Well, the new man will put in the new

improvements."

"No, he won't, sir. There's too much to do. It wouldn't be worth any man's while to buy the mills."

"Then we must close them. I am going

to live in Italy."

"There's eight hundred hands, sir. And master, he said to me: 'The new master must work the business up. There's plenty of ready money to keep it going and put it He didn't say who the new master would be, sir, but 'He's a young man,' he says, 'and energetic, and he's chosen an occupation that you have to be quick in and sharp. And I see his name down in charity committees, so, you see, he cares about the He'll probably have all the newfangled notions about libraries and pensions, Brest; so he'll be a better master than I. I hope and believe he will, says master, with such a break in his voice that I stood up to 'Why, you've kept the mills going at a loss, for the people, all these years, says I. 'And what business is that of yours?' says master—he was like that. 'Didn't I make all my money out of my mills?' says he. There, sir, now I've told you all."

"Did your master tell you to tell me?"

demanded Kortum, shading his face.

"No, sir—but he didn't tell me not to tell you."

"There is no need of the mills. Why, the pictures in the next room alone must be worth more money than I shall want."

"The pictures of the poor people, sir?"

"But I couldn't manage mills."

"There's very good men in the office, sir. Old master, he had a wonderful gift of selecting men, so I thought we must be all right in his selecting you as his heir."

"There isn't a word of all this in the will. He expressly says what he wishes me to do."

"About the mills, sir?"

"No, about other matters. Eight hundred hands at the mills?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is a splendid vocation."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Look here, you had better leave me alone now. I am going to Italy for a couple of months with a friend. After that, I suppose I shall come back here."

He motioned the man away. Then he went back to the white and gold saloon, and closed the door upon himself and the pictures.



PREHISTORIC TALES.

By CHARLES GLEIG.

III.—THE ORDER OF THE KNUCKLEBONE.

HE prehistoric legends, backed in this instance by geological indications, whisper faintly to us through the ages of an exceptionally hard winter that prevailed during the early manhood of Ug. This terrible winter is thought to have continued in Britain during five or ten years, and is attributed by geologists to the encroachments of the Northern ice-cap, now deservedly banished by His Celestial Majesty the Sun, to the polar regions. During this long winter the Sux tribe, like others in these latitudes, suffered from a certain deficit of revenue. Reindeer, as we should say nowadays, grew "tight," although no aspersion upon the morals of a well-



"They had passed through a long period of gastronomic depression."

conducted species is intended. Indeed, everything was tight, and the market value of skins rose enormously. Undressed suits for the men became very fashionable, whilst the brief beginnings of the female skirt may be clearly traced to the encroachments of the ice-cap. Skirts went out of fashion again during the "warm" age, commencing about 9980 B.C., the ladies of West Britain reverting then to necklaces, ornate belts, and hairpins. I merely mention this fact in passing, to show that fashions in costume

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have been but slightly influenced by prudery, and very materially by climate.

After some six months on a diet of salted meat, the young men of the tribe grew so discontented that old Sux felt it politic to organise a raid. He was growing infirm

and rheumatic, having resided for over half a century in hollow trees and damp caves. It is quite a mistake to suppose that prehistoric man lived to a green old age. usually died a violent death in his prime; and if he survived the flint hatchets of the enemy, he perished a few years later from pneumonia or consumption, or was unintentionally poisoned by the medicine man The of the tribe. medical degree was difficult to secure even in Ug's day, but when secured, it was deadly. In the Sux tribe, for example, a high fever was treated with cold douche and double rations; and if the illness terminated fatally—as it usually did—the medical practitioners could always put the blame upon malevolent spirits. British dames thought twice about calling in the doctor ages ago.

Some neighbour had to be raided, it grew evident; and the old Chief favoured an attack upon the Muk tribe, whilst Ug and several of the younger chiefs fancied an

excursion into Wales.* Old Sux was growing timid, and discouraged distant expeditions. In the absence of all the young warriors, the old men and the womenfolk were exposed to considerable risks.

Secondly, he dwelt upon the entente which had lately prevailed between the Sux and Muk tribes. The Muks, he argued, would be unprepared. His third reason old Sux kept to himself. The Muks were rather short of young women, and the Chief felt it



"As he went through the skull-splitting exercises."

desirable to guard against alien importation during a period of dearth; besides, he did not admire the Muk type of beauty, the ladies being rather slender.

Ug had been urged by his wife to support the foreign policy of the Chief. She was, you may remember, one of his thirty-three daughters; but filial duty did not greatly

^{*} These modern names are retained for convenience; the prehistoric name for Wales was Taff-mo, or, as we should say, Taffyland.



"The Order of the Knucklebone."

influence her. She had heard that the Welsh women were beautiful, and this greatly simplified her desire for a Muk raid.

"Don't support the Welsh raid, my lord," she had said. "Your little lake eyes would be so auxious if her beloved Ug had to cross the treacherous ice."

"The Channel is as hard as the heart of a Taff," he assured her.

To content her, however, Ug had promised to support the Chief. The debates in Council were strictly confidential, so that he could vote either way without Zug being any the wiser. Indeed, it was largely due to Ug's influence-that the young chiefs at the Council threw out the Muk Raid Bill, and decided upon the Welsh punitive expedition. This being settled, Ug, in a soldierly speech, urged that every other warrior (he meant to be one of the others himself) should carry a young pine tree across the frozen channel. He showed how these could be formed into rafts, if the raiders should happen to strike open water, and so enable them to pass in relative safety to the next ice-field. It was an inspiration of the highest prehistoric military (or, perhaps, naval) genius. And Ug's strategic plan was received acclamation, for every warrior hoped that his neighbour would be let in for the pine porterage. One sees in this plan the genius of Ug. Had he proposed that all should carry wood, the Council would have disparaged his strategy.

Despite the scarcity of provisions, old Sux ordered a State banquet in honour of the raid, and it was held the same evening on the beach. He made the necessary issues of food with reluctance, but the conventions had to be observed. The Chief was growing parsimonious in his age. In generous youth there had been gorges in his cave which were still remembered with enthusiasm: indeed. prior to his election as Head Chief, Sux had even given public feasts, and dispensed bear soup to the aged during hard winters. The Chief was sagacious, and had been a mighty performer with flint hatchets in his prime. Perhaps the burden of a large family may have sapped his liberality in these declining years. He drew a tenth share of all plunder earned by the warriors, but was expected to reward meritorious achievement or conspicuous bravery out of his own larder.

The tribal feast was only a moderate

success, for there was some grumbling among the warriors owing to the scarcity of preserved blubber, whilst a deficiency of

oil was resented by the women. however, bluffed many of the guests by the heartiness of his after-dinner speech, and his confident prediction that the raid would prove not only a military triumph, but a commercial success. They had passed, he said, through a long period of gastronomic depression; but the High Priest and his virtuous assistants were in frequent communication with the ancestors of the tribe, and all the portents were favourable to the The great Jim-Jam (the chief idol of the Suxes) had thrice nodded his head when humbly consulted by the High Priest. mentioning this very encouraging portent, the Chief hoped that he was not being too ("Go on!" shouted the young warriors encouragingly.) But there were other portents, known to the Council, as to which he (old Sux) was bound to exercise reticence. He concluded by proposing the health of Ug ("his valiant son-in-law"), to whose skilful leadership the tribe had previously owed many a banquet and not a few consignments of slaves.

The next day was devoted to sleeping off the effects of the banquet and to raiding preparations. The heart of many an unfledged youth beat high as he went through the skull-splitting exercises and watched, with the tail of his eye, the admiring glances of the maidens.

At dawn the raiders started, looking, as they disappeared in the fog, like a band of

animated scaffolding poles.

It is best to omit a description of the raid, since the gallant deeds of the Sux warriors on the Welsh coast might seem barbarous to modern readers. Let it suffice to say that a prosperous tribe, residing near the place now called Penarth, was successfully surprised, slaughtered, and despoiled. All were flinted or clubbed, except a score of men, the belles of the tribe, and a select few of the younger On the fourth day the raiders returned, well supplied with foreign foodstuffs, skins, and weapons. Their spoils were carried by the male prisoners, who were afterwards sacrificed to Jim-Jam with much ceremony. One tenth of the booty, including livestock, was duly commandeered by old Sux, another tenth by the priests; and a week or so was pleasantly passed in feasting and sacrificing the male prisoners. It was a very enjoyable time for the Suxes. Ug was happy, for he had increased his military reputation, and felt that he had mounted a long step nearer to the goal of his ambitions. His aim was to succeed old

Sux, none of whose sons inherited the sagacity of the Chief.

But when the revels were ended, Ug very naturally began to consider how large a share of the plunder would be allotted to him in nor expect the tribe to provide for his family for three generations.

At length Sux assembled the tribe and, having perched himself upon a high boulder, began a long speech. His subjects squatted

round him in a circle, the ladies, according to the custom of that robust age, taking back seats, thankful to get even standing room. wore their best furs and feathers, for the weather was still terribly cold, despite the cheering forecasts of the High Priest. Zug wore the famous pebble necklace outside her fur collar. The girls without necklaces, who predominated, said it was vulgar ostentation, but Zug did not care.

In the course of his long-winded speech, the Chief so warmly eulogised the genius of Ug that the gallant young raider would scarcely have felt surprised had two-tenths of the plunder been voted to him. The parsimonious old Chief had devised a more economical plan of rewarding military prowess, and his sage example has been followed by monarchs and governments ever since.

Concluding with a gorgeous bouquet of eulogy, Sux produced from his skins the knucklebone of a reindeer, to which was attached some three fect of sinew.

"Know, O tribesmen!"
he said, "that I, your
Chief and trusted
Councillor, have this day
established the Honourable Order of the Knuckle-

bone. Upon my beloved kinsman I bestow the insignia of the Order, which henceforth he shall wear around his neck as a token to all men of his valour and genius in war. I direct, further, that this mighty warrior shall be addressed as 'Ug, wearer of the Knucklebone!'"



"Did him the honour of rubbing noses."

recognition of his public services. These primitive, prehistoric patriots must not be judged by modern ethical standards. Nor, indeed, were Ug's desires conspicuously immoderate. He did not dream of claiming 100,000 pounds of salt meat, for example,

Thus saying, Sux passed the loop of sinew over the head of his perplexed relative and did him the honour of rubbing noses. Thereat a great whoop of acclamation burst from the tribesmen, and—as previously arranged by the wily Chief—a band of pretty maidens, waving feathers and glistening with the best oil, clustered around Ug and paid him homage.

When he had obtained silence, Sux went on to say that "Wearers of the Knucklebone" would be expected to give a feast to the tribe—a rule which was very well received by all,

except Ug.

Ug, in his reply, said he was too much overcome by his feelings to be able to express fully the rapture he experienced in becoming a wearer of the distinguished Order. He felt, he confessed, rather lonely on his pinnacle of fame, and hoped that other patriots would speedily be exalted by their gracious Chief. Having kissed the Chief's left elbow, he sat down amidst whoops and yells that might have been audible at Penarth but for the death of the inhabitants of that charred and gutted settlement.

Later in the day, the wearer of the honourable Order sought a private interview with the Chief, and found him in his cave.

Sux rose and courteously offered his visitor half-a-pound of blubber on a skewer.

Ug, curtly refusing the refreshment (a serious breach of etiquette), plunged into his grievance. The Chief heard him with some patience. He could afford to make allowances for Ug's disappointment.

"My dear boy," he said at last, "I can understand your discontent, though you hid

it very creditably in public."

"When you let me in for a feast," said Ug, "I could hardly keep my scraper off your august person. That, at least, you might have spared me."

"Son-in-law, be comforted," replied Sux. "The day will come when you will rule over this greedy tribe, and then, believe me, you will feel more grateful to me than you do this evening."

"Shall I indeed succeed you, O Chief?"

said Ug.

"I swear it!" replied old Sux, and laid his nose kindly against that of his kinsman.

Breaking the nasal contact, the Chief again spoke words of wisdom that sank like a flint arrow-head into the mind of the young general.

"Ug, my friend," concluded the Chief, "you will save a lot of good food and plunder, after I am gone, by this honourable Order. For knucklebones are many, O Ug, and plunder is always scarce."

HIS ARROGANCE OF ARCADY.

THERE is hardly a sign of leaf or blossom,

But burnished buds shine purple and brown;

The starling's mail has its early gloss on, And Daffydowndilly has come to town.

The missel-thrush is in finest feather, With russet back and with mottled breast:

Still through the storm and the rough Spring weather

We hear his voice above all the rest.

We'll soon forget there was ever a bare tree—

"Spring is coming! Oh, Spring is here!"

Loud he sings in the gaunt old pear-tree, Boldest herald of all the year. See him bathing in lordly leisure,
While sparrows watch from the fountain's
rim:

Even the robins wait his pleasure, None so rash as to challenge him.

He is the lawn's Lord High Comptroller:
If you surprise him down by the fir,
Cracking a snail on the old stone
roller,

Off he flies with an angry whirr-r-r!

But I think it is he should beg our pardon,

For we let him build in our ivy bowers.

Though he sings in our cross old neighbour's garden

More, far more, than he sings in ours.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

ULYSSES McCLEOD.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.

VI.—ON THE CANAL GRANDE.



APTAIN DUFA-YEL, soldier of fortune and promoter of revolution, descending the stair of his unostentatious lodging on the Riva degli Schiavoni, encountered a tall, very handsome young

man of weather-beaten countenance, and

incontinently made joyous outcry.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Captain Dufayel; "McCleod! McCleod!" and kissed the tall young man vehemently upon both cheeks.

"What do you here in Venice?" he demanded. "Why are you not in Shanghai?"

"Why am I not in Montevideo?" argued the tall young man logically, "or, for the matter of that, in John o' Groats? I left Shanghai a month ago. What are you doing here? Is there something on?"

Captain Dufayel closed one eye and stroked

his beautiful moustache.

"Because if there is," continued the tall young man, "I want to be in it. I saw you come ashore from the Trieste boat this morning, and followed you here. What's

your little game?"

"War, my friend," said Captain Dufayel.
"Always war. Come! There are two gentlemen waiting on the terrace of the Café Quadri in the Piazza San Marco. One is a prince and the other is a criminal. They both bear great names, and both will be glad to meet you. They have heard of you, mon fils. Come!"

"Have you heard enough, Eleanor?" said young Bellairs. "Shall we go on up the canal, a bit?"

"Just one more," said she. "That baritone has really a beautiful voice. I'll ask

Aunt Helen what she would like to hear." She turned to the elder woman, and old Miss Vernon raised the sounding-disc, which was made to look like a black ebony fan, and placed the edge of it between her teeth.

"What is it, my dear?" demanded old Miss Vernon, in the flat voice of the very deaf.

"We want to hear one more song, and then go on up the canal," explained the younger woman. "What shall Harry ask them to sing?"

"Oh, 'Francesca,' by all means," said Miss Vernon. "I like the laughing part of

it. It sounds so cheerful."

"' Frangesa,' dear," corrected the younger woman gently. "Harry, will you ask them to sing 'Frangesa'?"

Young Bellairs stood up in the gondola and, making a trumpet with his two hands, bellowed across the huddled fleet of boats a

request for "Frangesa."

"Not at all!" said an indignant voice, in English, from another gondola. "I've been asking for 'Ohè Marie' for ten minutes." And a wail arose from the darkness beyond the illuminated music-barge: "Aren't you going to sing 'L'Addio a Napoli'?"

Young Bellairs sat down with a laugh.

"Avanti, Gianbattista," said he. "We'll leave 'em to fight it out." And to the younger woman he said in a low tone: "I want to get away from this crowd. I want to talk to you. Are you never going to give me an answer, Eleanor?"

"How can I?" said the girl, with a little helpless gesture. "Oh, Harry, he stands between us—the man I told you of. What if he should need me? What if he should come, some day, and want me? I tell you I owe him more than any woman ever owed a man. Harry, Harry, I wish I could say what you want me to say, but I can't. Yes, let us go on up the canal by all means. What is it? What is the matter?"

Bellairs had started forward in the boat with a sudden exclamation, and was pointing to a gondola which slipped silently past them towards the Punta della Salute.

"Did you see that man? Did you?" he

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cried excitedly. "He was lighting a cigarette just as he passed, and I saw his face in the flare of the match."

"I noticed him," said old Miss Vernon.
"He was an extremely handsome young man,
extremely, but his face looked very dissi-

pated."

"That is not dissipation," said young Bellairs confidently. "It's—well, it's a good many things, I fancy; danger and fighting and—yes, by Jove, suffering! That man has had a most amazing career. He is an adventurer, a soldier of fortune—the best type of soldier of fortune I ever knew."

"Oh!" deprecated the younger woman, smiling, "aren't they confined to works of fiction, those soldiers of fortune—the heroic ones, I mean? Of course, there are plenty of sordid adventurers. I always fancied that

the noble ones didn't exist."

"Ah, now, that shows that you don't know anything about it," said young Bellairs. "You don't find soldiers of fortune in New York and London and at Nice and Cannes and Baden. There's no work for them there You've got to go East —the proper ones. or South, to the fringe of civilisation, where there are little wars to fight, and dynasties to be thrown into the water in favour of new dynasties, and big, raw, strenuous things to be done. That's where I met this man, McCleod—Ulysses McCleod, they call him, there in the East. It was a year ago—in Hong Kong. He was lying up for a few weeks to get over a siege of jungle fever. I was with a young American, at the time, who happened to have known this McCleod years before and told me the man's story. It was rather fine, I thought."

He turned to the younger woman and lowered his voice so that Miss Vernon could

not hear.

"You told me once," he said, "about a man who had done more for you than any man ever did for a woman. I doubt if it was more than this chap did for a certain woman—or as much."

"I beg your pardon," said old Miss Vernon politely, "but I cannot quite hear. You were going to tell us a story about that very

handsome young man."

"Quite so!" said Bellairs. "Quite so. You see, this young American I was travelling with—I expect you know him, by the way; everyone does; it was Jimmy Rogers—had known McCleod, who was an American too, all his life until a couple of years ago, when he disappeared. Jimmy Rogers told me about him. It appears that McCleod was

very much in love—had been for years with a girl who married another man, a regular bounder. Well, this blackguard treated his wife so badly that he was rapidly killing her with the shame and humiliation and all that, when McCleod set things right again by killing the husband in a sort of very informal duel, quietly conducted. course, it was murder in the eyes of the law, and McCleod had to get out in a hurry; but he had saved the girl. Do you realise what it meant to him? There he was, the ordinary type of comfortable young clubman; knew everybody, went everywhere, had everything. He deliberately exiled himself, made himself a fugitive for life, a hunted wanderer, for a woman's sake—to save her from suffering. I call that fine, you know. Since then he has been fighting in little border wars, and filibustering and doing all the things most men want to do but haven't the chance or courage for. I wonder what he's up to, here? There must be something on."

Young Bellairs looked towards old Miss Vernon, nodding his head emphatically.

"I call that fine, you know," he said again. "There are very few men who'd have done that." But Miss Vernon was gazing across at the younger woman, whose head was turned a little away, in the shadow, and the old lady's face seemed puzzled and a bit frightened.

"McCleod?" she said at last. "McCleod? I do not remember any such name among the young men in New York. Are you not

mistaken?"

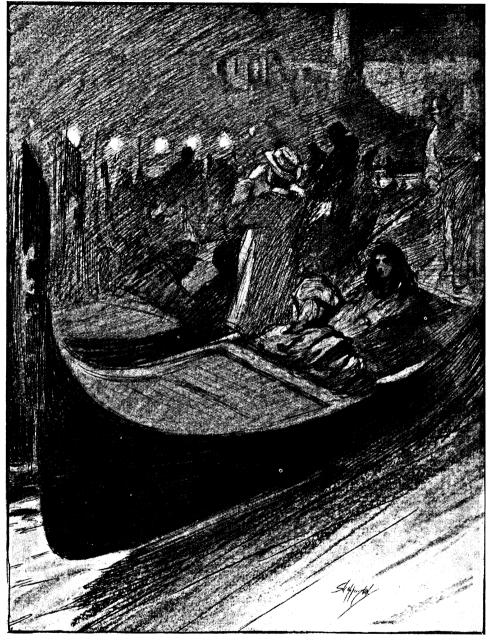
"Oh!" said young Bellairs. "That wasn't his real name, you know. That's just the name he travels under—or one of the names. You see, he's a fugitive from justice. Jimmy Rogers did not tell me what his true name was."

"The name was Carter—Richard Carter," said the younger woman calmly; and old Miss Vernon gave a sudden, dry gasp.

"Ah, you knew about the thing!" cried Bellairs. "Why didn't you tell me? I fancied it must have happened after you came abroad to live."

"No, it was before," she said. "Do you know, I think I am a little tired. Would you mind taking me back to the hotel? No, you're not to stay there. I shall not need you. You're to come back here, both of you. It is still early. I merely want to be quiet."

Young Bellairs protested as Gianbattista rowed them swiftly past the Giardino Reale and the Piazzetta, but the woman touched



"Young Bellairs stood up in the gondola and, making a trumpet with his two hands, bellowed across the huddled fleet of boats."

his hand with hers as it lay upon the cushion's edge.

"Let me go, Harry," said she. "I—I've things to think over. I want you to bring Aunt Helen back for the music. She loves it. Please, please!"

She disembarked at the water-steps of the

broad Riva in front of the Danieli Hotel, and watched the gondola retreat into semiobscurity again, waving her hand in adieu. Then, instead of going into the hotel, she quickly slipped on the long, black travelling cloak she had carried over her arm. It covered her from head to foot. She even pulled its hood over her hair, and, so covered, turned to the long row of gondolas which lay moored by the quay. By sheer chance the first gondolier who stepped forward was one she knew—a certain Giacomo Varese, who had often taken her from the hotel to the Lido, or up and down the Canal Grande.

"Up the Canal towards the music-barges, Giacomo!" she said, and, to herself, as they

started-

"I must find him! I must! Heaven send him to me! I must find him!" She gripped her hands fiercely over the edge of the seat, and the words were a passionate prayer. She must have known the absolute, pitiful futility of searching by night among those hundreds of moving boats; but, as if in admiration of such stupendous Folly, Fate was miraculously kind, and sent him whom she sought at once across her path.

"There, Giacomo!" she cried. "There, to the left! Follow that gondola with the Signore alone in it! Oh, never fail, Giacomo!

I must speak to the Signore."

One gondolier called to another; one boat slid easily alongside another boat, was caught and held; and the woman touched the arm of the man who sat there among the cushions, chin on breast, staring absently ahead of him.

It was wonderful, pitifully wonderful, the mechanical swiftness with which the man swung about, dropping on one knee, and flashed a revolver from some inside pocket. The pistol dropped to the bottom of the boat with a crash, and the man covered his eyes for an instant with his hands.

"Eleanor!" he said in a dull

voice

"Yes, Dick," said she. "It is I, and I must speak to you. Will you come into my gondola, or shall I get into yours? I must

have half an hour with you."

Ulysses McCleod climbed stiffly into the other boat, and tossed his gondolier a piece of ten lire. Then he sat staring into the woman's face, dazed and wordless for a long time, while Giacomo rowed out towards the Giudecca, past the Punta della Salute.

"After all this time, Dicky!" said the woman in a shaking voice. "Oh, Dicky,

after all this time!"

"Why did you speak to me?" he demanded. "Why didn't you let me alone? I've left your world. We're strangers. I'm not Richard Carter. He disappeared more than two years ago. Probably he's dead. My name is McCleod. You don't know me." His voice gathered steadiness and a certain

resentment. "Why did you speak to me?" he cried again. "The last time we met you weren't so eager. Two years ago, soon after —after I left America, I saw you in Naples. You were dining one evening at Bertolini's. I found out, by chance, that you were there, and I dined at Bertolini's, too-out on the terrace in the dark where I could watch you. I said to myself that it was the last time I should ever see you, and I said 'Good-bye' to you across the darkness. Then—then you came out, after dinner, and some fool turned on the electric light on the terrace, and you saw me. You stared me in the face—you were near enough to have touched me—and walked on past. Why do you choose to recognise me now?"

The woman gave a sudden, hurt cry.

"Dick! Dick!" she said, and her voice shook again. "Do you mean that you didn't know, Dicky? Do you mean that you didn't see why I did that? Didn't you see the man with me? He was the American Vice-Consul at Naples, and he had been cabled to look out for you, to have you arrested and sent back to New York. Oh, Dicky, how could you think such things of me? How could you? That was the hardest thing I ever did in all my life—passing you by as if you were a total stranger. Dicky, I ached for you so! I longed so to go to you and beg you to take me away with you! I starved so to face the world with you—face it or run from it! How could you think such things of me?"

McCleod's strong, young face, scarred and marked beyond its years, square and keen and alert, changed to the hurt bewilderment of a child's face, and its lips quivered.

"How was I to know?" he whispered.

"Oh, how was I to know? You were so utterly all my world; all my faith, and the reason for being! I went down to my ship that night—I was cook's mate on a freighter—cursing Fate and wishing I might dic. I said there was but one woman in all the universe, and she was false as hell. I said it every day. How was I to know?" But the woman leaned forward in the boat quickly, and laid her hand over his two hands that strained and twisted on his knee.

"You couldn't know, Dick," she said. "It was my fault. I hurt you cruelly, and after all you had done for me! Oh, no man ever did so much! No man ever loved a woman so self-sacrificingly. Let me make it up to you! Dicky, if you want me, I'm here. Take me, such as I am. You gave your freedom, your home, your friends, all your proper life for my sake. I've nothing to give you

in return but myself. Take that if you want it, Dick."

Ulysses McCleod started back with a

sudden gasp.

"I—you?" he cried amazedly. "Why, you're—mad, Eleanor! Why, I'm a—an outlaw! I'm a man without a country! I

dite you now. Never fear, the sort of thing you did may be a crime, but all the weight of public sentiment is on your side. No jury would ever convict you, Dick. Still, even if you were in hourly peril—if you were poor and hunted and despised, I'd come to you and beg you to take me. Dicky, Dicky,

think what you did for my

sake!"

"Oh, never mind about that!" he said impatiently, and sat again staring at her. wide-eved.

"Marry me?" he said in a half-whisper. "Face -- face all-that, with me?" And fell silent once more.

"We could live almost anywhere—on this side of the Atlantic, Dick," said she. "London, Paris, if we liked. We could make a home for ourselves. Oh. I know such a lot of beautiful places where we could make a home for ourselves! Think of it! A home, after all your wandering and fighting and unrest. Oh, I'll make it up to you, Dick, all you've suffered for my sake. Think of a home, at last!"

"Yes," said Ulysses McCleod hesitatingly, "yes, quite so." But he stared at her with anxious, thoughtful eyes, and it almost seemed as if the picture of a home's peace and comfort did not recommend itself to him.

The gondola turned to one side and slid under the black stern of a small steamer which lay at anchor. McCleod glanced idly up and, all at once, his face took on an eager, excited interest.

"It's the Theodoros!" he cried. "Look, Eleanor!

It's the Theodoros Satron!" The name was in white Greek letters on the vessel's stern. McCleod broke into a little laugh. bent forward towards the girl, and lowered his voice as if he were afraid of being overheard.

"To-morrow morning," said he, "to-morrow morning at daybreak, the *Theodoros Satron*.



"She turned to the long row of gondolas which lay moored by the quay."

even bear a false name. Do you mean that you'd marry—oh, you're mad!"

"No, Dicky, not mad," she said, smiling; "and you're wrong about your danger. Perhaps you couldn't go back to New Yorknot for some years, at least, but—they're no longer looking for you. They'd never extraloaded with stores and munitions of war, and commanded by the exiled prince of a royal house, sails down the Adriatic Sea, and then eastward towards a certain island which is at present coloured pink on the map. A large number of honest and loyal people have an aversion to pink. It is designed to repaint that island yellow—a deep, permanent, orange-

The woman frowned anxiously across at McCleod's keen, smiling face. It came to her with a sort of jealous pang that she had never before seen him like this, that this cool, alert, level-eyed young man who spoke confidently of Greek ships, and munitions of war, and the repainting of islands, was a young man she had never known.

"You mean," she said slowly, "you mean

—war?"

Ulysses McCleod laughed again, easily,

as at a questioning child.

"Yes, war, Eleanor," said he. "We shall have fighting, without doubt. Lord! I should hope so!"

"'We?'" she cried swiftly. "'We?' What do you——? Do you mean that you are

going? You?"

"Am I going?" said Ulysses McCleod amazedly. "Well, I should rather— Why, that is, I—wait a moment——!" He broke off suddenly, staring at her through the dark, and, bit by bit, the keen excitement in his face died out till his eyes dropped and his hands fumbled together between his knees.

"I—didn't think," he said in a low tone.
"I'd—for a moment I'd forgotten. Of course I won't go. I——" But the woman interrupted, leaning forward in her seat to see his

face.

"Do you want to go, Dick?" said she. "Have I been wrong? Do you want this—this sort of thing more than you want—me? Oh, Dicky, tell me the truth! It's more important than you know. Do you mean that you're not wretched and desperate and hunted in your exile as I thought you'd be? Are you better alone with your ships and your wars than as if I should come to you and make a home for us both? Tell me the truth!"

"It's—stronger than I am," said young McCleod simply. "It has grown upon me till I couldn't live without it. It's like—drink or drugs, I expect. I tell you," he cried, "I never lived until these last two years! I was a wax figure of a man, an automaton, a tame cat! I tell you, Eleanor, it's the breath of life to me, 'my ships and my wars,' as you call them. I live with real men. I do real things. I expect there's

some gipsy blood in me somewhere, a drop of the Wandering Jew. I think I should die if I tried to stop at home.

"Let them go to-morrow without me?" he said in a half-whisper, and his voice shook

a little. "Without—me?"

But the woman dropped forward upon the cushions in the bottom of the gondola, and seized his hand in hers, laughing hysterically.

"They shan't go without you, Dick!" she cried, and stopped to laugh helplessly. "Oh, Dicky, Dicky, what a fool I've been! They shan't go without you! You shall paint all the islands in the seven seas if you like—paint them sky-blue. What a fool I've been!"

McCleod looked down at her with a puzzled, uncomprehending frown, but her fit of hysterical laughter would not be controlled.

"Oh, you—don't understand, Dick," she gasped. "You'll never understand, but it's all so simple now. Dicky, take me back to the hotel. I ran away. Take me back before I'm found out," and she laughed again, consumedly.

"Eleanor," said the man, presently, as they slipped across the broad canal toward the Riva, "tell me about one thing. A year or so ago I met a chap in Hong Kong, a very fine young chap, an Englishman. He was travelling with Jimmy Rogers. His name was Bellairs. Well, long afterwards—in fact, within this month or so—I had a letter from Jimmy Rogers, written in Paris, saying that he and Bellairs had run upon you and your aunt, and that Bellairs and you—well, that—that you, in fact——"

"It's quite so, Dicky," she said, laughing again. "He does. And I did a little, too, perhaps, but I wouldn't let myself go far, and I wouldn't give him an answer, because

of-----"

"Me?" said Ulysses McCleod. "Good Heavens! Me?"

"Yes, Dick, you. But now I see that you don't need me, and—and I think Harry Bellairs does, and so——"

McCleod gave a great, joyous laugh.

"And so," said he, "I go to my painting to-morrow, and you go to Bellairs. It's better so, girl. Upon my soul, it's better so! Here we are at the quay."

"Good-night, Dicky," she said at the door of the hotel, "and good-bye. Oh, thank

God we met to-night!"

Ulysses McCleod turned away, squaring his shoulders, and a keen, alert little scowl came between his brows. He pulled out his watch and looked at it.



"'Eleanor! Eleanor!' he said in a dull voice. 'Yes, Dick,' said she. 'It is I, and I must speak to you."

"Eleven-ten," said he thoughtfully. "Bill to pay; box to pack: four hours' sleep." He nodded out towards the gloom of the lagoon.

"Good-night, *Theodoros*," said he. "I shall rejoin you shortly after four o'clock. I wonder if Demetrius remembered those cutlasses."

THE END.



TWO WILD DUCKS ON NEST, IN MOAT, MARWELL MANOR, HAMPSHIRE.
"A mutual nest."

THE MALLARD AND HIS MATE.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

O the man who has spent a year or more on the least known parts of the British coast, few birds can present more attractions than the wild duck. Game may be watched without difficulty. You know where the wild hen pheasant sits on her eggs, where the partridges build in the shelter of a bank not far from the water, where the mother rabbit has made her "stop," well out of the way of the warren. Perhaps you have found the tuft of long grass where the new-born leverets hide, that come into the world with open eyes and begin at once "to take notice." Even the shy snipe and the woodcock may be traced to their home in spring, the latter by reason of the male birds' mysterious flights of fascination that, once seen, are never forgotten. Green plover pass over the fields beyond the marshes screaming loudly; and if you have the right eyes, there are more eggs than you and your friends can eat, though you take no more than one or two from each nest; while, if you lack the proper sight, you may patrol the field for hours and never find a nest until you put a foot in one.

Some game cannot preserve its secrets—does not even try to do so; but the wild duck

is a very different bird. She frequently baffles the shepherd who has tended his flocks on the marshes for half a century, and yet her size makes the duck a very noticeable object, and her securely hidden nest seldom holds less than ten eggs. Then, again, the wild duck and her husband, the Mallard, lead a strange life in the parts of the country I know best. There they are few and far between, sometimes on land and sometimes on the main, going out with the fading light and coming in at the peep of day, almost unnoticed. Keen of eye and gifted with an extraordinary sense of smell, swift in flight and full of resource, having a very welldefined antagonism to man, until captivity has taught them he is not such a bad fellow after all, the Mallard and his mate do not invite investigation, but they reward it. Years ago, before the railway stretched into every quarter of Great Britain, and farmers found that they could raise the heaviest crops of corn on newly drained marshland, the wild ducks and their cousins, the wigeon, teal, pintail, and others, were as common as partridges; but the reclaiming of marshes, followed by the introduction of the puntgun into every creek and estuary, have driven the bulk of the birds to seek for quieter restingplaces; and the chance of the man who objects to the punt-gun comes only when the weather is uncommonly cold, and a strong wind is blowing in from the open sea.

There are plenty of seasons when nobody wants to use a gun—from February, for example, if the rabbits have been

thinned down to manageable dimensions and then if you can find a wild duck's nest and keep it under observation, there will be many pleasant little episodes to record.

The furrows and trenches that are cut by farmers on sloping land in the neighbourhood of marshes lead the water into deep though rather narrow ditches, which are seldom cleaned. Bulrushes and thick grasses grow

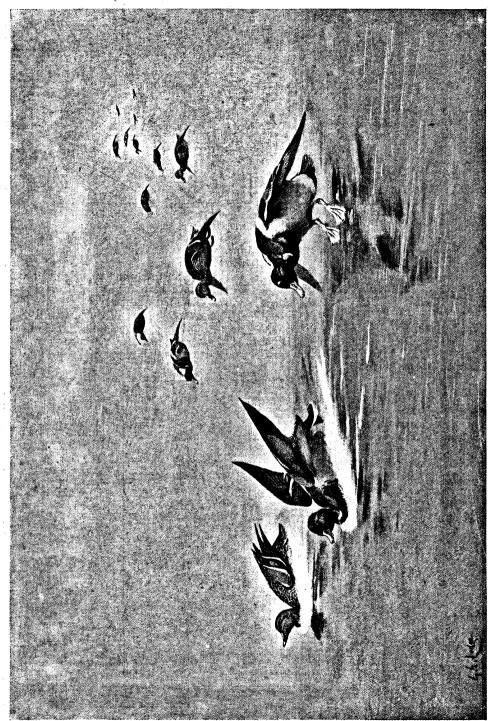


Photo by WILD DUCKS RETURNING TO REST, AFTER FEEDING.

in abundance, and here the ducks may find shelter from the worst of the winter weather, if there is no decoy in the neighbourhood, or they have been frightened from it. It will be more convenient to call the birds by the general name of duck, now I have pointed out that the male bird, whose plumage out of moulting season is so very vivid

and attractive, is more properly called a Mallard. If in late January or in February you disturb a pair of ducks in one of these ditches, it is likely that they are going to mate or have already mated, for the wild duck is monogamous, and, I am assured by shepherds and other observant folk, remains with his chosen wife until Death, "the destroyer of delights," separates them. Even when you are assured that the ducks are living in the neighbourhood, it will be no easy task to find their nest. I found my first one in curious fashion. There were two large coveys of partridges





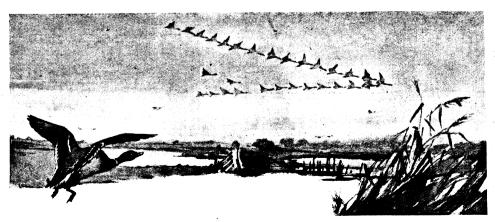
"THEY ARRIVED IN FULL FLIGHT AND LET THEMSELVES DOWN WITH A SPLASH INTO THE FRESH WATER."



"AMONG THE NIGHT-FEEDING BIRDS THERE WILL BE QUITE A COLLECTION OF WILD-FOWL, PERHAPS A FEW PHEASANTS."

I had in the middle of some ploughland. marked them with a field-glass, and having taken careful notice of the wind's direction, concluded that if they were approached from the field's far end, some of them would pass within shot by a hedge where three fields meet some hundred yards away. So I told my lad to wait ten minutes, and then make a long detour to get into the field where the partridges were lying, in order to set them up. I went to the point I had selected, and while wondering whether the birds would come over, and why the coveys had not broken up, for it was the last week of January, I saw a wild duck circling round an old elm-tree stump two fields away. He went round several times, and then his companion joined him, and they went in swift flight to the west, probably to a sheet of fresh water by the side of the wood. In another five minutes the partridges came over where J had expected them, and gave me my last chance of the season; but I did not forget the ducks or the time.

Returning to the neighbourhood a few weeks later, I was fortunate enough to see the female bird in flight, after waiting less than an hour, and on making my way to the elm stump, found a large hole in its side. Lightning had started the rent, I expect, and years



"THEY FLY ABOUT IN FAIRLY LARGE COMPANIES, TRAVELLING, AS A RULE, IN WEDGE FORMATION, LIKE THE LETTER V."

of rain and rot had done the rest. In the hollow there seemed to be nothing more than a small heap of coarse grass, and a mass of downy feather from the duck's breast; but turning it over carefully with the ferrule of my stick, I found there were six eggs. Evidently the laying was not yet complete. I restored the down and the grasses as

well as I could and went away, determined to keep the nest under observation. The mother bird seemed constant to the nest, her husband went afield. but would sometimes return about three o'clock in the afternoon, circle round the tree and fly away with her. They went to the pond by the side of the wood, and one afternoon I saw them from a shaded corner, when they arrived in full flight and let themselves down with a splash into the fresh water.

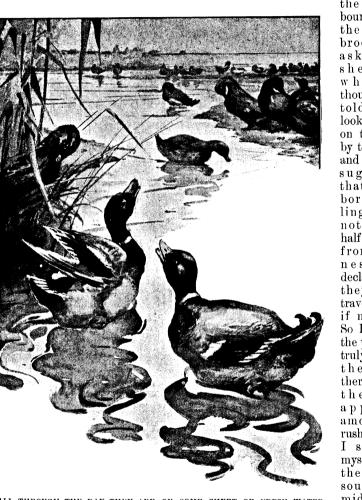
stranger.

where the mother duck had a prolonged bath. I tried to see them there again, but though I was in the same place, forty yards from the water, sheltered by a mass of undergrowth and evergreen, the wind must have varied, and the birds' keen scent at once detected a

They were scarcely on the water

before they left it. When I thought the period of incubation must be well-nigh exhausted, I stayed away from the tree for four or five days, and on returning found nothing but some eggshells. The ducklings had been hatched, and the mother bird had taken them away at once to some secluded piece of water, where she expected to be free from intrusion, while her mate might have his late spring moult in peace elsewhere. I searched in every likely spot in

the neighbourhood for the voung brood, and asked the shepherd what he thought. He told me to look for them on the pond by the wood, and when I suggested that newly born ducklings could not travel half a mile from their nest, he declared that they could travel a mile if need be. So I went to the pond, and truly enough they were there, though they disappeared among the rushes when I showed myself, while the mother sought the middle the water to distract



"ALL THROUGH THE DAY THEY ARE ON SOME SHEET OF FRESH WATER INLAND, PREENING THEMSELVES, SLEEPING OR QUARRELLING.

How she got her brood of nine attention. ducklings to the pond I can't pretend to say, nor can I tell where she took them, for on the following day they were not to be seen, and I never saw them again.

The upbringing of the brood falls almost entirely upon the mother duck, for the male parent has to endure a serious moult in the latter part of April or May. His brilliant plumage gets dull and sober, his pinions lose



"SOMETIMES THEY CHOOSE A DECOY-POND FOR THEIR DAILY RESTING-PLACE."

all the primary quills, and he must hide often away from his wife and family in the quietest corners of the pond or ditch that is their home, since he is quite unable to fly. Nature's scheme of protection is very remarkable. If the bird lost his big quill feathers only, and retained the glossy plumage of neck and breast, he would be seen by all his foes and come to a brief, bad end, but the garb that makes him so attractive disappears as soon as the guill feathers, that keep him out of danger's reach, begin to fall, and does not return until the later summer, when the new quills are well on the way. Ducks suffer so much from wind and seawater that the additional moult is not surprising.

Young ducklings even of the wild kind enjoy a fairly peaceful time in the part of the country of which I write. The ponds hold no big fish like the pike that make hearty meals off ducklings on the Norfolk and Suffolk broads. There are one or two decoys where they can be reared in complete seclusion, and the birds are not numerous enough to tempt any man to try his hand at what is called "flapper shooting." There are parts of the country where this cruel sport is commenced as soon as the young ducks may be legally taken. Spaniels or retrievers are used to turn the flappers out of the reeds and sedges, and a big bag is sometimes made of game that is too young to fly properly, and not sufficiently fat to be fit for the table. If men wish to get their hand in before the regular season begins, they would get as much sport and do far less harm with clay pigeons. Flapper shooting is poor sport at best, and it robs the neighbourhood of the far better sport that may be secured later on.

Presuming that the flapper is not pursued in August, he will have a very good time in the cornfields towards the end of the month. Modern reaping-machines have dealt hardly with the stubbles, but a large quantity of grain gets shaken out of the ear; and though birds cannot come to it by day, as they did in our fathers' time, when they were sure to find as much cover as they required, they come now by night. If you have the patience, take a sheltered position overlooking some field where the corn has been cut but not gathered, and, having found a fine night with full moon, wait and watch with the aid of a pair of night-glasses. The sight is an extraordinary one, though few people have taken the trouble to see it. Among the night-feeding birds there will be quite a collection of wild-fowl, perhaps a few pheasants

-not hand-reared ones, of course; and if you happen to be near the coast in the Scottish Highlands, a few deer may be added to the company that arrives when man has gone to his rest, and has dispersed before the earliest worker has returned to the land. is a sufficiently obvious thing to do if you want to learn about the night habits of certain birds and animals; and I have spent many summer nights, with the stars for canopy, since the time when a gamekeeper told me of experiences met as he stayed up, night after night, to catch the owner of certain snares. Ducks are like hares and rabbits, in so far as their feeding habits are They like to finish their eating concerned. before daylight, and to rest then until the evening comes again. Perhaps the unending persecution they have endured at the hands of man has something to do with these nocturnal habits.

Harvest feeding lasts throughout September in the southern county I write about; and, when the arable land is given over once again to the plough, the ducks, young and old, are in good condition, their quill feathers fresh and strong, and the breast feathers very thick —thick enough to resist shot at thirty yards. The mother bird has recovered entirely from her domestic troubles, and is in as good a state as her husband. Now they pack, just as the grouse are doing in the far north, and they fly about in fairly large companies, travelling, as a rule, in wedge formation, like the letter V. Their favourite feedinggrounds seem to be upon the main—on the weed - covered rocks and saltings that an ebbing tide leaves bare. There they find the greatly favoured sea-grass that never fails to attract. They go out to these favoured places at twilight, and return when the grey light of dawn comes into the east. All through the day they are on some sheet of fresh water inland, preening themselves, sleeping or quarrelling, sometimes in company with wigeon, teal, pintail, and half-adozen other species of fowl.

Now and again they choose a decoy-pond for their daily resting-place, and then a fair proportion of their number will certainly succumb to the combined wiles of the decoy ducks, the corn, and the yellow dog. It is an undeniable fact that some wild-fowl are perfectly well aware that danger lurks in and around the pipes of the decoy, and that they are content to take advantage of the pond in spite of this, being careful not to leave the centre of the broad sheet of water. The decoy-man knows these as "stale" birds—

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THE ONUS OF THE CHARGE.

By FRED M. WHITE.



HE case was going dead against the prisoner; sanguine as he was, he could see that for himself. He was conscious of an odd feeling of unreality. For instance, it seemed almost absurd that those half-dozen portly, respectable,

well-groomed gentlemen on the Bench should be trying him, when only a few days ago half of them dined with him at The Towers. There was the chairman of the Bench, for example, General Owen Sexton. The General had regarded the dinner invitation as a favour. He had dined well, and had secured some valuable information as to a prospective investment into the bargain.

The Bench seemed to feel it, too; for when they looked at the prisoner, it was with a half-apologetic glance, as who should say: "Really, it is no fault of ours, but rather the outcome of a wretched system." On the whole, the embarrassment was on the side of the Bench.

Not so the general public. It was not every day that the little Assize-town had such a treat as this. A millionaire, the great man of the district, charged with wilful murder! It seemed almost incredible that any body of men should dare to bring such an accusation against Wilfred Scanlaw. Why, the man could have bought up all Illchester and never felt it.

And yet there it was, and the case was going badly for the prisoner. The stately butler from The Towers was telling the story. The deceased, who had been identified as one John Chagg, had called at The Towers on the night of March 15 and had asked to see Mr. Scanlaw. The butler had informed the late caller that his master never saw anybody on business after dinner, and that it was as much as his place was worth to disturb Mr. Scanlaw. When alone, Mr. Scanlaw invariably slept for an hour after dinner. It was an early house usually, and the servants were in bed by half-past ten. The stranger, however,

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had been very persistent. He had induced the butler to take his card into the library and place it where Mr. Scanlaw could see it when he woke. He would stay in the hall-he was in no hurry. It sounded just a little odd, but the servants went to bed leaving John Chagg still waiting to see the master of the house. Nobody thought any more of the matter; it had passed out of the mind of the butler until the body of John Chagg was found in the shrubbery at the back of the house late on the following day. The police had been called in, and they had made certain Questioned, Mr. Scanlaw investigations. denied that he had seen deceased at all on the night in question; he denied that the man's features were known to him. If the butler's evidence had been correct, then Chagg must have grown tired of waiting and gone away. Was the front door open? the police desired to know. Yes, the front door had not been fastened, as Mr. Scanlaw noticed as he was going to bed; and on coming down in the morning he had blamed the servants for their inattention.

This was all very well, but the awkward thing was the fact that the dead man had a letter in his pocket from Scanlaw—a curt letter in which Chagg was told that he could do as he liked, but not one penny of blackmail would be got from the writer. The body of the letter, the address on the envelope, were all in Scanlaw's handwriting.

All this was pretty bad, but there was worse to follow. A big stick in the hallstand was found to be slightly stained with blood, so also was a shirt that had been found pushed at the back of the wardrobe in Mr. Scanlaw's bedroom. It was all very well for the jaunty, well-groomed London solicitor who had the case in hand to say that a perfect answer to the charge would be forthcoming. The lawyer in question, the wellknown Edward Coxley, had shrugged his shoulders and promised to outline the career of the dead man later on, and prove that he was a particularly pestiferous type of black-There were even two sides to the denial of Chagg's identity by Mr. Scanlaw.

And even this was not all. On the face of the dead man was a peculiar scar, an indentation, deep in the skull, that had evidently been the result of a severe blow. According to the theory of the prosecution, the mark had been caused by a ring that Scanlaw was in the habit of wearing, a cameo signet-ring with a very large, irregular-edged stone. If this ring had been produced, said the police, the stone would have fitted the mark. A heavy blow would have ferted the mark. A heavy blow would have been required to make so deep and perfect an indentation; but the prisoner was a strong man, and the prosecution was prepared to prove now that Scanlaw in his early days in America had been closely connected with the prize-ring.

Strangely enough, the ring was missing. The police had asked for it directly they had got an inkling of the manner in which the mark had been made, but they were met by an assertion on the part of the prisoner to the effect that the ring had been lost two days before, in the woods, where he had been rabbiting. All these things gradually piled up a case against the prisoner; already he

was condemned by those in court.

The case dragged on wearily till the light in the court began to fade, and people were beginning to leave, feeling that the sensations of the day were exhausted. The tense attention of the afternoon had relaxed; people chatted listlessly; only one man seemed to be deeply interested. He was a little man, with a clean-shaven face and the mobile mouth of the actor. His eyes gleamed and flickered; he constantly dried his moist palms on a pocket-handkerchief. Once his eyes met those of the prisoner, and Scanlaw felt that he would know that face again anywhere.

The court adjourned at length, and Scanlaw stepped out of the box. Being before magistrates, and the case not yet proved, he had managed to procure bail. For the last two days he had walked out of the dock with his head erect and his mouth as hard as a steel trap; for the last two nights he had not gone home to The Towers, close by; rather, he had preferred to stay at the Crozier Hotel, and dine in the coffee-room, before the eyes of all men. The little man with the clean - shaven mouth followed, dabbing his moist palms all the time.

dabbing his moist palms all the time.

"I'll try it," he muttered. "It's a desperate chance, but I'll try it. Pity he had not gone home, and then I should have been in a position to see him as I am and save the cost of a dinner that I can ill afford. Lucky there is the wardrobe to fall back man."

back upon."

At eight o'clock, Mr. Scanlaw sat down to dine in the coffee-room of the Crozier Hotel.

Five minutes later, a clergyman with white hair came into the room and, as if quite casually, took his seat at the same table. Scanlaw frowned, but the man opposite did not heed. He ordered fish in a calm, bland, incisive manner that impresses even a waiter. He was half way through his fish before he addressed Scanlaw. He spoke in a low tone, and did not look at all at the man on the other side of the table. His speech was peculiar.

"Would you give a thousand pounds to be out of your present difficulty?" he asked. "Don't stare at me like that. Go on with your dinner as if I had made a remark about

the weather."

The words were calmly spoken enough, and yet there was a suggestion of nervous, eager haste about them. In a strange, uneasy way, a spark of hope shot up in Scanlaw's breast.

"You are either a lunatic or a very clever man," he said, "Mr.——"

"Call me Jones—the Reverend John Jones. What's in a name? The thing we call a rose—but I must drop shop for the present. You say I am either a lunatic or a very clever man. Please pay me the compliment of believing me to be the latter. I have been watching you all day."

"Oh, then you are disguised, Mr. Jones," Scanlaw muttered. "I recognise you now. You are the little man who was rubbing his palms all the time. Seemed to be in

trouble, too."

"So I am," said the other, still bending over his fish. "Not as bad as yours, but bitter trouble, and possible disgrace, for want of a thousand pounds. That rascal Edward Coxley, your lawyer, is at the bottom of it all. He looks very smart and gentlemanly, but for all that he is one of the most poisonous scoundrels that ever disgraced a dishonourable profession. Because he is utterly unscrupulous, I suppose you decided to employ him."

"Being innocent of the charge against me," Scanlaw began with dignity, "I must

say----'

"Innocent be hanged!" the other man snapped. "You are as guilty as hell! You killed that blackmailing rascal as you would do again; and you will hang for it. If I am going to save your neck, there must be no foolish allusions between you and I."

"For the sake of argument, we will admit that I killed John Chagg," said Scanlaw

hoarsely.

"That's better. Nobody can hear us, so



I can talk freely. Before I leave here to-night, I am going to give you a written lot of questions and answers that you are to commit to memory before you sleep. to-morrow you had better show those questions to your lawyer, and suggest that he should put the questions and that you should answer them—in the witness-box. All this does not tally with the most honourable procedure of the court; but Coxley will not hesitate, the blackguard!"

"But what are you doing this for?" Scanlaw asked.

"A thousand pounds," was the prompt "If I succeed, as I anticipate, you pay me that sum of money. As I am an actor—and I should have been a great actor but for the drink—you need not fear that my side of the thing will fail. I want that missing ring."

Scanlaw looked doubtfully at the speaker. Visions of a police trap rose to his mind. this man were an enemy in disguise, he was giving away a piece of evidence that would hang him to a certainty. The other seemed to read Scanlaw's mind, for he smiled.

"I can quite see what is passing in your brain," he said. "But if you don't trust me. I can do nothing for you. If my plot fails through lack of confidence on my part, you will hang. Besides, you have tacitly admitted to me that you are the culprit. If vou had been an innocent man, you would not have suffered my impertinence, but have got up and flung me through the window."

The voice of the speaker was nervous and shaky, but the words were cool enough. The clear logic was not lost on a well-endowed mind like Scanlaw's.

"The ring is in my waistcoat pocket at

the present moment," he said.
"I am glad to hear it," the other answered. "I began to be afraid that it had been lost. It is so like your mingled prudence and audacity to carry that damning piece of evidence within arm's length of the police. Hand it over to me, please."

Wondering at his own confidence in a complete stranger, Scanlaw did as requested. His sanguine temperament and bull-dog courage had kept him up for the time, but there were minutes, like flashes of lightning before sightless eyes, when he realised the terrible gravity of his position.

"You are going to take a terrible risk," he

said.

"Of course I am. Did I not tell you that I was in dire need of a thousand pounds? I would sell my soul for that money. I would take any hazard under the sun for it. You trust me, and I am going to trust you. No papers shall pass between us; and when you walk out of the dock a free man—as you will to-morrow—you shall pay me that sum in gold and notes. No; I am a bit of a rascal, but I have not fallen as low as blackmailing yet; and after that you will never hear from me again. But there is one little point."

"Let me hear it," Scanlaw said eagerly. He was becoming absently dependent upon this stranger. He began to feel quite an affection for him. "What do you want to

know?"

"I want to know if you keep a motor-car.

I have built up everything on that?"

"Of course I keep a motor-car; keep two, in fact. No modern millionaire is held to be complete and genuine without keeping a motor-car."

The pseudo-parson rubbed his hands together in the old, nervous manner; yet his

eyes gleamed.

"Good!" he said. "As agent in advance for a popular company that shall be nameless, I have had a deal of experience with automobiles. Now, you must send a message to your chauffeur and get him out of the way for a couple of hours. Better still, change your mind and sleep at home to-night. Contrive to have the key left in your gurage about nine o'clock to-night, and leave the rest to me. But, above all things, keep your chauffeur out of the way till after midnight. Have you got a full and proper grasp of that?"

Scanlaw nodded. Usually he had a fine contempt for the intellect of other men, but he felt that he had met more than his match now. His pulses were beating a little faster, and a fine bead of perspiration stood on his forehead. Was he going to stand whitewashed in the eyes of his fellows once more? The sense of crime was not on his conscience at all—he had rid the world of a pestiferous reptile, and there was an end of the matter.

"I will do exactly what you require," he said. "I'll get a cab here and go home. But before I do so, I should like to have some inkling of the method by which——"

"Not one word," the pseudo-clergyman said fiercely. "My good man, that would be fatal. It would only make you nervous and restless. You would be continually looking for your cue, and then you would spoil everything. The great thing in this matter is spontaneosity. Take this sheet of

paper, with the questions and answers on it, and commit it to memory. Only do as you are told, and I promise that you shall be a thousand pounds poorer to-morrow night."

Scanlaw rose from the table and lighted a cigar. The coffee-room was empty by this time.

"I am going home now," he said. "I have trusted everything in your hands. If there is some further deep conspiracy against

ne-----'

He hesitated, and there was a threatening flash in his eyes. The man by the table,



"The big Panhard was gone!"

drinking his claret calmly and smoking a cigarette, smiled.

"I am a well-connected man," he said.
"There remain to me yet a few gentlemanly instincts. In the eyes of the law I am doing wrong. All the same, I can see no great crime in ridding the world of a blackmailer. Besides, I am in desperate need of money. I, too, am the victim of a conspiracy; and your rascally lawyer is going to share the plunder. I can see my way to save you, to put money in my purse, and spite Coxley at the same time. To get a man like that under one's thumb is a pleasant thing. Now go and muzzle your chauffeur, as arranged."

Scanlaw walked quietly out and called a cab. A little time later he was at home, the old butler waiting his good pleasure. butler was a well-paid servant, who deplored the grave condition of his master. He was too well paid to believe that Mr. Scanlaw would do anything of the kind.

"I have changed my mind and come home for the night, Stephens," the millionaire said. "It was a little too public in the hotel; and, besides, I have recollected some important papers that I have to go into. When this ridiculous charge fails, to-morrow-"

"I am glad to hear that, sir," Stephen

"It always seemed to me-

"Yes, yes, Stephen, I understand. me some brandy and soda-water, and my You had better go to bed at the usual time, as if nothing had happened. the way, is Gailand in the house? If so, I want him to go to Ford by the last train and see Maylor for me about those bearings. If everything goes well to-morrow, I shall go for a tour up North. I think that is all I shall want to-night."

The *chauffeur* came in obediently. bearings had not come, he explained, a fact that Scanlaw was aware of before he asked the question. He seemed to be annoyed

about something.

"Then you must go and fetch them tonight," he said. "And come back here by an early train in the morning. keys of the motor-house?" Where are the

Gailand had left them in his bedroom over the stables. He would fetch them if his master required them. But Scanlaw waved the suggestion aside—he did not explain to Gailand that he had a master-key of all the locks about the house and estate.

"Never mind," he said. "It will do in the morning. Good night, Gailand."

It was a good hour before Scanlaw had a grip of the questions and answers that the pseudo-clergyman had written out for him. Even then he had only a hazy idea of what was the drift of the whole thing. It was like listening to a brilliant conversation on the telephone, when one side of the talk only could be heard—like an acrostic with an important light missing. Scanlaw abandoned the idea of solving the jumble at length.

He locked the paper carefully away and went outside in the silence of the night. His nerves were getting more frayed and ragged than he cared to admit; the dark silence was soothing. He passed onward to the back of the great house and alongside the new building where his two motor-cars were stored. One was all to pieces, as he knew, but the other was ready for use day and night—it was a whim of Scanlaw's.

He looked inside with a feeling partly of relief, partly of bewilderment. The door of the house was wide open, and the big Panhard was gone!

The chairman and his brother magistrates came into court with an expression that plainly told that they wished the thing well The strong case for the prosecution was complete; it only remained for Scanlaw to reserve his defence and be committed for Once that was done, there would be an end of Scanlaw's bail; he would have to go to gaol, which was a most unpleasant course to adopt towards a man who gave such excellent dinners. The prim little barrister who appeared for the Crown looked at Mr. Coxley, the smart Bow Street attorney, as if conscious of the great social gulf between them, and intimated that he had no more to say. Mr. Coxley would pursue the usual course?

"Not on this occasion," Coxley said. propose to exercise the discretion vested in me and put my client in the box. I am adopting a most unusual course, I know; but I desire to save my client some weeks of anxiety and degradation. I shall try and prove the innocence of my client from his own story, and save the county the expense

of an Assize trial."

The audience thrilled; they felt that they were going to get something for their money, Scanlaw stepped from the dock into the witness-box; his hard, square face was absolutely devoid of emotion. He looked almost defiantly at his own lawyer.

"Let us go back to the night of the murder," Coxley said. "Did you see the deceased man on that occasion, sir? Did you give

Chagg an interview?"

"I did not," Scanlaw replied. "I did not, for the simple reason that I was not in the house between dinner and midnight."

"We will get to that presently," Coxley went on. "The prosecution has made a great deal of the fact that you denied all knowledge of Chagg, when at the same time you had written a letter to him telling him to do his worst. Can you reconcile those statements?"

"Nothing is easier," Scanlaw said slowly and distinctly. "I repeat that I never saw Chagg in my life. He wrote to me more than once, saying that he was in possession of certain papers, etc., relating to my past, and proposing that I should buy them for ten thousand pounds. He tried to see me, and I gave orders to have him kicked off the premises if he came again. Of course, I am speaking of my offices. Finally, I wrote the man the letter which was found in his pocket."

"What he suggested as to your past was

false?" said Coxley.

"No, it was absolutely true," Scanlaw admitted with the greatest coolness. "My past is not altogether a blameless one—not that that has anything to do with the case. There are lots of people in America who could tell you a deal of my early life. Before Chagg came along, there was another man. I might have tried to buy his silence; only I felt that if I did so, others of the same gang would come along and try the same game."

"You feel quite sure that Chagg was only

one of a set of fellows who----,

"I am certain of it, because I had had

letters of the same kind before."

"Quite so," Coxley said with a smile. "A conspiracy, in fact. It is just possible that Chagg, after leaving your house, met a confederate, they quarrelled, and-"

"This is not a speech for the defence," the Crown representative said pithily. "If my learned friend will confine himself to the examination-in-chief---"

"My learned friend" bowed and apologised. But he had made his point, which was the chief object in view.

"Let us get on," he said. "You say you were out all the evening. Please explain."

"The explanation is quite easy," said Scanlaw. "As my butler told the Bench, it is my custom when alone to go to sleep after dinner. I am never disturbed; the servants go to bed at the proper time and leave me severely alone. If Chagg was in the house, I did not know it. Soon after dinner I took a coat with a big collar—for the night was cold—and went out. My chauffeur was away, unfortunately, so I had to take my motor out myself. Without saying a word to anybody, I drove my car to Illchester and went to the Mitre Hotel there."

"Can you produce anybody to testify to

that?" Coxley asked.

"I am afraid not," Scanlaw went on. "You see, it was Illchester Fair—pleasure fair; the hotels were full, and the streets crowded with people who came to see the show. was muffled up, and my hat over my eyes. went there to see a stranger who, strangely enough, had written me a letter relating to The writer of the letter was a stranger to me, and he seemed to have a grudge against Chagg. He said if I would see him, he would tell me enough to get Chagg ten years. The address was 'The Mitre, Illchester, a house of no repute, which was why I did not desire to be seen there. Hence I kept my collar up."

"This is getting very interesting," said "You have kept that letter, of Coxley.

course."

"No," Scanlaw said sharply. "I handed

it to you yesterday."

Coxley apologised and produced a letter from his papers. It was handed up to the Bench and passed from one magistrate to another. The letter was signed "ONE WHO Knows," the envelope, the date, the stamp, all appeared to be in perfect order.

"No signature, as your Worships will notice," Coxley said smoothly. "You thought it better to go and see the man than make an appointment which——"

"I acted, as usual, on the spur of the moment," Scanlaw proceeded. "I rather suspected another form of the conspiracy. It seemed to me if I took the writer of the letter by surprise——"

"And did you take the writer of the

letter by surprise?"

"It was more or less mutual," said Scanlaw. "When I was going into the bar, a man accosted me and whispered my name. He did not give his, but suggested that he had written me a letter. The man in question looked like an actor in reduced circumstances."

"One moment," Coxley interrupted. "If you went over on your motor, and the streets

were crowded—

"I left my motor on the outskirts of the town, close to Illchester Priory, in the ditch on the left-hand side; it seemed best to walk. I sat in the bar talking to my man for some time. He gave me a great deal of information about Chagg-what, I will tell the Bench if they like—not that it would be of any assistance to their Worships. I was there from ten till ten minutes to twelve."

"After the house was closed?"

magistrate asked.

"Oh, no, sir," Scanlaw proceeded to explain. "Your Worships will recollect that during the three days of the Illchester Fair it is usual to extend the closing time till midnight."

The magistrate nodded; he had quite forgotten that, Coxley wanted to know if



"'I did not, Scanlaw replied,"

anything unusual had happened. Scanlaw's

voice grew a trifle more husky.

"A very strange thing," he said. "The man I sat with knew a lot about me, because he, too, had passed a great deal of his time in America. A great deal has been made by the gentleman who appears for the Crown as to the mark on the forehead of the dead man Chagg, which mark, it is alleged, was made by my ring. My ring attracted the attention of the man in the bar at the 'Mitre,' and he told me that at one time it had belonged to his mother. He gave me the name of his mother, who had a second time married a man in America, who gave the ring to me."

"Did your friend in the 'Mitre' bar

examine the ring?" Coxley asked.

"He did, he looked at it carefully. When we were talking, a man came in and had a hurried drink and passed out again. As he was going, my friend said it was Chagg. I got up on the spur of the moment and hurried after him. I was going to finish him off then and there. Unfortunately for me, a fight was going on outside, and the police intervened. Whilst I was in the press, the doors of the 'Mitre' were closed, and I could not get back again."

"All this is a matter of common knowledge

in Illchester," Coxley said suavely.

"Then I made up my mind to go home," Scanlaw resumed. "I went back home, and that is all I know of the matter. I did not worry about the ring, because I expected that my friend of the 'Mitre' bar would send it back to me."

"You produce the gentleman of the 'Mitre' bar?" the Crown counsel said.

"Not at present," Coxley was fain to admit. "But we are looking for him everywhere. He is agent in advance for a theatrical company, and therefore his work takes him into out-of-the-way places. He may not have heard of the case yet. If we can produce the gentleman in question, and his evidence is as my client states, then the prosecution falls to the ground."

The legal representative of the Crown stated that it did. According to the medical evidence, the crime had been committed between the hours of ten and twelve; indeed, the murdered man's watch, which had been broken in the struggle, had stopped at 11.25, to be precise. At that time Scanlaw was attempting to prove that he was fifteen miles

away.

"Do you apply for an adjournment, Mr. Coxley?" the chairman asked.

"I am not quite in a position to say, sir," Coxley replied. "But I am going to place a policeman in the box who will swear that he tracked the wheels of Mr. Scanlaw's motor-car from the stable to the ditch by the side of Illchester Priory, and back again. That test was made and proved this morning, though Mr. Scanlaw's chauffeur was strongly of opinion that the big Panhard had not been out of the stables for three days prior to and following the murder. To go further, the state of the motor and the lowness of the petrol prove that. Beyond doubt Mr. Scanlaw was along the road and in the motor at Illchester on the night of the murder."

"But the murdered man was at Mr. Scanlaw's house?" the chairman suggested.

"We are not going to deny it," Coxley exclaimed. "He probably got tired and went away. Incidentally he took with him from a case in the hall a fine collection of old gold coins. I suggest that these coins aroused the cupidity of some confederate waiting outside, which led to the murder. Of course, it seems to me that if we could track those coins—"

A policeman stood up in court and held a handful of gold coins aloft. He had found them that very morning in a piece of tobaccopaper, near to where the murder was committed. The packed spectators thrilled and rocked at the discovery. People there looked at Scanlaw's impassive face; the thin, hard features never changed a muscle. The stir and fret was at its height when a little man, with the suggestion of an actor about him, bustled in. He had an air of agitation and fussy impatience. He apologised to the Bench for his want of ceremony.

"I have only just heard of this case, your Worships," he said. "My name is John Oliver. I am agent in advance for the Vestris Comedy Company. I am told that they are looking for me. I only heard of this case just now. But, seeing that Mr. Scanlaw was in my company on the night of the murder till nearly twelve o'clock, why——"

"Hadn't the man better be sworn?" the

Crown counsel said tartly.

Mr. John Oliver wanted nothing better. He gave his evidence glibly, but to the point; in every respect he confirmed exactly what Scanlaw had said. The latter bent his head and covered his face with a handkerchief for a moment. He desired to hide the fierce delight in his eyes; he suppressed a strong desire to laugh and sing. As Coxley finished his questions, the little Crown lawyer shot up.

"About that ring," he said. "I am prepared to believe all that you have said, though, on your own confession, you are not a man of the highest integrity; but I am curious about that ring. Why were you so prejudiced against Chagg?"

"He was at one time a member of our

company," Oliver said. "A a more thorough—"

"That will do. What did you do with the ring? That's

the point."

"Upon my word, I forget," the witness cried. "When I pointed out to Mr. Scanlaw the man I deemed to be Chagg, I had the ring in my hand. be perfectly candid, I had been drinking a good deal that night and I was a little muddled. I distinctly remember laying down the ring somewhere. If—if I could only recollect! I've got it! We were sitting by the fireplace in the 'Mitre. is an old oak fireplace, with a fine overmantel carved with figures in niches. I put the ring in one of the little niches on the left-hand side of the fireplace in a vague kind of way. I suppose I must have had another drink and forgotten all about it. It is not a showy ring, and the overmantel is very dirty, I recollect. Unless the housemaids have been extra busy—which is not very likely, seeing that there would be a deal of pressure of work at the Fair time—the ring is very likely to be exactly where I placed it."

"We shall have to have an adjournment, after all," the

chairman said.

"Not the least occasion for anything of the kind, your Worships," said Coxley cheer-

fully. "I would suggest that Sergeant Braithwaite go over to the post-office and telephone to the police-station at Illchester, telling them exactly what has happened. In less than ten minutes we shall know whether the story is confirmed or not."

The Bench nodded their approval of the suggestion. Excitement stood high; people there were wiping their faces as if personally interested in the issue. Only the prisoner

stood quite still and impassive all the time; he seemed to be the only one who took no interest in the proceedings. He gave the suggestion of regarding it all as a kind of farce, from which he was to be rescued by common sense and reason. The chairman on the Bench bent over and made some

remark to him; possibly he was discounting the future and thinking of those little dinners. There was a general surging of bodies, a gasping of breath, as the sergeant of police came back into court, swelling with

puffy importance.

"It seems, your Worship," he said, "as the witness is quite correct in the statement of hisn. The ring has been found by one of the ladies in the bar of the 'Mitre,' and has been handed over to the police at Illchester. If necessary, a special messenger——"

"There is no necessity," the chairman said. "A full description of the ring has been in the hands of the Illchester police for some days, and they are perfectly well aware whether they have the proper ring or not. It seems quite natural that the pris—that Mr. Scanlaw should have forgotten his

curious gem in that way, and that the witness should have left it on the mantelpiece. Do you propose to call any more

witnesses, Mr. Coxley?"

Coxley smilingly indicated that he was perfectly satisfied to leave matters in the hands of a bench of magistrates so singularly luminous - minded and clear headed. Perhaps his friend who appeared on behalf of the public prosecutor had a few words to say.

"I follow the same lead," the little barrister said politely. "I have no animus in the matter. I have simply to do my duty, and there is an end of it. The case has taken a totally unexpected turn in favour of the prisoner; and, so far as I can see, there is nothing more to be done besides look for the murderer of Chagg elsewhere."

A loud murmur of applause followed the generous statement. The Bench put their



"A little man, with the suggestion of an actor."

heads together and whispered for a moment. Ten minutes later, and Scanlaw stepped out into the street a free man. An hour later, and he was lunching quietly at home with John Oliver opposite him. The door was closed, and the two men talked in whispers. From time to time Oliver fingered a thick pad of paper in his breast-pocket that crackled with a musical sound.

"A little imagination of the playwright, my dear sir," he said, "and a little good luck. You see, I did happen to be in the bar of the 'Mitre' that night with a mysterious stranger whose collar was turned up. He was a friend of mine who had done something wrong, and I was smuggling him away. The inspiration came to me like a flash when I heard your case tried the first day. Then I worked out all those questions and answers between your lawyer and yourself. If I had not known Coxley to be a perfectly unscrupulous rascal, I dared not have tried that on. My next game was to get your *chauffeur* out of the way and make that very pretty confirmatory evidence as to the visit to Illchester and the motor left in the ditch by the Priory. That touch about the missing case of coins from the hall was also a pretty one, I flatter myself. As to smuggling the ring on to the mantelpiece, that was quite easy. I placed it there myself before a full bar of drunken farmers and the like who were in from the Fair. Then I brought your motor back and lay low to wait for developments. I fancy I timed my dramatic entrance very prettily indeed. But all the same, luck was dead on your side—everything played into my hands. What a magnificent situation for a play it would make!"

"I trust the play will never be written," Scanlaw said hastily. "The mere hint of such a thing might mean ruin to me. You

see, the moral would be-"

Oliver chuckled as he helped himself to more champagne and took a fresh cigarette. He had a very pleasant and full-flavoured turn of humour.

"The moral, my dear sir, is this," he said slyly. "That the average millionaire is always a lucky man, otherwise he would never be a millionaire. But there never was a luckier one than you."





CONSOLATION:

FIRST MOTORIST (to friend): Lucky I had a match, old man. We have the satisfaction, at any rate, of knowing something of our whereabouts.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A SAILOR, who thought he would like a country life, applied to a farmer for a job.

"Can you do farm-work?" was the first question.
"No," replied Jack; "but I'm a trier. Set me something to do, and if I don't satisfy you, you can turn me off."

"Very well," replied the farmer. "You see those sheep on that hillside; if you can collect them into that pen by six o'clock, you'll suit."

At the hour named the farmer returned, and to his surprise found the sheep securely penned—but he was even more amazed to see a hare running about amongst them.

"Why, my friend," he cried, "what's that hare doing in there?"

"Hare, do you call it?" replied the sailor, mopping his brow. "I know it gave me more trouble than all the rest put together!"



A LARGE prize was offered at a parrot show for he bird which made the wittiest remark. The winner was a bird brought in rather late, for on having the cover removed from his cage, he looked round and exclaimed: "My eye! what a lot of parrots!"

WIVES' WEEDS.

(Man's latest outcry against his better half is that she smokes nasty cheap cigarettes.)

Dear critics, who your married state abuse
And wifehood's simple duties try to teach us,
Who launch your arrows in the morning news
In order that your diatribes may reach us,—
Although we own we're frivolous and gay
And sometimes weary of the nuptial yoke,
Believe me 'twas a blunder to inveigh
Against the cheap tobacco that we smoke.

Why do we smoke it? Listen, I will ask Another question ere I give the reason. Why is home dressmaking a constant task? Why do we wear the hat we wore last season? Because, when times are hard and husband's gruff, It's very little pin money one gets, And very hard for wives to save enough For even three-a-penny cigarettes.

Though with serenity we bear our fate—
Patience in poverty's a good prescription
Like you, we're able to appreciate
The ecstasy of superfine Egyptian.
'Tis well you keep your boxes safely shut,.
And stray attempts at larceny forestall;
But when you scorn our straight and Yankee cut,
Why, that's the most unkindest cut of all.

Jessie Pope.

I HAPPENED one evening to be travelling in a third-class railway compartment, when a nicelooking old gentleman asked if anyone would object to the windows being more widely opened. His request being unanimously granted, he was moved to speak in a kindly and benevolent way of the blessings of fresh air. He assured the company that they would be healthier and their children would be more robust if they allowed more fresh air into their houses, and he particularly advocated sleeping with windows open. The people were impressed with his words, and each one as he got out thanked him for his advice and expressed his intention of acting on it. At last I also rose, leaving him alone in the carriage.

"Many thanks, sir," I said as I opened the door; "but, may I ask—are you a medical man?" "No," he replied. "I'm a burglar."



The recent case of the man who, waking up one morning, found his eyeball on the pillow beside him, and with the help of his relatives was able to replace it, has excited much comment. Such occurrences, however, are by no means uncommon, a similar incident having taken place in a country district not twenty miles from town. It appears that one morning, at an early hour, Mr. F. Ibbs, the popular proprietor of the "Cock and Bull," was amazed on waking to perceive one of his eyes on the counterpane and another on the carpet. At first glance this case seemed serious,



HARDLY APPROPRIATE.

HE: I wonder how it is you are always out when

SHE: Oh, just luck, I suppose.



THE LESSER EVIL.

INVALID (graciously): Thank your mother very much for her kind inquiries, and tell her my doctor assures me that I am merely suffering from a chill to the system.

YOUTHFUL CALLER: Mamma will be glad it's only a chill. She says a malade imaginaire is always so trying.

but with the help of his wife and the postman, whom he happened to catch sight of out of the window, the missing optics were successfully Prevention, however, is better than cure, and all persons whose eyes are prominent should adopt motor goggles, these excellent contrivances being particularly useful, also, in keeping many a dark and rolling eye in its proper place.

THE BOGEY MAN.

THE Bogey Man is so terribly tall, The Bogey Man is as high as the wall, The Bogey Man is intended to fall On violent, truculent folks.

The Bogey man is the nurs'ry police, There isn't a nephew, nor is there a niece, But of whose folly he knows every piece, And his horrible wrath it provokes.

"We told you he'd catch you," my family said, When I was a youngster; and there by the bed He seemed to be standing, all green, blue, and red, And every sort of a hue.

I thought he would leap in the dark with a cry And carry me off to his home in the sky-But he never did yet, for here still am I-

So I don't believe that it's true!

Eugenia O. Emerson.

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