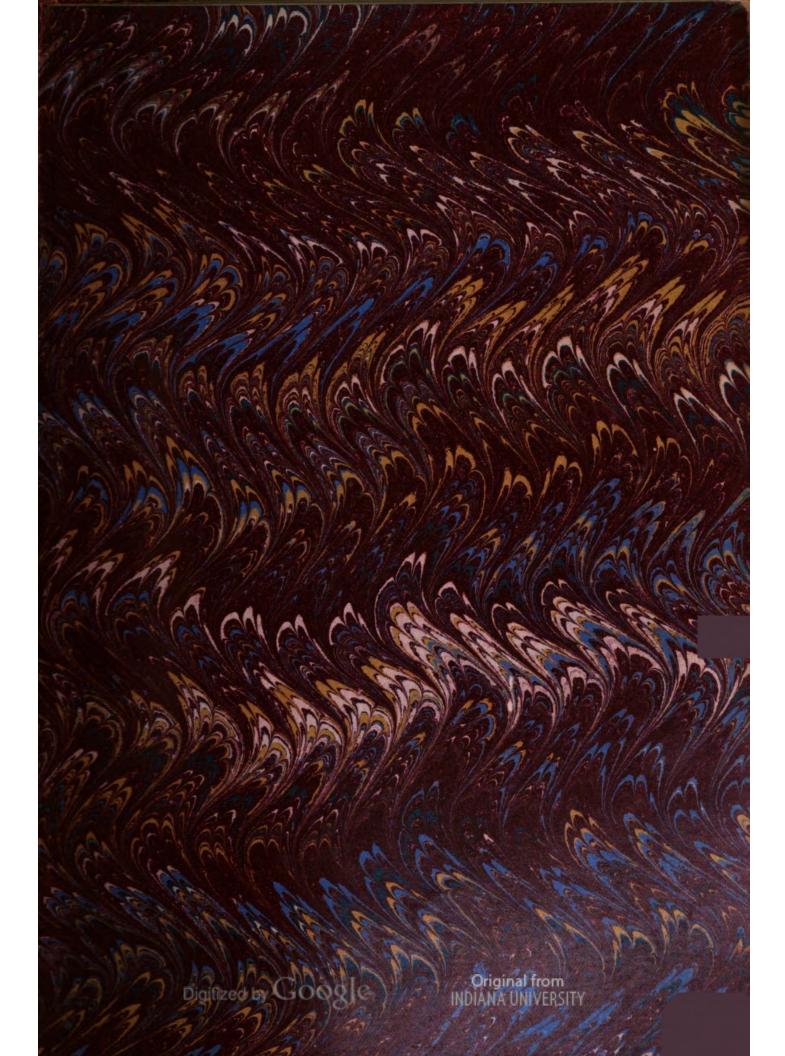
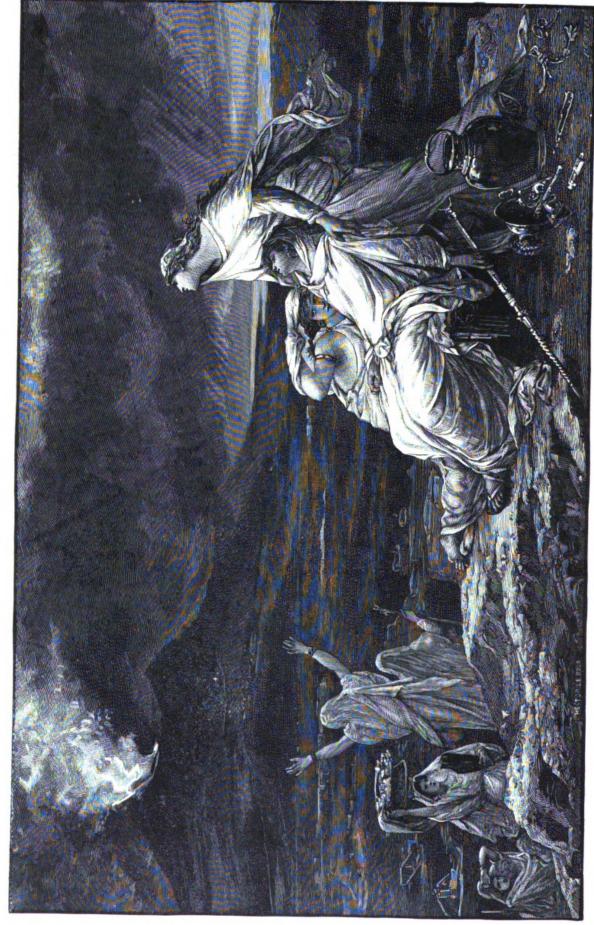
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affairs, yet I cannot rid myself of the remembrance ..... I who introduced the man who perpetrated them to London society, and that in more than one instance I acted, innocently enough, Heaven knows, as his Deus ex machina, in bringing about the very results he was so anxious to achieve. I will first allude, in a few words, to the year in which the crimes took place, and then proceed to describe the events that led to my receiving the confession which has so strangely and unexpectedly come into my hands.

Whatever else may be said on the subject, one thing at least is certain-it will be many years before London forgets that season of festivity. The joyous occasion which made half the sovereigns of Europe our guests for weeks on end, kept foreign princes among us until their faces became as familiar to us as those of our own aristocracy, rendered the houses in our fashionable quarters unobtainable for love or money, filled our hotels to repletion, and produced daily pageants the like of which few of us have ever seen or imagined, can hardly fail to go down to posterity as one of the most notable in English history. Small wonder, therefore, that the wealth, then located in our great metropolis, should have attracted swindlers from all parts of the globe.

That it should have fallen to the lot of one who has always prided himself on steering clear of undesirable acquaintances, to introduce to his friends one of the most notorious adventurers our capital has ever seen, seems like the irony of fate. Perhaps, however, if I begin by showing how cleverly our meeting was contrived, those who would otherwise feel inclined to censure me, will pause before passing judgment, and will ask themselves whether they would not have walked into the snare as unsuspectingly as I did.

It was during the last year of my term of office as Viceroy, and while I was paying a visit to the Governor of Bombay, that I decided upon making a tour of the northern

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Provinces, beginning with Peshawur, and winding up with the Maharajah of Malar-Kadir. As the latter potentate is so well known, I need not describe him. His forcible personality, his enlightened rule, and the progress his state has made within the last ten years are well known to every student of the history of our magnificent Indian Empire.

My stay with him was a pleasant finish to an otherwise monotonous business, for his hospitality has a world wide reputation When I arrived he placed his palace, his servants, and his stables at my disposal to use just as I pleased. My time was practically my own. I could be as solitary as a hermit if I so desired; on the other hand, I had but to give the order, and five hundred men would cater for my amusement. seems therefore the more unfortunate that to this pleasant arrangement I should have to attribute the calamities which it is the purpose of this series of stories to narrate.

On the third morning of my stay I woke early. When I had examined my watch I discovered that it wanted an hour of daylight, and, not feeling inclined to go to sleep again, I wondered how I should employ my time until my servant should bring me my chota hazri or early breakfast. On proceeding to my window I found a perfect morning, the stars still shining, though in the east they were paling before the approach of dawn. It was difficult to realise that in a few hours the earth which now looked so cool and wholesome would be lying, burnt up and quivering, beneath the blazing Indian sun.

I stood and watched the picture presented to me for some minutes, until an over-whelming desire came over me to order a horse and go for a long ride before the sun should make his appearance above the jungle trees. The temptation was more than I could resist, so I crossed the room and opening the door, woke my servant, who was sleeping in the antechamber. Having bidden him find a groom and have a horse saddled for me, without rousing the household, I returned and commenced my toilet. Then, descending by a private staircase to the great courtyard, I mounted the animal I found awaiting me there, and set off.

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Leaving the city behind me I made my way over the new bridge with which His Highness has spanned the river, and, crossing the plain, headed towards the jungle that rises like a green wall upon the other side. My horse was a waler of exceptional excellence, as everyone who knows the Maharajah's stable will readily understand, and I was just in the humour for a ride. But the coolness was not destined to last long, for, by the time I had left the second village behind me, the stars had given place to the faint grey light of dawn. A soft breeze stirred the palms and rustled the long grass, but its freshness was deceptive; the sun would be up almost before I could look round, and then nothing could save us from a scorching day.

After I had been riding for nearly an hour it struck me that, if I wished to be back in time for breakfast, I had better think of returning. At the time I was standing in the centre of a small plain, surrounded by jungle. Behind me was the path I had followed to reach the place; in front, and to right and left, others leading whither I could not tell. Having no desire to return by the road I had come, I touched up my horse and cantered off in an easterly direction, feeling certain that, even if I had to make a divergence, I should reach the city without very much trouble.

By the time I had put three miles or so behind me the heat had become stifling, the path being completely shut in on either side by the densest jungle I have ever known. For all I could see to the contrary I might have been a hundred miles from any habitation.

Imagine my astonishment, therefore, when, on turning a corner of the track, I suddenly left the jungle behind me, and found myself standing on the top of a stupendous cliff looking down upon a lake of blue water. In the centre of this lake was an island, and on the island a house. At the distance I was from it the latter appeared to be built of white marble, as indeed I afterwards found to be the case. Anything, however, more lovely than the effect produced by the blue water, the white building, and the jungle-clad hills upon the other side can scarcely be imagined. I stood and gazed at it in delighted amazement. Of

all the beautiful places I had hitherto seen in India this, I could honestly say, was entitled to rank first. But how it was to benefit me in my present situation I could not for the life of me understand.

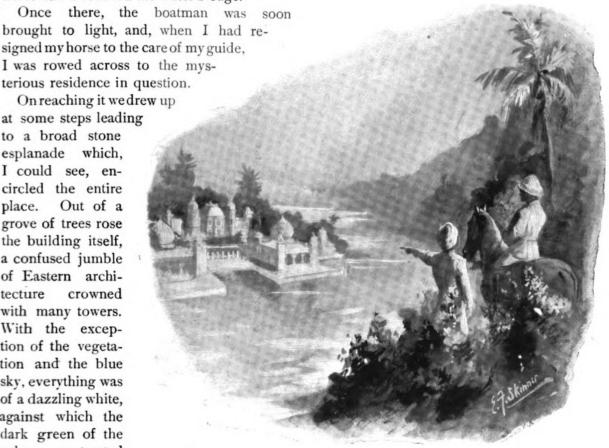
Ten minutes later I had discovered a guide and also a path down the cliff to the shore, where, I was assured, a boat and a man could be obtained to transport me to the palace. I therefore bade my informant precede me, and after some minutes' anxious scrambling, my horse and I reached the water's edge.

Once there, the boatman was soon brought to light, and, when I had resigned my horse to the care of my guide, I was rowed across to the mys-

On reaching it we drew up

at some steps leading to a broad stone esplanade which, I could see, encircled the entire place. Out of a grove of trees rose the building itself, a confused jumble of Eastern architecture crowned with many towers. With the exception of the vegetation and the blue sky, everything was of a dazzling white, against which the dark green of the palms contrasted with admirable effect.

Though I thought he must be making a mistake, I said nothing, but followed him along the terrace, through a magnificent gateway, on the top of which a peacock was preening himself in the sunlight, through court after court, all built of the same white marble, through a garden in which a fountain was playing to the rustling accompaniment of pipal and pomegranate leaves, to finally enter the verandah of the main building itself.



Ten minutes later I had discovered a guide.

Springing from the boat I made my way up the steps, imbued with much the same feeling of curiosity as the happy Prince, so familiar to us in our nursery days, must have experienced when he found the enchanted castle in the As I reached the top, to my unqualified astonishment, an English manservant appeared through a gateway and bowed before me.

"Breakfast is served," he said, "and my master bids me say that he waits to receive your lordship."

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Drawing aside the curtain which covered a finely carved doorway, the servant invited me to enter, and as I did so announced "His Excellency the Viceroy."

The change from the vivid whiteness of the marble outside to the cool semi-European room in which I now found myself was almost disconcerting in its abruptness. Indeed, I had scarcely time to recover my presence of mind before I became aware that my host was standing before me. Another surprise was in store for me. I had expected to find

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY a native, instead of which he proved to be an Englishman.

"I am more indebted than I can say to your Excellency for the honour of this visit," he began, as he extended his hand. "I can only wish I were better prepared for it."

"You must not say that," I answered. "It

is I who should apologise. I fear I am an intruder. But to tell you the truth I had lost my way, and it is only by chance that I am here at all. was foolish to venture out without a guide and have no one to blames for what has occurred but myself."

"In that case I must thank the Fates for their kindness to me," returned my host. "But don't let me keep you standing. You must be both tired and hungry after your long ride, and breakfast, as you see, is upon the table. Shall we show ourselves sufficiently blind to the conventionalities to sit down to it without further preliminaries?"

"His Excellency the Viceroy."

Upon my assenting he struck a small gong at his side, and servants, acting under the instructions of the white man who had conducted me to his master's presence, instantly appeared in answer to it. We took our places at the table, and the meal immediately commenced.

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While it was in progress I was permitted an excellent opportunity of studying my host, who sat opposite me, with such light as penetrated the *jhilmills* falling directly upon his face. I doubt, however, vividly as my memory \*ecalls the scene, whether I can give you an adequate description of the man who

has since come to be a sort of nightmare to me.

In height he could not have been more than five feet two. shoulders were broad and would have been evidence considerable strength but for one malformation which completely spoilt his whole appearance. The poor fellow suffered from curvature of the spine of the worst sort, and the large hump between his shoulders produced a most extraordinary effect. But it is when I endeavour to describe his face that I find myself confronted with the most serious difficulty.

How to make you realise it I hardly know.

To begin with, I do not think I should be overstepping the mark were I to say that it was one of the most beautiful countenances I have ever seen in my fellow men. Its contour was as perfect as that of the bust of the Greek god, Hermes, to whom, all things considered, it is only fit and proper he should bear some

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY resemblance. The forehead was broad, and surmounted with a wealth of dark hair, in colour almost black. His eyes were large and dreamy, the brows almost pencilled in their delicacy; the nose, the most prominent feature of his face, reminded me more of that of the great Napoleon than any other I can recall.

His mouth was small but firm, his ears as tiny as those of an English beauty, and set in closer to his head than is usual with those organs. But it was his chin that fascinated me most. It was plainly that of a man accustomed to command; that of a man of iron will whom no amount of opposition would deter from his purpose. His hands were small and delicate, and his fingers taper, plainly those of the artist, either a painter or a musician. Altogether he presented a unique appearance, and one that once seen would not be easily forgotten.

During the meal I congratulated him upon the possession of such a beautiful residence, the like of which I had never seen before.

"Unfortunately," he answered, "the place does not belong to me, but is the property of our mutual host, the Maharajah. His Highness, knowing that I am a scholar and a recluse, is kind enough to permit me the use of this portion of the palace; and the value of such a privilege I must leave you to imagine."

"You are a student, then?" I said, as I began to understand matters a little more clearly.

"In a perfunctory sort of way," he replied.

"That is to say, I have acquired sufficient knowledge to be aware of my own ignorance."

I ventured to inquire the subject in which he took most interest. It proved to be China and the native art of India, and on these two topics we conversed for upwards of half an hour. It was evident that he was a consummate master of his subject. This I could the more readily understand when, our meal being finished, he led me into an adjoining room, in which stood the cabinets containing his treasures. Such a collection I had never seen before. Its size and completeness amazed me.

"But surely you have not brought all these specimens together yourself?" I asked in astonishment.

"You see it has been the hobby of my life. And it is to the fact that I am now engaged upon a book upon the subject, which I hope to have published in England next year, that you may attribute my playing the hermit here."

"You intend, then, to visit England?"

"If my book is finished in time," he answered, "I shall be in London at the end of April or the commencement of May. Who would not wish to be in the chief city of Her Majesty's dominions upon such a joyous and auspicious occasion?"

As he said this he took down a small vase from a shelf, and, as if to change the subject, described its history and its beauties to me. A stranger picture than he presented at that moment it would be difficult to imagine. His long fingers held his treasure as carefully as if it were an invaluable jewel, his eyes glistened with the fire of the true collector, who is born but never made, and when he came to that part of his narrative which described the long hunt for, and the eventual purchase of, the ornament in question, his voice fairly shook with excitement. I was more interested than at any other time I should have thought possible, and it was then that I committed the most foolish action of my life. Quite carried away by his charm I said:

"I hope when you do come to London, you will permit me to be of any service I can to you."

"I thank you," he answered gravely. "Your lordship is very kind, and if the occasion arises, as I hope it will, I shall most certainly avail myself of your offer."

"We shall be very pleased to see you," I replied, "and now, if you will not consider me inquisitive, may I ask if you live in this great place alone?"

"With the exception of my servants I have no companions."

"Really! You must surely find it very lonely?"

"I do, and it is that very solitude which endears it to me. When His Highness so kindly offered me the place for a residence, I inquired if I should have much company. He replied that I might remain here twenty years and never see a soul unless I chose to

do so. On hearing that I accepted his offer with alacrity."

"Then you prefer the life of a hermit to mixing with your fellow men?"

"I do. But next year I shall put off my monastic habits for a few months, and mix left the room again my host immediately turned to me.

"Now," he said, "as you have seen my collection, will you like to explore the Palace?"

To this proposition I gladly assented, and we set off together. An hour later, satiated with the beauty of what I had seen, and feeling as if I had known the man beside me

ife, I bade him good-bye upon steps and prepared to return the spot where my horse was waiting for me.

> "One of my servants will accompany you," he said, "and will conduct you to the city."

> "I am greatly indebted to you," I answered. "Should I not see you before, I hope you will not forget your promise to call upon me either in Calcutta, before we leave, or in London next year."

> He smiled in a peculiar way.

"You must not think me so blind to my own interests as to forget your kind offer," he replied. "It is just possible, however, that I may be in Calcutta before you leave."

"I shall hope to see you

then," I said, and having shaken him by the hand, stepped into the boat which was waiting to convey me across.

Within an hour I was back once more at the Palace, much to the satisfaction of the Maharajah and my staff, to whom my absence had been the cause of considerable anxiety.

It was not until the evening that I found a convenient opportunity, and was able to question His Highness about his strange protégé. He quickly told me all there was to know about him. His name, it appeared, was Simon Carne. He was an Englishman and had been a great traveller. On a certain memorable occasion he had saved His Highness' life at the risk of his own, and ever since that time a close intimacy had existed between them. For upwards of three years

He took down a small vase from a shelf.

with my fellow men, as you call them, in London."

"You will find hearty welcome, I am sure."

"It is very kind of you to say so; I hope I shall. But I am forgetting the rules of hospitality. You are a great smoker, I have heard. Let me offer you a cigar."

As he spoke, he took a small silver whistle from his pocket, and blew a peculiar note upon it. A moment later the same English servant, who had conducted me to his presence, entered carrying a number of cigar boxes upon a tray. I chose one, and as I did so glanced at the man. In outward appearance he was exactly what a body servant should be, of medium height, scrupulously neat, clean shaven, and with a face as devoid of expression as a blank wall. When he had

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY the man in question had occupied a wing of the island palace, going away for months at a time, presumably in search of specimens for his collection, and returning when he became tired of the world. To the best of His Highness' belief he was exceedingly wealthy, but on this subject little was known. Such was all I could learn about the mysterious individual I had met earlier in the day.

Much as I wanted to do so I was unable to pay another visit to the palace on the lake. Owing to pressing business, I was compelled to return to Calcutta as quickly as possible. For this reason it was nearly eight months before I saw or heard anything of Simon Carne again. When I did meet him we were in the midst of our preparations for returning to England. I had been for a ride, I remember, and was in the act of dismounting from my horse, when an individual came down the steps and strolled towards me. I recognised him instantly as the man in whom I had been so much interested in Malar-Kadir. He was now dressed in fashionable European attire, but there was no mistaking his face. I held out my hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Carne?" I cried. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Pray how long have you been in Calcutta?"

"I arrived last night," he answered, "and Ileave to-morrow morning for Burma. You see I have taken Your Excellency at your word."

"I am very pleased to see you," I replied.

"I have the liveliest recollection of your kindness to me the day that I lost my way in the jungle. As you are leaving so soon, I fear we shall not have the pleasure of seeing much of you, but possibly you can dine with us this evening?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," he answered simply, watching me with his wonderful eyes, which somehow always reminded me of those of a collie.

"Her ladyship is devoted to Indian pottery and brass work," I said, "and she would never forgive me if I did not give her an opportunity of consulting you upon her collection."

"I shall be very proud to assist in any way I can," he answered.

"Very well, then, we shall meet at eight. Good-bye."

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That evening we had the pleasure of his society at dinner, and I am prepared to state that a more interesting guest has never sat at a vice-regal table. My wife and daughters fell under his spell as quickly as I had done. Indeed, the former told me afterwards that she considered him the most uncommon man she had met during her residence in the East, an admission scarcely complimentary to the numerous important members of my council, who all prided themselves upon their originality. When he said good-bye we had extorted his promise to call upon us in London, and I gathered later that my wife was prepared to make a lion of him when he should put in an appearance.

How he did arrive in London during the first week of the following May; how it became known that he had taken Porchester House, which, as everyone knows, stands at the corner of Belverton Street and Park Lane, for the season, at an enormous rental; how he furnished it superbly, brought an army of Indian servants to wait upon him, and was prepared to astonish the town with his entertainments, are matters of history. welcomed him to England, and he dined with us on the night following his arrival, and thus it was that we became, in a manner of speaking, his sponsors in Society. When one looks back on that time, and remembers how vigorously, even in the midst of all that season's gaiety, our social world took him up, the fuss that was made of him, the manner in which his doings were chronicled by the Press, it is indeed hard to realise how egregiously we were all being deceived.

During the months of June and July he was to be met at every house of distinction. Even Royalty permitted itself to become on friendly terms with him, while it was rumoured that no fewer than three of the proudest beauties in England were prepared at any moment to accept his offer of marriage. To have been a social lion during such a brilliant season, to have been able to afford one of the most perfect residences in our great city, and to have written a book which the foremost authorities upon the subject declare to be a masterpiece, are things of which any man might be proud. And yet this was exactly what Simon Carne was and did.

And now, having described his advent among us, I must refer to the greatest excitement of all that year. Unique as was the occasion which prompted the gaiety of London, constant as were the arrivals and departures of illustrious folk, marvellous as were the social functions, and enormous the amount of money expended, it is strange that the things which attracted the most attention should be neither royal, social, nor political.

As may be imagined, I am referring to the enormous robberies and swindles which will for ever be associated with that memorable year. Day after day, for weeks at a time, the Press chronicled a series of crimes, the like of which the oldest Englishman could not remember. It soon became evident that they were the work of one person, and that that person was a master hand was as certain as his success.

At first the police were positive that the depredations were conducted by a foreign gang, located somewhere in North London, and that they would soon be able to put their fingers on the culprits. But they were speedily In spite of their efforts the undeceived. burglaries continued with painful regularity. Hardly a prominent person escaped. My friend Lord Orpington was despoiled of his priceless gold and silver plate; my cousin, the Duchess of Wiltshire, lost her world famous diamonds; the Earl of Calingforth his racehorse "Vulcanite"; and others of my friends were despoiled of their choicest possessions. How it was that I escaped I can understand now, but I must confess that it passed my comprehension at the time.

Throughout the season Simon Carne and I scarcely spent a day apart. His society was like chloral; the more I took of it the more I wanted. And I am now told that others were affected in the same way. I used to flatter myself that it was to my endeavours he owed his social success, and I can only, in justice, say that he tried to prove himself grateful. I have his portrait hanging in my library now, painted by a famous Academician, with this inscription upon the lozenge at the base of the frame:

"To my kind friend, the Earl of Amberley, in remembrance of a happy and prosperous visit to London, from Simon Carne."

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The portrait represents nim standing before a bookcase in a half dark room. His extraordinary face, with its dark penetrating eyes, is instinct with life, while his lips seem as if opening to speak. To my thinking it would have been a better picture had he not been standing in such a way that the light accentuated his deformity; but it appears that this was the sitter's own desire, thus confirming what, on many occasions, I had felt compelled to believe, namely, that he was for some peculiar reason proud of his misfortune.

It was at the end of the Cowes week that we parted company. He had been racing his yacht, the *Unknown Quantity*, and, as if not satisfied with having won the Derby, must needs appropriate the Queen's Cup. It was on the day following that now famous race that half the leaders of London Society bade him farewell on the deck of the steam yacht that was to carry him back to India.

A month later, and quite by chance, the dreadful truth came out. Then it was discovered that the man of whom we had all been making so much fuss, the man whom royalty had condescended to treat almost as a friend, was neither more nor less than a Prince of Swindlers, who had been utilising his splendid opportunities to the very best advantage.

Everyone will remember the excitement which followed the first disclosure of this dreadful secret, and the others which followed it. As fresh discoveries came to light, the popular interest became more and more intense, while the public's wonderment at the man's almost superhuman cleverness waxed every day greater than before. My position, as you may suppose, was not an enviable one. I saw how cleverly I had been duped, and when my friends, who had most of them suffered from his talents, congratulated me on my immunity, I could only console myself with the reflection that I was responsible for more than half the acquaintances the wretch had made. deeply as I was drinking of the cup of sorrow, I had not come to the bottom of it yet.

One Saturday evening—the 7th of November, if I recollect aright—I was sitting in my library, writing letters after dinner, when I heard the postman come round the square and finally ascend the steps of my house. A few moments later a footman

entered bearing some letters, and a large packet, upon a salver. Having read the former, I cut the string which bound the parcel, and opened it.

To my surprise, it contained a bundle of manuscript and a letter. The former I put aside, while I broke open the envelope and extracted its contents. To my horror, it from Simon Carne, and ran as follows:

On the High Seas.

My dear Lord Amberley,

It is only reasonable to suppose that by this time you have become acquainted with the nature of the peculiar services you have rendered me. I am your debtor for as pleasant, and, at the same time, as profitable, a visit to London as any man could desire. In order that you may not think me ungrateful, I will ask you to accept the accompanying narrative of my adventures in your great metropolis. Since I have placed myself beyond the reach of capture, I will permit you to make any use of it you please. Doubtless you will blame me, but you must at least do me the justice to remember that, in spite of the splendid opportunities you permitted me, I invariably spared yourself and family. You will think me mad thus to betray myself, but, believe me, I have taken the greatest precautions against discovery, and as I am proud of my London exploits, I have not the least desire to hide my light beneath a bushel.

With kind regards to Lady Amberley and yourself,

Needless to say I did not retire

I am, yours very sincerely,

SIMON CARNE.

to rest before I had read the manuscript through from beginning to end, with the result that the morning following I communicated with the police. They were hopeful that they might be able to discover the place where the packet had been posted, but after considerable search it was found that it had been handed by a captain of a yacht, name unknown, to the commander of a homeward bound brig, off Finisterre, for postage in Plymouth. The narrative, as you will observe, is written in the third person, and, as far as I can gather, the handwriting is not that of Simon Carne. As, however, the details of each individual swindle coincide exactly with the facts as

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ascertained by the police, there can be no doubt of their authenticity.

A year has now elapsed since my receipt of the packet. During that time the police of almost every civilised country have been

Simon Carne.

on the alert to effect the capture of my whilom friend, but without success. Whether his yacht sank and conveyed him to the bottom of the ocean, or whether, as I suspect, she only carried him to a certain part of the seas where he changed into another vessel and so eluded justice, I cannot say. Even the Maharajah of Malar-Kadir has heard nothing of him since. The fact, however, remains, I have, innocently enough, compounded a series of felonies, and, as I said at the commencement of this preface, the publication of the narrative I have so strangely received is intended to be as far as possible my excuse.

### INTRODUCTION.

HE night was close and muggy, such a night, indeed, as only Calcutta, of all the great cities of the East, can produce. The reek of the native quarters, that sickly, penetrating odour which, once smelt, is never forgotten, filled the streets and even invaded the sacred

precincts of Government House, where a man of gentlemanly appearance, but sadly deformed, was engaged in bidding Her Majesty the Queen of England's representative in India an almost affectionate farewell.

"You will not forget your promise to acquaint us with your arrival in London," said His Excellency as he shook his guest by the hand. "We shall be delighted to see you, and if we can make your stay pleasurable as well as profitable to you, you may be sure we shall endeavour to do so."

"Your lordship is most hospitable, and I think I may safely promise that I will avail myself of your kindness," replied the other. "In the meantime 'good-bye' and a pleasant voyage to you."

A few minutes later he had passed the sentry and was making his way along the Maidan to the point where the Chitpore Road crosses it. Here he stopped and appeared to deliberate. He smiled a little sardonically as the recollection of the evening's entertainment crossed his mind, and, as if he feared he might forget something connected with it, when he reached a lamp post, took a note book from his pocket and made an entry in it.

"Providence has really been most kind," he said as he shut the book with a snap, and returned it to his pocket. "And what is more, I am prepared to be properly grateful. It was a good morning's work for me when His Excellency decided to take a ride through the Maharajah's suburbs. Now I have only to play my cards carefully and success should be assured."

He took a cigar from his pocket, nipped off the end, and then lit it. He was still smiling when the smoke had cleared away.

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"It is fortunate that her Excellency is, like myself, an enthusiastic admirer of Indian art," he said. "It is a trump card, and I shall play it for all it's worth when I get to the other side. But to-night I have something of more importance to consider. I have to find the sinews of war. Let us hope that the luck which has followed me hitherto will still hold good and that Liz will prove as tractable as usual."

Almost as he concluded his soliloquy a ticca-gharri made its appearance, and, without being hailed, pulled up beside him. It was evident that their meeting was intentional, for the driver asked no question of his fare, who simply took his seat, laid himself back upon the cushions, and smoked his cigar with the air of a man playing a part in some performance that had been long arranged.

Ten minutes later the coachman had turned out of the Chitpore Road into a narrow bye street. From this he broke off into another and at the end of a few minutes into still another. These offshoots of the main thoroughfare were wrapped in inky darkness, and in order that there should be as much danger as possible they were crowded to excess. To those who know Calcutta this information will be significant.

There are slums in all the great cities of the world, and every one boasts its own peculiar characteristics. The Ratcliffe Highway in London, and the streets that lead off it, can show a fair assortment of vice; the Chinese quarters of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco can more than equal them; Little Bourke Street, Melbourne, a portion of Singapore, and the shipping quarter of Bombay have their own individual qualities, but surely for the lowest of all the world's low places one must go to Calcutta, the capital of our great Indian Empire.

Surrounding the Lal, Machua, Burra, and Joira Bazars are to be found the most infamous dens the mind of man can conceive. But that is not all. If an exhibition of scented, high-toned, gold-lacquered vice is required, one has only to make one's way into the streets that lie within a stone's throw of the Chitpore Road to be accommodated.

Reaching a certain corner, the *gharri* came to a standstill and the fare alighted. He

Original'from INDIANA UNIVERSITY said something in an undertone to the driver as he paid him, and then stood upon the footway placidly smoking until the vehicle had disappeared from view. When it was no longer in sight he looked up at the houses towering above his head; in one a marriage feast was being celebrated; across the way the sound of a woman's voice in angry expos-The passers by, tulation could be heard. all of whom were natives, scanned him curiously, but made no remark. men, it is true, were sometimes seen in that quarter and at that hour, but this one seemed of a different class, and it is possible that nine out of every ten took him for the most detested of all Englishmen, a police officer.

For upwards of ten minutes he waited, but after that he seemed to become impatient. The person he had expected to find at the rendezvous had, so far, failed to put in an appearance, and he was beginning to wonder what he had better do in the event of his not coming.

But, badly as he had started, he was not destined to fail in his enterprise for, just as his patience was exhausted, he saw, hastening towards him, a man whom he recognised as the person for whom he waited.

"You are late," he said in English, which he was aware the other spoke fluently, though he was averse to owning it. "I have been here more than a quarter of an hour."

"It was impossible that I could get away before," the other answered cringingly; "but if your Excellency will be pleased to follow me now I will conduct you to the person you seek, without further delay."

"Lead on," said the Englishman, "we have wasted enough time already."

Without more ado the Babu turned himself about and proceeded in the direction he had come, never pausing save to glance over his shoulder to make sure that his companion was following. Seemingly countless were the lanes, streets, and alleys through which they passed. The place was nothing more or less than a rabbit warren of small passages, and so dark that, at times, it was as much as the Englishman could do to see his guide ahead of him. Well acquainted as he was with the quarter, he had never been able to make himself master of all\_its intricacies,

and as the person whom he was going to meet was compelled to change her residence at frequent intervals, he had long given up the idea of endeavouring to find her himself.

Turning out of a narrow lane which differed from its fellows only in the fact that it contained more dirt and a greater number of unsavoury odours, they found themselves at the top of a short flight of steps, which in their turn conducted them to a small square, round which rose houses taller than any they had yet discovered. Every window contained a balcony, some larger than others, but all in the last stage of decay. The effect was peculiar, but not so strange as the quiet of the place; indeed, the wind and the far off hum of the city were the only sounds to be heard.

Now and again figures issued from the different doorways, stood for a moment looking anxiously about them, and then disappeared as silently as they had come. All the time not a light was to be seen, or the sound of a human voice. It was a strange place for a white man to be in, and so Simon Carne evidently thought as he obeyed his guide's invitation and entered the last house on the right hand side.

Whether the buildings had been originally intended for residences or for offices it would be difficult to say. They were as old almost as John Company himself, and would not appear to have been cleaned or repaired since they had been first inhabited.

From the centre of the hall, in which he found himself, a massive staircase led to the other floors, and up this Carne marched behind his conductor. On gaining the first landing he paused while the Babu went forward and knocked at a door. A moment later the shutter of a small grille was pulled back, and the face of a native woman looked out. A muttered conversation ensued, and after it was finished the door was opened and Carne was invited to enter. This summons he obeyed with alacrity, only to find that once he was inside, the door was immediately shut and barred behind him.

After the darkness of the street and the semi-obscurity of the stairs, the dazzling light of the apartment in which he now stood was almost too much for his eyes.

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It was not long, however, before he had recovered sufficiently to look about him. The room was a fine one, in shape almost square, with a large window at the further

A second later Trincomalee Liz entered the room,

end covered with a thick curtain of native cloth. It was furnished with considerable taste, in a mixture of styles, half European and half native. A large lamp of worked brass, burning some sweet-smelling oil, was suspended from the ceiling. A quantity of tapestry, much of it extremely rare, covered the walls, relieved here and there with some

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superb specimens of native weapons; comfortable divans were scattered about as if inviting repose, and as if further to carry out this idea, beside one of the lounges, a silver-

> mounted narghyle was placed, its tube curled up beside it in a fashion somewhat suggestive of a snake.

> But, luxurious as it all was, it was evidently not quite what Carne had expected to find, and the change seemed to mystify as much as it surprised him. Just as he was coming to a decision, however, his ear caught the sound of chinking bracelets, and next moment the curtain which covered a doorway in the left wall was drawn aside by a hand glistening with rings and as tiny as that of a little child. A second later Trincomalee Liz entered the room.

Standing in the doorway, the heavily embroidered curtain falling in thick folds behind her and forming a most effective background, she made a picture such as few men could look upon without a thrill of admiration. At that time she, the famous Trincomalee Liz, whose doings have made her notorious from the Saghalian coast to the shores of the Persian Gulf, was at the prime of her life and beauty—a beauty such as no man who has ever seen it will ever forget.

It was a notorious fact that those tiny hands had ruined more men than any other half dozen pairs in the whole of India, or the East for that matter. Not much was known of her history, but what had come to light was certainly interesting. As far as could be ascertained she was born in Tonquin; her father, it had been said, was a handsome but disreputable Frenchman, who had called himself a count,

and over his absinthe was wont to talk of his possessions in Normandy; her mother hailed from Northern India, and she herself was lovelier than the pale hibiscus blossom. To tell in what manner she and Carne had become acquainted would be too long a story to be included here. But that there was some bond between the pair is a

fact that may be stated without fear of contradiction.

On seeing her the visitor rose from his seat and went to meet her.

"So you have come at last," she said, holding out both hands to him. "I have been expecting you these three weeks past. Remember, you told me you were coming."

"I was prevented," said Carne. "And the business upon which I desired to see you was not fully matured."

"So there is business then?" she answered with a pretty petulance. "I thought as much. I might know by this time that you do not come to see me for anything else. But there, do not let us talk in this fashion when I have not had you with me for nearly a year. Tell me of yourself and what you have been doing since last we met."

As she spoke she was occupied preparing a huqa for him. When it was ready she fitted a tiny amber mouthpiece to the tube and presented it to him with a compliment as delicate as her own rose-leaf hands. Then, seating herself on a pile of cushions beside him, she bade him proceed with his narrative.

"And now," she said when he had finished, "what is this business that brings you to me?"

A few moments elapsed before he began his explanation, and during that time he studied her face closely.

"I have a scheme in my head," he said, laying the huqa stick carefully upon the floor, "that properly carried out should make us both rich beyond all telling, but to carry it out properly I must have your co-operation."

She laughed softly, and nodded her head.

"You mean that you want money," she answered. "Ah, Simon, you always want money."

"I do want money," he replied without hesitation. "I want it badly. Listen to what I have to say, and then tell me if you can give it to me. You know what year this is in England?"

She nodded her head. There were few things with which she had not some sort of acquaintance.

"It will be a time of great rejoicing," he continued. "Half the princes of the earth will be assembled in London. There will be wealth untold there, to be had for the mere

gathering in; and who is so well able to gather it as I? I tell you, Liz, I have made up my mind to make the journey and try my luck, and, if you will help me with the money, you shall have it back with such jewels, for interest, as no woman ever wore yet. To begin with, there is the Duchess of Wiltshire's necklace. Ah, your eyes light up; you have heard of it?"

"I have," she answered, her voice trembling with excitement. "Who has not?"

"It is the finest thing of its kind in Europe, if not in the world," he went on slowly, as if to allow time for his words to sink in. "It consists of three hundred stones, and is worth, apart from its historic value, at least fifty thousand pounds."

He saw her hands tighten on the cushions upon which she sat.

"Fifty thousand pounds! That is five lacs of rupees?"

"Exactly! Five lacs of rupees, a king's ransom," he answered. "But that is not all. There will be twice as much to be had for the taking when once I get there. Find me the money I want, and those stones shall be your property."

"How much do you want?"

"The value of the necklace," he answered. "Fifty thousand pounds."

"It is a large sum," she said, "and it will be difficult to find."

He smiled as if her words were a joke and should be treated as such.

- "The interest will be good," he answered.
- "But are you certain of obtaining it?" she asked.
  - "Have I ever failed yet?" he replied.
- "You have done wonderful things, certainly. But this time you are attempting so much."

"The greater the glory!" he answered.

"I have prepared my plans and I shall not fail. This is going to be the greatest undertaking of my life. If it comes off successfully I shall retire upon my laurels. Come, for the sake of—well, you know for the sake of what—will you let me have the money? It is not the first time you have done it, and on each occasion you have not only been repaid but well rewarded into the bargain."

"When do you want it?"

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"By mid-day to-morrow. It must be paid in to my account at the Bank before twelve o'clock. You will have no difficulty in obtaining it I know. Your respectable merchant the light of his countenance, will work my way into the highest society. That done I shall commence operations. No one will ever suspect!"

"And when it is finished and you have accomplished your desires, how will you escape?"

"That I have not yet arranged. But of this you may be sure, I shall run no risks."

" And afterwards?"

He leant a little towards her again and patted her affectionately upon the hand.

"Then we shall see what we shall see," he said. "I don't think you will find me ungrateful."

She shook her pretty head.

"It is good talk," she cried, "but it means nothing. You always say the same. How am I to know that you will not learn to love one of the white mem-sahibs when you are so much among them?"

"Because there is but

one Trincomalee Liz," he answered; "and for that reason you need have no fear."

Her face expressed the doubt with which she received this assertion. As she had said, it was not the first time she had been cajoled into advancing him large sums with the same assurance. He knew this, and, lest she should alter her mind, prepared to change the subject.

"Besides the others, I must take Hiram Singh and Wajib Baksh. They are in Calcutta, I am told, and I must communicate with them before noon to-morrow. They are the most expert craftsmen in India, and I shall have need of them."

"I will have them found, and word shall be sent to you."

"Could I not meet them here?"

"Nay, it is impossible. I shall not be here myself. I leave for Madras within six hours."

"Is there, then, trouble toward?"

friends will do it for you if you but hold up your little finger. If they don't feel inclined, then put on the screw and make them."

She laughed as he paid this tribute to her power. A moment later, however, she was all gravity.

"And the security?"

He leant towards her and whispered in her ear.

"It is well," she replied. "The money shall be found for you to-morrow. Now tell me your plans, I must know all that you intend doing."

"In the first place," he answered, drawing a little closer to her and speaking in a lower voice so that no eavesdropper should hear, "I shall take with me Abdul Khan, Ram Gafur, Jowur Singh, and Nur Ali, with others of less note as servants. I shall engage the best house in London, and under the wing of our gracious Viceroy, who has promised me

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She smiled, and spread her hands apart with a gesture that said: "Who knows?"

He did not question her further, but after a little conversation on the subject of the money, rose to bid her farewell.

"I do not like this idea," she said, standing before him and looking him in the face. "It is too dangerous. Why should you run such risk? Let us go together to Burma. You shall be my vizier."

"I would wish for nothing better," he said, "were it not that I am resolved to go to England. My mind is set upon it, and when I have done, London shall have something to talk about for years to come."

"If you are determined, I will say no more," she answered; "but when it is over, and you are free, we will talk again."

"You will not forget about the money?" he asked anxiously.

She stamped her foot.

"It is always the money of which you think. But you shall have it, never fear. And now when shall I see you again?"

"In six months' time at a place of which I will tell you beforehand."

"It is a long time to wait."

"There is a necklace worth five lacs to pay you for the waiting."

"Then I will be patient. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, little friend," he said. And then as if he thought he had not said enough, he added: "Think sometimes of Simon Carne."

She promised, with many pretty speeches, to do so, after which he left the room and went downstairs. As he reached the bottom step he heard a cough in the dark above him and looked up. He could just distinguish Liz leaning over the rail. Then something dropped and rattled upon the wooden steps behind him. He picked it up to find that it was an antique ring set with rubies.

"Wear it that it may bring thee luck," she cried, and then disappeared again.

He put the present on his finger and went out into the dark square.

"The money is found," he said, as he

looked up at the starlit heavens. "Hiram Singh and Wajib Baksh are to be discovered before noon to-morrow. His Excellency the Viceroy and his amiable lady have promised to stand sponsors for me in London society. If with these advantages I don't succeed, well all I can say is I don't deserve to. Now where is my Babuji?"

Almost at the same instant a figure appeared from the shadow of the building and approached him.

"If the Sahib will permit me I will guide him by a short road to his hotel."

"Lead on then. I am tired and it is time I was in bed." Then to himself



A figure approached from the shadow of the building.

he added: "I must sleep to-night, for to-morrow there are great things toward."

[The marvellous way in which Simon Carne obtains possession of the Duchess of Wiltshire's Diamonds will be told in our next issue.]

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vessels, barges, and steamers that will be either met or passed will give some food for reflection, when the value of the goods and specie that they bear to and from the port of London is even only approximately estimated.

It is the proud boast of the Thames police that of all this abundance of portable property the total loss by theft during the year 1895 amounted to but £102.

At the close of the last century matters were, however, very different. It is estimated that the West Indian merchants alone, were robbed to the extent of £250,000 a year, whilst the importance of the river trades may be gathered from the fact that in 1797 the ships, barges, etc., engaged in it amounted to about 22,500, a number exclusive of men of war, transports, and other Government craft.

This period was before the time of an extensive dock system, and the majority of these ships used to anchor in "the Pool"—a part of the river divided into two sections, the Upper Pool, extending from London Bridge to Wapping, and the Lower Pool, which stretches nearly to Limehouse—their cargoes being discharged by means of barges or lighters. There were, of course, the "legal quays"; these, however, only reached from London Bridge to the western extremity of Tower Ditch, giving a frontage of no more than 1419 feet. This was a limited space, and it was usually found more convenient to utilise the lightermen, whilst the ship herself would lie at anchor out in the river.

It was under these conditions that river piracy grew until the many robberies reached the astounding amount of more than a third of a million per annum. The river thieves were a well-organised body, each department, so to speak, being under the firm control of its leaders, whilst it confined itself to its own special form of larceny. There were seldom



fewer than from 200 to 500 vessels in the Pool, and seeing that there was absolutely no authority to restrain them, it is little to be wondered at that the river pirates became exceptionally powerful, whilst immunity from danger made them exceedingly daring.

One of their favourite plans was to note, during the day, a ship discharging its cargo into a lighter, and at night to cut this lighter adrift, following her down the river until she had reached a convenient spot where she might be pillaged.

The various classes of these thieves had their nicknames, the most numerous being the "Light Horsemen," who were invariably in league with one or more of the officers of the ship they intended robbing. They would go on board at night, having with them a choice assortment of crowbars, adzes, shovels, and black bags, these last being for sugar, of which no less a quantity than an amount averaging in value £100,000 was stolen each year. In the most deliberate way they would unhead the casks, fill the bags, and perhaps succeed in carting away as much as would reach the value of £150 to £200 per night, the officers of the ships, who had conveniently "on this occasion only" retired early, sleeping peacefully the while.

The "Heavy Horsemen" were another class, numbering, it is stated, about seven hundred. These men were principally "lumpers," engaged in the unloading of ships. They owned a curious under-garment known as a "jemmy," a robe fearfully and wonderfully made, and possessing numerous pockets.

Amongst their other "accessories" were long pouches, which were worn under their baggy trousers. The lumpers frequently had occasion to go ashore for meals, and they usually returned considerably less in bulk than when they landed. It was stated on oath, in 1797, that the amount of money received for stolen sugar and spices taken from ten ships only, and sold by the "Heavy Horsemen"—sold, be it noted, at 50 per cent. under the proper price—amounted to £3972.

Then, there were the "Game" watermen, who would first of all induce the officers or crew of a ship to allow them to smuggle their private "adventures" ashore, and would then persuade them to become "game," a word

in common use on the river to describe those who were not absolutely incorruptible. The lowest class of river pirates were known as "Scuffle Hunters," who were ever ready to help in the unloading of a ship. In order, so they said, to protect their clothes, they wore long aprons, which, like charity, covered a multitude of sins. Of course, a system such as this involved a number of receivers, who were principally men with marine store shops.

It must be borne in mind, too, that the depredations of the Thames pirates were not confined to the cargo only. They were snappers up of any unconsidered, or, what was more to the purpose, unwatched trifle, anchors, cordage, rigging, and blocks, all were fish for their nets.

The West Indian merchants, who were the greatest sufferers, from time to time passed resolutions to regulate the unloading of their ships, with but little effect although they offered high rewards for the detection of the Eventually they approached the House of Commons, and a special committee was formed, before which it was proved that the plunder on West India produce alone amounted annually to £158,000, meaning a loss to the revenue of £50,000. This state of things was acknowledged by everybody as being intolerable, and on the 30th of January, 1798, a syndicate of these merchants was formed to consider the proposal of Dr. Colquhoun as to the formation of a system of "Police applicable to the peculiar circumstances of the trade of the river Thames." resolution was passed that this idea should be carried out, provided the sanction of the Government could be obtained. On the 27th of March the Duke of Portland wrote to the committee that the scheme was approved by the Cabinet, and that a certain portion of the cost would be paid from the Chancellery of the Exchequer. In June, John Harriott was appointed to the position of resident magistrate, with a commodious office situated at 259, Wapping New Stairs, and what is now the Thames Police Court, since removed to Stepney, was instituted.

Meanwhile the constitution of the body known as the "Marine Police" was being worked out, and it eventually assumed the

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY following form: I. A judicial department, over which the magistrate presided; 2. The preventive section, which consisted of surveyors, who correspond with what are now called inspectors, watermen, and quay guards; this particular force amounting to sixty-two.



In addition to the patrolling of the river, the marine police undertook the supervision of the discharging of ships' cargoes, and for this purpose enrolled a force of some 800 lumpers, or, as we should call them nowadays, dock labourers, who were reliable men, and who worked under the control of the police. Thus, then, was commenced the organisation of an army which was to fight with a condition of things that would seem incredible to the ordinary Englishman of to-day. We have had "law and order" dinned into our ears to such an extent that it is impossible to realise the state of anarchy that prevailed between Wapping Old Stairs and Queenhithe, where is now Cannon-street Station. Digitized by Google

It was not to be expected that this commercial cesspool could be cleansed in a day, and the efforts of the police were thwarted on many occasions, in some cases by shipowners who could not be brought to see in which way their interests lay, but more generally by the wealthy receivers of stolen goods, who of course were being deprived of their means of livelihood.

Considerable difficulty, too, was at first experienced owing to the conflicting laws and the many authorities, but the Police Act of 1829 commenced the work which eventually placed the Thames Police upon a proper and permanent footing. The battle has now been fought and the battle won — for the

Thames pirates have been so reduced in numbers that they are now as extensive a force as the brigade that attacked Falstaff.

The opportunities for theft are, however, still very numerous, and the admirable body of police that does its work so quietly that one seldom hears of it, is as necessary to-day as it was a hundred years ago. It was with a view of finding something that might interest my readers that I sought the present head of the Thames Police, Superintendent Chisholm.

This gentleman, who has had a varied experience of the ways of the wily criminal, first in the land force at Westminster and Lambeth, and for the last four years at Wapping, is a canny Scotsman, with that cold, steely look in his eye which characterises the man who all his life has had to deal with the seamy side of human nature. The tension, however, is relaxed at times, and one sees, then, the genial north-countryman.

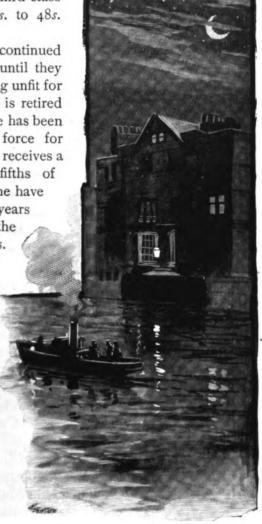
From him I learn that the Thames police force at present consists of 206 men, including officers, the latter being the super-intendent, eleven inspectors, and forty-two third-class inspectors. These last are, as far as relative rank is concerned, of the same grade as sergeants in the other divisions of the Metropolitan Police; but as, under the law, only the superintendent and inspectors may board vessels, Sir Richard Mayne, when Chief Commissioner, issued an order that all sergeants in the Thames division were to be called third-class inspectors, and this order has never been rescinded. The ordinary

constables are recruited mainly from the seafaring classes.

It is not absolutely essential to have been a sailor; it is, however, a sine quá non that they must all be able to swim, and have some knowledge of boating. The rate of pay is the same as that in other police divisions—

namely, for constables, from 24s. to 32s., and for third-class inspectors from 34s. to 48s. per week.

Up to 1890 they continued at the post of duty until they were certified as being unfit for service; now a man is retired compulsorily. If he has been a member of the force for twenty-five years he receives a pension of three-fifths of his salary; should he have served twenty-six years his pension is on the scale of two-thirds. In addition to the salary each constable receives his uniform, which, it may be noted, is somewhat nautical in appearance. Amongst the items supplied annually are two pairs of trousers," two pairs of boots, boat-coat, tilt or apron to cover the legs when afloat, and a suit of oil-skins.



The Blackwall Station.

Each constable is supposed to remain on duty for six hours, followed by twelve hours off, the times being so arranged that every third day the same hours are kept.

The jurisdiction of the Thames Police practically extends from Fulham Railway Bridge to Purfleet, though nominally it is conterminous with the Metropolitan Police area. This would take it as far up the river as Staines, but it is only very occasionally that it is necessary for the force to deal with the upper reaches.

There are three stations belonging to the Thames division—the head-quarters at Wapping, rebuilt in 1869, one at Blackwall, and the other at the foot of Waterloo Bridge. The two former are substantial brick buildings, whilst the latter is a floating station, one of the Thames Conservancy piers having been

utilised for the purpose. A good many Londoners will remember that the Waterloo station was for many years on an old hulk, moored at some little distance from the water side.

Two of these "wooden walls" were used, the first of the "returned empties" being the Scorpion, a gunboat. When she had served her time and was dropping to pieces she was replaced by the Royalist. These tubs, they were nothing else, were fitted up with charge rooms and cells on the main deck, whilst there were quarters on board for a married inspector and six single men.

After the embankment was built, the Waterloo station was transferred to the pier and the *Royalist* was removed to Blackwall, where for some years she served as a floating station, being moored on the south side of the river. When the present offices, which are on the north side, were built, the *Royalist* went to where all the good vessels go, the shipbreakers. The moorings at

which the old police ship lay at Waterloo were subsequently utilised for the *Frolic*, the gun-boat placed by the Government at the disposal of the ill-fated Naval Volunteers.

The craft belonging to the Thames Police are thirty in number, twenty-eight galleys and two steam launches. The larger of the launches, the *Watch*, is stationed at Wapping, whilst the *Chowkidar*—the Indian name for a night watchman—may be generally seen bobbing up and down alongside Waterloo Pier.

All this and more from Superintendent Chisholm. "As to crimes that have been committed on the river, ah, well, you had better have a talk with our Chief Detective-Inspector Regan, who undertakes the investigation of any crime that is undetected by our uniform men," and Inspector Regan steps forward.

He had been in the room for a long time, but I should never have associated him with the following up of the intricate plots con-

cocted by criminals-a quiet man who would pass anywhere as one in good position, but who is as far removed from the popular conception of a detective as it is possible to imagine. "I belong," he said, "to the Criminal Investigation department, and have been attached to the Thames Division since 1873. There are five inspectors and one constable under me," an arrangement which reminded me of the regiment raised by Artemus Ward during the war in the States, and which, when the muster-roll was called, was found to

consist of seven hundred

generals, together with one private, Artemus himself.

One of the principal duties, Inspector Regan went on to tell me, of the river police during the late years has been to assist the Custom House officers in the prevention of smuggling. Until lately the Customs authorities paid the sum of £800 to the division, at the same time giving the men warrants, or "deputations" as they were called, which authorised them to examine anything afloat or ashore. The £800 payment has now been withdrawn, and the "deputations" were returned to the Customs authorities by order of Commissioner Howard, then Superintendent.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the energy in seeking out smugglers has rather fallen off of late years, for, whilst the police now power to detain goods and to take them and their apparent owner to the police station, they must send for a customs officer to charge the culprit.

"But is there much smuggling?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "I believe there are tons of tobacco brought into the river every year. The worst offenders are the crews of a well-known line of packets trading with such ports as Hamburg, Rotterdam, Bordeaux and Ghent."

> "Do you get anything now if you effect a seizure?"

"Yes, they pay us from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 8d. per lb., according to the quality."

> "What becomes of tobacco that is seized?"

"Coarse tobacco, such as shag, is sent to Kew Gardens, but cigars and cavendish are sold, as well as

the spirits." So good bye to another illusion. the Queen's pipe. "There are any number of plans for getting it landed. There was some furniture put ashore at one of the wharfs not so long ago. One of our men hap-

Superintendent Chisholm. pened to sit down on a sofa. I suppose

it was the heat of his body, but after a time he began to smell tobacco, and the more he sniffed the more it smelt. He at last ripped open the covering of the sofa, and found that the whole of the stuffing was nothing more or less than good tobacco, whilst all the chairs were upholstered in the same way."

In dealing with a suspected ship it is the custom of the police to watch and wait until the first man comes ashore, and then to stop him with the question, "What ship are you from?" The general answer is "No ship." This being a manifest lie, he is searched. As much as 45lb. of pressed shag has been found concealed in a man's clothes.

"Why," said Inspector Regan, "I remember the Earl of Aberdeen"-he was speaking of a ship of that name, not a revered member of the House of Lords—"she was lying at the Tower Tier. Four of the police, who were hovering round in a private—that is a disguised—boat, saw some parcels put through a port-hole of the *Aberdeen* into a boat lying alongside. They chased this boat, and having captured it found on board no less than three hundredweight of tobacco.

"On another occasion," he went on to say,
"I had information that someone on the
Earl of Aberdeen had a few friends near
Purfleet. I accordingly waited for her, in a
'disguised' boat, the next time she was due
up the river. A little while after we sighted

officer, 'under arrest.' 'Hardly worth while doing that,' I said, 'seeing that I am an Inspector of the Thames Division of Police.'

"During this altercation the third boat, which contained the persons to whom the tobacco had been consigned, had stolen quietly away. The parcels and straw, by the way, had been fastened to the under side of the starboard sponson of the steamer, and were cut adrift when she had arrived at the spot agreed upon."

"Leaving smuggling, are there many crimes committed on the river now?"

"Of course. The most sensational one,

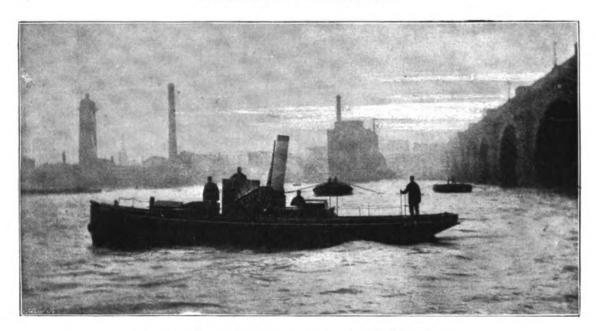


her I noticed that what was apparently a lump of straw was thrown overboard at the suspected point, and, pulling up, I found a buoy attached to it, suspended to which were seven parcels in waterproof bags, each containing a hundredweight of tobacco. Before we had time to examine it a Customs boat, also disguised, stopped us, of course not knowing who we were, and demanded what we had in the bags. 'I don't know,' was my reply, 'but I suspect it's tobacco,' and taking out my knife I ripped open one of the parcels, and sure enough it was tobacco. 'You may consider yourselves,' said the Custom House

which the recent release of the dynamite prisoners has brought again to the public mind, was the attempt to blow up London Bridge in 1886."

"Was anything ever found out about this?" I queried.

"No," was the answer. "Two men hired a boat from Carter of Queenhithe, and there was an explosion at the bridge. The men disappeared, and the boat was never seen again, the common idea being that they were all blown to pieces. Some few fragments of a boat were discovered, but Carter could not identify them." NIVERSITY



The large Thames Police Launch, the "Watch," off Waterloo Pier.

I fancy, though, Inspector Regan does not quite believe the "shattered into atoms" tale.

Another mystery of the river was the discovery, in 1889, of the parts of the body of a woman. It had been cut up into small pieces, but, with the exception of the head, every portion was recovered. The hips were found at Chelsea, whilst the bust was picked up at Horselydown. The identity of the woman was never discovered, and whether it was murder or merely a joke of hospital students has never been found out.

Inspector Regan had a good deal to do with the arrest of Dr. Gallagher and Daly, being associated in this matter with Messrs. Littlechild, Williamson, and Melville. Incidentally he let drop the fact that at no time have the ports of England been so thoroughly watched as now. There are fifteen detectives at Gravesend, four at Dover, and a like proportion at other ports; whilst such towns as Calais, Boulogne, Havre, etc., have their quota of English officers, who mark all arrivals and departures. At the present moment the French and English police are working together hand and glove. Another fact that came out by accident was that the Thames Police have full powers in the City, the constables that acknowledge the sway of the Lord Mayor being, according to the view held at Wapping, of quite local importance.

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One of the principal duties, however, of the Thames Police is the rescuing of life from drowning, and the resuscitation of the would-be suicide. Waterloo Station is the great place for this sort of thing, though the bridge itself, since the abolition of the tolls, is no longer the favourite spot for those who are weary of life. I seek out Inspector Box, who is in charge of the Embankment Station, and many are the gruesome stories that he can tell.

"It took me a quarter of an hour," he said, "before I could bring myself to handle my first body. It was a man, but I made up my mind that it had to be done, and I did it—did, perhaps, a good deal more than was necessary, but I felt I must get it over."

"Do you notice that suicides are more frequent at any particular time of the year?"

"No," was the reply; "you can see for yourself," and he produced what I think must be the most awful "document" in the world. It is an ordinary vellum-bound book, which, when opened, records in tabulated form the statistics of attempted suicides.

An awful book indeed, one that contains the names of those who have sought oblivion, but who have been snatched from the jaws of death. What tragedies lie under each entry! What grim despair, what shedding of heart's blood must there have been before the resolve to take the final plunge was made! As I

turn over the leaves, and see here an entry of the pretty little soubrette actress who was tired of life at eighteen, and there the militarylooking man of sixty who longed for the waters of Lethe, and sought it in the cold, black flood of the river, I stand appalled at the pent-up anguish, the utter hopelessness that each of these bald statements reveals.

Inspector Box tells me that the police brought ashore last year ninety-nine bodies, of which eleven were suicides, forty-eight accidentally drowned, and forty whose drowning could not be accounted for. Twenty persons were rescued, whilst twentythree cases of attempted suicide finish up the record.

"If you will come with me," said the Inspector, "I will show you the room where we try to bring them to." At the end of the pier, that nearest Waterloo Bridge, is a room, in the centre of which is an enormous bath with a constant supply of hot and cold water. Over this is a removable lid, upon

which the body is placed whilst the efforts to induce respiration by artificial means are employed.

"We use," said Mr. Box, "the Sylvester method, which is so effectual that I have been able to pump food out of the stomach, and that in the case of a man who was dead," and he illustrated the process by working my arms backwards and forwards. "As soon as ever consciousness is restored we give the patient a hot bath and put him to bed," indicating an iron bedstead which stands on one side of the room. "We have worked with some for nearly an hour, but my men can generally tell at the end of five or six minutes whether life has gone." "There is no reward," he replied to another query, "for rescuing a person, but the parish authorities pay 5s. for every dead body that is brought ashore," which students of Dickens will remember was an important item of the incomings of "Pardner Gaffer Hexam, Esquire," in "Our Mutual Friend."

## THE SOURCE OF THE RIVER.

The beautiful glittering river That flashes and glows and sings, And cooling shadow flings, Where beeches sway and quiver, Silver and green, Casting a sheen On the face of the beautiful river.

> Whence is the source of the river That bubbles and sings and sighs? Are bubbles but tears in its eyes? Shall it sigh and sing for ever? Tossing in spray,

It flows from the Palm of the Giver!



Thence is the source of the river That hushes and darts and calls With eddying twists and falls— It flows from the Palm of the Giver; The Palm of the Hand That sways the land, The sea, and the sky—for ever! OrigiFANEST NODDALI WILLETT.



their own account against the whole human race.

With mixed crews, recruited from every nation, they scoured the seas, disappearing occasionally to careen in some lonely inlet, or putting in for a debauch at some outlying port, where they dazzled the inhabitants by their lavishness and horrified them by their

brutalities.

On the Coromandel Coast, at Madagascar, in the African waters, and above all in the West Indian and American seas, the pirates were a constant menace. With an insolent luxury they would regulate their depredations by the comfort of the seasons, harrying New England in the summer and dropping south again to the tropical islands in the winter.

They were the more to be dreaded because they had none of that discipline and restraint which made their predecessors, the Buccaneers, both formidable and respectable. These Ishmaels of the sea rendered an account to no man, and treated their prisoners according to the drunken whim of the moment. Flashes of grotesque generosity alternated with longer stretches of inconceivable ferocity, and the skipper who fell into their hands might find

WARNICK GOBLE

himself dismissed with his cargo, or might sit at his cabin table with his own nose and his lips served up with pepper and salt in front of him. It took a stout seaman in those days to ply his calling in the Caribbean Gulf.

Such a man was Captain John Scarrow, of the ship Morning Star, and yet he breathed a long sigh of relief when he heard the splash of the falling anchor and swung at his moorings within a hundred yards of the guns of the citadel of Basseterre. St. Kitt's was his final port of call, and early next morning his bowsprit would be pointed for Old England. He had had enough of those robber-haunted seas. Ever since he had left Maracaibo upon the Main, with his full lading of sugar and red pepper, he had winced at every topsail which glimmered over the violet edge of the tropical sea. He had coasted up the Windward Islands, touching here and there, and assailed continually by stories of villainy and outrage.

Captain Sharkey, of the 20-gun pirate barque, Happy Delivery, had passed down the coast, and had littered it with gutted vessels and with murdered men. Dreadful anecdotes were current of his grim pleasantries and of his inflexible ferocity. From the Bahamas to the Main his coal-black barque, with the ambiguous name, had been freighted with death and many things which are worse than death. So nervous was Captain Scarrow, with his new full-rigged ship and her full and valuable lading, that he struck out to the west as far as Bird's Island to be out of the usual track of commerce. And yet even in those solitary waters he had been unable to shake off sinister traces of Captain Sharkey.

One morning they had raised a single skiff adrift upon the face of the ocean. Its only occupant was a delirious seaman, who yelled hoarsely as they hoisted him aboard, and showed a dried-up tongue like a black and wrinkled fungus at the back of his mouth. Water and nursing soon transformed him into the strongest and smartest sailor on the ship. He was from Marblehead, in New England, it seems, and was the sole survivor of a schooner which had been scuttled by the dreadful Sharkey.

For a week Hiram Evanson, for that was his name, had been adrift beneath a tropical sun. Sharkey had ordered the mangled remains of his late captain to be thrown into the boat, "as provisions for the voyage," but the seaman had at once committed it to the deep, lest the temptation should be more than he could bear. He had lived upon his own huge frame until at the last moment the Morning Star had found him in that madness which is the precursor of such a death. It was no bad find for Captain Scarrow, for, with a short-handed crew, such a seaman as this big New Englander was a prize worth having. He 'vowed that he was the only man whom Captain Sharkey had ever placed under an obligation.

Now that they lay under the guns of Basseterre, all danger from the pirate was at an end, and yet the thought of him lay heavily upon the seaman's mind as he watched the agent's boat shooting out from the custom house quay.

"I'll lay you a wager, Morgan," said he to the first mate, "that the agent will speak of Sharkey in the first hundred words that pass his lips."

"Well, captain, I'll have you a silver dollar, and chance it," said the rough old Bristol man beside him.

The negro rowers show the boat alongside, and the linen-clad steersman sprang up the ladder.

"Welcome, Captain Scarrow," he cried. "Have you heard about Sharkey?"

The Captain grinned at the mate.

"What devilry has he been up to now?" he asked.

"Devilry! You've not heard then! Why we've got him safe under lock and key here at Basseterre. He was tried last Wednesday, and he is to be hanged to-morrow morning."

Captain and mate gave a shout of joy, which an instant later was taken up by the crew. Discipline was forgotten as they scrambled up through the break of the poop to hear the news. The New Englander was in the front of them with a radiant face turned up to heaven, for he came of the Puritan stock.

"Sharkey to be hanged!" he cried. "You don't know, Master Agent, if they lack a hangman, do you?"

"Stand back!" cried the mate, whose outraged sense of discipline was even stronger than his interest at the news. "I'll pay that

dollar, Captain Scarrow, with the lightest heart that ever I paid a wager yet. How came the villain to be taken?"

"Why, as to that, he became more than his own comrades could abide, and they took such a horror of him that they would not have him on the ship. So they marooned him upon the Little Mangles to the south of the

"Yes. He's had a dispatch from Government to return without delay. The fly boat that brought it has gone on to Virginia. So Sir Charles has been waiting for you, as I

told him you were due before the rains."



'So they marooned him."

Mysteriosa bank, and there he was found by a Portobello trader, who brought him in. There was talk of sending him to Jamaica to be tried, but our good little governor, Sir Charles Ewan, would not hear of it. 'He's my meat,' said he, 'and I claim the cooking of it.' If you can stay till to-morrow morning at ten, you'll see the joint swinging."

"I wish I could," said the Captain wistfully, "but I am sadly behind time now. I should start with the evening tide."

"That you can't do," said the agent with "The Governor is going back decision. with you."

"The Governor!"
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"Well, well!" cried the captain, in some perplexity, "I'm a plain seaman, and I don't know much of governors and baronets and their ways. I don't remember that I ever so much as spoke to one. But if it's in King George's service, and he asks a cast in the Morning Star as far as London, I'll do what I can for him. There's my own cabin he can have and

welcome. As to the cooking, it's lobscouse and salmagundy six days in the

week; but he can bring his own cook aboard with him if he thinks our galley too rough for his taste."

"You need not trouble your mind, Captain Scarrow," said the agent. "Sir Charles is in weak health just now only clear of a quartan

ague, and it is likely that he will keep his cabin most of the voyage. Dr. Larousse said that he would have sunk had the hanging of Sharkey not put fresh life into him. He has a great spirit in him though, and you must not blame him if he is somewhat short in his speech."

"He may say what he likes and do what he likes so long as he does not come athwart my hawse when I am working the ship," said the captain. "He is Governor of St. Kitt's, but I am Governor of the *Morning Star*. And by his leave I must weigh with the first tide, for I owe a duty to my employer, just as he does to King George."

"He can scarce be ready to-night, for he has many things to set in order before he leaves."

"The early morning tide, then."

"Very good. I shall send his things aboard to-night, and he will follow them to-morrow early if I can prevail upon him to leave St. Kitt's without seeing Sharkey do the rogue's hornpipe. His own orders were instant, so it may be that he will come at once. It is likely that Dr. Larousse may attend him upon the journey."

Left to themselves, the captain and mate made the best preparations which they could for their illustrious passenger. The largest cabin was turned out and adorned in his honour, and orders were given by which barrels of fruit and some cases of wine should be brought off to vary the plain food of an ocean-going trader. In the evening the Governor's baggage began to arrive, great iron bound ant-proof trunks, and official tin packing cases, with other strange-shaped packages, which suggested the cocked hat or the sword within. And then there came a note, with a heraldic device upon the big red seal, to say that Sir Charles Ewan made his compliments to Captain Scarrow, and that he hoped to be with him in the morning as early as his duties and his infirmities would permit.

He was as good as his word, for the first grey of dawn had hardly begun to deepen into pink when he was brought alongside, and climbed with some difficulty up the ladder. The captain had heard that the Governor was an eccentric, but he was hardly prepared for the curious figure who came limping feebly down his quarter-deck, his steps supported by a thick bamboo cane. He wore a Ramillies wig, all twisted into little tails like a poodle's coat, and cut so low across the brow that the large green glasses which covered his eyes looked as if they were hung from it. A fierce beak of a nose, very long and very thin, cut the air in front of him. His ague had caused him to swathe his throat and chin with a broad linen cravat, and he wore a loose damask powdering gown secured by a cord round the waist. As he advanced he carried his masterful nose high in the air. but his head turned slowly from side to side in the helpless manner of the purblind, and he called in a high, querulous voice for the captain.

- "You have my things?" he asked.
- "Yes, Sir Charles."
- "Have you wine aboard?"
- "I have ordered five cases, sir."
- "And tobacco?"
- "There is a keg of Trinidad."
- "You play a hand at picquet?"
- "Passably well, sir."
- "Then up anchor, and to sea!"

There was a fresh westerly wind, so by the time the sun was fairly through the morning haze, the ship was hull down from the islands. The decrepid Governor still limped the deck, with one guiding hand upon the quarter rail.

"You are on Government service now, Captain," said he. "They are counting the days till I come to Westminster, I promise you. Have you all that she will carry?"

"Every inch, Sir Charles."

"Keep her so if you blow the sails out of her. I fear, Captain Scarrow, that you will find a blind and broken man a poor companion for your voyage."

"I am honoured in enjoying your excellency's society," said the captain. "But I am sorry that your eyes should be so afflicted."

"Yes, indeed. It is the cursed glare of the sun on the white streets of Basseterre which has gone far to burn them out."

"I had heard also that you had been plagued by a quartan ague."

"Yes; I have had a pyrexy, which has reduced me much."

"We had set aside a cabin for your surgeon."

"Ah, the rascal! There was no budging him, for he has a snug business amongst the merchants. But hark!"

He raised his ring-covered hand in the air. From far astern there came the low deep thunder of cannon.

"It is from the island!" cried the captain in astonishment. "Can it be a signal for us to put back?"

The Governor laughed.

"You have heard that Sharkey, the pirate, is to be hanged this morning. I ordered the batteries to salute when the rascal was kicking his last, so that I might know of it out at sea. There's an end of Sharkey!"

"There's an end of Sharkey!" cried the captain, and the crew took up the cry as they gathered in little knots upon the deck and stared back at the low purple line of the vanishing land.

It was a cheering omen for their start across the Western Ocean, and the invalid Governor found himself a popular man on board, for it was generally understood that but for his insistence upon an immediate trial and sentence, the villain might have played upon some more venal judge and so escaped. At dinner that day Sir Charles gave many anecdotes of the deceased pirate, and so affable was he, and so skilful in adapting his conversation to men of lower degree, that captain, mate, and Governor smoked their long pipes and drank their claret as three good comrades should.

- "And what figure did Sharkey cut in the dock?" asked the captain.
- "He is a man of some presence," said the Governor.
- "I had always understood that he was an ugly, sneering devil," remarked the mate.
- "Well, I daresay he could look ugly upon occasions," said the Governor.
- "I have heard a New Bedford whaleman say that he could not forget his eyes," said Captain Scarrow. "They were of the lightest filmy blue, with red-rimmed lids. Was that not so, Sir Charles?"

"Alas, my own eyes will not permit me to know much of those of others! But I reinember now that the Adjutant-General said that he had such an eye as you describe, and added that the jury were so foolish as to be visibly discomposed when it was turned upon them. It is well for them that he is dead, for he was a man who would never forget an injury, and if he had laid hands upon any one of them he would have stuffed him with straw and hung him for a figure head."

The idea seemed to amuse the Governor, for he broke suddenly into a high neighing laugh, and the two seamen laughed also, but not so heartily, for they remembered that Sharkey was not the last pirate who sailed the western seas, and that as grotesque a fate might come to be their own. Another bottle was broached to drink to a pleasant voyage, and the Governor would drink just one other on the top of it, so that the seamen were glad at last to stagger off—the one to his watch and the other to his bunk. But when after his four hours' spell the mate came down again, he was amazed to see the Governor in his Ramillies wig, his glasses, and his powdering gown still seated sedately at the lonely table with his reeking pipe and six black bottles by his side.

"I have seen the Governor of St. Kitt's when he was sick," said he, "and God forbid that I should ever try to keep pace with him when he is well."

The voyage of the *Morning Star* was a successful one, and in about three weeks she was at the mouth of the British Channel. From the first day the infirm Governor had begun to recover his strength, and before they were half-way across the Atlantic he was, save only for his eyes, as well as any man upon the ship.

Those who uphold the nourishing qualities of wine might point to him in triumph, for never a night passed that he did not repeat the performance of his first one.

And yet he would be out upon deck in the early morning as fresh and brisk as the best of them, peering about with his weak eyes, and asking questions about the sails and the rigging, for he was anxious to learn the ways of the sea. And he made up for the deficiency of his eyes by obtaining leave from the captain that the New England seaman — he who had been cast away in the boat—should



lead him about, and above all that he should, upon the card which he should play. Between sit beside him when he played cards and count the number of the pips, for unaided he could not tell the king from the knave.

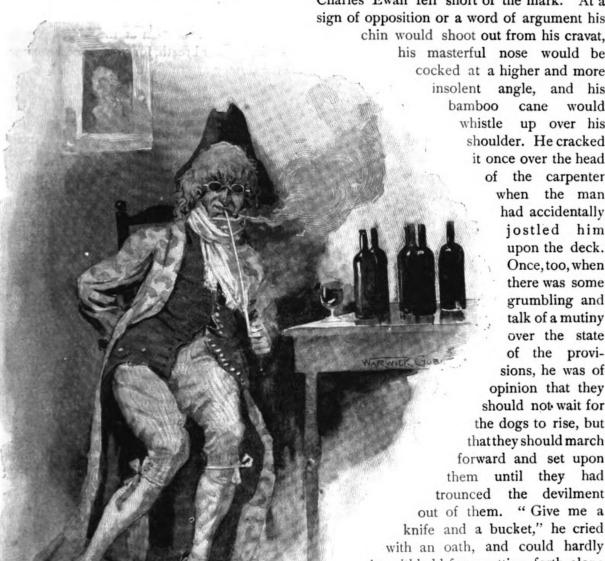
It was natural that this Evanson should do the Governor willing service, since the one them there was little in the pockets either of Captain Scarrow or of Morgan, the first mate, by the time they sighted the Lizard.

And it was not long before they found that all they had heard of the high temper of Sir Charles Ewan fell short of the mark. At a sign of opposition or a word of argument his

his masterful nose would be cocked at a higher and more insolent angle, and his cane would whistle up over his shoulder. He cracked it once over the head of the carpenter when the man had accidentally jostled him upon the deck. Once, too, when there was some grumbling and talk of a mutiny over the state of the provisions, he was of opinion that they should not wait for the dogs to rise, but that they should march forward and set upon them until they had trounced the devilment out of them. "Give me a knife and a bucket," he cried with an oath, and could hardly be withheld from setting forth alone to deal with the spokesman of the

Captain Scarrow had to remind him that though he might be only answerable to himself at St. Kitt's, killing became murder upon the high seas. In politics he was, as became his official position, a stout prop of the house of Hanover, and he swore in his cups that he had never met a Jacobite without pistolling him where he stood. Yet for all his vapouring and his violence he was so good a companion, with such a stream of strange anecdote and reminiscence, that Scarrow and

seaman.



With his reeking pipe and six black bottles.

was the victim of the vile Sharkey, and the other was his avenger. One could see that it was a pleasure to the big American to lend his arm to the invalid, and at night he would stand with all respect behind his chair in the cabin and lay his great stub-nailed forefinger

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY Morgan had never known a voyage pass so pleasantly.

And then at length came the last day, when, after passing the island, they had struck land again at the high white cliffs at Beachy Head. As evening fell the ship lay rolling in an oily calm, a league out from Winchelsea, with the long dark snout of Dungeness jutting out in front of her. Next morning they would pick up their pilot at the Foreland, and Sir Charles might meet the king's ministers at Westminster before the evening. The boatswain had the watch, and the three friends were met for a last turn of cards in the cabin, the faithful American still serving as eyes to the Governor. There was a good stake upon the table, for the sailors had tried on this last night to win their losses back from their passengers. Suddenly he threw his cards down, and swept all the money into the pocket of his long-flapped silken waistcoat.

- "The game's mine!" said he.
- "Heh, Sir Charles, not so fast!" cried Captain Scarrow; "you have not played out the hand, and we are not the losers."
- "Sink you for a liar," said the Governor.

  "I tell you that I have played out the hand, and that you are a loser." He whipped off his wig and his glasses as he spoke, and there was a high bald forehead, and a pair of shifty blue eyes with the red rims of a bull terrier.
- "Good God!" cried the mate. "It's Sharkey!"

The two sailors sprang from their seats, but the big American castaway had put his huge back against the cabin door, and he held a pistol in each of his hands. The passenger had also laid a pistol upon the scattered cards in front of him, and he burst into his high, neighing laugh.

"Captain Sharkey is the name, gentlemen." said he, "and this is Roaring Ned Galloway, the quartermaster of the *Happy Delivery*. We made it hot, and so they marooned us, me on a dry Tortuga cay, and him in an oarless boat. You dogs—you poor, fond, water-hearted dogs—we hold you at the end of our pistols."

"You may shoot, or you may not," cried Scarrow, striking his hand upon the breast of his frieze jacket. "If it's my last breath, Sharkey, I tell you that you are a bloody rogue and miscreant, with a halter and hell fire in store for you."

"There's a man of spirit, and one of my own kidney, and he's going to make a very pretty death of it," cried Sharkey. "There's no one aft save the man at the wheel, so you may keep your breath, for you'll need it soon. Is the dingey astern, Ned?"

- "Aye, aye, captain."
- "And the other boats scuttled?"
- "I bored them all in three places."
- "Then we shall have to leave you, Captain Scarrow. You look as if you hadn't quite got your bearings yet. Is there anything you'd like to ask me?"
- "I believe you're the devil himself," cried the captain. "Where is the Governor of St. Kitt's?"
- "When last I saw him his Excellency was in bed with his throat cut. When I broke prison I learnt from my friends—for Captain Sharkey has those who love him in every port—that the Governor was starting for Europe under a master who had never seen him. I climbed his verandah, and I paid him the little debt that I owed him. Then I came aboard you with such of his things as I had need of and a pair of glasses to hide these tell-tale eyes of mine, and I have ruffled it as a governor should. Now, Ned, you can get to work upon them."
- "Help! Help! Watch ahoy!" yelled the mate; but the butt of the pirate's pistol crashed down on to his head, and he dropped like a pitted ox. Scarrow rushed for the door, but the sentinel clapped his hand over his mouth, and threw his other arm round his waist.
- "No use, Master Scarrow," said Sharkey.

  "Let us see you go down on your knees and beg for your life."
- "I'll see you——' cried Scarrow, shaking his mouth clear.
- "Twist his arm round, Ned. Now will you?"
  - "No; not if you twist it off."
  - "Put an inch of your knife into him."
- "You may put six inches, and then I won't."
  - "Sink me, but I like his spirit!" cried

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Sharkey. "Put your knife in your pocket, Ned. You've saved your skin, Scarrow, and it's a pity so stout a man should not take to the only trade where a pretty fellow can pick up a living. You must be born for no common death, Scarrow, since you have lain at

my mercy and lived to tell the story. Tie him up, Ned."

"To the stove, cap-tain?"

" Tut, tut! there's a fire in the stove. None of your rover tricks, Ned Galloway, unless they are called for, or I'll let you know which of us two is captain and which is quartermaster. Make him fast to the table."

"Nay, I thought you meant to roast him!" said the quarter-master. "You surely do not mean to let him go?"

"If you and I were marooned on a Bahama cay,

Ned Galloway, it is still for me to command and for you to obey. Sink you for a villain, do you dare to question my orders?"

"Nay, nay, Captain Sharkey, not so hot, sir!" said the quartermaster, and lifting Scarrow like a child, he laid him on the table. With the quick dexterity of a seaman, he tied his spreadeagled hands and feet with a rope which was passed underneath, and gagged him securely with the long crayat

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which used to adorn the chin of the Governor of St. Kitt's.

"Now, Captain Scarrow, we must take our leave of you," said the pirate. "If I had half-a-dozen of my brisk boys at my heels I would have had your cargo

He dropped like a pitted ox.

and your ship, but Roaring Ned could not find a foremast hand with the spirit of a mouse. I see there are some small craft about, and we shall get one of them. When Captain Sharkey has a boat he can get a smack, when he has a smack he can get a brig, when he has a brig he can get a barque, and when he has a barque he'll soon have a full - rigged ship of his own-so make haste into London town, or I may be coming back after all for the Morning Star."

Captain Scarrow heard the key turn in the lock as they left the cabin. Then as he strained at his bonds he heard their footsteps pass up the companion and along the quarter deck to where the dingey hung in the stern. Then, still struggling and writhing, he heard the creak of the falls and the splash of the boat in the water. In a mad fury he tore and dragged at his ropes, until at last, with flayed wrists and ankles, he rolled from the table,

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sprang over the dead mate, kicked his way through the closed door, and rushed hatless on to the deck.

"Ahoy! Peterson, Armitage, Wilson!" he screamed. "Cutlasses and pistols! Clear away the long boat! Clear away the gig! Sharkey, the pirate, is in yonder dingey. Whistle up the larboard watch, bo'sun, and tumble into the boats all hands."

Down splashed the long boat and

down splashed the gig, but in an instant the coxswains and crews were swarming up the falls on to the deck once more.

"The boats are scuttled," they cried, "They are leaking like a sieve."

The captain gave a bitter curse. He had been beaten and outwitted at every point. Above was a cloudless, starlit sky, with neither wind nor the promise of it. The sails flapped idly in the moonlight. Far away lay a fishing smack, with the men clustering over their net.

Close to them was the little dingey, dipping and lifting over the shining swell.

"They are dead men," cried the captain.

"A shout, all together, boys! to warn them of their danger."

But it was too late.

At that very moment the dingey shot

into the shadow of the fishing boat. There were two rapid pistol shots, a scream, and then another pistol shot, followed by silence. The clustering fishermen had disappeared. And then suddenly, as the first puffs of a land breeze came out from the Sussex shore, the boom swung out, the mainsail filled, and the little craft crept out with her nose to the Atlantic.



There were two rapid pistol shots.

## WHICH IS THE CLEVEREST COUNTY?

By J. Holt Schooling.

Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.).

Whatever may be force of heredity in forming the sum total of a man—clever or otherwise—and heredity probably does have no small share in the making or marring of our brains and bodies—we may reasonably believe that environment after birth plays an even more important part than heredity in the production and shaping of clever men. Included by the familiar term environment is the item place; and with place there must go all the innumerable variations of social and material conditions that characterise a place of birth or of residence, and all of which, in a subtle and complex way, have their share in the making of clever and stupid men alike.

I have been asked by the editor of Pearson's Magazine to look into this matter of place, with the purpose of finding out which of the forty counties of England produces the largest number of clever men.

Hurley T. H.
scientist

Ealing
1825

No. 1.—A facsimile in reduced size of one of the cards used for this investigation.

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First, then, we will look at the results of this inquiry about English counties, and later we will glance at the less detailed results, which contain a comparison of the respective degrees of cleverness of the three divisions of the United Kingdom, *i.e.*, of England, Scotland, and Ireland viewed separately.

For the sake of clearness, and for the guidance of readers, I will briefly state how I went to work on this question, so that any local patriot who may be dissatisfied with my results can tackle the job on his own account.

To begin with the first step, I had a thousand white cards made, each 4\frac{3}{4}in. by 3in., on which to write the necessary facts about the clever men. The top corner at the right of each card was cut off—see No. 1—so that in each of the several shuffling processes undergone by the cards, one could easily turn any accidentally reversed cards the right way up.

This little detail, by the way, is a valuable wrinkle to anyone who is handling a statistical subject by aid of the card-system, which is by far the best and most mobile system for this sort of work; one can sort and re-sort these handy cards into any kind of grouping that may be necessary to the investigation of the main subject, or to any side-issue that may, and often does, arise from the main subject.

When the blank cards were ready, I selected a good modern biographical dictionary, went through it page by page, and filled up a card for every person of undoubted cleverness—see, for a specimen card, the facsimile in No. 1—writing the name, the description, the place of birth, the year of birth.

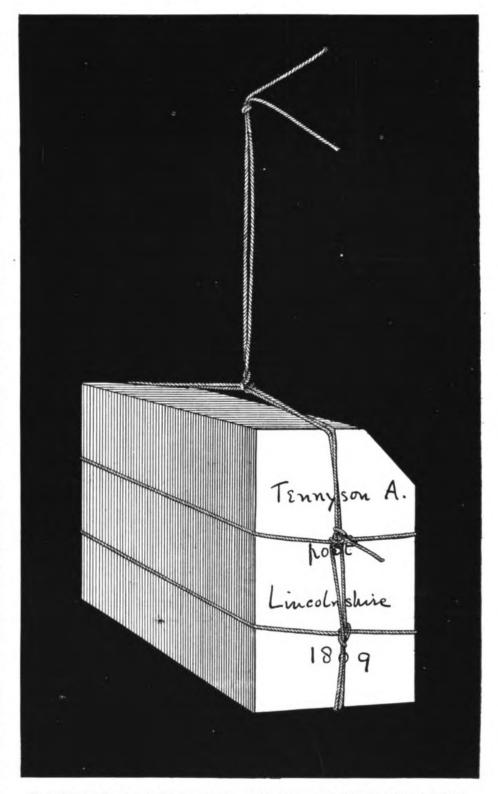
This process extended over four thick volumes containing in the aggregate nearly 2500 pages of names, each page being

printed with two columns  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, so that nearly 1200 yards of closely printed columns of names were observed, or, say, two-thirds of a mile of biographical notices were gone through during the filling up of the cards.

There was no conscious bias present when the names were chosen from the biographical dictionary and written on the cards, and I intentionally avoided the selection of names of persons who might not be generally considered clever.

On this point, and indeed as regards the facts as a whole, it is useful to point out that on such an extensive scale as that just mentioned, any errors (or supposed errors) of omission or of commission may reasonably be held not to materially affect this question of locality which is now under notice, because, as my results are finally reduced to ratioform, we may safely

say that names omitted or included by me, which might not have been omitted or included by another worker, would probably be omitted or included in the same ratios as regards birthplace, as the ratios subsequently



No. 2.—The bundle of cards forming the data of this inquiry and which have been sorted intevarious combinations.

found to exist as regards the whole of the cards filled up.

Here is the bundle of cards filled up (see No. 2), and I may say that the fine lines seen to run vertically down the side of this

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No. 3.—A birth-map of clever Englishmen. [One black dot represents one clever man: for Middlesex see text.] Showing also the Curve of Least Talent—the thick, black line which traverses six counties.

bundle of cards, and horizontally across the top of the bundle, are lines put in conventionally for technical convenience in printing this block No. 2, and they do not by their number denote the actual number of cards filled up, which amounted to 371 out of the thousand blank cards I had prepared. My expectations as to the number of clever men were too sanguine, it is a solution of the thousand blank cards I had prepared.

So much for the bare facts, and for the preparation of the cards upon which are based the results to be shown in this article. Diagram No. 3 is a pictorial statement of the results obtained from my first sorting of the cards, i.e., the sorting of them into the birth-counties of clever men. Here, one dot stands for one clever man, of whom there are so many born in Middlesex that it has

not been practicable to differentiate all the Middlesex dots.

Viewed from the standpoint of actual number, irrespective of population or of area of county, Middlesex stands revealed by this map as by far the cleverest county in England. This strongly-marked fact is mainly due to the clever men born in or near London, that wonderful place of which Dr. Johnson said, nearly one hundred

and fifty years ago, when holding forth in his favourite Fleet Street tavern, "I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of where we now sit [London] than in all the rest of the Kingdom."

Another feature of diagram No. 3, which is rather clearly shown, is what I call "the curve of least talent," the thick black line that is seen to run through the thinly - dotted counties-Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Lincoln, Cambridgeshire, Essex; but, on this score, I have some interesting results to show later on.

the predominance of London as a producer of clever men:

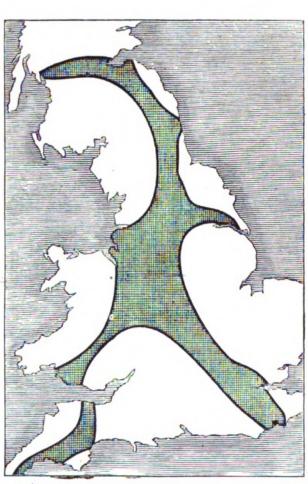
The birthplaces of scientific men . . . are usually in towns, away from the sea-coast. Out of every five birthplaces I find that one lies in London or its suburbs [twenty per cent. of the whole science of the country claimed by London!—F. H. S.]; one in an important town . . .; one is in a small town; and two either in a village or actually in the country. . . .

Partly in consequence of the prevalence of their

urban distribution, I found that an irregular plot may be marked on the map of England which includes much less than onehalf of its area, but more than ninety-two per cent. of the birthplaces of the English scientific men or of their parents. The accompanying diagram shows its position. . . Thus there are large areas in England and Wales outside this irregular plot which are very defiaboriginal cient in science. One comprises the whole of the eastern counties, another includes the huge triangle at whose angles Hastings, Worcester, and Exeter, or rather Exmouth, are situated.

[As regards this very interesting diagram by Mr. Galton, I may incidentally remind readers that it relates only to men

of science, and that it does not show diagrammatically the preponderance of London, which is stated verbally by Mr. Galton; London being merely included in the darkened "plot" of urban birthplaces, which suffices for its purpose, although it does not indicate, by numerals or otherwise, the relative degrees of prolificness of London and the other big cities or towns which are covered by Mr. Galton's darkened plot on the map of England and Wales shown in No. 4.]



No. 4.—A birth diagram of scientific men only, made by Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., and shown here with his permission.

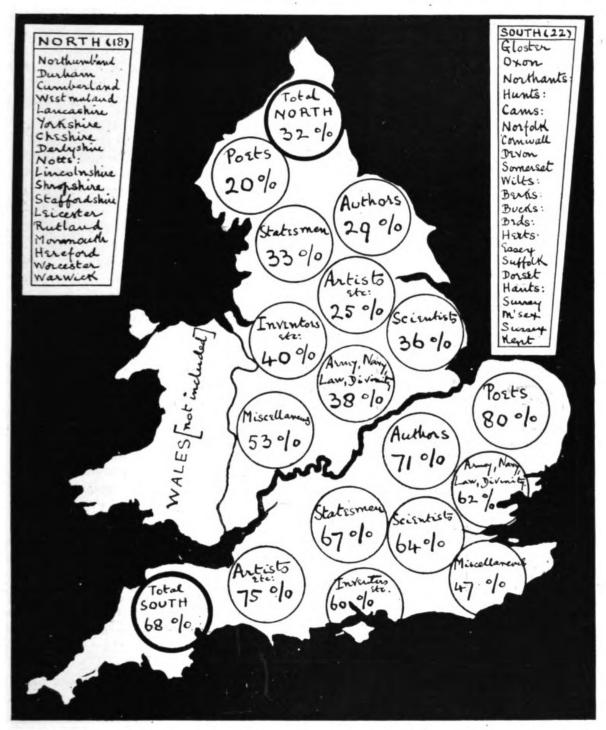
(See text for description.)

Diagram No. 4 was made nearly twenty-five years ago by Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., the famous anthropologist, who permits me to reproduce here the diagram from page 20 of his *English Men of Science* [Macmillan, 1874]. I am glad to be able to show this diagram, because it was based on an inquiry, wholly independent of the present inquiry, into the birth-place of *men of science* only. Here is Mr. Galton's account of this diagram, which also shows

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The next sorting of the cards sorted the clever men into their various kinds; such as

South. The counties included by these two divisions of England are written on the back-



No. 5.—North versus South. Showing for eight classes of clever Englishmen, respectively, and for the eight classes combined, the number per hundred born in England who were born north of the thick dividing line, and the number per hundred who were born south of it.

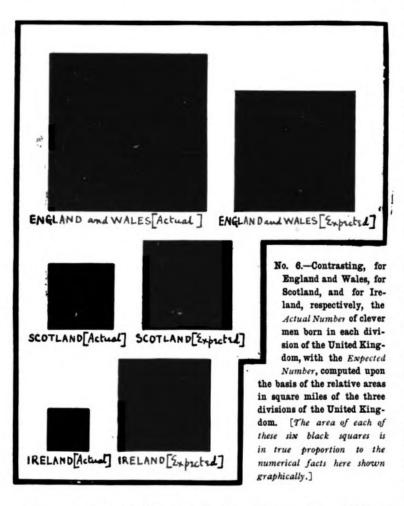
poets, statesmen, inventors, etc. (see diagram No. 5). It was not practicable to handle this feature of the inquiry for each county separately, so I grouped the forty English counties into two big divisions. North and

ground of diagram No. 5, and the thick black dividing line is that which is seen to cross the county from *The Wash* between Lincolnshire and Norfolk, to the mouth of the *Severn*.

There are reight groups of clever men of INDIANA UNIVERSITY

various kinds, and one total group, for both North and South. South beats North in every group, except that for "Miscellaneous" clever men. Here are the figures:

Of every Hundred.			Born in the South. Per cent.		Total.	
Poets	there are	20	8o :	=	100	
Authors	,,	29	71 :	=	100	
Statesmen	,,	33	67 :	=	100	
Artists, etc	,,,	25	75	=	100	
Inventors, etc	,,	40	60 :	_	100	
Men of Science	,,	36	64 :	=	100	
Army, Navy, Law, Divinity		38	62 =	=	100	
Miscellaneous	,.	53	47 =	=	100	
All Sorts of Clever	,,	32	68 =	=	100	



These results, not flattering to the eighteen "Northern" counties specified on diagram No. 5, are largely due to the inclusion of London by the South. They have certainly been obtained without bias, and, on this point, I may perhaps not improperly say that I am a Northerner on one side, and a Southerner on the other.

Here, I have to state facts rather than to suggest causes for this predominance of intellect in the South of England, so I refrain from offering conjectures as to causes, that would very likely be wide of the mark. But I do venture to suggest that, although intellectuality is pretty conclusively shown to lie south rather than north of the thick black line which crosses Diagram No. 5, yet the fine qualities of foresight, of prompt decision, and of energetic action, which have done so much to build up the industrial and commercial greatness of our country, are to be found north of the line rather than south of This is a very interesting question, but I cannot deal with it statistically now, and the

> suggestion I throw out is based on numerous miscellaneous observations, not on a rigid investigation of the facts.

I will now set out some results which refer to England and Wales, to Scotland, and to Ireland, respectively. If we base our calculations on the respective areas in square miles of each of the three divisions of the United Kingdom, and then proceed to compare the actual number of clever men in each division, with the number of clever men to be expected from each division, we obtain the results shown in Diagram No. 6.

This tells us that, regarding size only, England and Wales actually produce many more clever men than are to be expected, and that the actual number of clever men born in Scotland and in Ireland is much fewer than the numbers expected from each of these two divisions, the figures being, per

hundred clever men born in the United Kingdom:

	Clever Men Born.	Actual.	Expected	
In	England and Wales	. 80		48
In	Scotland	. 14		25
In	Ireland			•
	Original fron			-
	Original fron	51100		100

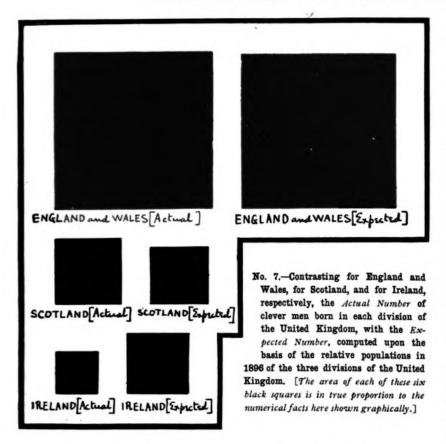


Diagram No. 7 illustrates this comparison on the basis of *population* instead of area, and it shows us that, while England and Wales still produce more clever men than the expected number, Scotland is, on the score of intellectuality, somewhat ahead of the dominant partner, and that Ireland still falls a long way short of the expectation. The figures are, per hundred clever men born in the United Kingdom:

Clever Men Born.	Actual.	Expected.
In England and Wales	80	 78·o
In Scotland	14	 10.6
In Ireland	6	 11.4
Total	100	 100.0

I now deal with the last feature of my present inquiry—the question of precedence in intellectuality of the forty English counties. We have seen that Middlesex is an easy first, but it will be interesting to examine the matter of precedence further back than the first place only. Here is a condensed statement of the results, based upon the area of each county and upon its population in 1891.

I. Eight counties whose actual number of clever men born is above the expected number, both as regards population basis and area basis: — [In

the order written] Middlesex, Kent, Gloucestershire, Surrey, Hampshire, Leicestershire, Huntingdonshire, Worcestershire. Six of these eight are southern counties—see diagram No. 5.

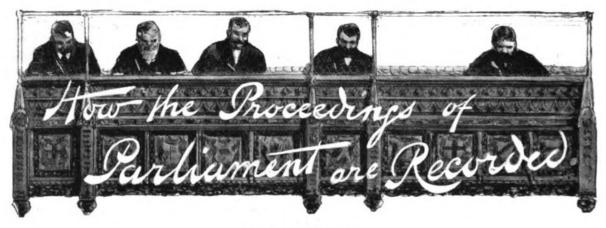
II. Fourteen counties whose actual number of clever men born is above the expected number on the basis of population, and below the expected number on the basis of area :- [In the order written] Devon, Shropshire, Buckinghamshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, Oxfordshire. Bedfordshire, Somerset, Dorset, Hereford, Cumber-Northumberland, land. Ten of these fourteen are southern counties.

III. Two counties whose actual number of clever men born is below the expected number on the basis of population, and above the expected number on the basis of area:—[In the order

written] Durham, Lancashire. Both northern counties.

IV.—Sixteen counties whose actual number of clever men born is below the expected number, both as regards population basis and area basis:—[In the order written] Rutlandshire, Derbyshire, Northamptonshire, Hertfordshire, Sussex, Nottinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, Westmoreland, Cornwall, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Monmouthshire, Cheshire, Lincolnshire, Essex, Yorkshire. Of these, ten are Northern counties and six are Southern counties—see diagram No. 5.

As regards this grouping of counties, it is interesting to note that, with the exception of Cumberland, which finds a place at the end of Group II., all the counties traversed by the "curve of least talent," shown in diagram No. 3, are included by the least intellectual Group IV., whose units find a place in it upon the basis of intellectual inferiority, gauged by the double standard of population and of area-so that our first rough (non-relative) diagram No. 3, turns out to be fairly near the mark, both as regards the counties which are the least intellectual, and as regards that which is the cleverest-the little Middlesex, which stands first in the Group I. of the eight cleverest counties of England.



By A. A. TAYLOR.

Writers at divers times have attempted to enlighten the world as to how the proceedings of Parliament are officially recorded, but, judging from the errors into which they have fallen, few, indeed, appear to know anything about the subject.

Most of them, for instance, have ascribed to the Clerk of the House of Commons, either single-handed or in conjunction with his two assistants at the table, the performance of the Gargantuan task of recording every proceeding of the House and its Committees, every division taken and the names of the hon. members voting, every petition presented, and every document laid upon the table.

This, it goes without saying, is sheer nonsense. One might just as well declare that because Lord Salisbury is the first Minister of the Crown, he runs the Post Office, manages the Army, controls the Navy, and does all the snubbing to the Reserve Forces. He is, of course, responsible for it all, even as the Clerk of the House of Commons is for the whole work of his department, which no man living could do without the assistance of an adequate staff of clerks.

And this may be more readily understood when it is mentioned that, apart from the evidence of witnesses given before the numerous committees, which work is undertaken by the official shorthand writer, and alone gives employment to at least half-adozen shorthand writers and a dozen or more transcribing clerks, the records of the proceedings of the House, termed the "Votes," and the Notices of Motion, Amendments to Bills, Division Lists, Private Bill business, etc.,

which are issued daily in time for the M.P.'s eight o'clock breakfast, often run into a hundred foolscap pages of closely printed matter, and involve almost as much labour as the production of a daily newspaper.

In fine, the duties of the Clerk of the House are so numerous and important as to form the principal of the three departments into which the work connected with the regulation and business of the House is divided, the department in question comprising no fewer than four offices—the Committee Office, the Journal Office, the Public Bill Office, and the Private Bill Office, each with a separate staff of clerks.

Briefly put, the duties of the Clerk of the House of Commons, who is appointed by the Crown for life by letters patent, in which he is styled "Under Clerk of the Parliaments to attend upon the Commons," are "to make true entries, remembrances, and journals of the things done and passed in the House of Commons." He signs all Orders of the House, endorses the Bills sent or returned to the Lords, and reads whatever is required to be read in the House.

He shares the duty of keeping a record of the proceedings of the House with the two clerks who sit with him in wig and gown at the table immediately in front of the Speaker's chair, and who are termed the Clerk Assistant and the Second Clerk Assistant, and with the Clerk of the Journals and the staff of clerks under him.

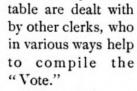
Every morning the Orders of the Day are printed in blank form on foolscap sheets of paper, so that they may easily be filled in with the decision of the House on each Order, and

pasted or gummed into the Minute Books which lie on the table of the House. In these

books, in addition to the proceedings on the Orders of the Day, every action of the House is briefly noted, the word "Prayers," for example, which is invariably the first entry, indicating the fact that prayers were read by the chaplain before the business of the sitting commenced, and the words "Public Petitions," that certain petitions were presented by hon members and ordered to lie upon the table.

The petitions presented at one sitting frequently number several hundreds. They are taken in large bags, which hang behind the Speaker's chair, to the clerk and his assistants, whose duty it is to classify them and prepare statements of their contents for publication in the "Votes" on the following

day. In like manner all papers, reports, and documents presented and laid upon the



These clerks are also responsible for the record of the Divisions, which are taken in the manner following: When a debate on a question

is concluded in the Commons, the Speaker rising from his chair reads it to the House, beginning with the words "The question is that ——." He then takes the sense of the House by desiring that "As many as are of that opinion say 'Aye,' and as many as are of the contrary opinion say 'No.'" Each party immediately exclaim according to their view, and the Speaker endeavours to judge from the loudness of

the opposing exclamations which of the parties have the majority. His judgment

not being final he invariably expresses his opinion thus: "I think the 'Ayes' have it," or "I think the 'Noes' have it."

If the House does not challenge his decision, the question is said to be resolved in the affirmative, or negative, as the case may be; but should the party thus declared to be in a minority dispute the fact, the numbers must be counted by means of what is called a Division.

Strangers who occupy seats below the Bar of the House are then immediately directed to withdraw. The Clerk turns a two-minute sand-glass, which is always placed upon the table for the purpose, and electric bells, fixed in all parts of the building, even in the offices on the other side of Westminster Hall, are

kept ringing by the senior doorkeeper during the two minutes the sand is running through the glass; while, in addition, police-



Si: Reginald Palgrave, K.C.B., Clerk to the House of Commons.

From a Photo by Elliott and Fry.



W. H. Ley, of the Journal Office.



R. C. Walpole, Librarian of the House of Commons.

men who are placed at different points within the precincts of the House repeatedly shout the word "Division" as loudly as they are able. By these means members are apprised that a Division has been challenged, and they are expected by their Whips to leave whatever they may be doing and to enter the House without a moment's delay.

After the lapse of two minutes, as indicated by the sand-glass, the Speaker directs the outer doors of the House to be locked, and no member can then either

enter or leave the Chamber until after the Division. The doors being locked, the Speaker puts the question a second time, the members again exclaim "Aye" or "No" according to their views, and the Speaker once more declares whether in his opinion the "Ayes" or the "Noes" have it.

Should the Speaker's judgment be again challenged, he directs the "Ayes" to go into the right, and the "Noes" into the left lobby; and he appoints two members called tellers to count the "Ayes," and two the "Noes."

Meanwhile, by the direction of the Serjeant - at - Arms, the members' lobby has

been cleared of all persons except the two doorkeepers and a few policemen; and the doors leading to the central hall, the cloak room, the members' entrance, and elsewhere, are locked so that no members, officials, or strangers can enter the members' lobby while the Division is taking place.

A Division generally occupies between ten minutes and a quarter of an hour, the greater the inequality of the numbers the longer being the time occupied. Thus a Division in which the "Ayes" numbered 320 and the "Noes" 300, would be taken in less time than one in which the "Ayes" numbered 400 and the "Noes" 40, because in the former, notwithstanding the larger number of members taking part in the Division, the work of the Division clerks and tellers would be more equally divided.

But to accomplish the task the more expeditiously the names of all the members are printed on large oblong sheets termed Division lists, and as the members pass

through the lobbies, the "Ayes" to the right, and the "Noes" to the left, the Division clerks strike their names through in pencil, the tellers at the same time counting them. As soon as the Division is over the two lists are at once sent to the printers, who print only the names struck through in pencil-the "Aves" being all on one sheet, and the "Noes" on the other - and also the time and the question upon which the Division was taken.

When the Division is finished and the members have resumed their places, the tellers approach the table, and one of them, on the side that has the majority,

hands to the Clerk the paper containing the result of the Division. Thus, before the numbers are declared, the House knows whether or not the Government has been defeated. The Clerk then reports the numbers to the Speaker, who declares them to the House.

In the case of error concerning the numbers reported which cannot be corrected, the House proceeds to a second Division. Should there be an equality of votes, the Speaker gives the

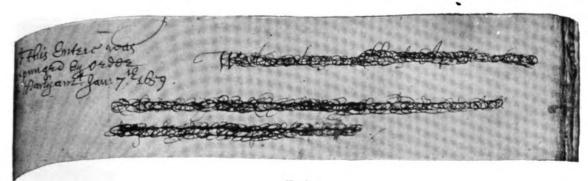


The first printed "Vote."

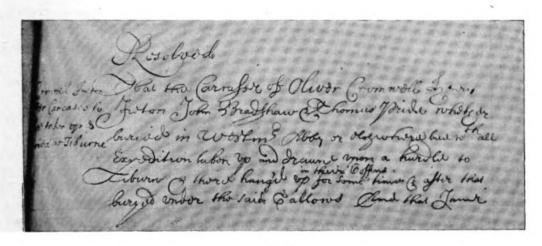
casting vote, but invariably in such a manner as not to make the decision of the House final. On such occasions it is customary for him to state his reasons for his vote, and these are duly entered in the Journal.

As will be gathered from the above, the Division lists are easily compiled while the 670 members comprising the House of Commons vote in, say five-and-twenty Divisions, some thousands of names and titles have to be set up by the compositors in the corresponding Division lists.

All Questions, Notices of Motion, Amendments to Bills, etc., have to be handed in



No. 1.



No. 2.

Portions of the early records of the House of Commons preserved in the Speaker's Library and reproduced by his permission

No. 1 is the record of Cromwell's famous entry into the House of Commons, when he summoned his grim musketoers and dissolved the Long Parliament. It was on this occasion that he bid his followers "Take away that bauble." This record was expunged by order of Parliament, January 7th, 1659.

No. 2 is a resolution which was passed by the House with due solemnity in Charles II.'s reign.

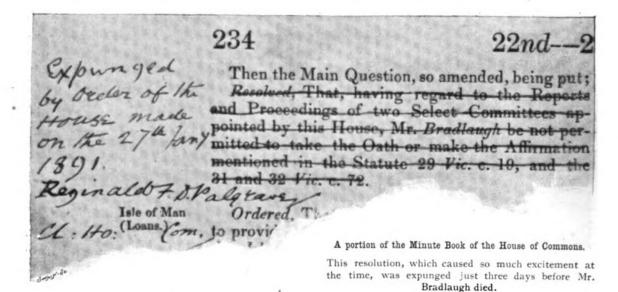
"Resolved: That the carcases of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, whether buried in Westminster Abbey or elsewhere, be with all expedition taken up and drawn upon a hurdle to Tiburne, and there hanged up in their coffins for some time, and after that buried under the said gallows."

Division is in progress. The printing of them, however, is not so easy, especially during an all-night sitting, such as that of the 21st March last, when as many as thirty-three divisions were taken during the twenty-two and a half hours the House sat.

Upon such occasions the type is frequently exhausted before all the lists are composed—a fact that need not excite much wonder when it is considered that if only one half of the

during the sitting by members to the Clerks at the table, who examine the manuscripts, and dispatch them to the printers forthwith if they do not in any way infringe the Rules and Standing Orders. "Copy" and "proofs" are constantly passing and repassing between the Votes and Proceedings Office and the printers, pretty much the same as they would from the composing room to the editorial sanctum of a daily newspaper.

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When all the "copy" has been "set" and the proofs corrected, the pages are made up, and are printed off on the flat, foundries and stereotype not having as yet been utilised in the printing of the "Votes."

As is mentioned in "May's Parliamentary Practice," it was the custom of the House during years long since passed away to appoint a committee intrusted with a certain discretion in revising the entries, to survey the Clerk's book every Saturday; but now the "Votes" are prepared on the responsibility of the Clerk of the House, and after being first perused by the Speaker, are printed for the use of members and for general circulation. No person except such as be authorised by the Speaker may, however, print them.

With but slight interruptions the "Votes" have been printed since 1680. The oldest Commons' "Vote" extant is dated 23rd March, 1681. This volume was printed by one Gabriel Kunholt, or rather it was printed for him by Leo Lichfield, at Oxford. Gabriel Kunholt was bookbinder to Prince Rupert, and the "Vote" in question was published at the Widow Beckford's, in Cat Street.

From the "Votes and Proceedings" the Journal of the House is afterwards prepared. The entries are herein made at greater length, but without any reference to the debates, the reports of which are undertaken by contractors and published about a week after the day of debate.

The speeches of the Members are taken down in shorthand in the Reporters' Gallery

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by the Parliamentary reporting staff of the *Times* newspaper. The speeches are edited by Mr. W. T. Perkins, of the *Times* corps, and after the "proofs" have been corrected by the Members themselves, they are published under the old and familiar title of "Hansard's Debates."

The voluminous reports of the proceedings and evidence taken before the Select Committees of the House and Committees on Private Bills are undertaken by the official shorthand writer, Mr. W. H. Gurney Salter, the work of transcribing and printing the shorthand writers' notes being done each day as the cases before the various Committees proceed, so that the evidence may be in the hands of the members of each Committee and the parties interested at the earliest possible moment—as a rule on the following morning.

The Lords' Minutes and Journals are prepared under the direction of the Clerk of the Parliaments, who is assisted by the Clerk Assistant and the Reading Clerk. Like their confrères in the Commons, they attend at the table and take minutes of all the proceedings, orders, and judgments of the House. These have been published daily since 1824 under the title of the "Lords' Minutes." They are subsequently corrected, and in an enlarged form printed as the "Lords' Journals." Before the commencement of these Journals in 1509, the proceedings of Parliament were recorded every day on rolls of parchment, which were called the "Rolls of Parliament."



## No. I.—THE HUNGER OF FERDINAND DAUBERVAL.

It wanted about an hour to sunset when Ferdinand Dauberval, sick with hunger and fatigue, passed through the Porte St. Denis, and asked of the guard there the way to the Rue St. Paul.

"I am from Avranches, monsieur," said he; "and though you may not think it from my appearance, this is the first time that I have set eyes on the city of Paris."

The guard thus addressed was a tall, goodhumoured fellow, mounted upon a great black horse. He looked down, half in pity, half in amusement, at the dust begrimed young man who now clung to his stirrup-leather, if possible to rest his weary legs for a moment.

"Sang Bleu," said the guard, "if I took note of your appearance, my friend, I should think a good many things. You are from Avranches, you say. Then what have you to do in the Rue St. Paul?"

"That is my business," replied Dauberval sulkily; but, correcting himself in a moment, he added, "though I don't know why I should not tell vou. I seek Mademoiselle de Montesson, at the Hôtel Beautreillis. know her house?"

The guard answered with a merry sneer.

"Oh," cried he, "I should know that house pretty well-all the beggars in Paris go there. Follow the first blind man from the Quinze-Vingts Infirmary, and he will lead you to the door like a dog at the end of a string."

Dauberval, weak as he was, flushed with anger at the insult.

"Do you think that I ask alms?" he exclaimed.

"I am sure of it," answered the guard, smiling maliciously.

Dauberval swore a big oath.

"To-morrow," cried he, shaking his fist at

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The adventures set forth in this series of stories are taken from odd pages in the history of Corinne de Montesson, a young lady related by marriage to the Duc d'Orleans, and long a famous figure in the Paris of Louis XV. Disdaining alike the salons of the great, where her wit would have given her a distinguished place, and the galleries of Versailles, where her indisputable beauty would have commanded a royal welcome, Mlle. de Montesson established herself in an old house in the Rue St. Paul; and there, surrounded by a little band of wits, scientists, and adventurers, she made it her ambition to become acquainted with the dens of the city. In which object she practised a generous charity and rescued more than one notorious rogue from the gibbet.

While the lower classes looked upon her, now as a worker of miracles, now as a witch, the Court was greedy to hear of those exploits by which her name has come down to us. She had the privilege of entertaining the King upon more than one occasion, and enjoyed to the end his support against the Lieutenant of Police, who bewailed ser authority over the vagabonds of the city; and against her guardian, the Abbé Morellet, who demanded that she should be sent to a convent of Benedictine nuns. Sufficient to record that her influence was a continuing power in Paris until the year 1772; and that she died at the age of sixty-four years in the château of the Comte d'Artois at Marly. Digitized by GOO Copyright, 1897, by Max Pemberton, in the United States of America VERSITY

the little group of idlers who had gathered about the horseman, "to-morrow, I will return with my friends."

"Hark to that," roared a bellman, who was one of the first to come up, "the dusty gentleman has friends. He will return with



She answered him with a saucy laugh.

them to-morrow. Let the Grand Chamberlain be informed, and the pages provided. Where is his excellency's horse?"

"Do we know to whom we are talking," chimed in a merry cooper, who stood with his hoops flung over his shoulder; "well, it's my belief that we talk to our Lord the Pope

Dauberval answered them with a word hissed out between his teeth. If he had not been so weak from hunger and fatigue, he

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would have run away from them; but as it was, he only walked on down the Rue St. Denis, cursing the day which had carried him to Paris; and that other day when he staked his last crown on a throw of the dice at Conches—and lost it. Never had he thought

that he, whose younger brother was high in the service of the Grand Equerry, would come to look with hungry eyes upon the bread which the very beggars ate—much less that he himself would be mistaken for a beggar.

"Pah," he muttered, while he fought the phantoms of hunger who seemed to dance up from the dirty gutters bearing loaves of sweet white bread in their hands, "why should I despair? The Rue St. Paul cannot be far from here, and Mademoiselle Corinne will know how to cure my troubles. Did she not find a place for Armand, my brother—and what a place! It is true that he has told her lies about me—but I shall answer them. And she will believe me. A pretty woman always believes a man when he is young and ——"

He added in his heart "good-looking"; although it did occur to him that he would need a great deal of brushing and mending before he could appear without shame in Mlle. Corinne's presence. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that her lacqueys would do this for him while their mistress was causing a good hot supper to be prepared;

and so keen was his imagination that the warmth of the food he awaited seemed already to fill his body with a delicious glow of heat; while a momentary return of his bodily strength enabled him to run straight on until he came out upon the Quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, and the spires of Notre Dame stood up before him.

Dauberval would have been content at any other time to have spent a day upon this busy quay, but the hunger tearing at his vitals quickly made him remember his errand. He asked of a pretty wench who was selling cocoa "two goes for a liard" the way to the

<sup>&</sup>quot;Or to the Captain of the Gate," suggested a laughing hussy.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Or to both," said a rat-catcher.

Rue St. Paul, and she answered him with a saucy laugh that its lamp stood as close to his eyes as a fool's cap to his head.

A minute later he found himself under the shadow of the great walls of the Hôtel Beautreillis; and he saw the bronze lamp which the hussy had named. But it was unlighted, and the forbidding iron-sheathed door in the quaint Norman tower at the corner of the street offered to him a heart-breaking welcome.

The Rue St. Paul was almost deserted at that hour. Long black shadows were stealing over the muddy flags of the wretched

street. A few flickering lanterns cast a dull gleam of yellow light upon the dirty water of the open gutter. In the great house itself a dreadful silence reigned.

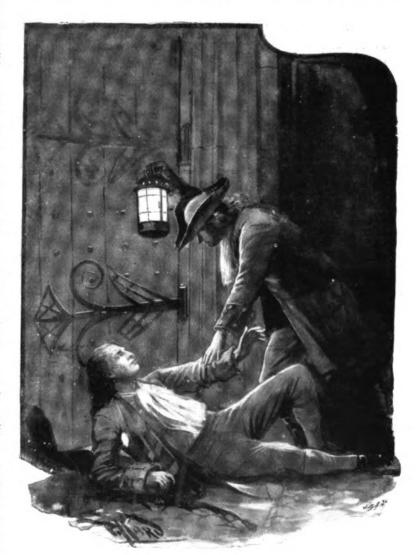
Dauberval beat with his fists upon the oaken door; but he might as well have struck at the wall of the Bastille. one answered to his puny knocking. He picked up a stone from the gutter and hurled it at the iron armour of the gate, but got for his pains only the weird echoes which went booming from cloister to cloister and from tower to tower. And his hunger was now irresistible, horrible. His whole body seemed to be wasting away as he stood.

"Oh, mon Dieu," he wailed, wringing his hands, and sobbing for very weakness, "have pity, have pity—one little drink of milk, oh, for Christ's sake."

He thought surely that he was dying; and it was cruel, he said, that he must perish of hunger at the very gate of his fortunes. The possibility that pretty Mlle. Corinne, who had done so much for his younger brother, Armand, might be at

her château near Gros Bois had not come into his reckoning until that moment. The reality compelled him to mutter a new prayer, and it was this—that his death might come quickly, and that he might suffer such agony no longer. And this was a prayer to which an answer was vouchsafed—but not such an answer as he had looked for.

Truth to tell, it all came upon him very suddenly. He had sunk down upon the step then, and his cheek was resting upon a slab of marble. Pain had begun to give way to unconsciousness; the turbid dreams to utter darkness of the mind. But from such a state of trance he awoke presently to find that the rays of a lantern were flashing in his eyes, and that a man, dressed from head to foot in black, had gripped him firmly by the arm.



The rays of a lantern were flashing in his eyes.

He had heard strange tales of the footpads of Paris; and his yawning imagination suggested, for an awakening idea, that one such rogue sought to rob him. At any other time

he would have laughed loudly at the notion; but now he was too weak to laugh—too weak almost to stand.

"Pardieu," he snarled, "what do you want with me? Can't you see? ——"

The man answered him with a word spoken to another at his elbow.

"Aubin," said he, "take the right arm of Monsieur Dauberval, and let Joseph bring another lantern."

Dauberval started up when he heard his name. The dazzling rays no longer blinded his eyes. He saw that the stranger's black vest was richly embroidered with silver, and that diamonds sparkled upon the hilt of his sword. Beyond this, the great door of the Hôtel Beautreillis was now wide open, and servants were busy in its courtyard. Dauberval, who had been ready to declare that the



\*\* Ma foi, Monsieur Dauberval, you will break some hearts in Paris."

apparition was a new cheat of his fancy, doubted no longer. Mademoiselle Corinne was in Paris. What was more, she knew that he was hungering at her gates. Never did a man's fortune seem to be made so readily.

"Monsieur," said he to the unknown as they passed the lodge of the concierge, and so entered the vast central courtyard, "you have my name?"

"Assuredly," said the other, "your name is Ferdinand Dauberval, and you are the son of the advocate of Avranches. Five days ago you left your home to walk to this house—having first robbed your father of a hundred crowns, the last of which you lost over the dice at Conches two days ago. I speak rightly, monsieur?"

Dauberval stood still with his astonishment.

" Ciel," he cried, "you insult me, monsieur!"

"Oh, not at all," replied the unknown, "you put a question to me, and I answer it. Is that an insult?"

"You say that I robbed? ——" expostulated Dauberval.

"Come, come," said the other, a little severely, "I really cannot argue with you, Monsieur Dauberval. While we wait in this draughty courtyard, your supper is getting cold. Remember how hungry you are."

Dauberval, trembling with excitement, permitted himself to be led across the court, and so to the smaller pavilion upon the left hand side of it.

"I shall make up some tale," he thought, "and she will believe me. Meanwhile there will be food to eat and wine to drink. *Dieu*, how I could drink a cup of Burgundy. It will be time after that to remember my misfortunes!"

Like all rogues he was easily elated. And the things which he saw about him were of a quality to satisfy any man. No sooner had he entered the pavilion than lacqueys came unbidden to brush his clothes and to bring a golden basin for his hands all While one fellow begged

him to be seated and to remove his dirty shoes; another offered him a coat of velvet heavily laced with glittering braid. thing that greed of show or of wealth could prompt him to wish for was now thrust upon him unasked. And this was the mystery of it all—that the lacquevs did these things for one whom their mistress knew to be a thief.

Dauberval was too hungry at the first to debate upon such a nice problem. He did observe that the unknown man in black watched him with a curious smile—the smile of one who enjoyed some secret, but did not wish to share it. Yet this, he said, was the man's satisfaction at his new appearance. Indeed, the stranger told him so presently

when he rose to conduct him to his supper.

"Ma foi, Monsieur Dauberval," said he, "you will break some hearts in Paris. I never saw a coat sit so well upon a man. And you know

Saint Denis, we must find you a sword presently when the perruquier has done with you. You can use sword, I will wager?"

Dauberval. who was the greatest coward Normandy, drew himself up and bowed at the compliment.

"Sir," said he, "if I were not so hungry-"

"Exactly, my friend. And since you are

very hungry-come, supper is prepared for you."

He opened a door in the antechamber to which they had first come, and motioned the other to go forward. Dauberval could scarce suppress a cry of delight when he saw that a

table was spread in an exquisitely furnished cabinet; and that other lacqueys waited to serve him with all those good things of which he had lately dreamed.

Although he had suffered much from his hunger, he was not so far gone that eating would be a danger to him; and when a lacquey put a little bowl of soup before him, he drank it down in great gulps. warmth of it seemed to fill his body to the very toes.

"Oh," he said, "how good it is-how good. Surely it is well to have suffered, Monsieur, if one may-"

At this moment he turned round to find himself alone with the

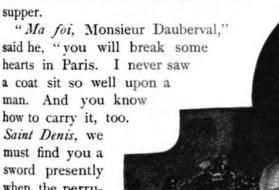
> lacqueys in the cabinet. The unknown

> > had left him at the door, and Dauberval really was not sorry to be quit of his company.

selle a very honest Burgundy."

"One can do nothing with a man," he thought, "and he is gone to tell pretty Mademoi-Corinne that I am here. She will come and see me presently, and I shall persuade her that I am fellow. After that she will find me some place in Paris, and I shall have lacqueys of my own, and "Have the goodness to inform Mademoiselle de Montesson that I crave a wine like this word with her."

> Hopes like these, with a hundred others, filled his brain while he helped himself to a dish of artichokes fried in marinade, and afterwards to the breast of a well-boiled capon. He was careful to eat sparingly of the food, remembering how long he had



fasted; but of the wine he drank abundantly. Nor did the lacqueys once speak to him while he ate. They might have been machines answering to some invisible wires. Dauberval, warmed with the Burgundy, began to assume lofty and patronising airs. He even attempted

vacancy there, I would even submit to serve for a while as page to his Highness the Duke of Nevers. In any case she will make my fortune. Who knows, she might even think me handsome as the girls of Avranches did. And then—pardieu—and then—?"



"Diable," cried the man, as he sprang up from his chair.

to enter into conversation with one of those who waited upon him.

"Have the goodness," he cried, "to inform Mademoiselle de Montesson that I crave a word with her so soon as it may please her to give me audience."

The lacquey bowed, and left the room with his fellows. He was careful not to laugh until he had shut the door upon his mistress's guest; but then he laughed very heartily. Dauberval, meanwhile, was leaning back in his chair, and telling himself that this in surety was the day of his life.

"She cannot mean to punish me for borrowing two hundred crowns of my father," he said to himself, "or she would not have treated me like this. No doubt she has heard some slander, but I shall correct all that. And then she will give me a place. Possibly it will be with the Grand Equerry where my brother is; or should there be no

To his utter confusion, a voice of singular sweetness answered this question which he had intended for no other ears than his own.

"And then, Monsieur Dauberval?"

"Diable," cried the man, as he sprang up from his chair and turned round to face the intruder. But the other words he would have spoken died away upon his lips—for there standing behind him, with the merriest laugh possible upon her pretty face, was Mlle. Corinne.

"Mademoiselle," he stammered, and

he was sure that he had never seen a more exquisite vision than this of the owner of all these riches, "Mademoiselle—I did not——indeed——"

"Oh," she said, laughing more than ever at his confusion; "but you did. And let me tell you, Monsieur, that I think the girls of Avranches showed exceedingly good taste."

Dauberval, like most rogues, could bear himself well in ordinary circumstances before a woman. He had looked to find a grand dame, haughty, imperious, exacting; but now that Mlle. Corinne really stood before him, and he saw that she was an exceedingly beautiful girl, whose face wore the kindliest smile he had ever beheld, he took new courage and began to look up.

"Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "you overheard me just now saying some very foolish things. I thought that I was alone or I should not have uttered them. I beg you to forgive me." "Indeed, Monsieur," she answered, still smiling, "I shall do nothing of the sort. You have yet to answer my question. Here am I agreeing with the young ladies you speak of, and dying to know what next—yet you tell me nothing. For shame, monsieur, to leave a lady ailing with her curiosity."

"Misfortune overtake me if I do any such thing," cried Dauberval, bowing gallantly; "yet, for the life of me, mademoiselle, I cannot remember what I was saying."

"Oh, but I remember it perfectly, Monsieur Dauberval," she answered; "you were sayin; 'and then'—I want to know what comes after 'and then'?"

A quick thought passed like an inspiration through the man's mind.

- "Mademoiselle," he cried, "you insist?"
- "Certainly I do."

"Then I will tell you in a word. I was saying to myself as you came in that if I should be happy enough to win your favour, you would find me some place in Paris."

He stood watching her keenly to see how his boldness would be repaid; but her immediate answer was only a command.

"Sit, mon ami," she said, "and we will talk of these things."

Dauberval took a chair, and drew it near to the little couch upon which she was resting. He said that he had never seen such surpassing loveliness of skin or face, never a woman worthy to sit at the feet of Corinne de Montesson. The very air about her was laden with the breath of roses. Her girlish face was like the face of one of the Madonnas which the great masters had painted. Her voice was like the note of a silver bell.

"You wish me to find you a place in Paris, Monsieur Dauberval," she said, when they were seated; "well, that is already done—"

"What!" cried Dauberval, forgetting himself in his surprise—at the same time he said to himself, "my fortune is made."

"Yes," she continued, "after making all inquiries about you, I am willing to take you into my service."

Dauberval's expectation became tremendous. "She knows nothing," he thought.

"You will consent, I am sure, Monsieur," Corinne went on, "to do as my other servants have done, and to attain promotion by

your diligence and fidelity. Yet I do not forget that you were educated by the Curé of Avranches, and are a man of some learning. On that account, I have determined to overlook all that I might remember about you, and to make you an usher of the table."

Dauberval listened no more, but sprang from his chair. He was white with passion when he answered her.

"Dieu, mademoiselle!" he cried; "would you make a lacquey of me?"

"Exactly," she replied, without so much as noticing his temper; "an usher of my table to begin with, and after that the clerk of my household if your service in the first employment warrants it. It is even possible, should you seek by the future to blot out the sins of your past, that I may remember you as the brother of Armand Dauberval, whom you drove from his home, after accusing him falsely of a robbery."

"It is a lie!" stammered Dauberval, hoarse with his anger; "I am the victim of——"

Corinne de Montesson rose from her seat, and touched a gong at her side.

"Monsieur," she said, very quietly, "tonight you remain here as my guest. If you are willing to accept the place which I offer you, hold yourself ready to begin your work at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. But I warn you that, should you speak to me again as you spoke just now, my servants shall flog you at the tail of a cart. You understand me!"

There was laughter in her eyes no longer, and her cheek was warmed with a red flush. Dauberval realised for the first time what a great gulf lay between them. His hopes had gone tumbling down already, pell-mell, like stones into a pit. He was cowed, and he trembled with rage and disappointment.

"Ciel," said he, wringing his hands, "that you should wish to make a lacquey of me! Oh, mademoiselle, have pity—you know what I have suffered?"

"Say rather, that I remember what your brother suffered at your hands," she replied. "Indeed, Monsieur Dauberval, you reap that which you have sowed. Have a care, then, to treasure in the future the seeds of honesty and of love. I wish you good night, monsieur."

She retired with a gentle grace, a lacquey holding the door as she passed to her own apartments. Dauberval followed her with eyes in which the tears of shame and cowardice welled up plenteously. To make a lacquey of him! Better by far that he had remained at Avranches, he thought, or had extorted money from his father.

He had been pacing the room for some little time, gathering up the threads of his anger when the servant returned to tell him that his bedchamber was prepared. He followed the fellow sullenly, determined already, in his own heart, that he would never submit to the proposed degradation.

The lacquey, meanwhile, conducted him down a long stone corridor; thence across a little garden, and through a second passage, which terminated in a small circular hall off which five doors opened. Dauberval scarce took notice of anything that he passed; but when the lacquey opened the third of the five doors and informed him that here was his bedchamber a new interest occupied him.

None of Mademoiselle Corinne's reproaches seemed to fit in with the elegance of the room to which he had been conducted. It was a room for the king, he said, while the man lighted the candles in the gilt sconces and set a cup of wine upon the table. And it was maddening to him to remember that he was to enjoy such splendours for one night and only for one night.

"To-morrow," he snarled, for the servant had left him then, "to-morrow they will make a lacquey of me! Oh! that shall never be. I swear it on the cross. She shall listen to me in the morning. I will go on my knees to her—I will humble myself—she will surely relent then."

He repeated these words again and again, and they were still upon his lips when he climbed into the high bed and stretched himself luxuriously upon the downy cushions. The candle was out, and the moon's beams flooded the room picturesquely, seeming to magnify size and beauty. Indeed, the very splendours of the apartment awed the man. He lay for a long while unable to sleep or to do anything but contemplate the things he would plan and say when morning came.

When he had settled those to his satisfaction, and sleep still refused her friendship, he began to follow the path of the pale yellow rays and to observe the beauty of the things they touched with their caressing light. He remarked then for the first time a little picture of a Madonna hung near the wall by his bed; and when he had looked at this for some moments, he saw that it was the central piece of a shrine upon which there was a cross with a great diamond blazing at the heart of it.

So beautiful were the lights which the jewel scattered, so large was it, that Dauber-val asked himself why he had not seen it before. Then he sat up in bed the better to observe it; but lay down again quickly lest the thought which came to him so powerfully should remain and prevail.

"She must be very rich," he said, as he drew the clothes over his head, and fought anew for sleep; "that diamond alone would keep a man in food and wine for life."

He lay for some moments trembling with the excitement of the thought. He knew that such a diamond as the one which lay within reach of his hand, would enrich him for life. He had but to slip the cross into his pocket and to climb the wall of the garden through which he had passed to his room, and he need think of being a lacquey no more. What a revenge that would be, he said. And why did he owe her any mercy? She had shown him none. Nay, she had threatened to have him beaten at a cart's tail. "We shall see about that," he muttered, and then he sat up in bed again. The diamond shone now with a finer, richer lustre. The sight of it was to him like a cup of wine to a drunkard. "Heaven!" he muttered, "it is a prince's ransom—and I am alone."

He was out of bed now, and his teeth were chattering with dread of his determination. While he said all the time that he was not going to steal the diamond, he knew perfectly well that he had made up his mind to do so. Quickly and with trembling hands he drew on his boots and his fine new coat.

He opened his bed-room door, and found to his satisfaction that the little hall outside was in darkness and as silent as the grave. Everything drove him on to the crime which he declared that he would never commit, but

which he was even then committing. Twice he touched the diamond, and drew back his hand as though it had been burned by fire.

"Coward!" he cried, "coward, coward! to turn your back on a fortune which lies there at your hand. Ten steps and you are in the garden; you leave Paris at dawn and set out for England—a little hiding by the way, perhaps, a little privation—and then, and then!"

Visions of luxury, of ease, even of vice passed before his burning eyes. A new hunger, the hunger of wealth, was upon him now. The agonies of the temptation were like the agonies of a burning fever. He stood rocking on his heels before the shrine, saying "I will not; I will not."

He covered his face with his hands, yet the lights from the sparkling jewel seemed to flash into his very brain. When at last he grasped the stone with trembling finger, and thrust it deep down into his bosom, phantoms of the night gathered about him in his fancy, and cried: "We see, we see."

With possession the fever abated a little. He was in a cold sweat now, but his ideas were less confusing. He opened his door, and stood for a moment to listen if there were any sound about the house. A gentle whisper of the wind sighing in the dome of the hall was the only answer to his silent question.

Encouraged by the stillness, he stepped from his chamber, and began to creep towards that door of the five through which he believed that he had passed to his bedroom. And here a difficulty which he had not foreseen suddenly presented itself and demanded consideration.

The five doors in the hall were as alike as five drops of water. How if he opened the wrong one, and found himself, not in the garden, but in the bed-chamber of some lacquey or page? That, he declared, would mean the galleys at the least. And he blamed himself now that he had not tried the doors before leaving his bedroom. To be taken with the jewel in his possession were a folly indeed.

Dauberval was a cunning rogue at all times, but he did not know what forces of cunning and trickery were being pitted against him as he stood debating the puzzle of the doors.

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At the very moment when he thought that he was alone, six pairs of eyes were watching him with interest, and not a little amusement. True, there was a moment when he had an instinctive warning of peril hovering about him; and that was the moment when the door of the bedroom he had just quitted shut suddenly, and the key grated ominously in the lock.

"Mort-Christ," he muttered; "my door has locked itself. I heard the key turn. What a thing to happen!"

There was no doubt about it at all. The door had shut and the key had turned. Dauberval stood like one petrified, pressing the jewel to his breast with both his hands, and telling himself that the wind had done the work.

"Bah," he said, "am I a woman to start at the fall of a pebble? If I stand here much longer, I shall go to sleep, and a lacquey will find me at daybreak. Courage, then—a little courage, and all is well."

The idea put new life into him. He tried the first of the doors, but it was locked; and the second, in like manner, refused to yield to his hand. Only when he came to the fourth door did he take heart and say that success was near to him. For that door opened readily at his touch; and when he had hesitated a moment lest it should lead him to a room and not to a passage, he pushed it back inch by inch that the little light in the hall might break the darkness which now blinded him. He would have given half that he possessed to have had a lantern for a minute then, so dark was the place in which he found himself; but he knew that he could not work miracles, and so he nerved himself for a last effort, and boldly passed the door. At the same instant the place was flooded by a soft, yellow light-and Mademoiselle Corinne stood face to face with him.

She was dressed in a loose gown of muslin, spotlessly white and ornamented, and she held a golden candlestick high above her head that the light might fall upon the face of the man. Dauberval, staggering with terror, observed that a small diamond cross glittered upon her white neck, and that a great hound crouched by her side, and pressed his nose into her hand, riginal from

"Well, Monsieur Dauberval!" she cried, and there was merriment in her voice. "Well, Monsieur Dauberval, are you not pleased to see me?"

Deceived by her manner, the robber looked up. "She is alone," he thought, "and she is a woman." But he made no attempt to answer her; seeking rather to escape from the room into the hall behind him. And at this she laughed aloud.

"For a truth, you are a bold fellow," she continued, as the man backed towards the door; "and I am very glad that you did not die at my gate to-night. Have a care to your steps I beg of you, Monsieur Dauberval, or you will be of little service to the galleys. Shall I summon a lacquey to carry your plunder? How unfortunate that you should awake me at the very moment you were robbing my house."

Something in the tone of her voice, a note of scorn mingling with the chord of her laughter, compelled the man to stand. It occurred to him that he must deal with her before he left the room, or assuredly she would awake the house, and he would be taken in the gardens of it. He determined to play first upon her pity.

"Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, coming a little nearer to her, and speaking with an effort, "you are very cruel to me—I could not sleep—I wished to walk a little way in your gardens—do you think that I am a robber—God forbid—I swear it on the cross——"

- "On the cross which you carry at your breast, Monsieur Dauberval?"
- "Ciel," he gasped, drawing back again, "you know about that?"
- "You hear that I do—and since I know about it, my servants are now going to carry you to the Palais de Justice, where you will have leisure to regret that you did not become a lacquey."

She said this, and with the words she took up a padded stick, and raised it as though to beat upon the gong by which she stood. For a moment, however, she held her hand; and forgetting that she had laughed, she went on to remind the man of that which he had lost.

"When you came to my house to-night,"

she said, "I was content to forget the life you have lived, and the crimes you have committed. For your brother's sake, I thought to give you one more opportunity of becoming that which you will never be—an honest man. To-morrow, had you submitted for a day to the test which I chose for you, I would have remembered again that you were the son of the advocate of Avranches. You will not ask me to do that now, Monsieur Dauberval?"

Dauberval listened to her with burning ears. He watched the upraised stick as he would have watched a rod about to fall upon him. He knew that if the gong were struck, his hope of life would die away with the echoes of the note.

"Mademoiselle," he wailed, "for God's sake spare me—you will never regret it—I swear it on my knees. You will not summon your servants?"

He fell upon his knees before her and raised his hands in cowardly intreaty. But her manner was unpitying.

- "Nay," she said, "I am about to summon my servants now."
- "Dieu, Mademoiselle," muttered the man springing to his feet, "you shall do nothing of the sort." But to himself he said again—
  "she is a woman and she is alone."

The madness of his mood magnified and became uncontrollable. He raised his hand to strike her down; shutting his eyes that he might not see the exquisite beauty of her face.

- "You shall not do it," he cried savagely—
  by heaven, I will prevent you."
- "Indeed?" she cried, stepping back quickly, "it is already done"—and even as she spoke, the blows fell—that of the man in the air, that of the woman upon the silver gong.

Dauberval had struck wildly; but he had struck no second blow. He had said "she is alone"; but never was she less alone. The great dog at her side, who had curled himself up to sleep while his mistress had no need of him, awoke at the booming of the gong, and was at the throat of the man even while he reeled back for a new attack. With a low, warning roar, the beast sprang at the robber, and felled him as an ox is felled by a butcher's adzed from



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Over and over upon the wooden floor the two rolled; the dog growling ferociously, the man imploring, screaming, fighting. Death seemed to breathe into his very face now. He held his arm across his throat, and the hound's fangs touched the bone of it. He struck the brute again and again with his clenched fist; and for every blow, his whole body was shaken until his teeth gnashed like the teeth of a madman.

"Kill me, kill me," he screamed, "for God's sake—oh, he is tearing me limb from limb—Heaven—what suffering!"

He had rolled now almost to the door of the room, and there the hound drew back for a moment, hearing his mistress's voice. Dauberval, mad with fear and pain, scrambled to his feet, and staggered out into the hall of the unyielding doors. A light was there this time, and one of the five doors stood wide open before him; but he had no thought of asking how, or for what reason. Dread of the dog drove him onward recklessly. "Anything, anything but that!" he cried; and reeling, staggering, sobbing, he passed through the door, and down the long passage to which it gave access.

There was very little light in the corridor where he now found himself, and when he had run perhaps twenty yards he turned a sharp corner, and was then in utter darkness. So black was it that he could not see the ground at his feet. He guided himself only by touching the wall with his fingers.

It was a smooth wall, a paneled one he said at first; and though he knew that he might go tumbling headlong down a staircase, or crashing against a door, at any step, so great was his terror that he ran on heedlessly; believing ever to hear the patter of the hound's paws upon the ground behind him, even to feel his wet and frothing lips against his hand.

And he was becoming exhausted now. Often he reeled against the wall and thought that he was fainting. Would he never come into the garden, he asked? He had been running for long minutes, and still the dreadful wall guided him onward, onward. Once he paused, panting for his breath, but his ear told him plainly that the hound had followed him. There was no mistaking that

haunting "pit, pat, pat" behind him. "God have mercy—he will tear me limb from limb," he cried—and so wailing, he began to run again.

Dauberval was a man who had known few hardships in life; but just as the past two days had taught him what it is to hunger, so did this night of agony teach him the meaning both of fear and of fatigue. His life seemed to exude from his body drop by drop. Every step was a torture to him. The tears ran down his face like rain; a spasm gripped his heart and seemed to hold it still; his legs were so weary that he could scarce lift them from the ground. And to his terror of the seen, the terror of the unseen was now added. He had run for the third part of an hour by this time; and still the terrible wall led him on.

He began to say that fiends were cheating him—for how could the Hôtel Beautreillis possess a corridor down which a man might run for twenty minutes. That would carry him half across Paris.

Under any other circumstances, he would have tried to reason with the situation, but the ominous patter of the hound banished reason from his head. More than this, he heard the soft tread of other hounds now before him, now behind him. He shrieked aloud with his fear—and fled again like a madman, only to fall senseless at last and to lie motionless upon the floor of the passage.

When he opened his eyes, hours had passed. The ghostly dawn light, streaming through a lantern tower above him, told him that day had broken; but he lay motionless for long minutes, unable to remember how he had come into the place; or why he slept upon a wooden floor. He was still very weak and his limbs were cold and stiff and painful; his brain burnt and would shape no story for him.

When at last he began to remember the events of the dreadful night, he thought first of the diamond and pressed his hands to his breast instinctively; but the jewel was gone, nor could he recollect how he had lost it. By-and-bye he recalled the moment when he had left his bedchamber, and that other moment when pretty Mademoiselle Corinne stood before him, and he had struck her.

From this thought he passed to memory of the hound. So potent was it in terror, that it compelled him to stagger to his feet. Half awake as he was, the whole dread of the night came rushing back to him. He could hear the hound still—that he would swear; and

even when he stood up and asked himself "Where am I?" the haunting "pit-pat" still sang in his ears.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" he wailed; "have I lost my reason? Where am I? What do I hear? Oh, pity me, pity me!"

He looked all about him, and could make nothing of his environment. He was in a great building, certainly—a building which looked like a riding-school, and was in the shape of an oval. He observed clearly that a high wall ran round this building, and that he had been lying upon a wooden corridor which made a little platform beneath the wall. Dense as he was, it began to

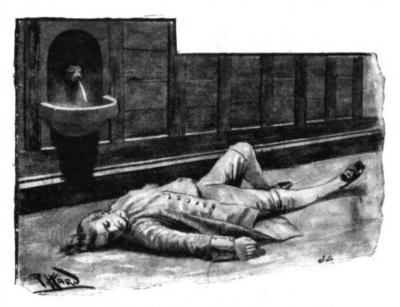
dawn upon him that he had been running round and round this corridor, and at this thought he trembled with passion.

"Heaven!" he cried; "that I should have run round and round like a horse which amuses the people. Oh, what cruelty to play me such a trick—what cruelty!"

His distress was so great that he began to wring his hands and to pace the corridor distractedly. He had been engaged in this employment for the space of a minute when the second of his delusions was taken from him. For, suddenly he came upon a little fountain built into the wall of the riding-school; and as he stood a minute to bathe his hands and forehead there, it occurred to him that the music of the fountain was familiar, and that its "drip, drip, drip" was just like the pat of a dog's paw upon the ground.

"Holy Virgin!" he cried with a sob; "that I should have run away from a basin of water. There is the patter of my hound. Oh, God! what a night of agony!"

A mocking laugh was the answer to his word of ultimate distress. He turned round to find himself in the presence of the man in black who had met him at the gate yesterday,



Only to fall senseless at last and to lie motionless upon the floor of the passage.

and he saw that a lacquey awaited the orders of the unknown.

At sunset that evening Ferdinand Dauberval passed through the Porte St. Denis on his way to his father at Avranches.

"Halloa!" cried the bellman, "here is the dusty gentleman who has friends. *Bon* soir, Monsieur. Was the king well when your excellency dined with him?"

"It is my belief that we talk to our Lord the Pope," exclaimed the cooper.

But the mounted guard laughed heartily, and cried:

"Good-day, little fire-eater! Did they give you alms at the Hôtel Beautreillis? Saint John! what an honest face you have. Oh, it is plain that you are a loss to Paris."

Dauberval stood for a moment to shake his fist at them. Then he passed the gate, and Paris knew him no more.

The second story of this series will be published in the February Number.



that gallant scion of her ancient Royal house, Prince Henri of Orleans, toiled painfully in the wilderness.

He has foregone all comfort, and lived laborious days in order that his country might be benefited; and seeing that that country had exiled his family, denied him a

birthplace, and even refused him the right of entrance into one of her military colleges, there is a fine touch of magnanimity in the thought that led him to peril life and limb for her interests in one of the most impenetrable regions of Asia.

An intense self-abnegating patriotism seems to dominate the character of this Royal explorer, writer, and folk-lorist, who is only in his thirtieth year, a patriotism which occasionally tends towards Chauvinism in the eagerness of his work, but in social intercourse only seems to intensify the marked amiability of his personality.

The son of the Duc de Chartres, and the grandson of King Louis Philippe, Prince Henri was born at Ham, in Essex, on October 15, 1867, his parents being in exile at the time.

"I came to France when I was three years old," the Prince explained in the course of an interview-most graciously granted me recently in Paris, in spite of a sad family bereavement. "All the members of my family have had a longer experience of your country, and can speak English much better than I can, although I understand it very well."

I found that he spoke the language fairly fluently, and his popularity everywhere may partly be ascribed to the charm of his conversation, and gentle, unassuming manner.

In 1886 he competed for admission into the famous military school of St. Cyr, but unfortunately just at this time the law was passed which excluded princes of families who had reigned in France from this privilege, so his papers were returned, and the doors of St. Cyr, and a subsequent military career, were irrevocably closed against the young royal patriot.

"Even at this time," said the Prince, "I was passionately devoted to colonial questions. I was in love with the idea of travel; to make voyages of discovery, to open up new routes, and to explore unknown lands, was one of my most ardent wishes "-and one, he might have added, which he has been enabled to realise very thoroughly from Digitized by GOOXIC

After his failure to enter St. Cyr, his father placed him under a professor to study law, as he thought his son then too youthful to commence indulging his passion for foreign travel.

In 1887, however, Prince Henri, accompanied by M. de Boissy, an old officer, started on a tour round the world. With enthusiasm he described his first impression of Greece and Egypt, his six months' sojourn in India and the return journey to Europe via Japan and America. The Prince wrote a little book on India, simple notes jotted down with all the sincerity of youth, and which, despite its inevitable signs of literary inexperience, announced to the world a coming writer.

In addition to the notes, the traveller brought back with him a magnificent zoological collection, including many rare and unknown species, and a record of twenty-two tigers slain by him and his companion—sport royal in a double sense, and one not unattended with danger.

In undertaking this tour Prince Henri was actuated by the wish to ascertain what part of the world was likely to afford the freshest fields for enterprise and study.



The Duc de Chartres.

"And your next voyage, Monseigneur le Prince?"

"The next was when, accompanied by M.

Bonvalot, I attempted to traverse the Old Continent from end to end. We were absent from Paris for seventeen months; we travelled as far as Tonquin by land, and, with considerable difficulty and many privations, covered nearly a thousand miles of unknown Thibet.



The Duchesse de Chartres.

"No, the whole of the route was not unknown. After leaving Siberia we travelled through Chinese Turkistan, following in the footsteps of the Russian explorer, Prjevalsky.

"We scaled the mountain Tian Chan, descending at Kourla, where we rejoined the route marked out by your countryman, Carey, who, you will remember, stopped north of the Thibetan plateaux, seeking in vain for the passage to the south, which he knew existed.

"We also sought for it, and, after many disappointments and much suffering, found it."

For this discovery the Prince received the highest award of the *Société de Géographie*—the gold medal, which had also been given to Livingstone, Stanley, and Nordenskjold. The geographical societies of Rome, Vienna, and Berne also made him an honorary member.

After visiting Tonquin, the Prince, in the latter part of 1894, travelled through the French colonies. While crossing Madagascar, he took up his pen to discuss the Malagasy question, and to express opinions which shortly after were justified by the event.

After leaving Madagascar he returned to

Indo-China, visiting in succession Cochin-China, Cambodia, and the provinces of Battambang and Angkor; thence he proceeded to Annam and its capital, Hué, and afterwards returned to his favourite Tonquin.

"We succeeded in finding a new route from the frontier of Tonquin to Ssémao, about 450 miles, and that entirely unknown, and continuing and completing the work started by Francis Garnier," the Prince went on to tell me. They were the first Europeans who found the direct route from China to India, and it was during the latter part of this voyage that they discovered the source of the Irrawaddy.

The enthusiasm with which the distinguished traveller and his companion were welcomed by the English in India, proved the great interest taken by geographers, scientists, and even politicians in the still unknown regions of eastern Asia.

From mystic Thibet, the home of theosophy, the Prince brought away very valuable Lolas and Païs manuscripts, which he presented to the French College of Oriental languages. He had also jotted down the vocabularies of the countries he passed through, thereby furnishing much useful philological information to students of the Far East; and still more interesting to the general public were his notes on the habits and customs of the inhabitants, together with their legends and popular songs.

"Now, when you ask me about my journey from Tonquin to Yunnan, from Mong-Tse to Tali-fou," said Prince Henri, "I can only give you the barest possible outlines, although I think you will find it enough, indeed more than enough, about a simple three months' exploration.

"One important fact, perhaps, is that during a journey, which lasted from the 27th of February to the 26th of May, 1895, we travelled over 1000 miles, of which 800 were unknown.

"Our plan was to explore the right bank of the Red River, and, crossing a region but little known, to rejoin the river Mekong not far from its entrance into Indo-China; that is to say, at the spot where the French explorer, Garnier, failed to follow it.

"We meant, then, to try and reach Tali-fou,

keeping as close to the river as possible, in order to be able to follow its course upwards as far as the great western city of Yunnan. We should thus traverse a country especially interesting as regards our Indo-China possessions, forming as it does the nat ral zone for peaceful commercial expansion; we should also be continuing the thoroughly French enterprise started thirty years ago by Francis Garnier."

By a hitherto unexplored route they reached Issa, a rather important commercial city on the banks of the Red River, by the 13th of March.

The country was very broken, necessitating continual ascents and descents over very steep declivities. Rocks and stones blocked the road at every turn, and these being very slippery, and affording no foothold for man or beast, the animals were continuously falling, and the travellers suffered from the additional annoyance of "stuffy, rainy weather and continual fogs," to quote the Prince's description.

"At the end of two days," he went on to say, "our men were in despair and threatened to leave us. Some of them wept and bemoaned themselves like children. Nor could we get them to move until we had ruined ourselves in fine promises, and exhausted our imaginations in conjuring up visions of pleasures awaiting them in the great cities we should shortly reach."

Questioned as to their resting places en route, he lightly answered that he "did not include these among the material difficulties they had to encounter. But if you are curious on the subject, try to imagine 'holes' of the blackest, narrowest, and most sordid description; these were our kitchens or bedrooms, and they were often so abominably dirty that we preferred to take refuge in a barn or stable, and sleep on straw.

"As to pirates and banditti," said the Prince in reply to a question, "our men often tried to frighten us with stories, and I confess to feeling some apprehension with regard to them on one occasion.

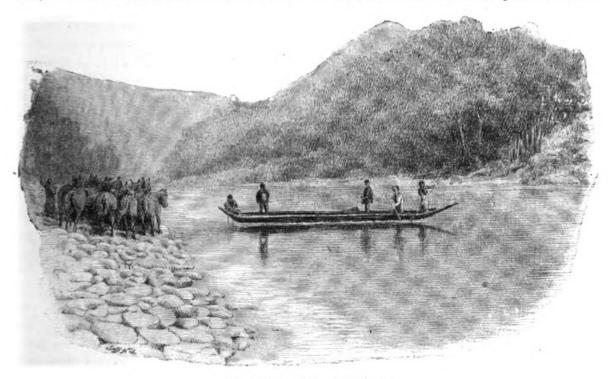
"Sao, my Annamite servant, and I had set out in front of the caravan, and night came on before it had overtaken us: some shelter therefore must be found; I remembered near a village a house at which I had stopped during

the day to make inquiries. We knocked at the door; no one answered; I went into the yard and began to unsaddle the horses. An old woman appeared who, at sight of us, began to cry and scream, showing signs of great terror. Sao, with his limited stock of Chinese, tried to reassure her; in the midst of their attempted conversation a second person arrived on the scene—an old man in tatters—and Sao had to begin all over again.

"However, after a few minutes' talk, both seemed satisfied with the promise of good and beautiful silver, and the woman hastened to lay a mattress down for me in a corner. sickles, the flaring torches magnifying the stature of our enemies and giving to the scene an air of indescribable savage wildness.

"A man who seemed to be the chief advanced, and in a powerful voice ordered us to depart instantly. The night was far gone, and we were not anxious to spend it in the woods hungry.

"Then a bright idea seized my boy, Sao, who all at once began to trace with his finger some Chinese characters in the sand. What could not before be made out, is written. The yard was transformed into a huge slate, on which Sao and the chief spoke in turns.



The Caravan Crossing the Mekong.

From a Photograph by Prince Henri of Orleans.

But from the village below I heard vague sounds. Gun shots repeatedly echoed into the night, and lights shone in the woods. I opened the door of the yard and looked out, and saw a body of armed men approaching.

"I went in to fetch and load my gun, and told Sao to do the same. Whilst we were thus preparing to defend ourselves, if necessary, the old man slipped out and made way for the invaders, for whose equipment, evidently, the whole armoury of the village had been requisitioned. All were armed, but the weapons were varied, consisting of guns, sabres, lances, pitch-forks, and even

"The mystery was explained, and the threatening levelled gun-barrels were lowered. The old proprietress had sent her daughters to warn the village that pirates had invaded her abode. The villagers had come to defend her, and we had mutually mistaken each other for banditti."

At Longtane, a colony of Païs, tattooed and wearing their hair en chignon, were met with.

"The Chinese appear to have special regulations for these Païs," said the Prince, "for they give to their soldiers, in form of silver leaves, rewards which they do not grant to others. No " (in answer to a question),

"the war with Japan seemed to have no echo in this region!"

On the 1st of April, while on open ground, they were assailed by a fearful storm, the hailstones being the size of pigeon's eggs. "These celestial bullets," said the Prince, "hurt us very much, even through our hats, and they well nigh stampeded the animals."

Between Manhoa and Ssemao, the party went through a country across which two distinguished English travellers, Messrs. Colquhoun and Bourne, declared that no one could pass. They were continually wading through flooded tributaries, crossing rivers by means of sampans, flat-bottomed boats, bamboo rafts, and chain bridges, and no fewer than six times did they cross, and recross the Mekong—which, with its breadth of from 150 to 200 yards, flowing between wooded hills and precipitous banks, excites the admiration and enthusiastic patriotism of the Prince, for he speaks of it as "the French river, par excellence."

Having gathered important information as to the people, products, and routes open to China, from the French Indo-Chinese possessions, the party arrived at Tali-fou on the banks of Lake Erhai on the 26th of May, and after a brief rest commenced their journey from Yunnan to Assam.

Working westward, they surmounted two great peaks, the men cutting their own road as they went, and often having to make a path in the midst of landslips ready to glide into the river, while the ground was so slippery, owing to rains, that the animals were scarcely able to keep their footing.

"I remember," said Prince Henri, "one day in which, at the same spot, we saw five mules, with their burdens, roll down about 100 feet. Everybody had to assist in unsaddling, shifting, reloading, and then leading the animals, which after these terrible falls we found quietly grazing at the bottom of a ravine as if they had been made of indiarubber, and all the while the rain poured down incessantly."

The expedition progressed amid divers hardships and misfortunes, not the least of which was the theft of the instruments on which the party depended for the making of observations.

They finished the exploration of the Mekong in China; and then the mystery enveloping the country separating China from India excited their curiosity, and they determined to penetrate and cross it, thereby trying to reach India by the shortest and most direct route, at the same time that they discovered and tracked the higher branches of the Irrawaddy to their source.

They had to dispense with their mules, and the rest of their journey — which lasted another three months—was performed entirely on foot.

The Prince related how they "came across an extraordinary torrent which ran like a flood at night time, threatening to surround us, and then subsided, apparently without reason, in the morning. By a phenomenon, which we were able to verify later on, the level of the torrent follows a regular movement with the day, being low in the morning and rising at night."

He discovered a peak nearly 11,000 feet in height, and named it "Francis Garnier." "Nothing but steep mountains were around us," he said, speaking of a subsequent stage of their progress. "Their precipices, concealed by dense forests, their feet bathed by immense torrents, or small rivers of clear, icy water.

"We had to scale the sides on all fours, clinging on to roots with our hands. We had to keep our balance on bridges consisting of a single bamboo thrown over a torrent, and during this march we were never dry, for if one had the good luck not to fall at full length into the water, the rain took it in hand to wet any portion of one's garments that had escaped the torrent." Small wonder that the Prince was attacked by fever, accompanied by asthma and neuralgia.

There was a great scarcity of food in these regions, and he found the greatest difficulty in feeding the forty men who composed his caravan. For a long period they were without fat and suet, their only food consisting of rice cooked in water without seasoning; and later on they were compelled to divide into two parties, in order that the stronger section might go on in advance and forage for the other.

Only when the expedition set out from

Khampti did it encounter the most serious obstacles met with during the exploration.

The people demanded money or guns, not only in exchange for food, but before giving any information about the road or even allowing the caravan to pass. Two days were spent in disputing with the local authorities, and, added to these difficulties, conversation was not easy.

"How did you make yourselves understood, Monseigneur le Prince?"

"The plan we adopted was rather a round about one, and took up considerable time," was the reply. "We spoke Latin to Joseph;

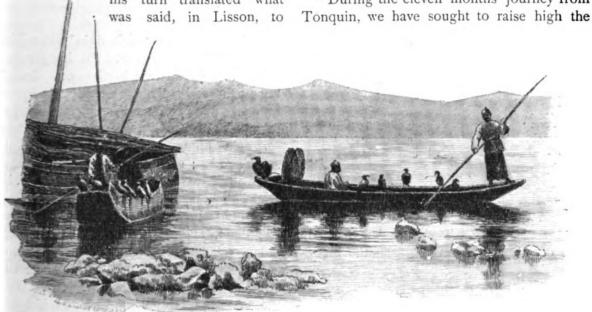
> he spoke Chinese to one of our Thibetans, who in his turn translated what was said, in Lisson, to

The men had only two meals a day at this time; three spoonsful of rice, largely swelled with water. Yet the brave fellows told their leader, laughing, that by putting a larger quantity of water to the rice they could manage.

After repeatedly losing the way, and suffering other and various mishaps, they reached Bishi, in the plain of Assam; their hardships were over; the various units of the expedition were re-united, and the journey virtually ended.

"As Frenchmen," he went on to say, "we are the first to have made the shortest and most direct journey from China to India, though I must add this route is not practical for commerce.

"During the eleven months' journey from



Cormorant Fishing on Lake Erhai.

From a Photograph by Prince Henri of Orleans.

one of our native mountain porters; this porter spoke his own language to a Thai, who understood him, and repeated what was told to the Khampti chiefs."

Following a route which had never before been tracked by a European, they at length found themselves nigh on the borders of India, after crossing, in the midst of snow, a mountain 10,000 feet high.

"In the days that followed," he continued, "we made forced marches, each trying his best to keep up his strength, for we knew we must get on, cost what it would; we were fleeing from death led by

Our efforts have been directed French flag. to labour for the greater honour of the fatherland. If we have satisfied those in France, who are interested in geographical, ethnographical, zoological, and commercial questions, we shall think ourselves fully recompensed for our trouble."

His Royal Highness is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and the Republic and the Prince are both honoured, the one in giving, and the other in proudly wearing in his button-hole the insignia of a dignity which could not have been bestowed on one more worthy. INDIANA UNIVERSITY

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#### A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

#### SUMMARY.

HARVEY CHEYNE, son of an American millionaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner, and is picked up by the fishing smack We're Here, of Gloucester, bound for the cod-banks. Harvey, perforce, goes too. The crew of the We're Here consists of Disko Troop, the owner, and his son Dan; Manuel, a Portuguese; Pennsylvania, Long Jack, Tom Platt, and Unc'e Salters, Disko's brother. Harvey is initiated into the mysteries of cod-fishing.

#### CHAPTER III.

It was the forty-fathom slumber, that clears the soul and eye and heart, and sends you to breakfast ravening. They emptied a big tin dish of juicy fragments of fish—the bloodends the cook had collected over night. They cleaned up the plates and pans of the elder mess, sliced pork for the mid-day meal, swabbed down the foc'sle, filled the lamp, drew coal and water for the cook, and investigated the fore-hold, where the boat's stores were stacked. It was another perfect day—soft, mild, and clear; and Harvey breathed to the very bottom of his lungs.

More schooners had crept up in the night, and the long blue seas were full of sails and dories. Far away on the horizon, the smoke of some liner, her hull invisible, smudged the blue, and to eastward a big ship's topgallant sails, just lifting, made a square nick in it. Disko Troop was smoking by the roof of the cabin—with one eye on the craft around and the other on the little fly at the mainmast-head.

"When dad kerflummoxs that way," said

Dan in a whisper, "he's doin' some highline thinkin' fer all hands. I'll lay my wage an' share we'll make a berth soon. Dad he knows the cod, an' the fleet they know dad See 'em comin' up one by one, lookin' fer nothin' in particular, o' course, but scrowgin' on us all the time. There's the Prince Leboo; she's a Chat-ham boat. She's crep' up sence last night. An' see that big one with a patch in her foresail an' a new jib. She's the Carrie Pitman from West Chat-ham. She won't keep her canvas long onless her luck's changed since last season. She don't do much 'cep' drift. There ain't an anchor made 'll hold her. . . . When the smoke puffs up in little rings like that, dad's studyin' the fish. Ef we speak to him now, he'll git mad. Las' time I did, he jest took an' hove a boot at me."

Disko Troop stared forward, the pipe between his teeth, with eyes that saw nothing. As his son said, he was studying the fish—pitting his knowledge and experience on the Banks against the roving cod in his own sea. He accepted the presence of the inquisitive schooners on the horizon as a compliment to his powers, but now that it was paid, he wished to draw away and make his berth alone, till it was time to go up to the Virgin and fish in the streets of that roaring town upon the waters. So Disko Troop sthought of recent weather, and gales, currents, food supplies, and other domestic arrangements,

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from the point of view of a twenty-pound cod; was, in fact, for an hour, a cod himself, and looked remarkably like one. Then he removed the pipe from his teeth.

"Dad," said Dan, "we' done our chores. Can't we go over side a piece? It's good catchin' weather."

"Not in that cherry-coloured rig ner them ha'af-baked brown shoes. Give him suthin' fit to wear."

"Dad's pleased—that settles it," said Dan delightfully, dragging Harvey into the cabin, while Troop pitched a key down the steps. "Dad keeps my spare rig where he kin overhaul it, 'cause ma sez I'm keerless." He rummaged through a locker, and in less than three minutes Harvey was adorned with fisherman's rubber boots that came half up to his thigh, a heavy blue jersey well darned on the elbows, a pair of nippers, and a sou'-wester.

"Naow ye look somethin' like," said Dan. "Hurry!"

"Keep nigh an' handy," said Troop, "an' don't go visitin' round the fleet. Ef anyone asks you what I'm cal'latin' to do, speak the truth, fer ye don't know."

A little red dory, labelled "Hattie S," lay astern of the schooner. Dan hauled in the painter, dropped lightly on to the bottom boards, while Harvey tumbled after.

"That's no way o' gettin' into a boat," said Dan. "Ef there was any sea you'd go to the bottom, sure. You got to learn to meet her."

Dan fitted the thole pins, took the forward thwart, and watched Harvey's work. The boy had rowed, in a lady-like fashion, on the Adirondack ponds, but there is a difference between squeaking pins and well-balanced rullocks—light sculls and stubby eight-foot sea oars. They stuck in the gentle swell, and Harvey grunted.

"Short! Row short," said Dan. "Ef you cramp your oar in any kind o' sea you're liable to turn her over. Ain't she a daisy? Mine, too."

The little dory was specklessly clean. In her bows lay a tiny anchor, two jugs of water, and some seventy fathoms of thin brown dory-roding. A tin dinner horn rested in cleats just under Harvey's right hand, beside an ugly-looking maul, a short gaff, and a

shorter wooden stick. A couple of lines, with very heavy leads and single cod hooks, all neatly coiled on square reels, were stuck in their place by the gunwale.

"Where's the sail and mast?" said Harvey, for his hands were beginning to blister.

Dan chuckled. "Ye don't sail fishin' dories much. Ye pull; but ye needn't pull so hard. Don't vou wish you owned her?"

"Well, I guess my father might give me one or two if I asked 'em," Harvey replied. He had been too busy to think much of his family till then.

"That's so. I forgot your dad's a millionare. You don't act millionary any, naow. But a dory an' craft an' gear—" Dan spoke as though she were a whaleboat—" costs a heap. Think your dad 'ud give you one fer—fer a pet?"

"Shouldn't wonder. It would be 'most the only thing I haven't stuck him for."

"Must be an expensive kinder kid to home. Don't slitheroo like way, Harve. Short's the trick, because the sea's ever dead still, an' the swells 'll——"

Crack! The loom of the oar kicked Harvey under the chin, and knocked him backwards.

"That was what I was goin' to say. I hed to learn, too, but I wasn't more than eight years old when I got my teachin'."

Harvey regained his seat with aching jaws and a frown.

"No good gettin' mad at things, dad says. It's our own fault ef we can't handle 'em, he says. Le's try here. Manuel 'll give us the water."

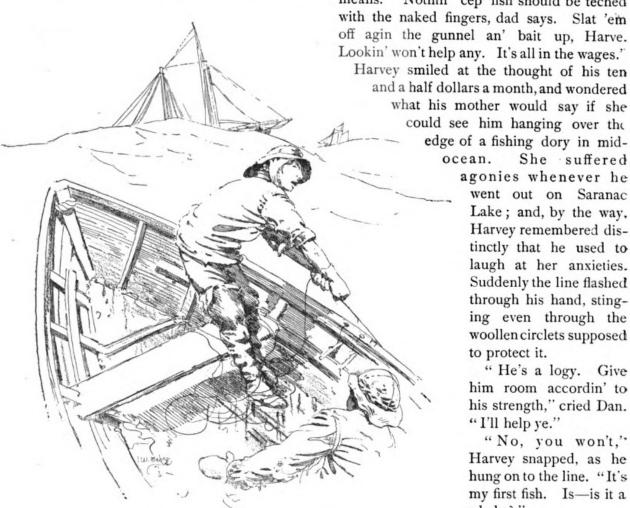
The "Portugee" was rocking fully a mile away, but when Dan up-ended an oar, he waved his left arm three times.

"Thirty fathom," said Dan, stringing a salt clam on to the hook. "Over with the doughboys. Bait same's I do, Harve, an' don't snarl your reel."

Dan's line was out long before Harvey had mastered the mystery of baiting and heaving out the leads. The dory drifted along easily. It was not worth while to anchor till they were sure of good ground.

"Here we come!" Dan shouted, and a shower of spray rattled on Harvey's shoulders as a big cod flapped and kicked alongside. "Muckle, Harvey, muckle! Under your hand! Quick."

Evidently "muckle" could not be the dinner horn, so Harvey passed over the maul, and Dan scientifically stunned the



"I'll lay my wage an' share he's over a hundred.

fish before he pulled it in board, and wrenched out the hook with the short wooden stick he called a "gob-stick." Then Harvey felt a tug, and pulled up zealously.

"Why, these are strawberries," he shouted. "Look!"

The hook had fouled among a bunch of strawberries, red on one side and white on the other-perfect reproductions of land fruit, except that there were no leaves, and the stem was all pipy and slimy.

"Don't tech 'em. Slat 'em off. Don't

The warning came too late. Harvey had picked them from the hook, and was admiring them.

"Ouch!" he cried, for his fingers throbbed as though he had grasped many nettles.

"Naow ye know what strawberry bottom Nothin' 'cep' fish should be teched with the naked fingers, dad says. Slat 'em off agin the gunnel an' bait up, Harve. Lookin' won't help any. It's all in the wages."

> and a half dollars a month, and wondered what his mother would say if she could see him hanging over the edge of a fishing dory in midocean. She suffered

agonies whenever he went out on Saranac Lake; and, by the way, Harvey remembered distinctly that he used to laugh at her anxieties. Suddenly the line flashed through his hand, stinging even through the woollen circlets supposed to protect it.

"He's a logy. Give him room accordin' to his strength," cried Dan. "I'll help ye."

"No, you won't," Harvey snapped, as he hung on to the line. "It's my first fish. Is-is it a whale?"

" Halibut, mebbe." Dan peered down into

the water alongside and flourished the big "muckle," ready for all chances. Something white and oval flickered and fluttered through the green. "I'll lay my wage an' share he's over a hundred. Are you so everlastin" anxious to land him alone?"

Harvey's knuckles were raw and bleeding where they had been banged against the gunwale; his face was purple-blue between excitement and exertion; he dripped with sweat, and was half-blind from staring at the circling sunlit ripples about the swiftly moving line. The boys were tired long ere the halibut, who took charge of them and the dary for the next twenty minutes. But

the big flatfish was gaffed and hauled in at last.

"Beginner's luck," said Dan, wiping his forehead. "He's all of a hundred."

Harvey looked at the huge grey and mottled creature with unspeakable pride. He had seen halibut many times on marble slabs ashore, but it had never occurred to him to ask how they came there. Now he knew; and every square inch of his body ached with fatigue.

"Ef dad was along," said Dan, hauling up, "he'd read the signs plain's print. The fish are runnin' smaller an' smaller, an' you've took 'baout as logy a halibut 's we're apt to find this trip. Yesterday's catch—did ye notice it?—wuz all big fish an' no halibut. Dad, he'd read them signs right off. Dad says everythin' on the banks is signs, an' can be read wrong er right. Dad's deeper'n the Whale Hole."

Even as he spoke a pistol was fired on the We're Here, and a potato basket run up on the fore-rigging.

"What did I say, naow? That's the call fer the whole crowd. Dad's onter something, or he'd never break fishin' this time o' day. Reel up, Harve, an' we'll pull back."

They were to windward of the schooner, just ready to flirt the dory over the still sea, when sounds of woe half a mile off led them to "Pennsylvania," who was careering round a fixed point, for all the world like a gigantic water-bug. The little man backed away and came down again with enormous energy, but at the end of each manœuvre his dory swung round and snubbed herself on her rope.

"We'll hev to help him er he'll root an' seed here," said Dan.

"What's the matter?" said Harve. This was a new world, where he couldn't lay down the law, but had to ask questions.

"Anchor's fouled. Penn's always losing em. Lost two this trip a'ready—on sandy bottom too—an' Dad says next one he loses, sure's fishin', he'll give him the kelleg. That 'ud break Penn's heart."

"What's a 'kelleg'?" said Harvey, who had an idea it might be some kind of marine torture, like keel-hauling.

"Big stone instid of an anchor. You kin

see a kelleg ridin' in the bows fur's you can see a dory, an' all the fleet knows what it means. They'd guy him dretful. Penn couldn't stand that no more'n a dog with a dipper to his tail. He's so everlastin' sensitive. Hello, Penn? Stuck again? Don't try any more o' your patents. Come up on her and keep your rodin' straight up an' down."

"It doesn't move," said the little man, panting. "It doesn't move at all, and, indeed, I tried everything."

"What's all this hurrah's nest for'rard?"

said Dan, pointing to a wild tangle of spare oars and dory-roding, all matted together by the hand of inexperience.

"Oh, that," said Penn proudly, "is a Spanish windlass. Mr. Salters showed me how to make it; but even that doesn't move her."

Dan bent low over the gunnel to hide a smile, twitched once or twice on the roding. and, behold, the anchor drew at once.

"Haul up, Penn," he said, laughing, "or she'll git stuck again."

They left him regarding the weed-hung flukes of the little anchor with big pathetic blue eyes, and thanking them profusely.

"Oh, say, while I think of it, Harve," said Dan, when they were out of ear-shot, "Penn ain't quite all caulked. He ain't nowise dangerous, but his mind's give out. See?"

"Is that so, or is it one of your father's judgments?" Harvey asked as he bent to his oars. He felt he was learning to handle them more easily.

"Dad ain't mistook this time. Penn's a sure 'nuff loony. No, he ain't thet exactly, so much ez a harmless ijjit. It wuz this way (you're rowin' quite so, Harve), an' I tell you 'cause it's right you orter know. He was a Moravian preacher once. Jacob Boller wuz his name, dad told me, an' he lived with his wife an' four children somewheres out Pennsylvania way. Well, Penn he took his folk along to a Moravian meeting—campmeetin' most like—an' they stayed over jest one night in Johnstown. You've heard talk o' Johnstown?"

Harvey considered. "Yes, I have. But I don't know why. It sticks in my head same as Ashtabula."

"Both was big accidents—thet's why, Harve. Well, that one single night Penn and his folks wuz to the hotel, Johnstown wuz wiped out. Dam bust an' flooded her, an' the houses struck adrift an' bumped into each other an' sunk. I've seen the pictures, an' Penn, he saw his folks they're dretful. drowned all 'n a heap 'fore he rightly knew what was comin'. His mind give out from that on. He mistrusted somethin' hed happened up to Johnstown, but for the poor life of him he couldn't remember what, an' he jest drifted around smilin' an' wonderin'. He didn't know what he wuz, ner yit what he hed bin, an' thet way he run agin Uncle Salters, who was visitin' 'n Allegheny City. Ha'af my mother's folks they're all scattered inside o' Pennsylvania, an' Uncle Salters he visits around winters. Uncle Salters he kinder adopted Penn, well knowin' what his trouble wuz; an' he brought him East, an' he give him to work on his farm."

"Why, I heard him calling Penn a farmer last night when the boats bumped. Is your Uncle Salters a farmer?"

"Farmer!" shouted Dan. "There ain't water enough 'tween here an' Hatt'rus to wash the furrer-mould off'n his boots. He's jest everlastin' farmer. Why, Harve, I've seen that man hitch up a bucket, long towards sundown, an' set twiddling the spigot to the scuttle-butt same's ef 'twuz a cow's bag. He's thet much farmer! Well, Penn an' he they ran the farm—up Exeter way, 'twuz. Uncle Salters he sold it this spring to a jay from Boston as wanted to build a haouse fer summer, an' he got a heap fer it.

"Well, them two loonies scratched along till one day Penn's church as he'd belonged to, the Moravians, found out where he was drifted an' layin', an' wrote to Uncle Salters. Never heerd what they said exactly; but Uncle Salters was right mad. He's a 'piscopalian mostly—but he jest let 'em hev it both sides o' the bow, 's if he was a Baptist; an' sez he warn't gwin' to give up Penn to any blame Moravian connection in Pennsylvania or anywheres else.

"Then he come to dad, towin' Penn—thet was two trips back—an' sez he an' Penn must fish a trip for their health. Guess he thought the Moravians wouldn't hunt the

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Banks fer Jacob Boller. Dad was agreeable, fer Uncle Salters he'd been fishing off an' on fer thirty years, and he took quarter-share in the We're Here; an' the trip done Penn so much good dad made a habit o' taking him. Some day, dad sez, he'll remember his wife an' kids an' Johnstown, an' then he'll die—dad sez. Don't ye talk abaout Johnstown, ner such things to Penn, 'r Uncle Salters he'll heave ye overboard."

"Poor Penn," murmured Harvey. "I shouldn't ever have thought Uncle Salters cared for him by the look of 'em together."

"I like Penn, though; we all do," said Dan. "We ought to ha' give him a tow, but I wanted to tell ye first."

They were close to the schooner now, the other boats a little behind them.

"You needn't heave in the dories till after dinner," said Troop from the deck. "We'll dress down right off. Fix table, boys!"

"Deeper'n the Whale-Deep," said Dan with a wink, as he set the gear for dressing down. "Look at them boats that hev edged up sence mornin'. They're all waitin' on dad. See 'em, Harve?"

"They are all alike to me." And indeed the nodding schooners around seemed, to a landsman, run from the same mould.

"They ain't, though. That yaller dirty packet with her bowsprit steeved that way, she's the Hope of Prague. Nick Brady's her skipper, the meanest man on the Banks. We'll tell him so when we strike the Main Ledge. Way off yander's the Day's Eye. The two Jeraulds own her. She's from Harwich; fastish, too, an' hez good luck; but dad, he'd find fish in a graveyard. Them other three, side along, they're the Margie Smith, Rose, an' Edith S. Walen, all frum home. Guess we'll see the Abbie M. Deering to-morrer; dad, won't we? They're all slippin' over from the shoal o' 'Queereau.'

"You won't see many boats to-morrer, Danny." When Troop called his son Danny, it was a sign that the old man was pleased. "Boys, we're too crowded," he went on, addressing the crew as they clambered in board. "We'll leave 'em to bait big an' catch small." He looked at the catch in the pen, and it was curious to see how little and level the fish ran. Save for Harvey's hali-

but, there was nothing over fifteen pounds on deck.

"I'm waitin' on the weather," said Troop.

"Ye'll have to make it yourself, Disko, for there's no sign I can see," said Long Jack, sweeping the clear horizon.

And yet, half an hour later, as they were dressing down, the Bank fog dropped on them, "between fish and fish," as they say. It drove steadily and in wreaths, curling and smoking along the colourless water. The men stopped dressing-down without a word. Long Jack and Uncle Salters slipped the windlass brakes into their sockets, and began to heave up the anchor, the windlass jarring

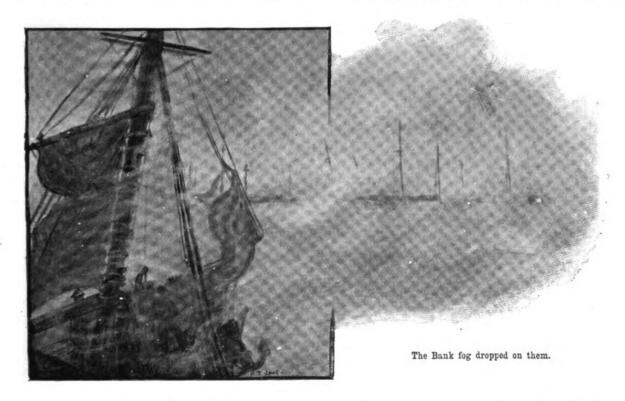
It was all wonderful beyond words to Harvey; and the most wonderful part was that he heard no orders except an occasional grunt from Troop ending with: "That's good!"

"Never seen anchor weighed before?" said Tom Platt, as Harvey gaped at the damp canvas of the foresail.

"No. Where are we going?"

"Fish and make berth, as you'll find out 'fore you've bin a week aboard. It's all new to you, but we never know what may come to us. Now, take me—Tom Platt—I'd never ha' thought——"

"It's better than fourteen dollars a month



as the wet hempen cable strained on the barrel. Manuel and Tom Platt gave a hand at the last. The anchor came up with a sob and a jar, and the riding-sail bellied as Troop steadied her at the wheel. "Up jib and foresail," said he.

"Slip 'em in the smother," shouted Long Jack, making fast the jib-sheet, while the others rose the clacking, rattling rings of the foresail; and the foreboom creaked as the *We're Here* looked up into the wind and dived off into blank, whirling white.

"There's wind behind this fog," said Troop. Digitized by an' a bullet in your belly," said Troop, from the wheel. "Ease your jumbo a grind."

"Dollars an' cents better," returned the man-o'-war's man, doing something to a big jib with a wooden spar tied to it. "But we didn't think o' that when we manned the windlass brakes on the Miss Jim Buck,\* outside Beaufort Harbour, with Fort Macon pourin' hot shot at our stern, an' a livin' gale atop of all. Where was you then, Disko?"

"Jest here, or hereabouts," Disko replied,

"earnin' my bread on the deep waters, an' dodgin' Reb privateers. Sorry I can't accommodate you with red-hot shot, Tom Platt, but I guess we'll come aout all right on the wind 'fore we see Eastern Point."

There was an incessant slapping and chatter at the bows now, varied by a solid thud and a little spout of spray that clattered



A hissing wave-top drenched him from head to foot.

down on the foc'sle. The rigging dripped clammy drops, and the men lounged along the lee of the house, all but Uncle Salters, who sat stiffly on the main hatch nursing his stung hands.

"Guess she'd carry stays'le," said Disko, rolling one eye at his brother.

"Guess she wouldn't to any sorter profit.

What's the sense o' wastin' canvas?" the farmer-sailor replied.

The wheel twitched almost imperceptibly in Disko's hands. A few seconds later a hissing wave-top slashed diagonally across the boat, smote Uncle Salters between the shoulders, and drenched him from head to foot. He rose sputtering and went forward only to catch another.

"See dad chase him all around the deck," said Dan. "Uncle Salters he thinks his quarter share's our canvas. Dad's put this duckin' act up on him two trips runnin'. Hi! That found him where he feeds." Uncle Salters had taken refuge by the foremast, but a wave slapped him over the knees. Disko's face was as blank as the circle of the wheel

"Guess she'd lie easier under stays'le, Salters," said Disko, as though he had seen nothing.

"Set your old kite, then," roared the victim through a cloud of spray; "only don't lay it to me if anything happens. Penn, you go below right off an' git your coffee. You ought to hev more sense than to bum around on deck this weather."

"Now they'll swill coffee an' play checkers till the cows come home," said Dan, as . Uncle Salters hustled Penn into the forecabin. "Look's to me like's if we'd all be doin' so fer a spell. There's nothin' in creation deader-limpsey-idler 'n a Banker when she ain't on fish."

"I'm glad ye spoke, Danny," cried Long Jack, who had been casting round the boat in search of amusement. "I'd clear forgot we'd a passenger under that T-wharf hat. There's no idleness for thim that don't know their ropes. Pass him along, Tom Platt, an' we'll larn him."

"'Tain't my trick this time," grinned Dan.
"You've got to go it alone. Dad learned me with a rope's end."

For an hour Long Jack walked his prey up and down, teaching, as he said, "things ivry man must know, blind, drunk, or asleep." There is not much gear to a seventy-ton schooner with stump foremast, but Long Jack had a gift of expression. When he wished to draw Harvey's attention to the peak halvards, he dog his knuckles into the

back of the boy's neck and kept him at gaze for half a minute. He emphasised the difference between fore and aft generally by rubbing Harvey's nose along a few feet of the boom, and the lead of each rope was fixed in Harvey's mind by the end of the rope itself.

The lesson would have been easier had the deck been at all free; but there appeared to be a place for everything except a man. Forward lay the windlass, and its tackle with the chain and hemp cables, all very un-

pleasant to trip over; the foc'sle stove pipe and the gurry-butts by the foc'sle hatch to hold the fish livers. Aft of these the fore-boom and booby of the main hatch took all the deck that was not taken by the pumps and dressing-pens. Then came the nests of dories lashed to ring-bolts by the quarterdeck; the house, with tubs and things lashed all around it; and the sixty-foot mainboom in her crutch splitting things lengthwise, to duck and dodge under every time. It was like trying to dance

in a ship chandler's store; the store itself dancing to no known step.

Tom Platt, of course, could not keep his oar out of the business, but ranged alongside with enormous and unnecessary descriptions of sails and spars on the old *Ohio*.

"Never mind fwhat he says; attend to me, Innocince. Tom Platt, this bally-hoo's not the Ohio, an' you're mixin' the bhoy bad."

"He'll be ruined for life, beginnin' on a fore-an'-after this way," Tom Platt pleaded.

"Give him a chanst to know a few leadin' principles. Sailin's an art, Harvey, as I'd show you if I had ye in the fore-top o' the——"

"I know ut. Ye'd talk him dead an' cowld. Silince, Tom Platt! Now, after all I've said, how'd you reef the foresail, Harve? Take your time."

"Haul that in," said Harvey, pointing to leeward.

"Fwhat? The North Atlantuc?"

"No, the boom. Then run that rope you

showed me back there—"

"That's no way,"
Tom Platt burst in.

"Quiet! He's larnin', an' has not the names good yet. Go on, Harve."

"Oh, it's the reef-pennant. I'd hook the tackle on to the reef-pennant, and then let down—"

"Lower the sail, child! Lower!" said Tom Platt in a professional agony.

"Lower the throat and peak halyards," Harvey went on. Those names stuck in his head.

"Lay your hand on thim," said Long Jack.

Harvey obeyed. "Lower till that ropeloop—on the after-leach—kris—no, it's cringle—till the cringle was down on the boom. Then I'd tie her up the way you said, and then I'd hoist up the peak and throat halyards again."

"You've forgot to pass the tack-earing, but wid time and help ye'll larn. There's good and just reason for ivry rope aboard, or else 'twould be overboard. D'ye follow me? 'Tis dollars an' cents I'm puttin' into your pocket, ye skinny fittle supercargo, so



The lead of each rope was fixed in Harvey's mind by the end of the rope itself.

that fwhin ye've filled out ye can ship from Boston to Cuba, an' tell thim Long Jack larned you. Now I'll chase ye round a piece, callin' the ropes, an' you'll lay your hand on thim as I call."

He began, and Harvey, who was feeling rather tired, walked slowly to the rope named. A rope's end licked round his ribs, and nearly knocked the breath out of him.

"When you own a boat," said Tom Platt, with severe eyes, "you can walk. Till then, take all orders at the run.

Once more-to make

sure!" Harvey was in a glow with the exercise, and his last cut warmed him thoroughly. Now, he was a singularly smart boy, the son of a very clever man and a very sensitive woman, with a fine resolute temper that systematic spoiling had nearly turned to mulish obstinacy. He looked at the other men, and saw that even Dan did not smile. It was evidently all in the day's work, though it hurt

abominably. So

he

swallowed

elow whist on "

The released lead plopped into the sea.

the hint with a gulp and a gasp and a grin. The same smartness that led him to take such advantage of his mother made him very sure that no one on the boat, except, maybe, "Pennsylvania," would stand the least nonsense. One learns a great deal from a mere tone. Long Jack called over half a dozen more ropes, and Harvey danced over the deck like an eel at ebb tide, one eye on Tom Platt.

"Ver' good. Ver' good done," said

Manuel. "After supper I show you a little schooner I make, with all her ropes. So we shall learn."

"Fust-class fer—a passenger," said Dan.

"Dad he's jest allowed you'll be wuth your salt maybe 'fore you're drownded. Thet's a heap fer dad. I'll learn you more our next watch together."

"Taller!" grunted Disko, peering through the fog as it smoked over the bows. There was nothing to be seen ten feet beyond the surging jib-boom, while along-

> side came the endless procession of solemn, pale waves whispering and lipping one to the other.

> > "Now I'll learn you something Long Jack can't," shouted Tom Platt, as from a locker by the stern

> > > he produced a battered deepsea lead hollowed at one end. smeared the hollow from a saucer full of mutton tallow. and went for-" I'll ward. learn you how to fly the Blue Pigeon. Shooo!"

> > > Disko did something to the wheel that checked the schooner's way, while Manuel,

with Harvey to help (and a proud boy was Harvey), let down the jib in a lump on the boom. The lead sung a deep droning song as Tom Platt whirled it round and round.

"Go ahead, man," said Long Jack impatiently. "We're not drawin' twenty-five feet off Fire Island in a fog. There's no trick to ut."

"Don't be jealous, Galway." The released lead plopped into the sea far ahead as the schooler surged slowly forward.

"Soundin' is a trick, though," said Dan, "when your dipsey lead's all the eye you're like to hev for a week. What d'you make it, dad?"

Disko's face relaxed. His skill and honour were involved in the march he had stolen on the rest of the fleet. "Sixty, mebbe—ef I'm any judge," he replied, with a glance at the tiny compass in the window of the house.

"Sixty," sung out Tom Platt, hauling in great wet coils.

The schooner gathered way again. "Heave!" said Disko, after a quarter of an hour.

"What d'you make it?" Dan whispered, and he looked at Harvey proudly. But Harvey was too proud of his own performances to be impressed just then.

"Fifty," said the father. "I mistrust we're right over the nick o' Green Bank on old Sixty-Fifty."

"Fifty," roared Tom Platt. They could scarcely see him through the fog. "She's bust within a yard—like the shells ar Fort Macon."

"Bait up, Harve," said Dan, diving for a line on the reel.

The schooner seemed to be straying promiscuously through the smother, her headsail banging wildly. The men waited, and looked at the boys.

"Heugh!" Dan's lines twitched on the scored and scarred rail. "Now haow in thunder did dad know? Help us here, Harve. It's a big un. Poke-hooked, too." They hauled together, and landed a goggled-eyed, twenty-pound cod who had taken the bait right into his stomach.

"Why, he's all covered with little crabs," cried Harvey, turning him over.

"By the great hook-block, they're lousy already," said Long Jack. "Disko, ye kape your spare eyes under the keel."

Splash went the anchor, and they all heaved over the lines, each man taking his own place at the bulwarks.

"Are they good to eat?" Harvey panted as he lugged in another crab-covered cod.

"Sure. When they're lousy it's a sign they've all been herdin' together by the thousand, and when they take the bait that way they're hungry. Never mind how the bait sets. They'll bite on the bare hook."

"Say, this is great," Harvey cried, as the fish came in gasping and splashing—nearly all poke-hooked, as Dan had said. "Why can't we always fish from the boat instead of from the dories?"

"Allus can, till we begin to dress down. Efter thet, the heads and offals 'ud scare the fish to Fundy. Boat fishin' ain't reckoned progressive, though, unless ye know ez much ez dad knows. Guess we'll run aout the trawl to-night. Harder on the back, this, than from the dory, ain't it?"

It was rather back-breaking work, for in a dory the weight of a cod is water-borne till the last minute, and you are, so to speak, abreast of him; but the few feet of a schooner's free board make so much extra dead-hauling, and stooping over the bulwarks cramps the stomach. But it was wild and furious sport so long as it lasted; and a big pile lay aboard when the fish ceased biting.

"Where's Penn and Uncle Salters?" Harvey asked, slapping the slime off his oil skins, and reeling up the line in careful imitation of the others.

"Git's coffee and see."

Under the yellow glare of the lamp on the pawl-post, the foc'sle table down and opened, utterly unconscious of fish or weather, sat the two men, a checker-board between them, Uncle Salters snarling at Penn's every move.

"What's the matter now?" said the former, as Harvey, one hand in the leather loop at the head of the ladder, hung shouting to the cook.

"Big fish and lousy—heaps and heaps," Harvey replied, quoting Long Jack. "How's the game?"

Little Penn's jaw dropped. "'Tweren't none o' his fault," snapped Uncle Salters. "Penn's deef."

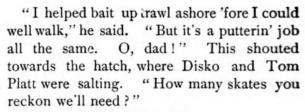
"Checkers, weren't it?" said Dan, as Harvey staggered aft with the steaming coffee in a tin pail. "That lets us out o' cleaniu' up to-night. Dad's a jest man. They'll have to do it."

"An' two young fellers I know 'll bait up a tub or so o' trawl, while they're cleanin'," said Disko, lashing the wheel to his taste. Original from

"Um! Guess I'd ruther clean up, dad."

"Don't doubt it. Ye wunt, though. Dress down! Dress down! Penn'll pitch wnile you two bait up."

"Why in thunder didn't them blame boys tell us you'd struck on?" said Uncle Salters,



"'Baout three. Hurry!"

"There's three hundred fathom to each tub," Dan explained; "mor'n enough to lay out

> to-night. Ouch !

'Slipped up there, I did." He stuck his finger in his mouth. "I tell you, Harve, there ain't money in Gloucester 'ud hire me to ship on a reg'lar trawler. It may be progressive, but, barrin' that, it's the putterinest, slimjammestbusiness top o' the earth."

" I don't know what this is, if

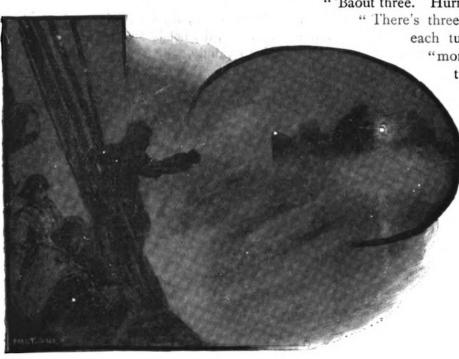
'tisn't regular trawling," said Harvey sulkily. "My fingers are all scratched to frazzles."

"Pshaw! This is jest one of dad's blame experiments. He don't trawl 'less there's mighty good reason fer it. Dad knows. Thet's why he's baitin' ez he is. We'll hev her saggin' full when we take her up ev we won't see a fin."

Penn and Uncle Salters cleaned up as Disko had ordained, but the boys profited little. No sooner were the tubs furnished than Tom Platt and Long Jack, who had been exploring the inside of a dory with a lantern, snatched them away, loaded up the tubs and some small, painted trawl-buoys, and hove the boat overboard into what Harvey regarded as an exceedingly rough sea. "They'll be drowned. Why the dory's loaded like a freight-car," he cried.

"We'll be back," said Long Jack, "an' in case you not be lookin' for us, we'll lay into you both if the trawl's snarled."

The dory surged up on the crest of a wave. INDIÁNA ONIVERSITY



The dory surged up on the crest of a wave.

"This shuffling to his place at the table. knife's gum-blunt, Dan."

"Ef stickin' out cable don't wake ye, guess you'd better hire a boy o' your own," said Dan, muddling about in the dusk for the tubs full of trawl-line lashed to windward of the "O Harve, don't ye wan't to slip house. down an' git's bait?"

"Bait as we are," said Disko. "I mistrust shag-fishin' will pay better, ez things go."

That meant the boys would bait with selected offal of the cod as the fish were cleaned -an improvement on paddling bare-handed in the little bait barrels. The tubs were full of neatly coiled line carrying a big hook each few feet; and the testing and baiting of every single hook with the stowage of the baited line, so that it shall run clear, is a scientific business. Dan managed it in the dark, without looking, while Harvey caught his fingers on the barbs, and bewailed his fate. But the hooks flew through Dan's fingers like tatting on an old maid's lap.

and just when it seemed impossible that she could avoid smashing against the schooner's side, slid over the ridge, and was swallowed up in the damp dusk.

"Take hold here, an' keep ringin' steady," said Dan, passing Harvey the lanyard of a bell that hung just behind the windlass.

Harvey rung lustily, for he felt two lives depended on him. But Disko in the cabin, scrawling in the log-book, did not look like a murderer, and when he went to supper he even smiled drily at the anxious Harvey.

"This ain't no weather," said Dan. "Why, you an' me could set thet trawl. They've only gone out jest far enough so's not to foul our cable. They don't need no bell, reelly."

"Clang! cling! clang!" Harvey kept it up, varied with occasional rub-a-dubs, for another half-hour. There was a bellow and a bump alongside. Manuel and Dan raced to the hooks of the dory tackle; Long Jack and Tom Platt arrived on deck, together it seemed, with half the North Atlantic at their backs, and the dory followed them in the air, landing with a clatter.

"Nary snarl," said Tom Platt as he dripped. "Danny, you'll do yet."

"The pleasure av your comp'ny to the banquit," said Long Jack, squelching the water from his boots as he capered like an elephant, and stuck an oil-skinned arm into Harvey's face. "We do be condescending to honour the second half wid our presence." And off they all four rolled to supper, where Harvey stuffed himself to the brim on fish-chowder and fried pies, and fell fast asleep just as Manuel produced from a locker a lovely two-foot model of the Lucy Holmes, his first boat, and was going to show Harvey the ropes. He never even twiddled his fingers as Penn pushed him into his bunk.

"It must be a sad thing—a very sad thing," said "Pennsylvania," watching the boy's face, "for his mother and his father, who think he is dead. To lose a child—to lose a man-child!"

"Get out o' this, Penn," said Dan. "Go aft and finish your game with Uncle Salters. Tell dad I'll stand Harve's watch ef he don't keer. He's played aout."

"Ver' good boy," said Manuel, slipping

out of his boots and disappearing into the black shadows of the lower bunk. "Expec' he make good man, Danny. I no see he is any so mad as your parpa he says. Eh, wha—at?"

Dan chuckled, but the chuckle ended in a snore.

It was thick weather outside; with a rising wind, and the elder men stretched their watches. The hours struck clear in the cabin; the nosing bows slapped and scuffled with the seas; the foc'sle stove-pipe hissed and sputtered as the spray caught it; and the boys slept on, while Disko, Long Jack, Tom Platt, and Uncle Walters, each in turn, stumped aft to look at the wheel, forward to see that the anchor held, or to veer out a little more cable against chafing, with a glance at the dim anchor-light between each round.

#### CHAPTER IV.

HARVEY waked to find the "first half" at breakfast, the foc'sle door drawn to a crack, and every square inch of the schooner singing its own tune. The black bulk of the cook balanced behind the tiny galley over the glare of the stove, and the pots and pans in the pierced wooden board before it jarred and racketed to each plunge. Up and up the foc'sle climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then, with a clear, sickle-like swoop, came down into the seas. He could hear the flaring bows cut and squelch, and there was a pause ere the divided waters came down on the deck above, like a volley of buck-shot. Followed the woolly sound of the cable in the hawse-hole; a grunt and squeal of the windlass; a yaw, a punt, and a kick, and the We're Here gathered herself together to repeat the motions.

"Now, ashore," he heard Long Jack saying; "ye've chores, an' ye must do thim in any weather. Here's we're well clear of the fleet, an' we've no chores—an' that's a blessin'. Good-night, all."

He passed like a big snake from the table to his bunk, and began to snore. Tom Platt followed his example, and Uncle Salters, with Penn, fought his way up the ladder to stand his watch, and the cook set for the "second half."

It came out of its bunks as the others had.

entered theirs, with a shake and a yawn. It ate till it could eat no more; and then Manuel filled his pipe with some terrible kind of tobacco, crotched himself between the pawlpost and a forward bunk, cocked his feet up on the table, and smiled tender and indolent miles at the smoke. Dan lay at length in his bunk, wrestling with a gaudy, gilt-stopped accordion, whose tunes went up and down with the pitching of the We're Here. cook, his shoulders against the lockers, where he kept the fried pies (Dan was fond of fried pies), peeled potatoes, with one eye on the stove in case of too much water finding its way down the pipe; and the general smell. and smother were past all description.

Harvey considered affairs, wondered that he was not deathly sick, and crawled into his bunk again, as the softest and safest place, while Dan struck up "You shan't play in my yard," as accurately as the wild jerks allowed.

"How long is this for?" Harvey asked of Manuel.

"Till she get a little quiet, and we can row to trawl. Perhaps to-night. Perhaps two days more. You do not like? Eh, wha—at?"

"I should have been crazy sick a week ago, but it doesn't seem to upset me now —much."

"That is because we make you fisherman, these days. If I was you, when I come to Gloucester I would give two, three big candles for my good luck."

"Give who?"

"To be sure; the Virgin of our Church on the Hill. She is very good to fishermen all the time. This is why so few of us Portugee men ever are drowned."

"You are a Roman Catholic, then?"

"I am a Madeira man. I am not a Porto Rico boy. Shall I be Bapptist, then? Eh, wha—at? I always give candles—two, three more when I come to Gloucester. The good Virgin she never forgets me, Manuel."

"I don't sense it that way," Tom Platt put in from his bunk; his scarred face lit up by the glare of a match as he sucked at his pipe. "It stands to reason the sea's the sea; and you'll git jest about what's goin'; candles or kerosine fer that matter."

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"'Tis a mighty good thing," said Long Jack, "to have a frind at coort, though. I'm o' Manuel's way o' thinkin'. About tin years back I was crew to a Sou' Boston market boat. We was off Minot's Ledge wid a northeaster, butt first, atop of us, thicker'n burgoo. The ould man was dhrunk, wid his chin waggin' on the tiller, an' I sez to myself, 'If iver I stick my boathook into T-wharf again, I'll show the saints fwhat manner o' craft they saved me out av.' Now, I'm here, as ye can well see, an' the model of the dhirty ould Kathleen that took me a month to make, I gave ut to the priest, an' he hung ut up forninst the alter. There's more sense in givin' a model that's by way o' bein' a work av art than any candle. Ye can buy candles, but a model shows the good saints ye've tuk trouble an' are grateful."

"D'you believe that, Irish?" said Tom Platt, turning on his elbow.

"Would I do ut if I did not, Ohio?"

"Wa-al, Enoch Fuller he made a model o' the old *Ohio*, and she's to Salem museum now. Mighty pretty model, too, but I guess Enoch he never done it fer a sacrifice; an' the way I take it is ——"

There were the makings of an hour-long discussion of the kind that fishermen love, where the talk runs in shouting circles, and no one proves anything in the end, had not Dan struck up this cheerful rhyme:

Up jumped the mackerel with his striped back: Reef in the mainsail and haul on the tack, For it's windy weather.

Here Long Jack joined in.

And it's blowy weather,
When the winds begin to blow pipe all hands together!

Dan went on, with a cautious look at Tom Platt, holding the accordion low in the bunk.

Up jumped the cod; with his chuckle-head, Went to the main-chains to heave at the lead, For it's windy weather, etc.

Tom Platt seemed to be hunting for something. Dan crouched lower, but sung louder:

Up jumped the flounder that swims to the ground. Chuckle-head! Chuckle-head! Mind where ye sound!

Tom Platt's huge rubber boot whirled across the foc'sle and caught Dan's uplifted

arm. There was war between the man and the boy ever since Dan had discovered that the mere whistling of that tune would make him angry as he heaved the lead.

"Thought I'd fetch yer," said Dan, returning the gift with precision. "If you don't like my music, git out your fiddle. I ain't goin' to lie here all day an' listen you an' Long Jack arguin' baout candles. Fiddle, Tom Platt; or I'll learn Harve here the tune."

Tom Platt leant down to a locker and

brought up an old white fiddle. Manuel's eye glistened and from somewhere behind the pawl-post he drew out a tiny, little guitar-like thing with wire strings, which he called a machette.

"Tis a concert," said Long Jack, beaming through the smoke. "A reg'lar Paddyrooski concert."

There was a burst of spray as the hatch opened and Disko, in yellow oilskins, descended.

"Ye're just in time, Disko. Fwhat's she doin' outside?"

"Just this!" He dropped on to the

lockers with the push and heave of the We're Here.

"We're singin' to kape our breakfasts down. Ye'll lead, av course, Disko," said Long Jack.

"Guess there ain't more'n 'baout two old songs I know, an' ye've heard them both."

His excuses were cut short by Tom Platt launching into a most dolorous tune, like unto the moaning of winds and the creaking of masts. With his eyes fixed on the beams above, Disko began this ancient, ancient

ditty; Tom Platt flourishing all round him to make the tune and words fit a little:

"There is a crack packet—crack packet o fame, She sails from Noo York, an' the *Dreadnought's* her name;

You may talk o' your fliers—Swallow-tail and Black Ball—

But the *Dreadnought's* the packet that can beat them all.

"Now the Dreadnought she lies in the River Mersey, Because of the tug-boat to take her to sea;



'Tis a concert," said Long Jack, beaming through the smote.

But when she's off soundings you shortly will know. (Chorus.) She's the Liverpool packet—O Lord, let her go!

"Now the *Dreadnought's* she's howlin' 'crost the Banks o' Newfoundland,

Where the water's all shallow and the bottom's all

Sez all the little fishes that swim to and fro:

'She's the Liverpool packet-O Lord, let her go!'"

There were scores of verses, for he worked the *Dreadnought* every mile of the way

between Liverpool and New York as conscientiously as though he were on her deck, and the accordion pumped and the fiddle squeaked beside him. Tom Platt followed with something about "the rough and tough McGinn, who would pilot the vessel in." Then they called on Harvey, who felt very flattered, to contribute to the entertainment; but all that he could remember were some pieces of "Skipper Ireson's Ride," that he had been taught at the camp school in the Adirondacks. It seemed that they might be appropriate to the time and place, but he had no more than mentioned the title, when Disko brought down one foot with a bang, and cried: "Don't go on, young feller. That's a mistaken jedgment—one o'the worst kind, too, becaze it's catchin' to the ear."

"I orter ha' warned you," said Dan. "Thet allus fetches dad."

"What's wrong?" said Harvey, surprised and a little angry.

"All you're goin' to say," said Disko.
"All dead wrong from start to finish, an'
Whittier he's to blame. I've no special call
to right any Marblehead man, but tweren't
no fault o' Ireson's. My father he told me the
tale time an' again, an' this is the way 'twuz."

"For the wan hundredth time," put in Long Jack under his breath.

"Ben Ireson he was skipper o' the Betty, young feller, comin' home frum the Banks that was before the war of 1812, but jestice is jestice at all times. They f'und the Active, o' Portland an' Gibbons, o' that town, he was her skipper; they f'und her leakin' off Cape Cod Light. There was a terr'ble gale on, an' they was gettin' the Betty home 's fast ez they could craowd her. Well, Ireson he said there wasn't any sense to reskin' a boat in that sea; the men they wouldn't hev it; and he laid it before them to stay by her till the sea run daown a piece. They wouldn't hev that either, hangin' araound the Cape in any sech weather, leak or no leak. They jest up stay'sle an' quit, nat'rally takin' Ireson with 'em.

"Folks to Marblehead was ruther mad at him not runnin' the risk, and becaze nex' day, when the sea was ca'amer (they never stopped to think o' that), some o' the Active's folk was took off by a Truro man. They come into Marblehead with their own tale to tell, sayin'

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how Ireson had shamed the town an' so forth an' so on, an' Ireson's men they was scared seein' public feelin' agin' 'em, an' they went back on Ireson, an' swore he was respons'ble for the hull act. 'Tweren't the women neither that tarred and feathered him—Marblehead women don't act. that way—'twas a passel o' men an' boys, an' they carted him araound town in an old dory till the bottom fell aout, an' Ireson he told 'em they'd be sorry for it some day.

"Well, the facts come aout later, same's they usually do, too late to be any ways useful to an honest man; an' Whittier he come along an' picked up the slack end of a lyin' tale, an' tarred an' feathered Ben Ireson all over onct more after he was dead. 'Twas the only time Whittier ever slipped up, an' tweren't fair. I whaled Dan good when he brought that piece back from school. You don't know no better, o' course, but I've give you the facts, hereafter an' evermore to be remembered. Ben Ireson weren't no sech kind o' man as Whittier makes aout; my father he knew him well, before an' after that business, an' you beware o' hasty jedgments, young feller. Next!"

Harvey had never heard Disko talk so long, and collapsed with burning cheeks; but, as Dan said promptly, that a boy could only learn what he was taught at school, and life was too short to keep track of every lie along the coast.

Then Manuel touched the jangling, jarring little machetle to a queer tune, and sang something in Portuguese about "Nina, innocente!" ending with a full-handed sweep that brought the song up with a jerk. Then Disko obliged with his second song, to an old-fashioned creaky tune, and all joined in the chorus. This is one stanza:

"Now Aprile is over and melted the snow,
And outer Noo Bedford we shortly must tow;
Yes, out o' Noo Bedford we shortly must clear,
We're the whalers that never see wheat in the ear."

Here the fiddle went very softly for a while by itself, and then:

"Wheat-in-the-ear, my true-love's posy blowin'; Wheat-in-the-ear, we're goin' off to sea; Wheat-in-the-ear, I left you fit for sowin'; When I come back a loaf o' bread you'll be."

That made Harvey almost weep, though he could not tell why. But it was much worse when the cook dropped the potatoes and held out his hands for the fiddle. Still leaning against the locker door, he struck into a tune that was like something very bad, but sure to happen whatever you did. After a little he sang in an unknown tongue, his big chin down on the fiddle tail, his white eyeballs glaring in the lamplight. Harvey swung out of his bunk to hear better; and amid the straining of the timbers and the wash of the waters the tune crooned and moaned on, like lee surf in a blind fog, till it ended with a wail.

"Jiminy Christmas! Thet gives me the blue creevles," said Dan. "What in thunder is it?"

"The song of Fin McCoul," said the cook, "when he wass going to Norway." His English was not thick, but all clear cut, as though it came from a phonograph.

"Faith, I've been to Norway, but I didn't make that unwholesim noise. 'Tis like some of our old songs, though,' said Long Jack.

"Don't let's hev another 'thout somethin' between," said Dan; and the accordion struck up a rattling, catchy tune that ended:

It's six an' twenty Sundays sence las' we saw the land,

With fifteen hunder quintal, An' fifteen hunder quintal, 'Teen hunder toppin' quintal, 'Twix old 'Queereau an' Grand!"

"Hold on," roared Tom Platt. "D'ye want to nail the trip, Dan? That's Jonah sure, 'less you sing it after all our salt's wet."

"No, 'tain't. Is it, dad? Not unless you sing the very las' verse. You can't learn me anything on Jonahs!"

"What's that?" said Harvey. "What's a Jonah?"

"A Jonah's anything that spoils the luck. Sometimes it's a man—sometimes it's a boy—or a bucket. I've known a splittin'-knife Jonah two trips till we was on to it," said Tom Platt. "There's all sorts o' Jonahs. Jim Bourke was one till he was drowned on George's. I'd never ship with Jim Bourke, not if I was starvin'. There wuz a green dory on the 'Ezra Flood.' Thet was

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a Jonah too, the worst sort o' Jonah. Drowned four men she did, an' used to shine fiery o' nights, in the nest."

"And you believe that?" said Harvey, remembering what Tom Platt had said about candles and models. "Haven't we all got to take what's served?"

A mutter of dissent ran round the bunks. "Outboard, yes; inboard, things can happen," said Disko. "Don't you go to making a mock of Jonahs, young feller."

"Well, Harve ain't no Jonah. Day after we catched him," Dan stuck in, "we had a toppin' good catch."

The cook threw up his head and laughed suddenly—a queer, thin laugh. He was a most disconcerting nigger.

"Murder!" said Long Jack. "Don't do that again, doctor. We ain't used to ut."

"What's wrong?" said Dan. "Ain't he our mascot, an' didn't they strike on good after we'd struck him?"

"Oh, yess," said the cook. "I know that, but the catch iss not finished yet."

"He ain't goin' to do us any harm," said Dan hotly. "What are ye hintin' an' edgin' to? He's all right."

"No harm. But one day he will be your master, Danny."

"That all?" said Dan placidly. "He won't—not by a heap."

"Master," said the cook, pointing to Harvey. "Man!" and he pointed to Dan.

"That's news. How soon?" said Dan with a laugh.

"In some years, and I shall see it. Master and man—man and master."

"How in thunder d'ye work that out?" said Tom Platt.

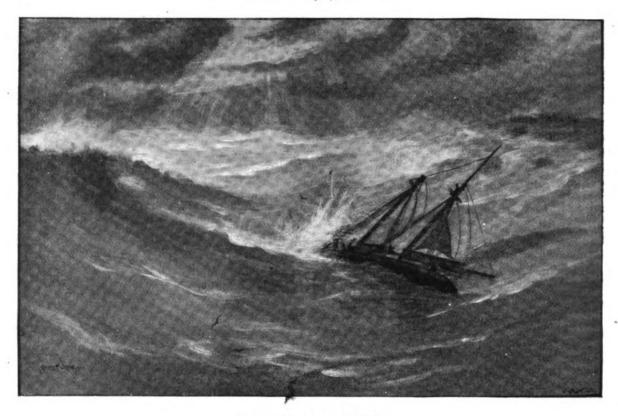
"In my head, where I can see."

"How?" This from all the others at once.

"I do not know, but so it will be." He dropped his head and went on peeling the potatoes, and not another word could they get out of him.

"Well," said Dan, "a heap o' things'll hev to come abaout 'fore Harve's any master o' mine; but I'm glad the doctor ain't choosen to mark him for a Jonah. Now, I mistrust Uncle Salters fer the Jonerest Jonah in the fleet regardin' his own special luck. Durno

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A sullen sea ran in great rollers.

ef it's spreadin' same's smallpox. He ought to be on the *Carrie Pitman*. That boat's her own Jonah sure—crews an' gear no make no differ. Jiminy Christmas! She'll etch loose in a flat ca'am."

"We're well clear o' the fleet, anyway," said Disko. "Carrie Pitman an' all." There was a rapping on the deck.

"Uncle Salters has catched his luck." said Dan, as his father departed. blown clear," Disko cried, and all the foc'sle tumbled up for a breath of fresh air. The fog had gone, but a sullen sea ran in great rollers behind it. The We're Here slid, as it were, into long, sunk avenues and ditches which felt quite sheltered and homelike if they would only stay still; but they changed without rest or mercy and flung up the schooner to crown one peak of a thousand grey hills, while the wind hooted through her rigging as she zigzagged down the slopes. Far away a sea would burst in a sheet of foam, and the tothers would follow suit as at a signal, till Harvey's veyes swam with the vision of interlacing whites and greys. Four or five Mother Carey's chickens stormed round in

circles, shrieking as they swept past the bows. A rain squall or two strayed aimlessly over the hopeless waste, ran down wind and back again, and melted away.

"Seems to me I saw somethin' flicker jest naow over yonder," said Uncle Salters, pointing to the north-east.

"Can't be any of the Fleet," said Disko, peering under his eyebrows, a hand on the foc'sle gangway as the solid bows hatcheted into the troughs. "Sea's oilin' over dretful fast. Danny, don't you want to skip up a piece an' see how aour trawl buoy lays?"

Danny, in his big boots, trotted rather than climbed up the main rigging (this consumed Harvey with envy), hitched himself around the reeling cross-trees, and let his eye rove till it caught the tiny black buoyflag on the shoulder of a mile-away swell.

"She's all right," he hailed. "Sail O! Dead to the no'th'ard, comin' down like smoke. Schooner she be, too."

They waited yet another half-hour, the sky clearing in patches, with a flicker of sickly sun from time to time, that made patches of olive-green water. Then a stump foremast lifted, ducked, and disappeared, to

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY be followed on the next wave by a high stern with old-fashioned wooden snail's-horn davits. The sails were red tanned.

"Frenchmen!" shouted Dan. "No, tain't neither. Da-ad?"

"That's no French," said Disko. "Salters, your blame luck holds tighter'n a screw in a keg-head."

"You can't nowise tell fer sure."

"I've eyes. It's Uncle Abishai."

"The head-king of all Jonahs," groaned Tom Platt. "O Salters, Salters, why wasn't you abed an asleep?"

"How could I tell?" said poor Salters, as the schooner swung up.

She might have been the very "Flying Dutchman," so foul, draggled, and unkempt was every rope and stick aboard. Her oldstyle quarterdeck was some four or five feet high, and her rigging flew knotted and tangled like weed at a wharf-end. She was running before the wind-yawing frightfully-her staysail let down to act as a sort of extra foresail, "scandalised" they call it, and her foreboom guyed out over the side. Her bowsprit cocked up like an old-fashioned frigate's; her jib-boom had been fished and spliced and nailed and clamped beyond further repair, and as she hove herself forward, and sat down on her broad tail, she looked for all the world like a blouzy, frouzy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl.

"That's Abishai," said Salters. "Full o' gin an' Judique men, an' the judgments o' Providence layin' fer him an' never takin' good holt. He's run in to bait, Miquelon way."

"He'll run her under," said Long Jack.
"That's no rig fer this weather."

"Not he, 'r he'd adone it long ago," Disko replied. "Looks as if cal'lated to run us under. Ain't she daown by the head more'n natural, Tom Platt?"

"Ef it's his way o' loadin' her she ain't safe," said the sailor slowly.

"Ef she's spewed her oakum he'd better git to his pumps mighty quick."

The creature threshed up, wore round with a clatter and rattle, and lay head to wind within ear-shot.

A grey beard wagged over the bulwark, and a thick voice yelled something Harvey could not understand. But Disko's face darkened. "He'd resk every stick he hez to carry bad news. Says we're in fer a shift o' wind. Abishai! Abishai!" He waved his arm up and down with the gesture of a man at the pump, and pointed forward. The crew mocked him and laughed.

"Jounce ye, an' strip ye, an' trip ye!" yelled Uncle Abishai. "A livin' gale—a livin' gale. Yah! Cast up fer your last trip, all you Gloucester haddocks. You won't see Gloucester no more, no more!"

"Crazy full—as usual," said Tom Platt. "Wish he hadn't spied us, though."

She drifted out of hearing while the greyhead yelled something about a dance at the Bay of Bulls and a dead man in the foc'sle. Harvey shuddered. He had seen the sloven decks and the savage-eyed crew.

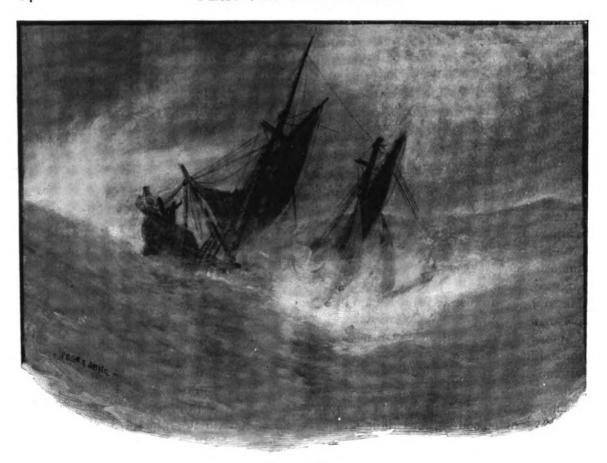
"An' that's a fine little floatin' hell fer her draught," said Long Jack. "I wondher what mischief he's been at ashore."

"He's a trawler," Dan explained, "an' he runs in fer bait all along the coast. Oh no, not home, he don't go. He deals along the south an' east shore up yonder." He nodded in the direction of the pitiless Newfoundland beaches. "Dad won't never take me ashore there. They're a mighty tough crowd—an' Abishai's the toughest. You saw his boat? Well, she's nigh seventy year old, they say; the last o' the old Marblehead heel-tappers. They don't make them quarterdecks any more. Abishai don't use Marblehead, though. He ain't wanted there. He jes' drif's araound, in debt, trawlin' an' cussin' like you've heard. 'Bin a Jonah fer years an' years he hez. Gits liquor frum the Feecamp boats fer makin' spells an' sellin' winds an' such truck. Crazy, I guess."

"'Twon't be any use underrunnin' the trawl to-night," said Tom Platt, with quiet despair. "He come alongside special to cuss us. I'd give my wage an' share to see him at the gangway o' the old *Ohio* 'fore we'd quit floggin'. Jest about six dozen, an' Sam Mocatta layin' em on criss-cross!"

The dishevelled "heel-tapper" danced drunkenly down wind, and all eyes followed her. Suddenly the cook cried in his phonograph voice: "It wass his own death made him speak so! He iss fey—fey I tell you! Look!" She sailed into a patch of watery

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She dropped into a hollow and-was not.

sunshine three or four miles distant. The patch dulled and faded out, and even as the light passed so did the schooner. She dropped into a hollow and—was not.

"Run under, by the Great Hook-Block!" shouted Disko, jumping aft. "Drunk or sober, we've got to help 'em. Heave short and break her out! Smart."

Harvey was thrown on the deck by the shock that followed the setting of the jib and foresail, for they hove short on the cable, and to save time, jerked the anchor bodily from the bottom, heaving in as they moved away. This is a bit of brute force seldom resorted to except in matters of life and death, and the little We're Here complained like a human. They ran down to where Abishai's craft had vanished; found two or three trawltubs, a gin bottle, and a stove-in dory, but nothing more. "Let'em go," said Disko, though no one had hinted at picking them up. "I wouldn't hev a match that belonged to Abishai aboard. Guess she run clear Must ha' been spewin' her oakum fer a week, an' they never thought to pump

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neither. That's one more boat gone, along o' leavin' port all hands drunk."

Then Dan went up the cross-trees and Disko steered them back to within sight of their own trawl-buoys just before the fog blanketed the sea once again.

"We go mighty quick hereabouts when we do go," was all he said to Harvey. "You think on that fer a spell, young feller. That was liquor."

After dinner it was calm enough to fish from the decks—Penn and Uncle Salters were very zealous this time—and the catch was large and large fish.

"Abishai has shorely took his luck with him," said Salters. "The wind hain't backed ner riz ner nothin'. How about the trawl? I despise superstition, anyway."

Tom Platt insisted that they had much better haul the thing and make a new berth. But the cook said: "The luck iss in two pieces. You will find it so when you look. I know." This so tickled Long Jack that he overbore Tom Platt, and the two went out together from

Underrunning a trawl means pulling it in on one side of the dory, picking off the fish, rebaiting the hooks, and passing them back to the sea again—something like pinning and unpinning linen on a wash line. It is a lengthy business and rather dangerous; but when they heard: "And naow to thee, O Capting" booming out of the fog, the crew of the We're Here took heart. The dory swirled alongside well loaded; Tom Platt yelling for Manuel to act as relief-boat.

"The luck's cut square in two pieces," said Long Jack, forking in the fish, while Harvey stood open-mouthed at the skill with which the plunging dory was saved from destruction. "One half was jest punkins, Tom Platt wanted to haul her an' ha' done wid ut; but I said, 'I'll back cookie that has the second sight,' an' the other half come up sagging full o' big 'uns. Hurry, Man'nle, an' bring's a tub o' bait. There's luck afloat to-night."

The fish bit at the newly baited hooks from which their brethren had just been taken, and Tom Platt and Long Jack moved methodically up and down the length of the trawl, the boat's nose under the wet line of hooks, stripping the sea-cucumbers that they called pumpkins, slatting off the fresh-caught cod against the gunwale, rebaiting and loading Manuel's dory till dusk.

"I'll take no risks," said Disko then, "not with him floatin' around so near. Abishai won't sink fer a week. Heave in the dories an' we'll dress down after supper."

That was a mighty dressing-down, attended by three or four blowing grampuses. It lasted till nine o'clock, and Disko was thrice heard to chuckle as Harvey pitched the split fish into the hold.

"Say, you're haulin' ahead dretful fast," said Dan, when they ground the knives after the men had turned in. "There's somethin' of a sea to-night, an' I hain't heard you make no remarks on it."

"Too busy," Harvey replied, testing a blade's edge. "Come to think of it, she is a high-kicker."

The little schooner was gambolling all around her anchor among the silver-tipped waves. Backing with a start of affected surprise at the sight of the strained cable, she

pounced on it like a kitten, while the spray of her descent burst through the hawse-holes with the report of a gun. Shaking her head, she would say: "Well, I'm sorry I can't stay any longer with you. I'm going North," and sidled off, halting suddenly with a dramatic rattle of her rigging. "As I was just going to observe," she would begin, as gravely as a drunken man addressing a lamppost. The rest of the sentence (she acted her words in dumb-show, of course) was lost in a fit of the fidgets, when she behaved exactly like a puppy chewing a string, a clumsy woman in a side-saddle, a hen with her head cut off, or a cow stung by a hornet, as the whim of the sea took her.

"See her sayin' her piece. She's Patrick Henry naow," said Dan. She swung sideways on a roller and gesticulated with her jib-boom from port to starboard. "But—ez —fer—me, give me liberty—er—death."

Harvey laughed aloud. "Why, it's just as if she was alive," he said.

"She's as stiddy as a haouse an' as dry as a herrin'," said Dan enthusiastically, as he was slung across the deck. "Fends'em off an' fends'em off, an' 'don't ye come anigh' me, she sez. Look at her—jest look at her! Sakes! You should see one o' them toothpicks histin' up her anchor on her spike outer fifteen-fathom water."

"What's a toothpick, Dan?"

"Them new haddockers an' herrin' boats. Fine's a yacht forward, with yacht sterns to 'em, an' spike bowsprits, an' a haouse that ud take our hold. I've heard that Burgess himself he made the models for three or four of 'em. Dad's sot agin 'em on account o' their pitchin' an' joltin', but there's heaps o' money in 'em. Dad can find fish, but he ain't no ways progressive—he don't go with the march o' the times. They're chock full o' labour-savin' jigs an' such all. Ever seed the *Elector*, o' Gloucester? She's a daisy, ef she is a toothpick."

"What do they cost, Dan?"

"Hills o' dollars. Fifteen thousand, p'haps; more, mebbe. There's gold leaf an' everything you kin think of." Then to himself, half under his breath: "Guess I'd call her Hattie S., too."

(To be continued in the February Number.)



Illustrated by CHARLES MAY.

RESPECT THE LAWS OF NATURE—THE FUTILITY OF GOING TO BED EARLY—WHO WOULD NOT BE A FOREIGNER—THE ROMANCE OF OUR GRAMMAR BOOKS—PITY THE POOR PRINCESS—A PROPOSAL TO KEEP SHUT UP THE SOLDIER IN UNIFORM.

HAT birds should be killed in order that women may wear birds' wings on their hats may seem very cruel, but it does not follow that the practice is one which should be suppressed, either by law or by public opinion.

There is not the least doubt that there is a great deal of cruelty in the killing of mice by cats, and in the killing of muskrats by alligators; but if the cats and the alligators could be made to abandon the pleasures of the chase, the sum total of suffering would be vastly increased. If no mice were killed, we should soon be eaten out of house and home by those pretty little beasts.

As for the alligators and the muskrats, the dwellers on the Lower Mississippi have recently learned an unpleasant object lesson, which will teach them not to interfere in future with the balance of animals. These humane people, believing that the alligator was a cruel beast, proceeded to exterminate him. Now the alligator had been in the

habit of keeping down the spread of the muskrat population, and when he was exterminated muskrats became so plentiful that they destroyed the embankments of the Mississippi, and thereby drowned the inhabitants of the valley.

Nature may be presumed to know her own

business, and when she provided that certain animals should prey upon certain other animals, she had a beneficent end in view.

Nature created millions of women with the deliberate intention that they



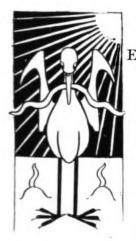
should decorate their hats with the wings of birds. The fact that these women exist, and that they do decorate their hats with wings, is sufficient proof to the mind of every scientific person that Nature created them for the consumption of birds' wings.

Now, if we forbid these women to have

any wings or feathers of birds in their possession, the result will be an enormous increase in the number of birds. The whole land will be darkened by the flight of robins and other gay-coloured birds, and every seed and every particle of grain that farmers can plant will be dug up and eaten by the ravenous birds.

The resulting famine will kill off the greater part of the inhabitants of the earth, and the few survivors will mournfully come to the conclusion that Nature really had an object in view in the creation of women, and

that the less Nature is interfered with the better.



E are cheered to find that a distinguished medical man has proved by statistics that early rising and early going to bed do not make a man healthy. We all know that in spite of the proverb, early rising does not make a man wealthy. I once knew a man who was in the habit of getting up at

three o'clock every morning, and smoking cigars until breakfast time, but it never brought him so much as a single sixpence, and I could not see that it caused any marked improvement in his health, or made him any wiser than other men who slept till eight o'clock.

When a man has tried to grow rich and wise by getting up at unearthly hours, and has convinced himself of the futility of so doing, he may still cherish a lingering belief in the healthfulness of the practice. If so, he has only to study the medical man's statistics already referred to, and he will find that of every hundred men who live to the age of eighty, no fewer than eighty per cent. have been in the lifelong habit of going to bed very late, and of getting up at nine o'clock the next morning.

This is what any reasonable man might have expected to be the truth. The man who goes to bed early and gets up early is invariably a hard worker. When night comes he is so tired that he prefers bed to any sort of amusement, and when morning dawns he feels that he must get up and go to work again. His life, consisting thus wholly of hard work, is not worth living, and he quits it at a comparatively early age.

On the other hand the man who goes to bed late enjoys his evenings, which shows that he does not exhaust himself by hard work during the day. He therefore keeps himself in good spirits, and naturally lives longer than the perpetual worker.

If you wish to live long you must make a point of never going to bed before

midnight, and of never rising in the morning until you have been called at least three times. If you follow this rule, and at the same time avoid all work, the chances are that you will become at least an octogenarian.

Whether the same course of conduct will make you wealthy and wise, as well as healthy, there are as yet no statistics to show. I shall make it my business to inquire into the financial condition of night watchmen, and if I find that they are as a rule millionaires, I shall then believe that the later a man goes to bed, the richer he will become.



I is surprising that the advantages of belonging to other nations have not been more apparent to all our criminals, whether they are burglars, swindlers, or professional patriots. The Irish dynamiter long ago discovered that to be an Irishman in Ireland, and an American in America, is an immense advan-

tage when he is arrested for trying to blow up Englishmen in England.

As an Irishman he is a British subject, and

entitled to protection as such, in case he gets into difficulties in France, or, say, Turkey, but as an American citizen he can call on the American Government to protect him when he is seized by the British Police with dynamite in his possession; and the American Government, with its habitual reverence for the Irish voter, will always do its best to aid Irish criminals to escape the British gallows.

Even for law-abiding men, who have no intention of becoming criminals, there would be decided advantages in belonging to several nations. Were I younger than I am, I should make it a point to be an Englishman, an American, a Frenchman, and an Italian, for a man need only reside a limited time in England, America, France, and Italy in order

to become naturalised in each country. I should then be entitled to all the advantages which each of the four nations just mentioned confers upon its subjects, including those of paying taxes, and serving in the army.

Should I be arrested in any country on any pretence whatever, I could call upon at least three different Ministers or Consuls to protect me, and I could threaten the offending country with the vengeance of

at least three great powers. The intricacies of International Copyright would no longer make life a burden to me, for I should be entitled to copyright in every country of which I should be a citizen.

I could adopt all the prejudices peculiar to each of my countries, and as I have always made it a point to cherish all available prejudices, I can imagine how delightful it would be to increase my present stock at least threefold.

The temptation to belong to other nations has grown upon me ever since Mr. Gilbert first recognised the possibility of such a thing; but alas! I am no longer young enough to spare the twenty-nine years which would be required before I could transform myself into a combined English-American-French-Italian subject and citizen.



LONG ago made the discovery that the late Professor Ollendorff wove into his well-known grammars a long and powerful romance. Students of his grammars have often wondered at the apparently uncalled for nature of the questions and answers set forth in the exercises, in regard to the baker and his wife; the butcher; the tailor, and several other persons. When

we assume that these questions and answers form part of a connected and coherent story, their meaning becomes evident.

The romance which Ollendorff so strangely chose to conceal in the maze of exercises which are found in his various grammars might be called "The Tragedy of the Baker's This originally innocent, though Wife." somewhat silly woman, was the wife of an honest and rather stupid man, who possessed a good deal of portable property in the shape of family heirlooms. The butcher, who was a thorough-paced scoundrel, coveted the candlesticks, the looking-glasses, the tinboots, the leaden guns, and the other objects of value in the possession of the baker; and in order to gain possession of them made love to the baker's wife.

The manner in which he pursued his

nefarious scheme; the skill with which he won the affections of the baker's wife by presenting her with all sorts of desirable garments of silk and satin and gold; and his culminating success in inducing her to rob her husband, and to transfer herself and her husband's cherished family candlesticks, and



other treasures to her lover, are set forth at great length, and in an admirable style by the learned professor.

There can be little doubt that Ollendorff first wrote the story of the Baker's Wife, and then broke it up into isolated sentences, and sprinkled these all through his exercises.

Why this was done will probably always

remain a mystery. Perhaps he had an uncontrollable desire to write a romance, and perhaps he also thought that if he were known to be a writer of romances his reputation as a professor of languages would suffer. Be this as it may, the fact that he wove a romance into his exercises so deftly that the average student of his grammars never dreamed of its existence remains true.

According to Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, Bacon similarly wove a cypher into the Shakespearian plays, but the Baconian cypher was a very brief and uninteresting affair compared with the Ollendorffian romance. Take down your Ollendorff and, beginning with the apparently irrelevant assertion that "the baker's wife is hungry," trace her sad history to its end, and you will have an entirely new estimate of the greatness of Professor Ollendorff.



CONTINENTAL Princess is rarely married without having to undergo the preliminary process of conversion to her prospective husband's religion. If a

Lutheran Princess marries a Greek Prince, or if a Greek Princess marries a Lutheran, or if a Roman Catholic Princess marries a Greek or a Lutheran, the bride must necessarily adopt the religion of the bridegroom. Inasmuch as the number of eligible husbands is extremely limited in the case of Princesses who cannot marry out of the Almanach de Gotha, it nearly always happens that a Continental Princess must choose between changing her religion and abandoning all hopes of marriage.

Now, it is reasonably certain that Princesses have convictions and feelings as well as mere mortals, and it must be an exceedingly unpleasant thing for a conscientious Princess to change her religion. It seems hard that a Princess should be made to learn the catechism of her ancestral faith, and should be taught that it is the only true faith, and then, when she becomes a marriageable young woman, should be told that she must learn an entirely different catechism, and adopt an entirely different faith.

All this trouble could be avoided were Princesses to be taught a sort of undenominational religion, something of the nature of the religion which a certain party wishes to see taught in our Board Schools. Being thus taught no dogmas that are not held

in common by all the Churches, she could embrace the faith of her future husband without any difficulty.

If this scheme should be held to be impracticable, then the Continental Princess might be brought up without any religion whatever, and with the understanding that she should receive a ready-made religion from her husband on her wedding day.

Of course, there are those to whom this proposal of bringing up Princesses without any religion will seem shocking, but is it more shocking than the present practice of teaching a Princess one religion in her childhood, and compelling her to adopt another as soon as she is grown up?

If a Princess is a human being, her religious convictions ought to be treated with the same

respect as those of any other woman. If she is not a human being, then, perhaps, it does not matter what religion she nominally believes.

S it not time that private soldiers in uniform were forbidden to appear in ourstreets? The private soldier, being neat in his appearance, is despised by the East Ender; while the-

West Ender naturally looks with loathing and contempt on the man whose business it is to fight and die in order that decent people may be able to live in peace.

Being thus universally regarded with deserved dislike, the soldier is not permitted to mingle with civilian drunkards in our publichouses, and is admitted only to the worst seats in our theatres. So thoroughly do we despise the soldier, that no officer will wear

a uniform except when it is absolutely necessary that he should wear it, for he does not want to remind civilians that he is in any way connected with that wretched being Private Atkins.

Since this is the view which everyone takes of the soldier's profession, it is grossly

inconsistent to permit him to walk on our pavements in broad daylight, and to jostle with his clean elbow the dirty elbow of the casual vagabond.

Of course, among continental nations the soldier is regarded in a totally different light. He is honoured as the defender of

his country, and his officers are proud to be seen in uniform, but what is done among benighted foreigners is no guide for us. We know what to think of the miserable

fellow who faces the bullets and bayonets and assegais of the foes of England, and dies, one might almost say bravely, in defence of the British Empire.

We cannot feel for such a man the respect that we feel for the dirty drunkard in plain clothes, or the well-dressed swindler in the City. We are careful to show the soldier in nearly every possible way that we look down on him from an immeasurable height of superiority, and yet we neglect to save our streets from the defilement of his presence; and every day of the week, hundreds of soldiers pass us and our innocent wives and children in the streets, and actually have the impudence to conduct themselves quietly and decently, in the apparent hope of making the public forget that they are mere soldiers.

Let us be consistent, and forbid Mr. Atkins to show himself in public. When he is not marching, or doing "sentry go," let him be kept in barracks. It would probably be best to keep him in irons whenever he is not actually on duty, and thus make sure that he could not show himself in public. If we are not prepared to do this, we might as well change our whole attitude towards the soldier, and treat him as if we really respected men who are willing to die for us.



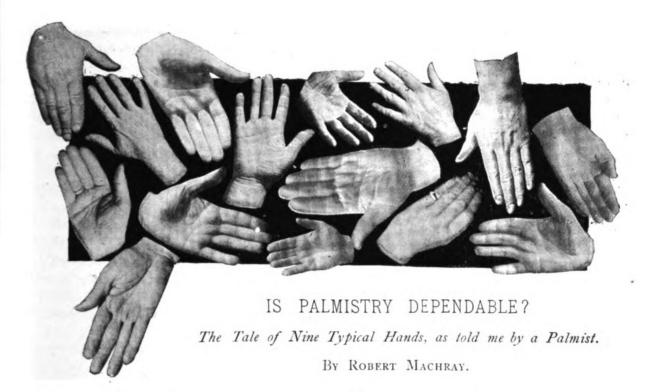
#### SORROW

Last night came Sorrow while I lay in sleep,
And laid his hand upon my brow, and drew
My mind to wakefulness and thrilled me through
With mem'ries that I thought were buried deep.
I felt a faint familiar fragrance creep
About my face: and on my lips the dew
Of kisses long time lost fell soft anew:
And in my heart I felt the old love leap.

And so the pain I counted dead came Lack,
And took possession of my heart and eyes
To make them hold the thing they needs must lack.
Dearer than ever dear—Ah! how unwise
The soul that says: "This grief can no more rack,"
For sorrow slumbers oft, but never dies.







Is there anything in palmistry?

Are the lines, the shape, the colour, the texture of the hands, a language which may be read? Are the past, the present, and, what is more important, the future printed upon the palm as upon an open page?

Palmistry, the science which professes to interpret what is written on the hand, has been practised from time immemorial. There have been many people in all ages who have believed in it, and whose lives were no doubt influenced for good or evil by it. If one believed in palmistry, it would become the most deeply interesting and absorbing thing in the world. From a lower point of view, I think it must be confessed that there is a certain fascination about the subject.

All palmists do not put forward the naked statement that they can foretell the future absolutely. But they all do maintain, as I understand it, that a man's or woman's tendencies, whether of temperament or otherwise, are unmistakably shown upon the hand. It is the business of the skilled palmist to translate these tendencies, as it were, and in this way he claims that he can and does forecast the future.

Palmistry nowadays professes to be scientific in its methods and aims. Its readings, its conclusions, are declared to be based upon observation, experience, and knowledge.

How far can these claims be justified?

Consider this. In the actual conduct of life we are a good deal guided, consciously or unconsciously, by our reading of the faces—the eyes, the lips, and the other features—of the people with whom we come into contact. That is to say, we believe these features do tell us something of the story, and indicate something of the character of the people we meet.

There is no member of the body used more frequently than the hand. The hand is the chief agent of the brain, which is the same thing as saying that the hand is cease-lessly influenced by the nervous system. The reasoning from this is that there is a probability that the hand will have impressed upon it something of the actuality of the person to whom it belongs.

Herewith are presented photographs of nine different hands, specially taken for Pearson's Magazine; and at this point I desire to acknowledge gratefully the kindness of those who have been good enough to consent to allow us to reproduce their hands in this article.

These photographs, along with others of the same hands, were submitted to a professional palmist of repute, "Teresina," a pupil of the well known "Cheiro."

The vital point to be noticed here is that the "delineations," the readings of the hands in question, were given by the without her

being in the least aware whose hands they were with which she had to deal.

It is also only right to say that she told me that it was scarcely possible to give a proper delineation from photographs alone. Some of the photographs submitted to her were indistinct, owing to their having been taken in an atmosphere darkened by November fogs, or in the evening by artificial light. Considering the difficulties under which she laboured, I think she has made some very successful delineations.

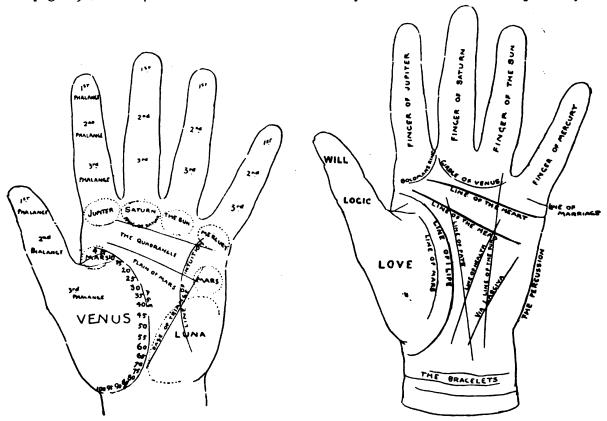
Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose hand appears on page 98, informed me that she was a

I have stated. We certainly are influenced, he said, by people's faces, and so similar reasoning might lead us to infer that personality might be expressed by, or rather impressed upon, the hand.

The Lord Chief Justice does not believe in palmistry, but he was kind enough to consent to have his; hands photographed.

In the "delineation" of His Lordship's hand there is a good deal that is surprisingly accurate.

Mr. George Alexander has had his hand read before, and from what he has been told in this way he has no confidence in palmistry.



Typical outline hands, showing the various "lines" and "mounts" and other characteristic features which are considered in the science of palmistry.

believer in palmistry. Her faith in this respect is grounded on the fact that her hands were read by a palmist in Paris, who described to her her past and present with the utmost accuracy. Her future was at the same time also foretold, and, up to the present time, Mrs. Patrick Campbell tells me that, to use the language of the children's story books, it has all "come true."

Sir Walter Besant said, while he had no great belief in palmistry, he thought there might be a little in it because of the reasons Mr. George R. Sims, who is perhaps better known to all the world as "Dagonet," does not believe in palmistry. Considering what the palmist has found on Mr. Sims' palm (page 96) this is as well.

Dr. Parker consented to have his hand photographed simply because he thought it would be "good fun." He has no belief in the thing whatever. After the reading the palmist has given of the reverend gentleman's hand, his scepticism will be confirmed.

#### The Reading of Mr. Stead's Hand.

The shape and general characteristics of the hand point to a man of energy and action. The short, square nails give criticism, and the knotted joints of second phalange love of organisation, though impatience of detail is also observable. The type is spatulate, and the great distance between the little finger and third when the hand lies open is

a sure sign of unconventionality.

Such a man will always make his own laws, and be impatient of all restraint, and Bohemian in many of his tastes.

The heart and head lines are well placed, but there appears to be a perpetual struggle between sentiment and reason.

The fate line, which, curiously enough, is more accentuated in the left hand, shows brilliant success, achieved mainly through individual exertion before thirty, though it is apparent that he must have had some disappointment, and been thwarted at the outset of his career.

The Hand of W. T. Stead (Journalist).

Lines on Luna in early youth give travel, probably continental, and his tastes and tendencies are distinctly cosmopolitan. At the age of thirty or thirty-one the hand shows a marked line of marriage, or a deep and lasting affection, and it is interesting to watch the growth of an influence line by the side of the fate line at this period.

A man with much brilliance and eloquence, his words carry weight, and he appears

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to be famed for his many-sidedness and ready wit.

Without being actually robust, I should call him wiry. The line of life, however, shows decided signs of breaking up about forty-five. Dyspepsia, accompanied by gout in some form, will trouble him in middle age. The life line is moderately long, terminating about sixty-three.

In reference to the above, Mr. Stead writes:

I beg to return you the palmist's delineation. . . . In relation to dates, she says that I am going to die when I am sixty-three. That is a matter upon which I can say nothing. Madam Blavatsky used to say I would live until past seventy-five. I think one prophecy is about as good as the other.

The signs of breaking down at fortyfive may be regarded as tolerably close, for this year, for the first time in my life, I have had to absent myself from regular attendance at the office. I have done my work, but I have to do it in quiet, apart from the constant strain of attendance at the office.

I have not had any trouble from gout, and very little from dyspepsia. I never travelled when I was a youth. I

married when I was three-and-twenty, and at the age of thirty or thirty-one I do not remember meeting anyone with whom I formed a deep and lasting affection. My impression is that your palmist is rather out in her dates. The only other date she mentions is about my having achieved success before thirty. If I have achieved any success that may be called "brilliant," it was when I was from thirty-three to thirty-six. Thirty-six was the year I went to gaol, which, as you know, I regard as the crowning glory of my life up to that point.

#### The Reading of Sir Walter Besant's Hand.

This hand partakes of both square and conic characteristics, and should, perhaps, be termed a mixed type.

The palm is broad, denoting love of the open, and of all outdoor pursuits. The short fingers and nails give impulse and quick temper; and these traits, united to a good line of head, betoken shrewdness and

knowledge of human nature. The mounts of Venus and Luna appear to be very a c c e n t u a t e d. Such a man would be a gourmet, and fond of luxuries, though well able to rough it on occasion.

His life line is fairly good, but he will be a fever subject, and always liable to bilious and dyspeptic attacks, which might also affect the head, causing him to suffer with his eyes.

The mount of Mars is accentuated, giving a pugnacious turn, together with love of argument.

This man at the

outset of his career appears to have been strongly dominated by a feminine influence, though actual marriage does not become marked upon the hand until twenty-eight or twenty-nine. Indecision as to a profession is marked, but the lines on Luna point to much travel before twenty-five, accompanied by distinct hazard and some personal danger.

If the photograph be correct, a square on the mount of Venus gives a likelihood of imprisonment at twenty-seven. Considerable

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difficulties in connection with business and financial matters involving litigation are indicated. These squares also somewhat retard the marriage line, which gives happiness, and contributes to worldly prosperity and social success. A double line of fate is shown most clearly in the left hand, and leads one to imagine that this man would follow two distinct careers or have a pet hobby.

Sir Walter Besant writes:



The Hand of Sir Walter Besant (Novelist).

I will take these points seriatim: 1. Love of the open and of all out-door pursuits: Love of the open, certainly; love of out-door pursuits, no. I am neither angler nor hunter, neither cricketer nor. golfer. The only outdoor pursuit I really loved was boating. 2. Impulse and quick temper: Yes. 3. Shrewdness and knowledge of human nature: Perhaps. 4. A gourmet: Yes, both as to food and wine; yet am accustomed to live simply. A fever subject : I have had four or five fevers. 6. Bilious and dyspeptic: I have suffered from the biliousness, but not from dyspepsia. 7. Pugnacity and love of argument: I have always considered myself of a sheep-like meekness, but my friends will not allow it. 8. Feminine in-

fluence: I believe that I have always nourished a healthy submission to feminine influence. 9. Marriage: Certainly late; some years later than the reading. 10. Imprisonment: At twenty-seven I was not aware of any danger in that direction. 11. Travel before twenty-five: Quite right. 12. Personal danger and hazard: There were certain accidents which might have proved fatal, but did not. 13. Financial troubles: From thirty to about thirty-five I was unmarried and living on a small income. 14. Happiness and success: Did undoubtedly follow marriage. 15. The reader is quite right about two distinct careers. Novel writing is one. The other is archæology.

#### The Reading of Dr. Parker's Hand.

The photographs of this hand are very indistinct, giving no views of the back of the hand or the shape of fingers and nails. The hand appears to be short and thick. The first phalange of the thumb inclines to be broad rather than long, showing a degree of obstinacy and dogged perseverance. The tips of the fingers are somewhat rounded, giving delicacy of manipulation. Such a man would make a good surgeon, and would be quick in action and fertile in resource.

The health line both hands in shows a weakly constitution to start with, the throat and chest being delicate. His early ! development is ; apparently retarded by ill-health. The . career and fate lines do not start very early, many possibilities seem thwarted by relations and disappointments.

Indications of travel are shown, and residence abroad from about twelve to fifteen years of age, and again at twenty-one the lines take

a foreign tendency. Between twenty-five and twenty-six the career appears to start in earnest, and a small, second fate line at twenty-eight is to be noticed starting from Venus, showing that worldly prosperity becomes more marked.

Nervous and extremely highly strung, and

by nature without much self-reliance, he has
gained assurance through the responsibilities
of his position. The well developed mounts
of Luna and Venus give musical taste, but
he prefers harmony to melody, and is a
disciple of Wagner rather than Mozart or
Mendelssohn.

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Two legacies are shown. The first between twenty-four and twenty-five, the second looking more like marriage settlements between twenty-nine and thirty. This hand shows unhappiness, coming through marriage, and separates about forty-seven. At that date, too, the surroundings become very different, and some trouble is foreshadowed connected with a commercial venture.

Both hands lead me to suppose that the subject of this sketch is of foreign extraction, or, at any rate, was born in a foreign country. His life is a long one, and it will be his fate

to outlive his generation.

In reference to the above, Dr. Parker writes:

Constitution of a tiger from the first day. Never out of England until I was over thirty, and then only to Scotland. Never abroad until thirty-one. Father and mother never out of England. Never had one moment's unhappiness in married life. Never a marriage settlement.



The hand of Dr. Parker (Divine).

### The Reading of Mr.

## All four of the

photographs of this subject are so different that it is

difficult to get a good idea of the characteristics of the hand.

This man has a curiously paradoxical nature. The mounts are all well accentuated. Venus, Apollo, and Luna more especially so, giving sensuous appreciation of all beauty, taste for music, strong passions, quick impulses, and generous emotions.

The life line is not a satisfactory one. Liver and bilious affections are continually marked. In both hands the head and heart lines are too near together, and the slope in the left hand of the head line, towards Luna, combined with the two abrupt breaks in the

right hand, show danger to the head and temporary mental trouble arising from severe illness.

With distinctly cosmopolitan tastes and varied knowledge of human nature, this is a man who appears from his earliest youth to have associated with notabilities and men and women of position.

He will frequently be in peril, and it appears as though twice there will be an

attempt to assassinate I greatly fear him. that his death, which occurs about fiftyseven, will be a sudden and violent one.

Women appear to play a large part in the harmony of his He should nature. beware of documents or written matter. He will be the victim of some treachery deceit towards the close of his life.

Extreme fondness for speculation is shown by the great length of the third finger, luck comes to him by fits and starts, and is more persistently favourable to him after his fortieth year than previously. Some commercial aptitude is given, and he will be a patron

of the drama and art. His appreciation of the drama is combined with an acute sense of humour.

In reference to the above, Mr. Sims writes :

I can't say that your Palmist is a cheery optimist, but, in the main, she seems to be there or thereabouts concerning my general characteristics.

There is rather too much of the Prophet Jeremiah about her "Future Events." It is certainly "filling the cup" to debit my short account here below with insanity, two assassinations, treachery and deceit, and a sudden and violent death. My "lines" have evidently not fallen in pleasant places. My palm is as full of battle, murder, and sudden death as a sixshilling shocker or a modern historical romance.

#### The Reading of Sir Evelyn Wood's Hand.

The hand appears to partake more of the philosophic type than spatulate, but this it is impossible to be quite sure of.

The fingers are well-proportioned and have a slight tendency to lean towards Jupiter, a sign that all the actions of this man will be

> more or less dominated by ambition united to pride.

> The heart line in both hands starts well -more especially so in left hand, the fork in the right hand between Jupiter and Saturn giving good fortune and luck even in hazardous undertakings.

> The head lines in both hands are most indistinct, but the direction is good, as there is just enough slope to give imaginative power, added to which the line of Apollo, which is just traceable, also rises from Luna, signifying celebrity in art or literature, leading to some worldly pros-This man, will

perity. however, largely influenced all through his life by the

help of those in prominent positions, and a little dependent through his career on public favour. The life line in left hand shows an island

starting just below the junction of life and head, signifying an illness in boyhood leaving some years of delicacy. Some writers give this line when indicated quite at the commencement of the life line as a mystery connected with the subject's birth—but the fate line is too indistinct to corroborate this.

The fate line in both hands rises clearly Original from

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The hand of G. R. Sims (Dramatist and Journalist).

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from Luna, showing that fortune is due more directly to the caprice of others—the case so often with public characters.

I can give no reading of the career as the photos are far too indistinct.

A line from Luna running into the fate line shows more especially the influence of one person largely assisting in his success. The most brilliant period of the career is shown between 30 and 38. After that, according to indications on fate and life lines, the health gives cause for anxiety.

Sir Evelyn Wood returns the copy of this delineation without making any comments upon it.

# Patrick Campbell's Hand.

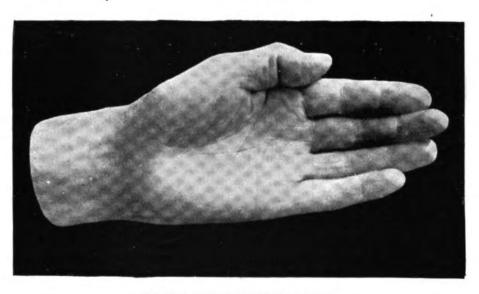
This hand is a mixture of the conic and psychic types, the result being a somewhat paradoxical and complex nature. The long, sensitive fingers and accen-

tuated joints give artistic feeling and perception, combined with love of analysis and desire for investigation. Considerable deductive power is indicated, the second phalange of the thumb being particularly well developed.

As far as one can judge, this woman stands prominent amongst her sex for her originality of thought and utter disregard for accepted social laws. She is nevertheless essentially feminine, and I should say would be fond of home life, though domestic detail would worry and annoy her.

Her fourth or little finger is remarkable for its length, and gives power to influence others personally with a certain degree of plausibility which carries with it conviction. Her love of beauty in nature and art is intense, and almost amounts to a religion, and takes shape in creative work, possibly of a literary description.

It is curious to note how independently the fingers lie—showing unconventionality and originality, further accentuated by the width between the thumb and first finger—a signal of generosity. She is a mixture of Mercury and Saturn—a temperament which is largely influenced by surroundings—and she is, to a certain point, a believer in Destiny, with a vein of superstition and mysticism somewhere in her nature. It is in great part these traits which combine to make her paradoxical and complex.



The Hand of Sir Evelyn Wood (Tactician).

The heart line is well placed, taking its origin from the centre of the Mount of Jupiter. This woman would love deeply and with tenacity, but her ideals are too high, and she is bound to suffer disillusionment. An early attachment, causing temporary unhappiness, is indicated in left hand; a curved line running from root of thumb across the top of the Mount of Venus to the Line of Life, and this in part corroborated by a tiny break in the heart line in right hand under Saturn, shows disappointment coming through the affections.

The head line is very blurred in the photo, but its direction gives intellectual capacity of a rare description. The life line in left hand gives promise of a healthy, though by no means robust, constitution. A break is shown in the line about thirty-two, when there is a sign in both hands of a serious illness, followed by a period of enforced quiet.

This woman is of too active and energetic a nature. She is too fond of burning the candle at both ends, and will suffer, I fear, in the long run from nervous exhaustion, with neuralgic attacks and some heart trouble.

The fate line, I am grieved to say, is scarcely definable, and gives little to go by with regard to career. Independence of action is shown very early, and a desire

towards a dramatic line of life. Drawbacks and some interference from kindred is just indicated. The predilection towards literature and art is early shown, but the first actual sign of renown won by creative work reveals about twenty-five or twenty-six, with further distinction at twenty-nine or thereabouts, when she becomes widely discussed and criticised; and the line of Apollo shows up, signifying that money and position comes to her through her own efforts.

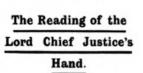
Thirty-five will be an epoch in her life, a year or two of silence and qui-

escence preceding this period; and about this time a journey to a distant country fraught with some adventure may take place. The marriage lines are not well traced, neither are the influence lines, and I cannot point out with any accuracy the date of her marriage, but I am led to infer by a slight indication on the fate line that this would take place somewhere between her 25th and 26th years.

She will make many friends through her strong personality. She will also run the gauntlet of much adverse criticism—she is apparently strong-minded, but will suffer much in silence—she appears to have greatly at heart some cause in which she takes a special interest, and she should beware lest her enthusiasm and earnestness cause her to lose a little of the sense of justice with which she is naturally strongly imbued. This hand interests me greatly, and I only wish it had been possible to give a delineation of it from the original.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell returns the proof

sheets of her delineation "with compliments and thanks." The readers of the Magazine will agree with me that "Teresina" has been remarkably succesful in this instance.



The fingers are long and knotted, with well accentuated second phalange. The fourth finger is particularly long, giving argumentative force and oratorical finish. Such a man would be a master of debate, with nerve, assurance and stamina, added to quick, penetrative insight, combined

also with rare powers of intuition, making him a relentless adversary and a formidable foe.

Considerable declamatory power, united to brilliant wit and conspicuous humour, would carry the day on the platform or in the Law Courts. The Mount of Apollo and the corresponding line are well developed, giving celebrity and brilliance of fortune chiefly through individual exertion.

The head line beginning on Jupiter is well defined and taking a slightly upward tendency to Apollo gives desire for fame. Though the heart line is fairly strong, sentiment



The Hand of Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Actress).

and affection would never get the better of reason, but at the same time the feeling for kindred would be marked with strong religious opinions.

His early life appears, from as much as one can see of the fate line, to have been hemmed round in early youth by an atmosphere of conventionality. A brilliant school or college career is indicated, with evidences of early notoriety, both as a scholar and also at outdoor pursuits.

Marriage is hinted at between twenty-eight

and twenty-nine, but the line is too indistinct to be absolutely reliable, and shortly after this date the Apollo line comes strongly to the fore, showing eminence in the career. change of residence and the suggestion of money gained, most probably by a legacy, follows this, and from thirty to forty the life line shows signs of occasional breaks owing to mental strain. though no severe illness is marked.

Forty-five is a year when fame and prestige are marked and social position enhanced through some special and brilliant undertaking. He appears to

reach the zenith of his powers and position about fifty-five. The life line is a long one, and shows little or no signs of decay until well into the seventies. Musical ability is shown, and love and appreciation of the Drama.

In reference to the above, the Lord Chief Fustice writes :

I certainly was not (1) in early youth "hemmed round by an atmosphere of conventionality;" nor (2) had I a brilliant school or college career; and (3) the legacy referred to has not yet come to hand. For the rest I am not the best judge of its accuracy or inaccuracy.

#### The Reading of Mr. George Alexander's Hand.

These photos give a square type of hand. The fingers have a decided tendency to curve inwardly-a sign of caution and reserve. The nails are short and square at the base, showing critical faculty, love of analysis, and a certain degree of pugnacity. This man, like Thomas of old, is a doubter, and with

> him conviction follows proof; at the same time, the curve of the first finger towards the middle finger shows that some of the ambitions and aspirations of this life are likely to be thwarted by destiny.

The thumb is well formed, and appears to be somewhat rigid (the characteristic of the whole hand), suggesting firmness of will and a strong sense of justice and right. He will have the courage of his opinions, but should beware of a tendency to obstinacy, which may interfere greatly with his own happiness and that of others.

The line of head

in both hands is excellent, running straight across the hand, and terminating as it does on the right hand with a slight fork, adds imaginative power to practical common sense. This man should be above all things levelheaded. Inventive or practical work done by such a hand would always have a scientific foundation, and his commercial and business capabilities are of a high order. The heart line is placed somewhat dow, but is long and well defined | This man will be reliable in



The Hand of the Lord Chief Justice (Jurist).

his affections. Pride is shown, and nothing would tempt him to form a mésalliance.

The life line in right hand is too much in shadow to give any reading of it, but the left hand shows a healthy and fairly robust constitution, with no discernible breaks, the greatest dangers appearing to proceed from accidents, chiefly by water.

The fate line, slightly forked at the wrist, shows a strong influence on disposition and education which is not actually connected

with home life, and it is interesting to note the gradual change from reck-lessness and audacity, which are characteristics of the left hand in early youth, to caution and shrewdness, as shown at a later period in the right hand.

At seventeen, change of surroundings, probably through death of a relative, is shown, and a voyage line running on to Luna gives indications of a journey undertaken at this juncture, and a stronglymarked square in right hand, reaching over a period of three to four years, from eighteen to

twenty-two, and just touching the Apollo line, gives escape from some danger, coming through bad advisers, and which threatened to put a stop for the time being to the career.

At twenty-five the Apollo line begins to show strongly, and evidences of position and ultimate wealth are clearly defined.

A strong commercial bent is observable, though inextricably connected after twenty-eight with science, art, and literature. I may mention that the lines on the mount of

Mercury point more especially to medical knowledge.

Mr. George Alexander, in returning the palmist's delineation of his hand, expresses his surprise at its remarkable accuracy.

#### The Reading of a Typical Criminal's Hand.

This hand is particularly attractive, although, unfortunately, it is impossible to tell much from the principal lines, which are very indefinitely traced.



The Hand of George Alexander (Actor).

The fingers are long and slender, with the joints of order well developed. The middle, or Saturnian finger. dominates the others, showing that this man will be, to a great extent, a fatalist. The strongly accentuated line in the left hand running from Jupiter to Venus, gives ambition, belief in self, and ultimate success. The head line takes a gradual, though decided slope to Luna, showing strong imaginative power. The thumb is purely dramatic, with poetic feeling, and also shows extravagance and the desire to plan everything on a large

scale; this last trait is somewhat tempered by the head and life lines, which run for some little way together, indicating caution, which is also shown by the narrowness of palm and length of fingers. This man would never use force where finesse and diplomacy were likely to gain the day. He would possess considerable adaptability, as shown by the supple, loosely jointed hand, and he should be amenable to circumstances.

A good memory and gift for languages is also noticeable. This man would make a

good actor-manager, and, even if his lines fell elsewhere, would always carry with him through his career the spirit of the drama. I can say nothing of the principal lines, as they



The Hand of a Typical Criminal,

give no indications of events. He appears to be fond of movement, and will undertake several long journeys during his lifetime.

## Editorial note to this reading :

The above hand is that of a notorious burglar, who has "done time" for his offences, but who retired from his business of burgling some time ago.

In the pursuit of his profession—shall I call it?—he displayed great skill and ingenuity. He himself constructed the tools with which he-

opened locks and safes, and in other ways showed considerable ability.

Now that these delineations of the nine typical hands are before me I have to acknowledge that my impression is that while palmistry may not be exactly dependable either as regards history or prophecy, there is something undoubtedly in it.

This is my conclusion all the more because I know how very indistinct were some of the photographs submitted to "Teresina," and it has undoubtedly been the case that the clearer the photographs supplied the more successful have her delineations been.

# LAUGH NOT AT LOVE.

"Good-вуе, Sweet Maid," said he, "don't quite forget me,

Keep me a little place within your heart!"

"Perhaps I will," she laughed; "but love is free,

Think you he'll constant stay when we're apart?"

He sailed. The days passed quickly by then slow

And long they grew. She wearied for his voice.

"Return!" she cried. "Your love is true I know,

On you my heart has fixed its certain choice!"

"Alas!" he wrote, "love slighted ne'er returns.

Forget our childish dream of constant hearts; Mine for another maid now thrills and burns, Cupid has pierced me with his keenest darts."

Another lover came, who gained her hand; But sometimes in the spring she thinks of him Across the sea, and silent she will stand

While thoughts like swallows o'er the blue waves skim.

Laugh not at love when caught, for he is shy, Norloose your hold on him or he'll take wing And like a wild bird from your presence fly, And to another heart his sweet notes sing.

FLORENCE E. EASTWICK.
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JIM MALLESON lived on Tarawa, one of the Gilbert Islands, in Equatorial Polynesia. He was a tall, thin, melancholy looking man, with pale blue eyes and a straggling sandy beard that grew upon his long chin in a half-hearted, indefinite sort of way.

His trading station was situated at the most northerly point of the whole atoll—a place where the thin strip of low-lying, sandy soil belting the blue waters of Tarawa Lagoon was narrowed down to a few hundred yards in width—barely sufficient, one would imagine, to prevent the thundering breakers that flung themselves against the weather side of the island from sweeping through the thinly-growing coconut and pandanus groves, and pouring over into the calm waters of the inland sea, carrying everything, including Malleson's ramshackle house, before them.

Denison, the supercargo of the *Indiana*, had, indeed, mentioned the possibility of such an occurrence to Malleson one day, and offered to shift him further down the lagoon, but his offer was declined—he was quite satisfied, he said, to stay where he was and take his chance.

For some unknown reason Malleson, although on perfectly friendly terms with the four or five other white men who lived on Apiang, the nearest island in the Gilbert Group to Tarawa, yet seldom associated with them. He was the only white man on Tarawa, and, although the two islands are not a day's sail apart, he had never raised energy enough to sail his boat over to Apiang and return the many visits he had had from the traders there. But, in spite of his owl-like solemnity, he was not by any means unsociable, and would occasionally unbend to a certain extent. One curious thing about him was that, although he had now been living alone on Tarawa for two years, he had never married.

Now, for a trader to remain single was, in native eyes, extremely undignified, and not calculated to raise him in public estimation; any white man who could show such a disregard of the conventionalities of native life and custom, necessarily became a persona non grata to the native mind.

However, being a quiet, non-interfering man, who quarrelled with no one, conducted himself with the strictest propriety, and refrained from cheating in the pursuit of his business, he gradually begat confidence and respect among the fierce, warlike Tarawans; so much so that at the end of two years he had become the most prosperous trader in the

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Gilbert Group, and his huge, ill-built storehouse was generally filled to bursting with copra (dried coconut) and sharks' fins whenever a trading ship entered the lagoon and dropped anchor off his station.

So steadily did his business and his reputation for fair dealing increase with the natives, that, after a time, fleets of canoes would visit Tarawa, coming, some from Marakei, fifty miles to the north, and some from the great lagoon island of Apamama, a hundred miles to the south-east, bringing with them their produce of dried coconut to be exchanged with the white man for coloured prints, calicoes, arms, tobacco, and liquor.

The white men living on Apiang and the other atolls in the group could not but experience a feeling of vexation that Malleson, who, as they said, was the laziest man in the South Seas, should divert so much custom and so many dollars from their islands to his. Day after day they would see large sailing canoes filled with dried coconut and other native produce sailing past their very doors bound to Malleson's place. But being on the whole a decent lot of men, they bore their successful rival no ill-will, accepted matters (after a time) philosophically, and lived in the hope of Malleson being found cheating by the natives, and either getting himself tabu'd from further trading, or being warned off the island by the chiefs

So one day, after business jealousies had quite subsided, they again manned their boats and visited him, and, knowing that many months had passed since a ship had called at Tarawa, they bore with them the gift of friendship peculiar to the country—some half a dozen or so of Hollands gin—in order to cheer up his lonely existence by endeavouring to make him drunk. In this they had always failed on previous occasions, for the more liquor he consumed the more melancholy and owl-like of visage he became.

They had all also, individually and collectively, endeavoured to induce Malleson to give up his single life and permit them or one of the chiefs of Tarawa to find him a suitable wife from among the many hundreds of young marriageable girls on the island. But their kindly intentions proved unavailing, for Malleson distinctly declared his intention of

remaining as he was, and put some little warmth into his manner of declaring that rather than have a native wife forced upon him, he would barricade his house.

"I don't want any native wife, boys," he would say solemnly. "I dessay you chaps mean well, an' wouldn't see me marry a girl as wasn't no good, an' means to try and make me feel more comfortable; but I ain't agoin' to do it."

But a plot against his further celibacy had been formed, not, it must be mentioned, without ulterior views by one of the participants therein, Mr. Andy O'Rourke, a genial, rollicking trader on the island of Apiang.

He was agent for a firm trading in opposition to Malleson's employers, had a large half-caste family, and a very extensive native connection generally, both socially and in business, and for a long time past had cogitated upon the possibility of joining his fortunes with those of his successful rival, to his own particular advantage financially, and that of Malleson from a domestic point of view.

In short, he intended to get Malleson married, and had already made up his mind that Tera, his wife's sister, was eminently calculated to fill the position of Mrs. Jimmy Malleson. And to avoid any suspicion of underhand work he determined to so arrange matters that no one of his fellow-traders should ever suspect that he had any preconceived idea of making Malleson his brother-in-law, and set about his plans in a thoroughly open, genial Irish manner.

He had, therefore, proposed that on the present trip to Malleson's they should as a matter of conjugal and family duty take their wives, children, and relatives with them.

"We ought to give the women a run over to Malleson's, boys," he said, when the trip was first proposed. "It's the nogo (mutton-bird) season over at Tarawa just now, and the women and children would enjoy themselves fine getting the eggs and birds. You'll bring your wife, Davy, won't you? Tom French's missus is coming, and a couple of his daughters; and my wife wants to bring her sister with her. What d'ye say, boys?"

The "boys" said that they would come. So over they came, each trader sailing his own boat, and carrying with him his native

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wife and half-caste family, all bent upon having a thoroughly good time at Tarawa for the people of the two islands were now at peace.

Seated aft in Andy's boat, between his wife and himself, was the pretty Tera, who had been well tutored by her sister Lebonnai (Mrs. O'Rourke) in the part she was to play in captivating the heart of Malleson. And although Tera had frankly admitted that she had looked to get a handsomer and younger husband than the one her brother-in-law designed for her, she was a dutiful girl, and consented to sacrifice herself upon the altar of family affection with resigned and unobtrusive cheerfulness.

As the boats, with their snow-white sails bellying out to the trade-wind, sped along over the long ocean swell, Davy Walsh, whose boat was nearest, called out to Andy (they were all sailing close together):

"I wonder how old Malleson's piggy wiggy is getting on?"

A general laugh followed, for Malleson's affection for his pig was a source of continual amusement to his fellow-traders.

About a year after he had landed on Tarawa, a passing Puget Sound lumber ship, bound to the Australian colonies, had hove-to off Malleson's place for an hour or two. He had boarded her, and in exchange for some young coconuts and bananas, the American skipper had presented him with a pig of the male sex, informing him that the animal was of a high lineage in the porcine line.

Malleson had been much struck with the promising proportions and haughty but reserved demeanour of the creature as it poked about the deck, and at once conceived the idea of improving the breed of pigs on the island—not, of course, from disinterested motives, but as a means of adding to his income.

As time went on the pig grew and throve amazingly, and the fame of the beast spread throughout the Gilbert Group; and Malleson's anticipations with regard to his own profit in possessing such an animal were amply verified.

Natives from outlying villages, and, finally,

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from islands a hundred miles distant, came to look at his pig, and a deputation of leading old men (i.e., the village councillors) from Apiang visited Malleson with the object of conveying the pig, as a friendly loan, to their august master, the King. But to this he would not consent, pointing out politely, but firmly withal, the risks attendant upon carrying such a valuable animal in an open canoe a distance of forty miles; besides that, he had become attached to the creature, he said, and would be lonely without him. The deputation thanked the trader, and withdrew.

As the visitors' boats sailed across the lagoon, and brought-to in front of Malleson's dilapidated dwelling, the trader came out of his house, and walked down the beach to

meet them; and Andy O'Rourke noted with envy that Malleson's storehouses, the doors of which were wide open, were full to bursting

of copra.

"Come up to the house," said the melancholy-looking man, shaking hands with them all in a limp sort of manner. "My boys (servants) will bring your traps up out o' the boats; but," and here he glanced dejectedly at the women visitors, "I'm afraid that my house is too small to hold you all. Perhaps the women and children wouldn't mind sleepin' in my boathouse just for to-night. To-morrow I can get a house run up for 'em."

"That's all right, old chap," said Andy, slapping his solemn-visaged host on the back; "but, if you don't mind, Lebonnai and her sister will stay with me in your house. You see, Tera—that's her coming up now—was a bit seasick coming over, and my wife got a touch of the sun; they are both complaining a bit. However, they won't trouble you much. Just let 'em have a corner to themselves."

"Tain't much of a place for women," said Malleson disconsolately, as he looked at his dirty, untidy sitting-room, with its floor covered with ragged, worn-out mats, and then at Lebonnai and Tera, tall, stately, and graceful in their white muslin gowns and broad Panama hats. "You see, I does my own cookin' and on'v straightens up onst a week

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY or so. But I'll get some o' the village women to come in and clean up the place a bit."

"No, you won't, old man," said Andy cheerfully; "my wife has brought plenty of sleeping mats, and she and Tera—a smart girl is Tera—will soon fix up a place." Andy now had an opening to let Malleson see what a handy girl Tera was, and what an excellent housewife she would make.

So, while the wily Andy and Tom French, Dave Walsh, and Pedro Calice sat outside were busily engaged in dragging out the dirty old mats, and replacing them with clean ones brought from the boats, clearing off the awful collection of empty salmon and sardine tins from the soiled table, and touching up the room here and there and everywhere.

"He's very old looking, and hath weak, watery eyes," whispered Tera to her sister, who was carrying out a basket full of *debris* to throw away on the beach.

"Speak low, thou little fool; he may hear thee. And what if he is old and watery-eyed?



He began to scratch the monster's back with his forefinger.

with Malleson, and smoked and drank lager beer and gin, pretty Tera, whose mind was full of the possibilities of becoming Mrs. Malleson and pleasing her sister and brotherin-law, hustled her sister about, and set to work.

First of all, though, she took off her starched muslin gown, and hung it up carefully, revealing her shapely figure (clothed in but a short skirt of pink print) in the most innocent and natural manner possible. Then for the next ten minutes she and Lebonnai

Is he not a white man and rich, and with a good character?"

Tera shrugged her smooth, rounded shoulders, and went on sweeping, glancing now and then at the long, awkward figure of her prospective husband.

"Well, old man," said Davy, addressing his host, "how's business, and how's the pig?"

"Come an' see him," answered Malleson with unusual promptitude; "he's lookin' fine.

The traders exchanged sly, amused glances, but at once rose and followed him to a little compactly built pig pen of thick coconut logs, which was sheltered from sun and rain by a wide roof of pandanus thatch. Inside, on a bed of clean grass, lay an enormous black and white boar pig, asleep.

This was "Brian"

"He don't like bein'disturbed too soon after his breakfas'," said Malleson, as the men bent over the fence and gazed at the recumbent animal; "he gets mad sometimes, an' don't eat."

"Is that so?" said French, with an appearance of deep interest.

"Yes. You see he's got very reg'lar habits, an' don't like bein' worried after a meal. But any way, as you chaps don't see him often, I'll wake him."

Hoisting one of his long legs over the low coconut fence, the trader got into the pen, and slapping the huge beast gently on the side, called: "Brian, Brian, get up, old man; it's on'y me an' Andy, an' Tom French an' Davy Walsh."

Brian wouldn't move, but his thick, hideous lip gave a slight quiver.

"He wants a lot o' coaxin', don't he," said Malleson, with a faint blink of amusement, and then he began to scratch the monster's back with his forefinger. This partially roused the object of his solicitude, who gave vent to a grunt of enjoyment, and lifting one hind leg slightly, pushed it out astern; then with another and fainter grunt he lay quiet again.

"Won't he stand up?" queried Andy.

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"No, not now. But we'll come back when it gets a bit cooler. He enjoys the wind when it's a bit westerly, like it is now, and generally stands up in the corner there to get a sniff—there, d'ye see that little port hole I've cut? Well, he likes looking through that sometimes, watching the village pigs cruisin' about on the beach. I've been givin' him cooked fish lately. Don't believe in raw fish for him—heats his blood too much an' gives him a kind o' nightmare."

"Just so," said Davy sympathetically;
"makes him cry out in his sleep

I suppose. Well, he's looking all right, anyway."

> "Come along the beach for a bit of a stroll," said Andy C'Rourke to Malleson night. The other two men had turned in, and Andy had been waiting for a chance to have a quiet talk to his As they went out Andy pointed to the recumbent figures Mrs. Andy and her sister who were apparently sound asleep at the end of the sittingroom, and said:



"Look here, old man, she's a regular star of a girl."

"They look all right and comfy, don't they?"

They did look all right, and even the owllike, watery-eyed Malleson smiled approvingly. One of Tera's soft, rounded arms supported her sister's head, whose face rested against her bosom. As the men's footsteps disturbed the coral gravel that was spread over the path outside the house, the younger woman pretended to awaken, rose, and followed them.

"Anti," she called in the native language,

"tell the white man that if he will give me a piece of soap, Lebonnai and I shall wash his clothes in the morning." (Result of prompting from Lebonnai aforesaid during the night.)

Of course, Malleson understood the native tongue, and as he walked away with Andy he said that Tera was a good-hearted girl to trouble about his dirty clothes.

"She is that. Look here, old man, she's a regular star of a girl. Now, I ain't going to beat about the bush. I brought her here thinking you might take a likin' to her, and marry her. She'll be a fine wife for you, and make you comfortable. What do you say? She's willin' enough, and there ain't a bettermannered girl anywhere in the Gilbert Group; an' what's more, there isn't any scandal about her."

Malleson made no reply for a minute or two. Then he began filling his pipe. After he had lighted it, he spoke.

"Look here, Andy, I'll just tell you the whole thing. I'd be willin' enough, but the fac' is I'm a married man. My old woman is livin' in Auckland. She's got a rotten temper, an' to make things worse, she took up with some o' these here wimmen suffrage wimmen, and used to jaw the head off herself tellin' me what a degradin' beast I was to live Well, things went on from bad to worse, until one day I seed in the paper as Mrs. James Malleson had said at a meetin' that she too had an unthinkin' husband as hadn't got no intelligence. That just finished me. I cleared out from her, and came down here with Captain Peate to start tradin'. That was two years ago. I send her money every six months by the schooner, but, although I won't ever go back to her again, I ain't a-goin' to marry no native woman. It's bigamy.

"No, it ain't. Not down in the islands anyway. Why, it ain't respectable for a man to be livin' by himself, as you are. You can marry Tera right enough. Who's agoin' to know that you've a wife in New Zealand?"

"I would, and Peate would. And besides that I ain't agoin' to do anything like that. My wife's a holy terror, but, at the same time, I know she's an honest woman, and I won't wrong her that way."

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Andy gave a long whistle of astonishment. "Well, just as you like, old man; but you beat anything I ever saw as a trader. You ought to get a billet as a missionary. And do you mean to keep on livin' like this, all alone?"

"Yes, why not. I'm all right. I'm doin' pretty well, and Brian takes up a lot of my time when business is dull. How do you think he's lookin'?"

A week later pretty, black-browed Tera went away with her sister—still single. As the boats sailed from the white beach Malleson stood in his doorway and waved his hand in farewell.

"She's a pretty little creatur," he said as he watched the boats heeling over to the breeze, "an' as merry as a lark. I wonder if Brian would ha' took to her?"

Sometimes the village children would come near to Brian's sty, and ask Malleson to let them give the creature a young coconut, knowing full well that the pleased trader would reward them individually by a present of a ship biscuit in return. At dusk Malleson, carrying a huge wooden bowl full of tender coconut pulp and milk, would give the pig his last meal for the day, and then stand and lean over the fence and gaze admiringly down, as Brian thrust his round, pink snout into the repast.

Sometimes also, Malleson, although naturally a modest man, could not but feel a proud swell of bosom, when, in the bright moonlight nights, he would look and see perhaps thirty or forty natives from the far end of the island, standing around the pig pen, rifles in hand, discussing the magnificent -proportions and money value of its slumbering tenant.

A year went by, and then one day the *Indiana* sailed into the lagoon. The captain and Denison the supercargo soon came ashore,

and met Malleson standing on the beach.
"How are you, Malleson? Got much for

"How are you, Malleson? Got much for me this trip?"

"About pinety tops of copra Captain

"About ninety tons of copra, Captain Peate. Did you bring me those two bags of maize for the pig?"

"Bless your old pig, man! But of course I've brought it. And I'm going to take you back with me this trip."

"Why?" asked Malleson wonderingly.

"Because I've seen Mrs. Malleson and had a long yarn with her. Here's a letter to you from her. The fact is, Malleson, she's fretting about you, and wants you to come back. She told me it was all her fault, but that if you come back she'll be a different woman, and leave politics and woman suffrage alone."

Malleson opened and read his wife's letter, and then looked with a troubled expression into the captain's face.

"Well," he sighed, "I s'pose I must go. I can't stay away from my lawful wife now she's goin' to turn over a new leaf, and quit jawin' and naggin'. Can you put Brian somewhere below? I wouldn't let him make the voyage on deck. We might get bad weather on the trip—it's just comin' on for the hurricane season now."

The skipper gazed at Malleson in wrathful astonishment.

"Hang your infernal beast of a pig! I'm not going to have the brute aboard my



"Hang your infernal beast of a pig.

ship. I'll buy him from you, if you like, and give him to my Kanaka crew to eat."

Malleson laughed uneasily. "You're fond of your joke, captain. However, we can arrange about him by-and-bye, after the copra is bagged and shipped."

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"'Arrange,' be hanged. D'ye think I'm going to carry a confounded pig as a passenger? Perhaps you'd like to bring him in the cabin? It might be 'arranged,' though," he continued with bitter sarcasm. "Denison and the mate and myself could sleep in the hold—that is, if the pig wouldn't find the cabin too close for him when we lose the south-east trades."

Malleson turned away indignantly. He did not see anything to make fun of in his anxiety for Brian. So he went off, feeling that Peate would relent before the day was out. But his face fell when, later on in the day, Captain Peate told him plainly that he could not possibly take the pig, not even on deck.

"Sell him to the natives," suggested Denison, who was standing near.

Malleson gave an indignant reply. He never used bad language, but it was very evident that he was greatly angered at the captain's refusal to even have a deck house built for the pig's accommodation. However, in the course of the day he had an interview with the local chief; then he went back to Peate.

"I've arranged with the chief about Brian. He's promised me that when I come back next trip I'll find Brian all right, and well cared for."

"When you come back! What in the name of heaven are you coming back to this wretched place for? Your wife won't

hear of it."

"She'll have to hear of it; an' what's more, if she doesn't like to come back with me, she can stay behind. I mean to come back, an' live here. I'm doin' pretty well, an' don't see why I should give up my business to please her. I might have got married native fashion, an' been

more comfortable, but wouldn't do it—it was against my conscience. At the same time, if you'll change your mind, an' will take the pig away with me in the *Indiana*, I might settle down again in New Zealand, an' try pig-farmin'."

"Oh, all right; please yourself," said the skipper shortly. "I'd take the pig, if I could, but I can't. We've none too much room aboard now, and I can't build a deck house for such a hulking beast as your confounded old pig."

Shortly after dawn next morning Malleson was ready. He had spent an hour or so in meditation over the pig pen,

fed Brian for the last time, and taken a tender farewell of him. And, as he now stepped out of his house for the last time, he gave the chief a parting injunction.

"See that he eateth nothing but that which is given him by thine own hand, my friend; and that his bed be made with very little, smooth, pebbles, covered over with much soft, fine grass; a big stone among them doth both hurt and anger him when he lieth down to sleep."

Then as Malleson and the captain

walked down to the beach, the people stood around, and called out in their guttural tongue: Tiak ápo, Timi (Good-bye, Jimmy); and the trader, with a last look towards the pig-sty, stepped into the boat.

Suddenly a hideous sound—a combination of a snort of rage and a squeal of terror—smote upon his ear, and in an instant he had jumped out, and made towards the pig-pen.

Teban, the chief, explained to the agitated Malleson—who was now in the pen, rubbing the pig's cheeks and asking him what was the matter—that the moment Malleson had got into the boat, a rude little boy had thrust a sharpened fish spear into Brian's snout to make Brian squeal.

Teban swore by the shades of his father and two uncles to find the culprit and beat him.

Malleson didn't answer him for awhile. His feelings overpowered him. Presently he got out of the pen and walked down the beach to the boat.

"Come on, man, come on," called the captain impatiently, "we'll never get away at this rate."

"Look here, captain, I've changed my

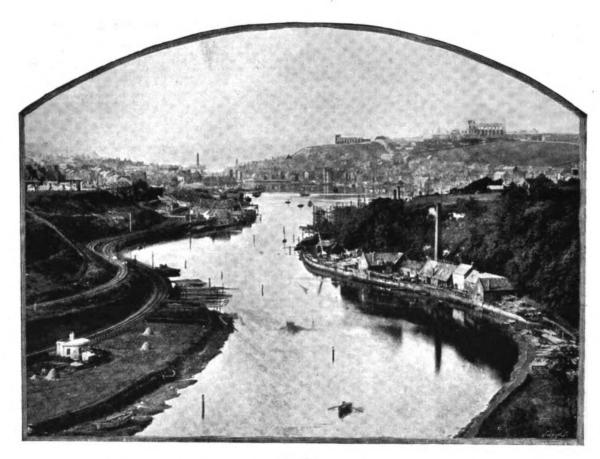


Brian has "took" to Mrs. Malleson.

mind about goin'. Sling my traps out again, will you? You can tell the old woman that I was glad to hear from her, an' if she likes to come down here to me with you next trip, I'll try an' make her comfortable, an' be a good husban' to her. . . . But it's no use, I can see, trusting Brian with these natives. He's trembling now like a asping leaf. Some confounded boy has just been proddin' the poor fellow in the nose out o' pure devilment."

And then shaking hands with the disgusted skipper and Denison, the grief-stricken man hurried back to solace and soothe the angry feelings of his beloved pig.

Malleson is now living in a swell weather-board house at Tarawa, with his lawful wife; and Brian has "took in too Mrs. Malleson.



Whitby.

From a Photo by F. Frith and Co.

# THE WHITBY JET INDUSTRY.

By PHILIP HEMERY.

DEPLORABLE though it seems, the fact nevertheless remains that the cheapness of foreign labour has taken away from Great Britain a large amount of the trade which formerly was hers almost *in toto*, neither has the Whitby Jet industry been allowed exemption from the inroad of the foreigner.

Spain and France are in Whitby's case the culprits. The jet sent out from these countries, though of an inferior quality to the British article, is nevertheless much cheaper, so that manufacturers have had no scruples in getting the foreign stuff and foisting it on an unsuspecting people, as "real Whitby."

Nevertheless, visitors to Whitby will still find the jet greatly *en evidence*, the bulk of it coming from Bilsdale and Staithes.

In the first place it will be necessary for our purpose to discover what jet is! And on this subject experts disagree. It would seem to be a substance which in some way has a strange affinity to coal. Everyone knows that white paraffin for candles, benzoline, magenta and aniline dyes are all products of coal; therefore do many people hold that jet is as well.

Science informs us that jet is a variety of coal: at Whitby you will learn that it was once a gummy, semi-liquid matter, the proof of this being that—just as flies are found in amber—both vegetable and mineral substances have been found imbedded in fragments of jet, while fissures of rock are sometimes filled with "the black diamond," as though it had once upon a time run there in a state of liquefaction.

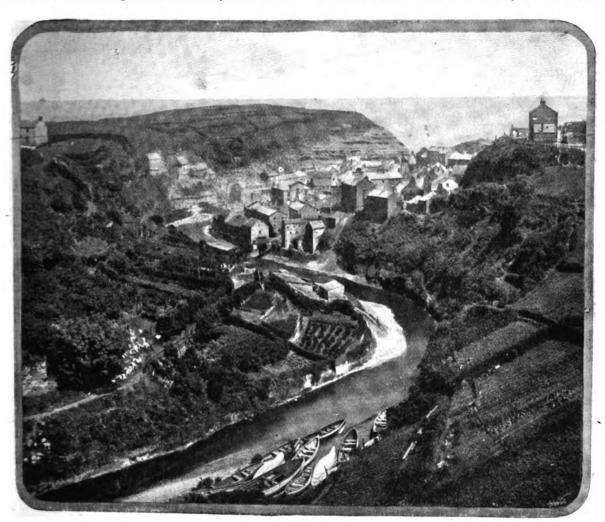
Another peculiarity about Whitby jet lies in the fact that "jet-rock"—the stratum in which the jet is mostly found—is a species of shale, which, when distilled, produces ten gallons of oil for every ton, a fact which goes to prove that there formerly existed some sort of relationship between oil and jet.

There are two kinds of jet, hard and soft, the former variety being the better, and therefore the more expensive.

The largest piece ever found was six feet long and six inches wide, the weight of it being some twelve pounds. The fortunate finder offered it to the British Museum authorities for ten guineas, but they refused it, skeleton of a woman—probably an ancient Briton—was unearthed, and with it were found two jet ear-rings, about two inches long and a quarter of an inch thick, heart shaped, and pierced at the ends as for a ring.

In mediæval times the monks of Yorkshire used rosaries made out of Whitby jet.

But it was not till the beginning of the present century that manufacturers woke up to the fact that there was money to be made



Staithes

From a Photo by F. Frith and Co.

though the thus slighted possessor had, shortly afterwards, the joy of selling the piece to a dealer for fifteen pounds. It was then carved into fine crosses, which met with a ready sale.

That the decorative quality of jet was known to the ancients has been proved beyond a doubt, though we have no record to show when it was first discovered.

Some years ago, in an old tumulus, the

out of the jet by more extensive working, though, when they once started, the superiority of Whitby jet over any other was soon asserted.

At first most primitive implements were used for working the material, knives and files for the most part, and it was not till a great many years had passed away that a certain Matthew Hill invented a lathe, which at once

A Jet Worker.

made the labour easier and the results more satisfactory.

In 1851 there were fifty workshops in full swing, in 1873 there were more than 200, proof that the industry had increased

with amazing rapidity; while, at the death of the Prince Consort the demand for jet for Court

mourning exceeded the supply, and fortunes were made by more than one firm, though since then the trade has never been so brisk.

There are two ways of obtaining jet: one, by hewing down the face of the cliff and picking it from the broken off seams, the other by tunnelling through the hills and laying bare the "jetrock" in the process.

The pieces of jet are then brought into the workshops, and the rough

outer crust is removed by chisels, saws being then used to cut up the "skinned" portion.

From the saw the material goes to the turning lathe, and then to grinding-stones, firstly to be ground down to the required size, and afterwards to be polished.

In this way are beads, necklaces, bracelets, cameos, etc., manufactured. Beads are mostly made from soft jet. A certain amount of waste being inevitable, on account of the pieces of gritty matter occasionally encountered by the grinding-wheel, the inferior quality jet is used for economy's sake.

Another implement used is the cutting mill, a sharp disc of soft metal, some eight inches in diameter, which is set in motion to cut the jet smoothly and easily.

The surfaces of carved ornaments are polished by being held against the edge of a revolving wheel, encased in fine leather, dampened with oil; though in the case of edges, scrolls, and the like, soft list is used instead of the leather.

To make chains the links are turned and carved separately, when some are split, the unsplit ones being inserted, as well as small wires when necessary, the join being closed with a cement made of resin and shellac combined.

In certain cases some of the ornaments are rough cut in Whitby, and then sent on to Birmingham, the many-handed, to be finished.

And, although it has been proved that Whitby and the neighbourhood supplies the finest jet in the world, still, for the reasons given above, the trade is not in such a flourishing condition as might be

expected.

Ebonite, vulcanite, and other artificial preparations are capable of being rendered into fairly good imitation jet, though they never take the polish or retain the toughness possessed by the genuine article. This may be also said about the prepared black

glass and wood powder which is too often sold as jet.

As in other mining operations, boring for jet is in many ways a precarious venture. "Jetrock" runs in streaks, and maybe the luckless prospector will dig and hew for days without coming across a single vein, and then, just when he is about to give up in despair, he may hit upon enough to repay him for his labour.

Neither must the danger of cliff-cutting both to life and limb be overlooked.



A Cliff-tunnel from which Jet is Extracted.



THE military government of India, in connection with which there stands such a vast array of names famous in the history of the world, is one which has always exercised a prodigious amount of labour and diplomacy, and it may therefore be worth while to try and glean some general information about the sons of our Empire in the East, the native troops under British leaders, who are ready to fight for Queen and country.

India is divided into three great presidencies, Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, each with its own array of troops. The history of India, up to the time of its occupation by the British, has, generally speaking, consisted of a series of invasions by successions of fierce Hill tribes, who—as a life of inaction and the heat of the plains made them deteriorate—succumbed in turn to fresh invasions, and became merged in a new wave of conquest.

The British rule prevented the continuation of this state of affairs, and, after a century had rolled away, it became patent that many of the fighting races of yore could furnish fewer recruits than had been the case, or, at any rate, men of an inferior stamp.

Thus was attention turned to the border races, and those beyond the frontier. They were found to include amongst their numbers men of splendid physique and sterling fighting qualities, and it is to these that our thoughts must first be directed.

Those on the western frontier are known as Pathans, those on the north-eastern as Ghoorkas.

The Pathans are a collection of tribes, among them the Afghans, who hold the country beyond the north-west borders, men of grand build, highly-tempered, and, under good leadership, capable of almost anything. Human life they hold as naught, neither is

the turbulence of their spirit restrained save by the authority of men who know full well the fierce spirit that lies in their savage breasts.

The Ghoorkas, however, are, properly speaking, natives of the independent state of Nepal—a state that is under the protection of the Indian Government, which is therefore fully authorised to recruit them. In the opinion of many experts the Ghoorkas form the flower of our native troops.

The Ghoorka is extremely short of stature, thickly built, and of a Chinese cast of countenance, rarely exceeding five feet in height, so that a Ghoorka regiment will always be found to march much slower than any other.

They are famous mountaineers, as surefooted as goats, and therefore exceedingly useful in a campaign where much hill work is required.

Their national weapon is the "kukri," a curved knife of exceptional heaviness, with which they do terrible execution at close quarters, when they will sometimes throw away their rifle and other accourrements, and trust to this terrible weapon.

As will be readily understood, the Indian Government is very partial to Ghoorkas, and so we find numbers of them, not only in the Punjab and in Bengal, but also drafted into the lately raised Burma Battalions of the Madras Army.

We now come to the Sikhs, natives of the Punjab, and of much the same sterling quality as the Ghoorkas. The British troops found this to their cost pin 1849, when they

were successful only after a protracted and terrific struggle, ending with the battle of Chilianwala.

But the Sikhs proved what they could do in the Indian Mutiny, proved it by their splendid determination and loyalty to the British, and since then they have been in great demand both as police in Burma and the Straits Settlements, as well as in the Hong Kong Regiment, to which some of them have been transferred, and even in distant Africa. They are nearly all of them men of fine

physique, soldierlike and steady, and can generally be recognised by the fierce, martial whiskers which adorn their countenance, while certain of them wear round their turbans a large metal quoit, as big as a dinner plate. These they throw, much in the same way as an Australian native will his boomerang, and with marvellous accuracy and precision.

With great wisdom the Indian Government always

makes a point of encouraging the native troops to take pride in the service and in their own especial regiments, an encouragement which is indeed readily responded to.

The cavalry trooper or *sowar* gets about 30 rupees (35s.) a month. On this insignificant sum he feeds and clothes himself, finds food for his horse—which, by the bye, he must also provide for himself in the first instance—and in addition, has under him a man-servant, as grass-cutter, and a pony, which brings in the necessary supply of grass fodder for his own steed.

Nay more, the *sowars* build their own stables, and buy their own saddlery, the only accourrements supplied them by the Government being a carbine and ammunition.

How can such things be? The solution is simple. The *sowar* is generally a very superior sort of being, maybe himself the son of a small landowner, a man who must have a certain standing of his own, as well as a certain amount of capital on which to start as a trooper.

Thus it can readily be understood that a

sowar is a person of distinction among his fellow-countrymen. He is a soldier whose pride is in his profession, who realises the fact, and who is looked up to accordingly by those outside his own calling.

In both branches, infantry and cavalry alike, there are augmentations of pay to noncommissioned officers, and the pay of the native officers in charge of the cavalry troops or infantry companies, who correspond to



44th Ghoorkas, Review Order.

the captains and lieutenants of British regiments, is in no way to be despised.

These native officers are chosen with extreme care, according to the length of time they have served, or in proportion to their good birth, breeding and exemplary conduct.

Hence the *esprit de corps* in a native regiment is as great as in any British one, and the competition is very keen in them for the berths that may become vacant.

Neither are the native princes of India behindhand in providing troops for the



4th Madras Light Cavalry. Review Order.

maintenance of the Empire. The Nizam of Hyderabad, in addition to keeping up his own army, pays out of his own pocket for that fine force known as the Hyderabad contingent, officered by members of the Indian Staff Corps, and organised according to the best British models.

Other rulers have raised, as well, transport corps, the value of which can scarcely be overrated, as in war time transport animals go up to ruinous prices, and even then can only be procured with extreme difficulty.

At present the men are armed with Martini-Henry rifles and triangular bayonets of an old pattern. But steps are about to be taken to substitute for these weapons Lee-Metford magazine rifles, or at any rate to fit Metford barrels to the present arms, as it is a well recognised maxim of war that only one kind of ammunition can be used in a force. For a firing line, hotly engaged, might be carefully supplied with wrong ammunition, and then find, when too late, the terrible error that had been committed.

Such, indeed, was the case in the recent Manipur campaign, where the Ghoorka escort found themselves with Snider rifles and Martini-Henry ammunition. Ammunition they had in plenty, but they might just as well have been supplied with sawdust!

The infantry man (Sipahi) costs the Government 9 rupees (10s.6d.) a month, his arms and ammunition; otherwise his cost is nothing, as he feeds and clothes himself like the sowar, in addition to building his own barracks.

And the Indian Government is wise in its generation. Every trait of the native is taken into careful consideration.

For instance, the Indian has one end in view, and that is to be able to spend the last years of his life in comfort and in ease, and, trading on this knowledge, the Government gives pensions to those who become too old to work, and who have proved themselves worthy servants of the mighty Empress Queen.

Never was the Indian Empire more assuredly a mighty factor in the whole British Empire than it is to-day; nor, happily, is the organisation, which had its foundation stone laid by the genius of Clive, and which has been made strong by the master minds of such men as Warren Hastings, Sir Thomas Munro, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Roberts, likely to fall away or become disintegrated, as croakers predict.



1st Bombay Lancers Sowar (Trooper). Field Service Kit.



By V. L. WHITCHURCH.

Although twelve years have now elapsed since the mysterious escape of the celebrated Fenian, Donald Penstone, possibly somewhat of the immense interest that was excited in his case may be re-awakened when, for the first time, the details of that escape become known to the public.

It will be remembered that several arrests were made at the time of which I am writing in connection with some notorious Fenian

outrages. The police, however, had ascertained that Donald Penstone was the leader chiefly concerned, and were only waiting for a warrant to be issued for his arrest.

This warrant was delayed until full proofs of his guilt were traced, and as Penstone had so artfully concealed his intrigues and connections with his subordinates in crime, some little time elapsed.

During this period he was "shadowed" closely, and his every movement was noted. And yet, on the very eve of the intended arrest, Penstone managed to escape—not only to elude the vigilance of the detectives, but to get away from the country altogether, for it was subsequently discovered that he was seen in America within ten days.

Briefly, the only facts hitherto known are these: Penstone, a few days previously, had taken rooms at Fenhurst, a village about forty miles from London, and the detectives who watched him there received notice that the warrant for his arrest would arrive the following morning.

They saw him enter the house where he lodged about half-past eleven at night after a short stroll, and kept careful watch till morning. Then, when they went to arrest him, the bird had flown. His landlady had heard him come in and his bed had been slept in, so it was conjectured that he must have escaped that morning from

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The country was scoured for miles around; the nearest railway station was four miles off, and it was easily proved he had not been there, in fact the first train stopping there since 6.38 the previous evening was the one by which the officer bearing the warrant had arrived; the seaports were watched, but all to no purpose.

A man who was lodging in the same house was arrested on suspicion, but it was proved that he had been in his room since ten o'clock the preceding night, and was one of the many artists who go down to Fenhurst to sketch in the neighbourhood. Since then Penstone's escape has been completely shrouded in mystery, and it now remains for me to lift the curtain.

\* \* \* \*

About two years ago I was able to be of some slight service to a man who must be nameless, although he is no more. He gave me the story of his life, and a very eventful life it had been, but the most remarkable chapter in it was the part he took in the escape of Penstone the Fenian. We had been chatting anent railway matters, and after a pause he exclaimed:

"You are interested in railway adventures, I see. If you will give me your word not to reveal during my life what I am about to tell you, you shall hear one of the most remarkable railway experiences imaginable—nothing less than the details of the escape of the Fenian leader, Penstone."

I gave the required promise. Some weeks ago I heard of the death of this man, and there is no reason now why I should not tell his story, which I will do in, as nearly as I remember them, his own words.

"I belonged to the secret society of which Penstone was the head. I have left it for many years now, and have always been thankful that the only prominent part I ever played in it was the assisting at his escape. Penstone knew very well that he was being 'shadowed,' and he also knew that, sooner or later, the warrant for his arrest would be issued. He made one or two attempts to get out of the country, but, seeing that he was so closely watched, and being short of means, he returned to London in despair. It was then that the clever plot was formed for his escape.

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"There was a man among us named Ringard—at least that is what I shall call him—one of the most marvellous fellows tor inventing and carrying through a plot that I have ever met. This Ringard was in communication with Penstone at the time, and one day he called upon me in company with another 'brother,' whom we will call Marsh, a man of about the same build as Penstone. There was a look of singular triumph on Ringard's face as, after a few moments, he exclaimed:

"'Look here, I've formed a plan by which we three will try and get Penstone over the water. I've been working at it for some days now, and though there's a certain amount of risk in it, it's his last chance, and I want you to help me. The warrant for him will be out soon—it's only a question of a few days now, I find—and we must get him clear.'

"' Well, let's have your plan,' I said.

"'In the first place,' he replied, 'we must carefully consider the facts of the case. If he travels he'll be watched. If he even escapes observation for an hour or two they'll set the telegraph going all over the country and nab him through some ticket-collector or station-detective. We may be sure they'll use all the orthodox means. Then how are we to defeat them? There's only one answer, as far as I can see, to this question, and that is, by using unorthodox means!

"'And those are?'

"'First, the getting him away by a method that has never before been attempted; and secondly, the making the police believe he is still in the country after his escape; and, most of all, the giving him nine or ten hours' start before the escape is discovered.'

"'And how can we do this?'

"'In reply to that question let me ask you both if you are ready to help me and to trust me implicitly?'

"'Certainly,' we replied, 'we'll do all we can.'

"'Good. Do you know a village named Fenhurst?'

"'No.'

"'Well, let me describe it. It's about forty miles from town, and the main line from London to Silkminster passes within a mile of it—only there is no station, the nearest one being at least four miles distant. But just where the railway is closest to Fenhurst there branches off from the main line the line to Binston, and, of course, a signal box controls the junction.

"'At Fenhurst there is a good-sized house, where rooms are let in the summer to artists, for it is a great sketching neighbourhood, and Mrs. Shale, the landlady, is well known to members of the brush and palette. I have seen Penstone this morning, and he has gone down to Fenhurst to-day, with the detectives close at his heels. Oh, they think themselves mighty smart, no doubt, but this is a part of the plan. He will take rooms at Mrs. Shale's. Now you, Marsh, can draw and paint a bit, can't you?'

"'Yes, just a little.'

"'Very well. On Friday, the day on which we will work our scheme, you must go down to Fenhurst with some artist's materials, and take rooms in the same house as Penstone, being very careful not to speak to him or to take the slightest notice of him. You will hire a sitting-room and bedroom combined, situated on the ground floor, and looking out on the garden at the back. Penstone will be sleeping in the bedroom, the door of which is exactly opposite the stairs, on the first floor. You see just at this time of the year, being late autumn, there won't be anyone staying there, so we shall have choice of rooms, and, as I know the house, I'm certain of their positions.

"'Now attend carefully. You will go into your room in the evening about ten o'clock, taking care to let Mrs. Shale know you have done so. Lock your door, open your window softly, get out into the garden, at the bottom of which you will find a gate leading out into a lane—here's a rough map to guide you; then take the turning to the right till you come to this road, in which are a lot of trees.

"'Place yourself behind the fifth tree from this end. As soon as you hear the church clock strike eleven, be on your guard. Penstone will come by walking slowly and heavily and smoking a cigar. You will quickly take the cigar from his hand and pass on smoking it, while he will slip into your place behind the tree.

"'Of course a 'tec' will be following.

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Imitate Penstone's walk, and this, with the scent of the cigar, ought to throw him off the scent. Stroll round this way to your lodgings, go in by the front door, mount the stairs rather noisily, enter Penstone's room, and go to bed there for an hour or so. Then get up quietly and go down to your own room. There, that's your part; do you understand?'

"" Perfectly."

"'Good. Then we'd better not be seen together any more.'

"So Marsh went off, and then Ringard said to me:

"'Let us stroll down to the terminus of the Silkminster line. I want to show you something.'

"In a short time we stood on the departure platform of the station. There was a train just about to start, and Ringard walked me up to the rear of it, and then said:

"'You know what "tail-lights" are, don't you?'

"'Yes. The lights on the rear of the last carriage of a train running at night. They're to prevent anything behind from running into the train if there's a stoppage, or something of the sort, aren't they?'

"'Ah, not only that, but they act as signals and tell the destination of the train to the men on duty in the signal cabins, so that they may be sure the right train has passed them. For instance, do you see in this case that there is a red light in the centre of the carriage and a green light on each side?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, that means the train is going to Binston, branching off the main line near Fenhurst. And remember this: every signalman on night duty must see, as the train passes him, that these tail-lights are correct according to the description of the train signalled from the box before.'

"'I see—well, but what would he do if they were not correct?'

"'That's just the important point. He'd signal on at once to the next box " Stop and examine train," and the signalman there would bring the train to a halt and see what was wrong. Now come and have some supper, and we'll come back here again presently, for there's something else I want to explain to you.'

"When we came back there was another train on the starting platform. We walked to the rear of this.

"'A single red light in the centre,' I observed.

"'Yes. This is the 10.45 p.m. express to

Silkminster — only stops at Welford, about eighty miles down. But now I want to ask you if you notice anything peculiar about this carriage — the last one?'

"'No, nothing particular. Except this is an ordinary carriage, and one generally sees a guard's van at the end?'

"'Exactly. So one does as a rule. But I've found out that every Tuesday and Friday this extra coach is run on account of a slight increase of traffic on those nights, and it is invariably put on to the train behind the brake van.'

"'And what of that?'

"'Wait till Friday and you'll see. Meet me here at the booking-office that night not later than ten. Till then we had better not see anything of one another.'

"I met Ringard at the appointed time. He was carrying a bag, and with him was another man with a large beard and whiskers. We took three tickets to Silkminster and strolled on the platform. We made for the end carriage and entered the very last compartment. Then Ringard called the guard and tipped him, saying:

"'Keep us this compartment and wake us up at Silkminster, will you?'

"'Certainly, sir,' said the guard, whom Ringard took particular care should see all of us.

"At 10.45 the whistle sounded and the train

began to move. Just at this moment our companion opened the door on the side furthest from the platform and slipped out. He left something behind, however, in the shape of his false beard and whiskers, and his ticket. So there were only two of us left, but



with *three* tickets between us. Presently Ringard opened his bag and produced the contents. They were *two railway lanterns* of the ordinary pattern, with red and green glasses inside, which could be turned on at will.

"'Now you'll see in a minute why I couldn't work this by myself,' said he, carefully trimming and lighting the lanterns. Then he turned the *green shades* over each of them and exclaimed:

"'Just over three miles before we get to the Binston junction signal-box there is another cabin. You take the right-hand window; I'll take the left. Directly I give the signal, put the lamp out of the window, taking care that it doesn't show up the train towards the engine, and hold it as far back as possible, pointing to the rear inversely."

"'Ah, I see,' said I, 'the signalman

"' See the Binston lights on a Silkminster train and send on the signal 'STOP AND EXAMINE TRAIN.' But look out—ready! Now !'

"We both held out the green lights, reaching them to the very back of the train, and in a moment we dashed by the signal box. Then, as we rounded a curve, we saw its lights vanish.

"'Quick, in with it!' shouted my companion. Then he extinguished both lamps.

this is it-in they go!' and he pitched the lamps, one after the other, over the bridge parapet into the river beneath us. 'The signal box is on the left, so when we're pulled up everyone will be looking out on that side. Get ready to open the other door, Penstone will be waiting. Hooray! The brakes are

going on. Yes, he added, put-

ting his head

out of the window, 'a red light! The signal's against We've done it!'

"The train pulled up as the engine reached the signal box, and as it did so I saw the figure of a man crouching in the six-foot way on the right hand side. In five seconds he was in our carriage and seated in the corner with the false beard over his face. Our train began to move on slowly according to the directions of the signalman, who was leaning out of the window of his box, lantern in hand.

"'What's up?' shouted the guard.

"'Got message to stop you. Something's wrong with the tail lights.'

"The guard jumped down and ran behind. "'They must have been dreaming. It's all right.'

"'So it is,' said the signalman, as the last carriage passed before his box. 'I can't see nothing wrong.'

"'Right away!' yelled the guard to the driver, and on we went to Silkminster, where the guard saw us all three out of the train, as he came to our carriage to tell us our destination was reached.

"'Pleasant journey, gentlemen?'

"'Very. What did you pull up for?'

"'Oh, some fool of a signalman thought our tail-lights were wrong. that's all.'

> "'Tail-lights. What are they?' asked Ringard innocently.

"'Lights at the back of the train,' laughed the guard.

" And were they wrong?'

"'Why no, sir. I've never had that happen. I always see to them myself before starting.'

" 'But not always after,' whispered Ringard to me

as the three of us turned leisurely out of the

"Little remains to be told. Penstone took a very early morning train to Liverpool and got off at once to Ireland, where he quickly made his way to Queenstown and boarded the first steamer out. Ringard had calculated exactly. The police who went to arrest Penstone the very next morning thought he could only have made his escape by an hour or two, and never dreamed he was so far away-in fact, what followed as far as they were concerned has long been known to the public.

'We cross a river close here—ah,

Ringard opened his bag.

For "THE EDITORIAL MIND" see overleaf, p. 120a.



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# Adventures of Captain Kettle

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

No. I.—THE GUNS FOR CUBA.

"The shore part must lie entirely with you, sir," said Captain Kettle. "It's mixed up with the Foreign Enlistment Act, and the Alabama case, and a dozen other things which may mean anything between gaol and confiscation, and my head isn't big enough to hold it. If you'll be advised by me, sir, you'll see a real first-class solicitor, and stand him a drink, and pay him down what he asks right there on the bar counter, and get to know exactly how the law of this business stands before you stir foot in it.

"The law here in England," said the little man with a reminiscent sigh, "is a beastly thing to fall foul of: it's just wickedly officious and interfering; it's never done kicking you, once it's got a fair start; and you never know where it will shove out its ugly hoof

from next. No, Mr. Gedge, give me the States for nice comfortable law, where a man can buy it by the yard for paper money down, and straight pistol shooting is always remembered in his favour."

The young man who owned the SS. Sultan of Borneo tapped his blotting paper impatiently. "Stick to the point, Kettle. We're in England now, and have nothing whatever to do with legal matters in America. As for your advice, I am not a fool: you can lay your ticket on it I know to an inch how I stand. And I may tell you this: the shipment is arranged for."

- "I'd like to see us cleared," said Captain Kettle doubtfully.
- "No one will interfere with the clearance. The Sultan of Borneo will leave here in coal, consigned to the Havana. A private yacht will meet her at sea, and tranship the arms out of sight of land."
- "Tyne coal for Cuba? They'd get their coal there from Norfolk, Virginia, or else Welsh steam coal from Cardiff or Newport."
- "It seems not. This contract was placed long before a ship was asked for to smuggle out the arms."
  - "Well it looks fishy, anyway."
- "I can't help that;" said Gedge irritably. "I'm telling you the naked truth, and if truth as usual looks unlikely, it's not my fault. Now have you got any more objections to make?"
  - "No, sir," said Captain Kettle, "none that I can see at present."
- "Very well, then," said Gedge. "Do you care to sign on as master for this cruise, or are you going to cry off?"
  - "They'll hang me if I'm caught," said Kettle.
- "Not they. They'll only talk big, and the British Consul will get you clear. You bet they daren't hang an Englishman for mere smuggling in Guba. And besides, aren't I

offering to raise your screw from twelve pound a month to fourteen so as to cover the risk? However, you won't get caught. You'll find everything ready for you; you'll slip the rifles ashore; and then you'll steam on to Havana and discharge your coal in the ordinary hum-drum way of business. And there's a ten pound bonus if you pull the thing off successfully. Now then, captain, quick: you go or you don't?"

"I go," said Kettle gloomily. "I'm a

poor man with a wife and family, Mr. Gedge, and I can't afford to lose a berth. But it's that coal I can't swallow. I quite believe what you say about the contract; only it doesn't look natural. And it's my belief the coal will trip us up so mewhere before we've done, and bring about trouble."

"Which of course you are quite a stranger to?" said Gedge slily.

"Don't taunt me with it, sir," said Captain Kettle. "I quite well know the kind of brute I am; trouble with a crew or any other set of living men at sea is just meat and drink to me, and I'm bitterly ashamed of the taste. Every time I sit underneath our minis-

ter in the chapel here in South Shields I grow more ashamed. And if you heard the beautiful poetical way that man talks of peace and green fields, and golden harps, you'd understand."

"Yes, yes," said Gedge; "but I don't want any of your excellent minister's sermons at second hand just now, Captain, or any of your own poetry, thanks. I'm very busy. Good morning. Help yourself to a cigar. You haul alongside the coal shoots to get your cargo at two o'clock, and I'll be on board to see you at six. Good morning." And Mr. Gedge rang for the clerk, and was

busily dictating letters before Kettle was clear of the office.

The little sailor went down the grimy stairs and into the street, and made towards the smelling Tyne. The black cigar rested unlit in an angle of his mouth, and he gnawed savagely at the butt with his eye-teeth. He cursed the Fates as he walked. Why did they use him so evilly that he was forced into berths like these? As a bachelor, he told himself with a sneer, he would have jumped

at the excitement of it. As the partner of Mrs. Kettle, and the father of her children, he could have shuddered when he threw his eye over the future.

For a week or so she could draw his half-pay and live sumptuously at the rate of seven pounds a month. But afterwards, if he got caught by some angry Spanish warsteamer with the smuggled rifles under his hatches, and shot, or hanged, or imprisoned, or otherwise debarred from earning income at his craft, where would Mrs. Kettle be then? Would Gedge do anything for her? He drew the cigar from his lips, and spat contemptuously at the bare idea.



He cursed the Fates as he walked.

With the morality of the affair he troubled not one jot. The Spanish Government and the Cuban rebels were two rival firms who offered different rates of freight according to the risk, and he was employed as carrier by those who paid the higher price. If there was any right or wrong about the question, it was a purely private matter between Mr. Gedge and his God. He, Owen Kettle, was as impersonal in the business as the ancient Sultan of Borneo herself; he was a mere cog in some complex machinery; and if he was earning heaven, it was by piety inside the chapel ashore, and not by professional

exertions (in the interests of an earthly employer) elsewhere.

He took ferry across the filthy Tyne, and walked down alleys and squalid streets where coal dust formed the mud, and the air was sour with foreign vapours. And as he walked he champed still at the unlit cigar, and brooded over the angularity of his fate. But when he passed between the gates of the dock company's premises, and exchanged words with the policeman on guard, a change came over him. He threw away the cigar stump, tightened his lips, and left all thoughts of personal matters outside the door-sill. He was Mr. Gedge's hired servant; his brain was devoted to furthering Gedge's interests; and all the acid of his tongue was ready to spur on those who did the manual work on Gedge's ship.

Within a minute of his arrival on her deck, the Sultan of Borneo was being unmoored from the bollards on the quay; within ten, her winches were clattering and bucking as they warped her across to the black, straddling coal-shoots at the other side of the dock; and within half an hour the cargo was roaring down her hatches as fast as the railway waggons on the grimy trestle overhead could disgorge.

The halo of coal dust made day into dusk; the grit of it filled every cranny, and settled as an amorphous scum on the water of the dock; and labourers hired by the hour, toiled at piece-work pace through sheer terror at their employer.

If his other failings could have been eliminated, the little skipper, with the red-peaked beard, would certainly have been, from an owner's point of view, the best commander sailing out of any English port. No man ever wrenched such a magnificent amount of work from his hands. But it was those other failings which kept him what he was, the pitiful knockabout ship-master, living from hand to mouth, never certain of his berth from one month's end to another.

That afternoon Captain Kettle signed on his crew, got them on board, and with the help of his two mates kicked the majority of them into sobriety; he received a visit and final instructions from Mr. Gedge at six o'clock; and by night-fall he had filled in his papers,

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warped out of dock, and stood anxiously on the bridge watching the pilot as he took the steamboat down through the crowded shipping of the river. His wife stood under the glow of an arc lamp on the dock head and waved him good-bye through the gloom.

Captain Kettle received his first fright as he dropped his pilot just outside the Tyne pier heads. A man of war's launch steamed up out of the night, and the boarding officer examined his papers and asked questions. The little captain, conscious of having no contraband of war on board just then, was brutally rude; but the naval officer remained stolid, and refused to see the insults which were pitched at him. He had an unpalatable duty to perform; he quite sympathised with Kettle's feelings over the matter; and he got back to his launch thanking many stars that the affair had ended so easily.

But Kettle rang on his engines again with very unpleasant feelings. It was clear to him that the secret was oozing out somewhere; that the Sultan of Borneo was suspected; that his course to Cuba would be beset with many well-armed obstacles; and he forthwith made his first ruse out of the long succession which were to follow.

He had been instructed by Gedge to steam off straight from the Tyne to a point deep in the North Sea, where a yacht would meet him to hand over the consignment of smuggled arms. But he felt the night to be full of eyes, and for a Havanabound ship to leave the usual steam-lane which leads to the English Channel, was equivalent to a confession of her purpose from the outset. So he took the parallel rulers and pencilled off on his chart the stereotyped course, which just clears Whitby and Flamboro' Head; and the Sultan of Borneo was held steadily along this, steaming at her normal nine knots; and it was not till she was out of sight of land off Humber mouth, and the sea chanced to be desolate, that he starboarded his helm and stood off for the ocean rendezvous.

A hand on the foretopsail yard picked up the yacht out of the grey mists of dawn, and by eight bells they were lying hove-to in the trough, with a hundred yards of cold grey water tumbling between them. The tran-

shipment was made in two lifeboats, and Kettle went across and enjoyed an extravagant breakfast in the yacht's cabin. The talk was all upon the Cuban revolution. Carnforth, the yacht's owner, brimmed with it.

"If you can run the blockade, Captain," said he, "and land these rifles, and the Maxims, and the cartridges, they'll be grateful enough to put up a statue to you. The revolution will end in a snap. The Spanish troops are half of them fever-ridden, and all of them discouraged. With these guns you are carrying, the patriots can shoot their enemies over the edges of the island into the Caribbean Sea. And there is no reason why you should get stopped. There are filibustering expeditions fitted out every week from Key West, and Tampa, and the other Florida ports, and one or two have even started from New York itself."

"But they haven't got through?" suggested Captain Kettle.

"Not all of them," Mr. Carnforth admitted. "But then you see they sailed in schooners, and you have got steam. Besides, they started from the States, where the newspapers knew all about them, and so their arrival was cabled on to Cuba ahead; and you have the advantage of sailing from an English port."

"I don't see where the pull comes in," said Kettle gloomily. "There isn't a blessed country on the face of the globe more interfering with her own people than England. A Yankee can do as he darn well pleases in the filibustering line; but if a Britisher makes a move that way, the blessed law here stretches out twenty hands and plucks him back by the tail before he's half started. No, Mr. Carnforth, I'm not sweet on the chances. I'm a poor man, and this means a lot to me; that's why I'm anxious. You're rich; you only stand to lose the cost of the consignment; and if that gets confiscated it won't mean much to you."

Carnforth grinned. "You pay my business qualities a poor compliment, Captain. You can bet your life I had money down in hard cash before I stirred foot in the matter. The weapons and the ammunition were paid for at fifty per cent. above list prices, so as to cover the trouble of secrecy, and I got a

charter for the yacht to bring the stuff out here which would astonish you if you saw the figures. No, I'm clear on the matter from this moment, Captain, but I'll not deny that I shall take an interest in your future adventures with the cargo. Help yourself to a cigarette "

"Then it seems to me," said Kettle acidly, "that you'll look at me just as a hare set on to run for your amusement?"

The yacht-owner laughed. "You put it brutally," he said, "but that's about the size of it. And if you want further truths, here's one: I shouldn't particularly mind if you were caught."

" How's that?"

"Because, my dear skipper, if the Spanish captured this consignment, the patriots would want another, and I should get the order. Whereas, if you land the stuff safely, it will see them through to the end of the war, and my chance of making further profit will be at an end."

"You have a very clear way of putting it," said Captain Kettle.

"Haven't I? Which will you take, green chartreuse or yellow?"

"And Mr. Gedge? Can you tell me, sir, how he stands over this business?"

"Oh, you bet, Gedge knows when to come in out of the wet. He's got the old Sultan underwritten by the insurance and by the Cuban agents up to double her value, and nothing would suit his books better than for a Spanish cruiser to drop upon you."

Captain Kettle got up, reached for his cap, and swung it aggressively on to one side of his head.

"Very well," he said, "that's your side of the question. Now hear mine. That cargo's going through, and those rebels or patriots, or whatever they are, shall have their guns if half the Spanish navy was there to try and stop me. You and Mr. Gedge have started about this business the wrong way. Treat me on the square and I'm a man a child might handle; but I'd not be driven by the Queen of England, no, not with the Emperor of Germany to help her."

"Oh, look here, Captain," said Carnforth, "don't get your back up."

"I'll not trade with you," replied Kettle.

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"You're a fool to your own interests."

"I know it," said the sailor grimly. "I've known it all my life. If I'd not been that, I'd not have found myself in such shady company as there is here now."

"Look here, you ruffian, if you insult me I'll kick you out of this cabin, and over the side into your own boat."

"All right," said Kettle; "start in."

Carnforth half rose from his seat and measured Captain Kettle with his eye. Apparently the scrutiny impressed him, for he sank back to his seat again with an embarrassed laugh. "You're an ugly little fiend," he said.

"I'm all that," said Kettle.

"And I'm not going to play at rough and tumble with you here. We've neither of us anything to gain by it, and I've a lot to lose. I believe you'll run that cargo through now that you're put on your mettle, but I guess there'll be trouble for somebody before it's dealt out to the patriot troops. Gad, I'd like to be somewhere on hand to watch you do it."

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"I don't object to an audience," said Kettle.

"By Jove, I've half a mind to come with you."

"You'd better not," said the little sailor with glib contempt. "You're not the sort that cares to risk his skin, and I can't be bothered with dead-head passengers."

"That settles it," said Carnforth. "I'm coming with you to run that blockade; and if the chance comes, my cantankerous friend, I'll show you I can be useful. Always supposing, that is, we don't murder one another before we get there."

A white mist shut the Channel sea into a ring, and the air was noisy with the grunts and screams of steamers' syrens. Captain Kettle was standing on the Sulian of Borneo's upper bridge, with his hand on the engineroom telegraph, which was pointed at "Full speed astern"; Carnforth and the old second mate stood with their chins over the top of the starboard dodger; and all three of

them peered into the opalescent banks of the fog.

They had reason for their anxiety. Not five minutes before, a long lean torpedocatcher had raced up out of the thickness,

Franky Wood He prefaced his remarks by a slight exhibition of marksmanship.

and slowed down alongside with the Channel spindrift blowing over her low super-structure in white hail storms. An officer on the upper bridge in glistening oilskins had sent across a sharp authoritative hail, and had been answered: "Sultan of Borneo; Kettle, master; from South Shields to the Havana."

- "What cargo?" came the next question.
- " Coal."
- "What?"
- "Coal."
- "Then Mr. Tyne Coal for the Havana,

just heave to whilst I send away a boat to look at you. I fancy you will be the steamboat I'm sent to find and fetch back."

The decks of the uncomfortable warship had hummed with men, a pair of boat davits had swung outboard, and the boat had been armed and manned with naval noise and quickness. But just then a billow of the fog had driven down upon them, blanket-like in

its thickness, which closed all human vision beyond the range of a dozen yards, and Captain Kettle jumped like a

terrier on his opportunity. He sent his steamer hard astern with a slightly ported helm, and whilst the torpedo catcher's boat was searching for him towards the French shore, and sending vain hails into the white banks of the mist, he was circling slowly and silently round towards the English coast.

So long as the mist held, the Sultan of Borneo was as hard to find as a needle in a cargo of hay. Did the air clear for so much as a single instant, she would be noticed and stand self-confessed by her attempt to escape; and as a result, the suspense was vivid enough to make Carnforth feel physical nausea. He had not reckoned on this complication. He was quite prepared to risk capture in Cuban waters, where the glamour of distance and the dazzle of helping insurrectionists would cast a glow of romance over whatever occurred. But to be caught in the English Channel as a vulgar smuggler for

the sake of commercial profit, and to be haled back for hard labour in an English gaol, was a different matter. He was a member of Parliament, and he understood the details in all their niceties.

But Captain Kettle took the situation differently. The sight of the torpedo-catcher stiffened all the doubt and limpness out of his composition; his eye brightened and his lips grew stiff; the scheming to escape acted on him like a tonic; and when an hour later the Sultan of Borneo was steaming

merrily down Channel at top speed through the same impenetrable fog, the little skipper whistled dance music on the upper bridge, and caught the notion for a most pleasing sonnet. That evening the crew came aft in a state of mild mutiny, and Kettle attended to their needs with gusto.

He prefaced his remarks by a slight exhibition of marksmanship. He cut away the vane which showed dimly on the fore-topmast truck with a single bullet, and then, after dexterously reloading his revolver, lounged over the white rail of the upper bridge with the weapon in his hand.

He told the malcontents he was glad of the opportunity to give them his views on matters generally. He informed them genially that for their personal wishes he cared not one decimal of a jot. He stated plainly that he had got them on board, and intended by their help to carry out his owner's instructions whether they hated them or not. And finally he gave them his candid assurance that if any cur amongst them presumed to disobey the least of his orders, he would shoot that man neatly through the head without further preamble.

This elegant harangue did not go home to all hands at once, because being a British ship, the Sultan of Borneo's crew naturally spoke in five different languages, and few of them had even a working knowledge of English. But the look of Kettle's savage little face as he talked, and the red torpedo beard which wagged beneath it, conveyed to them the tone of his speech, and for the time they did not require a more accurate translation. They had come off big with the intention of forcing him (if necessary with violence) to run the steamer there and then into an English port; they went forward again like a pack of sheep, merely because one man had let them hear the virulence of his bark, and had shown them with what accuracy he could bite if necessary. "And that's the beauty of a mongrel crew," said Kettle complacently. "If they'd been English, I'd have had to shoot at least two of the beasts to keep my end up like that."

"You're a marvel," Carnforth admitted.
"I'm a bit of a speaker myself, but I never

heard a man with a gift of tongue like you have got."

"I'm poisonous when I spread myself," said Kettle.

"I wish I was clear of you," said Carnforth, with an awkward laugh. "Whatever possessed me to leave the yacht and come on this cruise I can't think."

"Some people never do know when they're well off," said Kettle. "Well, sir, you're in for it now, and you may see things which will be of service to you afterwards. You ought to make your mark in Parliament if you do get back from this trip. You'll have something to talk about that men will like to listen to, instead of merely chattering wind, which is what most of them are put to, so far as I can see from the papers. And now, sir, here's the steward come to tell us tea's ready. You go below and tuck in. I'll take mine on the bridge here. It won't do for me to turn my back yet awhile, or else those beasts forrard will jump on us from behind and murder the whole lot whilst we aren't looking."

The voyage from that time onwards was for Captain Kettle a period of constant watchfulness. It would not be true to say that he never took off his clothes or never slept; but whether he was in pyjamas in the chart-house, or whether he was sitting on an up-turned ginger-beer case under the shelter of one of the upper bridge canvas dodgers, with his tired eyes shut and the red peaked beard upon his chest, it was always the same, he was ever ready instantly to spring upon the alert.

One dark night an iron belaying-pin flew out of the blackness of the forecastle and whizzed within an inch of his sleeping head; but he roused so quickly that he was able to shoot the thrower through the shoulder before he could dive back again through the forecastle door. And another time when a powdering gale had kept him on the bridge for forty-eight consecutive hours, and a deputation of the deck hands raided him in the chart-house on the supposition that exhaustion would have laid him out in a dead sleep, he woke before their fingers touched him, broke the jaw of one with a camp-stool, and so maltreated the others with the same

weapon, that they were glad enough to run away even with the exasperating knowledge that they left their taskmaster undamaged behind them.

So, although this all-nation crew of the Sultan of Borneo dreaded the Spaniards much, they feared Captain Kettle far more, and by the time the steamer had closed up with the island of Cuba, they had concluded to follow out their skipper's orders, as being the least of the two evils which lay before them.

Carnforth's way of looking at the matter was peculiar. He had all a healthy man's appetite for adventure, and all a prosperous man's distaste for being wrecked. He had taken a strong personal liking for the truculent little skipper, and, other things being equal, would have cheerfully helped him; but on the other hand, he could not avoid seeing that it was to his own interests that the crew should get their way, and keep the steamer out of dangerous waters. And so, when finally he decided to stand by non-interferent, he prided himself a good deal on his forbearance, and said so to Kettle in as many words.

That worthy mariner quite agreed with him. "It's the very best thing you could do, sir," he answered. "It would have annoyed me terribly to have had to shoot you out of mischief's way, because you've been kind enough to say you like my poetry, and because I've come to see, sir, you're a gentleman."

They came to this arrangement on the morning of the

day they opened out the secluded bay in the southern Cuban shore where the contraband of war was to be run. Kettle calculated his whereabouts with niceness, and, after the midday observation, lay the steamer to for a couple of hours, and himself supervised his engineers whilst they gave a good overhaul to the machinery. Then he gave her steam again, and made his landfall four hours after the sunset.

They saw the coast first as a black line running across the dim grey of the night.

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It rose as they neared it, and showed a crest fringed with trees, and a foot steeped in white mist, from out of which came the faint bellow of surf. Captain Kettle, after a cast or two, picked up his marks and steamed in con-



fidently, with his side-lights dowsed, and three red lanterns in a triangle at his foremast head. He was feeling pleasantly surprised with the easiness of it all.

But when the steamer had got well into the bight of the bay, and all the glasses on the bridge were peering at the shore in search of answering lights, a blaze of radiance suddenly flickered on to her from astern, and was as suddenly eclipsed, leaving them for a moment blinded by its dazzle. It was a long truncheon of light which sprouted from a

glowing centre away between the heads of the bay, and they watched it sweep past them over the surface of the water, and then sweep back again. Finally, after a little more dalliance, it settled on the steamer and lit her, and the ring of water on which she swam, like a ship in a lantern picture.

Carnforth swore aloud, and Captain Kettle lit a fresh cigar. Those of the mongrel crew who were on the deck went below to pack their bags.

"Well, sir," said Kettle cheerfully, "here we are. That's a Spanish gunboat with search light, all complete"—he screwed up his eyes and gazed astern meditatively—"She's got the heels of us too; by about five knots I should say. Just look at the flames coming out of her funnels. Aren't they just giving her ginger down in the stoke hold? Shooting will begin directly, and the other blackguards ashore have apparently forgotten all about us. There isn't a light anywhere."

"What are you going to do?" asked Carnforth.

"Follow out Mr. Gedge's instructions, sir, and put this cargo on the beach. Whether the old *Sullan* goes there too, remains to be seen."

"That gunboat will cut you off in a quarter of an hour if you keep on this course."

"With that extra five knots she can do as she likes with us, so I shan't shift my helm. It would only look suspicious."

"Good Lord!" said Carnforth, "as if our being here at all isn't suspicion itself."

But Kettle did not answer. He had, to use his own expression, "got his wits working under forced draught," and he could not afford time for idle speculation and chatter. It was the want of the answering signal ashore which upset him. Had that showed against the black background of hills, he would have known what to do.

Meanwhile the Spanish warship was closing up with him hand over fist, and a decision was necessary. Anyway, the choice was a poor one. If he surrendered he would be searched, and with that damning cargo of rifles and machine guns and ammunition under his hatches, it was not at all improbable that his captors might string him up out of hand.

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They would have right on their side for doing

The insurrectionists were not "recognised belligerents"; he would stand as a filibuster confessed; and as such would be due to suffer under that rough and ready martial law which cannot spare time to feed and gaol prisoners.

On the other hand, if he refused to heave to, the result would be equally simple; the warship would sink him with her guns inside a dozen minutes; and reckless dare-devil though he might be, Kettle knew quite well there was no chance of avoiding this.

With another crew he might have been tempted to lay his old steamer alongside the other, and try to carry her by boarding and sheer hand to hand fighting; but, excepting for those on watch in the stronghold, his present set of men were all below packing their belongings into portable shape, and he knew quite well that nothing would please them better than to see him discomfited. Carnforth was neutral; he had only his two mates, and the engineer officers to depend upon in all the available world; and he recognised between deep draughts at his cigar that he was in a very tight place.

Still the dark shore ahead remained unbeaconed, and the Spaniard was racing up astern, lit for battle, with her crew at quarters; and the guns run out and loaded. She leapt nearer by fathoms to the second, till Kettle could hear the panting of her engines as she chased him down. His teeth chewed on the cigar butt, and dark rings grew under his eyes. He could have raged aloud at his impotence.

The war steamer ranged up alongside, slowed to some forty revolutions so as to keep her place, and an officer on the top of her chart-house hailed in Spanish.

"Gunboat ahoy," Kettle bawled back; "you must speak English or I can't be civil to you."

"What ship is that?"

"Sultan of Borneo, Kettle, master. Out of Shields."

"Where for?"

"The Havana."

Promptly the query came back: "Then what are you doing in here?"

Carnforth whispered a suggestion. "Fresh water, run out; condenser water given all

hands dysentery; put in here to fill up tanks."

"I thank you, sir," said Kettle in the same undertone, "I'm no hand at lying myself, or I might have thought of that before." And he shouted the excuse across to the spokesman on the chart-house roof.

To his surprise they seemed to give weight to it. There was a short consultation, and the steamers slipped along over the smooth black waters of the bay on parallel courses.

"Have you got dysentery bad aboard?" came the next question.

Once more Carnforth prompted, and Kettle repeated his words: "Look at my decks," said he. "All my crew are below. I've hardly a man to stand by me."

There was more consultation among the gunboat's officers, and then came the fatal inquiry: "What's your cargo, Captain?"

"Oh, coals," said Kettle resignedly.

"What? You're bringing Tyne coal to the Havana?"

"Just coals," said Captain Kettle with a bitter laugh.

The tone of the Spaniard changed. "Heave to at once," he ordered, "whilst I send a boat to search you. Refuse, and I'll blow you out of water."

On the Sultan of Borneo's upper bridge Carnforth swore. "Eh-ho, Skipper," he said, "the game's up, and there's no way out of it. You won't be a fool, will you, and sacrifice the ship and the whole lot of us? Come, I say, man, ring off your engines, or that fellow will shoot, and we shall all be murdered uselessly. I tell you, the game's up."

"By James!" said Kettle, "is it? Look there"—and he pointed with outstretched arm to the hills on the shore ahead. "Three fires!" he cried. "Two above one in a triangle, burning like Elswick furnaces amongst the trees. They're ready for us over yonder, Mr. Carnforth, and that's their welcome. Do you think I'm going to let my cargo be stopped after getting it this far?" He turned to the Danish quartermaster at the wheel, with his savage face close to the man's ear.

"Starboard," he said. "Hard over, you bung-eyed Dutchman. Starboard as far as she'll go."

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The wheel engines clattered briskly in the house underneath, and the Sultan of Borneo's head swung off quickly to port. For eight seconds the officer commanding the gunboat did not see what was happening, and that eight seconds was fatal to his vessel. When the inspiration came, he bubbled with orders. he starboarded his own helm, he rang "full speed ahead" to his engines, and ordered every rifle and machine gun on his ship to sweep the British steamer's bridge. But the space of time was too small. The gunboat could not turn with enough quickness; on so short a notice the engines could not get her into her stride again; and the shooting, though well intentioned and prodigious in quantity, was poor in aim. The bullets whisped through the air, and pelted on the plating like a hailstorm, and one of them flicked out the brains of the Danish quartermaster on the bridge; but Kettle took the wheel from his hands, and a moment later the Sultan of Borneo's stem crashed into the gunboat's unprotected side just abaft the sponson of her starboard quarter gun.

The steamers thrilled like kicked biscuitboxes, and a noise went up into the hot night sky as of ten thousand boiler makers, all heading up their rivets at once.

On both ships the propellers stopped as if by instinct, and then in answer to the telegraph, the grimy collier backed astern. But the war-steamer did not move. Her machinery was broken down. She had already got a heavy list towards her wounded side, and every second the list was increasing as the sea water poured in through the shattered plates. Her crew was buzzing with disorder. It was evident that the vessel had but a short time longer to swim, and their lives were sweet to them. They had no thought of vengeance. Their weapons lay deserted on the sloping decks. The grimy crews from the stoke holds poured up from below, and one and all they clustered about the boats with frenzied haste to see them floating in the water.

There was no more to be feared at their hands for the present.

Carnforth clapped Kettle on the shoulder in involuntary admiration. "By George," he cried, "what a daring little scoundrel you are.

Look here. I'm on your side now if I can be of any help. Can you give me a job?"

"I'm afraid, sir," said Captain Kettle, "that the old Sultan's work is about done. She's settling down by the head already. Didn't you see those rats of men scuttling up from forrard directly after we'd rammed the Don? I guess that was a bit of a surprise packet for them anyway. They thought they'd get down there to be clear of the shooting, and they found themselves in the most ticklish part of the ship."

"There's humour in the situation," said Carnforth. "But the case will keep. For the present it strikes me that this old steamboat is swamping fast."

"She's doing that," Kettle admitted.
"She'll have a lot of plates started forrard, I guess. But I think she's come out of it very creditably, sir. I didn't spare her, and she's not exactly built for a ram."

"I suppose it's a case of putting her on the beach?"

"There's nothing else for it," said Kettle with a sigh. "I should like to have carried those blessed coals into the Havana if it could have been done, just to show people ours was a bond fide contract, as Mr. Gedge said, in spite of its fishy look. But this old steamboat's done her whack, and that's the square truth. It will take her all she can manage to reach shore with dry decks. Look, she's in now nearly to her forecastle head. Lucky the shore's not steep to here, or else ———."

From beneath there came a bump and a rattle, and the steamer for a moment halted in her progress, and a white-crested wave surged past her rusty flanks. Then she lifted again and swooped further in, with the propeller still squattering astern; and then once more she thundered down again into the sand; and so lifting and striking, made her way in through the surf.

More than one of the hands was swept from her decks, and reached the shore by swimming; but as the ebb made, the hungry seas left her stranded dry under the morning's light, and a crowd of insurrectionists waded out and climbed on board by ropes which were thrown to them.

They were men of every tint, from the grey black of the pure negro to the sallow

lemon tint of the blue-blooded Spaniard. They were streaked with wounds, thin as skeletons, and clad more with nakedness than with rags; and so wolfish did they look that even Kettle, callous little ruffian though he was, half regretted bringing arms for such a crew to wreak vengeance on their neighbours.

But they gave him small time for sentiment of this brand. They clustered round him with leaping hands, till the morning sea-fowl fled affrighted from the beach. El Señor Capitan Inglese was the saviour of Cuba, and let everyone remember it. Alone, with his unarmed vessel, he had sunk a warship of their hated enemies; and they prayed him (in their florid compliment) to stay on the island and rule over them as king.

But the little sailor took them literally. "What's this?" he said; "you want me to be your blooming king?"

"El rey!" they shouted. "El rey de los Cubaños!"

"By James," said Kettle, "I'll do it. I was never asked to be a king before, and the chance may never come again. Besides, I'm out of a berth just now, and England will be too hot to hold me yet awhile. Yes, I'll stay and boss you, and if you can act half as ugly as you look, we'll give the Dons a lively time. Only remember there's no tomfoolery about me. If I'm king of this show, I'm going to carry a full king's ticket, and if there's any man tries to meddle without being invited, that man will go to his own funeral before he can think twice. And now we'll just begin business at once. Off with those hatches and break out that cargo. I've been at some pains to run these guns out here, so be careful in carrying them up the beach. Jump lively now, you black-faced scum."

Carnforth listened with staring eyes. What sort of broil was this truculent little scamp going to mix in next? He knew enough of Spanish character to understand clearly that the offer of the crown was merely an empty civility; he understood enough of Kettle to be sure that he had not taken it as such, and would assert his rights to the bitter end. And when he thought of what that end must inevitably be he sighed over Owen Kettle's fate.

## THE GOBELINS.

### A FAMOUS FRENCH INDUSTRY.

By MARIE A. BELLOC.

Although 30,000 people visit the Gobelins factory each year, comparatively few English visitors to Paris ever find their way to the quaint and beautiful corner of the old city where the world-famous tapestry works are to be found. The picturesque groups of buildings have survived many revolutions, and have been honoured in turn by the patronage of kings, demagogues, emperors, and presidents.

Once you are through the stately doors you seem to be in a place apart, and on a fine spring morning those whose good fortune brings them to the Gobelins might believe themselves to be in some quiet corner of Venice rather than in gay Paris, for the Bièvre flows in and out between the buildings, lending a curious beauty and quietude to the scene. But the stream is no longer useful as it once was to the dyeing department of the factory, for its course through modern Paris has destroyed whatever salubrious properties it formerly possessed.

As has so often happened in the history of French trade, the State played a great part in making the Gobelins what it is—one of the industrial art centres of the world; for, though the tapestry works were actually founded by a certain Jean Gobelin, a citizen of Paris, who was by trade a dyer, it was soon taken over by that lordly monarch, Louis XIV., or rather by his great Minister Colbert, who spent much of his leisure in developing the resources of the place.

Indeed, the name of the sturdy dyer, who had laid the foundations of a State business, was associated, not only with tapestries and carpets, but also with the finest bronzes, mosaics, and inlaid furniture, for Colbert sent to Italy for Florentine workers in bronze and mosaics, and there is scarcely a French château from Fontainebleau to Chaumont which does not contain some very wonderful specimens of either furniture or woven

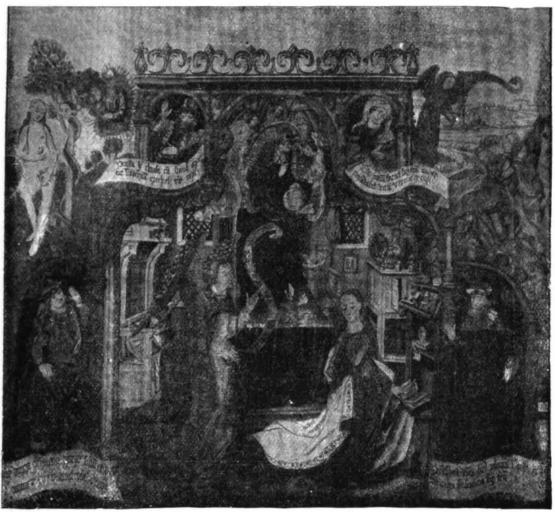
pictures, presented by the French King to his friends or favourites.

By placing the Gobelins under Royal protection, Colbert secured for it a reputation which it has never lost. Indeed, tapestry weaving is now considered a specially French art, although at one time the tapestry works at Mortlake were the envy of the artistic world, and amongst the most precious exhibits in the curious museum now attached to the Gobelins factory is the "Sacrifice of Lystra," executed in England during the reign of Charles I., from a fine cartoon by Raphael.

There was at the time a great fancy for religious and mythological subjects, and the greatest artists did not disdain designing cartoons with the view of a loom reproduction of their work.

Few people realise that tapestry is one of the oldest crafts in the world. Even in Exodus there is a mention of it, and in Babylon the priests decorated the temples of the gods with hangings produced with the aid of looms. Although the Koran explicitly forbids the representation of any living creature by either modelling or drawing, the Caliphs have never chosen to regard the prohibition as having reference to tapestry. We have all of us heard of the loom of Penelope, though her weaving was, of course, done not for its own sake, but to trick the suitors whom her faithful heart loathed. Both in the Iliad and the Odyssey there is constant reference to the beautiful craft. Even Circe had a loom, and Calypso seems to have combined weaving and singing.

Tapestry has been defined as an ornamental figured cloth made by weaving upon a ground-work of hemp or flax with coloured threads composed of linen, silk, or cotton, and sometimes of gold and silver thread. But, though the weavers at the Gobelins will undertake any kind of weaving, modern tapestry is



The Annunciation. (Tapestry of the Fifteenth Century.)

almost entirely composed of worsted, with sometimes a little silk worked in, and certainly some of the pieces turned out of the factory are quite as beautiful as the priceless specimens woven during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

It is pleasant to think that the work-rooms are not the least beautiful apartments in the curious old-world building built about the Bièvre. The Director of the Gobelins, who is, of course, appointed by the French Government, is a great believer in the importance of environment. Accordingly, in order to encourage his work-people, he has lined the great rooms where stand the looms with exquisite specimens of both old and new tapestry, including the famous "Venus at the Forge of Vulcan" (page 138), a loom picture which is even more beautiful than the original painting by Boucher.

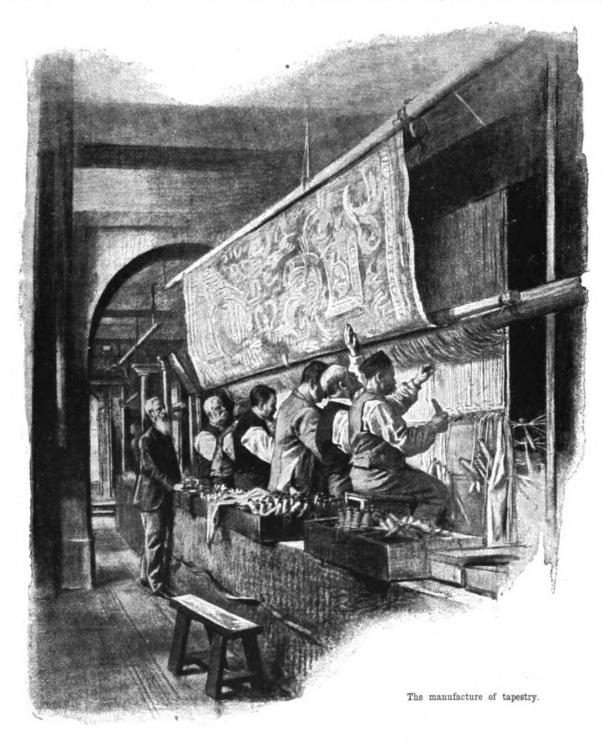
There is quite as much art as craft about tapestry weaving, and each member of the Gobelins staff is apprenticed for two years, but is not considered a really first-rate weaver till many more years have gone by. In old days the best workers were always given the pleasantest sort of work to do; that is to say, to them fell the lot of copying the faces and the figures of the original design. All the accessories—ornaments, draperies, trees, and landscapes—were left to inferior hands. Now, however, every weaver is obliged to know something of drawing.

There is an excellent art school attached to the factory, and each apprentice is compelled to pass a very strict examination before he is allowed to undertake any of the finer portions of the work. In the school the pupils study from antiques and from life models. A speciality is also made of flower painting. More than one Gobelins weaver has attained fame as an artist, and many of them turn out good paintings in their leisure hours.

Even after five or six years spent at the

Gobelins the young weavers receive only £50 a year, £120 being given to those who are what is called artist weavers, and £160 to £220 to the foremen weavers—that is, to those

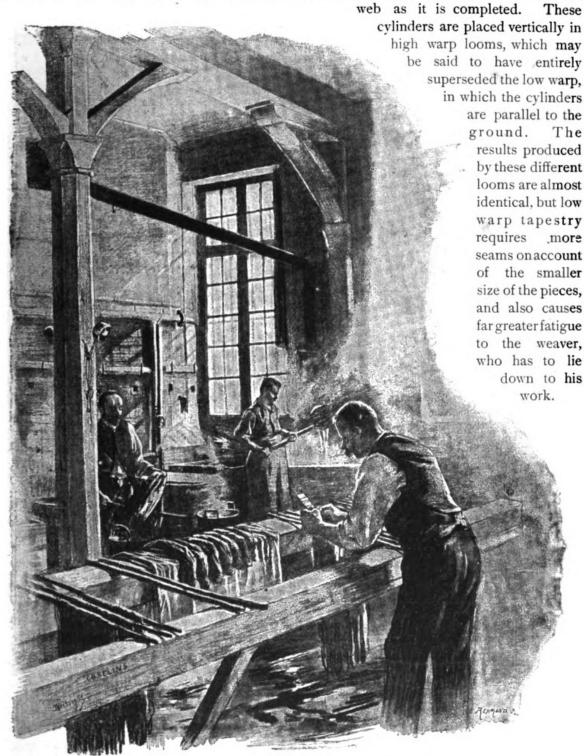
old-age pension. Some of the weavers now at the Gobelins can trace back the connection of their family with the establishment for nearly two hundred years, and more than one



who have the actual charge of the work which is being done.

There is always a very keen competition to enter the works, for each weaver is not only given rent free a charming little cottage and garden, but he can look forward to a good distinguished Frenchman is proud to number among his ancestors one of Louis XIV.'s famous weavers.

As art connoisseurs know to their cost, old, or indeed even new, tapestry, if in a state of good preservation, is worth a very large sum of money, and a fine piece costs relatively more money than does a good picture. This, however, is not strange when we consider supported by uprights held together by cross beams; round one of these cylinders is rolled the warp, and round the other the



The dyeing-room.

that even a very good weaver cannot turn out more than two or three square yards of tapestry in a year.

The loom consists of two cylinders vol. III. -63. Digitized by

The artist weaver, before beginning a piece of tapestry, makes a tracing of the design or picture which he is about to reproduce in worsteds and silks, then he transfers this



Venus at the Forge of Vulcan. (Gobelins tapestry.)

After the Painting by Boucher.

tracing on to the warp; but, although of value in guiding the eye, this tracing is not of much assistance to a weaver, were he not especially gifted in an artistic sense, and so able to supply the insufficient outlines by his own genius and by the resources of his art.

Owing to the fact that he has to deal with a dry material which does not admit of glaze or of any of the resources of the art from

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which he is in most cases copying, he cannot, like the painter, judge of the general effect, nor modify his work according to the requirements of that effect. In old days every colour used in tapestry had its own signification: white embodied purity; red, charity; green, contemplation; black, mortification of the flesh; and purple, tribulation.

The dyeing department owes much to the Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY famous centenarian savant, Chevreul; he made many valuable experiments in colouring. Seven enormous boilers contain, when necessary, the dyeing liquids, for often as many as thirty different tones of the same colour are used on one piece of work.

Of course the whole object of a tapestry dye is permanence, for should one tint fade or alter in the slightest degree, the whole scheme of colouring is thrown out. Curiously enough, red, yellow, and indigo form the basis of nearly every colour employed in tapestry, but the indigo blue is not wholly satisfactory, and any chemist who could invent a lasting and perfect blue dye, applicable to wools and to silks, would make an enormous fortune, and render a great service to art.

Women are only employed in one portion of the Gobelins—namely, in those workrooms devoted to the final finishing off of the new, and to the mending of ancient, tapestries. This work is called "rentraiture," and is not the least important branch, for not only does the Gobelins undertake the restoration of the hangings in the State Palaces, but also of those sent in by religious houses, who naturally have a very great quantity of fine old work, and by connoisseurs, who dispatch their woven treasures from every part of the world.

It may be of interest to some of our readers to add a few words on the preservation of rare and valuable specimens. Occasionally exquisite pieces of tapestry can be picked up not only on the Continent, but also in Great Britain, for in the pre-Reformation days many churches contained marvellous tapestry hangings presented by the lord of the manor after a tour in the Low Countries.

Unfortunately, an immense number of these priceless pieces were destroyed in the last century, being considered shabby and worthless by our too utilitarian forefathers. Not long ago a very lovely piece of thirteenth century tapestry was discovered in a Breton cottage fulfilling the useful purpose of quilt to a sick cow!

It is a mistake ever to send woven pictures to be renovated or cleaned, unless, indeed, the owner can afford to send them to the Gobelins, for not only will the old

colouring be entirely altered by the application of modern acids, but the treasure trove runs a great risk of being either lost or exchanged for one of considerably less value. Above all, an old piece of tapestry should never be re-backed, for this will destroy whatever monetary value it may possess.

Early in the century a mania arose among European collectors for having paintings re-



Restoring old tapestry.

canvassed, and thus greatly decreased the pecuniary value of many fine works.

The best way to mount a piece of tapestry is to stretch it—not too tightly—on a piece of well-seasoned wood. It is a pity to hang these woven pictures where the sun shines directly upon the tapestry. When the woven picture is small enough the simplest and far the most advantageous fashion of showing it off is to treat it as a painting, and to place it in a plain oak frame and under glass.

I once saw a dining-room paneled with loom pictures mounted in this manner and the effect was unique and beautiful, and well repaid the trouble taken by their owner, a noted French directance and connoisseur.

## THE VAGRANT.



I.

VAGRANT entered his ancient home
And stood in the empty hall,
Where haunting shades of the bygone times
And the days beyond recall,
Made mockery grim of the sunset glow
Which chequered the vacant wall.

II.

He brushed away the cobweb net
That clung to the dusty stair;
But sought in vain to thrust aside
The phantoms of the air.
The ghosts of promise thrown away
The hopes of childhood fair,
They rose before his haggard eyes
And faced him everywhere.

III.

Oil paintings hung in their mould'ring frames,
The tale of a courtly race,
A lineage long of knight and dame,
In armour and priceless lace.
He gazed askance, and trembling thought
That on each pictured face
Grim anger scowled 'gainst him who wrought
Their noble name disgrace.

In one long since deserted room,
Where children once did play,
He found a relic of his past
A toy of boyish day.
He sought to pass an open door—
A spectre barred the way;
'Twas in that chamber years ago
His shame-killed mother lay.

v.

Within each room a shadow lurked,
Each picture told a tale;
The wind which down the chimneys came
Did moan in sad bewail;
A sudden terror bade him go,
He feared the twilight pale,
The whisper of a nameless dread
That made his spirit quail.

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VI.

He shunned to pass the pictured line,
With frowns of scornful stamp,
And hastened down the darksome stairs,
Which long had known no lamp;
Passed quickly to the outer door,
And raised its oaken clamp,
And left the old ancestral home
As when he came—a tramp!

VII.

For two long, weary walking days
He had not slept nor fed,
So lay down in the dim old park,
And made of earth a bed;
A rain-soaked trunk of fallen tree
Was pillow for his head;
And those who passed next morning found
An unknown vagrant—dead!

Original from Twells Brex.
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



### No. II.—THE LIBERTY OF THE LITTLE RED MAN.

Coo LE Roi, the highwayman, started up from his bed when the great bell of Notre Dame struck twelve. Silently, and with a waking man's curiosity, he counted the strokes, nodding his head at each one and thinking to himself that it would be five or six of the morning, and time for him to be about. But when the clock went on to tell the hour of midnight, an exclamation burst from his lips.

"Mort-Christ," said he to himself, "I have not slept an hour. I might know that by the music below. Saint Paul! what throats they have!"

No man cares to be deceived with the tricks of sleep; nor was Coq le Roi, otherwise the Little Red Man, otherwise Jacques Cabot, the notorious scourge of the highways about Paris, and one of the most successful robbers that ever set spurs to a horse, an exception to the rule.

"Sang-bleu," he cried, springing suddenly from his bed, and going to the window of his garret that he might look down thence to the narrow street below, "am I a woman that I should start at shadows on the wall? What a thing to tell—at the house of the Red Cock, too!"

He put his head out of the window, and the moving panorama of the slum below reassured him. There, in the heart of the thieves' quarter of the Paris of 1769, he might well think himself safe even from the early energies of M. de Sartines, who had just come to be Lieutenant of Police, and whose guards were then hunting the robber out in the woods beyond Fontenay. Though the day had begun with driving sleet and bitter wind, few of the beggars in that Rue St. Sauveur thought of sleep, or indeed of anything but their pleasures.

Coq le Roi watched their drunken revels for some minutes; then he drew back his head, for he remembered his intention to drink a cup of wine at the nearest cabaret, and he found the idea a very good one.

"Bah," said he to himself, as he tugged at his long boots and looked to his pistols, which lay, ready primed, upon the table by his ragged bed, "what have I to do with woman's tattle here? Guards in the Rue St. Nom du diable, what a day that Sauveur! would be. I should like to see it."

The notion amused him, and he chuckled to himself pleasantly; but, of a sudden, the laugh died down upon his lips, and he sat upon the bed like one petrified. He had become aware in that instant of the presence of another in the room - a gaunt figure dressed from head to foot in black, and masked so closely that even the eyes were not

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visible. Noiselessly, with no drawing of bolt or creak of foot, the apparition had come to his bedside. The robber feared nothing human—but now he trembled so that the whole bed shook, and the sweat fell in icy cold drops from his brow down upon his naked chest.

"God have pity, who are you?" he asked, not daring so much as to raise his hand to the pistol beside him.

The stranger laughed merrily, and, crossing before the robber, he sat himself down upon a rough oak bench, which was the only seat, other than the bed, in the miserable

attic. Coq le Roi could see, by the little light which fell through the lattice, that his visitor wore very good clothes, and that the hilt of his sword was a-glitter with diamonds.

"Bon soir,
Monsieur Jacques
Cabot," said the
man, leaning back
against the wall,
and crossing his
legs for comfort.
"Bon soir, or,
perhaps, I should say
rightly, Bon jour. The
clock has just gone twelve,
I think."

Coq laughed nervously. He was ashamed now that he should have so carried himself.

"Ventre-bleu," said he, "I thought you were the devil."

The man neglected to see that he was unanswered.

"You are an early riser, Monsieur Cabot," he continued playfully, "to be out of your bed at midnight. *Ciel*, what a monk you would make."

The robber shrugged his shoulders, and since he feared his visitor no longer, he stretched out a hand and took up one of his pistols. In the same moment, the man in the mask gave a sharp lunge with his foot, and so cleverly was it done that the pistol went flying up to the roof, and

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there exploded with a crash like that of cannon.

"Imbecile," said he, "would you fireupon one who comes to save your neck?"

Coq le Roi sank back upon the bed with a sigh. After all, he said to himself, there was something uncanny about the coming of this mask.

"Well," he asked doggedly, "and what next?"

The man rose and opened the window.

"This is no time for words," said he, "let your ears tell you the tale."

He held up his hand warningly, bidding



the other to listen; and while the two stood there at the little casement a strange sound arose above the hum of the city life. It was a sound neither of beggars brawling nor of rogues at their play. When it had continued a little while, there was added to it the loud rattle of musketry, the clash of swords, and the tramp of many feet; while, clear above all, and resounding like the note of a trumpet was the cry "The Guards, the Guards."

"You hear," exclaimed the unknown, drawing back from the window, "our friends, the cut-throats, are welcoming the Guards of the new Lieutenant of Police. Shall I tell you, Monsieur Cabot, how many years it is since a dragoon dared to pass the Virgin's.

statue? You have no love for history, you say. Saint Denis, I do not wonder at it since it is for you that Monsieur de Sartines has brought about this pretty play, and come into this den of beasts."

Coq le Roi, quickened by the danger, took up his second pistol. His natural courage had returned to him now. Little man that he was, little and with a face like a young girl's, he had made danger so good a bed-fellow that surprise was rather pleasant than alarming to him.

"Bah," cried he, "that Sartines should be such a fool as to look for me at the house of the Red Cock. Oh, we shall have a merry night, comrade—yet who you are and why you are here, the devil take me if I can say."

He buttoned his cloak around his shoulders with itching fingers, convinced, though he did not say so, that this man who had come to him so mysteriously had come as a friend. Meanwhile, the whole quarter without was thundering with the clamour of the mob—Hades itself seemed to have been loosed in that labyrinth of crime and squalor. Coq le Roi was sure that his liberty was a matter of moments.

"Look you, my friend," he continued to the unknown, who had watched him with some amusement, and perhaps a little malice, "I am now going upstairs, to get some fresh air upon the roof. But I shall not forget that you, whoever you may be, warned me of tonight's affair. I wish you good-night, Monsieur. When we meet again it may be your turn to thank me, and to tell me how you got into this house. I hope it will be so."

The stranger laughed aloud, insolently indifferent to the haste of the other.

"You are going on the roof, Monsieur Cabot?" he exclaimed mockingly. "Surely that is very thoughtless of you."

"And why, monsieur?"

"You shall be the judge of that when I tell you that five of Sartines' men are there before you."

Coq le Roi swore a full-mouthed oath. He thought even for a moment that this man had betrayed him; but he was too wise to act upon his suspicions.

"I shall see for myself," said he, and with

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that he quitted the room, only to return an instant later with pale face and a quaking heart.

"Monsieur," said he, trying to force a jest, "you reckon well. There are exactly five of Sartines' men above us. How many there may be in the street below I will not venture to hazard. Nor will I dispute with you any longer. If you came here to aid me, this is the time to do your work; but if you are upon any other errand—then God help you, for I will certainly blow out your brains."

The stranger laughed again.

"I do not keep my brains in the ceiling of your garret," said he. "Upon my word, you are a very impertinent fellow, Monsieur Cabot. I am half of the mind to leave you to Sartines, who has sworn to dig up the stones of Paris rather than lose the pleasure of your company."

"He has sworn that?" muttered Coq le Roi, beginning to tremble again.

"As I say. Did you not stop the coach of Madame Geoffrin but a week ago, and wound two of her lacqueys? Very well. Madame Geoffrin complained to the King, and the King to Monsieur de Sartines. And now, you see, the Dragoons are coming to beat in the door of your house. Oh, the Lieutenant knows well that he could only take you with Dragoons. What a man he is—to trap you here like a bear in a cage. And hark! there are the troopers themselves."

The clamour without (a clamour in which were co-mingled the hoarse cries of men, the shrieks of women, the ringing of hoofs upon the flags, the clash of steel, the loud note of command) now rose up from the very street below them. Coq le Roi listened to the hubbub, and his knees bent under him; but the unknown, who had timed his play to the ultimate moment, seemed at last to turn from his humour, and to take pity upon the trembling robber.

"Come," said he, "follow me and ask nothing. You have a lantern—light it."

The hunted man was now as clay in the hands of this maker of mysteries. He lighted his lantern mechanically; mechanically he followed the stranger down the dark and narrow stairs of the house of the Red Cock. He could hear those without beating

already upon his door; but he trembled no longer. The man who went before him seemed to fill him with a new courage, to make hot blood leap in his veins. He did not ask whence does he come, whither does he go? He said only, he will save me. And when at length he found himself out in the narrow, high-walled courtyard, which was called by courtesy his garden, he was like a child obeying a father and trusting him unquestioningly.

"Monsieur," he exclaimed, with humble civility, "there is no door to the street here."

"You lie," said the stranger curtly, "give me your lantern."

Coq le Roi watched him with amazement now. For when the masked man had taken the lantern in his hand he walked straight to the mouth of the old well, which was the one conspicuous thing in that filthy and deserted court. Then he unwound a long coil of thin rope, and, attaching the lantern to this, he lowered it into the orifice. Coq le Roi, looking over his shoulder timidly, watched him as one watches a conjuror at his tricks.

" Ciel, Monsieur," cried he, "you cannot hide me in the well."

The unknown laughed scornfully.

"St. Dennis," exclaimed he, "that a man should live five years in a house and yet know nothing of its resources. Do you follow the path of that light, my friend? Well, tell me what you see?"

"The light shows me walls green with slime and fungus," said the robber, "I see great gaps where bricks have been; there are lizards of strange shapes, and rats feeding—and now I see the water. Holy Virgin—you would not send me down there, Monsieur?"

"Look again," cried the other, unmoved at the plea, "upon the right hand side of the well, at a little distance above the water's edge, what see you now?"

Coq le Roi stretched out his neck and searched the fœtid depths with eager eyes. The twinkle of the light below was like a star seen through a black tube. The rats fled at its light, stones fell with resounding splashes while they ran, cold air oozed up and seemed to freeze the robber's face.

"Mon Dieu," said he, "you have discovered something, Monsieur; there is a

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little tunnel running into the well, and the water does not cover its mouth."

"You have said well," answered the unknown; "through that tunnel we shall pass to our friends. After you, Monsieur Cabot. This rope, which holds the bucket will bear the weight of three men. Trust your life to it rather than to your friends without. I wait for you."

Coq le Roi shuddered.

"Holy Virgin," said he, "I dare not go down there."

"You dare not—ventre-bleu, do you hear those blows? They are from the sabres of the Guards who beat in your door. Shall I leave you to receive your guests? I give you one minute."

He folded his arms and waited. Coq le Roi, now wringing his hands, or running to and fro in his distress, or peering with a horrid fear into the well below, was like a woman distracted.

"God have pity," cried he, "I cannot—I cannot."

"The half of a minute is gone," answered the unknown in a voice hard as iron.

"Do you wish to kill me, Monsieur?" moaned the robber.

"You have ten seconds yet," cried the unknown.

"You torture me," wailed the robber.

"The Guards are just beating in your door," replied the unknown.

It was as he said. The great iron-bound gate was giving way to the crashing blows which fell upon it. Coq le Roi listened for one long instant—and then, reeling, staggering towards the well, he clutched the rope and began to descend.

"When you come to the tunnel, kick against the wall and that will swing you in," cried the masked man, bending over to watch him. "Leave the lantern until I follow."

"You will find my body," howled the robber from the darkness.

Lowering himself hand under hand, Coq le Roi went down into the well. The unknown waited until he had reached the light and had entered the dark hole above the water. Then he, too, clutched the rope—but he could not keep back the laugh from his lips.

" Ventre bleu, Sartines," said he to himself,

"a merry night to you and a merrier day to-morrow. To be fooled by a woman at your time of life! Oh, you amuse us finely."

" Are you coming, Monsieur?" roared Coq

le Roi from below, "oh, for pity's sake be quick!"

The unknown hesitated no longer; but swung himself cleverly upon the rope, and so disappeared into the darkness of the well.

Five minutes later a terrible cry, like a cry of victory, arose suddenly from the ranks of the sweltering mob gathered in the narrow alley before the house of the Red Cock. From lane to lane and street to street it spread until it was echoed in long drawn hooting even across the fretting waters of the Seine.

"Coq le Roi has escaped! Hola! Hola! Coq le Roi is free. Long life to the Little Red Man. Viva! Down with the Guard. A bas Sartines — Hola! Hola!"

Loud, terrible, long sustained was the cry. Exhilarated at the unexpected tidings, spurred to new

courage by the joyous news, the mob fell upon the skulking dragoons, who had come for its comrade, with any weapon that came to its hand; and in the stifling courts and

alleys there was soon to be neard the shrieks of dying men, the booming of muskets, the shriller wailing of the women. It was not until dawn broke that the beggars began to

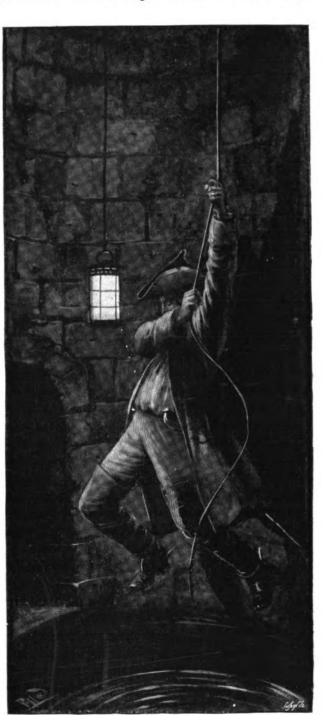
> number their dead and to forget that Coq le Roi was free.

Monsieur de Sartines had supped well, as he always did, at the Hôtel Beautreillis. Though he declared that the gloomy old house in the Rue St. Paul was more forbidding than the Bastille where its exterior was concerned, there was no one readier to admit that Mlle. Corinne de Montesson, its mistress, was the cleverest woman in Paris and the most fascinating.

On this particular evening, the excellent man had much need of consolation, and of the rich, red wine which added the lustre of the ruby to the sparkling Venetian glass in which Madame's guests were always served. For it was the evening of the day when Coq le Roi had slipped through his fingers

in so miraculous a manner; and, in escaping, had set the whole city laughing at her Lieutenant of Police.

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Lowering himself hand under hand, Coq le Roi went down into the well.

not a little irritable, he had gone to Mademoiselle de Montesson's house, scarce daring to hope that she would aid him; convinced none the less that she would amuse him. He had found her, to his satisfaction, alone save for the presence of her wonder-loving physician, Antonio, and of her young kinsman, Bénôit, who was said

to be the finest swordsman in Paris.

The supper had been unsurpassable as it was always at the Beautreillis: Hôtel and when it was done. Mademoiselle carried her guest to the great music room, and there caused her servants to bring the delicious coffee of the East. And this being served, Hátim, her harpist, began to touch the strings of his instrument caressingly: Mademoiselle herself, sharing a restgiving lounge with the gloomy Lieutenant, endeavoured to play wittily upon his melancholy.

"I read your thoughts, my dear friend," said she.

"They would make a dull book, Mademoiselle," replied the other.

"Oh, not at all; such a book has yet to be finished. Gloom

is the seasoning which gives joy its savour, Monsieur de Sartines—just as failure is the salt which provokes the appetite for success."

"Of what are you thinking, my dear lady?"

"I—of what should I think, but the happiness of my friends? And you are not happy, Monsieur. Indeed, you are the picture of misery."

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"As you are of merriment, Mademoiselle—and of beauty."

The Lieutenant bowed pompously when he uttered the compliment.

"Ho, ho," she cried, "a compliment from Monsieur de Sartines. I shall look for the question next. You will spare me the torture of the boot. Monsieur?"

> "It would have to be a very pretty boot, dear lady."

"Another compliment — oh, surely, Monsieur de Sartines is about to put the question?"

"How? You think that I have something to ask—of you?"

"And why not? There would be stranger questions."

"You must prove that before I admit it."

"Certainly; I will prove it in a word. You came here tonight to speak about Coq le Roi."

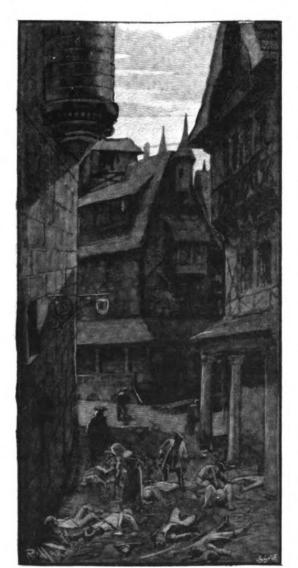
Monsieur de Sartines, when he heard this, sat straight uplike a man who has been hit in the back with the flat of a sword.

"Pardieu," cried he. "What do you know about Coq le Roi?"

Mademoiselle laughed, a rippling girlish laugh—she had

lived but twenty-three years, and the fountain of her youth still played abundantly.

- "I know much more than the Lieutenant of Police," she said.
  - "You are pleased to jest, Mademoiselle."
  - "I-to jest-what an accusation!"
  - "Then convince me that you do not."
- "With the greatest pleasure possible—for instance, you would like to learn——"



The beggars began to number their dead.

The Lieutenant laughed savagely.

"I would like to learn where the man is at this moment," exclaimed he.

"Is that all? Surely, nothing could be more simple. I will summon Antonio."

"Oh, it is Antonio who is the friend of assassins, then?"

"Certainly. He is a brother to them all. Does that shock you, dear Monsieur de Sartines? If so, we will not trouble him."

"By no means," cried the Lieutenant, who was boiling over with curiosity. "At least he will amuse me."

"I promise that," replied Mademoiselle Corinne.

Sartines had expected that she would rise from her seat to summon the physician as she had promised; but she did not so much as move a finger; and when some minutes had passed, the Lieutenant became impatient.

"Well," he said, "are you not going to exhibit this godfather of assassins?"

"Surely, since he is here now."

It was as she said. The old doctor, Antonio, had entered the room during their talk. The Lieutenant felt a cold chill run down his spine when suddenly he became aware that a strange figure stood at his side. Whence the apparition had come; from the shelter of what trap or panel or hiding-place, Sartines could not tell. He knew only that the old man was before him, clad in his Geneva gown, and wearing a full-bottomed wig, the curls of which almost touched his elbows.

"Ciel," he cried, "you have a light foot, doctor."

Antonio bowed with the grace of a prince-bishop.

"At your service, Lieutenant," said he. "If all report be true, you will need many light feet for your work in Paris."

Sartines bit his lip. The physician's words seemed a reflection upon his mishap with Coq le Roi.

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"Come," said he, "let us talk of other things. Mademoiselle has promised that you will amuse me."

"I am here to obey my mistress," said the old man. "What is your pleasure, Lieutenant?"

"Oh, my pleasure is not in question, but Mademoiselle has said——"

"I have said that you will tell him what the highwayman named Coq le Roi is doing to-night," cried Corinne, interrupting suddenly. "There is nothing more simple than that, eh, Antonio?"

"It is a child's task, Mademoiselle."

Sartines, who had begun by treating the whole thing as an elaborate jest, listened to



Hatim, her harpist, began to touch the springs of his instrument.

this talk incredulously. Antonio, meanwhile, had crossed the great room and had taken up his position before a little table upon which was an astrolabe in brass, a lamp with a green shade, and a large sheet of drawing paper all scrawled over with



The figure of the old doctor stood out, motionless, stern.

When he had turned back the long sleeves of his gown, and had taken a pair of compasses in his hand, the doctor bade the others come near.

"Monsieur," said he to Sartines, "you desire to know in what occupation the man Jacques Cabot, sometimes called Coq le Roi, has been employed during the past twelve hours. If you will be good enough to sit by my side, and to say nothing until the clock shall strike again, I will tell you."

The Lieutenant, assuring himself that he was a fool to take part in such mummery, sat as the physician directed, and Corinne took her stand beside him. Antonio, resting his head upon his hands, cried suddenly for less light, and at the words lacqueys entered the

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room noiselessly and extinguished the candles. Only the shaded green lamp remained, and from its aureole the figure of the old doctor stood out, motionless, stern—the figure of some weird magician

risen up from the ages

of the past.

Five minutes passed, and nothing was to be heard in the great room but the ticking of the clock. Sartines found himself spellbound: Corinne herself stood like a statue, scarce seeming to breathe. When, at last, Antonio broke the spell, he did so by beginning to speak in a low voice, accompanying the words with the tracing of strange lines upon the paper before him.

"Monsieur," said he, addressing Sartines, but keeping his eyes upon the paper, "at twelve o'clock to-day Coq le Roi was at Soisy robbing the coach of his lordship, the Duke of Sabran."

"Dieu!" cried Sartines, rising from his chair; "you say——"

Antonio, without so much as turning his head, continued to draw upon the paper. Corinne touched the Lieutenant gently upon the arm, and made a sign to him that he should say nothing.

"At three o'clock," continued the physician, whose voice was now strong and clear as the note of a bell, "I

find that Coq le Roi was at Gros Bois, after stopping the coach of the Grand Master of Artillery, the Comte d'Eu, and robbing him of three hundred louis d'or."

"Ventre bleu!" cried Sartines, while he threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily, "what a play. Oh, you amuse me very well, my dear doctor!"

Antonio ignored the interruption. His head was now so near to the paper that his eyes almost touched it. His voice was the voice of a man who speaks his thoughts aloud, unconscious that any listen.

"It is six o'clock," he said after a long pause, "and the rain falls heavily upon the road to Fontenay. I see a great hill, and at its foot the woods stretch out to meet the

waters. One horseman keeps watch in the dark place of the valley. He is waiting for the coming of his highness, the Duke de Nevers——"

"Thousand devils!" cried Sartines, unable to control himself; "you lie, Monsieur—"

Antonio turned his head swiftly; Corinne pressed the Lieutenant's arm warningly.

"Your pardon!" cried Sartines, nettled at his outburst, and now pale with excitement; but has not this jest gone far enough?"

"It is as Monsieur pleases," cried the old physician, pushing his paper away from him; "he has asked me what the highwayman known as Coq le Roi has done to-day, and I have told him, reading from the signs which have been given to me."

"Certainly," replied the Lieutenant, "you have amused me very well; but is it not possible, Monsieur, that you have not read your signs aright?"

"Oh, indeed, if you think that," cried Corinne, interrupting quickly, "why not ask Coq le Roi himself?"

"Ask Coq le Roi!"

"As I say. Had you allowed Antonio to finish his work, he would have told you that, after stopping the coach of his highness, the Duke de Nevers, Coq le Roi turned his horse towards Paris; and that, even while we were speaking of him, he entered this house, and is now my guest in the Tower of St. Paul—which, I need not tell you, Lieutenant, is still part of the Hôtel Beautreillis."

Sartines heard her out, and when she had finished his face was almost as green as the shade of the physician's lamp.

"Am I a child, Mademoiselle?" he blurted out at last, "that you should tell me such tales?"

Corinne, holding herself with great dignity, struck a gong at her side; and this was her answer to him. A lacquey answered the summons while the note was reverberating in the hall.

"Edouard," she said to the servant, "Monsieur Jacques Cabot, is he in his apartment?"

"He arrived an hour ago, Mademoiselle."

"And now?"

"He is sleeping, Mademoiselle."

Corinne clapped her pretty hands.

"We will have a peep at him, and apologise afterwards. Come, Monsieur de Sartines, you shall doubt no more."

She led the way from the room while the Lieutenant was still gaping with his astonishment; and he, not knowing whether he stood upon his head or his heels, followed her intothe courtyard of the old house, and thence across a pretty garden, darkened by great chestnut trees and a labyrinth of bushes. The Hôtel Beautreillis, as Corinne's homewas called, formed a part of the once royal palace of St. Paul, and many strange old. towers and turrets and pavilions then stood in its beautiful grounds. It was to one of these pavilions that the girl now conducted Sartines; and the excellent Lieutenant was not a little surprised to find two sturdy Swiss guards. standing sentry at its iron-barred door.

"Parbleu!" cried he; "you watch your guests well, my dear lady."

"Nay," she said, "it is the King's wish."

"How? The King knows that the man is here."

"Certainly—or rather, he knows that I await him."

Sartines asked himself, for the fifth time, what wine he had drunk, and from what malady he suffered. Then he stumbled up the narrow stairs: and, while Corinne held aloft the lantern which a servant had given her, he entered a small and exquisitely furnished room—and there he saw Coq le Roi.

The highwayman was no typical robber. Short to the point of absurdity, with hair as red as the sands of the sea, and clothes which spoke of long hours in the saddle, you might have taken him for a hunchback of Nôtre-Dame, or a tailor of the Rue St. Severin. All the city called him the "Little Red Man," and the title fitted him like a glove. Sartines then saw him, he was sleeping, still dressed, upon a couch; and the light from Mademoiselle's lantern, playing upon his strange little face, lit up features which might have been those of a girl. Beyond this, the man was splashed to his shoulders with mud; and two great pistols he always carried were displayed threateningly upon the table beside the relics of the admirable supper he had just eaten.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY "Dame," cried Sartines, feasting his eyes upon the motionless figure of the robber, "that is Coq le Roi right enough. I could pick him from a hundred."

"Certainly you could," whispered Corinne, drawing back from the room.

"Very well," cried the Lieutenant, "I am content to ask no questions, Mademoiselle; but in ten minutes my officers will call for their prisoner."

"One moment, Lieutenant. Be pleased first to read this."

At the word she held her lantern quite close to the Lieutenant's eyes, and showed him a little sheet of parchment which she had brought with her from the music room. At the foot of this there was the royal seal and the signature of King Louis. Sartines took the document with trembling hands, and read these words:

"Jacques Cabot, sometimes called Coq le Roi, is to be the prisoner of Mlle. de Montesson until he shall steal the diamond ring from the fingers of Monsieur de Sartines."

The Lieutenant suppressed his anger with difficulty.

"Mademoiselle," said he, bowing low, "I congratulate you upon the farce you are playing; at the same time, His Majesty's wish is a command to me. I shall make it my business to see him to-morrow, and to alter this."

"Very well, my dear Monsieur de Sartines
-but remember, it is half-past ten o'clock."

"Half-past ten o'clock—why should I remember that?"

"You will learn presently."

He turned upon his heel with another stately bow, and the voices of the lacqueys were heard immediately crying for his coach. Two minutes later, his horses were galloping furiously towards the Hôtel de Ville; but Corinne de Montesson was still laughing in her garden.

"Oh," she said, "if only he will go to the king."

Monsieur de Sartines did not go to the king—that night at any rate. His first act was to call the Captain of the Guard, and to give him precise instructions for the good of Coq le Roi.

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"Take a file a men," said he to the captain, "and surround the pavilion of St. Paul in the garden of the Hôtel Beautreillis. Coq le Roi, the highwayman, is there. Shoot him if he attempts to leave the place. Otherwise, keep the guard posted until you hear from me."

The captain saluted and withdrew. When he had gone, Sartines called for a cup of white wine and drank it at a draught. Then he took snuff in huge quantities, seeking vainly to compose his thoughts.

"Dame," said he to himself, "what a tale to tell. That she should be the friend of assassins! And the king supports her. Either I am mad or I have dreamed the things of this night. Jacques Cabot, her guest! Holy Virgin—she will burn the Bastille next!"

Long he paced his apartment, his brain burning with his changing thoughts. Twelve o'clock rang out from Nôtre Dame, one o'clock was tolled by all the churches of Paris, and still his coach waited to carry him to his own house in the Faubourg St. At a quarter past one, when Germain. sleep had begun to battle with his perplexity, a new clatter of hoofs disturbed the silent courts of the Hôtel de Ville, and awoke him from his stupor. He had scarce started up from his chair to learn the meaning of the interruption when a horseman, dripping wet and splashed from head to foot with mud, burst into his room and stood at the salute before him.

"Well," cried Sartines.

"I have the honour to inform your Excellency," cried the man, "that Monsieur l'Abbé Lamotte was stopped upon the road to Choisy at half-past ten to-night and robbed of a hundred crowns by the man called Coq le Roi."

"What!" roared Sartines, "at half-past ten! You lie, rogue—I was with Coq le Roi myself at that hour."

"It is as I say, Sir—I was one of the company and I could pick the man from a thousand."

"God deliver me from all devils," ejaculated the Lieutenant, "it was the hour she told me to remember."

Monsieur de Sartines, was, perhaps, as little in love with hags tales and superstitions



"Oh," cried the Lieutenant, bristling with anger.

as any man in Paris; but the events of that night, the strange mysteries of it, the surprises he had known, confused his brain and distracted him until he had no longer command of his reason. While the messenger was speaking to him, he found himself looking instinctively for the diamond ring upon the third finger of his left hand. It still glistened there; and he chuckled grimly when he saw it.

"Bah," said he, "it is the king's jest. He has posted his own guards in the Rue St. Paul, and to-morrow he will deliver up Cabot to my charge. Her words prove that. Until he shall steal the diamond ring from the finger of Monsieur de Sartines. Dame, if the liberty of Coq le Roi depend upon that, he will remain a prisoner until the Day of Judgment. Steal my ring. Holy Virgin, I would like to see the man who could do it."

The thought somewhat comforted him. He determined to go to his own house and to get what sleep he could before dawn broke. He said that this report of a new outrage

must be untrue since Coq le Roi was watched by his own guards in the Rue St. Paul. He remembered that the King was still at Versailles, and that, if luck were willing, he would be able to find his Majesty there in the early hours of daylight.

The sun had been up an hour when the Lieutenant awoke from his troubled sleep. He found his valet standing at his bedside, profuse in apology for the intrusion.

"I am sorry to disturb your Excellency," he said, "but there is a mounted messenger below who has news which will not wait."

"Send him up," cried the Lieutenant, springing from his bed, and beginning to dress hurriedly; "does he come from the Provost?"

"I know nothing," said the man, "save that he craves audience."

A few moments later, the messenger, one of the new guard, was saluting his chief.

"I am to tell you, sir," said he, "that Coq le Roi, the highwayman, was seen this morning in the woods beyond Yeres."

"Oh," cried the Lieutenant, bristling with anger, "you come to tell me that—then tell it to the devil."

The man crossed himself devoutly.

"God save us all," said he; "here is your Excellency's own guard declaring that the fellow has slept all night, and has never so much as turned in his sleep."

The Lieutenant waited to hear no more. Refusing even the coffee which his servants offered to him, he called for his coach and set out at a gallop for Versailles.

It was eight o'clock when he arrived at the palace, but there he learnt to his chagrin that the king had set out to the hunt, and was not to return until the afternoon. This was an irritating foil to his plans; but he spent the day in seeking audience of his friends, and endeavouring vainly to glean some hints from which he could forge a key to his perplexity. Disappointed in this, he conceived the notion of walking a little way into the park; and so of catching his Majesty before he should be surrounded by the host of idlers and pleasure seekers who lay waiting to whisper a word into the royal ear.

It was nearly five o'clock in the evening when he set out on this quest, and an unusual stillness reigned in the magnificent gardens of the château. Here and there, daintily coloured lanterns gave dancing light to the arbours beneath the trees; a few richly dressed fops were making love to pretty women; but the great world of pleasure was resting until the zenith of the night should awake it to new occupations.

Sartines, indeed, found himself almost alone when, absorbed in his unending speculations, he crossed the gardens where the fountains foamed redly in the glowing rays of the setting sun, and passed down the Avenue of the Trianon into the grove of the more open park. This was quite deserted at such an hour; valets, stablemen, gardeners—all were taking what rest they could, knowing well that the night would have need of them.

The silence and the twilight suited the Lieutenant's mood well. He began to pace a deserted avenue of elms with the slow steps of a man bearing a burden of worry and of doubt. He looked often across the park for the advance guards of the Royal party.

He believed himself to be alone, and even spoke his thoughts aloud.

"Bah," said he, remembering still the letter which Corinne had read to him, "when any highwayman shall steal my ring, then will I hang myself from the king's bedpost. What an idea to suggest! It really amuses me—it really—ha, ha!"

To his intense surprise, a mocking laugh answered his spoken thoughts. He turned round swiftly, abashed at his words, to find that the intruder was no other than an exceedingly pretty girl, apparently not yet twenty years of age, who was then sitting upon a mouldy bench under the shadow of the elms. She was dressed in an exquisite riding habit of green velvet, and the merriment of her laugh, together with the brightness of her eyes and the exceeding suppleness of her figure, completed a picture which arrested even the wandering attention of the Lieutenant of Police.

"A thousand pardons, Mademoiselle," cried he, bowing very low, "have I the honour——"

"Oh," said the young girl, laughing again, "the honour is mine, Monsieur—to be forgotten by the chief of his Majesty's police."

"I see so many faces," pleaded Sartines gallantly; "but that I should forget your face, Mademoiselle—oh, that were impossible."

"I think not, Monsieur, since you do not remember that you met me at the château of the Comte d'Eu."

The name of the Comte d'Eu sent a shiver down the Lieutenant's back. It recalled the old physician and his mystic prophecies.

"Pardieu," cried he, "I remember, of course. You are a kinswoman of the Count, I doubt not—and that being so, you know something of the misfortune which overtook him yesterday."

"Indeed, I do," said the girl, "since I was with him in his coach when he was stopped by the highwayman they call Coq le Roi."

Sartines gasped. Such a striking confirmation of the old physician's word he had never looked to hear.

"Mademoiselle," cried he, very anxiously, "will you permit me to sit a moment while you tell me more of this affair?"

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She made way for him readily upon the bench.

"Oh," she said, "I will tell you anything you please—and I know a good deal more about Coq le Roi than you do, Monsieur de Sartines."

The Lieutenant looked at the girlish figure beside him and laughed a little contemptuously.

"You must convince me of that," said he.

"Certainly I will, though I ought not to do so. It is dangerous to play with other people's secrets, Monsieur de Sartines."

"Secrets," exclaimed the Lieutenant, "why—what secrets can there be in a case like this?"

"If I were sure we were alone, I might be tempted to tell you. But look, how dark it grows. Upon my word, I must not stay any longer, Monsieur—another time you shall learn all."

Sartines' eagerness was now beyond control.

"Indeed," said he, "I beg you will do me the favour to remain, if it be only for ten minutes. Are you not safe with me?"

"I should be; but you know it is lonely here—and hush, is there not some one coming?"

They both listened a moment, but the murmur of the fountains and the echo of distant music were the only sounds in the darkness of the grove.

"Well," resumed Sartines, "you see that we are alone—and now I beg of you——"

The girl sighed—a sigh of regret and doubting.

"It is very wrong of me," she said, "and Corinne will never forgive me."

"Corinne," ejaculated the Lieutenant, "do you refer to Mademoiselle de Montesson?"

"Certainly."

"And what of her?"

The girl appeared to hesitate, and it was vol. III.-64. Digitized by

only after a long pause that she said: "Oh, she has been very unkind to you. She made a wager with the King that she would find an actress from the Opera Comique, and pass



"A thousand pardons, Mademoiselle."

her off on you as Coq le Roi himself. And she has won, you know."

"What?" roared Sartines.

"It is as I say. The man you thought you saw in her house last night was not a man at all. It was Mademoiselle Guérin, from the Opera Comique."

"Thousand devils!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, rising from his seat. "I never thought of that."

"Of course you did not. You forgot that
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your robber has the face of a young girl. Corinne, you know, remembered that, and so tricked you. She has always been the friend of Coq le Roi. He saved her life some years ago in the forest of Fontainebleau. She sent her kinsman, Bénôit, to bring him out of the Rue St. Sauveur two days ago, and lent him the disguise in which he escaped. He told her himself what coaches he was going to rob, and where. Her old physician helped her with his nonsense and his gown. And now she has set all Paris laughing at you."

Sartines groaned like a wounded man.

- "What, then, in heaven's name, means this farce about stealing my ring?" he cried, more to himself than to the pretty creature at his side.
- "My dear Monsieur de Sartines, where are your wits? Don't you see that she wished to get the King's pardon for her friend? And the King makes this ridiculous condition, meaning that the man shall not be pardoned. Oh, it is all as plain as Trianon there."
- "Of course it is—of course it is!" snarled the Lieutenant, whose hands were trembling with rage and shame.
- "I could tell you many more things, Monsieur," continued the girl, "if the sun were not in such a hurry to set; but see how dark it grows. Meanwhile, here is a letter which you may keep and read when you return to Paris to-night—it will be worth much to you."

She took a letter from the breast of her habit, and pressed it into the hand of the Lieutenant, allowing her fingers to rest for some moments in his. Sartines, tormented by a thousand reproaches, did not even notice the pressure.

- "Do you know," he asked abstractedly, "in what disguise Coq le Roi left Paris?"
- "Indeed, I do, Monsieur; it was in the disguise of a woman of fashion—in fact, he

wore a green velvet riding habit, which Corinne gave to him."

- "A green velvet riding habit," repeated Sartines, thinking of anything but the green velvet habit at his side.
- "Nothing else—a green velvet riding habit and a little three-cornered hat. Oh, they cheated you well—but read that letter, and it will save your being fooled a third time."
- "A third time?" exclaimed the Lieutenant, looking round quickly, while the clasp of the girl's pretty fingers was strong upon his left hand, into which she was forcing the letter.
- "As I say—a third time," she explained boisterously. "Corinne has cheated you once in making you believe that a woman is a man. I have cheated you a second time in making you believe that a man is a woman."

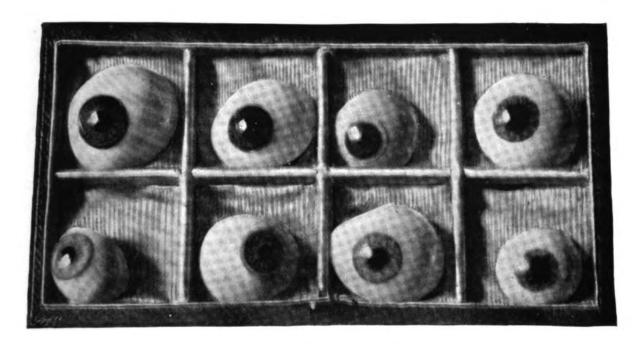
Her words came in a torrent; and even while they were upon her lips, she raised the gloved hand which was free, leaving the other hand still in that of the man; and very dexterously and suddenly she cast the contents of a tiny bottle she had concealed in her palm into the eyes of Monsieur de Sartines. At the same moment she grasped his fingers with a strange twist, and so sprang to her feet. But the Lieutenant, whose eyes seemed on fire, and who believed himself to be blind, roared like a stricken bull.

- "Who, in heaven's name, are you?" he cried.
- "I am Jacques Cabot, otherwise Coq le Roi, otherwise the Little Red Man—very much at your service. *Bon soir*, Monsieur de Sartines. You will see very well in ten minutes. I have your diamond ring upon my left hand."

The Lieutenant uttered a terrible cry, and staggered across the path in a vain endeavour to grapple with the robber. But when the guard at last answered his cries he was quite alone, and the silence of the night reigned in the grove.

The next story of this fascinating series will be published in the March Number.





### ARTIFICIAL EYES.

By M. DINORBEN GRIFFITH.

For some time past I have been haunted by ghosts—the ghosts of eyes, grey, blue, brown, and hazel; young, gay, tender, sad, and threatening.

Eyes on whose glittering balls is recorded a lifetime of crime; leering, cunning eyes that make one creep; others faded, dim, and infinitely pathetic, that speak of unselfish toil and self-sacrifice; but, most terrible of all, the eyes with a fixed, stony stare, as of those who have passed into a world of eternal silence whose secrets they dare not reveal.

The advent of my ghosts dates back to a time when, as one of the contributors to Pearson's Magazine, I was granted the rare privilege of visiting the jealously guarded workrooms of an artificial eye manufactory.



Side View of Artificial Eye.

"It is the first time," said the courteous principal of the well-known firm of Wm. Halford, Sen., artificial eye specialists, "that a stranger has been admitted into our workrooms. My predecessor would turn in his grave if he could see you watching all the processes, the secrets of which

have been handed down from father to son for considerably over a century in our family."

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I assured him that I had no intention of starting a rival business, at which he smiled, and replied: "You would find it difficult, for it is not easy to learn. All the work done by our apprentices the first two years of their time is practically useless, and has to be broken up."

Artificial eyes had hitherto been associated in my mind with dolls, stuffed animals, and birds; which, although a very important industry, is insignificant when compared with the manufacture of artificial human eyes—the highest branch of the gruesome trade.

It seems incredible that the demand should be as great as it is, and that large firms in America, Germany, France, and England find it difficult to execute the orders received from all parts of the globe. Half the world must be staring at the other half with glass eyes; and I feel tempted to put a new interpretation on Moore's

"Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth."

—and attribute her enigmatical coquetries to the vagaries of a glass eye.

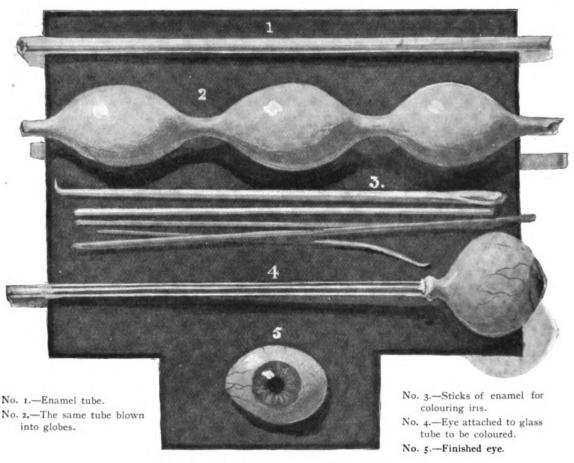
In Paris the great ones of their craft style themselves ocularist enamellers, and may be

found in the most fashionable quarters, employing between one hundred and two hundred workpeople of both sexes, who are usually paid by piecework, and can, without difficulty, earn from 7s. 6d. to 12s. per day. The work is intricate and tedious, but well paid, and equally suitable for men and women.

The consulting rooms are most elegantly furnished, and the prices of these first-class eyes range from  $\mathcal{L}_{I}$  12s. to  $\mathcal{L}_{2}$  each.

Artificial eyes owe their origin to the wonderful master minds of the ancient Egyptians, who at first made them of gold and silver, and later of copper and ivory. In those days they were valuable property, as was testified by two patriotic Lutetians who, when their country was in great distress, generously presented their artificial eyes to the public treasury.

In the sixteenth century porcelain superseded metal in eye manufacture, and two



The Various Stages of Manufacture of a Glass Eye.

Those in a smaller way of business, and who are usually master and man combined, inhabit more modest quarters in the Temple district, and, having but a small rent and no wages to pay, charge from 15s. to 20s. each eye.

The very poor cannot afford the luxury of having eyes specially made for them, and, not being particular about such trifles as shape and colour, are content to select from returned stock and misfits, and some even hire an eye by the month, week, or day.

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centuries later glass alone was used. Now enamel is considered to be the best material, and is, therefore, principally employed.

Considerably over a thousand enamel eyes are made to order every week in Paris alone, a fact that arouses curiosity as to the cause of this great demand. Can it be that we are gradually becoming a one-eyed race, or is war, sickness, or accident responsible for the loss of so many visual organs?

But to return to our study of the method by which the results of the loss of an eye

are somewhat ameliorated. I first learnt that there are eight distinct processes in the making of artificial eyes:

- (1) Making the enamel.
- (2) Forming the globe.
- (3) Burning in the eye colouring.
- (4) Cutting the globe.
- (5) Shaping to pattern.
- (6) Firing edges.
- (7) Annealing.
- (8) Polishing.

all of which I was permitted to see.

The basis of all kinds of enamel is a perfectly transparent and fusible glass, but for this special enamel flint glass is principally used. This, being placed in a crucible, and exposed to great heat, becomes white in the first stage; afterwards, various ingredients and colours are added, the names, pro-

portions, and methods of mixing which are of course trade secrets. Every manufacturer has his own special processes, which are different in the working and in the results.

"Each worker as you will see," said the principal, "has his or her special branch of work, and does not, as in Paris, make an eye from beginning to end. Every one of our eyes passes through about six hands before it is completed."

Globe making was carried on by men in a room, the tropical heat of which rendered a long stay impossible to the unacclimatised. The eyes in their first stage looked like gigantic oblong beads, and the blow pipe over which they were manipulated is supplied with wind pumped by engine power into a large cylinder, and stored under water pressure, in place of the old-fashioned bellows worked by the feet. A single operator is able to turn them out at the rate of fifty globes a day.

The next workroom is occupied by girls engaged in colouring eyes, all of whom work in little partitions and spaces boarded off, in order to exclude all light except that

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of their blowpipes. They place a stick of coloured enamel on the summit of the globe, which being gently heated in the flame, and continuously rotated, forms a spot of whatever colour the eye is intended to be, and this gradually spreading out, flattens and forms



the iris, a spot of darker enamel being dropped into the centre to represent the pupil. This is afterwards covered with a thick layer of crystal to form the cornea.

Sometimes as many as eight colours are used for one eye; the iris, if brown, is streaked with yellow, and every little peculiarity in the natural eye is accurately reproduced, the pink veining in the white, for instance, being put in with ruby enamel. Some workers put one colour on at a time, while others prefer to work with a stick of enamel into which five or six colours have been fused.

To the onlooker the principal difficulty appears to be that of distinguishing the shades of colour when they are red-hot, but when the eye cools every colour and mark is as accurate as if made with a brush or pencil. The eye is now detached from the blow pipe, cooled, and then sent into the cutting room, from which it emerges shaped into a little hollow oval with irregular edges, like a broken bird's egg.

The cutting is a very delicate and difficult operation, as a hair's breadth deviation in

size will make a material difference in the fitting. The edges are next fired, and the eye is allowed to cool very gradually, this being the annealing, or tempering, process, which renders the enamel less liable to break, though at this stage it often flies to pieces, and a new eye has to be made.

The final process is the polishing, after which the eye is dispatched to its owner, or, if not made to order, is placed in stock.

For matching and fixing artificial eyes, considerable skill and experienced judgment are necessary, for the eye, in order to defy detection, must not only resemble the original one in colour and size, but also in every

little peculiarity and expression.

The sclerotic, or white, is never the same shade in the eves of two indi-In chilviduals. dren's eyes it is a pale china blue; in old people grey, darkening as their age increases; while in people from hot countries, and in great smokers, it is a dirty yellow. The eve of one eminent Englishman was pointed out to me, the sclerotic of which was a dark

stone grey—a very uncommon shade. The four principal colours in eyes are blue, grey, brown, and hazel; but there are hundreds of varieties in these four classes. I am sorry to spoil the illusions of readers of fiction, but violet or black eyes are entirely unknown.

In the consulting room I saw thousands of "stock eyes," large, medium, and small: eyes that had caught cold, eyes that represented all the ills that flesh is heir to: mad eyes, silly eyes, and dull, bleary, cast-off eyes, whose mission was over, and their day done.

If our civilisation has not entirely spoiled the taste of the noble savage, how he would gloat over a necklace of artificial eyes, which, as trophies, would far surpass in interest the now out-of-date scalps. All his relations and wives would scarce be too big a price to offer for such a treasure, such a perfect museum of expression, combining educational and utilitarian benefits at one and the same time. It would bestow pleasure on the savage and profit on the seller, who, in this newly developed taste of the former, would find an admirable way of disposing of surplus stock.

To return to our subject, a peculiarity about the eyes of aged persons is that they fade at the edges of the iris, or rather that the extreme edges seem to fall away, leaving a circle of white between the iris and

> its edge; this is known as an arcus eye; it is most curious looking. I saw an artificial "arcus" that had just been made to order for a very old lady.

The price of what is termed a "hospital eye"—that is one supplied to patients at hospitals—is 10s. 6d., and the best eye made only costs two guineas—a small amount, taking into consideration—the skill and time expended upon it.



Colouring and Annealing.

This firm supplies the Royal Ophthalmic and several other London hospitals with artificial eyes.

"Thirty years ago," I was told, "the cheapest eye obtainable cost not less than two guineas, and for the best as much as five guineas was demanded."

I was much interested in the pattern eyes. Nests of drawers, in alphabetical order, were full of little round wooden boxes, labelled with the clients' names and addresses, and containing their eye patterns, such as shape, colours of the iris and the sclerotic, and full directions as to any alterations or modifications. An eye will only last a year, as the action of the tear which is acid—affects the

enamel—which is metallic—by roughening its surface. This in turn causes an irritation of the eyelids. When a patient sends an order for a new eye the pattern box is sent into the workroom, the eye is copied exactly, then the pattern box is returned to the drawer ready for future reference. This plan saves patients the trouble of attending personally every time they want a new eye.

In reply to the question how soon an artificial eye could be worn after the loss of the original, I was told in a month or six weeks, or as soon really as the socket is healed. In all ordinary cases the artificial organ cannot be detected from the natural organ; even when the globe has been entirely removed, the muscles by their attachment to the tissues remaining in their orbits, usually impart movements to the artificial organ in the same direction, though perhaps not quite to the same extent, as to the real eye.

It was wonderful to see how well the natural humidity of the real eye was simulated in the artificial one. It seemed to me that the only point in which Art falls short of Nature is in the inability to effect changes of expression. It seems slightly embarrassing if a tender gleam in one eye is contradicted by a glare in the other, or a humorous glance spoiled by the stolid look of one that never saw a joke, or did not want to; but in these cases the eyes must be content to differ.

"We make over a hundred eyes to order every week," was another surprising statement, but my curiosity as to where the orders came from was not gratified.

"Oh, from every part of the world," was the reply. "I do not think you can mention a place where we do not send to. One eye recently had a journey of six weeks by sea and then five or six days' journey overland before its destination was reached. An Arab Sheik from the Soudan came here to get an eye made, and when I first attended him he wore a curious piece of coloured marble in the empty socket, which I should imagine must have caused him considerable pain. He was delighted with his new eye, and momentarily forgot his Eastern impassiveness, and showed his pleasure.

"Grey eyes are most in demand. Yes,

in many cases people who are totally blind have had two artificial eyes made for them. Painful to put them in? Not at all, but you might think so, for on two or three occasions strong men have fainted, not from pain, but the mere idea of the thing and nervousness."

The girls I saw engaged in artificial eye



Cutting and Polishing.

making were all so charmingly dressed, and so spotless, that it was a pleasure to look at them. They are treated with the greatest consideration, and the hours are unusually short, being from 10 to 1 in the morning, and from 2 to 5 in the afternoon, while Saturday is only a half day, so that it seems a most suitable industry for girls.

Just before the end of my visit I was shown a scrap book full of letters, the collection of many years, from which pages could be filled with extracts, amusing, pathetic, and interesting, if space would permit. The perusal of the originals proved that the use of artificial eyes is not confined to any particular class, colour, or race, but is world-wide.

A firm in Birmingham have been most successful in making artificial eyes that portray every disease to which the human eye is liable. These have been specially manufactured for the use of teachers and lecturers on pathology, and have proved of incalculable value to medical students and oculists. Original from

## I THINK OF YOU.



AY dawned upon the budding spring,
And spangled dew
Shed her gay gloss o'er everything
Both old—and new;
The lark soar'd upward carolling
Of love, and you.

Nature redonn'd her summer dress,
Dull skies were blue,
Soft sunbeams cast a fond caress
Upon the view;
Life's cup o'erflowed with happiness—
I was with you.

But when leaves rustled on the trees,
And changed their hue,
Fading and falling by degrees,
Just as they grew,
Around your grave the autumn breeze
Moan'd over you!

Though other summer days come round,
Those happy few
Before they laid you 'neath the ground
Were all I knew;
My heart and soul are winter-bound
Here, without you!

#### ENVOI.

Speed on, mine own, to that far shore
Where, love, we two
Shall live again bright days of yore—
If dreams come true—

Where angels whisper at my door,
"She waits for you!"
But till we meet to part no more,
I think of you.

HUGH CAYLEY.

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Netley.

# THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF AND CORPS, AND THEIR WORK.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

Illustrated with photographs by W. H. Homan, Netley.

Some months ago an article appeared in this magazine on the bands—the musical side—of the army; this paper is concerned with its doctors and their duties, or what may be termed the medical side of the army.

The important part played during a campaign by the surgical and medical staff of an army is a matter that is easily understood. The care of those who have been wounded in battle, as well as of those who have been rendered non-combatants by the diseases and privations generally incidental to war, is of the utmost moment. Every corps d'armée is therefore provided with a thoroughly trained, and, as far as possible, perfectly equipped organisation for this purpose.

But the army medical service has its sphere of duty with respect to the health and well-being of the soldier, not only in times of war, but also in times of peace. The everyday ailments and sicknesses of Tommy Atkins, to say nothing of those of his officers, necessitate the constant engagement of a little army of doctors, whose professional education has been directed in this special way, and also of competent nurses and attendants.

This little army, whose business is to save life and not to ed by take it, is known as the "Army Medical Staff," so far as its officers are concerned, and as the "Medical Staff Corps" as regards its men.

The British army, more than any other, requires medical officers and a body of trained orderlies and sick attendants, because the Empire is practically worldspread, and thus the army is called upon to serve under extraordinarily varying conditions of climate. If Canada and Australia be left out, there is scarcely a portion of the globe where the British flag flies that has not its own special diseases. Each district has, therefore, given to it by the Army Medical Staff the most careful study of its particular local

conditions.

The present director-general of the medical work of the army is Surgeon-Major-General James Jameson, M.D., L.R.C.S., Ed., and he was appointed to his present office in May of last year. During the Franco-German war he had charge of a division of the British ambulance. and he was also employed at the siege of Paris and in the campaign on the Loire. The director-general is, under the commanderin-chief, the responsible head of his

Surgeon-Major-General Jameson.

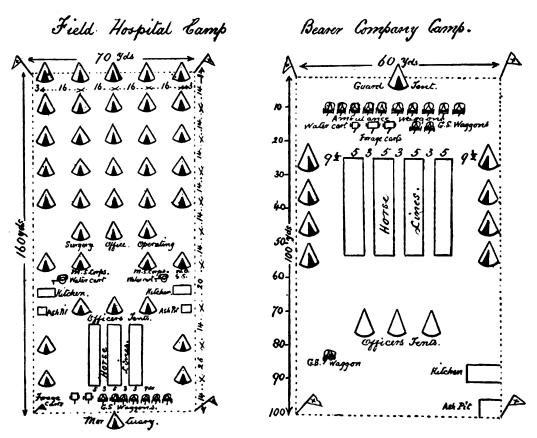
From a Photo by Adrian Smythe, Putner JANA UN department, which in

addition to the regular army, looks after the medical establishments connected with the militia and volunteers. As far as administration is concerned, volunteer corps have their own medical officers.

When a young doctor, who has graduated from a university, college, or recognised medical school, desires to receive Her Majesty's commission, he has first to undergo a preliminary competitive examination. Having passed this ordeal successfully, he is

every way, having a splendid staff of professors and assistant professors, library, museum, model room, and laboratories.

The lectures given by the professional staff are specially directed for fitting the young doctors to take thorough and efficient charge of the sick and wounded of the army, no matter in what part of the world it may be stationed. Everything that experience can suggest is done to help them. For instance (and this is, perhaps, the most interesting



Plans of Field Hospital and Bearer Company Camps.

(The distinguishing flag of the Hospitals and Medical Staff is a red cross on a white ground. By night three lamps, white, red, white, in vertical line are used.)

dignified with the title of "surgeon on probation." He is then required to attend one entire course of practical instruction at the Army Medical School, and at the Military Hospital in connection with it, at Netley.

An illustration near the top of the next page shows these young gentlemen at work in the hygiene laboratory under the direction of one of the professors of the school. It will be noticed that they wear a uniform, although they have not yet received commissions.

The school is very completely equipped in

portion of the museum), there is shown in one room a collection of plans and models of everything that is used in the army for the conveyance, support, or protection of wounded men—models of tents, hospitals, and so forth, as shown in our illustrations: "Bearer company camp" and "Field hospital camp."

At the end of each session examinations are held to test the proficiency of the students and also to settle the order in which their names will afterwards appear for commissions

The marks obtained at Netley are added to those gained in the preliminary examinations in London, and the result determines the officers' places in the list of army surgeons.

The formation of the Army Medical School,

does across a stretch of green lawn over that pleasant bay known as Southampton Water, while on the farther side there loom up the green masses of the New Forest. But it may be admitted at once that were a great military



Probationers in the Hygienic Laboratory.

the buildings of which form a part of that wonderful pile comprehensively known as the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, was resolved upon at a meeting held the War Office, March 31st, 1860. The great military hospital was established immediately after the Crimean War, and was one of the many legacies bequeathed to the country by the wisdom and benevolence of

the late Prince Consort. The first stone was laid by the Queen, May 19th, 1856.

The buildings are of red brick, with a profusion of white stone dressings, and are very striking from the immense length of the façade, which is about a quarter of a mile long. There is also a certain stateliness of outline. which is added to by a cupola in the centre, and several strangely shaped turrets starting up from either end.

Its situation is indeed beautiful, particularly in summer, looking casz it by hospital to be built to-day, it would be constructed on very different principles from those which were brought into play when Netley Hospital was erected.

At the same time it is not without some advantages, the chief of which are the three corridors. each a quarter of a mile in length, which run along the three storeys

that make up the front of the building, and which afford abundant room for the indoor exercise of the patients, with heating apparatus for maintaining even temperature in cold weather in the two upper corridors. It contains 138 wards, and has a capacity of over 850 beds, and as many as 1100 have been accommodated at one time.

When I was shown over the place towards the end of last October by Surgeon-Major-General Giraud, the principal medical officer, to whom I am chiefly indebted for much of the information contained in this article, the great hospital was

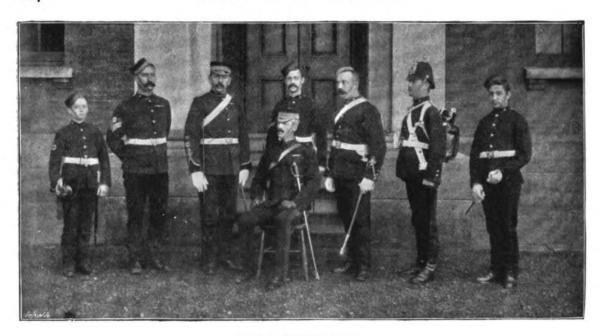
rather empty. As the winter draws on, however, it rapidly fills up, as ships arrive from

Thus, from the India. beginning of November till the first of April eleven troopships are expected to arrive at Southampton, and a certain proportion of the soldiers returning home will be in-





Surgeon-Major-General Giraud.



The Uniforms of all Ranks

As many as three hundred and thirty of such invalids have been received at one and the same time at Netley, and so excellent is the service there that all that number can be placed in the proper wards in less than an hour's time.

The poor fellows are given the diet suitable for each case, nor are the hospital authorities in any way stinted by the War Office, for they can order whatever they judge to be best. There is a chapel, and two or three chaplains of different denominations look after the spiritual necessities of the patients, while the convalescents have provided for them a small theatre which, I am told, is frequently the scene of successful entertainments.

In round figures Netley has cost the nation . about £400,000.

The Medical Staff Corps at the present time consists of rather more than 2500 non-commissioned officers and men, and the total annual pay of this body is some £75,000. The uniform of the corps is blue with black facings and scarlet shoulder-knots. The medical officers of the army are responsible for the instruction, drill, discipline, pay, clothing, and messing of the corps. They are enlisted in the usual way, but if they are found to be incompetent for their medical duties—as bearers, dressers, compounders of drugs, skilled cooks, and the like, they are transferred to some other branch of the army.

An illustration is given above showing the uniforms of all ranks.

The pay received by the Medical Staff Corps is a good deal higher than that given men of the same standing in other army departments. Sergeant-majors receive 5s. 6d. per day besides extras; staff-sergeants from 4s. 3d. to 4s. 6d.; sergeants, 2s. 8d.; corporals, from 2s. 1d. to 2s. 4d.; while buglers and privates get 1s. 2d. Non-commissioned officers, or men below the rank of staff-sergeant, if present and effective at their posts, receive, in addition to the regimental pay given above, from 4d. to 1s. a day, and there is rather a liberal table as regards extra duty pay.

There is besides at the Royal Victoria Hospital a staff of trained "Nursing Sisters," who have a sort of uniform, consisting of a grey dress with a red cape, and on the right arm they wear the Geneva Cross badge. Our illustration on page 165 shows Miss H. Norman, the Lady Superintendent, wearing her medals, and accompanied by her staff.

How is the work of the army medical service distributed apart from Netley?

At every military station there is a hospital, properly equipped, and here are placed one or more medical officers, who are aided by a certain number of the non-commissioned officers and the privates belonging to the medical corps.

In time of war the duties of the medical side of the army are of the most arduous and responsible nature. It must be remembered also that British troops are frequently engaged against savage and warlike nations to whom the Geneva Cross is a meaningless sign, and who know nothing of the courtesies of civilised warfare.

In such instances were the sick and wounded to be left behind in case of emergency or retreat, it would be to torture and death, whereas in the warfare of civilised peoples they might be left in such an extremity without hesitation to the care of the enemy. This is one example of the very difficult and dangerous duties devolving upon the medical staff of our army.

When in the field the entire medical service is under the command of a surgeon-majorgeneral, who is included in the staff of the general commanding the line of communication, and is subject to the general commanding in chief.

For an army corps the medical establishments consist of ten field hospitals, six bearer companies with ambulances, and other requisites. When a soldier falls wounded in

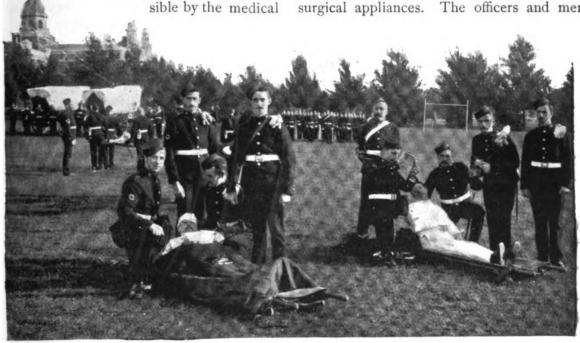
the fighting line, he is reached and attended to as quickly as pos-



The Lady Superintendent and Nursing Sisters.

officer attached to his regiment or corps. He is then carried or assisted to the collecting station, which is the advance post of pack animal ambulance transports, and the various forms of wheel - carriages employed in succouring the wounded. Here restoratives are quickly applied.

The next step is to convey the wounded to the dressing station, which is placed some 2000 yards from the fighting line. At this point there are provided tents, which are furnished with tolerably complete medical and surgical appliances. The officers and men



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who perform such services, and the service itself, are known as the "first line of assistance."

The "second line of assistance" is as follows: From the dressing station, the wounded are passed on by road or rail to a field hospital which has been organised in some suitable position out of the range of fire, or under cover from it. Here the men are treated for two or three days, the convalescent and cured being sent back to the army, the more seriously injured going to some permanent hospital—as may be selected.

When such a permanent hospital is a great distance away from the scene of operations, hospitals are formed on the line of communication. The permanent hospital would generally be situated near some harbour, from which the voyage to England could readily be made. Here, of course, there would be a large staff with every possible appliance. This is called the "third line of assistance."

The last stage of all would be the disembarkation of the invalided soldier in England, and his transfer to the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, or to some other hospital. An illustration of the Medical Staff Corps at drill in peace time is given on page 165.

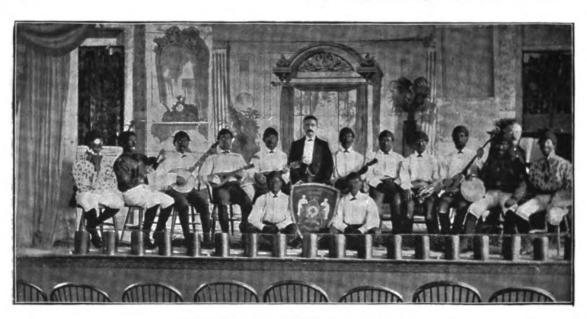
In conclusion, I will state two or three interesting facts about the medical side of the army.

In proportion to actual numbers, it has received more Victoria Crosses than any other branch of the army. This is an eloquent testimony to its courage and devotion.

Whether in peace or war, the medical side of the army suffers more severely than any other. For instance, take India. During the unhealthy periods other officers go to the hills to recruit, but the medical officers have to stay in the plains at such times, because it is just then that disease is most rampant among the soldiers. Man for man, the army doctor does not live so long as other officers do.

I am informed that candidates for commissions on the army medical staff are not coming forward at the present time in such numbers as is desirable for the best interests of the army. It certainly is not because of the difficulties and dangers incidental to the medical service, but simply—and here I merely repeat what is a subject of common knowledge—it is maintained that there is attached a certain social disability to the medical side of the army. In other words, medical officers complain that they are not treated as equals by officers on the combatant side of the army.

The sooner this state of things is put right the better, in the interests both of the army medical staff and of the army itself, to say nothing of the nation. For the medical side of the army is surely not its least noble.



Digitized by Google Minstrels in the Netley Hospital Theatre, Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



By Guy Boothby.

No. I.

THE DUCHESS OF WILTSHIRE'S DIAMONDS.

To the reflective mind the rapidity with which the inhabitants of the world's greatest city seize upon a new name or idea and familiarise themselves with it, can scarcely prove otherwise than astonishing. As an illus-

tration of my meaning let me take the case of Klimo — the now famous private detective,

who has won for himself the right to be considered as great as Lecocq, or even the late lamented Sherlock Holmes.

Up to a certain morning London had never even heard his name, nor had it the remotest notion as to who or what he might be. It was as sublimely ignorant and careless on the subject as the inhabitants of Kamtchatka or Peru. Within twenty-four hours, however, the whole aspect of the case was changed. The man, woman, or child who had not seen his posters, or heard his name, was counted an ignoramus unworthy of intercourse with human beings.

Princes became familiar with it as their trains bore them to Windsor to luncheon with the Queen; the nobility noticed and commented upon it as they drove about the town; merchants, and business men generally, read it as they made their ways by omnibus or Underground, to their various shops and counting-houses; street boys called each other by it as a nickname; Music Hall Artistes introduced it into their patter, while it was even rumoured that the Stock Exchange itself had paused in the full flood tide of business to manufacture a riddle on the subject.

That Klimo made his profession pay him well was certain, first from the fact that his advertisements must have cost a good round sum, and, second, because he had taken a mansion in Belverton Street, Park Lane, next door to Porchester House, where, to the dismay of that aristocratic neighbourhood, he advertised that he was prepared to receive and be consulted by his clients. The invitation was responded to with alacrity, and from that day forward, between the hours of twelve and two, the pavement upon the north side of the street was lined with carriages, every one containing some person desirous of testing the great man's skill.

I must here explain that I have narrated all this in order to show the state of affairs Digitiz Copyright, 1897, by Guy Boothby, in the United States of America.

existing in Belverton Street and Park Lane when Simon Carne arrived, or was supposed to arrive in England. If my memory serves me correctly, it was on Wednesday, the 3rd of May, that the Earl of Amberley drove to Victoria to meet and welcome the man whose acquaintance he had made in India under such peculiar circumstances, and under the spell of whose fascination he and his family had fallen so completely.

Reaching the station, his lordship de-

scended from his car-

riage, and made his way to the platform set apart for the reception of the Continental express. He walked with a jaunty air, and seemed to be on the best terms with himself and the world in general. How little he

suspected

the exist-

ence of the

noose into



A poster setting forth the name of the now famous detective, Klimo.

which he was so innocently running his

As if out of compliment to his arrival, the train put in an appearance within a few moments of his reaching the platform. He immediately placed himself in such a position that he could make sure of seeing the man he wanted, and waited patiently until he should come in sight. Carne, however, was not among the first batch, indeed, the majority of passengers had passed before his lordship caught sight of him.

One thing was very certain, however great the crush might have been, it would have been difficult to mistake Carne's figure. The man's infirmity and the peculiar beauty of his face rendered him easily recognisable. Possibly, after his long sojourn in India, he

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found the morning cold, for he wore a long fur coat, the collar of which he had turned up round his ears, thus making a fitting frame for his delicate face. On seeing Lord Amberley he hastened forward to greet him.

"This is most kind and friendly of you," he said as he shook the other by the hand. "A fine day and Lord Amberley to meet me. One could scarcely imagine a better welcome."

As he spoke, one of his Indian servants approached and salaamed before him. He gave him an order,

and received an

answer in Hindustani, whereupon he turned again to Lord Amberley.

"You may
i m a g i n e
how anxious
I am to see
m y n e w
dwelling,"
h e s a i d.
"My servant tells me
t h a t m y
carriage is
here, so may
I hope that
y o u will

drive back with me and see for yourself how I am likely to be lodged."

"I shall be delighted," said Lord Amberley, who was longing for the opportunity, and they accordingly went out into the station yard together to discover a brougham, drawn by two magnificent horses, and with Nur Ali, in all the glory of white raiment and crested turban, on the box, waiting to receive them. His lordship dismissed his Victoria, and when Jowur Singh had taken his place beside his fellow servant upon the box, the carriage rolled out of the station yard in the direction of Hyde Park.

"I trust her ladyship is quite well," said Simon Carne politely, as they turned into Gloucester Place.

"Excellently well, thank you," replied his Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY lordship. "She bade me welcome you to England in her name as well as my own, and I was to say that she is looking forward to seeing you."

"She is most kind, and I shall do myself the honour of calling upon her as soon as circumstances will permit," answered Carne. "I beg you will convey my best thanks to her for her thought of me."

While these polite speeches were passing between them they were rapidly approaching a large hoarding on which was displayed a poster setting forth the name of the now famous detective, Klimo.

Simon Carne, leaning forward, studied it, and when they had passed, turned to his friend again.

"At Victoria and on all the hoardings we meet I see an enormous placard, bearing the word 'Klimo.' Pray, what does it mean?"
His lordship laughed.

"You are asking a question which, a month ago, was on the lips of nine out of every ten Londoners. It is only within the last fortnight that we have learned who and what 'Klimo' is."

"And pray what is he?"

"Well, the explanation is very simple. He is neither more nor less than a remarkably astute private detective, who has succeeded in attracting notice in such a way that half London has been induced to patronise him. I have had no dealings with the man myself. But a friend of mine, Lord Orpington, has been the victim of a most audacious burglary, and, the police having failed to solve the mystery, he has called Klimo in. We shall therefore see what he can do before many days are past. But, there, I expect you will soon know more about him than any of us."

"Indeed! And why?"

"For the simple reason that he has taken No. 1, Belverton Terrace, the house adjoining your own, and sees his clients there."

Simon Carne pursed up his lips, and appeared to be considering something.

"I trust he will not prove a nuisance," he said at last. "The agents who found me the house should have acquainted me with the fact. Private detectives, on however large a scale, scarcely strike one as the most desir-

able of neighbours,—particularly for a man who is so fond of quiet as myself."

At this moment they were approaching their destination. As the carriage passed Belverton Street and pulled up, Lord Amberley pointed to a long line of vehicles standing before the detective's door.

"You can see for yourself something of the business he does," he said. "Those are the carriages of his clients, and it is probable that twice as many have arrived on foot."

"I shall certainly speak to the agent on the subject," said Carne, with a shadow of annoyance upon his face. "I consider the fact of this man's being so close to me a serious drawback to the house."

Jowur Singh here descended from the box and opened the door in order that his master and his guest might alight, while portly Ram Gafur, the butler, came down the steps and salaamed before them with Oriental obsequiousness. Carne greeted his domestics with kindly condescension, and then, accompanied by the ex-Viceroy, entered his new abode.

"I think you may congratulate yourself upon having secured one of the most desirable residences in London," said his lordship ten minutes or so later, when they had explored the principal rooms.

"I am very glad to hear you say so," said Carne. "I trust your lordship will remember that you will always be welcome in the house as long as I am its owner."

"It is very kind of you to say so," returned Lord Amberley warmly. "I shall look forward to some months of pleasant intercourse. And now I must be going. To-morrow, perhaps, if you have nothing better to do, you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner. Your fame has already gone abroad, and we shall ask one or two nice people to meet you, including my brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady Gelpington, Lord and Lady Orpington, and my cousin, the Duchess of Wiltshire, whose interest in China and Indian Art, as perhaps you know, is only second to your own."

"I shall be most glad to come."

"We may count on seeing you in Eaton Square, then, at eight o'clock?"

"If I am alive you may be sure I shall be

there. Must you really go? Then good-bye, and many thanks for meeting me."

His lordship having left the house Simon Carne went upstairs to his dressing room,



Klimo himself.

which it was to be noticed he tound without inquiry, and rang the electric bell, beside the fireplace, three times. While he was waiting for it to be answered he stood looking out of the window at the long line of carriages in the street below.

"Everything is progressing admirably," he said to himself. "Amberley does not suspect any more than the world in general. As a proof he asks me to dinner to-morrow evening to meet his brother and sister-in-law, two of his particular friends, and above all Her

Grace of Wiltshire. Of course I shall go, and when I bid Her Grace good-bye it will be strange if I am not one step nearer the interest on Liz's money."

At this moment the door opened, and his valet, the grave and respectable Belton, entered the room. Carne turned to greet him impatiently.

"Come, come, Belton," he said, "we must be quick. It is twenty minutes to twelve and if we don't hurry, the folk next door will become impatient. Have you succeeded in doing what I spoke to you about last night?"

"I have done everthing, sir."

"I am glad to hear it. Now lock that door and let us get to work. You can let me have your news while I am dressing."

Opening one side of a massive wardrobe that completely filled one end of the room, Belton took from it a number of garments. They included a well worn velvet coat, a baggy pair of trousers—so old that only a notorious pauper or a millionaire could have afforded to wear them—a flannel waistcoat, a Gladstone collar, a soft silk tie, and a pair of embroidered carpet slippers upon which no old clothes man in the most reckless way of business in Petticoat Lane would have advanced a single halfpenny. Into these he assisted his master to change.

"Now give me the wig, and unfasten the straps of this hump," said Carne, as the other placed the garments just referred to upon a neighbouring chair.

Belton did as he was ordered, and then there happened a thing the like of which no one would have believed. Having unbuckled a strap on either shoulder, and slipped his hand beneath the waistcoat, he withdrew a large papier-maché hump, which he carried away and carefully placed in a drawer of the bureau. Relieved of his burden, Simon Carne stood up as straight and well-made a man as any in Her Majesty's dominions. The malformation, for which so many, including the Earl and Countess of Amberley, had often pitied him, was nothing but a hoax intended to produce an effect which would permit him additional facilities of disguise.

The hump discarded, and the grey wig fitted carefully to his head in such a manner that not even a pinch of his own curlylocks

could be seen beneath it, he adorned his cheeks with a pair of crépu-hair whiskers, donned the flannel vest and the velvet coat previously mentioned, slipped his feet into the carpet slippers, placed a pair of smoked glasses upon his nose, and declared himself ready to proceed about his business. The man who would have known him for Simon Carne would have been as astute as, well, shall we say, as the private detective—Klimo himself.

"It's on the stroke of twelve," he said, as he gave a final glance at himself in the pierglass above the dressing-table, and arranged his tie to his satisfaction. "Should anyone call, instruct Ram Gafur to tell them that I have gone out on business, and shall not be back until three o'clock."

"Very good, sir."

"Now undo the door and let me go in."

Thus commanded, Belton went across to the large wardrobe which, as I have already said, covered the whole of one side of the room, and opened the middle door. Two or three garments were seen inside suspended on pegs, and these he removed, at the same time pushing towards the right the panel at the rear. When this was done a large aperture in the wall between the two houses was disclosed. Through this door Carne passed drawing it behind him.

In No. 1, Belverton Terrace, the house occupied by the detective, whose presence in the street Carne seemed to find so objectionable, the entrance thus constructed was covered by the peculiar kind of confessional box in which Klimo invariably sat to receive his clients, the rearmost panels of which opened in the same fashion as those in the wardrobe in the dressing-room. These being pulled aside, he had but to draw them to again after him, take his seat, ring the electric bell to inform his housekeeper that he was ready, and then welcome his clients as quickly as they cared to come.

Punctually at two o'clock the interviews ceased, and Klimo, having reaped an excellent harvest of fees, returned to Porchester House to become Simon Carne once more.

Possibly it was due to the fact that the Earl and Countess of Amberley were brimming over with his praise, it may have been the rumour that he was worth as many millions as you have fingers upon your hand that did it; one thing, however, was self evident, within twenty-four hours of the noble Earl's meeting him at Victoria Station, Simon Carne was the talk, not only of fashionable, but also of unfashionable, London.

That his household were, with one exception, natives of India, that he had paid a rental for Porchester House which ran into five figures, that he was the greatest living authority upon China and Indian art generally, and that he had come over to England in search of a wife, were among the smallest of the *canards* set afloat concerning him.

During dinner next evening Carne put forth every effort to please. He was placed on the right hand of his hostess and next to the Duchess of Wiltshire. To the latter he paid particular attention, and to such good purpose that when the ladies returned to the drawing-room afterwards Her Grace was full of his praises. They had discussed china of all sorts, Carne had promised her a specimen which she had longed for all her life, but had never been able to obtain, and in return she had promised to show him the quaintly carved Indian casket in which the famous necklace, of which he had, of course, heard. spent most of its time. She would be wearing the jewels in question at her own ball in a week's time, she informed him, and if he would care to see the case when it came from her bankers on that day, she would be only too pleased to show it to him.

As Simon Carne drove home in his luxurious brougham afterwards, he smiled to himself as he thought of the success which was attending his first endeavour. Two of the guests, who were stewards of the Jockey Club, had heard with delight his idea of purchasing a horse in order to have an interest in the Derby. While another, on hearing that he desired to become the possessor of a yacht, had offered to propose him for the R.C.Y.C. To crown it all, however, and much better than all, the Duchess of Wiltshire had promised to show him her famous diamonds.

"By this time next week," he said to himself, "Liz's interest should be considerably closer. But satisfactory as my progress has been hitherto it is difficult to see how I am to get possession of the stones. From what I have been able to discover they are only brought from the bank on the day the Duchess intends to wear them, and they are taken back by His Grace the morning following.

"While she has got them on her person it would be manifestly impossible to get them from her. And as, when she takes them off, they are returned to their box and placed in a safe, constructed in the wall of the bedroom adjoining, and which for the occasion is occupied by the butler and one of the under footmen, the only key being in the possession of the Duke himself, it would be equally foolish to hope to appropriate them. In what manner therefore I am to become their possessor passes my comprehension. However, one thing is certain, obtained they must be, and the attempt must be made on the night of the ball if possible. In the meantime I'll set my wits to work upon a plan."

Next day Simon Carne was the recipient of an invitation to the ball in question, and two days later he called upon the Duchess of Wiltshire at her residence in Belgrave Square with a plan prepared. He also took with him the small vase he had promised her four nights before. She received him most graciously, and their talk fell at once into the usual channel. Having examined her collection and charmed her by means of one or two judicious criticisms, he asked permission to include photographs of certain of her treasures in his forthcoming book, then little by little he skilfully guided the conversation on to the subject of jewels.

"Since we are discussing gems, Mr. Carne," she said, "perhaps it would interest you to see my famous necklace. By good fortune I have it in the house now, for the reason that an alteration is being made to one of the clasps by my jewellers."

"I should like to see it immensely," answered Carne. "At one time and another I have had the good fortune to examine the jewels of the leading Indian Princes, and I should like to be able to say that I had seen the famous Wiltshire necklace."

"Then you shall certainly have that honour," she answered with a smile. "If you will ring that bell I will send for it."

Carne rang the bell as requested, and when

the butler entered he was given the key of the safe and ordered to bring the case to the drawing-room.

"We must not keep it very long," she observed while the man was absent. "It is to be returned to the bank in an hour's time."

"I am indeed fortunate," Carne replied, and turned to the description of some curious Indian wood carving, of which he was making a special feature in his book. As he explained, he had collected his illustrations from the doors of Indian temples, from the gateways of palaces, from old brass work, and even from carved chairs and boxes he had picked up in all sorts of odd corners. Her Grace was most interested.

"How strange that you should have mentioned it," she said. "If carved boxes have any interest for you, it is possible my jewel case itself may be of use to you. As I think I told you during Lady Amberley's dinner, it came from Benares, and has carved upon it the portraits of nearly every god in the Hindu Pantheon."

"You raise my curiosity to fever heat," said Carne.

A few moments later the servant returned, bringing with him a wooden box, about sixteen inches long, by twelve wide, and eight deep, which he placed upon a table beside his mistress, after which he retired.

"This is the case to which I have just been referring," said the Duchess, placing her hand on the article in question. "If you glance at it you will see how exquisitely it is carved."

Concealing his eagerness with an effort, Simon Carne drew his chair up to the table, and examined the box.

It was with justice she had described it as a work of art. What the wood was of which it was constructed Carne was unable to tell. It was dark and heavy, and, though it was not teak, closely resembled it. It was literally covered with quaint carving, and of its kind was a unique work of art.

"It is most curious and beautiful," said Carne when he had finished his examination. "In all my experience I can safely say I have never seen its equal. If you will permit me I should very much like to include a description and an illustration of it in my book."

"Of course you may do so; I shall be only too delighted," answered Her Grace. "If it will help you in your work I shall be glad to lend it to you for a few hours in order that you may have the illustration made."

This was exactly what Carne had been

waiting for, and he accepted the offer with alacrity.

"Very well, then," she said. "On the day of my ball, when it will be brought from the bank again, I will take the necklace out and send the case to you. I must make one proviso, however, and that is that you let me have it back the same day."

"I will certainly promise to do that," replied Carne.

"And now let us look inside," said his hostess.

Choosing a key from a bunch she carried in her pocket, she unlocked the casket, and lifted the lid. Accustomed as Carne had all his life

been to the sight of gems, what he saw before him then almost took his breath away. The inside of the box, both sides and bottom, was quilted with the softest Russia leather, and on this luxurious couch reposed the famous necklace. The fire of the stones when the light caught them was sufficient to dazzle the eyes, so fierce was it.

As Carne could see, every gem was perfect of its kind, and there were no fewer than three hundred of them. The setting was a fine example of the jeweller's art, and last, but not least, the value of the whole affair was fifty thousand pounds, a mere fleabite to the man who had given it to his wife, but a fortune to any humbler person.

"And now that you have seen my property,

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what do you think of it?" asked the Duchess as she watched her visitor's face.

"It is very beautiful," he answered, "and I do not wonder that you are proud of it. Yes, the diamonds are very fine, but I think it is their abiding place that fascinates me more.



"This is the case to which I have just been referring," said the Duchess.

Have you any objection to my measuring it?"

"Pray do so, if it is likely to be of any assistance to you," replied Her Grace.

Carne thereupon produced a small ivory rule, ran it over the box, and the figures he thus obtained he jotted down in his pocket book.

Ten minutes later, when the case had been returned to the safe, he thanked the Duchess for her kindness and took his departure, promising to call in person for the empty case on the morning of the ball.

Reaching home he passed into his study, and, seating himself at his writing table, pulled a sheet of note paper towards him and began to sketch, as well as he could remember

> Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

it, the box he had seen. Then he leant back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"I have cracked a good many hard nuts in my time," he said reflectively, "but never one that seemed so difficult at first sight as this. As far as I see at present, the case stands as follows: the box will be brought from the bank where it usually reposes to Wiltshire House on the morning of the dance. I shall be allowed to have possession of it, without the stones of course, for a period possibly extending from eleven o'clock in the morning to four or five, at any rate not later than seven, in the evening. After the ball the necklace will be returned to it, when it will be locked up in the safe, over which the butler and a footman will mount guard.

"To get into the room during the night is not only too risky, but physically out of the question; while to rob Her Grace of her treasure during the progress of the dance would be equally impossible. The Duke fetches the casket and takes it back to the



"I see a box," answered the man.

bank himself, so that to all intents and purposes I am almost as far off the solution as ever."

Half-an-hour went by and found him still seated at his desk, staring at the drawing on

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the paper, then an hour. The traffic of the streets rolled past the house unheeded. Finally Jowur Singh announced his carriage, and, feeling that an idea might come to him with a change of scene, he set off for a drive in the park.

By this time his elegant mail phaeton, with its magnificent horses and Indian servant on the seat behind, was as well-known as Her Majesty's state equipage, and attracted almost as much attention. To-day, however, the fashionable world noticed that Simon Carne looked preoccupied. He was still working out his problem, but so far without much success. Suddenly something, no one will ever be able to say what, put an idea into his head. The notion was no sooner born in his brain than he left the park and drove quickly home. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before he was back in his study again, and had ordered that Wajib Baksh should be sent to him.

When the man he wanted put in an appearance, Carne handed him the paper upon which he had made the drawing of the jewel case.

"Look at that," he said, "and tell me what thou seest there."

> "I see a box," answered the man, who by this time was well accustomed to his master's ways.

> "As thou say'st, it is a box," said "The wood is heavy and thick, though what wood it is I do not know. The measurements are upon the paper below. Within, both the sides and bottom are quilted with soft leather as I have also shown. Think now, Wajib Baksh, for in this case thou wilt need to have all thy wits about thee. Tell me is it in thy power, oh most cunning of all craftsmen, to insert such extra sides within this box that they, being held by a spring, shall lie so snug as not to be noticeable to the ordinary eye? Can it be so arranged that, when the box

is locked, they shall fall flat upon the bottom thus covering and holding fast what lies beneath them, and yet making the box appear to the eye as if it were empty. Is it possible for thee to do such a thing?"

> Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Wajib Baksh did not reply for a few moments. His instinct told him what his master wanted, and he was not disposed to answer hastily, for he also saw that his reputation as the most cunning craftsman in India was at stake.

"If the Heaven-born will permit me the night for thought," he said at last, "I will come to him when he rises from his bed and tell him what I can do, and he can then give his orders as it pleases him."

"Very good," said Carne. "Then tomorrow morning I shall expect thy report. Let the work be good and there will be many rupees for thee to touch in return. As to the lock and the way it shall act, let that be the concern of Hiram Singh."

Wajib Baksh salaamed and withdrew, and Simon Carne for the time being dismissed the matter from his mind.

Next morning, while he was dressing, Belton reported that the two artificers desired an interview with him. He ordered them to be admitted, and forthwith they entered the room. It was noticeable that Wajib Baksh carried in his hand a heavy box, which, upon Carne's motioning him to do so, he placed upon the table.

"Have ye thought over the matter?" he asked, seeing that the men waited for him to speak.

"We have thought of it," replied Hiram Singh, who always acted as spokesman for the pair. "If the Presence will deign to look he will see that we have made a box of the size and shape such as he drew upon the paper."

"Yes, it is certainly a good copy," said Carne condescendingly, after he had examined it.

Wajib Baksh showed his white teeth in appreciation of the compliment, and Hiram Singh drew closer to the table.

"And now, if the Sahib will open it, he will in his wisdom be able to tell if it resembles the other that he has in his mind."

Carne opened the box as requested, and discovered that the interior was an exact counterfeit of the Duchess of Wiltshire's jewel case, even to the extent of the quilted leather lining which had been the other's

principal feature. He admitted that the likeness was all that could be desired.

"As he is satisfied," said Hiram Singh, "it may be that the Protector of the Poor will deign to try an experiment with it. See, here is a comb. Let it be placed in the box, so—now he will see what he will see."

The broad, silver-backed comb, lying upon his dressing-table, was placed on the bottom of the box, the lid was closed, and the key turned in the lock. The case being securely fastened, Hiram Singh laid it before his master.

"I am to open it, I suppose?" said Carne, taking the key and replacing it in the lock.

"If my master pleases," replied the other.

Carne accordingly turned it in the lock, and, having done so, raised the lid and looked inside. His astonishment was complete. To all intents and purposes the box was empty. The comb was not to be seen, and yet the quilted sides and bottom were, to all appearances, just the same as when he had first looked inside.

"This is most wonderful," he said. And indeed it was as clever a conjuring trick as any he had ever seen.

"Nay, it is very simple," Wajib Baksh replied. "The Heaven-born told me that there must be no risk of detection."

He took the box in his own hands and, running his nails down the centre of the quilting, dividing the false bottom into two pieces; these he lifted out, revealing the comb lying upon the real bottom beneath.

"The sides, as my lord will see," said Hiram Singh, taking a step forward, "are held in their appointed places by these two springs. Thus, when the key is turned the springs relax, and the sides are driven by others into their places on the bottom, where the seams in the quilting mask the join. There is but one disadvantage. It is as follows: When the pieces which form the bottom are lifted out in order that my lord may get at whatever lies concealed beneath, the springs must of necessity stand revealed. However, to anyone who knows sufficient of the working of the box to lift out the false bottom, it will be an easy matter to withdraw the springs and conceal them about his person."

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"As you say that is an easy matter," said Carne, "and I shall not be likely to forget. Now one other question. Presuming I am in a position to put the real box into your hands for say eight hours, do you think that in that time you

can fit it up so that

be impossible?"

"Assuredly, my lord," replied Hiram Singh with conviction. "There is but the lock and the fitting of the springs to be done. Three hours at most would suffice for that."

"I am pleased with you," said Carne. "As a proof of my satisfaction, when the work is finished you will each receive five hundred rupees. Now you can go."

According to his promise, ten o'clock on the Friday following found him in his hansom driving towards Belgrave Square. He was a little anxious, though

His hostess and her husband received him.

the casual observer would scarcely have been able to tell it. The magnitude of the stake for which he was playing was enough to try the nerve of even such a past master in his profession as Simon Carne.

Arriving at the house he discovered some workmen erecting an awning across the footway in preparation for the ball that was to take place at night. It was not long, however, before he found himself in the boudoir, reminding Her Grace of her promise to permit him an opportunity of making a drawing of the

famous jewel case.

The Duchess was naturally busy, and within a quarter of an hour he was on his way home with the box placed on the seat of the carriage beside him.

" Now," he said, as he patted it goodhumouredly, " if only the notion worked out by Hiram Singh and Wajib Baksh holds good, the famous Wiltshire diamonds will become my property before very many hours are passed. By this time to - morrow, I suppose, London will be all agog concerning the burglary."

On reaching his house he left his carriage and himself

carried the box into his study. Once there he rang his bell and ordered Hiram Singh and Wajib Baksh to be sent to him. When they arrived he showed them the box upon which they were to exercise their ingenuity.

"Bring your tools in here," he said, "and do the work under my own eyes. You have

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY but nine hours before you, so you must make the most of them."

The men went for their implements, and as soon as they were ready set to work. All through the day they were kept hard at it, with the result that by five o'clock the alterations had been effected and the case stood ready. By the time Carne returned from his afternoon drive in the Park it was quite prepared for the part it was to play in his scheme. Having praised the men, he turned them out and locked the door, then went across the room and unlocked a drawer in his writing table. From it he took a flat leather jewel case which he opened. It contained a necklace of counterfeit diamonds, if anything a little larger than the one he intended to try to obtain. He had purchased it that morning in the Burlington Arcade for the purpose of testing the apparatus his servants had made, and this he now proceeded to do.

Laying it carefully upon the bottom he closed the lid and turned the key. When he opened it again the necklace was gone, and even though he knew the secret he could not for the life of him see where the false bottom began and ended. After that he reset the trap and tossed the necklace carelessly in. To his delight it acted as well as on the previous occasion. He could scarcely contain his satisfaction. His conscience was sufficiently elastic to give him no trouble. To him it was scarcely a robbery he was planning, but an artistic trial of skill, in which he pitted his wits and cunning against the forces of society in general.

At half-past seven he dined and afterwards smoked a meditative cigar over the evening paper in the billiard room. The invitations to the ball were for ten o'clock, and at ninethirty he went to his dressing-room.

"Make me tidy as quickly as you can," he said to Belton when the latter appeared, "and while you are doing so listen to my final instructions.

"To-night, as you know, I am endeavouring to secure the Duchess of Wiltshire's necklace. To-morrow morning all London will resound with the hubbub, and I have been making my plans in such a way as to arrange that Klimo shall be the

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first person consulted. When the messenger calls, if call he does, see that the old woman next door bids him tell the Duke to come personally at twelve o'clock. Do you understand?"

" Perfectly, sir."

"Very good. Now give me the jewel case, and let me be off. You need not sit up for me."

Precisely as the clocks in the neighbourhood were striking ten Simon Carne reached Belgrave Square, and, as he hoped, found himself the first guest.

His hostess and her husband received him in the ante-room of the drawing-room.

"I come laden with a thousand apologies," he said as he took Her Grace's hand, and bent over it with that ceremonious politeness which was one of the man's chief characteristics. "I am most unconscionably early, I know, but I hastened here in order that I might personally return the jewel case you so kindly lent me. I must trust to your generosity to forgive me. The drawings took longer than I expected."

"Please do not apologise," answered Her Grace. "It is very kind of you to have brought the case yourself. I hope the illustrations have proved successful. I shall look forward to seeing them as soon as they are ready. But I am keeping you holding the box. One of my servants will take it to my room."

She called a footman to her and bade him take the box and place it upon her dressing-table.

"Before it goes I must let you see that I have not damaged it either externally or internally," said Carne with a laugh. "It is such a valuable case that I should never forgive myself if it had even received a scratch during the time it has been in my possession."

So saying he lifted the lid and allowed her to look inside. To all appearance it was exactly the same as when she had lent it to him earlier in the day.

"You have been most careful," she said. And then, with an air of banter, she continued: "If you desire it I shall be pleased to give you a certificate to that effect."

They jested in this fashion for a few moments after the servant's departure, during which time Carne promised to call upon her

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY the following morning at eleven o'clock, and to bring with him the illustrations he had made and a queer little piece of china he had had the good fortune to pick up in a dealer's shop the previous afternoon. By this time fashionable London was making its way up the grand staircase, and with its appearance further conversation became impossible.

Shortly after midnight Carne bade his hostess good night and slipped away. He was perfectly satisfied with his evening's entertainment, and if the key of the jewel case were not turned before the jewels were placed in it, he was convinced they would become his property. It speaks well for his strength of nerve when I record the fact that on going to bed his slumbers were as peaceful and untroubled as those of a little child.

Breakfast was scarcely over next morning before a hansom drew up at his front door and Lord Amberley alighted. He was ushered into Carne's presence forthwith, and on seeing that the latter was surprised at his early visit, hastened to explain.

"My dear fellow," he said as he took possession of the chair the other offered him, "I have come round to see you on most important business. As I told you last night at the dance, when you so kindly asked me to come and see the steam yacht you have purchased, I had an appointment with Wiltshire at half-past nine this morning. On reaching Belgrave Square, I found the whole house in confusion. Servants were running hither and thither with scared faces, the butler was on the borders of lunacy, the Duchess was well-nigh hysterical in her boudoir, while her husband was in his study vowing vengeance against all the world."

"You alarm me," said Carne, lighting a cigarette with a hand that was as steady as a rock. "What on earth has happened?"

"I think I might safely allow you fifty guesses and then wager a hundred pounds you'd not hit the mark; and yet in a certain measure it concerns you."

"Concerns me? Good gracious. What have I done to bring all this about?"

"Pray do not look so alarmed," said Amberley. "Personally you have done nothing. Indeed, on second thoughts, I don't know that I am right in saying that it concerns you at all. The fact of the matter is, Carne, a burglary took place last night at Wiltshire House, and the famous necklace has disappeared."

"Good Heavens! You don't say so?"

"But I do. The circumstances of the case are as follows: When my cousin retired to her room last night after the ball, she unclasped the necklace, and, in her husband's presence, placed it carefully in her jewel case, which she locked. That having been done, Wiltshire took the box to the room which contained the safe, and himself placed it there, locking the iron door with his own key. The room was occupied that night, according to custom, by the butler and one of the footmen, both of whom have been in the family since they were boys.

"Next morning, after breakfast, the Duke unlocked the safe and took out the box, intending to convey it to the Bank as usual. Before leaving, however, he placed it on his study-table and went upstairs to speak to his wife. He cannot remember exactly how long he was absent, but he feels convinced that he was not gone more than a quarter of an hour at the very utmost.

"Their conversation finished, she accompanied him downstairs, where she saw him take up the case to carry it to his carriage. Before he left the house, however, she said: 'I suppose you have looked to see that the necklace is all right?' 'How could I do so?' was his reply. 'You know you possess the only key that will fit it.'

"She felt in her pockets, but to her surprise the key was not there."

"If I were a detective I should say that that is a point to be remembered," said Carne with a smile. "Pray, where did she find her keys?"

"Upon her dressing-table," said Amberley.
"Though she has not the slightest recollection of leaving them there."

"Well, when she had procured the keys, what happened?"

"Why, they opened the box, and to their astonishment and dismay, found it empty. The jewels were gone!"

"Good gracious. What a terrible loss! It seems almost impossible that it can be true. And pray, what did they do?'

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"At first they stood staring into the empty box, hardly believing the evidence of their own eyes. Stare how they would, however, they could not bring them back. The jewels had without doubt disappeared, but when and where the robbery had taken place it was impossible to say. After that they had up all the servants and questioned them, but the result was what they might have foreseen, no one from the butler to the kitchenmaid could throw any light upon the subject. To this minute it remains as great a mystery as when they first discovered it."

"I am more concerned than I can tell you," said Carne. "How thankful I ought to be that I returned the case to Her Grace last night. But in thinking of myself I am forgetting to ask what has brought you to me. If I can be of any assistance I hope you will command me."

"Well, I'll tell you why I have come," replied Lord Amberley. "Naturally they are most anxious to have the mystery solved and the jewels recovered as soon as possible. Wiltshire wanted to send to Scotland Yard there and then, but his wife and I eventually persuaded him to consult Klimo. As you know, if the police authorities are called in first he refuses the business altogether. Now, we thought, as you are his next door neighbour, you might possibly be able to assist us."

"You may be very sure, my lord, I will do everything that lies in my power. Let us go in and see him at once."

As he spoke he rose and threw what remained of his cigarette into the fireplace. His visitor having imitated his example, they procured their hats and walked round from Park Lane into Belverton Street to bring up at No. 1. After they had rung the bell the door was opened to them by the old woman who invariably received the detective's clients.

"Is Mr. Klimo at home?" asked Carne. "And, if so, can we see him?"

The old lady was a little deaf, and the question had to be repeated before she could be made to understand what was wanted. As soon, however, as she realised their desire she informed them that her master was absent from town, but would be back as usual at twelve o'clock to meet his clients.

"What on earth's to be done?" said the Earl, looking at his companion in dismay. "I am afraid I can't come back again, as I have a most important appointment at that hour."

"Do you think you could intrust the business to me?" asked Carne. "If so, I will make a point of seeing him at twelve o'clock, and could call at Wiltshire House afterwards and tell the Duke what I have done."

"That's very good of you," replied Amberley. "If you are sure it would not put you to too much trouble, that would be quite the best thing to be done."

"I will do it with pleasure," Carne replied.

"I feel it my duty to help in whatever way I can."

"You are very kind," said the other. "Then, as I understand it, you are to call upon Klimo at twelve o'clock, and afterwards to let my cousins know what you have succeeded in doing. I only hope he will help us to secure the thief. We are having too many of these burglaries just now. I must catch this hansom and be off. Goodbye, and many thanks."

"Goodbye," said Carne, and shook him by the hand.

The hansom having rolled away, Carne retraced his steps to his own abode.

"It is really very strange," he muttered as he walked along, "how often chance condescends to lend her assistance to my little schemes. The mere fact that His Grace left the box unwatched in his study for a quarter of an hour may serve to throw the police off on quite another scent. I am also glad that they decided to open the case in the house, for if it had gone to the bankers' and had been placed in the strong room unexamined, I should never have been able to get possession of the jewels at all."

Three hours later he drove to Wiltshire House and saw the Duke. The Duchess was far too much upset by the catastrophe to see anyone.

"This is really most kind of you, Mr. Carne," said His Grace when the other had supplied an elaborate account of his interview with Klimo. "We are extremely indebted to you. I am sorry he cannot come before ten o'clock to-night, and that he makes this

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stipulation of my seeing him alone, for I must confess I should like to have had someone else present to ask any questions that might escape me. But if that's his usual hour and custom, well, we must abide by it, that's all. I hope he will do some good, for

this is the greatest calamity that has ever befallen me. As I told you just now, it has made my wife quite ill. She is confined to her bedroom and quite hysterical."

"You do not suspect anyone, I suppose," inquired Carne.

"Not a soul," the other answered. "The thing is such a mystery that we do not know what to think. I feel convinced, however, that my servants are as innocent as I am. Nothing will ever make me think them otherwise. I wish I could catch the fellow, that's all. I'd make him suffer for the trick he's played me."

Carne offered an appropriate reply, and after a little further conversation upon the subject, bade the irate nobleman goodbye and left the house. From Belgrave Square he drove to one of the clubs of which he had been elected a member, in search of Lord Orpington, with whom he had promised to lunch, and afterwards took him to a ship-builder's yard near

Greenwich in order to show him the steam yacht he had lately purchased.

It was close upon dinner time before he returned to his own residence. He brought Lord Orpington with him, and they dined in state together. At nine the latter bade him good-bye, and at ten Carne retired to his dressing-room and rang for Belton.

"What have you to report," he asked,

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"with regard to what I bade you do in Belgrave Square?"

"I followed your instructions to the letter," Belton replied. "Yesterday morning I wrote to Messrs. Horniblow and Jimson, the house agents in Piccadily, in the name of Colonel

Braithwaite, and asked for an order to view the residence to the right of Wiltshire House. I asked that the order might be sent direct to the house, where the Colonel would get it upon his arrival. This letter I posted myself in Basingstoke, as you desired me to do.

"At nine o'clock yesterday morning I dressed myself as much like an elderly army officer as possible, and took a cab to Belgrave Square. The caretaker, an old fellow of close upon seventy years of age, admitted me immediately upon hearing my name, and proposed that he should show me over the house. This, however, I told him quite unnecessary, backing my speech with a present of half-a-crown, whereupon he returned to his breakfast perfectly satisfied, while I wandered about the house at my own leisure.

"Reaching the same floor as that upon which is situated the room in which the Duke's safe is kept, I discovered that your

supposition was quite correct, and that it would be possible for a man, by opening the window, to make his way along the coping from one house to the other, without being seen. I made certain that there was no one in the bedroom in which the butler slept, and then arranged the long telescope walking stick you gave me, and fixed one of my boots to it by means of the screw in the end. With this I was able to make a regular succession of



"I was able to make a regular succession of footsteps in the dust along the ledge."

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY footsteps in the dust along the ledge, between one window and the other.

"That done, I went downstairs again, bade the caretaker good morning, and got into my cab. From Belgrave Square I drove to the shop of the pawnbroker whom you told me you had discovered was out of town. His assistant inquired my business and was anxious to do what he could for me. I told him, however, that I must see his master personally as it was about the sale of some diamonds I had had left me. I pretended to be annoyed that he was not at home, and muttered to myself, so that the man could hear, something about its meaning a journey to Amsterdam.

"Then I limped out of the shop, paid off my cab, and, walking down a bystreet, removed my moustache, and altered my appearance by taking off my great coat and muffler. A few streets further on I purchased a bowler hat in place of the old-fashioned topper I had hitherto been wearing, and then took a cab from Piccadilly and came home."

"You have fulfilled my instructions admirably," said Carne. "And if the business comes off, as I expect it will, you shall receive your usual percentage. Now I must be turned into Klimo and be off to Belgrave Square to put His Grace of Wiltshire upon the track of this burglar."

Before he retired to rest that night Simon Carne took something, wrapped in a red silk handkerchief, from the capacious pocket of the coat Klimo had been wearing a few moments before. Having unrolled the covering, he held up to the light the magnificent necklace which for so many years had been the joy and pride of the ducal house of Wiltshire. The electric light played upon it, and touched it with a thousand different hues.

"Where so many have failed," he said to himself, as he wrapped it in the handkerchief again and locked it in his safe, "it is pleasant to be able to congratulate oneself on having succeeded. It is without its equal, and I don't think I shall be overstepping the mark if I say that I think when

she receives it Liz will be glad she lent me the money."

Next morning all London was astonished by the news that the famous Wiltshire diamonds had been stolen, and a few hours later Carne learnt from an evening paper that the detectives who had taken up the case, upon the supposed retirement from it of Klimo, were still completely at fault.

That evening he was to entertain several friends to dinner. They included Lord Amberley, Lord Orpington, and a prominent member of the Privy Council. Lord Amberley arrived late, but filled to overflowing



He held up to the light the magnificent necklace.

with importance. His friends noticed his state, and questioned him.

"Well, gentlemen," he answered, as he took up a commanding position upon the drawing room hearthrug, "I am in a posi-

tion to inform you that Klimo has reported upon the case, and the upshot of it is that the Wiltshire Diamond Mystery is a mystery no longer."

"What do you mean?" asked the others in a chorus.

"I mean that he sent in his report to Wiltshire this afternoon, as arranged. From what he said the other night, after being alone in the room with the empty jewel case and a magnifying glass for two minutes or so, "But how did Klimo find all this out?" asked Lord Orpington.

"By his own inimitable cleverness," replied Lord Amberley. "At any rate it has been proved that he was correct. The man did make his way from next door, and the police have since discovered that an individual, answering to the description given, visited a pawnbroker's shop in the city about an hour later and stated that he had diamonds to sell."

"If that is so it turns out to be a very



"Here's a good health to Klimo."

he was in a position to describe the *modus* operandi, and what is more to put the police on the scent of the burglar."

"And how was it worked?" asked Carne.

"From the empty house next door," replied the other. "On the morning of the burglary a man, purporting to be a retired army officer, called with an order to view, got the caretaker out of the way, clambered along to Wiltshire House by means of the parapet outside, reached the room during the time the servants were at breakfast, opened the safe, and abstracted the jewels."

simple mystery after all," said Lord Orpington as they began their meal.

"Thanks to the ingenuity of the cleverest detective in the world," remarked Amberley.

"In that case here's a good health to Klimo," said the Privy Councillor, raising his glass.

"I will join you in that," said Simon Carne. "Here's a very good health to Klimo and his connection with the Duchess of Wiltshire's diamonds. May he always be equally successful!"

"Hear, hear to that," replied his guests.

## WHICH IS THE MADDEST PART OF THE KINGDOM?

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, &c.

UNATICS form an important section of our population, and their importance is increasing year by year. But, despite the frequentt assertions of lunatics that "It's you, not me, who's mad," the time has not yet come for the sane minority to be guarded by the insane majority. At present, that section of the community which thinks it is sane - and which is sane, sometimes - takes care of that other section of the community which also thinks it is sane, but which is usually insane. A difference of opinion merely, and ENGLAND and WALES. SCOTLAND. IRELAND.

No. 1.—The Superior Sanity of England and Wales, when compared with Scotland and with Ireland; also, the superior sanity of Scotland when compared with Ireland. This diagram shows for every 1000 known Lunatics in the United Kingdom at January 1, 1896, the Actual number per 1000 and the Expected number per 1000 in each of the three Divisions of the Kingdom; the Expected numbers are computed on the respective populations in the middle of the year 1896. [Actual in solid black, Expected in striped black and white: the black columns add up to 1000, the striped columns add up to 1000.]

one, moreover, in which time and statistics seem to be gradually working in favour of the opinion now held by the insane minority, for the ranks of this minority are being appreciably swelled by recruits from the opposite camp, and who also, presumably, then share the opinion of the insane just quoted.

Omitting the discussion of this matter of opinion as to who is and who is not insane, an investigation of the existing official records of this question of lunacy opens up some rather interesting features, which I have been asked by the Editor of Pearson's Magazine to examine and illustrate.

First, I deal with the relative degrees of lunacy for England and Wales, for Scotland, and for Ireland, respectively. There is much vagueness as to facts, and another difference of opinion as to which is really the maddest part of the United Kingdom.

The vagueness as to the facts is pretty generally distributed over all the three divisions of the kingdom; the difference of opinion (I should say, perhaps, the difference of three opinions) is localised and emphasised in each of the three countries that make up the United Kingdom; for each one says to the other "It's you, not me—who's the maddest."

Diagram No. I refers to this part of the inquiry; it pictures the facts for known lunatics only, viz., those persons who by the action of the lunacy laws are known by the Commissions in Lunacy to be lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind, whether these be housed in private, pauper, or criminal establishments.

It is clearly impossible for me to include here the not inconsiderable number of unknown citizens who also are more or less insane, for these have not yet lost touch of their social environment to a degree which calls for the active interference of of friends or of

relations yet a little better off than themselves on the score of sanity. Moreover, some of these unknown insane are clever and useful members of the community, who would strongly object to be called insane—but this objection is, as we know, common to nearly all the units of this important group of our population.

Inspection of No. 1 shows the actual and the expected distribution of lunatics, in the year 1896, among the populations of England and Wales, of Scotland, of Ireland. Their actual distribution is shown by the solid black columns, whose height is in true proportion to the number of lunatics—per thousand lunatics in the United Kingdom—who are in each division of the kingdom.

Side by side with this actual distribution of

lunatics, are the striped black and white columns, which show the expected numbers of lunatics per thousand of the lunatics in the United Kingdom, who, on the basis of the three populations, ought to be in each division of the kingdom. We see that for England and Wales only, is the black column shorter than the striped column: both for Scotland and for Ireland. the black column is taller than the striped column,

so that this diagram tells us that while England and Wales have actually fewer lunatics than they are entitled to, both Scotland and Ireland have more actual lunatics than the number to be expected from each of these divisions of the country. The figures for every thousand lunatics in the

United Kingdom at the 1st January, 1896, are:

Actual Expected. Number. Number.

England and Wales 748 ... 778 minus 30 lunatics. Scotland ........... 109 ... 106 plus 3 lunatics. Ireland ............ 143 ... 116 plus 27 lunatics.

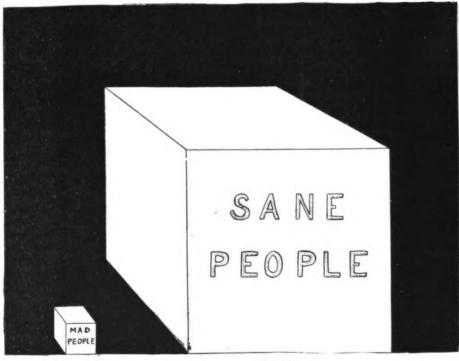
United Kingdom ... 1000 1000

England's actual deficiency of 30 lunatics per 1000 lunatics is made up by the excess of actual lunatics in Scotland and in Ireland, nearly all England's deficiency being made up by Ireland's excess in this matter of madmen.

Turning these rather suggestive figures into another form, we get the following results:

In every 10,000 of the English and Welsh population 31'4 people are lunatics.

In every 10,000 of the Scotch population 33.6 people are lunatics.



120 Thousands.

393 Millions.

No. 2.—This diagram contrasts the Sane Population of the United Kingdom with the Insane Population. [The two cubes are in true proportion to the numbers printed below them.]

In every 10,000 of the Irish population 40'3 people are lunatics.

In every 10,000 of the British population, 32.7 people are lunatics.

And here, again, England's rate of lunatics is below that for the whole country, while Scotland's and Ireland's rates are above the rate

for the whole country—Ireland's very much so. In other words, at the 1st January, 1896:

Actual Actual Lunatics.

United Kingdom had 128,900.

Viewing the whole population of the United Kingdom, and splitting it into two groups, the sane and the known insane, we get as a result

the diagram shown in No. 2. This tells us that the sane section has still a good margin of safety, quantitatively, against the possible danger that may arise in the future [when the two cubes seen in No. 2 shall have attained to about equal sizes as to whether the sane shall take care of the insane, or the insane of the sane. When these two cubes become equal in size the very delicate question will arise: "Which of us two is mad?" and then it is quite possible that the greater vehemence and cunning of the insane cube will carry the argument in its own favour, and will forthwith shut up the sane cube.

In this case the insane would propagate their species, and the shut-up sane would not, so that the future (and then insane) statistician would have to transpose the two labels on the white cubes shown in No. 2. But whatever changes the future may show in Vol. III.—66.

this respect, we are faced by the fact that one person in every 306 of our population is a known lunatic, the corresponding results for each of the three countries being:

	In			erso	n	Is a known Lunatic.	
England							
Scotland							
Ireland	• • •	•••	• • •	I	• • • •	,, 248	

No matter how we look at the facts, we always get the results that the English population is the least tainted with insanity,

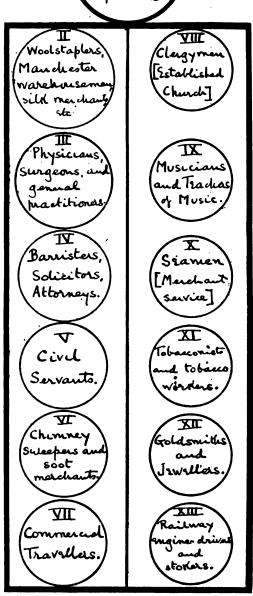
> that the Irich population is the most tainted, and that Scotland takes the middle place between these two extremes.

I deal now with "The Men who go Mad"—see No. 3. It is not practicable to extend this piece of the inquiry to Scotland and Ireland; the results set out in No. 3 relate only to the population of England and Wales, and they are rather interesting.

The census of 1891 enables one to get at the population in about a hundred different groups of Professions or Occupations, which, together, make up the whole population of England and Wales; and by taking the yearly average of the number of lunatics admitted to asylums, etc., during the five years 1890-1894, who are also classed in similar groups of occupation, we get a very fair practical test of the feature to which No. 3 relates.

Of the thirteen occupations most prolific

Hucksters, costermongers, hawkers, hadlars.



No. 3.—The Men who go Mad. Showing, for England and Wales, the thirteen occupations that provide the highest proportions of lunatics per 1000 of the populations at work in each occupation. [The area inclosed by each of the thirteen circles is in true proportion to the rates of lunacy per 1000 of the population in each occupation; the six occupations, VIII. to XIII., are practically equal in their lunacy-productive force.]

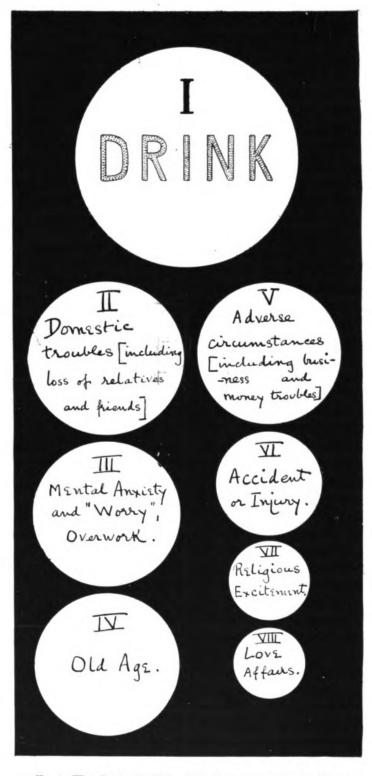
of lunatics [per 1000 of the population engaged in each occupation] Group I., Hucksters, etc., heads the list. The reason is not a long way off—as we shall see when we look at diagram No. 4 [Why People Go Mad], and when we reflect that the nature of this occupation tends to encourage excessive drinking.

As regards Group II., Woolstaplers, etc., the reason is not obvious why this class should stand so high in the scale of lunatics, for the units which are comprised by this Group II. are the principals in the business, not the working "hands"; these have only quite a low rate of lunacy. One can understand that Group III., Physicians, etc., and Group IV., Barristers, etc., should be high in the present list, for the causes mentioned in section III. of diagram No. 4 [Mental Anxiety and "Worry," Overwork] probably account for a large part of the lunacy among this Group IV. of diagram No. 3.

As regards diagram No. 4, this shows plainly that Cause I., *Drink*, is an easy first in the list of causes of lunacy, and the seven other *leading causes* of lunacy follow in the order given in this diagram: stated numerically, the relative forces of these eight leading causes of insanity are:

	Cause of Insar	nity.		No. per Hundred Lunatics
1.	Drink			31.6
II.	Domestic troub	oles		15.1
III.	Mental Anxiety	y		13'4
				13.5
V.	Adverse circum	stance	s	13.0
				6.2
VII.	Religious excit	ement		
	Love affairs		•••	3.5
				100.0

Drink sends mad nearly one-third of all the persons who become insane from any of these eight leading causes, and its force is more than twice as strong as any one of the other seven leading causes here set out.



No. 4.—Why People Go Mad. This diagram contrasts the relative forces of eight prolific Causes of Insanity. [The area of each white disc is in true proportion to the numerical facts here shown graphically.]

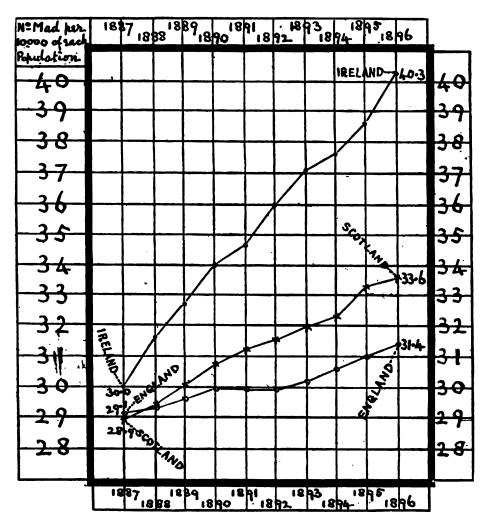
I have now to deal with a rather interesting feature of the present inquiry, viz.: the relative degrees of insanity of the English counties, as evidenced by the number of local lunatics per ten thousand of each county's INDIANA UNIVERSITY

population. For this purpose, I have had to reject all lunatics in private houses kept by specialists, and also all lunatics in criminal establishments. because these two classes of lunatics are drawn from all parts of the country, and, therefore, they cannot rightly be included in the calculation of the degree of local insanity of any place where these two kinds of establish ments may be.

So I base this part of the work on the records of pauper lunatics only, who, for practical purposes, may be regarded as being

detained in that county or borough asylum, or workhouse, etc., to which each of them The localisation of lunatics is belongs. carefully looked after by local corporations, etc., and I remember that some while ago I was asked to calculate the number of future lunatics that would in certain years become chargeable to the rates of a large borough as distinct from the charges for future lunatics on the county in which the borough Finally, as the pauper lunatics is placed. form more than 90 per cent. of all the lunatics in the country, we have a sufficiently large numerical base to work on, even when we confine ourselves to this class only.

The final results obtained from my calculations are now thrown into six groups, which comprise all the forty English counties. Southern counties are in italics, Northern



Mo. 5.—The Madness of Ireland: the Sanity of England. A ten-years' contrast of the Number of Lunatics per 10,000 of the Population in England and Wales, in Scotland, and in Ireland. From 1887 to 1896, England's rate per 10,000 has increased from 29°1 to 31°4, Scotland's rate from 26°9 to 33°6, and Ireland's rate from 30°0 lunatics per 10,000 of the Irish Population in 1887, to 40°3 in the year 1896!

counties in ordinary type, and the North and South counties, respectively, are the same as those stated in my article "Which is the Cleverest County?" See Pearson's Magazine for January. These groups are:—

I.—Three counties whose number of lunatics per 10,000 of the population of each county is 40 or more, vis.: Hereford, Middlesex, Gloucester [in the order written].

II.—Three counties whose number of lunatics per 10,000 of the population of each county is from 35'0 to 39'9, vis.: Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, Dorsetshire [in the order written].

III.—Nine counties whose number of lunatics per 10,000 of the population of each county is from 30.0 to 34.9, vis.: Norfolk, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Devonshire, Warwickshire, Cambridgeshire, Sussex [in the order written].

IV.—Sixteen counties whose number of lunatics per 10.000 of the population of each county is from

25'0 to 29'9, viz.: Leicestershire, Suffolk, Shropshire, Huntingdonshire, Worcestershire, Nottinghamshire, Kent, Somerset, Berkshire, Monmouthshire, Cornwall, Northamptonshire, Lancashire, Essex, Cheshire, Northumberland [in the order written].

V.—Eight countries whose number of lunatics per 10,000 of the population of each county is from 20.0 to 24.9, vis.: Lincolnshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Staffordshire, Surrey, Rutland, Derbyshire, Yorkshire [in the order written].

VI.—One county, Durham, whose number of lunatics per 10,000 of its population is under 20.

Summing up these results in still more condensed form we obtain:

					Total.	
	2		1		3	
	3		_		3	
	8		1		9	
	8		8		16	
	1		7		8	
	_		1		1	
	_		_		_	
	22		18		40	
		Countie 2 3 8 8 1 1	Counties. Co	Counties. Counties	Counties. Counties 2 1 3 7 8 8 7 1 7	

Readers of the January number of Pearson's

MAGAZINE may remember that in my article, "Which is the Cleverest County?" Middlesex took the first place and Yorkshire the last. Now, Middlesex again takes first place bar the populasmall tion of Herefordshire? for highest the

NORTH
25 Lunatics
per 10,000 of the population in the north.

SOUTH
36 Lunatics
per 10,000 of the population in the south.

No. 6.—England only. The relatively Sane North versus the relatively Insane South. [The area of each of these white discs is in true proportion to the numerical statement written on each. See text for definition of "North" and "South."]

degree of madness, and Yorkshire takes the last place but one. I hope that the feelings of Yorkshire people, outraged perhaps by my last article, may now be soothed owing to this very favourable position of their county

on the score of madness, which is clearly shown by the present inquiry.

Diagram No. 5 illustrates, for the ten years 1887-1896, the remarkable growth of *lunatics* to population in Ireland, the moderate growth of lunacy in Scotland, and the small growth of lunacy in England and Wales.

This quick growth in Ireland may probably be partly ascribed to the accumulation of lunatics, for certainly the number of fresh lunatics admitted to asylums, yearly, is not so alarming as the number of lunatics to population illustrated by No. 5. If we deal only with fresh lunatics admitted yearly, we get the following results for the last ten years:

	fresh Lunatics per 10,000 of the popu- lation.			Growth of the "fresh lunacy" rate, taking the rate for 1886-1890 as equal to 100.			
	1886-1890.	189	1-1895.	1886-18	90. I	891-1895.	
	Wales 5.25		5.01	100		112.6	
Scotland	 6.55		7.39	100		112.8	
Ireland	 6					113.8	

So that on the basis of newly-admitted lunatics, Ireland does not show nearly so bad

a record as on the basis of total lunatics to total population. Still, the growing accumulation of lunatics in the Irish population is a hard fact which is strikingly illustrated by diagram No. 5.

Diagram No. 6 shows that the northern

counties of England are far less mad than the southern counties—a fact that I am glad to be able to show, for, as regards cleverness, the north of England came out, last month, a very bad second to the south.





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accustomed from childhood to regard the House of Commons as the real governing power in the Empire, and to accept without question the theoretical view of its functions. Our text books tell us that it makes our laws, chooses the Ministers, and controls the Executive in the Administration; that it is the steward of the national purse, and the instrument for redress of public grievances-that it

is, in short, the bulwark of our liberties.

But the House of Commons in practice is a very different thing from the House of Commons as it is described in the theory of our constitution, and the majority of the functions attributed to it might be, and frequently are,

performed quite as efficiently by other agencies.

The legislative function is probably the oldest attribute of Parliament. Certainly it is the most dignified, and the one that has come to be regarded as the main concern of the two Houses. We stigmatise as "barren" a session that has not given us one or two important pieces of legislation and a crop of minor measures, so that it is no exaggeration to say that law-making is now regarded among us as the raison d'être of Parliament.

But does the House of Commons make our laws? A very little reflection will show that with the exception of some dozen individuals, members of Parliament have no more to do with making our laws than the reader of this article. A man is elected to support a particular leader, and whether the policy of that leader please him at all times or not, or whatever may be his opinion of a particular measure, he must vote with his party, or his constituency will take him to task.

The private member bulks large at local functions, and he may hint in his post-prandial confidences of withdrawing his support from the Government unless a particular measure is altered to suit his views; but he knows, and everybody else knows, that he will not carry out his threat. It has come to be a principle of political life that a man shall sacrifice his own opinions for the sake of unity among his party.

The effective working parts of the political machine are the cabinet and the heads of the party organisations. A Ministry once in power proceeds to carry out a scheme of legislation predetermined on hints from the caucus. The members on the Ministerial side are no more consulted than are the members of the Opposition as to what measures shall be introduced, and they have about as much power to alter a measure when it is introduced.

Lord Salisbury said, not long ago, that: "discussion of a measure is possible in the Cabinet, but for any effective or useful purpose, it is rapidly becoming an impossibility in the House of Commons." Not every Prime Minister speaks as plainly, but they all act on the same conviction.

Original from Digitized by GOOGLE INDIANA UNIVERSITY Once the inner ring of the Cabinet has decided on a particular measure, their supporters have to vote for it, and not infrequently to help silence the Opposition, with whose criticisms they may agree. The oratory of our greatest politicians would not turn half a dozen votes one way or the other in a critical division, and important speeches are delivered, not for their effect on the House, but for their effect on the country, and the orator could reach his audience as effectually from any public platform, or directly through the public press.

The statement can be supported by evidence, but it is unnecessary. All who take interest in politics know that a Government can always count on its full strength in a division if the whips require it. A Ministry is nowadays never turned out by the House of Commons, except with its consent when it is "riding for a fall."

The House of Commons has scarcely more control over the administration than it has over legislation. Decisions concerning the executive are taken by Ministers in consultation with the permanent officials, and, whether they be wise or otherwise, the Cabinet takes the responsibility in the Houses of Parliament, and the majority support them.

It follows from this that Parliamentary control of the national purse is a farce. The budget is part of the general policy of the Government, and under our present system of party government the majority are bound to accept and support it. Private

members may criticise, and by

courtesy of the Government

more

their objections may be

allowed on minor

details; but a

Government will

far

pay

attention to an agitation in the newspapers, or to a well organised platform campaign, than to any number of speakers in the House of Commons.

Even as a means for the redress of public grievances, Parliament has been largely superseded by the press and the platform. You may organise an influential deputation to a minister about your grievance, and by winning his support secure the Cabinet to your side, but no action inside the House of Commons will induce a Government to do anything against its inclination, and the Press is more potent than Parliament in such matters.

Parliament cannot even be said to control the selection of Ministers—at any rate, it cannot be said to enjoy the monopoly of that function that it formerly exercised. Omitting those men who have entered Parliament with the advantage of birth, you will find that all the leading politicians of either party made their mark outside the walls of Westminster, and secured their positions by virtue of that influence, and not by the suffrage of members of Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain would certainly not have been chosen Colonial Secretary by a majority of Unionist members, and a superficial acquaintance with political feeling is enough to convince one that neither Lord Rosebery nor Lord Salisbury would have been elected leader by a free vote among his supporters in the Commons.

Briefly, one may say that it is public opinion and the influence of London society that controls the selection of Ministers, and those elements might still control the Government, though the Houses of Parliament were closed.

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capital story in his most dramatic manner of one of his students in Edinburgh. The Professor pictured the man as tall, gaunt, hungry-eyed — a Highland aboriginal. One day the class was asked the question: "What is the strongest human instinct?" to which this primeval savage replied: "The Thirst for Blood."

There, that is the whole thing in a nutshell. Original man wanted to kill. The complaint which ladies make in our time—it has been made probably from the beginning—is that the menfolk must be always slaying

something. They say man's idea of having a good time is to go and kill something. And by this they do not refer to that

specially deadly form of sport known as lady-killing, but where the life of some innocent creature is ruthlessly sacrificed.

Before the dawn of history (this is a fine phrase, and I know it is the right one to use, and the right place also, although so many people have used it before), man appears to have done his killing by means of weapons of stone—a clumsy kind of way, one would think, of doing the business. Compared with steel, or even the much older bronze, spear-head, or arrow-head, a sword of stone seems a maliciously cold and clammy way of killing. But that it did kill you may be sure, and the people who used it didn't bother about anything else.

There has been much poetical ornament wrapped about the sword and spear—when made of metal—and, indeed, there has been in some sort a general conspiracy to make the whole business of killing, especially if it were of the professional kind, and on an extensive scale, appear to be a highly meritorious and glorious thing. But, as the American humourist has said: "War ain't what it's cracked up to be."

Compared with the most recent developments in our own times in the science of slaughter, it is perfectly astonishing to think how stupidly and crudely professional killing used to be done.

When the killing was of single individuals, what may be called the "chop or steak" methods—the guillotine or the blazing faggots—seemed to have been pretty general, and are not altogether unknown yet.

When the killing was of individuals in a mass, as in an army, it used to be thought necessary to knock great, big, rude, ugly, gaping holes in their poor bodies—something to show, in fact, for the money spent by the taxpayer on the support of his military friends.

So far, at least, as the rifle is concerned and its work, we shall hear little more of "gaping wounds" and that kind of stuff. All that is changed.

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Every bullet finds its billet just as before, indeed, it may find several billets, but the business is done nowadays in such a gentle and even insinuating manner, that,

to quote the words of a doctor who has seen some service in the field: "First, you don't know you are hit, then you feel a little faint, and then you don't know anything."

Surely this is a great improvement, yet it has taken some centuries to bring it about, although the idea of the gentle death—that is, the idea of introducing a greater or less humanity or inhumanity, phrase it as you please—is at least more than two hundred years old.

Witness one Puckle. This worthy invented a machine cannon provided with two sets of chambers. "Onne with rounde holes for shooteynge rounde bulletes agaynst ye Chrystiannes, and ye other with square holes for shooteynge square bulletes agaynst ye Turkes."

As a matter of fact, the development of gun-making, and particularly that highest branch of it which is the evolution of the rifle, is one of the most interesting things in the world.

The rifle is above all others the instrument of the gentle death; the magazine rifle, its latest form, with the accessories of smokeless powder which explodes practically without a sound, is the instrument of the gentle death by wholesale.

It is quite five hundred years ago since "gonnes" were used in warfare; the transformation of the gun into the rifle of to-day has been a long and slow progress. It is only comparatively recently that the rifle, and even a special kind of it, has appeared as the maker of history.

Thus it was in the American Civil War that the troops of the Northern States, being armed with the first magazine rifles used in war, while the Confederates had only the single chambered rifle, were easily victorious in several engagements.

The needle gun made its first record in the Danish War of 1864. Two years later, in the Seven Weeks' War between Prussia and Austria, the possession of it by the former decided the fate of Germany.

In the Russo-Turkish War of 1876, it was because of their Remingtons that the heroic defenders of Plevna managed to keep at bay so long the Muscovite, who had to trust to his older fashioned Berdan rifle.

And so it will doubtless come to pass in the next great European war, which, as we



ROWN BESS 1815

are warned from day to day, is so near at hand, that after the duels between the big cannon on the opposite sides are over, and the machine guns have done their worst, the superiority of the best magazine rifle will close the contest.

You will see in museums specimens of the old guns—the hand-gun, the wheel-lock, the flint-lock; and you will notice that a great deal of very careful and beautiful workmanship has been expended on their ornamentation. In the good old days they seem to have taken some unnecessary pride in these matters, spending far more time and ability on the thing that did the killing rather than in the killing itself.

The invention of the flint-lock has really quite a touching history.

The earliest form of it was the "Snaphaunce," which was first manufactured by a set of German hen thieves, who found that, when they were engaged in robbing the poultry yards, the burning match which they had to keep flaming over their hand-guns gave them dead away-often literally, I suspect, dead away.

As their business of robbing the roosts was not a very profitable one, they found it impossible to buy wheel-locks, which were very expensive, and so, spurred on by necessity, one bright-witted poultry stealer produced the flint-lock.

The Swiss, who have always been well in front where anything connected with marksmanship was concerned, probably invented the rifle, for in the sixteenth century, we find the government of that people rising to remark that "discord had been sown" amongst marksmen at the shooting matches, because those who had rifles were more accurate in their fire than those who had only smooth-bores.

In 1800, the old 95th Regiment, which later has become famous as the Rifle Brigade, was armed with the "Baker," which discharged a bullet of about the same size as a golf ball, and there was nothing gentle or pleasing about its action whatever.

When it came to actual killing—I mean killing as a continuous affair—this weapon was not of much use, for after firing a few rounds the barrel became so foul that it was almost impossible to ram the bullets home.

This was gotten over to some extent, by giving each soldier a wooden mallet to drive the ball down the barrel. I love to think of Tommy Atkins, stopping in the middle of a fight, hammering that bullet into place, and the language he would use—if he could find any to suit the occasion.

The next step in the business took place in 1807, when a Scotchman named Forsyth, who, oddly enough, was a clergyman, obtained a patent for priming with fulminating powder, an invention which revolutionised the mechanism of fire-arms, the cap and nipple taking the place of the flint-lock.

Something like progress was at length made when the Prussians discarded the muzzle-loading, smooth-bore musket, replacing it by an arm, which, besides having a rifle barrel, was also constructed to load at the breech. This was the celebrated needle gun, and it killed all right, not perhaps very gently or nicely, but it killed. So the Danes and the Austrians found.

During my researches into this matter as regards the British army, I have been pained to discover that the Allies in the Crimean War, to use an American phrase, "played a low down game" on the Russians, as the latter were armed only with old smooth-bores, whereas the former had a rifle, the "Bruns-I feel sure the Russians could not have known of this, otherwise they would have begged off.

Yet what a rifle was that our army had in the Crimea! How it would be scorned now! But it did its work, and very nasty work it There was nothing neat or pretty, or gentle about it. It weighed nearly ten pounds. It was 4ft. 7in. long, and the diameter of the bore was '702in., while the bullet weighed six hundred and eighty grains. Where that bullet hit anything with life in it, woe betide the being who was struck. What a big, brutal hole it did make, to be sure!

Passing over the "Enfield" and "Snider," we come to the "Martini-Henry" rifle of 1874, the bullets for which were only half the size of those formerly in use. smaller missile, it was found, when in argument with the human body, did its work with It did more work than quiet effectiveness. the bigger bullet, for it was noticed that it was

Original from

Digitized by Google INDIANA UNIVERSITY not satisfied with merely silencing one opponent, but passed on through him to the man behind him, and shut him up also.

Of late years all European nations have been adopting the magazine rifle; and the latest form of this weapon, the new "Lee-Metford," now being made for the British army, carries ten bullets, which look like probes of shining metal rather than bullets, according to the old ideas of what these should be.

The long slender bullet of the "Lee-Metford" goes through body or limb, and leaves as little trace of its presence almost as a fine dagger or some needle-shaped surgical instrument might do. It does not disfigure; its victim is hardly conscious of it. As a general thing he dies, and without

If the men had been standing behind a tree of medium width or a wall of some thickness. neither the tree nor the wall would have saved them.

A somewhat gruesome story came the other day from Germany. The Kaiser, it appeared, was anxious to test the penetrating effect of the newest "Mauser" magazine rifle on the human body. So he arranged that the dead bodies of some paupers should be shot at from various distances, and the bodies were stood up singly or bunched together in twos or threes, and so on. I daresay the paupers did not mind, but it is not a pleasant story.

And when we take into account the penetrating effect of these magazine bullets, and combine that with such a suggestive thing as the "New Photography," it is evident that we



knowing much or anything of what has happened.

The power of penetration, even at long range, of such bullets is extraordinary, so that there is little chance of escape from them, unless one happens to be in some other part of the world.

This is the great feature of all the new rifles. Not long ago, when some French officers were trying the powers of a "Lebel," the magazine arm of their soldiers, a bullet which had been discharged at a bull several hundred yards away, went clean through the animal, entering it at the shoulder and coming out at the flank.

If five men had been standing in a row one behind the other where the bull stood, the bullet would have gone through them all.

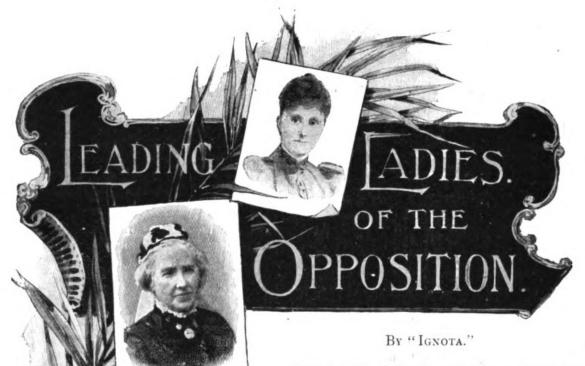
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are in the near presence of something new and strange in war.

When the Kathodal rays, or whatever you like to call them, can be applied together with some form of Electric Eye, so that men can be *seen* behind the ramparts or any other sort of cover, and these deadly bullets fired with unerring precision through the ramparts, what shall happen next?

In any case, and this at least is something, death when it comes will be gentle—almost pleasant.

The ping, ping of the rifle will be no longer heard; no smoke will blur the charms of the surrounding scenery; there will be little actual shedding of blood; the soldier when shot will simply subside upon the ground, and simply die riginal from



The Ladies of the Opposition are themselves divided into several groups. To begin with, there is the official group, and the non-official group; then those who serve the Party in number-less subtle ways, social and philanthropic; and those who boldly avow themselves platform women, ready at a few hours' notice to take the lead at public meetings, or to spend their whole energies in leading a forlorn hope at some bye-election.

The Liberal Party is unfortunate, inasmuch that it has no wide-spread and highly organised association rivalling or resembling the Primrose League; for the Women's Liberal Federation, notwithstanding the earnestness and energy of its members, has never been able to attain for itself the kind of place held in popular estimation by the great Tory organisation.

One shrewd observer has declared that this is probably owing to the fact that, while the Primrose League avows itself all-embracing and catholic in its objects, the other is in a sense thoroughly political. Again—and this, if anything, plays a greater part in the matter—the Primrose

League welcomes knights as eagerly as dames, and each "habitation" becomes even more a social than a political centre.

1. Lady Harcourt.

Mrs. Gladstone.
 Countess Spencer.

rom Photos by London

Stereoscopic Co. and

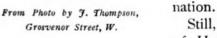
Chancellor, Dublin.

It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that thousands of members of the Primrose League know little and care less about the serious side of the association, but before a woman is definitely enrolled as a member of the Women's Liberal Federation, she is made to realise that she has undertaken a certain amount of responsibility, and that she has placed herself very definitely under a banner. This is probably the reason why all the Women's Liberal Associations put together cannot claim so large a membership as can the Primrose League.

Among the ladies of the Opposition, Mrs. Gladstone naturally holds an honoured place, Digitized by INDIANA UNIVERSITY

for she is known to have been associated heart and soul with her husband's political aims and ambitions. It is evident that, like him, she onsiders that the feminine element

is called upon to play but a trifling part in practical politics. Even in those associations which have received the Party's official sanction, Mrs. Gladstone made it understood that her share in the work would not be an active one; indeed, she retired from the presidentship of the Women's Liberal Federation some time before Mr. Gladstone's resig-Lady Breadalbane.



Still, the mistress

known to hold very definite political opinions. More than once she has been approached with a view of discovering whether she would accept a peerage, as Lady Palmerston and Mrs. Disraeli did; but she has always steadily refused the honour, and it is even whispered that she became a Home Ruler some time before her husband saw fit to change his opinions in that direction.

In one sense Mrs. Gladstone has proved herself an invaluable worker in the Liberal cause, for there is no doubt that, had it not been for her unceasing care and vigilance over Mr. Gladstone's health, the Grand Old Man would have had to retire many years ago from practical politics.

In two years' time Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will celebrate their diamond wedding. On the occasion of the marriage the young bridegroom's best man, Sir Francis Boyle, wrote some verses addressed to the two lovely Miss Glynns, the sister brides, and among those addressed to Mrs. Gladstone were the following lines:

Be thou a balmy breeze to him,
A fountain singing at his side;
A star whose light is never dim,
A pillar through the waste to guide.

Everyone must admit that Mrs. Gladstone has to a marvellous extent fulfilled this ideal. Indeed, it would be impossible to overestimate the parts played in the lives of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury by their respective wives.

Lady Harcourt, though her name and personality are far less known to the public than those of Mrs. Gladstone, has undoubtedly done a great deal towards building up Sir William's present position. Née Miss Motley, she is of American birth, though most of her life has been spent in England; and she possesses, as do most old-world American ladies, a peculiar charm of manner, united to a rare knowledge of the world.

She is the Liberal Leader's second wife, and was herself a widow, Mrs. Ives, at the time of the marriage, which occurred just twenty years ago. When acting as hostess at Malwood, at her own and her husband's town house, or when he has been in office at Downing Street, Lady Harcourt has known how to win and how to keep supporters belonging to every shade of the Liberal Party. Not that she is by any means an

exclusively party hostess; indeed, she is personally intimate with many members of Her Majesty's present Government; and it is said that both she and Sir William were amongst the first to recognise the great political future which lay before Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

Lady Harcourt always remembers that she is the daughter of a famous historian;



Lady Hayter.

she has never written herself, but she is keenly interested in all literary matters, and political literature has always had for her, as it had for her father, a special fascination.

Countess Spencer, both on her own account and as the wife of the "Red Earl," has a very important position among Liberal ladies. Latterly she and Lord Spencer have been on a long tour in distant parts of the world, but when they are at home at their beautiful country seat, Althorpe Park, Northamptonshire, or in London at Spencer House, Lady Spencer gives parties, to be seen at which is a distinction for all except the most distinguished. She is rather an exclusive hostess, but she does not by any means limit her hospitalities to those who belong to her and her husband's party.

Lady Spencer's early associations were connected with the navy. Her father was a son of Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour, who was a son of Francis, first Marquis of Hertford. She was married to Lord Spencer in 1858, and helped him greatly in Dublin during his two terms of Vicerov of Ireland-1868-1874 and 1882-1885. It was considered a great score for the Radicals when he became a Home Ruler in 1886. for Lord and Lady Spencer wield a great social influence; the more so that Lord Spencer is a friend of the Prince of Wales, to whom he was Groom of the Stole from 1862 to 1866, having previously held the same office to the Prince Consort from 1859 to 1861.

The Marchioness of Breadalbane certainly deserves well of the Liberal party, for she has worked unceasingly for the "Cause," and she has always shown herself more than ready to entertain the rank and file of the party. She is consequently very popular with all sections of Liberal workers, and, as in the case with most political women, she finds time to take a very vivid interest in a greal deal lying outside what may be specially called her own province.

Lord Beaconsfield himself directed some of her girlish literary studies, and, though she is not a writer in the same sense as is her sister, Lady (Violet) Greville, Lady Breadalbane might, had she cared to do so, have become the feminine Praed or Locker-Lampson of her generation, for some of her

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verses are brilliantly clever, and she is a finished mistress of epigram.

Unlike most of the ladies of the Opposition, Lady Breadalbane has made it her duty as well as her pleasure to make London the centre of her political activities. When staying at Forest Lodge, her husband's beautiful Highland seat, she gathers about her personal friends rather than political colleagues, and few of those who see their hostess engaged in salmon fishing in the River Orchy would recognise the earnest Home Ruler of Harcourt House, Piccadilly.

Lady Hayter is not only one of the most popular personalities in society—for she has the rare gift of conciliating those belonging to every party, even those who are known to differ most freely with her own and her hus-

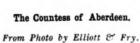
band's views—but she is also a political woman in the best sense of the term. She was one of those who organised the Women's Liberal Federation, and though a busy woman of the world, known to many circles as a social

power rather than as an active feminine member of the Opposition, she always found time to attend the meetings of the Executive Committee.

Even before her marriage to Sir Arthur — then Captain — Hayter, which occurred some thirty years ago, Lady Hayter, who is a daughter of Mr. Adrian

Hope, had many opportunities of forming the acquaintance of the men who have made history; and during Sir Arthur's brief holidays—for he has had a very active political career, first as a Liberal M.P., and later as Lord of the Treasury and Financial Secretary of the War Office—he and Lady Hayter have travelled well and widely, their journeys including a tour round the world.

Lady Hayter is one of the two or three Liberal hostesses who may truly claim the possession of a Liberal "salon." She has always been a special favourite with Mr. Gladstone, and on many occasions she has had the pleasure of acting as his hostess at Tintagel, in a charming cottage—Trevana—where many weary members of her husband's party have found Sir Arthur and Lady



Hayter the kindest and most considerate of friends. More formal, but not the less interesting, are the large house parties held at South Hill Park, once, curiously enough, the country home of George Canning, but which is now one of the great Liberal centres in the United Kingdom.

The Countess of Aberdeen may be said to be the unofficial lady leader of the Opposition. Like her brother, the present Lord Tweed-

mouth, she has always taken a keener interest in contemporary politics than in anything else, and though many know her as a leading spirit in every kind of philanthropic endeavour concerning



Lady Tweedmouth

women and children, she is first and foremost an ardent politician, and one of those who still believe in the actual and immediate possibilities of Home Rule.

Lady Aberdeen is President of the executive committee of

the Women's Liberal Federation, but she has always made a special point of confining her political work to Scotland and Ireland. She is an excellent public speaker, and possesses the power of gathering about her able and trained workers, perhaps the most difficult portion of the modern politician's duties.

Although personally and politically devoted to Mr. Gladstone, Lady

Aberdeen has always begged leave to differ from him on the vexed question of woman's suffrage, and she has on more than one occasion pointed out with considerable shrewdness that, though the Grand Old Man fears lest giving woman the vote should "invite her unwittingly to trespass upon the delicacy, the purity, the refinement of her own nature," he still urges women to canvass at elections, although there is no doubt that

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canvassing, as it is often carried on, cannot but be demoralising and injurious to the canvasser.

Certainly, Lady Aberdeen herself is a striking example of all that a woman can happily and safely accomplish. She is the devoted mother of four children, and when, as in Canada at the present time, she acts as Vice-Queen, she is her husband's most able lieutenant, and for the time being—and, indeed, for ever after, as witness her unfailing interest in Irish industries—thoroughly identifies herself with all Lord Aberdeen's interests.

When not occupying some official residence, Lord and Lady Aberdeen and their children divide their time between London and Dollis Hill, a very charming suburban

house within a nine miles' drive of the Marble Arch, and Haddo House, one of the finest country seats in Scotland, situated in the county from which the Earl of Aberdeen takes his title.

Although Lady Tweedmouth comes herself of entirely Conser-

> vative stock, for, née Lady Frances Churchill, she was the late Lord Randolph Churchill's favourite sister, her marriage to Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, as he then was, soon brought. about a speedy change in her views. When her husband



Mrs. Brynmor-Jones.

From Photo by Esmé Collings, Brighton.

became the most popular of Liberal whips, it was soon seen that he would have an excellent social lieutenant in his clever young wife, and this although she has never taken any militant part in politics, save, indeed, in assisting whenever it lay in her power Lady Aberdeen, for the two sisters-in-law have always been fast friends, and hold the same views on many general, as well as on all political, mattersginal from

Probably few women, even among those who are twice her age, have been more discussed, criticised, blamed, and praised by turn than the present Mrs. Asquith. As Miss Margot Tennant, the youngest daughter of the great Glasgow millionaire, she held a position in the social and political world of London which has probably never been equalled by any young and unmarried woman. Her wit and brilliancy became a bye-word, and no smart party was considered complete unless Miss Tennant had been among the guests.

This was the more extraordinary when it is considered that the young lady, though possessed of exceptional charm of expression and manner, was by no means beautiful in the ordinary sense of the term, and, further, that

having taken a forward part in any of the many movements of the day.

she was not known as

There is little doubt that the publication of a widely-read novel, of which the title recalled somewhat Miss Tennant's Christian name, did something to make her personality familiar to a

wider public, but those who know her best entirely decline to recognise in Mrs. Asquith the prototype of the unsympathetic "Dodo."

Miss Margot Tennant's marriage to Mr. Asquith occurred when the latter was Home Secretary, and with characteristic energy Mrs. Asquith threw herself into political work, accompanying her husband to political meetings, cultivating politicians of every shade, and making her house a meeting ground for all those interested—whether on the one side or the other—in the making of history.

Mrs. Asquith, herself a Scotchwoman, and married to a Scotchman, may be said to represent the Scotch interest among the leading ladies of the Opposition. She spends a Digitized by

considerable portion of each year north of the Tweed, and has, even since her marriage, often acted as hostess at her father's well known Scotch seat, "The Glen."

Mrs. Brynmor - Jones may be said to represent Wales, for her husband and his distinguished brothers are well known for their love and devotion to the Principality. Née Miss Florence Cohen, Mrs. Brynmor-Jones was a first cousin of the late Lady Rosebery, and so, even before her marriage, to the then member for Stroud, she took a considerable interest in Liberal politics.

During the last few years Mrs. Brynmor-

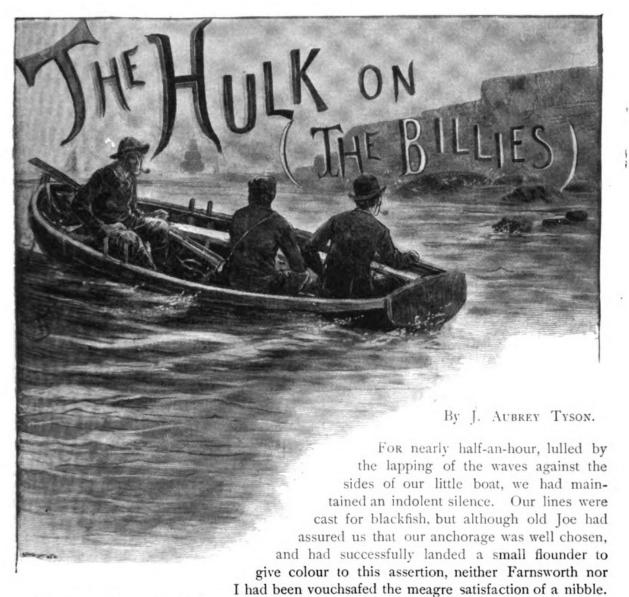
Jones has been a very active worker for the "Cause." She founded nine or ten Women's Liberal Associations in "Mid-Gloucester," that at Stroud being one of the largest in the United Kingdom.

Mrs. Henry Labouchere, although her hus-

band is well known to combine Radical views with an extreme distaste to political women, may certainly claim a place among the leading ladies of the Opposition. She is a delightful hostess, and those who have had the pleasure of being entertained by her during one of her husband's "little dinners" are aware that she takes the keenest and most intelligent interest in all that concerns the well-being of the Party.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, the wife of the militant editor of the Weekly Sun, is constantly called upon to entertain many members, not only of the British Liberals, but also of the Irish Party; and, though a native of the Southern States of America, she has made herself thoroughly conversant with the world of British politics, and can hold her own in an argument in a fashion that might well be envied by many of her English sisters who take a far more active part in political work than she finds it possible to do.





How long this state of fisherman's Nirvana might have continued it is impossible to say, for, having without protest resigned ourselves to the soporific influences of our environment, we had, as yet, manifested no disposition to escape their spell. Joe, however, was not satisfied. Whether his discontent arose from the fatiguing magnitude of his reflections, or from a realisation of the fact that he was not doing all that he had set out to do, must remain a matter for conjecture; but, whatever the source of the inspiration may have been, at the expiration of the half-hour the old sailor, with an exclamation of disgust, pulled in his lines and placed them in the bow of the boat.

"Let's try the shoals," he said, with an abruptness that startled our sea-fancies to sudden flight.

"The shoals by all means," said I, as I slowly drew my untouched bait to the surface. Farnsworth reached for his line, and drew it in lazily.

"How far shall we have to go?" he asked, as he settled himself comfortably in the stern.

"Just over yonder," replied our mentor, taking the oars, and bringing the head of the boat around to the westward.

We had been fishing under the lee of Huckleberry Island, in Long Island Sound, and a few vigorous strokes of the oars brought us round its head.

Looking in the direction indicated by our navigator, I saw, through the midsummer haze, Vol. III.—67.

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a small shoal, which the ebbing tide had just rendered visible, about a mile distant on our right. As we approached more near, my curiosity was excited by a large, dark object lying partially immersed among the rocks.

"What is that over yonder, Joe?" I asked.

As if he had been anticipating the query, the old man replied at once, without turning his head or marking the direction of my gaze:

- "The hulk of the cutter Dionysius."
- "How did she come to grief?"
- "I'll tell ye when we drop the stone," he answered, with that air of deliberate self-assurance of one who, having implicit confidence in the strength of his yarn and faith in the insatiate curiosity of his auditors, may venture to dictate his own terms.

A few moments later Joe shipped his oars and dropped overboard the large stone which, fastened to a time-worn rope, performed the function of an anchor. We were now only a couple of hundred feet distant from the spot where the battered and discoloured hulk of a cutter, about eighty feet over all, lay help-lessly on her side among the slippery rocks.

As Farnsworth and I curiously surveyed the ill-fated craft, we attempted to elicit from the phlegmatic mariner some crumbs of preliminary information; but our interrogations invariably met with such irrelevant responses as—"Get out your tackle," "Put fresh bait on your hooks," "Throw your lines overboard," and "When I've kindled me pipe."

At length the autocratic demands of the narrator were appeased, and the long-delayed narrative proceeded without interruption.

"Ye are now, sirs," began the old man deliberately—"Ye are now ridin' quietly by one of the gol-darndest shoals that the Almighty ever reared up in His waters for the botherment of long-sufferin' man. Well nigh every rock ye see about us now could, I reckon, tell ye how in its time it had butted the ribs of some poor, quakin' craft that, at high water, had come all unbeknownst upon its ugly, lowered head.

"Them as sails these waters calls them 'the Billies,' and there is not a skipper on the Sound who is not fearful lest someday he may come upon them unawares. I tell ye, sirs, there's somethin' mighty queer

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about this here shoal, and some old salts about these parts will tell ye that it moves about o' nights—nights when the sky be overcast an' the waves toss their great white manes high in air an' cry in angry roars to God, whose fierce, blustery winds won't let'em go to sleep.

"Some folks will tell ye that they've seen this shoal a-floating off the Sand's Point light, whilst others will swear to havin' seen it in stormy weather just off Larchmont yonder, and nigh the entrance to Echo Bay at New Rochelle. But I'm not sayin' such as this, nor am I sayin' that it isn't so. I know what I know, though, to tell the truth, sirs, I sometimes know things I don't always reckon it just wise to say.

"Wal, havin' told ye the natur' of this shoal, I'll tell ye now about yonder cutter an' the night when she an' all aboard of her, save one, were bruised to death on these same rocks, where, if the bones below are all well picked, ye'll be gettin' all the fish ye want to-day.

"One day last summer there come a strange craft to Echo Bay. I was doin' odd jobs up to the boathouse then, bein' otherwise disengaged, an' it come about that when the cutter hove in sight I had a fishin' party in my boat. As fish were fightin' shy of hooks just then, I fell to watching the stranger as she made for port.

"Ay, sirs, she was a daisy craft, an' no mistake. Her sides were the colour of newly-risen cream; her spars were as light an' purty to gaze upon as they were staunch an' true, an' when the sun was glintin' on her bellyin' sails you'd a thought she was a lady-ghost that had plumped clean out, all sudden like, from some old lovin' giant's dream.

"Soon after she cast anchor in the bay, the party I was with gave up their fishin', an' comin' home I rowed 'em alongside the cutter. I saw her name was *Dionysius*, an' I asked a school-bred chap who was with me in the boat to tell me what *Dionysius* meant. He told me Dionysius was the angel what helped the Lord to wine.

"Wal, that very night a stranger sailin' master come to me and asked me if I would ship with him aboard the *Dionysius*. Straightaway I told him 'yes,' for, to tell

the truth, I had been hankerin after a berth on that vessel ever since she hove in sight. Terms were agreeable, so I went aboard next mornin.

"A city chap named Walcott owned the boat, and next day he an' a party o' men an' gals come up to New Rochelle by train, an' got aboard.

"Wal, sirs, that man Walcott was the oddest combination o' queer qualities that ever exposed 'emselves to God's bright sunlight in a yachtin' cap, for, on my oath, a handsomer, wickeder, kindlier, or braver devil never trod the decks of a pleasure craft. He stood pretty nigh six feet in his stockin's, an', though he looked to be no more than two-and-thirty years of age, his black hair had already begun to turn grey. There was lots of fun in them dark eyes of his, but it was just the sort o' fun what Methodist churches don't tolerate, an' poor folks had better leave alone.

"Me an' my mates in the foc'sle knew he wasn't just the sort o' critter the Lord had originally intended him to be, but we couldn't help likin' him for all that. We all held our distance purty well, for there was somethin' in his eyes what warned us to sheer off sometimes, even when he was talkin' to us kindly, and seemed to want to make us friends.

"I told ye, didn't I, that he had a party o' gals an' fellers with him? Wal, he had. The fellers were purty much as some fellers go; but the gals—wal, bein' as one o' ye is a married man, perhaps the less said o' them the better.

"That day was the beginnin' of some pretty lively times, I can tell ye. Walcott was a reg'lar fiend for cruisin', an' always had purty nigh the same crowd with him. He was as rich as a Cunard president, an' there was never a lack of top-notch vittles, an' top-notch drink—principally of the drink. When they got to openin' bottles, the order o' their fun would begin to go round an' round with 'em, ever changin', like the bits o' coloured glass in a kaleidyscope.

"They was always seekin' an' doin' something new, an' nigh everything they did was spiced with deviltry. On such-like occasion, provided the yacht was sailin', modest men

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naturally looked for new points o' interest along the Long Island and Connecticut shores; but the only modest men aboard were the crew, an' as we couldn't be a-lookin' landwards all the time, we got used to it by-an'-bye. Anyhow, them's the sort o' times they used to have aboard the Dionysius.

"Wal, things went on like this for well nigh two months, until at last, to tell ye the whole truth, sirs, I begun to get a bit sick at heart. I ain't been inside a church for well nigh on thirty years, but there are some things I can't quite tolerate in human natur', and Walcott an' them friends o' his riled my very blood within me.

"I told Bill Jens, my mate, I couldn't put up with such awful carryin's on much longer, and was makin' up my mind to get released from my contract, when, all of a sudden, somethin' happened that brought outraged Providence an' offendin' man face to face at last.

"This is how it came about. Over yonder, round the Sand's Point light, lies Glen Cove, where a big yacht club has its station. There is a casino on the pier, an' durin' the summer days yachtsmen land an' lounge around the bathin' place an' the breakwater that runs for seven hundred feet out into the sea.

"A little distance back from the shore is a big starch factory, where a lot o' young gals toil from morn till night for honest bread. On Sundays these gals, togged out in their best frocks, an' lookin' as sweet an' purty as the flowers in Glen Cove gardens, come down to the casino an' the sands to flirt with the yachtsmen, who dance with 'em an' take 'em for strolls through the woods an' green fields that lie between Glen Cove an' Sea Cliff, three miles beyond.

"These here gals, though poor enough in purse, are of good repute, an' I never met a man who could say a word agen' them as a class; but they, like all women-folk, are fond o' men's society, and take it when it comes their way, and, for the life o' me, I could never see no harm in that, for it's human natur'.

"Wal, among these gals was old Cap Butler's daughter. The Cap had followed the sea for well nigh forty year, an' when he

gave it up, about six years ago, he bought a cosy little cottage in the village. He was a widower, an', havin' a sister to keep house for him, he let his gal Nellie go to work in the factory.

"Cap was an old friend o' mine, an' I had known his little lass ever since the time I had first seen her, a wee baby, in her mother's arms. She was always a sweet-faced little wench, but a bit wilful an' rompish in her ways. Why, sirs, when the little one was only twelve years, I've seen her handle a

tiller in a two-reef breeze in a manner that would a done credit to a fullgrown man.

"Suddenly, it seemed to me, she become a woman all at once, an' it was not long before she had the name o' bein' the purtiest and merriest bit o' humankind to be found for full twenty mile around her old dad's dwelling. Time an' again had likely lads sought her for a wife, but she always put 'em off, until even her father began to lose his patience, for it seemed to him that it was no wise thing for her

to let go by so many chances to become a good man's wife, an' that she should be so well content to keep on workin' at the factory."

The old man paused and gazed meditatively into the water until his pipe went out; then, when this had been again lighted, he resumed his story.

"One bright Sunday afternoon in late September the *Dionysius* turned her purty head towards Glen Cove. Walcott had, as usual, a party of his friends aboard, but I

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soon noticed that his thoughts wasn't quite concerned with them, for his eyes kept a-wanderin' across the water, an' there was a sort o' anxious look about his face.

"As we drew nigh the point that lies to starboard of the Cove, I saw a gal a-standin' on the rocks, an' wavin' a white handkerchief to someone on our yacht. At first, believin' her to be some lady friend o' Walcott's, I gave her little heed; but by-an'-bye my heart misgave me, an' began a-beatin' 'Nellie Butler, Nellie Butler,' an', as I turned to look

at Walcott, I saw them dangerlights o' his a-glintin' in his eyes, an' he waved his cap an' smiled across the water to the gal on shore.

"Then I cussed a spell—all quietly by myself, as I loosed the hal-yards an' our big white mainsail come a-slidin' down—for I knew Walcott an' his shady ways, an' I now saw at once the natur' of his game.

"Just afore I stepped into the dingey to row the folks ashore, I asked our sailin' master to let me bide on land a bit, for, ye see, I wanted to run

wanted to run across my old mate an' warn him to keep a taut moor-line on his gal. The master said it wouldn't do, for Walcott had told him to have everything in shape to get under weigh on short notice.

"Wal, the party landed on the pier, an' I soon lost sight of all o' them, an' for well nigh six whole hours I lay among the forward ropes, smokin' me pipe an' thinkin' more thoughts than I had ever crowded into six hours before. Then darkness settled over land an' water, an about nine o'clock I heard



"I saw a gal a-standin' on the rocks."

Walcott's whistle, an' Bill Jens, my mate, went ashore with the dingey to bring the party back again.

"My misgivin's, by this time, was somethin' awful, an' I tried to pierce the darkness with my eyes, hopin' as how I wouldn't see the gal —an' I didn't, for a heavy scud o' clouds a-hurryin' down from the nor'-nor'-west blanketed the moon, an' there wasn't enough light a-filterin' through just then to let me see more than the dark outlines o' the buildin's on the shore.

"But, by-an'-bye, the splash of oars told me that the boat was drawin' near, an' I took my stand beside the ladder to help the passengers aboard. Six had left the ship, an' now, besides my mate, there was seven in the dingey.

"One by one they climbed aboard, I a-helpin' 'em with my tremblin' hands. Walcott an' the stranger were the last to rise. I saw the stranger was a female,

an', as I offered her my hand an' peered into her eyes, I saw that I was right -it was Nellie Butler, sure enough.

"I didn't say nothin' to her then - just

looked her in the face an' helped her on, that's all. But, as she took my hand, she gave me a timid, blushin' sort o' look, an' sort o' chirped when she saw that it was me. Walcott took her to the cabin with the rest, an' it was not long before the corks begun to pop, an' things grew loud an' lively down below.

"A few minutes later our captain come to me, an' bade me take the wheel an' make for Stamford, a good three hours run from Glen Cove in fair weather. He told me he was ill,

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an' that Walcott had told him he might turn in for the night an' leave the runnin' of the vacht to me.

"I knew what was the matter with him, an' so did Walcott, too. He had been drinkin' purty hard while the party was ashore, an' was rather out o' form for wheel work, an'. seein' the wind was veerin' to the nor'-east, he knew it would take a clear head an' eye to make a beat to windward in such weather as we were like to get.

> "He went below, an', seein' what was comin', I had the mainsail double-reefed,

> > housed the topmast. set the third jib,

in the foresail. Then, havin' thing to deck, my mate an' I climbed into our oilskins, an' need be. The scud was gettin' thicker, an' the ginnin' to pipe fore now, an'

an' took a single lashed everyprepared to face the worst if breeze was belively, but we still had a little moonlight, an' the purty craft under us had turned up her saucy nose at One by one they climbed aboard." many a stiff nor'-easter be-

> we calculated that in such a spankin' breeze we should reach Stamford inside two hours an' a half, before the worst was on,

> "I had been sittin' alone at the wheel for well nigh twenty minutes, a-listenin' to the racket which was bein' kicked up down below, an' doin' lots o' thinkin', when, all of a sudden, just after we had come about on a new tack, I seen a gal a-comin' towards me from the cabin. I knew her in a minute, but I thought I'd let her speak first, for,

to tell ve the truth, I didn't know just what

"She was walkin' unsteady-like, an' seemed dead anxious to get to me quickly. When she reached my side, she put a

tremblin' hand upon my shoulder an'

called me ' Joe.'

"'Ay, ay, Nell,' I said calmly. Then I called some orders to the forward hands. 'Ay, Nellie,' I said again; 'I'm listenin' to ye.'

"Then, like a death-stricken bird, she sank, all a-flutter, at my feet, an' sobbed the like her sorrowful young heart would break. With my left hand I got a firm grip on the wheel, an' with my right I helped her up again.

"'I'm glad yer cryin', gal,' I said, 'for cryin' aboard such a craft as this bodes well. Now, what can I do for ye, my dear?'

"'I'm sorry, Joe,' she sobbed.

"'Yes, lass, so am I,' I answered her. 'What then?'

"'Joe, Joe!' she cried, as she threw her arms about my neck, 'is it too late? Help me-help me, Joe! Help me, for God's sake!'

"'In two hours,' I said, 'we shall be off Stamford, and then-

"'It will be too late,' she moaned. ' Joe, I—he——'

"Walcott's head appeared above the companion way, an' he called her by her name.

"'I'll help ye, lass,' I said, so quietly that Walcott couldn't hear. 'Yes, my lass, I'll help ye, for God's an' yer daddy's sake.'

"She left me standin' by the wheel alone, an' a change comin' over the natur' of my thoughts made me think how old I wassixty-two, an' the bigger part o' a long life all swallered up in the long wake I had left behind me in the surgin' waters o' time. I remembered that Nell was only twenty, an' I thought o' that great stretch of dangerous currents that lie between a once waywardsteppin' gal o' Nellie's age an' the far-distant port o' death.

"I had a sister who had done as this poor gal was doin' now, an' I wondered-wal, I grit my teeth, an' brought the head o' the Digitized by GOOGIC

boat about an' headed her straight for New Rochelle. When the hands wonderin'ly asked me what I was about to do, I told 'em I had a change of orders, an' I reckon there was something in my face what told 'em to



keep still, for they pestered me with no more questions.

"As we sailed along, the wind grew fresher, and the fretful waves raised their white-capped heads still higher in the air. But in the cabin the loud mirth increased, an', in my fancy, I saw the poor, white-faced, repentin' lass a-drinkin' glass after glass o' soul-damnin' wine agen' her will, an', as I thought of this, it seemed to me the boat didn't cleave the waters so fast as it had formerly been her wont to do. I knew those waters ever since I was a lad, an' so long as the Sand's Point an' Execution Island lights shone clear I was sure of my way.

"But by-an'-bye the lights grew dim, an' the rushin winds that bore down upon us

were charged with drizzlin' rain. Then my heart begun misgivin' me again, for the merriment in the cabin seemed to grow more wilder as the gale increased, an', though the lee rail was buried in the sea, the ship didn't go quite fast enough to suit me.

"I won't deny as what 'the Billies' wasn't in my thoughts at times, for it was on such nights as these that the shoal was said to float around in search of prey. And while I thought on this old story, an' the gal who was totterin' on the brink o' her ruin; while the Dionysius was pokin' her nose into the tossin' waters like a terrier grubbin' after ground-mice; an' just as the laughter of a poor, half-drunken gal was ringin' in my ears -a gal I knew full well-the vessel struck.

"There was a shock-a lurch-a sinkin' of the bows, an' an uprisin' at the stern. There was the bellowin' o' the gale, an' the splittin' o' strained spars an' sails. There was a harsh gratin' underneath, an' then a sickenin' an' boomin' lurch to starboard.

around me, an' the sounds o' shrieks, o' crashin' timbers, an' the fierce swish o' the leapin' surf well nigh deafened me as I began to struggle for my life.

"Wal, sirs, ye see I didn't drown. Scarce knowin' what I did, I grasped a floatin' spar, an' hugged it even as grim death hugged all the others who had put to sea aboard the Dionysius on that awful night.

"The next mornin'a steam yacht picked me up off David's Island yonder, an' in another week I was takin' fishin' parties out from Here ye see the hulk of New Rochelle. what was once the purtiest craft on this here Sound, and here likewise is the shoal.

"Now ye may laugh well, if ye will, at the tales which folks do tell about the floatin' habits of 'the Billies'; but I will tell ye again what I told ye once before-I know what I know, but I sometimes know things I don't always think it wise to say."

Original from



"I grasped a floatin' spar." Digitized by GOOGLE INDIANA UNIVERSITY



Illustrated by CHARLES MAY.

INCOME TAX INCONGRUITIES—THE EXPOSURE OF THE ARBITRATION FAD—THE HORRORS OF WHIST BY DAYLIGHT—THE NEW AMERICAN NOSE—THE ABSURDITY OF SEASIDE PIERS—THE CASE FOR WOMEN CYCLISTS.

OW that people have ceased to agitate concerning the Armenian outrages, I should like to see an agitation directed against the income tax outrages. I do not object to a fair income tax, but as an author I object strongly to the way in which the tax discriminates between men who make their living

by trade and men who make their living by authorship.

The other day I was called upon to make a return of my income. I was informed by the terms of the notice that I was entitled to a deduction for wear and tear of machinery employed in my business, for rent of premises in which such business was carried on, and for the value of my "plant."

Desiring in all things to obey the law, I returned the whole amount of my income, less a deduction for the rent of my house

where I carry on my trade, another deduction for the wear and tear of my machinery, which I assume to be my brain, and for the value of my "plant," which, there can be no doubt whatever, is my personal self. I estimated my value at the rate at which a Life Insurance company appraised it some years ago,

although I know by the unbiased testimony of my family, that I am worth a good deal more.

These various deductions brought my taxable income down to minus seven hundred and eighty-one pounds two shillings and threepence. The tax authorities actually refused to accept this return. They said that I was entitled to no deduc-



tions whatever; that I had no "plant," and that my claim that I was my own "plant"

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY was unworthy of consideration. Of course, they declined to pay me the balance which I claimed to be due to me under the head of minus income, and they intimated that—well, I needn't go into that, but will merely say that they were not courteous.

Had I been a blacksmith, I should have been entitled to deductions for wear and tear of machinery, for rent of shop, and for value of "plant." Being an author, I am entitled to no deductions whatever. Is this gross unfairness merely due to ignorance, or is it a deliberate attempt to tax authors out of existence? I do not grudge paying a fair income tax. I do object to being treated with less indulgence than a blacksmith, even if my work is not as improving and valuable as his.

RBITRATION, I am informed by my morning newspaper, is in the air, by which is meant, I presume, that a vast deal of breath is being wasted in advocating arbitration. There are bloodthirsty people who gloat over the

prospect that the nations of Europe will agree to refer all their disputes to arbitration, but the prospect is not one that a really humane and peaceful man can contemplate without horror.

The first result of an universal agreement to submit all international disputes to arbitration, would be an enormous increase in the armaments of each nation. It must be obvious to every mind that is not warped by professional philanthropy, that a tribunal of arbitration must have a force behind it sufficiently powerful to enforce its judgments. Otherwise, it would be like a police court without policemen, which should award a criminal forty days of hard labour without any means of persuading him to accept the award.

Suppose for a moment that France and Germany could be induced to submit their dispute as to the ownership of Alsace and Lorraine to England as an arbitrator. If England should decide that Alsace and Lorraine must be given back to France, Germany would inevitably refuse to do anything of the kind, and England would there-

upon have to go to war with Germany to compel her to abide by the decition.

In every case of arbitration, one of the parties would gain, and the other would lose, and it is idle to suppose that the loser would



comply with a decision unless it were certain that the arbitrator had power to enforce it. Take the case of America. She is always ready to refer her disputes with England to arbitration, but she declines to submit when the arbitrators decide against her, for the reason that she knows that no nation will go to war with her across three thousand miles of water.

As things are at present, wars break out among civilised nations only at long intervals, but the moment arbitration becomes the rule in all disputes, war will be the chronic condition of Europe, for every dispute that is submitted to arbitration will be followed by war between those who support the award of the arbitrators and those who dispute it. If the advocates of arbitration could succeed

in inducing Europe to adopt their fad, the armies of every nation would have to be doubled in order to provide against the danger of monthly, or at least yearly, war.

\* \* \* \*

F the House of Commons, instead of spending its time over such trivial matters as the education of children, would pass a bill prohibiting the playing of whist in railway trains, it would go far to show that Parliamentary

Government is not a failure. Nothing is more shocking to the righteous soul of the

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serious whist player than the daily sight of men pretending to play whist on a handkerchief, amid the rush and roar of a suburban train.

In the first place, these shameless persons



try to play whist before ten o'clock in the morning, which is little less than a crime, for Nature provided us with whist in order that we might make our evenings happy, not in order that we should profane her priceless gift by playing in public in the early hours of the morning.

The worst feature of railway whist-playing is, however, the fact that the game must be hurried through before the train arrives at its destination. We look with wondering disapproval at the American railway traveller who bolts his dinner in five minutes, but how infinitely more saddening is the spectacle of a man with an alleged mind, and a possible soul, who bolts his whist in fifteen minutes on a suburban train.

Of course, no man can play decent whist in such circumstances. He has no time to note and remember the play of his partner or of his opponents, and hence he plays his own hand, which, as every good man knows, is one of the worst crimes that can be committed at whist. Then, again, he revokes so frequently that he becomes completely callous to the infamous nature of the act. He knows from experience that in the wild hurry of the game he can ordinarily revoke twice in every hand without attracting the notice of his fellow criminals, and even when he does not revoke wilfully, he is sure to revoke unintentionally. To the guilt of profaning a solemn and beautiful game, he thus adds that of violating every law, human and divine, by habitual revoking.

Hundreds of young men of decent parentage, and unexceptionable habits, are yearly transformed by railway whist-playing into criminals ripe for any infamy. For who can doubt that the man who plays his own hand at whist; who treats a call for trumps with silent contempt, and who daily revokes from eight to fifteen times, would shrink from such comparatively insignificant crimes as murder, and highway robbery?

I beg to call the attention of our bishops, most of whom are devout whist-players, to this terrible state of things. Let any one of them take an early suburban train to the City, and he will witness whist outrages which will make his blood run cold.

HE American newspapers
have just been congratulating their readers
on the development of a
newand distinctively American nose. The new nose is
decidedly aquiline in shape,
while at the same time it is
what the American newspapers called "widewinged," that is to say, the

nostrils are wide and flat.

Of course, it is easy to understand that the independent American will greatly prefer a nose of a purely American pattern to a mere copy of what he would probably call the "pauper nose" of Europe. Nevertheless, when he appreciates the full meaning of his new nose, he may not be quite as complacent in regard to it as he is at present.

If he will take the trouble to compare his nose with the nose of the red Indian he will find that they are identical. The Indian wears a large aquiline nose with flat negrolike nostrils. In other words, his nose is

precisely the "widewinged" nose of the white American.

It has already been observed that the Western American has the high cheek - bones, the tall figure, and the straight, black hair of the red Indian, and now that he has adopted the Indian nose, the time cannot be very far distant when he

will also adopt the red skin of the aborigine. He will then be no longer a

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white man, and, though he will pretend to be proud of his red skin and his other American features, he will secretly mourn over the fact that he is unquestionably a red man.

Doubtless the climate of America is responsible for the physical change which is turning the descendants of Europeans into new model Indians, but it can hardly be the climate which has developed in the Western American many of the moral characteristics of the aborigine.

The Western man's contempt for human life, his love of "strong waters," his skill in shooting, and his views on the currency question, are all characteristic of the red man. Like the Indian, he holds lunatics in great respect, and it is for this reason that he looks upon Bryan as an inspired financier. Like the Indian he despises the ways of civilised people, and fancies that civilisation and weakness are inseparable.

In one respect he will, however, be improved by becoming a genuine red man. The Indian was never sufficiently stupid to believe that it was cheaper for him to pay two buffalo skins for a poor blanket than to pay one buffalo skin for a good blanket. He was an ignorant savage in many ways, but he was never a Protectionist.

T was a sad disappointment to many people when the old Brighton pier went to pieces without drowning a single person. It had been in a dangerous condition for many years, and nearly everybody had predicted that some day it would carry two or three dozen people to the bottom, and drown them in the embraces of its broken

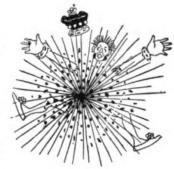
cables. Instead of so doing, the exasperating pier went to pieces in the night, when not a single cheap tripper was within half-a-mile of it. It was the first of the seaside piers, and at one time was greatly frequented by people in novels. Shall we ever forget how, on Brighton pier, Thackeray's Philip discovered that his Agnes had engaged herself to the Creole captain?

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But with all its associations the old Brighton pier was little less than an outrage, and it is a pity that all similar seaside piers could not share its fate. The iron, spindle-legged seaside pier is an offence to truth, for a pier is meant for shipping, and as shipping never comes near the seaside pier, it might as well call itself a churchyard or a gasometer, as a pier.

It is simply an ugly platform, full of wooden splinters for unwary feet, and sur-

passing in ugliness the average statue in Parliament Square. You pay a penny to walk on this miscalled pier, in order that your hat may be blown overboard if you are a man, and your hair and skirts horribly



disarranged if you are a woman. Beyond exposing yourself to the rude and ruthless wind you gain nothing whatever by walking on the pier that you would not gain if you remained on the beach.

The pier is infested with slot machines, penny shows, and shops for the sale of hideous crockery and shell work, but these are objects which the good man sedulously shuns. Some piers possess a band, but to fly from the "niggers" of the beach to the band of the pier is merely the fire and frying-pan exchange, of the futility of which all the world knows.

Perhaps the worst feature of the seaside pier is the boy, or-with shame be it saidthe grown up man, who constantly fishes for unattainable fish, and recklessly throws his line above, arcund, and behind him, and ends by hooking some comparatively valuable human being in the cheek or neck. Nobody ever kills this wretch-and on some piers he is very numerous. Neither does he ever fall into the water, and drown merrily in sight of the rejoicing public. I wish Mr. Ruskin would expose the infamies of the seaside pier in a pamphlet, showing that our island will never be peerless until it is pierless. He alone could do the subject ample justice.

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HERE can be no doubt that Nature designed women to cycle. This is shown by the tender care which she takes of the cycling woman, while as to the cycling man she exercises no care whatever over him. To begin with, Nature protects woman from side-slipping. Take a Sunday when the Ripley Road is at its

greasiest. Expert male cyclists will constantly side-slip on the road, while women, who have only just learnt to ride, will pass over the greasiest stretches in perfect safety.

No matter with how much care the male cyclist, examines his chain, his nuts, his handle bar, or his saddle, the day is sure to come when some one of these things will get out of order, and he will come to grief. On the other hand there is not one woman in a hundred who so much as knows the use of the various parts of her machine.

The average woman cyclist will ride with a handle bar so loose in the socket that it will turn round with the lightest pressure; she will ride with the nuts that hold the axles in the forks so loose that they are attached literally by a single thread; she will have her chain so loose that it is in imminent danger of dropping off; her saddle will be attached so lightly, to the seat pillar that it can be

turned by the hand. And yet she will never meet with an accident.

As for punctures, women do not puncture once where men puncture a dozen times. Usually a woman insists upon riding with her tyres half blown up, in which circumstances they are twice as liable to puncture as are

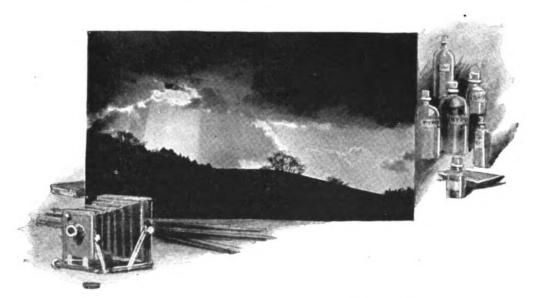
properly inflated tyres, and the air tube is liable to be caught and pinched between the wire of the tyre-cover and the wheel.

Yet with these halfblown tyres a woman will calmly ride over a



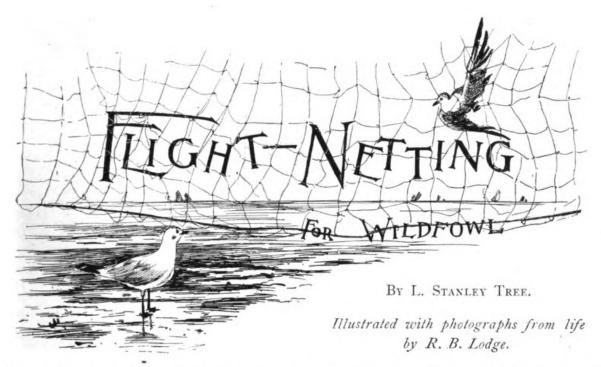
road strewn with flints, or through a lane carpeted with thorns, and her tyres will not puncture. Finally, when she does fall, she comes down on her back-hair, without sustaining the slightest injury.

The immunity of women cyclists would be a mystery were it not for the obvious fact that Nature has them under her protection, and is determined that no harm shall come to them if she can prevent it. I never go down a steep and unknown hill without wishing I were a woman. If I were, I could ride that hill with serene confidence, instead of riding it with fear and trembling lest an unseen turn in the road should be waiting for me, fully furnished with brewers' carts or patches of new and unrolled metalling.



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The vast expanse of mud-flats lying to the north of the Wash is, every spring and autumn, the meeting-place of thousands of wading birds, gulls, and sea birds of every variety. They make the coast of Lincolnshire their rendezvous on the journeys between their summer and their winter quarters. After nesting and rearing their young in higher latitudes, it may be even within the Arctic zone, they fly south at the approach of winter, impelled by that mysterious instinct which leads all birds alike to hibernate in a warmer and more equable country than that in which they breed.

On their passage from north to south, and again in the spring from south to north, they haunt the Lincolnshire mud-flats, and the Norfolk coast line. During the migratory season birds of many kinds are continually arriving in countless hosts, chiefly during the hours of darkness and when the wind is in the right direction.

The regular arrival of so many birds of various kinds provides a means of livelihood for a few professional wildfowlers and gunners, who not only shoot them for the market, but also capture them in larger numbers in what are called flight-nets.

In former days, when the influx of birds was much greater than it is now, the flightnetter reaped a far richer harvest than that with which his descendant to-day must be content; but, nevertheless, flight-netting is still pursued on an extensive scale, and valuable captures are frequently made.

Friskney, a little village fifteen miles north of Boston, was the scene of my inquiries concerning this interesting form of sport, and here I had the advantage of an introduction to one of the cleverest flight-netters on the coast—a man who supplies many of the Zoological Gardens throughout the country with rare birds that have been captured in his nets, and is at the same time agent for a number of firms who traffic in all manner of wildfowl, both for eating and stuffing purposes.

From his nets have come many of the gulls in the Gull Ponds, and the wading birds, which form such an attraction in the Fish House aviaries, at the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park.

The nets—chiefly of his own manufacture—consist of several lengths, each some six feet high and thirty-five yards long, suspended between upright supports, and placed below high water mark at right angles to the direction of the incoming tide. Into these the birds fly at night, as they are driven from one feeding ground to another by the advancing sea.

Once caught in the meshes, which are too small to admit of the free passage of ordinary sized sea birds, and too big to prevent them cannoning against the network without

entangling themselves, the birds may struggle in vain. In fact, the more they struggle the more hopelessly they become entangled, for the nets are purposely hung quite loosely.

On the coast in the neighbour-

hood of Friskney the sea recedes quite three miles at low tide, and the high water mark, some

distance below which the nets are set, varies very considerably according to the season of the year. During the spring tide the flight-nets will be placed close up to the sea wall,

while for the neap tides

they may be a mile or two down the flats.

Much skill is required in the placing of the nets. If they are too far down, the captured birds will very possibly be drowned by the rising tide, and if too high up on the shore, the greater portion of the birds will miss the nets altogether.

Neither of these contingencies is to be desired, for in the one case

birds, being dead, will fetch but a third or even smaller fraction of their value alive, and in the latter case the haul will be but a small and unimportant Curlews are one. worth half-a-crown alive, and only ninepence dead; plovers, eighteenpence and fourpence respec-



tively; whilst live gulls are sold for one shilling, and only fetch a penny when dead.

The last named birds are used for food in the neighbourhood, and as one makes a meal for a man, they cannot be considered an

expensive luxury. The birds are first skinned, and afterwards half boiled. Then they can

be roasted, stewed, or made into pot-pie, the favourite dish of the locality, according to taste. I am told—I must confess that I do not speak from experience—that they

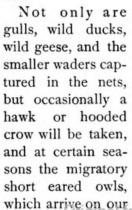
are capital eating.



An idea of the extent of the feeding grounds may be gathered from the fact that on my first arrival it was impossible to see the sea at all from the high water mark, but only an endless stretch of wet mud, dotted with many flocks of birds busily engaged in feeding. Next morning it was probably my lot to see many of

these luckless creatures enveloped in the meshes of the all-devouring flight-

nets.









Disentangling the Birds.

coasts at the same time as the woodcock. It seems strange to find hawks and hooded crows in the nets. The explanation probably is that they will have flown seawards, attracted by the cries and struggles of the captured birds and eager to devour them.

Perhaps we feel a little pleased, therefore,

when these birds of prey are themselves entangled in the toils which confine the victims they expected to find.

A dark and stormy night, when the winddriven clouds obscure the light of the moon and stars, is considered the most favourable for flight-netting.



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The birds move from place to place more freely, and are presumably less able to see and avoid the nets.

After such a night, as many as sixty knots (wading birds of the snipe species) have been taken in one net, besides many other kinds of birds.

The catch, of course, varies very considerably, according to wind, weather, season of the year, and position of the nets.

In the spring and autumn, large quantities of migratory birds are captured, but these have not, perhaps, such a good market value as the "catch" in winter.

Ducks, for instance, are not expected in any numbers until some frosts and hard weather have been experienced; whilst heavy gales out at sea will bring in gannets, cormorants, and other birds which only frequent the coast-line under stress of weather.

The birds when captured are packed into large bags, and are carried in this way to the flight-netter's home. Here such birds as are alive are turned out into pens, the gulls and larger birds into one, and the smaller waders into another. They are confined in the pens until they recover from the rude shock of their capture.

Then those which are quite healthy and uninjured are drafted in baskets and hampers, with sacking nailed over the top, to their destinations in various parts of the kingdom.



The Wildfowler.



## A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

#### SUMMARY.

HARVEY CHEYNE, son of an American millionaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner, and is picked up by the fishing smack We're Here, of Gloucester, bound for the cod-banks. Harvey, perforce, goes too. The crew of the We're Here consists of Disko Troop, the owner, and his son Dan; Manuel, a Portuguese; Pennsylvania, Long Jack, Tom Platt, and Uncle Salters, Disko's brother. Harvey is initiated into the mysteries of cod-fishing.

### CHAPTER V.

THAT was the first of Harvey's many talks with Dan, who told him why he would transfer his dory's name to the imaginary Burgessmodelled haddocker. Harvey heard a good deal about the real Hattie at Gloucester; saw a lock of her hair—which Dan, finding fair words of no avail, had "hooked" as she sat in front of him at school that winter-and a photograph. Hattie was about fourteen years old, with an awful contempt for boys, and had been trampling on Dan's heart through the winter. All this was revealed under oath of solemn secrecy on moonlit decks in the dead dark, or in choking fog; the whining wheel behind them, the climbing deck before, and without, the unresting, clamorous sea.

Once, of course, as the boys came to know each other, there was a fight which raged from bow to stern, till Penn came up and separated them, but promised not to tell Disko, who thought fighting on watch rather worse than sleeping. Harvey was no match for Dan physically, but it says a great deal for his new training that he took his defeat and did not try to get even with his conqueror by underhand methods.

That was after he had been cured of a string of boils between his elbows and wrists, where the wet jersey and oilskins cut into the flesh. The salt water stung them unpleasantly, but Dan treated them when they were ripe with Disko's razor, and assured Harvey that now he was a "blooded Banker." The affliction of gurry-sores was the mark of the caste that claimed him.

Being a boy and very busy, he did not bother his head with too much thinking. But one day, as he stood on the foc'sle ladder, guying the cook, who had accused him and Dan of hooking fried pies, it occurred to him that this was a vast improvement on taking snubbings from strangers in the smoking-room of a hired liner.

He was a recognised part of the scheme of things on the We're Here; had his place at the table and among the bunks; and could hold his own in the long talks on stormy days, when the others were always ready to listen to what they called his "fairy tales" of his life ashore.

He knew where Disko kept the old greencrusted quadrant, that they called the "hogyoke "-under the bed-bag in his bunk. When he took the sun, and with the help of a "Robert B. Thomas" almanac, found the latitude, Harvey would jump down into the cabin, and scratch the reckoning and date with a nail on the rust of the stove-pipe.

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Now, the chief engineer of the liner could have done no more. The said "hog-yoke," an Eldridge chart, the farming almanac, Blunt's "Coast Pilot," and Bowditch's "Navigator," were all the weapons Disko needed to guide him, except the deep-sea lead that was his spare eye.

Harvey nearly slew Penn with it when Tom Platt taught him first how to "fly the blue pigeon"; and, though his strength was not equal to continuous sounding in any sort of a sea, for calm weather on shoal water Disko used him freely. As Dan said: "'Tain't soundin's dad wants. It's samples. Grease her up good, Harve."

Harvey would tallow the cup at the end, and carefully bring the sand, shell, sludge, or whatever it might be, to Disko, who fingered and smelt it, and then gave judgment. As has been said, when Disko thought of cod he thought as a cod; and by some mysterious mixture of instinct and experience, moved the We're Here from berth to berth, always with the fish, as a blindfolded chess-player moves on the unseen board.

But his board was the Grand Bank—a triangle of two hundred and fifty miles on each side—a waste of wallowing sea, cloaked with dank fog, vexed with gales, harried with drifting ice, scored by the tracks of the reckless liners, and dotted with the sails of the fishing-fleet.

For days they worked in fog—Harvey at the bell-till grown familiar with the thick airs, he went out with Tom Platt, his heart rather in his mouth. But the fog would not lift, and the fish were biting, and no one can be helplessly afraid for six hours at a time. Harvey devoted himself to his lines and the gaff or gob-stick as Tom Platt called for them; and they rowed back to the schooner guided by the bell and Tom's instinct; Manuel's conch sounding thin and faint beside them. But it was an unearthly experience, and, for the first time in a month, Harvey dreamed of the shifting, smoking floor of water round the dory, the lines that strayed away into nothing, and the air above that melted on the sea below ten feet from his straining eyes.

A few days later he was out with Manuel on what should have been forty-fathom

bottom, but the whole length of the roding ran out and still the anchor found nothing, and Harvey grew mortally afraid, for that his last touch with earth was lost. "Whalehole," said Manuel, hauling in. "That is good joke on Disko. Come!" and he rowed to the schooner to find Tom Platt and the others jeering at the skipper because, for once, he had led them to the edge of the barren Whale-deep, the blank hole of the Grand Bank.

They made another berth through the fog, and that time the hair of Harvey's head stood up when he went out in Manuel's dory. A whiteness moved in the whiteness of the fog with a breath like the breath of the grave, and there was a roaring, a plunging, and spouting.

It was his first introduction to the dread summer berg of the Bank, and he cowered in the bottom of the boat while Manuel laughed. There were days, though, clear and soft and warm, when it seemed a sin to do anything but loaf over the hand-lines and spank the drifting "sun-scalds" with an oar; and there were days of light airs, when Harvey was taught how to steer the schooner from one berth to another.

It thrilled through him when he first felt the keel answer to his hand on the spokes, and slide over the long hollows as the foresail scythed back and forth against the blue sky. That was magnificent, in spite of Disko saying that it would break a snake's back to follow the wake; but, as usual, pride ran before a fall.

They were sailing on the wind with the stay-sail—an old one, luckily—set, and Harvey jammed her right into it to show Dan how completely he had mastered the art. The fore-sail went over with a bang, and the fore-gaff stabbed and ripped through the stay-sail, which was, of course, prevented from going over by the main-stay. They lowered the wreck in awful silence, and Harvey spent his leisure hours for the next few days under Tom Platt's lee, learning to use a needle and palm. Dan hooted with joy, for, as he said, he had made the very same blunder himself in his early days.

Boylike, Harvey imitated all the men by turns, till he had combined Disko's peculiar

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stoop at the wheel, Long Jack's swinging overhand when the lines were hauled, Manuel's round-shouldered but effective stroke in a dory, and Tom Platt's generous "Ohio" stride along the deck.

"'Tis beautiful to see how he takes to ut," said Long Jack, when Harvey was looking out by the windlass one thick noon. "I'll

finer 'n Farragut. Dan's full o' the same kind o' notions. See 'em now, actin' to be genewine moss-backs—every hair a rope-yarn an' blood Stockholm tar." He spoke down the cabin stairs. "Guess you're mistook in your judgments fer once, Disko. What in Rome made ye tell us all here the kid was crazy?"



Harvey was taught how to steer the schooner from one berth to another.

lay my wage an' share 'tis more'n half playactin' to him, an' he consates himself he's a bowld mariner. Watch his little bit av a back now!"

"That's the way we all begin," said Tom Platt. "The boys they make believe all the time till they've cheated 'emselves into bein' men, an' so till they die—pretendin' and pretendin'. I done it on the old Ohio I know. Stood my first watch—harbour-watch—feelin'

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"He wuz," Disko replied. "Crazy ez a loon when he come aboard; but I'll say he's sobered up consid'ble sense. I cured him."

"He yarns good," said Tom Platt.
"T'other night he told us abaout a kid of his own size steerin' a cunnin' little rig an' four ponies up an' down Toledo, Ohio, I think 'twas, an' givin' suppers to a crowd o' sim'lar kids. Cur'us kind o' fairy-tale, but blame interestin'. He knows scores of 'em."

"Guess he strikes' em outen his own head,"
Disko called from the cabin, where he was busy with the log-book. "Stands to reason that sort is all made up. It don't take in no one but Dan, an' he laughs at it. I've heard him, behind my back."

"'Y'ever hear what Sim'on Peter Ca'houn said when they whacked up a match 'twix' his sister Hitty an' Loring Jerauld, an' the boys put up that joke on him daown to Georges?" drawled Uncle Salters, who was dripping peaceably under the lee of the starboard dory-nest.

Tom Platt puffed at his pipe in scornful silence; he was a Cape Cod man, and had not known that tale more than twenty years. Uncle Salters went on with a rasping chuckle.

"Sim'on Peter Ca'houn he said, an' he was jest right, abaout Lorin', 'Ha'af on the taoun,' he said, 'an' t'other ha'af blame fool; an' they told me she's married a 'ich man.' Sim'on Peter Ca'houn he hadn't no roof to his mouth, an' talked that way."

"He didn't talk any Pennsylvania Dutch," Tom Platt replied. "You'd better leave a Cape man to tell that tale. The Ca'houns was gypsies frum way back."

"Wal, I don't profess to be any elocutionist," Salters said. "I'm comin' to the moral o' things. That's jest abaout what aour Harve be! Ha'af on the town, an' t'other ha'af blame fool; an' there's some 'll believe he's a rich man. Yah!"

"Did ye ever think how sweet 'twould be to sail wid a full crew o' Salterses?" said Long Jack. "Ha'af in the furrer, an' other ha'af in the muck-heap, as Ca'houn did not say, an' makes out he's a fisherman."

A little laugh went round at Salters' expense.

Disko held his tongue and wrought over the log-book that he kept in a hatchet-faced, square hand: this was the kind of thing that ran on, soiled page after page:

"July 17. This day thick fog and few fish. Made berth to northward. So ends this day.

"July 18. This day comes in with thick fog. Caught a few fish.

"July 19. This day comes in with light breeze from N.E. and fine weather. Made a berth to eastward. Caught plenty fish.

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"July 20. This, the Sabbath, comes in with fog and light winds. So ends this day. Total fish caught this week, 3,478."

They never worked on Sundays, but shaved, and washed themselves if it were fine, and Pennsylvania sang hymns. Once or twice he suggested that, if it was not an impertinence, he thought he could preach a little. Uncle Salters nearly jumped down his throat at the mere notion, reminded him that he was not a preacher and mustn't think of such things. "We'd hev him rememberin' Johnstown next," Salters explained, "an' what would happen then?" So they compromised on his reading aloud from a book called "Josephus."

It was an old, leather-bound volume, smelling of a hundred trips, very solid and very like the Bible, but enlivened with accounts of battles and sieges; and they read it nearly from cover to cover. Penn was a silent little body. He would not utter a word for three days on end sometimes. though he played checkers, listened to the songs, and laughed at the stories. they tried to stir him up, he would answer: "I don't wish to seem unneighbourly, but it is because I have nothing to say. My head feels quite empty. I've almost forgotten my name." He would turn to Uncle Salters with an expectant smile.

"Why, Pennsylvania *Pratt*," Salters would shout. "You'll fergit me next."

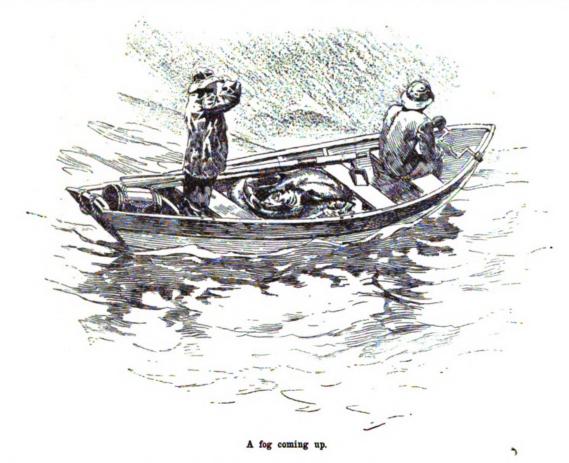
"No—never," Penn would say, shutting his lips firmly. "Pennsylvania Pratt, of course," he would repeat over and over. Sometimes it was Uncle Salters who forgot, and told him he was Haskins, or Rich, or McVitty; but Penn was equally content—till next time.

He was always very tender with Harvey, whom he pitied both as a lost child and as a lunatic; and when Salters saw Penn liked the boy, he relaxed too. Salters was not an amiable person (he esteemed it his business to keep the boys in order); and the first time Harvey, in fear and trembling, on a still day, managed to shin up to the main-truck (Dan was behind him ready to help), he esteemed it his duty to hang Salters' big sea-boots up there—a sight of shame and derision to the nearest schooner.

With Disko, Harvey took no liberties; not even when the old man dropped direct orders and treated him, like the rest of the crew, to "don't you want to do so and so?" and "guess you'd better," and so forth. There was something about the clean-shaven lips and the puckered corners of the eyes that sobered young blood.

Disko showed him the meaning of the thumbed and pricked chart, which, he said, laid over any government publication whatand at a pinch, when Uncle Salters had a gurry-sore on his palm, could dress-down by sense of touch. He could steer in anything short of half a gale by the feel of the wind on his face, humouring the We're Here just when she needed it. These things he did as automatically as he skipped about the rigging, or made his dory a part of his own will and body. But he could not communicate his knowledge to Harvey.

Still there was a good deal of general



soever; led him, pencil in hand, from berth to berth over the whole string of banks—Le Have, Western, Banquereau, St. Pierre, Green, and Grand—talking "cod" meantime. Taught him, too, the principle on which the "hog-yoke" was worked.

In this Harvey excelled Dan, for he had inherited a head for figures, and the notion of stealing information from a glimpse of the sullen Bank sun appealed to all his keen wits. In other sea-matters his age handicapped him. As Disko said, he should have begun when he was ten. Dan could bait up trawl or lay his hand on any rope in the dark;

information flying about the schooner on stormy days, when they lay up in the foc'sle or sat on the cabin lockers, where spare eyebolts, leads, and rings rolled and rattled in the pauses of the talk.

Disko spoke of whaling voyages in the Fifties; of great she-whales slain beside their young; of death-agonies on the black, tossing seas, and blood that spurted forty feet in the air; of boats smashed to splinters; of patent rockets that went off wrong-end-first and bombarded the trembling crews; of cutting in and boiling down, and the terrible "nip" of 71, when twelve hundred men

were made homeless on the ice in three days—wonderful tales, all true; but more wonderful still were his stories of the cod, and how they argued and reasoned on their private businesses deep down below the keel.

Long Jack's tastes ran more to the supernatural. He held them silent with ghastly stories of the "Yo-hoes" on Monomoy Beach that mock and terrify lonely clam-diggers of sand-walkers and dune-haunters who were never properly buried; of hidden treasure on Fire Island guarded by the spirits of Kidd's men; of ships that sailed in the fog slap over Truro township; of that harbour in Maine where no one but a stranger will lie at anchor twice in a certain place because of a dead crew who row alongside at midnight with the anchor in the bow of their old-fashioned boat, whistling-not calling but whistling—for the soul of the man who broke their rest.

Harvey had a notion that the east coast of his native land from Mount Desert south was populated chiefly by people who took their horses there in the summer and entertained in country-houses with hardwood floors and Vantine portières. He laughed at the ghost tales—not as much as he would have done a month before—but ended by sitting still and shuddering.

Tom Platt dealt with his interminable trip round the Horn on the old *Ohio* in the flogging days; with a navy more extinct than the dodo—the navy that passed away in the great war. He told them how red-hot shot are dropped into a cannon, a wad of wet clay between them and the cartridge; how they sizzle and reek when they strike wood, and how the little ship's boys of the *Miss Jim Buck* hove water over them and shouted to the fort to try again.

And he told tales of blockade—long weeks of swaying at anchor—varied only by the departure and return of steamers who had used up their coal (there was no change for the sailing-ships); of gales and cold—cold that kept two hundred men, night and day, pounding and chopping at the ice on cable, blocks, and rigging, when the galley was as red-hot as the fort's shot, and men drank cocoa by the bucket. Tom Platt had no use

for steam. His service closed when that thing was comparatively new. He admitted that it was a specious invention in time of peace, but looked hopefully for the day when sails should come back again on ten-thousand-ton frigates with hundred-and-ninety-foot booms.

Manuel's talk was slow and gentle—all about pretty girls in Madeira washing clothes in the dry beds of streams, by moonlight, under waving bananas; legends of saints, and tales of queer dances or fights away in the cold Newfoundland baiting-ports. Salters was mainly agricultural, for, though he read "Josephus" and expounded it, his mission in life was to prove the value of green manures, and specially of clover, against every form of phosphate whatsoever. grew libellous about phosphates; he dragged greasy "Orange Judd" books from his bunk and intoned them, wagging his finger at Harvey, to whom it was all Greek. Little Penn was so genuinely pained when Harvey made fun of Salters' lectures that the boy gave it up and suffered in polite silence.

The cook naturally did not join in these conversations. As a rule, he only spoke when it was absolutely necessary; but at times a queer gift of speech descended on him, and he held forth, half in Gaelic, half in broken English, an hour at a time. He was specially communicative with the boys, and he never withdrew his prophecy that one day Harvey would be Dan's master, and that he would see it. He told them of mail-carrying in the winter up Cape Breton way, of the dogtrain that goes to Coudray, and of the steamer Arctic that breaks the ice between the mainland and Prince Edward Island.

Then he told them stories that his mother had told him, of life far down to the southward where water never froze; and he said that when he died his soul would go to lie down on a warm white beach of sand with palm-trees waving above. That seemed to the boys a very odd idea for a man who had never seen a palm in his life. Then, too, regularly at each meal, he would ask Harvey, and Harvey alone, whether the cooking was to his taste; and this always made the "second half" laugh. But they had a great respect for the cook's judgment, and in their

hearts considered Harvey something of a mascot by consequence.

But while Harvey was taking in knowledge of new things at each pore and hard health with every gulp of the good air, the We're Here went her ways and did her business on the Bank, and the silvery grey kenches of well-pressed fish mounted higher and higher in the hold. No one day's work was out of the common, but the average days were many and close together.

Naturally, a man of Disko's reputation was closely watched—"scrowged upon," Dan called it—by his neighbours, but he had a very pretty knack of giving them the slip through the curdling, glidy fog-banks. Disko avoided company for two reasons. He wished to make his own experiments, in the first place; and in the second, he objected to the mixed and curious gathering of a fleet of all nations.

The bulk of them were mainly Gloucester boats, with a scattering from Provincetown, Harwich, Chatham, and some of the Maine ports, but the crews drew from goodness knows where. Risk breeds recklessness, and when greed is added, there are fine chances for every kind of accident in the crowded fleet, which, like a mob of sheep, is huddled round some unrecognised leader. "Let the two Jeraulds lead 'em," said Disko. "We're baound to lay among 'em for a spell on the Eastern Shoals, though, ef luck holds, we

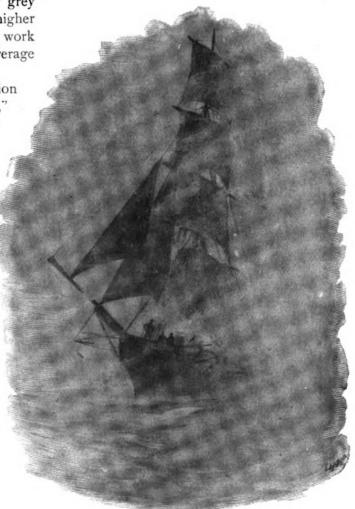
won't hev to lay long. Where we are naow, Harve, ain't considered noways good ground."

"Ain't it?" said Harvey, who was drawing water (he had learned just how to wiggle the bucket), after an unusually long dressing-down. "Shouldn't mind striking some poor ground for a change, then."

"All the ground I want to see—don't want to strike her—is Eastern Point," said Dan. "Say, dad, it looks 's if we wouldn't hev to lay more'n two weeks on the shoals. You'll meet all the comp'ny you want then, Harve. That's the time we begin to work. No reg'lar.

meals fer no one then. 'Mug-up when ye're hungry an' sleep when ye can't keep awake. Good job you wasn't picked up a month later than you was, or we'd never ha' had you dressed in shape fer the Old Virgin."

Harvey understood from the Eldridge



The dripping red head-sails of a bark glided out of the fog.

chart that the Old Virgin and a nest of curiously named shoals were the turning-point of the cruise, and that, with good luck, they would wet the balance of their salt there; but, seeing the size of the Virgin (it was one tiny dot), he wondered how even Disko with the hog-yoke and the lead could find her.

He learnt later that Disko was entirely equal to that and any other business, and could even help others. A big four-by-five blackboard hung in the cabin, and Harvey never understood the need of it till after some blinding thick days they heard the unmelodious tooting of a foot-power fog-horn

-a machine whose note is as that of a consumptive elephant.

They were making a short berth; towing the anchor under their foot to save trouble. "Square-rigger bellowin' fer his latitude," said Long Jack. The dripping red headsails of a bark glided out of the fog, and the you butt-ended *mucho-bono!* Where you from—St. Malo, eh?"

"Ah, ha! Mucho bono! Oui! oui! Clos Poulet—St. Malo! St. Pierre et Miquelon," cried the other crowd, waving woollen caps and laughing. Then all together: "Bord! Bord!"

"Bring up the board, Danny. Beats me how them Frenchmen fetch anywheres, exceptin' America's fairish broadly. Forty-six

"Forty-six forty-nine's good enough fer them."

We're Here rang her bell thrice, using sea shorthand.

The larger boat backed her topsail with clamour and shoutings.

"Frenchman," said Uncle Salters scornfully. "Miquelon boat from St. Malo." The farmer had a weatherly sea-eye. "I'm most outer baccy, too, Disko."

"Same here," said Tom Platt. "Hi! Backez vous—backez vous! Standez away ez,

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forty-nine's good enough fer them; an' I guess it abaout right, too."

Dan chalked the figures on the board, and they hung it in the main-rigging to a chorus of *Merci's* from the bark.

"Seems kinder unneighbourly to let 'em swedge off like this," Salters suggested, feeling in his pockets.

"Hev ye learned French then sense last trip?" said Diskorom"I don't want no more

stone-ballast hove at us 'long o' your callin' Miquelon boats 'footy cochins' same's you did off Le Have."

"Harmon Rush he said that was the way to rise 'em. Plain United States is good enough fer me. We're all dretful short on terbakker. Young feller, don't you speak French?"

"Oh, yes," said Harvey valiantly; and he bawled: "Hi! Say! Arrêtez vous! Attendez! Nous sommes venant pour tabac."

"Ah, tabac, tabac!" they cried, and laughed again.

"That hit 'em. Let's heave a dory over, anyway," said Tom Platt. "I don't exactly hold no certificates on French, but I know another lingo that goes, I guess. Come on, Harve, an' interpret."

The raffle and confusion when he and Harvey were hauled up the bark's black side was indescribable. Her cabin was all stuck round with glaring coloured prints of the Virgin—the Virgin of Newfoundland, they called her. Harvey found his French of no recognised brand, and his conversation was limited to nods and grins. But Tom Platt waved his arms and got along swimmingly. The captain gave him a drink of unspeakable gin, and the opera-comique crew, with their hairy throats, red caps, and long knives, greeted him as a brother.

Then the trade began. They had tobacco plenty of it—American, that had never paid duty to France. They wanted chocolate and crackers. Harvey rowed back to arrange with the cook and Disko, who owned the stores, and on his return the cocoa-tins and cracker-bags were counted out by the Frenchman's wheel. It looked like a piratical division of loot; but Tom Platt came out of it roped with black pigtail and stuffed with cakes of chewing and smoking tobacco. Then these jovial mariners swung off into the mist, and the last Harvey heard was a gay chorus:

"Par derrière chez ma tante, Il y a un bois joli, Et le rossignol y chante Et le jour et la nuit . . . Que donneriez vous, belle, Qui l'amenerait ici? Je donnerai Quebec, Sorel et Saint Denis."

"How was it my French didn't go and

your sign-talk did?" Harvey demanded when the barter had been distributed among the "We're Heres."

"Sign talk!" Platt guffawed. "Well, yes, 'twas sign-talk, but a heap older'n your French, Harve. Them French boats are chock full o' Freemasons, an' that's why."

"Are you a Freemason then?"

"Look's that way, don't it?" said the man-o'-war's man, stuffing his pipe; and Harvey had another mystery of the deep sea to brood upon

### CHAPTER VI.

The thing that struck him most was the exceedingly casual way in which some craft loafed about the broad Atlantic. Fishing-boats, as Dan said, were naturally dependent on the courtesy and wisdom of their neighbours, but one expected better things of steamers. That was after another interesting interview when they had been chased for three miles by a big lumbering old cattle boat, all boarded over on the upper deck, that smelt like a thousand cattle-pens.

A very excited officer yelled at them through a speaking-trumpet, and she lay and lolloped helplessly on the water while Disko ran the We're Here under her lee and gave the skipper a piece of his mind. "Where might ye be—eh? Ye don't deserve to be anywheres. You barn-yard tramps go hoggin' the road on the high-seas with no blame consideration fer your neighbors, an' your eyes in your coffee-cups instid o' in your silly heads."

At this the skipper danced on the bridge and said something about Disko's own eyes. "We haven't had an observation for three days. D'you suppose we can run her blind?" he shouted.

"Wa-al I can," Disko retorted. "What's come to your lead? Et it? Can't ye smell bottom, or are them cattle too rank?"

"What d'ye feed 'em?" said Uncle Salters with intense seriousness, for the smell of the pens woke all the farmer in him. "They say they fall off dretful on a v'yage. Dunno as it's any o' my business, but I've a kind o' notion that oil-cake broke small an' sprinkled——"

"Thunder!" said a cattle-man in a red

jersey, as he looked over the side. "What asylum did they let His Whiskers out of?"

"Young feller," Salters began, standing up in the fore-rigging. "Let me tell yeou 'fore we go any further that I've-"

The officer on the bridge took off his cap with immense politeness. "Excuse me," he said, "but I've asked for my reckoning. If the agricultural person with the hair will

kindly shut his head, the seagreen barnacle with the wall eye may per-haps condescend to enlighten us."

" Naow you're made a show o' me, Salters," said Disko angrily. He could not stand up to that particular sort of guying, and snapped out the latitude and longitude without more lectures.

"Well. that's a boatload of lunatics," said the skipper as he rung up the engine - room,

and tossed a bundle of newspapers-into the schooner.

"Of all the blamed fools, next to you, Salters, him and his crowd are about the likeliest I've ever seen," said Disko, as the We're Here slid away. "I was jest givin' him my jedgment on lullsikin' round these waters like a lost child, an' you must cut in with your fool-farmin.' Can't ye never keep things sep'rate?"

'Thunder!" said a

cattle-man in a

red jersey, as he

looked over the

Harvey, Dan, and the others stood back, winking one to the other and full of joy; but Disko and Salters wrangled seriously till evening, Salters arguing that a cattle-boat Digitized by GOOSIC

was practically a barn on blue water, and Disko insisting that, even if this were the case, decency and fisher pride demanded that he should have kept "things sep'rate." Long Jack stood it in silence for a timean angry skipper makes an unhappy crewand then he spoke across the table after supper:

"Fwhat's the good o' bodderin' fwhat they'll say?" said he.

"They'll tell thet tale agin us for years

-thet's all," said Disko. "Oil-cake sprinkled!" "With salt, o' course," said Salters the impenitent, reading the farming reports from a

> "It's plumb mortifyin' to all my feelin's," the skipper went on.

week-old New York paper.

"Can't see ut that way," said Long

lack the peacemaker. "Look at here. Disko! Is there another packet afloat this day in this weamet a tramp an', over an' above givin' her her reckonin' - over an'above that, I say — cud

ther cud ha' ha'discoorsed wid her quite

intelligent on the management av steers an' such at sea? Forgit ut! Av coorse 'Twas the most compenjus they will not. conversation that iver accrued. Double game an' twice runnin'-all to us." Dan kicked Harvey under the table, and Harvey choked

in his cup.

"Well," said Salters, who felt that his honour had been somewhat plastered. "I said I didn't know as t' wuz any business o' mine, 'fore I spoke."

"An' right there, freaid Tom Platt, experi-INDIANA UNIVERSITY

enced in discipline and etiquette. "Right there, I take it, Disko, you should ha' asked him to stop ef the conversation wuz likely in your jedgment to be anyways — what it shouldn't."

"I dunno but that's so," said Disko, who saw his way to an honourable retreat from a fit of the dignities.

"Why, o' course it was so," said Salters; "you bein' skipper here, an' I'd cheerful hev stopped on a hint—not from any leadin' or conviction, but fer the sake o' bearin' an example to these two blame boys of aours."

"Didn't I tell you, Harve, 'twould come araound to us 'fore we'd done? Always those blamed boys. But I wouldn't have missed the show fer half-share in a halibutter," Dan whispered.

"Still, things should ha' been kep' sep'-rate," said Disko, and the light of new argument lit in Salters' eye as he crumbled cut plug into his pipe.

"There's a power av vartue in keepin' things sep'rate," said Long Jack, intent on stilling the storm. "That's fwhat Steyning of Steyning and Hare's f'und when he sent Counahan fer Skipper on the Marilla D. Kuhn instid o' Cap. Newton that was took with inflam'try rheumatism, an' couldn't go. Counahan the navigator, we called him."

"Nick Counahan he never went aboard fer a night 'thout a pond o' rum somewheres in the manifest," said Tom Platt, playing up to the lead. "He used to bum araound the c'mission houses to Boston lookin' fer the Lord to make him captain of a tow-boat on his merits. Sam Coy, up to Atlantic Avenoo, give him his board free for a year or more on account av his stories. Nick Counahan the navigator! Tck! Tck! Dead these fifteen year, ain't he?"

"Seventeen, I guess. He died the year the Caspar McVeagh was built; but he could niver keep things sep'rate. Steyning tuk him fer the reason the thief tuk the hot stove—bekaze there 'was nothin' else that season. The men was all to the Banks, and Counahan he whacked up an iverlastin' hard crowd fer crew. Rum! Ye cud ha' floated the Marilla, insurance an' all, in fwhat they stowed aboard her. They lef' Boston Harbour for the great Grand Bank, wid a roarin'

nor'wester behind 'em, an' all hands full to the bung. An' the hivens looked after thim, for divil a watch did they set, an' divil a rope did they lay hand to, till they'd seen the bottom av a fifteen-gallon cask o' bug-juice. That was about wan week, so far as Counahan remembered. (If I cud only tell the tale as he told ut!).

"All that whoile the wind blew like ould glory, an' the Marilla—'twas summer, and they'd give her a fore top-mast-struck her gait and kept ut. Then Counahan tuk the hog-yoke, an' thrembled over it for a whoile, an' made out betwix' that an' the chart an' the singin' in his head, that they was to the south'ard o' Sable Island, gettin' along glorious, but speakin' nothin'. Then they broached another keg, an' quit speculatin' about anythin' fer another spell. The Marilla she lay down when she dropped Boston Light, and she never lufted her lee-rail up to that time—hustlin' on one an' the same slant. But they saw no weed, nor gulls, nor schooners, an' prisintly they obsarved they'd bin out a matter o' fourteen days, and they mistrusted the Bank had suspended payment. So they sounded an' got sixty fathom. 'That's me,' sez Counahan. 'That's me iv'ry time! I've run her slat on the Bank fer you, an' when we get thirty fathom we'll turn in like little men. Counahan is the b'y,' sez he. 'Counahan the navigator!'

"Nex' cast they got ninety. Sez Counahan: 'Either the lead-line's tuk to stretching or else the Bank's sunk.'

"They hauled ut up, bein' just about in that state when ut seemed right an' reasonable, and sat down on the deck countin' the knots, an' gettin' her snarled up hijjus. The Marilla she'd struck her gait, an' she held ut, an' prisintly along come a tramp, an' Counahan spoke her.

"' Hev ye seen any fishin'-boats now?' sez he, quite casual.

"'There's lashin's av them off the Irish coast,' sez the tramp.

"'Oh, go shake yerself,' sez Counahan. 'Fwhat have I to do wid the Irish coast?'

"'Then fwhat are ye doin' here?' sez the tramp.

"'Sufferin' Christianity!' sez Counahan. (He always said that whin his pumps sucked,

an' he was not feelin' good.) 'Sufferin' Christianity!' he sez. 'Where am I at?'

"'Thirty-five mile west sou'-west o' Cape Clear,' sez the tramp, 'if that's any consolation to you.'

"Counahan fetched wan jump, four feet sivin inches, measured by the cook.

"'Consolation!' sez he, bould as brass.
'D'ye take me fer a dialect? Thirty-five mile from Cape Clear, an' fourteen days from Boston Light. Sufferin' Christianity, 'tis a record, an' by the same token I've a mother to Skibbereen!' Think av ut! The gall av um! But ye see he could niver keep things sep'rate.

"The crew was mostly Cork an' Kerry men, barrin' one Marylander, that wanted to go back, but they called him a mutineer, an' they ran the ould *Marilla* into Skibbereen, an' they had an illigant time visitin' around with friends on the ould sod for a week. Thin they wint back, an' it cost 'em two an' thirty days to beat to the Banks again. 'Twas gettin' on towards fall by thin, an' grub was low, so Counahan ran her back to Boston, 'an no more bones to ut.''

"And what did Steyning say?" Harvey demanded.

"Fwhat could they? The fish was on the Banks, an' Counahan was at T-wharf talkin' av his record trip, east! They took their satisfaction out o' that, an' ut all came av not keepin' the crew and the rum sep'rate in the first place; an' confusin' Skibbereen wid 'Queereau in the second. Counahan the navigator!"

"Once I was in the Lucy Holmes," said Manuel, in his gentle voice. "They not want any of her feesh in Gloucester. Eh, wha-at? Give us no price. So we go across the water, and think to sell to some Fayal man. Then it blow fresh, and we cannot see well. Eh, wha-at? Then it blow some more fresh, and we go down below and drive very fast—no one know where. By and by we see a land, and it get some hot. Then come two, three nigger in a brick. Eh, wha-at? We ask where we are, and they say—now, what you all think?"

"Grand Canary," said Disko, after a moment. Manuel shook his head, smiling.

"Blanco," said Tom Platt.

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"No. Worse than that. We was below Bezagos, and the brig she was from Liberia! So we sell our fish there! Not bad, so? Eh, wha-at?"

"Can a schooner like this go right across to Africa?" said Harvey.

"Go araound the Horn ef there's anythin' worth goin' fer, and the grub holds aout," said Disko. "My father he run his packet, an' she was a kind o' pinkey, abaout fifty ton, I guess—the Rupert—he run her over to Greenland's icy mountains the year ha'af our fleet got tryin' after cod there. what's more, he took my mother along with him, to show her haow the money was earned I presoom, an' they was all iced up, an' I was born at Disko. remember nothin' abaout it, o' course. We come back when the ice eased in the spring, but they named me fer the place. Kinder mean trick to put up on a baby, but we're all baound to make mistakes in aour lives."

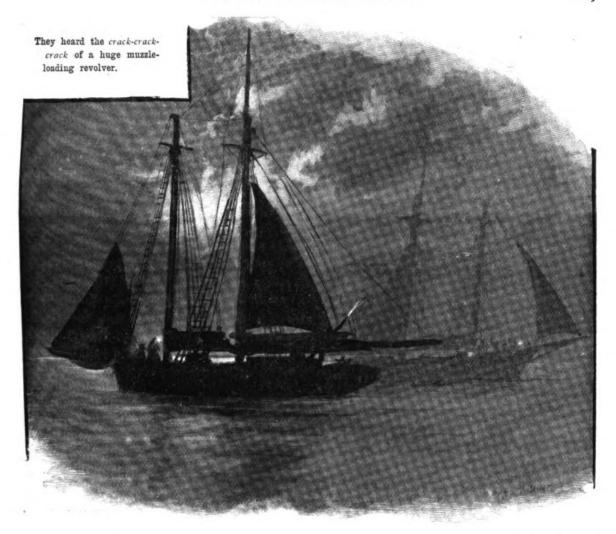
"Sure! Sure!" said Salters, wagging his head. "All baound to make mistakes, an' I tell you two boys here thet after you've made a mistake—ye don't make fewer 'n a hundred a day—the next best thing's to own up to it, like men."

Long Jack winked one tremendous wink that embraced all hands, except Disko and Salters, and the incident was closed.

Then they made berth after berth to the northward, the dories out almost every day, running along the east edge of the Grand Bank in thirty to forty fathom water, and fishing steadily.

It was here Harvey first met the squid, who is one of the best cod-baits, but uncertain in his moods. They were waked out of their bunks one black night by yells of "Squid O!" from Salters, and for an hour and a half every soul aboard hung over his squid-jug—a piece of lead painted red and armed at the lower end with a circle of pins bent backward like half-opened umbrella-ribs.

The squid—for some unknown reason—wraps himself round this thing and is hauled up ere he can escape from the pins. But as he leaves his home, he squirts first a stream of water and next a stream of ink into his captor's face, and it was curious to see the



men waving their heads from side to side, to dodge the shot.

They were as black as sweeps when the flurry ended; but a pile of fresh squid lay on the deck, and the cod thinks very well of a little shiny piece of squid tentacle at the tip of a clam-baited hook.

Next day they caught many fish, and met the Carrie Pitman, to whom they shouted their luck, and she wanted to trade—seven cod for one fair-sized squid; but Disko would not agree at the price, and the Carrie dropped sullenly down wind and anchored half a mile away in the hope of striking on to some for herself.

Disko said nothing till after supper, when he sent Dan and Manuel out to buoy the We're Here's cable, and announced his intention of going to bed with the broad-axe. Dan naturally repeated these remarks to a dory from the Carrie, who wanted to know why they were buoying their cable since they

were not on rocky bottom. "Dad sez he wouldn't trust a ferryboat within five mile o' you," Dan howled cheerfully.

"Why don't he git out then? Who's hinderin'?" said the other.

"'Cause you've jest the same ez leebowed him, an' he don't take that from any boat; not to speak o' sech a driftin' gurrybutt as you be."

"She ain't driftin' any this trip," said the man angrily, for the *Carrie Pitman* had an unsavoury reputation for breaking her ground-tackle.

"Then haow d'you make berths?" said Dan. "It's her best p'int o' sailin'. An' ef she's quit driftin', what in thunder are you doin' with a new jib-boom?" That shot went home.

"Hey, you Portugoosy organ-grinder. Take your monkey back to Gloucester. Go back to school, Dan Troop," was the answer.

Original from

"Overalls! Overalls!" yelled Dan, who knew that one of the *Carrie's* crew had worked in an overall factory the winter before.

"Shrimp! Gloucester shrimp! Get aout, you Novy!"-

To call a Gloucester man a Nova Scotian is not well received. Dan answered in kind.

"Novy yourself, ye Scrabble-towners! ye Chatham wreckers! Get aout with your brick in your stockin'!" And the forces separated, but Chatham had the worst of it.

"I knew how 'twould be," said Disko. "She's drawed the wind raound already. Someone oughter put a deesist on thet boat. She's snore till midnight, an' jest when we're gettin' our sleep she'll strike adrift. Good job we ain't crowded with craft hereaways. But I ain't goin' to up anchor fer her. She may hold—perhaps." The wind, which had hauled round, rose at sundown and blew steadily. There was not enough sea, though, to disturb even a dory's tackle, but the Carrie Pitman was a law unto herself. At the end of the boys' watch they heard the crack-crack-crack of a huge muzzle-loading revolver aboard her.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" sung Dan. "Here she comes, Dad; butt-end first, walkin' in her sleep same's she done on 'Queereau." With any other boat Disko would have taken his chances, but now he cut the cable as the Carrie Pitman lurched down directly upon them. The We're Here, under jib and riding-sail, gave her no more room than was absolutely necessary. Disko did not wish to spend a week hunting for his cable, but scuttled up into the wind as the Carrie passed within easy hail, a silent and angry boat, at the mercy of a raking broadside of Bank chaff.

"Good evenin'," said Disko, raising his head-gear; "an' haow does your garden grow?"

"Go to Ohio an' hire a mule," said Uncle Salters. "We don't want no farmers here."

"Will I lend you my dory-anchor?" cried Long Jack.

"Unship your rudder an' stick it in the mud," said Tom Platt.

"Say!" Dan's voice rose shrill and high.
"Sa-ay! Is there a strike in the overall

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factory, or hev they hired girls, ye Shacka-maxons?"

"Veer out the tiller-lines," cried Harvey, "and nail 'em to the bottom." That was a salt-flavoured jest he had been put up to by Tom Platt. Manuel leant over the stern and yelled: "Johnna Morgan play the organ! Ahaaaa!" He flourished his broad thumb with a gesture of unspeakable contempt and derision, while little Penn covered himself with glory by piping up: "Gee a little. Hssh! Come here. Haw!" They rode on their chain for the rest of the night, a short, snappy, uneasy motion as Harvey found, and wasted half the next forenoon recovering the cable. But the boys agreed the trouble was cheap at the price of triumph and glory, and thought over all the beautiful things that they might have said to the discomfited Carrie.

### CHAPTER VII.

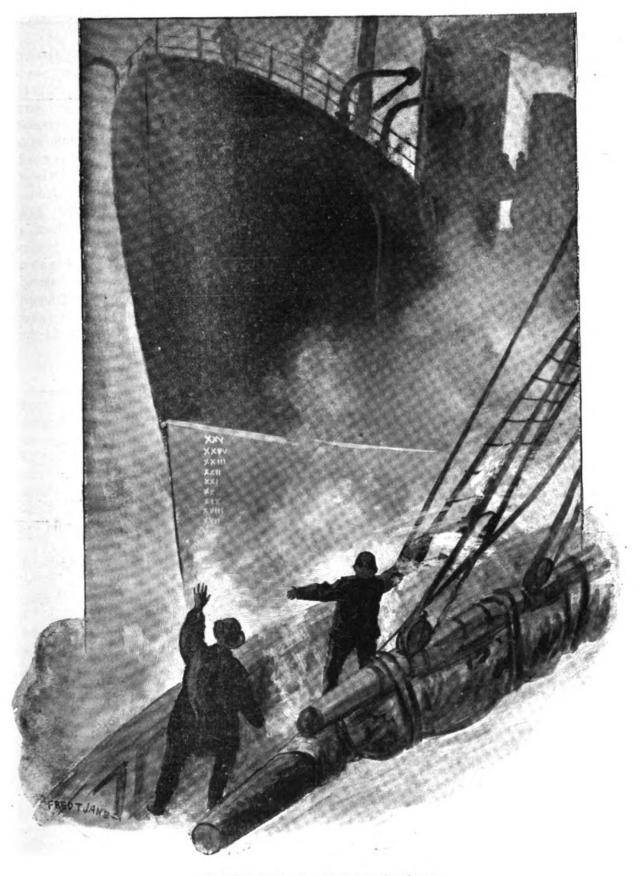
Next day they fell in with more sails, all circling slowly from the east northerly towards the west, but just when they expected to make the shoals by the Virgin the fog shut down, and they anchored, surrounded by tinklings of invisible bells. There was not much fishing, but occasionally dory met dory in the fog and exchanged news.

That night, a little before dawn, Dan and Harvey, who had been sleeping most of the day, tumbled out to "hook" fried pies. There was no reason why they should not have taken them openly, but they tasted better so, and it made the cook angry. The heat and smell below drove them on deck with their plunder, and they found Disko at the bell, which he handed over to Harvey.

"Keep her goin'," said he. "I mistrust I hear somethin'. Ef it's anything, I'm best where I 'm so's to get at things."

It was a forlorn little jingle; the thick air seemed to pinch it off; and in the pauses Harvey heard the muffled shriek of a liner's syren, and he knew enough to know what that meant. It came to him, with horrible distinctness, how a boy in a cherry-coloured jersey—he despised fancy blazers now with all a fisherman's contempt—how an ignorant rowdy boy had once said it would be "gay"

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



A cliff-like bow, leaping directly over the schooner.

[See page 232.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY if a steamer ran down a fishing-boat. That boy had a stateroom with a hot and cold bath, and spent ten minutes each morning picking over a gilt-edged bill of fare.

And that same boy—no, his very much older brother—was up at four of the dim dawn in streaming, crackling oilskins, hammering, literally for the dear life, on a bell smaller than the steward's breakfast bell, while somewhere, close at hand, a thirty-foot steel stem was storming along at twenty miles an hour! The bitterest thought of all was that there were folks asleep in dry cabins, who would never learn that they had massacred a boat before breakfast. So Harvey rang the bell.

"Yes, they slow daown one turn o' their blame propeller," said Dan, applying himself to Manuel's conch, "fer to keep inside the law, an' that's consolin' when we're all at the bottom. Hark to her! She's a humper!"

"Hoooo—whoooo—whupp!" went the syren. "Wingle—tingle—tink," went the bell. "Graaa—ouch," went the conch, while sea and sky were all milled up in milky fog. Then Harvey felt that he was near a moving body, and found himself looking up and up at the wet edge of a cliff-like bow, leaping, it seemed, directly over the schooner. A jaunty little feather of water curled in front of it, and as it lifted it showed a long ladder of Roman numerals—XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., and so forth—on a salmon-coloured, gleaming side.

It tilted forward and downward with a heart-stilling "Ssssooo"! The ladder disappeared; a line of brass-rimmed portholes flashed past; a jet of steam puffed in Harvey's helplessly uplifted hands; a spout of hot water roared along the rail of the We're Here, and the little schooner staggered and shook in a rush of screw-torn water, as a liner's stern vanished in the fog. Harvey got ready to faint or be sick, or both, when he heard a crack like a trunk thrown on a sidewalk, and, all small in his ear, a far-away telephone voice drawling: "Heave to! You've sunk us!"

"Is it us?" he gasped.

"Shucks, no; some one outside. Ring! We're goin' to look," said Dan, running out a dory.

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In half a minute all, except Harvey, Penn, and the cook, were overside and away. Presently a schooner's foremast, snapped clean across, drifted past the bows. Then an empty green dory came up, knocking on the Wêre Here's side, as though it wished to be taken in. Then followed something, face down, in a blue jersey, but—it was not the whole of a man. Penn changed colour and caught his breath with a click. Harvey pounded despairingly at the bell, for he feared they might be sunk at any minute, and jumped at Dan's hail as the crew came back.

"The Jennie Cushman," said Dan hysterically, "cut clean in half—graound up an' trompled on at that! Not a quarter of a mile away. Dad's got the old man. There ain't anyone else, and—there was his son, too. Oh, Harve, Harve, I can't stand it! I've seen—" He dropped his head on his arms, and sobbed while the others dragged a greyheaded man aboard.

"What did you pick me up for?" the stranger groaned. "Disko, what did you pick me up for?"

Disko dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder, for the man's eyes were wild, and his lips trembled as he stared at the silent crew. Then up and spoke Pennsylvania Pratt, who was also Haskins or Rich or McVitty when Uncle Salters forgot, and his face was changed on him from the face of a fool to the countenance of an old, wise man, and he said in a strong voice: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord! I was—I am a minister of the Gospel. Leave him to me."

"Oh, you be, be you?" said the man. "Then pray my son back to me! Pray back a nine-thousand-dollar boat an' a thousand quintal of fish. If you'd left me alone my widow could ha' gone on to the Provident an' worked fer her board, an' never known—an' never known. Now I'll hev to tell her."

"There ain't nothing to say," said Disko.

"Better lie down a piece, Jason Olley."

When a man has lost his only son, his summer's work, and his means of livelihood, in thirty counted seconds, it is hard to make consolation.

"All Gloucester men, wasn't they?" said

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY Tom Platt, fiddling helplessly with a dory-becket.

"Oh, that don't make no odds," said Jason, wringing the wet from his beard. "I'll be rowin' summer boarders araound East Gloucester this fall." He rolled heavily to the rail, singing:

Happy birds that sing and fly Round thine altars, O Most High!

"Come with me. Come below!" said Penn, as though he had a right to give orders. Their eyes met and fought for a quarter of a minute.

"I dunno who you be, but I'll come," said Jason submissively. "Mebbe I'll get back some o' the—some o' the—nine thousand dollars." Penn led him into the cabin and slid the door behind.

"That ain't Penn," cried Uncle Salters.
"It's Jacob Boller, an'—he's remembered Johnstown! I never seed such eyes in any livin' man's head. What's to do naow? What'll I do naow?"

They could hear Penn's voice and Jason's together. Then Penn's went on alone, and Salters slipped off his hat, for Penn was praying. Presently the little man came up the steps, huge drops of sweat on his face, and looked at the crew. Dan was still sobbing by the wheel.

"He don't know us," Salters groaned. "It's all to do over again, checkers and everything—an' what'll he say to me?"

Penn spoke; they could hear that it was to strangers. "I have prayed," said he. "Our people believe in prayer. I have prayed for the life of this man's son. Mine were drowned before my eyes, she and my eldest and—the others. Shall a man be more wise than his Maker? I prayed never for their lives, but I have prayed for this man's son, and he will surely be sent him."

Salters looked pleadingly at Penn to see if he remembered.

"How long have I been mad?" Penn asked suddenly.

"Pshaw, Penn? You weren't never mad," Salters began. "Only a little distracted like."

"I saw the houses strike the bridge before the fires broke out. I do not remember any more. How long ago is that?" Vol. III.--69. "I can't stand it. I can't stand it!" cried Dan, and Harvey whimpered in sympathy.

"Abaout five year," said Disko, in a shaking voice.

"Then I have been a charge on some one every day of that time. Who was the man?"

Disko pointed to Salters.

"Ye hain't—ye hain't!" cried the seafarmer, twisting his hands together. "Ye've more'n earned your keep twice-told; an' there's money owin' you, Penn, besides ha'af o' my quarter-share in the boat, which is yours fer value received."

"You are good men. I can see that in your faces. But——"

"Mother av Mercy," whispered Long Jack. "an' he's bin wid us all these trips! He's clean bewitched."

A schooner's bell struck up alongside, and a voice hailed through the thinning fog: "O, Disko! Heard abaout the *Jennie Cushman?*"

"They have found his son," cried Penn.
"Stand you still, and see the salvation of the Lord!"

"Got Jason aboard here," Disko answered, but his voice quavered. "There warn't any one else."

"We've f'und one, though. Run acrost him snarled up in a mess o' lumber, thet might ha' been a foc'sle. His head's cut some."

"Who is he?" The We're Here's heartbeats answered one another.

"Guess it's young Olley," the voice drawled.

Penn raised his hands and said something in German. Harvey could have sworn that a bright sun was shining upon his lifted face; but the drawl went on: "Sa-ay! You fellers guyed us consid'rable t'other night."

"We don't feel like guyin' any now," said Disko.

"I know it; but to tell the honest truth we was kinder—kinder driftin' when we run agin young Olley."

It was the irrepressible Carrie Pitman, and a roar of unsteady laughter went up from the deck of the We're Here.

"Hedn't you baout's well send the old man aboard? We're runnin' in' fer more

bait an' graound-tackle. Guess you won't want him any way, an' this blame windlass work makes us short-handed. We'll take keer of him. He married my woman's aunt."

"I'll give you anything in the boat," said Troop.

"Don't want nothin', 'less, mebbe, an anchor that'll hold. Say, young Olley's gittin' kinder baulky an' excited. Send the old man along."

Penn waked him from his stupor of despair and Tom Platt rowed him over. He went away without a word of thanks, not knowing what was to come, and the fog closed over all.

"And now," said Penn, drawing a deep breath as though about to preach. "And now"—the erect body sank like a sword driven home into the scabbard; the light faded from the over-bright eyes; the voice returned to its usual pitiful little titter—"and now," said Pennsylvania Pratt, "do you think it's too early for a little game of checkers, Mr. Salters?"

"The very thing—the very thing I was goin' to say myself," cried Salters promptly. "It beats all, Penn, how ye git on to what's in a man's mind."

The little fellow blushed, and meekly followed Salters forward.

"Up anchor! Hurry! Let's quit these crazy waters," shouted Disko, and never was he more swiftly obeyed.

"Now what in creation d'ye suppose is the meanin' o' that all?" said Long Jack, when they were working through the fog once more.

"The way I sense it," said Disko, at the wheel, "is this. The *Jennie Cushman* business comin' on an empty stummick——"

"He—we saw one of them go by," sobbed Harvey.

"An' that, o' course, kinder hove him outer water, julluk runnin' a craft ashore; hove him right aout, I take it, to rememberin' Johnstown an' Jacob Boller an' such-like reminiscences. Well, consolin' Jason there held him up a piece, same's shorin' up a boat. Then, bein' weak, them props slipped an' slipped, an' he slided down the ways, an' naow he's water-borne ag'in. That's haow I sense it."

They decided that Disko was correct.
"'Twould ha' bruk Salters all up," said

Long Jack, "if Penn had stayed Jacob Bollerin'. Did ye see his face when Penn asked who he'd been charged on all these years? How is ut, Salters?"

"Asleep—dead asleep. Turned in like a child," Salters replied, tiptoeing aft. "There won't be no grub till he wakes, natural. Did ye ever see sech a gift in prayer? He everlastin'ly hiked young Olley outer the ocean. Thet's my belief. Jason was tur'ble praoud of his boy, an' I mistrusted all along 'twas a jedgment on worshippin' vain idols."

"There's others, jest as sot," said Disko.

"That's dif'runt," Salters retorted quickly.

"Penn's not all caulked, an' I ain't only but doin' my duty by him."

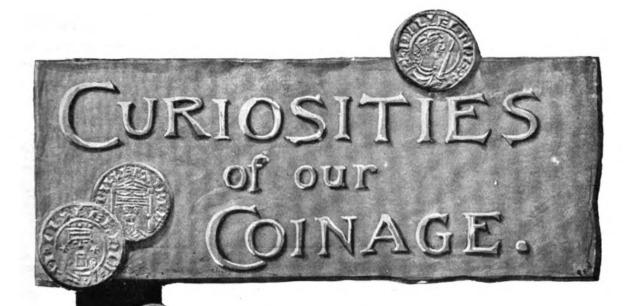
They waited, those hungry men, three hours till Penn reappeared with a smooth face and a blank mind. He said he believed that he had been dreaming. Then he wanted to know why they were so silent, and they could not tell him. Disko worked all hands mercilessly for the next three or four days; and when they could not go out, turned them into the hold to stack the ship's stores into smaller compass, to make more room for the fish.

The packed mass ran from the cabin partition to the sliding door behind the foc'sle stove; and Disko showed how there is great art in stowing cargo so as to bring a schooner to her best draught. The crew were thus kept lively till they recovered their spirits; and Harvey was tickled with a rope's end by Long Jack for being, as the Galway man said, "sorrowful as a sick cat over what couldn't be helped." He did a great deal of thinking in those dreary days; and told Dan what he thought, and Dan agreed with him—even to the extent of asking for fried pies instead of hooking them.

But a week later the two nearly upset the *Hattie S*. in a wild attempt to stab a shark with an old bayonet tied to a gobstick. The grim brute rubbed alongside the dory begging for small fish, and between the three of them it was a mercy they all got off alive.

At last, after playing blind man's buff in the fog, there came a morning when Disko shouted down the foc'sle: "Hurry, boys! We're in taown!"

(To be continued in the March Number.)



By R. S. LOVEDAY.

THE history of coins reflects the history of the country in a very striking manner, forming a permanent picture gallery of the rulers of a particular country, and oftentimes perpetuating the tricks to which they had to resort in order to keep their little worlds spinning.

In view of the acquisitive propensities of the Scot, it is perhaps not very surprising that the first coin collector in this country was Prince Henry, the eldest son of James VI., and to his ancestor, Henry III., we are indebted for one of the most remarkable English coins, the famous Golden Penny (1). It was coined from pure unalloyed gold,



(1.) Henry III.'s Golden Penny, worth £250.

weighed forty-four grains, and was struck in

Although it originally represented only twenty silver pennies, it is worth £250 to-day. The Golden Penny will always be memorable as the first gold coin struck by an English monarch, and as the beginning of our gold coinage, of which it was the sole representative until a century later.

The head on the Golden Penny, you will note, is a mere device; and it was not until Henry VII. issued his shilling (2), or "testoon"



(2.) Henry VII,'s Shilling.

as it was called, in 1504, that what may be considered a portrait of the monarch appeared on our coins. This was, in fact, the beginning of the new era in numismatics which applied real art to our coinage. The head on Henry VII.'s shilling is presented in profile, a position not seen on any coins since the days of King Stephen, three and a half centuries before.

A good specimen of one of these testoons will cost you from from £20.

On some of his shillings Henry added to his name the word Septimus, or the numerals VII. In this practice he had been anticipated only by Henry III., from whom, however, he differed in one important respect by dying richer than any English monarch had yet done. This fortune, however, did not prevent his successor, Henry VIII., from debasing the coinage to an extraordinary extent. In 1513 Henry captured the town of Tournay, in Flanders, and there he struck his famous groat. This groat, which is worth about five shillings to-day, and which appears in three varieties, was the last English coin struck in France.

If Henry did much to debase the coinage—and his later coins have more the appearance of brass than silver—his son Edward and his daughter Elizabeth set about reform-



(4.) Philip and Mary's Shilling.

ing it in a way that marks them out completely from all their predecessors.

Edward called in the bad testoons, and issued coins which, though improved in fineness, were considerably reduced in weight. He countermarked these defective coins (3) with

a portcullis in the field, or a greyhound behind the head in order to reduce them to their intrinsic value; Elizabeth using a lion, a harp, a rose, and other devices for the same purpose. It was Edward also who issued the first dated English gold piece, for his sovereign bears the date 1547.

Edward was unable to do all he aimed at, and such reform as he had effected seemed in

danger of being lost altogether when his sister Mary ascended the throne in 1553. Her marriage with Philip of Spain in the following year introduced a novelty in our coinage (4),

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though common enough in Spain, for, on the shillings and half shillings of her reign the busts of her and her husband face one another. Philip, you will note, is represented bare-



(3.) Coins of Edward VI., stamped with portcullis and greyhound

headed, with short hair, moustache and large beard, while the Order of the Golden Fleece is suspended by a ribbon on his breast. A good specimen of this coin, which created the couplet of Hudibras ending thus:

"cooing and billing Like Philip and Mary on a shilling."

is worth £10, but you can get an indifferent one for 25s.

Happily for the country the reign of this couple soon came to an end, leaving Elizabeth with a long life and remarkable energy to complete the reform of the currency her boy brother had initiated. She set herself to recoin the base money,

Ireland especially feeling the benefit of her work.

The first essay in milled, as opposed to hammered, money, was made in her reign, and in 1560 she caused to be struck a three-farthing piece, which was issued to meet



(5.) Elizabeth Gold Ryal.

the demand for small change, and fetches 15s. to-day. On this coin, which, being of silver, was naturally very thin, she figures in her historic ruff, with the Tudor rose behind her head.

Elizabeth's was the age of the expansion of England, and to her it fell to issue (in 1600) for the first time in England, a colonial silver



(6.) The Oxford Crown, worth £120.

coinage for the use of the East India Company. The taking of Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584 she commemorated by striking a Gold Ryal (5). On the obverse her Majesty, beruffed and sceptred, is seen stand-

ing on a three-decker ship with its guns out, and a square flag at the head, on which is the letter "E," telling that the passenger is Elizabeth herself. You will not be able to place one of these coins in your collection unless you are prepared to spend from £6 to £10.

Our coinage passed through a trying time during the reign of

Charles I., although it must be admitted that he abstained in all his troubles from debasing it. The Civil War reduced him to such a terrible pass for the want of money that his partisans brought their plate to be melted in his many mints. The satirist of the day declared that in London not a silver spoon was left.



It was under these circumstances that he struck his famous crown piece at Oxford after the battle of Edgehill. Oxford had

been a mint in the days of Alfred himself, and after the battle Charles established himself in the town and looted the colleges to supply a mint, which was managed by men from the mines at Aberystwyth. The Oxford crown (6), which is dated 1644, fetches £120 to-day. It is a beautiful specimen of the die sinkers' art, showing Charles on horseback, with a view of Oxford beneath. On the

reverse side he echoes the Psalmist in calling for the help of the Almighty against his enemies: Exurgat Deus dissipentur inimici (let God arise and His enemies be scattered); whence these coins are known as Exurgats.



(8.) Siege Money.

Very different are his "obsidional" pieces. or the coins issued under siege. The melting pot was too great a luxury for such troublous times. What the king did was merely to cut up the plate which his followers sent him and mark it in various ways. Thus, a halfcrown (7) issued at Scarborough in 1645 is a piece of thin plate doubled, the corners being turned down and overlapping the coin; yet it is now worth from £20 to £30. The shilling (8) produced during the siege of Newark is lozenge shaped, the king, hopeful to the last, inscribing on it the motto: "Dum spiro spero" (while I breathe I hope). For an ordinary siege piece from ten shillings to £10 will have to be given.

The coinage of the Protectorate period was at once very simple and chaste. Much of it was the work of Peter Blondeau, a coiner

who was brought over by the Commonwealth from Paris to introduce his patent system of milling. The crown piece (9) bore on the reverse



(9.) The "Breeches" Crown.

side two shields, charged respectively with St. George's Cross and an Irish harp, joined together in such a way as to make them look

like a pair of breeches, and such they were nicknamed. An epigrammatist of the opposite school has spoken of

"A pair of silver breeches neatly wrought,

Such as you see upon an old rump groat,

Which emblem our grandsires chose to boast

To all the world the tail was uppermost."

To-day you will have to give forty-two shillings to get one of these "breeches" triumphs.

On Cromwell's shilling appeared a St.



(11.) Charles II.'s Petition Piece, worth £500.

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George's Cross for England, a St. Andrew's Cross for Scotland, and a harp for Ireland, while on an escutcheon there was a lion

rampant and the Protector's arms, with the motto: "Pax quaeritur bello" (peace is sought through war). Cromwell's money was so

unpopular after the Restoration, that it was unnecessary to issue a proclamation against it; but his shilling fetches thirty shillings nowadays.

With the accession of Charles II. further improvements in milling took place, and, besides Blondeau, other foreign engravers were intro-

duced, including a family of Dutchmen, by name Roetier. The great English diesinker was one Thomas Simon, and in



(10.) Cromwell's Gold Crown.

1663 he competed with John Roetier for a crown piece, producing a most beautiful coin (11). On the obverse side was an exquisite

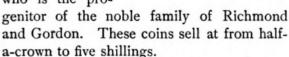
bust of the king, and on the edge ran this almost pathetic legend: "Thomas Simon most humbly prays your Majesty to compare this, his tryal piece, with the Dutch, and if more truly drawn and embossed, more gracefully ordered, and more accurately engraved, to relieve him."

Only twenty copies some authorities say only twelve—of this coin, which

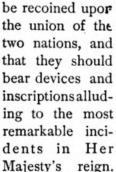
is known as the Petition Piece, were struck, for Charles preferred Roetier's design, though Simon's is worth £500 to-day.

It was in Charles' reign that the figure of Britannia first appeared on our coins, for he issued half-pence and farthings with this

device. It was the work of Philip Roetier, who took as his model the notorious French lady, whom Charles created Duchess of Portsmouth, and who is the pro-



Any improvement that had taken place in the coinage was rudely cut short by James II. He eclipsed himself during his struggle with had come to the throne, with schemes for an improved currency. He proposed, among other things, that the English farthings should



Queen Anne's farthings (13) were the result, though carrying out only a small part of the Dean's proposal. Six varieties were struck in 1713-14. The first, which was the only one ever put into general circulation, had a bust of the Queen on the obverse, and on the



(13.) Queen Anne's Farthings.

the Irish by turning out an immense quantity of base money. At the mints, which he set up in Limerick and Dublin, everything that was meltable was melted—old guns, broken bells, old kettles, pots and pans; all were turned into coins, and came

to be known as Gun Money.

When copper was scarce, James promptly resorted to pewter, in the middle of which he inserted a square plug of copper to show that it was intended

to pass for copper money (12). These coins were called Plug Money. A vivid idea of the worthlessness of this coinage is got from the fact that within one year James made £6495 worth of metal pass for £2,163,237 sterling! Yet specimens of Plug Money now cost from ten to thirty shillings.

Poor Pat suffered grievously; and it was little wonder that the versatile Dean Swift stepped forward some years later, when Anne reverse, a figure of Britannia with an olive branch in the right hand, and a spear in the left. The others differed in detail, some showing Britannia standing helmeted, and others in a car drawn by two horses. The more common form is worth twelve shillings.

George I. issued silver coins stamped with the letters S.S.C. (14), which conveyed to subjects that the silver came from the fatal South Sea Company. On other coins the letters W.C.C.



(14.) South Sea Company Coin,

indicated the Welsh Copper Company. Today they are worth about twice their original value.

The phrase Fidei Defensor (Defender of the Faith) appeared on George's coins for the first time in our currency, although it had been used constantly in the "style" of our English sovereigns since the days of Henry VIII., on whom it had been conferred by Pope Leo X. George II. put the Prince of

Wales' feathers on his silver coins to denote that the metal of which they were made was from the Welsh mines.

When, however, there came to be a great scarcity of silver (in 1797), George III. resorted to a curious plan. He made Spanish



(15.) Spanish Dollar by George III.

dollars and half dollars pass current for 4s. 9d. by punching on the neck of the bust a miniature of the king's head which was used by the goldsmiths to mark plate (15). This stamp, however, was so much counterfeited that a different one was adopted in 1804, and that, in turn, gave place to the whole dollar being re-stamped with an octagonal device, the reverse of the coin bearing the words "Bank of England Five Shillings Dollar, 1804."

His guineas and half guineas bore the royal arms on a spade-ace shield, whence the name Spade Guinea. The Lion Shilling (16) of George IV., which is worth from eighteenpence to half-a-crown, was so called because on the reverse side there was a lion, passant guardant.

Familiar as the coins of Queen Victoria are to everybody some varieties are little known, such as the Godless Florin. In 1848, there was struck a florin on which the letters D(ei) G(ratia) were omitted in the legend. A similar case had occurred in the reign of George II., who, in 1736, issued for Ireland half-pennies and forgot the D.G.

A wit of that time wrote:

No Christian kings that I can find, However matched or odd, Excepting one, have ever coined, Without the Grace of God.

Come then, Urania, aid my pen, The latest cause assign, All other kings are mortal men, But George, 'tis plain's divine.

Victoria Regina, of course, would be the last to accept this

impious suggestion, and so the Godless Florin was suppressed; it now fetches from half-acrown to three-and-sixpence.

It only remains for me to mention the famous Jubilee sixpence, which could without



(16.) The Lion Shilling.

much difficulty be passed for a half sovereign. This is already worth three shillings, and its value is likely to increase.

Altogether coin collecting is a rather expensive amusement. A representative set of British issues is worth £3000.



The Jaxon Medal, worth £770.

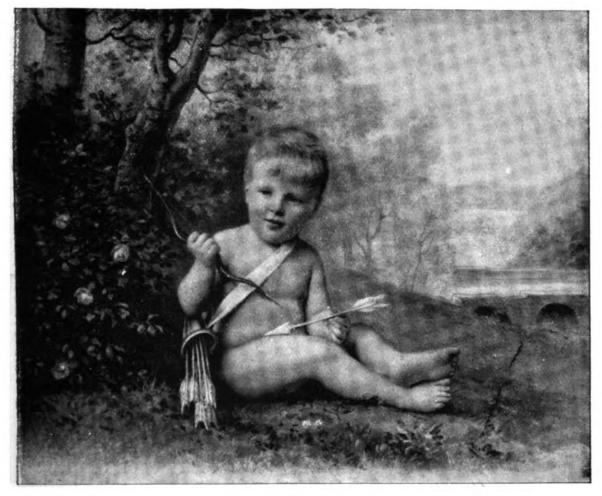
Presented by King Charles I. to Bishop Jaxon on the scaffold just before his execution.



The most wonderful photograph ever taken.

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Lord Desmond.

# PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

By LEVIN CARNAC.

It is somewhat unusual for a writer to begin by telling his readers how to read what he is about to write. I will, however, venture on such risk as may attach to the innovation and suggest that the most interesting way of reading this article would be to do so with occasional reference to an old family album, containing photographs of feminine relations taken twenty or thirty years ago.

Nothing could more strikingly emphasise the enormous development of the artistic aspect of photography than a comparison of the wooden features, the lay-figure attitudes, and the cardboard outlines of these grim caricatures of womanly grace and beauty, with the exquisite achievements of photographic art with which I am fortunate enough to be able to illustrate this article.

Vol. III .- March, 1897 .- No. 15.

Twenty years ago photography was merely a trade, a system of soulless and mechanical reproduction, which had about as much art in it as sign-painting. To-day it is one of the most exquisite and delicate of the fine arts, and it is only just to say that a large share of the credit of this development belongs to the artist whose classic French name is familiar wherever photography at its best is known.

In Mr. Lafayette's hands the camera has become the interpreter of an art. Sittings have become studies, and portraits pictures. This, at any rate, was the impression that I brought away with me after a visit to his headquarters in Westmoreland Street, Dublin, during which he was good enough to lay bare the secrets of his art and mystery before me for the benefit of the readers of Pearson's

MAGAZINE, and I think I have given ocular demonstration in these pages that the impression was a fairly correct one.

The rooms form a gallery of fair women, and the general effect on the mind of the mere man is just a trifle bewildering. His eye wanders from picture to picture, from one lovely face and daintily draped form to another; his moral anchors begin to drag, and he finds himself drifting into a disturbing sympathy with the hymeneal and paradisaical ideas of the unspeakable Turk.

a happy blend of portrait and picture. For instance, "The Opera Box"—the first and more apposite title of which, "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil," is allegorically expressed on the front of the box—contains the portraits of three of the prettiest women in Ireland. The portraits are exact and taken from life just as the subjects sit.

Yet they are something more, and it is just in this something that the photographic artist, as distinguished from the mere skilled operator, comes in. It is not merely a matter



The Opera Box.

This, however, is a digression which leads somewhat discursively to the interesting fact that it has been Mr. Lafayette's blissful lot to photograph more of the most beautiful and distinguished women of Europe than anyone else. And which is the most beautiful of them all? Well, he has his opinion, but it was given to me in confidence, and wild motor cars shall not drag it from me.

That special branch of photographic art, to the development of which Mr.Lafayette chiefly devotes himself, may be briefly described as

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of posing a group in front of a camera and snapping the shutter. The inventor of the Art-Study was an artist before he was a photographer. If he had not been he would only be a photographer now.

In the days of his youth—not very far past—he studied art in France and Germany. In the course of his studies he made a discovery, which it needed a clear head and a strong mind to recognise and act upon. He found that the gods had denied him that supreme gift of gentus with the which excellence is



A Votive Offering.

impossible. He declined to be anything but excellent, forsook the palette and easel for the camera and the sensitive-plate, wedded his art-study, "An Evening Zephyr" (p. 250), was exhibited as a photograph from life, all the photographic world wondered how such a miracle of illusion had

> No one guessed the secret, but I have permission to tell it here. The model is not standing or flying, or suspended by wires or anything of that kind. She is lying down in proper posture on a huge sheet of clear plate glass. Under this is the painted background, so adjusted and illuminated as to give the proper idea of perspective. The draperies arranged with infinite care on the surface of the glass exactly in the position that they would occupy if they were flying through the

accomplished.

It was this effect of floating that everybody else had tried and failed to get before Mr. Lafayette's happy thought struck him. The plate of glass is

inclined at a suitable angle to the background; the camera is poised aloft in the roof of the studio, and tilted so that the focus line of the lens is exactly at right angles to the glass, and a squeeze of the pneumatic ball, which operates the shutter, does the rest in a fraction of a second. Of course it all looks very easy now that you know how it is done, but to know how in the first place was probably a very different matter.

Another example of Mr. Lafayette's inventive genius is "In the Arbour" (p. 248). Here the figure is seen, as it were, in the midst of a flowery arbour. You can see it through the flowers and creepers, not standing against

In the Market.

old art with his new science, and the result was a new art in which it may fairly be said that he has attained to something more than excellence.

But even wedded Art and Science do not suffice to the production of the Art-Study in its highest form. Ingenuity which amounts to actual inventive genius is also necessary. Take, for instance, the beautiful study which forms the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine. It is a picture, but painted by no human hand. Those two angel-forms floating in mid air beyond the clouds are the forms of real women, and they were photographed exactly as they are in the picture.

How is it done? When the prototype of the

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY them. The chief factor in the illusion here is again the glass plate, only now it is placed vertically in front of the subject. The foreground is painted upon it and the subject, posed before a suitable background, is photographed through the glass. This invention, which has been patented, brought to light the interesting and important fact that subjects photographed through clear glass make much softer and more artistic negatives than those taken through air only.

This naturally brings me to another of Mr. Lafayette's happy thoughts. The greatest enemy that a photographer has is fog. The electric reflector has made him independent of daylight. It will add brightness to a dull day and turn night into day, but in a fog it is worse than useless, for the white rays are just soaked up, and the result is not light, but only a luminous mist which plays the weirdest tricks with the sen-

sitive plate.

" My finest establishment," the creator of the Art-Study said to me when he was explaining his conquest of the fog demon, "is at Glasgow. I put it there because Glasgow is one of the foggiest cities in the three kingdoms. I have beaten the fog there, and I am coming to London to do the same with the thickest variety of atmospheric peasoup that you can find me."

And then, for about the twentieth time, I put the question: "How do you do it?"

"It's very simple; not altogether original, but an adaptation of a device invented by a German engineer. You see, the atmosphere is a sort of sponge; it takes up a lot of moisture. This moisture holds particles of free carbon, dust, and other opaque substances, and the reason why the electric light is no use in fog is that the sides of these particles break up the rays, and reflect them in all directions.

"The result is not a light, but only an illuminated fog. Now, if you can keep the fog out of your studio, and dry the air inside it, these solid bodies will be precipitated in the form of dust, and your fog will vanish. Do you see?"

My own mental haze with reference to the subject vanished at the same time, and I saw.

"In short, you create an artificial atmosphere something like what one finds in such countries as South Africa and the rainless



His First Mate. Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



In the Arbour.

regions of South America, which are notoriously the finest in the world for photography?"

"Just so. I have a hermetically sealed studio full of tropical atmosphere, and in that atmosphere I can take just as good photographs as I could in South Africa or South America or Italy, however thick the fog might be outside. If any of it got in, my hot-air apparatus would instantly dry it, and it would vanish like steam from the funnel of a locomotive."

A man who has photographed most of the beautiful women and nearly all the distinguished personages in Europe might be expected to be fairly full of interesting reminiscences. Mr. Lafayette would not disappoint such an expectation, but of course personal recollections would scarcely be in place here. At the same time I could not resist asking him just a few questions when we had got through with the art and mystery of his delightful profession.

"Who are the best sitters you have ever operated upon?"

"The Royalties by far. You would be Digitized by

surprised if you knew the trouble that they will take, and the quickness they display in helping you through. The best subject I ever had was Her Majesty. The next was the Princess of Wales. You see, there is the Jubilee portrait of the Queen, and there is the Princess in her robes as a Doctor of Music. I thought myself very lucky, I can tell you, when she allowed me to take that. That was my greatest success. I think, take it all in all, that that is the most popular photograph ever produced. I had to multiply the negative by hundreds to keep anything like pace with the demand. Something like 60,000 copies of it have been sold."

"Well, now, and who's your worst subject?"

"Come here and I'll show you."

He took me into another part of the reception room and pulled out a big reproduction of the German Emperor.

"There, that is the worst photograph I ever took in my life, and a nice job I had to get it. You wouldn't think



The ignored spirowith the record sale.

it, but the Kaiser simply hates being photographed. I hunted him for days before I could get within range of him, and, if it hadn't been for the Duke of Connaught, I should never have got him.

"It was a regular case of ambush. That picture was taken at Buckingham Palace one Sunday morning. While the Royalties were at chapel, I fixed up my apparatus in a room which the Emperor would have to pass through on coming from chapel. In fact, the Duke promised me that he would bring him in without telling him what was going to happen, and he walked into the trap without a suspicion."

"I should have thought His Majesty was about as fond of posing before a camera as he is posturing before the public gaze of

Europe. How did he take it when he found himself in the ambuscade?"

"He took it very nicely. He turned to the Duke of Connaught, and laughed and said something about 'commission.' Then he posed. You see what splendid



d Mr. Lafayette's worst photograph.



Love Lightens Labour.

pose it is. That's German drill and discipline. Still it is not satisfactory. In fact from the artistic point of view no photographs of Royalties are as good as they might be."

" How is that?"

"Simply because they won't come to a proper studio to be photographed. You have to go to them just when they please and take them, whether the light is good or bad, and whether the surroundings are suitable or not.

"I was in a terrible fright the day that I took that last portrait of the Prince of Wales. I was sent for to Marlborough House to be there at four o'clock in the afternoon. At half-past three there was a heavy thunderstorm. Of course I had no electric reflector or anything of that kind. I was absolutely dependent upon natural light, and you know, to make a failure of a Royal portrait is a serious matter. I was almost in despair, and then about ten minutes before the sitting was to take place the clouds broke, the sun came out, and the higher was almost perfect."

"And, after Royalties, which subjects do you prefer?"

"Well some of the great ladies of the land are perfect as sitters, some anything but. On the whole, however, people on the stage make the best subjects both for ordinary photographs and art studies. They know how to dress, they know how to pose, and—they'll

come to the studio. That's where they have the pull over the Royalties. If I could take a few kings and queens and princesses as I take them they would be delighted with the result, and I should make my fortune."

"Make it?"

"Well, comparatively, of course. All the same I admit I have a certain amount reason to be thankful for the push of poverty which drove me into working for my living in a Berlin photographic studio, when my father stopped supplies because I recognised that the gods had not

An Evening Zephyr.

given me the genius which makes a great painter."

There is one other point which ought to be noticed if only for the sake of completeness. A picture, whether from the life or otherwise, is nothing without its background. Mr. Lafayette's foregrounds are, for the most part, actually the objects represented. The

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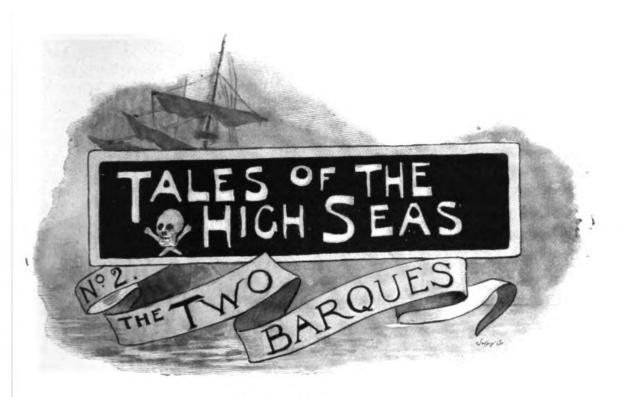
backgrounds he paints himself. Above his studios in Dublin he has a room under the roof, which is just a scene-painter's studio, and here you may see backgrounds of various studies to come in all stages of progress. Everything is, of course, painted life-size, or at least to match the life subjects which will be posed before it.

Here again the art of the craft comes in. The size permits of bold and broad effects, long stretches of perspective, and a nice blending of proportions, after which the subtle magic of the camera reproduces fore ground, subject and background blended together in a picture as harmonious and homogeneous as though it had been photographed from the actual scene depicted.

Mr. Lafayette is at present studying an application of this to what I may, perhaps, call fashionable

photography, but this is a matter upon which it would be both premature and unfair to enlarge. I only feel justified in saying that from what I saw of its initial stages I should be inclined to prophesy a conspicuous social success for it, especially in that department of the art which is intimately connected with presentations at Court.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



By CONAN DOYLE.

CAREENING was a very necessary operation for the old pirate. On his superior speed he depended both for overhauling the trader and escaping the man-of-war. But it was impossible to retain his sailing qualities unless he periodically—once a year at the least—cleared his vessel's bottom from the long trailing plants and crusting barnacles which gather so rapidly in the tropical seas.

For this purpose he lightened his vessel, thrust her into some narrow inlet where she would be left high and dry at low water, fastened blocks and tackles to her masts to pull her over on to her bilge, and then scraped her thoroughly from rudder-post to cut-water.

During the weeks which were thus occupied the ship was, of course, defenceless, but, on the other hand, she was unapproachable by anything heavier than an empty hull, and the place for careening was chosen with an eye to secresy, so that there was no great danger.

So secure did the captains feel, that it was not uncommon for them at such times to leave their ships under a sufficient guard and to start off in the long boat either upon a sporting expedition or, more frequently, upon a visit to some outlying town, where they turned the heads of the women by their swaggering gallantry, or broached pipes of

wine in the market square, with a threat to pistol all who would not drink with them.

Sometimes they would even appear in cities of the size of Charleston, and walk the streets with their clattering sidearms, an open scandal to the whole law-abiding colony. Such visits were not always paid with impunity. It was one of them, for example, which provoked Lieutenant Maynard to hack off Blackbeard's head, and to spear it upon the end of his bowsprit. But as a rule the pirate ruffled and bullied and drabbed without let or hindrance, until it was time for him to go back to his ship once more.

There was one pirate, however, who never crossed even the skirts of civilisation, and that was the sinister Sharkey, of the barque *Happy Delivery*. It may have been from his morose and solitary temper, or, as is more probable, that he knew that his name upon the coast was such that outraged humanity would, against all odds, have thrown themselves upon him, but never once did he show his face in a settlement.

When his ship was laid up he would leave her under the charge of Ned Galloway, her New England quartermaster, and would take long voyages in his boat, sometimes, it was said, for the purpose of burying his share of

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the plunder, and sometimes to shoot the wild oxen of Hispaniola, which, when dressed and barbecued, provided provisions for his next voyage. In the latter case the barque would come round to some prearranged spot to pick him up and take on board what he had shot.

There had always been a hope in the islands that Sharkey might be taken on one of these occasions, and at last there came news to Kingston which seemed to justify an attempt upon him. It was brought by an elderly logwood-cutter who had fallen into the pirate's hands, and in some freak of drunken benevolence had been allowed to get away with nothing worse than a slit nose and a drubbing. His account was recent and definite. The *Happy Delivery* was careening at Torbec on the south-west of Hispaniola. Sharkey with four men was buccaneering on the outlying island of La Vache. The blood of a hundred murdered crews was calling out for vengeance, and now at last it seemed as if it might not call in vain.

Sir Edward Compton, the high-nosed, redfaced Governor, sitting in solemn conclave with the commandant and the head of the council, was sorely puzzled in his mind as to how he should use this chance. There was no man-of-war nearer than Jamestown, and she was a clumsy old fly-boat, which could neither overhaul the pirate on the seas, nor reach her in a shallow inlet. There were forts and artillerymen both at Kingston and Port Royal, but no soldiers available for an expedition.

A private venture might be fitted out, and there were many who had a blood-feud with Sharkey—but what could a private venture do? The pirates were numerous and desperate. As to taking Sharkey and his four companions, that, of course, would be easy if they\_could get at them, but how were they to get at them on a large well-wooded island like La Vache, full of wild hills and impenetrable jungles? A reward was offered to whoever could find a solution, and that brought a man to the front who had a singular plan, and was himself prepared to carry it out.

Stephen Craddock had been that most formidable person, the Puritan gone wrong. Sprung from a decent Salem family, his ill-

doing seemed to be a recoil from the austerity of their religion, and he brought to vice all the physical strength and energy with which the virtues of his ancestors had endowed him. He was ingenious, fearless, and exceedingly tenacious of purpose, so that when he was still young his name became notorious upon the American coast.

He was the same Craddock who was tried for his life in Virginia for the slaying of the Seminole Chief, and though he escaped it was well known that he had corrupted the witnesses and bribed the judge.

Afterwards, as a slaver, and even, as it was hinted, as a pirate, he had left an evil name behind him in the Bight of Benin. Finally he had returned to Jamaica with a considerable fortune, and had settled down to a life of sombre dissipation. This was the man, gaunt, austere, and dangerous, who now waited upon the Governor with a plan for the extirpation of Sharkey.

Sir Edward received him with little enthusiasm, for in spite of some rumours of conversion and reformation, he had always regarded him as an infected sheep who might taint the whole of his little flock. Craddock saw the Governor's mistrust under his thin veil of formal and restrained courtesy.

"You've no call to fear me, sir," said he; "I'm a changed man from what you've known. I've seen the light again of late after losing sight of it for many a black year. It was through the ministration of the Rev. John Simons, of our own people. Sir, if your own spirit should be in need of quickening, you would find a very sweet savour in his discourse."

The Governor cocked his Episcopalian nose at him.

"You came here to speak of Sharkey, Master Craddock," said he.

"The man Sharkey is a vessel of wrath," said Craddock. "His wicked horn has been exalted over long, and it is borne in upon me that if I can cut him off and utterly destroy him, it will be a goodly deed, and one which may atone for many backslidings in the past. A plan has been given to me whereby I may encompass his destruction."

The Governor was keenly interested, for there was a grim and practical air about the

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY man's freckled face which showed that he was in earnest. After all, he was a seaman and a fighter, and, if it were true that he was eager to atone for his past, no better man could be chosen for the business.

"This will be a dangerous task, Master Craddock," said he.

"If I meet my death at it it may be that it will cleanse the memory of an ill-spent life. I have much to atone for."

The Governor did not see his way to contradict him.

"What was your plan?" he asked.

"You have heard that Sharkey's barque, the *Happy Delivery*, came from this very port of Kingston?"

"It belonged to Mr. Codrington, and it was taken by Sharkey, who scuttled his own sloop and moved into her because she was faster," said Sir Edward.

"Yes; but it may be that you have never heard that Mr. Codrington has a sister ship, the White Rose, which lies even now in the harbour, and which is so like the pirate, that, if it were not for a white paint line, none could tell them apart."

"Ah! and what of that?" asked the Governor keenly, with the air of one who is just on the edge of an idea.

"By the help of it this man shall be delivered into our hands."

"And how?"

"I will paint out the streak upon the White Rose, and make it in all things like the Happy Delivery. Then I will set sail for the Island of La Vache, where this man is slaying the wild oxen. When he sees me he will surely mistake me for his own vessel which he is awaiting, and he will come on board to his own undoing."

It was a simple plan, and yet it seemed to the Governor that it might be effective. Without hesitation he gave Craddock permission to carry it out, and to take any steps he liked in order to further the object which he had in view. Sir Edward was not

very sanguine, for many attempts had been made upon Sharkey, and their results had shown that he was as cunning as he was ruthless. But this gaunt Puritan with

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the evil record was cunning and ruthless also.

The contest of wits between two such men as Sharkey and Craddock appealed to the Governor's acute sense of sport, and though he was inwardly convinced that the chances were against him, he backed his man with the same loyalty which he would have shown to his horse or his cock.

Haste was, above all things, necessary, for upon any day the careening might be finished, and the pirates out at sea once more. But there was not very much to do, and there were many willing hands to do it, so the second day saw the *White Rose* beating out for the open sea. There were many seamen



in the port who knew the lines and rig of the pirate barque, and not one of them could see the slightest difference in this counterfeit. Her white side line had been painted out, her

delivered into our

hands."

masts and yards were smoked to give them the dingy appearance of the weather-beaten rover, and a large diamond-shaped patch was let into her foretopsail.

Her crew were volunteers, many of them



A small party armed to the teeth.

being men who had sailed with Stephen Craddock before—the mate, Joshua Hird, an old slaver, had been his accomplice in many voyages, and came now at the bidding of his chief.

The avenging barque sped across the Carribean Sea, and, at the sight of that patched topsail, the little craft which they met flew left and right like frightened trout in a pool. On the fourth evening Point Abacou bore five miles to the north and east of them.

On the fifth they were at anchor in the Bay of Tortoises at the island of La Vache, where

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Sharkey and his four men had been hunting. It was a well wooded place, with the palms and underwood growing down to the thin crescent of silver sand which skirted the shore. They had hoisted the black flag and the red pennant, but no answer came from the shore. Craddock strained his eyes hoping every instant to see a boat shoot out to them

with Sharkey seated in the sheets. But the night passed away, and a day and yet another night, without any sign of the men whom they were endeavouring to trap. It looked

as if they were already gone.

On the second morning Craddock went ashore in search of some proof whether Sharkey and his men were still upon the island. What he found reassured him greatly. Close to the shore was a boucan of green wood, such as was used for preserving the meat, and a great store of barbecued strips of ox flesh was hung upon lines all round it. The pirate ship had not taken off her provisions, and therefore the hunters were still upon the island.

Why had they not shown themselves? Was it that they had detected that this was not their own ship? Or was it that they were hunting in the interior of the island, and were not on the look out for a ship yet? Craddock was still hesitating between the two alternatives, when a Carib Indian came down with information. The pirates were in the island, he said, and their camp was a day's march from the sea. They had stolen his wife, and the marks of their stripes were still pink upon his brown back. Their enemies were his friends, and he would lead them to where they lay.

Craddock could not have asked for anything better; so early next morning, with a small party armed to the teeth, he set off under the guidance of the Carib. All day they struggled through brushwood and clambered over rocks, pushing their way further and further into the desolate heart of the island. Here and there they found traces of the hunters, the bones of a slain ox, or the marks of feet in a morass, and once, towards evening, it seemed to some of them that they heard the distant rattle of guns.

That night they spent under the trees, and Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

pushed on again with the earliest light. About noon they came to the huts of bark, which, the Carib told them, were the camp of the hunters, but they were silent and deserted. No doubt their occupants were away at the hunt and would return in the evening, so Craddock and his men lay in ambush in the brushwood around them. But no one came, and another night was spent in the forest. Nothing more could be done, and it seemed to Craddock that after the two days' absence it was time that he returned to his ship once more.

The return journey was less difficult, as they had already blazed a path for themselves. Before evening they found themselves once more at the Bay of Palms, and saw their ship riding at anchor where they had left her. Their boat and oars had been hauled up among the bushes, so they launched it and pulled out to the barque.

"No luck, then!" cried Joshua Hird, the mate, looking down with a pale face from the poop.

"His camp was empty, but he may come down to us yet," said Craddock, with his hand on the ladder.

Somebody upon deck began to laugh. "I think," said the mate. "that these men had better stay in the boat."

"Why so?"

"If you will come aboard, sir, you will understand it." He spoke in a curious hesitating fashion.

The blood flushed to Craddock's gaunt face.

"How is this, master Hird?" he cried, springing up the side. "What mean you by giving orders to my boat's crew?"

But as he passed over the bulwarks, with one foot upon the deck, and one knee upon the rail, a tow-bearded man, whom he had never before observed aboard his vessel, grabbed suddenly at his pistol. Craddock clutched at the fellow's wrist, but at the same instant his mate snatched the cutlass from his side.

"What roguery is this?" shouted Craddock, looking furiously around him. But the crew stood in little knots about the deck, laughing and whispering amongst themselves without showing any desire to go to his assistance.

Even in that hurried glance Craddock noticed that they were dressed in the most singular manner, with long riding coats, full skirted velvet gowns and coloured ribands at their knees, more like men of fashion than seamen.

As he looked at their grotesque figures he struck his brow with his clenched fist to be sure that he was awake. The deck seemed to be much dirtier than when he had left it, and there were strange sun-blackened faces turned upon him from every side. Not one of them did he know save only Joshua Hird. Had the ship been captured in his absence? Were these Sharkey's men who were around him? At the thought he broke furiously away and tried to climb over to his boat, but a dozen hands were on him in an instant and he was pushed aft through the open door of his own cabin.

And it was all different to the cabin which he had left. The floor was different, the ceiling was different, the furniture was different. His had been plain and austere. This was sumptuous and yet dirty, hung with rare velvet curtains splashed with wine stains, and paneled with costly woods which were pocked with pistol marks.

On the table was a great chart of the Caribbean sea, and beside it, with compasses in his hand, sat a clean shaven, pale faced man with a fur cap, and a claret-coloured coat of damask. Craddock turned white under his freckles as he looked upon the long, thin, high-nostrilled nose and the redrimmed eyes which were turned upon him with the fixed humourous gaze of the master player who has left his opponent without a move.

"Sharkey!" cried Craddock.

Sharkey's thin lips opened and he broke into his high sniggering laugh.

"You fool!" he cried, and, leaning over, he stabbed Craddock's shoulder again and again with his compasses. "You poor, dull-witted fool, would you match yourself against me?"

It was not the pain of the wounds, but it was the contempt in Sharkey's voice which turned Craddock into a savage madman. He flew at the pirate, roaring with rage, striking, kicking, writhing, and foaming. It took six men to drag him down on to the floor amidst

the splintered remains of the table—and not one of the six who did not bear the prisoner's mark upon him. But Sharkey still surveyed him with the same contemptuous eye. From outside there came the crash of breaking wood and the clamour of startled voices.

"What is that?" asked Sharkey.

"They have stove the boat with cold shot, and the men are in the water."

"Let them stay there,' said the pirate.

"Now, Craddock, you know where you are. You are aboard my ship the Happy Delivery, and you lie at my mercy. I knew you for a stout seaman, you rogue, before you took to this long shore canting. Yourhands then were no cleaner than my own. Will you sign articles, as

to follow your ship's company?"
"Where is my ship?" asked

your mate has

done, and join

us, or shall I

heave you over

Craddock.
" Scuttled in the bay."

"And the

"In the bay, too."

"Then I'm for the bay also."

"Hock him and heave him over," said Sharkey.

Many rough

hands had dragged Craddock out upon deck, and Galloway, the quartermaster, had already drawn his hanger to cripple him, when Sharkey came hurrying from his cabin with an eager face.

"We can do better with the hound," he cried. "Sink me if it is not a rare plan.

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Throw him into the sail room with the irons on, and do you come here, quartermaster, that I may tell you what I have in my mind."

So Craddock, bruised and wounded in soul and body, was thrown into the dark sail room, so fettered that he could not stir hand or foot, but his Northern blood was running strong in his veins, and his grim spirit aspired

> only to make such an ending as might go some way towards

> > atoning for the evil of his life. All night he lay in the curve of the bilge listening to the rush of the water and the straining of the timbers which told him that the ship was at sea, and driving fast. In the early morning someone came crawling to him in the darkness over the heaps of sails.

"Here's rum and biscuits," said the voice of his late mate. "It's at the risk of my life, Master Craddock, that I bring them to you."

"It was you who trapped me and caught me as in a snare," cried Craddock. "How shall you answer for what you have done?"

"What I did I did with the point of a

knife betwixt my blade bones."

A tow-bearded man

grabbed suddenly at his pistol.

"God forgive you for a coward, Joshua Hird. How came you into their hands?"

"Why, Master Craddock, the pirate ship came back from its careening upon the very day that you left us. They laid us aboard, and, short-handed as we were, with the best

M I b

of the men ashore with you, we could offer but a poor defence. Some were cut down, and they were the happiest. The others were killed afterwards. As to me, I saved my life by signing on with them."

"And they scuttled my ship?"

"They scuttled her, and then Sharkey and his men, who had been watching us from the brushwood, came off to the ship. His main yard had been cracked and fished last voyage, so he had suspicions of us, seeing that ours was whole. Then he thought of laying the same trap for you which you had set for him.".

Craddock groaned.

- "How came I not to see that fished mainyard," he muttered. "But whither are we bound?"
  - "We are running north and west."
- "North and west! Then we are heading back towards Jamaica."
  - "With an eight-knot wind."
- "Have you heard what they mean to do with me?"
- "I have not heard. If you would but sign the articles—"
- "Enough, Joshua Hird! I have risked my soul too often."
- "As you wish! I have done what I could. Farewell!"

All that night and the next day the Happy Delivery ran before the easterly trades, and Stephen Craddock lay in the dark of the sail room working patiently at his wrist irons. One he had slipped off at the cost of a row of broken and bleeding knuckles, but, do what he would, he could not free the other, and his ankles were securely fastened.

From hour to hour he heard the swish of the water, and knew that the barque must be driving with all set in front of the trade wind. In that case they must be nearly back again to Jamaica by now. What plan could Sharkey have in his head, and what use did he hope to make of him? Craddock set his teeth, and vowed that if he had once been a villain from choice he would, at least, never be one by compulsion.

On the second morning Craddock became aware that sail had been reduced in the vessel, and that she was tacking slowly, with a light breeze on her beam. The varying Vol. III.--71.

slope of the sail room and the sounds from the deck told his practised senses exactly what she was doing. The short reaches showed him that she was manœuvring near shore, and making for some definite point. If so she must have reached Jamaica. But what could she be doing there?

And then suddenly there was a burst of hearty cheering from the deck, and then the crash of a gun above his head, and then the answering booming of guns from far over the water. Craddock sat up and strained his ears. Was the ship in action? Only the one gun had been fired, and though many had answered there were none of the crashings which told of a shot coming home.

Then, if it was not an action, it must be a salute. But who would salute Sharkey, the pirate? It could only be another pirate ship which would do so. So Craddock lay back again with a groan, and continued to work at the manacle which still held his right wrist.

But suddenly there came the shuffling of steps outside, and he had hardly time to wrap the loose links round his free hand, when the door was unbolted and two pirates came in.

"Got your hammer, carpenter?" asked one, whom Craddock recognised as the big quartermaster. "Knock off his leg shackles, then. Better leave the bracelets—he's safer with them on."

With hammer and chisel the carpenter loosened the irons.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Craddock.

"Come on deck and you'll see." The sailor seized him by the arm and dragged him roughly to the foot of the companion. Above him was a square of blue sky cut across by the mizzen gaff, with the colours flying at the peak. But it was the sight of those colours which struck the breath from Stephen Craddock's lips. For there were two of them, and the British ensign was flying above the Jolly Rodger—the honest flag above that of the rogue.

For an instant Craddock stopped in amazement, but a brutal push from the pirates behind drove him up the companion ladder. As he stepped out upon deck, his eyes turned up to the main, and there again were the British colours flying above the red pennant, and all



Amid a spatter of pistol bullets, he had sprung the bulwarks.

the shrouds and rigging were garlanded with streamers.

Had the ship been taken, then? But that was impossible, for there were the pirates clustering in swarms along the port bulwarks, and waving their hats joyously in the air. Most prominent of all was the renegade mate, standing on the foc'sle head, and gesticulating wildly. Craddock looked over the side to

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played for yet.

"Bring him forward," cried the pirate captain, as Craddock appeared between the carpenter and the quartermaster. "Keep the ports closed, but clear away the port guns, and stand by for a broadside. Another two cable lengths and we have them."

"They are edging away," said the boatswain. "I think they smell us."

"That's soon set right," said Sharkey, turning his filmy eyes upon Craddock. "Stand there, you—right there, where they

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY can recognise you, with your hand on the guy and wave your hat to them. Quick, or your brains will be over your coat. Put an inch of your knife into him, Ned. Now, will you wave your hat? Try him again, then. Heh, shoot him! stop him!"

But it was too late. Relying upon the manacles, the quartermaster had taken his hands for a moment off Craddock's arm. In that instant he had flung off the carpenter and, amid a spatter of pistol bullets, had sprung the bulwarks and was swimming for his life. He had been hit and hit again, but it takes many pistols to kill a resolute and

powerful man who has his mind set upon doing something before he dies. He was a strong swimmer, and, in spite of the red trail which he left in the water behind him, he was rapidly increasing his distance from the pirate.

"Give me a musket!" cried Sharkey, with a savage oath.

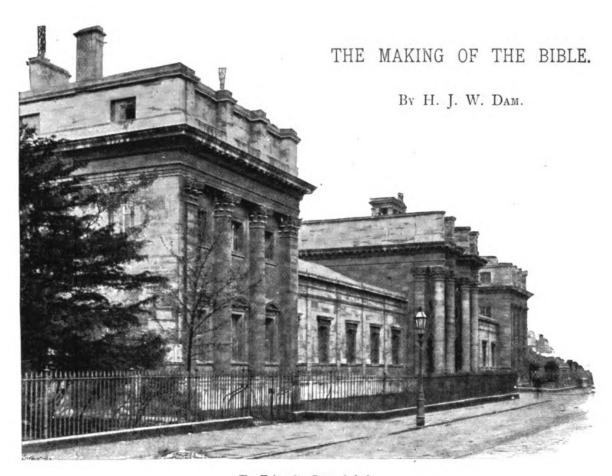
He was a famous shot, and his iron nerves never failed him in an emergency. The dark head appearing on the crest of a roller, and then swooping down on the other side, was already half-way to the sloop. Sharkey



Sharkey dwelt long upon his aim before he fired,

dwelt long upon his aim
before he fired. With the
crack of the gun the swimmer
reared himself up in the water,
waved his hands in a gesture of
warning, and roared out in a voice
which rang over the bay. Then, as
the sloop swung round her headsails, and the pirate fired an impotent
broadside, Stephen Craddock, smiling
grimly in his death agony, sank slowly
down to that golden couch which
glimmered far beneath him.

The next story of Conan Doyle's series of "Tales of the High Seas," will be published in the May number.



The University Press, Oxford.

Having undertaken the responsibility of an article on the making of the Bible a book most folk do not know too much about—you naturally repair at once to the Bible House of the British and Foreign

Bible Society, a massive and imposing structure in Queen Victoria Street, near the *Times* building.

As you enter the airy vestibule, which is panelled in polished, light brown marble, an inscription, the letters of which are cut deep in the stone and painted in vivid red, catches your eye and holds it. There is food for thought, even for the lay mind, in this strange inscription. It clings to you, even after you have mounted the broad stairways and are waiting in the library for

the genial head of the Translation Department, Dr. William Wright.

"Here," says Dr. Wright, waving his hand towards the east side of the great room, "is the finest collection of British Bibles in the world."

> You nod, somewhat absently, for your mind is still dwelling upon the strangeness of the inscription in the vestibule.

> Dr. Wright, the most admirable of raconteurs, touches in a continuously interesting way upon this wonderful collection of nearly all the famous and curious Bibles that ever were, which now seem to have found a haven of safety on shelves which reach from floor to ceiling. Here are sixteenth century Bibles, some perfect, many



Dr. Wright.

Head of the Translation Department, rigin mutilated, having columns

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Bible houses: of

eight thousand

Bibles per day

going out of these

doors in all lan-

guages to all

parts of the earth;

of three great

presses, in Eng-

land alone, which

last year printed

six millions of

Bibles and parts

of Bibles, for

Christian worship

-with all these in

your mind, you

gaze at the simple

words which were

pronounced on the

Mount of Olives,

in Palestine, nearly

and pages daubed out in dull red ochre by the Roman Catholic censors of the dead centuries. Here are the Bibles of dead kings and dead queens, with the royal signatures of hands which have long been dust.

Here is "The Wicked Bible," issued in 1631, which said "Thou Shalt Commit Adultery," and meant a fine of 1000 marks to its unhappy publisher for leading the weak world astray in so authoritative and magnificent a fashion. Here is "The Breeches Bible," published in 1600, which says that Adam and Eve "sewed fig leaves together,

and mayde themselves breeches."

Here is the Geneva Testament of 1557, the first one in which the text was printed in verses, and you wonder how ministers managed to properly announce the texts of their sermons before that happy day. Here is the Tindale Pentateuch, of 1530; the Coverdale Bible, of 1535, the first printed in English; and the Matthews, of 1537.

It is profoundly interesting, and yet

—your mind seems somehow glued to that inscription in the vestibule.

vin.

"Wycliffe," says the Doctor, "who first translated the Bible into English in 1384, escaped torture, but his bones were dug up by the frenzied Roman priests and burned. Tindale was strangled and burned near Brussels. Matthews, whose real name was Rogers, was burned at Smithfield." Everybody, in fact, who translated this strange book, which came from beyond the earth to men, seems to have met with a violent death.

Down past the products of clumsy old hand presses of the centuries, through convocations of devout men in spectacles fighting

bitter battles over the nine parts of speech, through edition after edition from the Authorised version of 1611 to the Revised version of 1884, through a pilgrimage of publications lasting three hundred years, your eloquent guide leads you in thirty charming minutes, and still—your mind goes back to the red letters cut deep in stone on the polished panels of the vestibule walls.

And, finally, you bid adieu to the genial Doctor, go down the broad stairways, and once more stand gazing thoughtfully at the red letters. And with your mind full of great

Dar. Thefus called his disciples to him and sayde: Thave coms viii. passion on the people/be cause they have contynued with me nowe iii, dayes/and have nothings to eater and Twyll not let them departe saltings leste they perysse in the waye. And his disciples said unto him: where so hald for some many loves have yet and they seyder so so and a seawe system any loves have yet and they seyder so and a seawe system. And he comaumoed the people to syr down on the gromde, and brate them and gave to hys disciples and gave thant? and brate them and gave to hys disciples and hys disciples and they toke uppe of the brote meate that was leste up, baster full. They that are were iii. M. men/besse weren and dyloren. And he sent awaye the people/and toke suppe and cam in to the parties of magdala:

The rui. Chapter.

13 cm cam to him the phariles

with the saduces also /and dyd tepte pim / vep inge that he wolde shewe the some sygne fro hes ven. Reanswered and saide unto them: At even ye saye/we shall have sayre wedder and that he cause the styre

pe fayerme foal pape fayre weoder anotyat betaufe fre fre porced: zi the mornige: ye faye/to daye foalbe foule wedder/ze that because the styciotrobelous and reed. O yeypocryts/ye

TINDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT (St. Matthew xv. 27-xvi. 3).
A.D. 1525.

(British Museum, Grenville Library.)

The only remaining fragment, consisting of 31 leaves, of the first edition.

The earliest specimen of a printed version of the Scriptures in English.

of 31 leaves, of the first edition. nineteen hundred years ago:

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."—Matt. xxiv. 35.

Nineteen hundred years ago these words were merely spoken—not written or imperishably recorded in any way. And, nineteen hundred years afterwards, they dominate the social system and the lives of one hundred and fifty millions of the world's most advanced peoples. Beside this great fact, the miracles of the New Testament seem, for the moment, comparatively trivial. This impressive contemporaneous fact becomes the miracle of miracles to any mind.

For, be that mind saintly or sinful, it is unable to deny that from the moment the

words were uttered, they spread abroad like a running fire of fervour; they seized upon and entered into people like the germs of a benignant epidemic, in a way which history clearly records, but which science cannot remotely explain. It is the miracle of all the miracles, because it is a cold, inexplicable, but indisputable fact among the facts of to-day.

The founder of the Christian religion left no writing. No apostle was deputed to keep the record, and none, so far as is known, kept it. Matthew and John, who were of the twelve, and Mark and Luke, who were not, wrote accounts, many years after the death of the Master, of his life and doings. But no

man known to history ever saw these original accounts, and no allusion has ever been made to them by any ancient writer whose writings exist. No manuscript written within three hundred years after the death of Christ has ever been seen by any modern eye.

How those words have lived no man knows.

The most tremendous empire of antiquity massed all its forces against them without avail. The words, living mainly in men's minds, passed from mouth to ear and meeting to meeting until they vanquished the Roman Empire, and set a Christian King upon a pagan throne.

Time, decay, the errors of translators, the injurious vanity of copyists, the distortion of fought-for creeds, the blood-thirstiness of Inquisitors, and the malignant persecution by the world's greatest hierarchy of those who would put the words into the hands of the people—all these the Words have overcome with a seemingly effortless supremacy, and after nineteen centuries are still moving for-

ward majestically, invincibly, and irresistibly to ends that no men know.

The making of the Bible in its modern aspect does not begin until the middle of the fourth century after Christ. It is a story of manuscripts and of researches, concerning which libraries of history and of criticism have been written. But as these volumes are read by the student of theology rather than the general public, a very brief outline of the work may prove of very general interest and be not inappropriate in an article of this kind. The authority for it is Mr. F. G. Kenyon, the keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum, who has written a valuable

In one of the locked rooms of the Museum is an ancient document in vellum, 1500 years old, which is, perhaps, the rarest and most priceless object in that great collection. This is the Codex Alexandrinus, one of the four great manuscripts from which the Bible of to-day has mainly come. As

book on the subject.

Mr. Kenyon places it before you, it consists of 773 sheets of dull grey goat skin, the skin being exceptionally thin. Each sheet measures  $12\frac{3}{4}$ in. by  $10\frac{3}{4}$ in., and is written on both sides of the sheet in two columns of faint but clear Greek characters. The Museum has bound the leaves in four volumes, and had photographic copies made of each page for the use of students in

The other three manuscripts, all more or less incomplete, are the Codex Vaticanus (now in the Vatican), the Codex Sinaiticus,

order that the precious original may not be

and the Codex Ephraemi.

From manuscripts such as these, from the

книжегосотоумнеземонс . EKEIBENEWCTOYKATONCC . -XXTONXETTONXTTUXUIC TITE TIS PHICKNET EINECENAME TURKITUKTIKITEKKONTECKYW «Lehitmuryyiyyimummud. » атытгеіхэтосемі**денмет**а LONGACIONYALMN.KMPIG KLIGGICGICGLILGHYALDIG !. **LOKEITHOTIOIFARIANUIOYISI** PANATUS OTHOROTOSYOTALAS **AYTATIGHONOACINDYXIAGIII** ·үмгилххөхимнмстхионы TETTANTECCIOCAYTWCATIONION Fieleinolopekykylokun. epoycenecenonyfrocen TUDCIALIAM KALATTOKTOINEN

## CODEX ALEXANDRINUS (St. Luke xii. 54-xiii. 4). Fifth Century.

(British Museum, Royal MS. 1 D. v-viii.)

The Bible in Greek, written in uncial letters. The MS, once belonged to the Patriarchal Chamber of Alexandria. It was sent as a present to King Charles the First in 1627.

old Latin version of the fourth century, from manuscript translations of the Bible into Syriac, Coptic, and other languages, dating from the sixth century, and from the writings of early Christian fathers dating as far back as the middle of the second century, our Bible has come in its present form. Two

radicionis assignet Di inquam hec secundis tradicionis supra exposite regulam con sequantur adnertimus deprecemur ve nobis et omnibus qui hoc antoiunt conce dat dominus fide quam susceptimus custo dia cursu consumato expectate insticie repost tam coronam: et invenici inter eos qui resurgunt in viram etrenam-laterati verd a sonfusione et obprobeio etreno per custum dominum nostrum per quem è deo patri omnipoteti cii spiritu sancto gloria et imperium in secula seculorum amen.

Explicit expolicio fancti Jeconimi in fiintolo apolitolorum ad papam lauce eium Impressa Oronie Et finita An no domini. M. cccc. leviij. pvij-die decembris.

This page is from the first book printed at Oxford, dated 1468.

manuscripts date from the fourth century, two from the fifth, and twenty-seven, only five of which contain a complete book, from the sixth century.

These materials, and the later manuscripts based upon them, have been studied, compared, and collated by the great scholars of the ages. There have been corrections, convocations, and revisions in the past, and there will doubtless be corrections, convocations, and revisions in the future. The debates and disputes, however, have dealt mainly with the minor matters, which are important only to scholars, and the essential message, the good tidings of great joy to all the world, has never at any time been the subject of any doubt.

From the most ancient of the ancient manuscripts to the most modern of the modern Bibles is a long step. It is sixty-one miles long, in fact, the distance from the British Museum to the University Press at Oxford. As you journey towards Oxford, you naturally expect that in this field of mere printing and publication there can be no room for mystery; no atmosphere save that

of the commonplace. It would seem that so familiar a mechanical process as the making of books could scarcely offer anything of novelty or interest. And yet no sooner do you reach the great Bible Press of the historic University than the same atmosphere of the unusual becomes apparent. The Bible is the Bible, and even in its printing is unlike any other book on earth.

The Oxford Press has been actively engaged in the printing of books for more than four centuries, and has been printing Bibles for more than three hundred years. Its first volume bears the date of 1468, but through an error—they made errors in those days should have been marked 1478. The main building, which was erected and became the home of the Press in 1830, is quadrangular, in the usual college form, and surrounds a large square court, laid out in grass and The right wing constitutes the flowers. Learned Press, an institution established in 1669 "for the printing of learned books." The left wing is the famous world-wide "Oxford Press," whose name is probably known to every Bible reader in the world.

The head, for thirteen years past, of this great Press has been Mr. Horace Hart, an autocrat of the sternest rigidity, but a martinet of the most courteous kind. Upon your entrance he asks you to excuse him for twenty minutes until a business conference is concluded. And while you are waiting for him, you are conducted through the various departments—composing, proof-reading, and press rooms—of the Learned Press.

You quickly perceive that this is, beyond question, the most learned press on the face of the earth. The very formes and type boxes contain a metallic knowledge that no man could reach in a lifetime. Here they will print for you a Bible in any type, of any tongue-past, present, or future. There may be an error about the future, but this is certainly your first impression. Persian, Sanscrit, Chinese, Hebrew, these are mere details —their daily bread, so to speak. But when it comes to Arabic, Syriac, Japanese, Burmese, Macassar, Tinne, Jaski, and a hundred other kinds of hieroglyphics that you never heard of, it is too much to be instantly digested, and you wish to pause and think.

Your guide explains to you that Jaski and Multain are really one and the same. is gratifying, and you nod gravely. It is good to know that Jaski and Multain are really one, and not two, or four, or seven, as designing men might easily have induced you to believe.

As if languages were mendicants, Mr. Hart says quietly: "We never turn a language away." And the metallic evidences before you do not permit the statement to be clouded by any doubt.

In this great composing room are types representing the sound symbols of all the

savages of earth, so far as they have been caught and listened to; and, unless your eyes are prejudiced, the more fiendish the character of the hoped for proselyte, the more awful are his literary tools, so to speak. The erstwhile humble compositor now assumes in your eyes the glamour of greatness. The despised and hated proofreader becomes leader among kind.

At one case a compositor is setting up a little brochure in Peshito Syriac, a

thesaurus for the use of the old manuscript students of by and bye, which has engaged the steady labour of the Press for the past thirty-three years, having been begun in 1863. Thirty-one compositors have gone to that bourne from which no compositor returns while engaged in this piece of work, and this is by no means to be wondered at. The compositor's case has a thousand boxes, a thousand dots, curls, curves, bacteria and microbes, while the ordinary Roman case holds only about one hundred simple characters.

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He, the compositor, sets up for you one simple letter by way of illustration. requires six different pieces of metal, and would further require, if left to you, a journey to Syria to inquire as to its correctness. He proceeds to set up another letter requiring perhaps ten pieces of metal, a compositorial tour de force. You feel, however, that the other achievement is quite sufficient for one day's labour, and that a half holiday for him would really be no more than right.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," are the quoted words of the Founder. And in three hun-

> dred and twenty different languages, in all the byways and highways of the globe, these mute types are preaching it to-day.

> Mr. Hart is as full children. They develop unexpectedly, dren aforesaid. other type in the

> of surprising facts as a model dwelling of at every turn and corner, quite in the fashion of the chilthe type foundry, the oldest in England, we learn that the Press makes all its own type, and that the type from which the Bible is printed is different from any

world. The "type heights" are different, and they will not "range" with any other. The lead used in their making is all purchased, from house to house, in the country round about. It is lead from tea chests, and it is used partly because it is pure, being free from solder, and partly because it is accessible, the freight being an item in dealing with a metal which is so heavy in comparison to its bulk.

He has a language of his own, this printer of the Oxford Bible. He speaks of Bibles only in tons. In a great ex-malthouse, now



Mr. Horace Hart. Controller of the Oxford Press.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY a Bible storehouse, he shows you sheets in millions upon millions printed and ready for the binder, and reaching throughout the whole building, from floor to rafters. "Editions," in his speech, take on new magnitudes. Fifty thousand is an ordinary order. The demand from Mr. Frowde for half-a-million

of this or that leaves him calm. You incline to believe that if Mr. Frowde should send him from London, on one of the blue paper forms, an order for a round billion, Mr. Hart, upon reading it, would perhaps knit his brows; but this evidence of discomposure cannot be predicted with any degree of certainty.

He tells about the printing of the Revised Version of the New Testament, in May, 1881. Early in April, Mr. Frowde, who is the publisher, the London representative of the Oxford Press, had received orders

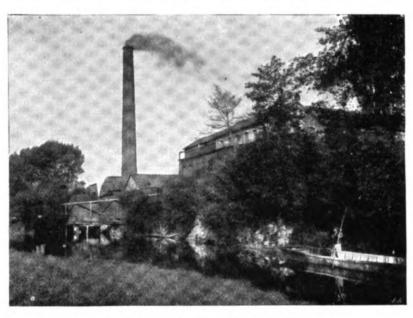
for over a million copies, and would undertake the delivery of no more than these upon the day of publication. The pressure to obtain an advance copy was enormous. One American publisher had offered \$25,000. Enterprising American journalists hung about in the shadows of Oxford, like Russian diplomatic agents at Sofia. Bribes up to \$10,000 were offered where it was hoped they would do the most good, or the most bad, according to the point of view. All tricks were tried, even the forgery of Mr. Frowde's name on an order.

They did not succeed at Oxford, because the various press sheets, each carrying thirtytwo pages of the Testament, were, in bundles of a million, in the hands of separate and different employees. Moreover, the employees were incorruptible. At the last moment the bundles were brought together, and the volumes collated and bound.

Mr. Frowde tells us later that thousands of copies were in the hands of nearly every bookbinder in London. There was no betrayal, no mishap, and no opening for Digitized by

journalistic enterprise, beyond that of the *Chicago Times*, which telegraphed the whole book from New York to Chicago.

Mr. Hart recalls a curious incident. When they were printing the Revised Bible, in 1884, there was one day a high wind, and as he was coming up Walton Street a printed sheet from



The Wolvercote Mills of the Oxford Press.

one of the windows fluttered out, and fell nearly into his own hands. It was so strange, he says, that this sheet—carrying thirty-two pages of the new Bible, the only sheet that went astray—should blow into the hands of the man in the street who was chiefly responsible, and in whose hands it could do no harm.

Through composing rooms, press rooms, proof-reading rooms we pass, and then look at the ink houses. These are three large brick structures, on the ground floor of which creosote is burned, the smoke passing upward into chambers lined with green baize, standing an inch from the walls and ceiling. The soot gathers on the baize to a depth of four inches, is swept off, purified, and specially treated with boiled linseed oil.

The Bible is printed with its own special ink. Why? Because they are compelled to use a special ink for its special paper. And now we have come to the special paper, the "India Paper," on which the Oxford Bibles are printed, the great speciality and pride of the Oxford Pressal from

India paper is indeed a wonderful paper. It has revolutionised Bible making. It is a mechanical mystery and a trade secret, a secret known only to three men. It is made

secret known only to three men. It is made possible to pri

Illustration showing the marvellous diminution in the thickness of the Bible through the use of India Paper. The corresponding Bibles in the two heaps were printed from the same plates.

at the Wolvercote Mills of the Oxford Press, but as no employee is in touch with more than one stage of the process, the complicated secret is held in hand.

In 1842 an Oxford graduate returned from India with a paper peculiarly thin, peculiarly tough, and peculiarly opaque. A few Bibles were made from it, one of which was presented to the It reduced the thickness of the Bible by one half. Every effort was made to obtain a supply of it, but without success. Efforts to make it were equally futile. Attempts were made and abandonedmade and abandoned

Mr. Gladstone's ubiquity of research was drawn upon, and his letter to Mr. Hart is on file. He could

Digitized by

for thirty years.

only recommend a search in Japan. Papers equally thin and equally tough were obtained, but they were too transparent. It was not possible to print them on both sides of the

Finally a paper thin sheet. enough and tough enough and opaque enough developed, but it was too yellow. It was tried, but the colour was unacceptable to the public. It was not till thirty years had passed that the tenacity and perseverance of Mr. Frowde triumphed over all obstacles, and Bibles were issued in 1874 on the wonderfully thin paper on which they are issued to-day, a paper which distinguishes the Oxford Bible from all the other books of the world.

The printing standard of Mr. Hart is an ideal one. It is nothing less than in-

fallibility. When an edition of the Bible is issued a guinea is paid to the discoverer of any mistake. About five guineas per year are thus paid out as the reward of diligence. When one person discovers an error and gets

his guinea, some thousands discover it after him, and this entails much correspondence of a diplomatic character and much postal expense.

Once, ofter an edition of 50,000 Bibles had been printed, it was discovered that early in the printing two letters had broken out of one of the electroplates. The first was "t," turning teaching into "eaching." The second was "e," turning eaching into "aching." It finally read through most of edition "Christ aching in the Tem-



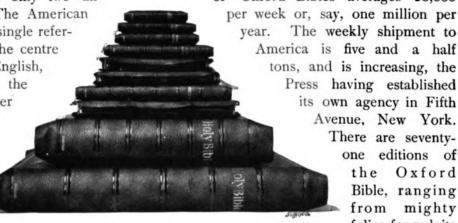
Mr. Henry Frowde,
Publisher for the Oxford Press. Original from: Some thousands

had been bound and sent out to the trade. These were recalled, and Mr. Frowde's special stamper, a unique, unparalleled and wonderful stamper, was set to work, and stamped into nearly 50,000 Bibles the letters "t" and "e" by hand.

It seems from Mr. Hart that there are fashions, fads if you will, in Bibles. The American church-goer likes a Bible with a pocket or slide in the cover for the prayer These the English devotee will have none of, but desires only two unattached volumes. The American

Bible reader wants a single reference column down the centre of the page; the English, reference columns at the two sides. And neither country will have the other at any price.

Bible printing in England is done "cum privilegio," by privilege of the Queen. This privilege is held



A Pile of Oxford Bibles.

by the Oxford Press, the Cambridge Press, and the Queen's Printers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. They hold it, however, only in the public interest, and if any man can print a Bible better or cheaper, or in any way benefit the public in this connection, the privilege will go to him. Some printers assume this, Mr. Baxter, for instance, who prints a polyglot Bible; and now and then a Scotch printer prints an edition by special privilege.

It is interesting to know that the Bible is ever being reduced in price and improved in quality. Certain sixpenny Bibles and penny Testaments are full evidence of this. The Oxford Press in the year ending March, 1896, published Bibles, parts of Bibles and prayerbooks numbering 2,906,977. In 1894-5 the number was 2,622,807.

All this and more, too much to be set down, from Mr. Hart. Then away to London, to Paternoster Row and Amen Corner, in the shadow of St. Paul's. Here is the Oxford Press publishing house, and here is Mr. Henry Frowde, whose name is on every

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Oxford Bible issued in the last twenty years. Mr. Frowde is a tall grave man, whose speech gives faint evidences of having been acquired north of the border. Like all the other men connected with Bibles, he combines a unique savour of his exalted business responsibilities with the shrewd worldly experience that is only learned in the marts of men.

You have depended upon Mr. Frowde for the statistical portion of your inquiry, which has an importance of its own. The output of Oxford Bibles averages 20,000

> The weekly shipment to America is five and a half tons, and is increasing, the Press having established its own agency in Fifth Avenue, New York. There are seventyone editions of the Oxford Bible, ranging

> > from mighty folios for pulpits to tiny little squares in

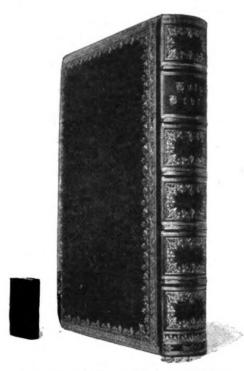
The Revised Version, though "brilliant." it has been fifteen years before the public, makes slow progress. The setting generation, even the rising generation, prefer the old version with the verses. You now remember that Dr. Wright mentioned the same fact in connection with the authorised version of 1611. It was forty years before it began to seriously displace its predecessor.

Mr. Frowde, as a publisher, is visibly proud of the fine art of his trade. special binding treatment, made necessary by the precious India paper, the sewing with silk, the new processes of handling, are all due to him. So also the treatment of the skin for covers, the special processes of stonerolling for bringing up the grain, all these he exhibits as Oxford specialities.

To suit their customers, the Press has done editions of Tennyson, Shakespeare, and other classics on India paper. They seem incredible. All of Tennyson, all of Shakespeare, in a little box of eight or five volumes, clearly printed, the thinnest, daintiest éditions de luxe that could be conceived. He says,

too, that a notable change in the last twenty years has been the great demand for the finest possible editions in Bibles and Testaments.

Mr. Frowde's statistics are most important. His own records as publisher only go back about twenty-five years. In that period, the



The Largest and the Smallest Oxford Bibles.

demand for the Bible, so far as can be measured by the Oxford Press, has about doubled, as the following figures illustrate:

Approximate figures of Oxford Bibles sold.

1875	 	500,000
1880	 	650,000
1885	 	700,000
1890	 	900,000
1895	 	1,000,000

Here are the totals of the Bibles, Testa-

ments, and bound portions of the Bible issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society from 1808 to 1896:

1808	 	31,157
1818	 	272,101
1828	 	430,895
1838	 	594,398
1848	 	1,124,067
1858	 	1,602,187
1868	 	2,400,776
1878	 	2,943,597
1883	 	2,964,636
1896	 	3,970,439

There is a break in the regularity of the increase, the excess being due to the penny Testament which was issued in July, 1884. This carried the figures above four millions in 1885, 1886, 1888, and 1893. People bought the penny Testaments by dozens and hundreds, and gave them away in hundreds and thousands broadcast. There have been issued of the penny Testament, from 1884 to 1896, 5,956,958 copies, and the Society's total Bible issue since 1804 is 147,366,669.

Thus it is that the Bible, 1900 years after Christ, is moving ever onward, reaching out farther and faster to the unknowing men of the unknown lands. However it may be regarded by faith, this book must be accepted by fact as one of the great natural terrestrial forces. The vanity of professed believers, the jealousy of sects, the intolerance of churches, do not appear to have affected it. In the light of history these seem more like the vagaries of sea-gulls on the surface of a great tide which obeys no law of earth, but follows only the invisible beck of its unseen moon!



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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

## AL Mocloree

" "O, Bright Love of my Heart."

You are tall and you are fair, Like a willow tree. You have locks of sun-lit hair, Wonderful to see. 'Twixt your kerchief's fold of blue, Just a gleam of white peeps thro', Like the moon when risen new, Aghra gal mochree.

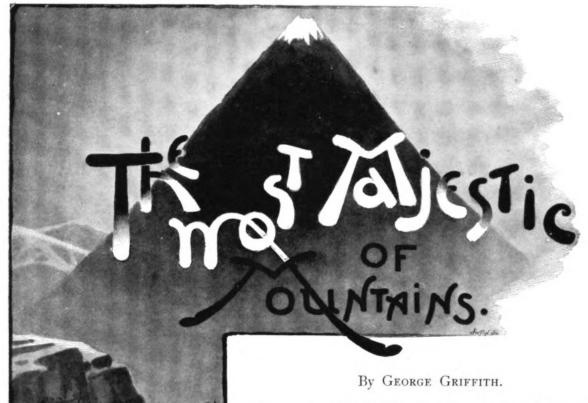
II.

Cherries ripen on each cheek-Sorely tempting me! Birds cease singing when you speak. 'Tis their jealousy. Down the hill I watch you trip, With your milk-pail on your hip, Never fearing fall or slip For my Leanhaunshe [Fairy mistress.] III.

You are sweet in every part, Sweeter none could be. Love lies laughing in your heart, Mine aches secretly. Modesty combines with grace In your bright unclouded face, Shame and sorrow have no place, Aghra gal mochree.

G. D. LYNCH.





THERE is nothing like the close contemplation of a big mountain—a really big one, not a trifling excrescence of four or five thousand feet—to bring a man to a proper sense of the perspective relationship between himself and the world he lives in. There is nothing, in a word, that will bring the thermometer of his self-conceit down with such a sudden run, especially when he sees a veritable giant for the first time from a near and advantageous point of view.

A dweller in cities, who has never stood face to face with the unrobed majesty of Nature, is prone to think himself, even in a physical sense, a very considerable item in the economy of mundane things, but bring him suddenly within fair view of such a mountain as EI Misti, seen from the verandah of the Observatory at Arequipa, and straightway into his soul, if, peradventure, he has one, there will rush such a sense of his utter littleness, that he will begin to wonder why the same Creator, who could make a thing so mighty and so marvellous, should have taken the trouble to create such an insignificant atom as himself.

Nothing hides or takes from the austere majesty of El Misti's splendid nakedness. Before you is a deep, wide

valley; beyond that a rugged, slightly sloping plain, and from this his mighty bulk rears itself, bounded by two long, straight lines which meet in a gleaming point of snow, dazzling white against the blue beyond, more than twelve thousand feet aloft.

Between the lines, there is nothing but great, gaunt precipices of bare rock, and vast, smooth fields of black, volcanic sand. No forests cluster round his base, and neither ridge nor valley breaks the contour of his sombre symmetry. Sheer up from the earth to the sky he towers in

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naked, unflawed majesty, perhaps the most perfect example of the pure volcanic cone in the world.

It takes two days to make the ascent from Arequipa, which itself stands nearly 8000 feet above sea level. I had the privilege of the conduct and company of one of the assistant astronomers of the observatory, whose duty it was to take the readings of the instruments at the different stations that have been established between the observatory and the summit.

As this gentleman was that day making his forty-sixth ascent, he naturally didn't think so much of it as I did. As for me, there was something in the vast black bulk of the mountain so near to me, as my mule crawled mile after mile and hour after hour round his base, which seemed to stupefy me with an utterly overwhelming sense of the sheer majesty of Size and Shape in concrete form.

I could not think, I could not even admire save in a dim, dazed sort of fashion. My eyes mechanically followed the long straight lines, and wandered over the vast black, smooth slopes, but that was all. My mule could have done as much, and I, just then, could do no more. I was mentally paralysed. I learnt the reason of this later on. It was all in the point of view. While you are climbing a mountain it is your master. When you have got to the top you have conquered it.

The first day's work consisted of a slow and weary ride of thirty miles over villainously rough tracks and wildernesses of black burning sand under a sun which from year's end to year's end is seldom or never dimmed by a cloud.

At twelve thousand feet, on the old Puno Road, my companion took his first readings; our beasts were taken to water, and we made a late and light lunch of sandwiches and the red wine of Moquegua—it is well to be modest in eating and drinking when you are going nearer than usual to the stars, lest the terrible mountain-sickness takes you and you find reason to wish that you had died somewhere lower down.

From here the real climb began, and there was four thousand feet of it to do before supper and sleep. It was here, too, that the journey ceased to be merely wearisome, and became Digitized by

toilsome—between which there is, perhaps, even more difference than there is distinction. Every few hundred yards of the winding way it was necessary to climb down and lead the mule over ticklish places or round the corners of rock-spurs which even a South-American mule could not be safely expected to negotiate with a load on her back.

A very little of this sort of work goes a very long way with the average man, and, the higher we got the more often I sat down to get my breath, and ask the mule what she thought of it. This is not a confession of weakness. It is only a way of stating the fact that, when you are between fifteen and sixteen thousand feet above the sea, there is a good deal more hard labour in scrambling twenty yards over rocks and loose stones and sand, than there is in running a couple of hundred yards at full speed at a normal elevation.

I have bound corn-sheaves after a reaping machine from dawn to dusk of a blazing Australian day, but I don't think I ever put as much hard labour into six hours as I did in climbing that four thousand feet—with the assistance of the mule. Without it, I might have taken the rest of the mountain for granted, and, like some other mountaineers, just gone back and talked about it.

Thanks to the mule, whose portrait I think it only proper to introduce here, I was not more

than three hundred yards behind the astronomer when he and José reached the door of the roughly built but just then most homely-looking hut



The mountain mule.

—half stable, half living and sleeping room —which stands on the eastern slope of the mountain, just sixteen thousand feet above the Pacific coast, which lies over a hundred miles to the westward. Our thirty-mile ride had thus brought us half-way round the bulk of El Misti, and eight thousand five hundred feet neare to the stars.

So far, I freely admit, I had been too busy attending to my breathing and other pressing physical concerns to pay much heed to the marvels which had all the time been multiplying about, or, rather, beneath me. But when I was able to sit down on a big stone by the door of the hut, and accumulate a sufficient reserve of wind to keep a pipe going, I looked about, and—no, I have honestly tried to translate the unearthly beauty of that nightfall into something like adequate verbal description, and I have failed. There are times when Nature reveals herself, but does not permit herself to be described, and this was one of them.

I am not in the least ashamed to say this. Byron tried to describe Mont Blanc, and failed. Who am I, that—sitting a few hundred feet higher than the utmost peak of the Alps, with that black cone towering four thousand feet above me, and with the unscaled heights of Charchani and Pichu-Pichu rearing

their snowy crests five thousand feet higher on either side of me, and with range upon range before me rolling away into the dim twilight distance, and breaking here and there into foamcrests of snow and ice-I should try to precipitate all those visual miracles in the poor little testtube of printed speech?

That night I ate and slept higher than I had ever done before, and I did both well. No other machine has such a marvellous faculty of adaptation as the human system. A couple of months before I had slept in a bed whose four legs stood fourteen thousand feet above sea level, and my sleep was like a vivid dream of Purgatory.

This night, after a good supper of tinned beef, bread, and cocoa as hot as the diminished atmospheric pressure would let us get it, I lit a pipe and went outside to look at the

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stars, hanging so low down in the firmament that it seemed as though I could see behind them, and then I crept into my sleeping-bag and slept. That is to say, I shut my eyes, drew one long, satisfying sort of breath, and woke, hearing the astronomer telling me that it was morning.

I wriggled reluctantly out of the bag, pulled on my long, Norwegian, reindeer-skin boots, and wrapped a thick poncho round me—one

> puts off the early morning wash at sixteen thousand feet, and 4.30 a.m. and went out

> > To me it looked like s u c h a morning as Adam might have seen from the top of a hill in Paradise. In the mingling of the growing light and the waning darkness the



The half-way hut.

world below loomed up, not quite without form and void, but like an infant Cosmos new-born from the womb of chaos. Above, the low-hanging stars were fading from gold to silver, and far away to the east the horizon was brightening from silver into gold.

Twenty-five miles away towards the sunrise Urbinas, the satellite and safety-

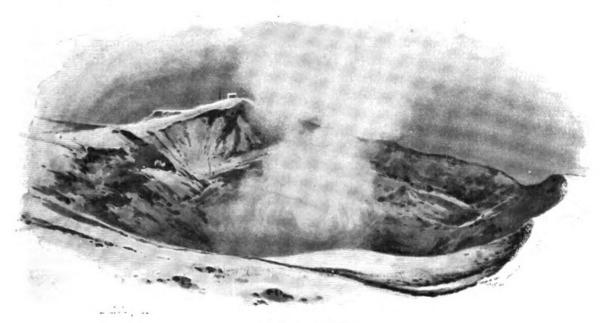
valve of El Misti, stood, seeming to support a vast aerial island of level-hanging smoke whose upper surface I could just see across, and over this the coming sunbeams streamed, changing it from black and brown to gold and rosy red, and then—it doesn't take long for the sun to rise in seventeen south of the Line—the sunbeams leapt from peak to peak and range to range of the snow and ice-crowned Cordilleras, the nether world rose in a moment out of darkness into day, and then the astronomer called me in to breakfast.

It took, if I remember rightly, five hours Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY for the laborious, all-enduring mules to make their winding way up the other three thousand three hundred feet—to be quite accurate—to the top of the crater wall.

Here in the midst of the broad snow-field which had looked such a tiny little white patch from the city, we dismounted. The astronomer took the readings of the most elevated set of meteorological instruments in the world\*—all I gathered from the process was the fact that the barometer marked somewhere about fourteen inches, and that, therefore, about half the earth's atmosphere, measured by weight, lay below us — and then we had lunch, and after that I joined

which the eye wanders until, like a traveller along an endless road, it is wearied out and daunted by an infinitude of distance; and, if you can do this, you will see more than I can make you see through the medium of many pages of necessarily inadequate description. If it be true that words were given to man to conceal his thoughts, it is also true that there are times when he can find no words to express them without doing them violence.

It was now that I found that the sense of the paralytic mental depression that had afflicted me on the way up was merely due to relative position. Comparatively speaking, I was something very much less than a fly, but



The Crater of El Misti.

El Misti, who was also smoking, in a pipe. If I ever eat a more elevated meal, or blow a more supra-mundane cloud than that, it will be in another world, which, in more senses than one, is, I fear, a trifle problematical.

The view? No! Once more I must confess that I am not equal to the task. Imagine yourself perched on the top of a craterwall nineteen thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea, in an absolutely cloudless and transparent atmosphere, through

I was on the top of the wheel now, and that was everything. Dejection gave place to exhilaration as my eyes ranged hither and thither over the boundless expanse of earth and ocean which lay round and beneath me.

There seemed to be nothing else in the world quite as high as I was, though, as a matter of fact, both Charchani and Pichu-Pichu are some hundreds of feet higher than El Misti. The mountains over which the train had toiled on its way from the coast, looked like little ridges and furrows scored on the surface of a vast plain.

Arequipa, the Pompeii of South America, looked through the crystal atmosphere exactly like a town marked in white in the middle of

<sup>\*</sup> The whole of these instruments were stolen a few years ago. The priests taught the Indians that they were used for unholy purposes, and would make El Misti erupt, and cause another earthquake. The Indians took the hint, and the apparatus vanished.

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a green patch on a brown map. I could see every street and square and bridge distinctly, but it was nearly twenty-five miles away, and so they looked small, as, indeed, everything else in the world did, seen from that tremendous elevation.

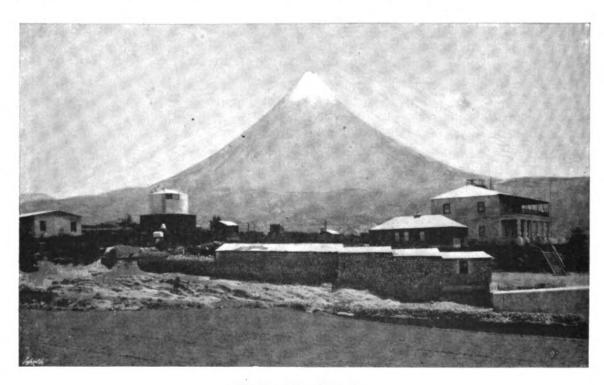
On the way up, I had seen what looked like a white, almost diaphanous, cloud over-hanging the cone. From the top of the wall I could see the cause of it. El Misti has two craters, an old and a new, and the new is within the old.

Every now and then from his mighty throat, down which you could look between the sulphur-streaked rocks into a fearful chasm eight hundred feet deep, there came a puff of yellow-brown vapour which, as it rose into the sunlight, changed to snowy whiteness. The Titan's pipe is still alight, and for over thirty years now he has puffed away peacefully, only giving himself a little shake two or three times a year to show that he is alive.

Meanwhile Urbinas, the safety-valve of that region of the Continent, is fulfilling his functions admirably. But if ever anything goes wrong with his satellite, El Misti will awake in his wrath and Arequipa will be numbered among the cities that were and are not. The inhabitants are apparently looking forward to this, for they keep the place pretty much as the last earthquake left it. They cleared away the stones which fell down, but they left the rest as they were, even on the splendid arches of the cathedral front. Their genius is a waiting one, and they take no trouble save in politics and revolutions.

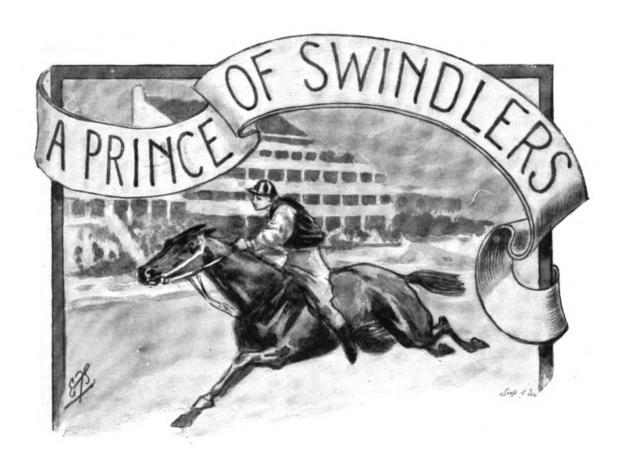
There is the usual legend as to a vast Inca treasure buried in the old crater of El Misti. I have used the idea in fiction already and so those to whom the suggestion may seem promising are hereby requested to apply elsewhere. But whether this be romance or not, there certainly are remains of human habitations under the snow on the floor of the old crater.

It was a strange place for anyone to make his home in. It may have been the abode of the guardians of the treasure or a place of banishment, in which case it was well chosen; or, again, it may be that the Harvard University is not the first learned body that has used El Misti for scientific purposes, and that in the days that are forgotten men read the stars from that lonely erie as they did from the mountains made with hands in the Land between the Waters.



The Observatory at Arequipa.

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No. II.—HOW SIMON CARNE WON THE DERBY.

BY GUY BOOTHEY.

It was seven o'clock on one of the brightest mornings of all that year. The scene was Waterloo Station, where the Earl of Amberley, Lord Orpington, and the Marquis of Laverstock were pacing up and down the main line departure platform, gazing anxiously about them. It was evident from the way they scrutinised every person who approached them, that they were on the look out for someone. This someone ultimately proved to be Simon Carne, who, when he appeared, greeted them with considerable cordiality, at the same time apologising for his lateness in joining them.

"I think this must be our train," he said, pointing to the carriages drawn up beside the platform on which they stood. "At any rate here is my man. By dint of study he has turned himself into a sort of walking Bradshaw, and he will certainly be able to inform us."

The inimitable Belton deferentially in-

sinuated that his master was right in his conjecture, and then led the way towards a Pullman car which had been attached to the train for the convenience of Carne and his guests. They took their seats, and a few moments later the train moved slowly out of the station. Carne was in the best of spirits, and the fact that he was taking his friends down to the stables of his trainer, William Bent, in order that they might witness a trial of his candidate for the Derby seemed to give him the greatest possible pleasure.

On reaching Merford the little wayside station nearest the village in which the training stables were situated, they discovered a comfortable four - wheeled conveyance drawn up to receive them. The driver touched his hat, and stated that his master was awaiting them on the Downs; as proved to be the case, for when they left the high road and turned on to the soft turf they saw before them a string of thoroughbreds, and

Digitize Copyright, :897, by Guy Boothby, in the United States of America,

the trainer himself mounted upon his well-known white pony, Columbine.

"Good morning, Bent," said Carne, as the latter rode up and lifted his hat to himself and friends. "You see we have kept our promise, and are here to witness the trial you said you had arranged for us."

"I am glad to see you, sir," Bent replied. "And I only hope that what I am about to show you will prove of service to you. The horse is as fit as mortal hands can make him, and if he don't do his best for you next week there will be one person surprised in England, and that one will be myself. As you know, sir, the only horse I dread is Vulcanite, and the fact cannot be denied that he's a real clinker."

"Well," said Carne, "when we have seen our animal gallop we shall know better how much trust we are to place in him. For my own part I'm not afraid. Vulcanite, as you say, is a good horse, but, if I'm not mistaken, Knight of Malta is a better. Surely this is he coming towards us."

"That's him," said the trainer, with a fine disregard for grammar. "There's no mistaking him, is there? And now, if you'd care to stroll across we'll see them saddle."

The party accordingly descended from the carriage, and walked across the turf to the spot where the four thoroughbreds were being divested of their sheets. They made a pretty group; but even the most inexperienced critic could scarcely have failed to pick out Knight of Malta as the best among them. He was a tall, shapely bay, with black points, a trifle light of flesh perhaps, but with clean, flat legs, and low, greyhound-like thighs, sure evidence of the enormous propelling power he was known to possess. His head was perfection itself, though a wee bit too lop-Taken altogether, he eared if anything. looked, what he was, thoroughbred every inch The others of the party were Gasometer, Hydrogen, and Young Romeo, the last named being the particular trial horse of the party. It was a favourite boast of the trainer that the last named was so reliable in his habits, his condition, and his pace, that you would not be far wrong if you were to set your watch by him.

"By the way, Bent," said Carne, as the

boys were lifted into their saddles, "what weights are the horses carrying?"

"Well, sir, Young Romeo carries 8st. 9lb.; Gasometer, 7st. 8lb.; Hydrogen, 7st. 1lb.; and the Knight, 9st. 11lb. The distance will be the Epsom course, one mile and a half, and the best horse to win. Now, sir, if you're ready we'll get to work."

He turned to the lad who was to ride Hydrogen.

"Once you are off you will make the running, and bring them along at your best pace to the dip, where Gasometer will, if possible, take it up. After that I leave it to you other boys to make the best race of it you can. You, Blunt," calling up his head lad, "go down with them to the post, and get them off to as good a start as possible."

The horses departed, and Simon Carne and his friends accompanied the trainer to a spot where they would see the finish to the best advantage. Five minutes later an ejaculation from Lord Orpington told them that the horses had started. Each man accordingly clapped his glasses to his eyes, and watched the race before them. Faithful to his instructions, the lad on Hydrogen came straight to the front, and led them a cracker until they descended into the slight dip which marked the end of the first half mile.

Then he retired to the rear, hopelessly done for, and Gasometer took up the running, with Knight of Malta close alongside him, and Young Romeo only half a length away. As they passed the mile post Young Romeo shot to the front, but it soon became evident he had not come to stay. Good horse as he was, there was a better catching him hand over fist. The pace was all that could be desired, and when Knight of Malta swept past the group, winner of the trial by more than his own length, the congratulations Simon Carne received were as cordial as he could possibly desire.

"What did I tell you, sir?" said Bent, with a smile of satisfaction upon his face. "You see what a good horse he is. There's no mistake about that."

"Well, let us hope he will do as well a week hence," Carne replied simply, as he replaced his glasses in their case.

"Amen to that," remarked Lord Orpington.

"And now, gentlemen," said the trainer, "if you will allow me, I will drive you over to my place to breakfast."

They took their places in the carriage once more, and, Bent having taken the reins, in a few moments they were bowling along the high road towards a neat modern residence standing on a slight eminence on the edge of the Downs. This was the trainer's own place of abode, the stables containing his

left his guests in the big yard to the enjoyment of their cigars, while he accompanied his trainer into the house for a few moments' chat.

"And now sit down, sir," said Bent, when they reached his own sanctum, a cosy apartment, half sitting-room and half office, bearing upon its walls innumerable mementoes of circumstances connected with the owner's lengthy turf experiences. "I hope



"I should like to hear exactly what you think about the race itself."

many precious charges lying a hundred yards or so to the rear.

They were received on the threshold by the trainer's wife, who welcomed them most heartily to Merford. The keen air of the Downs had sharpened their appetites, and when they sat down to table they found they were able to do full justice to the excellent fare provided for them. The meal at an end, they inspected the stables once more, carefully examining the Derby candidate, who seemed none the worse for his morning's exertion, and then Carne

you are satisfied with what you saw this morning?"

"Perfectly satisfied," said Carne, "but I should like to hear exactly what you think about the race itself."

"Well, sir, as you may imagine, I have been thinking a good deal about it lately, and this is the conclusion I have come to. If this were an ordinary year, I should say that we possess out and away the best horse in the race; but we must remember that this is not by any means an ordinary year—there's Vulcanite, who they tell me is in the very pink

of condition, and who has beaten our horse each time they have met; there's The Mandarin, who won the Two Thousand this week, and who will be certain to come into greater favour as the time shortens, and The Filibuster, who won the Biennial Stakes at the Craven Meeting, a nice enough horse, though I must say I don't fancy him over much myself."

"I take it then that the only horse you really fear is Vulcanite."

"That's so, sir. If he were not in the list, I should feel as certain of seeing you leading your horse back a winner as any man could well be."

On looking at his watch Carne discovered that it was time for him to rejoin his friends and be off to the railway station if they desired to catch the train which they had arranged should convey them back to town. So bidding the trainer and his wife good-bye, they took their places in the carriage once more, and were driven away.

Arriving at Waterloo, they drove to Lord Orpington's club to lunch.

"Do you know you're a very lucky fellow, Carne?" said the Earl of Amberley as they stood on the steps of that institution afterwards, before separating in pursuit of the pleasures of the afternoon. "You have health, wealth, fame, good looks, one of the finest houses in London, and now one of the prospective winners of the Derby. In fact, you only want one thing to make your existence perfect."

"And what is that?" asked Carne.

"A wife," replied Lord Amberley. "I wonder the girls have let you escape so long."

"I am not a marrying man," said Carne; "how could a fellow like myself, who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, expect any woman to link her lot with his? Do you remember our first meeting?"

"Perfectly," replied Lord Amberley. "When I close my eyes I can see that beautiful marble palace, set in its frame of blue water, as plainly as if it were but yesterday I breakfasted with you there."

"That was a very fortunate morning for me," said the other. "And now here is my cab. I must be off. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," cried his friends, as he went

down the steps and entered the vehicle "Don't forget to let us know if anything further turns up."

"I will be sure to do so," said Simon Carne, and then, as he laid himself back on the soft cushions and was driven by way of Waterloo Place to Piccadilly, he added to himself, "yes, if I can bring off the little scheme I have in my mind, and one or two others which I am preparing, and can manage to get out of England without anyone suspecting that I am the burglar who has outwitted all London, I shall have good cause to say that was a very fortunate day for me when I first met his lordship."

That evening he dined alone. He seemed pre-occupied, and it was evident that he was disappointed about something. Several times on hearing noises in the street outside he questioned his servants as to the cause. At last, however, when Ram Gafur entered the room carrying a telegram upon a salver, his feelings found vent in a sigh of satisfaction. With eager fingers he broke open the envelope, withdrew the contents, and read the message it contained:

"Seven Stars music hall—Whitechapel Road. Ten o'clock."

There was no signature, but that fact did not seem to trouble him very much. He placed it in his pocket book, and afterwards continued his meal in better spirits. When the servants had left the room he poured himself out a glass of port, and taking a pencil proceeded to make certain calculations upon the back of an envelope. For nearly ten minutes he occupied himself in this way, then he tore the paper into tiny pieces, replaced his pencil in his pocket, and sipped his wine with a satisfaction that was the outcome of perfected arrangements.

"The public excitement," he said to himself, not without a small touch of pride, "has as yet scarcely cooled down from the robbery of the famous Wiltshire jewels. Lord Orpington has not as yet discovered the whereabouts of the gold and silver plate which disappeared from his house so mysteriously a week or two ago, while several other people have done their best to catch a gang of burglars who would seem to have set all London at defiance. But if I

bring off this new *coup*, they'll forget all their grievances in consideration of this latest and greatest scandal. There'll be scarcely a man in England who won't have something to say

upon the subject. By the way, let me see how he stands in the betting to-night."

He took a paper from the table in the window, and glanced down the sporting column. Vulcanite was evidently the public's choice, Knight of Malta being only second favourite, with The Mandarin a strong third.

"What a hubbub there will be when it becomes known," said Carne, as he placed the paper on the table again. "I shall have to take especial care, or some of the storm may blow back on me. I fancy I can hear the newsboys shouting: 'Latest news of the turf scandal. The Derby favourite stolen. Vulcanite missing. An attempt made to get at Knight of Malta.' Why! It will be twenty years before old England will forget the sensation I am about to give her."

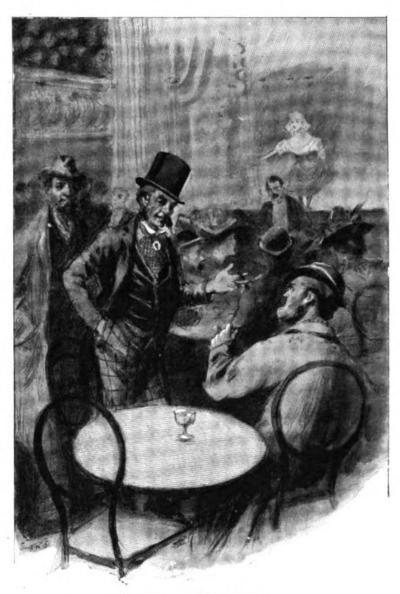
With a grim chuckle at the idea, he went upstairs to his dressing-room and locked the door. It must have been well after nine o'clock when he emerged again, and, clad in a long ulster, left the house in his private hansom. Passing down Park Lane he drove

along Piccadilly, then by way of the Haymarket, Strand, Ludgate Hill, and Fenchurch Street to the Whitechapel Road. Reaching the corner of Leman Street, he signailed to his man to stop, and jumped out.

His appearance was now entirely changed. Instead of the deformed, scholar-like figure he usually presented, he now resembled a common-place, farmerish individual, with iron grey hair, a somewhat crafty face, ornamented with bushy eyebrows and a quantity of fluffy whiskers. How he had managed it as he

drove along goodness only knows, but that he had effected the change was certain.

Having watched his cab drive away, he strolled along the street until he arrived at a



A cadaverous-looking individual.

building, the flaring lights of which proclaimed it the Seven Stars Music Hall. He paid his money at the box office, and then walked inside to find a fair-sized building, upon the floor of which were placed possibly a hundred small tables. On the stage at the further end a young lady, boasting a minimum of clothing and a maximum of selfassurance, was explaining, to the dashing accompaniment of the orchestra, the adventures she had experienced "When Billy and me was courting,"

Acting up to his appearance, Carne called for a "two of Scotch cold," and, having lit a meerschaum pipe which he took from his waistcoat pocket, prepared to make himself at home. As ten o'clock struck he turned his chair a little, in order that he might have a better view of the door, and waited.

Five minutes must have elapsed before his patience was rewarded. Then two men came in together, and immediately he saw them he turned his face in an opposite direction, and seemed to be taking an absorbing interest in what was happening upon the stage.

One of the men who had entered, and whom he had seemed to recognise—a cadaverous-looking individual in a suit of clothes a size too small for him, a velvet waistcoat at least three sizes too large, a check tie, in which was stuck an enormous horseshoe pin composed of palpably imitation diamonds, boasting no shirt as far as could be seen, and wearing upon his head a top hat of a shape that had been fashionable in the early sixties—stopped, and placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Blenkins, or I'm a d'isy," he said. "Well, who'd ha' thought of seeing you here of all places? Why, it was only this afternoon as me and my friend, Mr. Brown here, was a-speaking of you. To think as how you should ha' come up to London just this wery time, and be at the Seven Stars Music 'all, of all other plaices! It's like what the noospapers call a go-insidence, drat me if it ain't. 'Ow are yer, old pal?"

He extended his hand, which Mr. Blenkins took, and shook with considerable cordiality. After that, Mr. Brown, who from outward appearances was by far the most respectable of the trio, was introduced in the capacity of a gentleman from America, a citizenship that became more apparent when he opened his mouth to speak.

"And what was 'ee speaking of I about?" asked Mr. Blenkins, when the trio were comfortably seated at table.

This the diffident Mr. Jones, for by that commonplace appellative the seedy gentleman with the magnificent diamonds chose to be called, declined to state. It would appear that he was willing to discuss the news of the day, the price of forage, the prospects of war,

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the programme proceeding upon the stage, in fact, anything rather than declare the subject of his conversation with Mr. Brown that afternoon.

It was not until Mr. Brown happened to ask Mr. Blenkins what horse he fancied for the Derby that Mr. Jones in any degree recovered his self-possession. Then an animated discussion on the forthcoming race was entered upon. How long it would have lasted had not Mr. Jones presently declared that the music of the orchestra was too much for him, I cannot say.

Thereupon Mr. Brown suggested that they should leave the Hall and proceed to a place of which he knew in a neighbouring street. This they accordingly did, and when they were safely installed in a small room off the bar, Mr. Jones, having made certain that there was no one near enough to overhear, unlocked his powers of conversation with whisky and water, and proceeded to speak his mind.

For upwards of an hour they remained closeted in the room together, conversing in an undertone. Then the meeting broke up, Mr. Blenkins bidding his friends "goodnight" before they left the house.

From the outward appearances of the party, if in these days of seedy millionaires and overdressed bankrupts one may venture to judge by them, he would have been a speculative individual who would have given a five pound note for the worldly wealth of the trio. Yet, had you taken so much trouble, you might have followed Mr. Blenkins and have seen him picked up by a smart private hansom at the corner of Leman Street. You might then have gone back to the "Hen and Feathers," and have followed Mr. Brown as far as Osborn Street, and have seen him enter a 'neat brougham, which was evidently his own private property. Another hansom, also a private one, met Mr. Jones in the same thoroughfare, and an hour later two of the number were in Park Lane, while the third was discussing a bottle of Heidseck in a gorgeous private sitting-room on the second floor of the Langham Hotel.

As he entered his dressing-room on his return to Porchester House, Simon Carne glanced at his watch. It was exactly twelve o'clock.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY "I hope Belton will not be long," he said to himself. "Give him a quarter of an hour to rid himself of the other fellow, and say half-an-hour to get home. In that case he should be here within the next few minutes."

The thought had scarcely passed through his brain before there was a deferential knock at the door, and next moment Belton, clad in a long great coat, entered the room.

"You're back sooner than I expected," said Carne. "You could not have stayed very long with our friend?"

"I left him soon after you did, sir," said Belton. "He was in a hurry to get home, and as there was nothing more to settle I did not attempt to prevent him. I trust you are satisfied, sir, with the result of our adventure."

"Perfectly satisfied," said Carne. "Tomorrow I'll make sure that he's good for the money, and then we'll get to work. In the meantime you had better see about a van and the furniture of which I spoke to you, and also engage a man whom you can rely upon.

"But what about Merford, sir, and the attempt upon Knight of Malta?"

"I'll see about that on Monday. I have promised Bent to spend the night there."

"You'll excuse my saying so, sir, I hope," said Belton, as he poured out his master's hot water and laid his dressing-gown upon the back of a chair, ready for him to put on, "but it's a terrible risky business. If we don't bring it off, there'll be such a noise in England as has never been heard before. You might murder the Prime Minister, I believe, and it wouldn't count for so much with the people generally as an attempt to steal the Derby favourite."

"But we shall not fail," said Carne confidently. "By this time you ought to know me better than to suppose that. No, no, never fear, Belton; I've got all my plans cut and dried, and even if we fail to get possession of Vulcanite, the odds are a thousand to one against our being suspected of any complicity in the matter. Now you can go to bed. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," said Belton respectfully, and left the room.

It was one of Simon Carne's peculiarities always to fulfil his engagements in spite of any inconvenience they might cause himself.

Accordingly the four o'clock train from Waterloo, on the Monday following the meeting at the Music Hall just narrated, carried him to Merford in pursuance of the promise he had given his trainer.

Reaching the little wayside station on the edge of the Downs, he alighted, to find himself welcomed by his trainer, who lifted his hat respectfully, and wished him good afternoon.

During the drive, Carne spoke of the impending race, and among other things of a letter he had that morning received, warning him of an attempt that would probably be made to obtain possession of his horse. The trainer laughed good humouredly.

"Bless you, sir," he said, "that's nothing. You should just see some of the letters I've got pasted into my scrap book. Most of 'em comes a week or fortnight before a big race. Some of 'em warns me that if I don't prevent the horse from starting, I'm as good as a dead man; others ask me what price I will take to let him finish outside the first three; while more still tell me that if I don't put 'im out of the way altogether, I'll find my house and my wife and family flying up to the clouds under a full charge of dynamite within three days of the race being run. Don't you pay any attention to the letters you receive. I'll look after the horse, and you may be very sure I'll take good care that nothing happens to him."

"I know that, of course," said Carne, "but I thought I'd tell you. You see, I'm only a novice at racing, and perhaps I place more importance just now upon a threat of that kind than I shall do a couple of years hence."

"Of course," replied the trainer. "I understand exactly how you feel, sir. It's quite natural. And now here we are, with the missis standing on the steps to help me give you a hearty welcome."

They drove up to the door, and when Carne had alighted he was received by the trainer's wife as her lord and master had predicted. His bedroom he discovered, on being conducted to it to prepare for dinner, was at the back of the house, overlooking the stableyard, and possessed a lovely view, extending across the gardens and village towards where the Downs ended and the woods of Herberford began.

"A pretty room," he said to Belton, as the

latter laid out his things upon the bed, "and very convenient for our purpose. Have you discovered where you are located?"

" Next door, sir."

"I am glad of that; and what room is beneath us?"

"The kitchen and pantry, sir. With the

exception of one at the top of the house, there are no other bedrooms on this side."

"That is excellent news. Now get me ready as soon as you can."

During dinner that evening Simon Carne made himself as pleasant as possible to his host and hostess. So affable. indeed, was he that when they retired to rest they confessed to each other that they had never entertained a more charming guest. It was arranged that he should be called at five o'clock on the morning following, in order that he might accompany the trainer to the downs to see his horse at his exercise.

It was close upon eleven o'clock when he dismissed his valet and threw himself upon his bed with a novel. For upwards of two

hours he amused himself with his book; then he rose and dressed himself in the rough suit which his man had put out for him. Having done so, he took a strong rope ladder from his bag, blew out his light, and opened his window. To attach the hooks at the end of the ropes to the inside of the window sill,

and to throw the rest outside was the work of a moment. Then, having ascertained that his door was securely locked, he crawled out and descended to the ground. Once there, he waited until he saw Belton's light disappear, and heard his window softly open. Next moment a small black bag

> was lowered, and following it, by means of another ladder, came the servant himself.

"There is no time to be lost," said Carne as soon as they were together. "You must set to work on the big gates, while I do the other business. The men are all asleep; nevertheless, be careful that you make no noise."

Having given his instructions, he left his servant and made his way across the vard towards the box where Knight of Malta was confined. When he reached it he unfastened the bag he had brought with him, and took from it a brace and a peculiar shaped bit, resembling a large pair of compasses. Uniting these, he oiled the points and applied them to the door, a little above the lock. What he desired to



He crawled out and descended to the ground.

do did not occupy him for more than a minute.

Then he went quietly along the yard to the further boundary, where he had that afternoon noticed a short ladder. By means of this he mounted to the top of the wall, then lifted it up after him and lowered it on the

other side, still without making any noise. Instead of dismounting by it, however, he seated himself for a moment astride of it, while he drew on a pair of clumsy boots he had brought with him, suspended round his neck. Then, having chosen his place, he jumped. His weight caused him to leave a good mark on the soft ground on the other side.

He then walked heavily for perhaps fifty yards until he reached the high road. Here he divested himself of the boots, put on his list slippers once more, and returned as speedily as possible to the ladder, which he mounted and drew up after him. Having descended on the other side, he left it standing against the wall, and hastened across the yard towards the gates, where he found Belton just finishing the work he had set him to do.

With the aid of a brace and bit similar to that used by Carne upon the stable door, the lock had been entirely removed and the gate stood open. Belton was evidently satisfied with his work; Carne, however, was not so pleased. He picked up the circle of wood and showed it to his servant. Then, taking the bit, he inserted the screw on the reverse side and gave it two or three turns.

"You might have ruined everything," he whispered, "by omitting that. The first carpenter who looked at it would be able to tell that the work was done from the inside. But, thank goodness, I know a trick that will set that right. Now then, give me the pads, and I'll drop them by the door. Then we can return to our rooms."

Four large blanket pads were handed to him, and he went quietly across and dropped them by the stable door. After that he rejoined Belton, and they made their way, with the assistance of the ladders, back to their own rooms once more.

Half-an-hour later Carne was wrapped in a sweet slumber, from which he did not wake until he was aroused by a tapping at his chamber door. It was the trainer.

"Mr. Carne," cried Bent, in what were plainly agitated tones, "if you could make it convenient I should be glad to speak to you as soon as possible."

In something under twenty minutes he was

dressed antl downstairs. He found the trainer awaiting him in the hall, wearing a very serious face.

"If you will stroll with me as far as the yard, I should like to show you something," he said.

Carne accordingly took up his hat and followed him out of the house.

"You look unusually serious," said the latter, as they crossed the garden.

"An attempt has been made to get possession of your horse."

Carne stopped short in his walk and faced the other.

"What did I tell you yesterday?" he remarked. "I was certain that that letter was more than an idle warning. But how do you know that an attempt has been made?"

"Come, sir, and see for yourself," said Bent. "I am sorry to say there is no gainsaying the fact."

A moment later they had reached the entrance to the stableyard.

"See, sir," said Bent, pointing to a circular hole which now existed where previously the lock had been. "The rascals cut out the lock, and thus gained an entry to the yard."

He picked up the round piece of wood with the lock still attached to it, and showed it to his employer.

"One thing is very certain, the man who cut this hole is a master of his trade, and is also the possessor of fine implements."

"So it would appear," said Carne grimly.
"Now, what else is there for me to hear? Is the horse much hurt?"

"Not a bit the worse, sir," answered Bent. "They didn't get in at him, you see. Something must have frightened them before they could complete their task. Step this way, sir, if you please, and examine the door of the box for yourself. I have given strict orders that nothing shall be touched until you have seen it."

They crossed the yard together, and approached the box in question. On the woodwork the commencement of a circle similar to that which had been completed on the yard gates could be plainly distinguished, while on the ground below lay four curious shaped pads, one of which Carne picked up.

"What on earth are these things?" he asked innocently enough.

"Their use is easily explained, sir," answered the trainer. "They are intended for tying over the horse's feet, so that when he is led out of his box his plates may make I'd like to have no noise upon the stones. been behind em with a whip when they got him out, that's all. The double-dyed rascals to try such a trick upon a horse in my charge."

"I can understand your indignation," said "It seems to me we have had a Carne. narrow escape."

"Narrow escape, or no narrow escape, I'd have had 'em safely locked up in Merford Police Station by this time," replied Bent vindictively. "And now, sir, let me show As far as I can see you how they got out. they must have imagined they heard somebody coming from the house, otherwise they would have left by the gates instead of by this ladder."

He pointed to the ladder which was still standing where Carne had placed it, and then led him by a side door round to the other Here he pointed to some side of the wall. heavy footmarks upon the turf. Carne examined them closely.

" If the size of his foot is any criterion of his build," he said, "he must have been a precious big fellow. Let me see how mine compares with it."

He placed his neat shoe in one of the imprints before him, and smiled as he noticed how the other overlapped it.

They then made their way to the box, where they found the animal at his breakfast. He lifted his head and glanced round at them, bit at the iron of the manger, and then gave a little playful kick with one of his hind legs.

"He doesn't seem any the worse for his adventure," said Carne, as the trainer went up to him and ran his hand over his legs.

"Not a bit," answered the other. a wonderfully even-tempered horse, and it takes a lot to put him out. If his nerves had been at all upset he wouldn't have licked up his food as clean as he has done."

Having given another look at him, they left him in charge of his lad, and returned to the house. Digitized by Google

The gallop after breakfast confirmed their conclusion that there was nothing the matter, and Simon Carne returned to town ostensibly comforted by Bent's solemn assurance to that That afternoon Lord Calingforth, the owner of Vulcanite, called upon him. They had met repeatedly, and consequently were on the most intimate terms.

"Good afternoon, Carne," he said as he entered the room. "I have come to condole with you upon your misfortune, and to offer you my warmest sympathy."

"Why, what on earth has happened?" asked Carne as he offered his visitor a cigar.

"God bless my soul, my dear fellow! Haven't you seen the afternoon's paper? Why, it reports the startling news that your stables were broken into last night, and that my rival, Knight of Malta, was missing this morning."

Carne laughed.

"I wonder what they'll say next," he said quietly. "But don't let me appear to deceive you. It is perfectly true that the stables were broken into last night, but the thieves were disturbed, and decamped just as they were forcing the lock of The Knight's box."

"In that case I congratulate you. What rascally inventions some of these sporting papers do get hold of to be sure. I'm indeed glad to hear that it is not true. The race would have lost half its interest if your horse were out of it. By the way, I suppose you are still as confident as ever?"

"Would you like to test it?"

"Very much, if you feel inclined for a bet."

"Then I'll have a level thousand pounds with you that my horse beats yours. Both to start or the wager is off. Do you agree?"

"With pleasure. I'll make a note of it."

The noble Earl jotted the bet down in his book, and then changed the subject by inquiring whether Carne had ever had any transactions with his next door neighbour, Klimo.

"Only on one occasion," the other replied. "I consulted him on behalf of the Duke of Wiltshire at the time his wife's diamonds were stolen. To tell the truth, I was half thinking of calling him in to see if he could find the fellow who broke into the stables

last night, but on second thoughts I determined not to do so. I did not want to make any more fuss about it than I could help. But what makes you ask about Klimo?"

"Well, to put the matter in a nutshell, there has been a good deal of small pilfering down at my trainer's place lately, and I want to get it stopped."

"If I were you I should wait till after the race, and then have him down. If one excites public curiosity just now, one never knows what will happen."

"I think you are right. Anyhow, I'll act on your advice. Now, what do you say to coming along to the Rooms with me to see how our horses stand in the market? Your presence there would do more than any number of paper denials towards showing the fallacy of this stupid report. Will you come?"

"With pleasure," said Carne, and in less than five minutes he was sitting beside the noble Earl in his mail phaeton, driving towards the rooms in question.

When he got there, he found Lord Calingforth had stated the case very correctly.

The report that Knight of Malta had been stolen, had been widely circulated, and Carne discovered that the animal was, for the moment, almost a dead letter in the market. The presence of his owner, however, was sufficient to stay the panic, and when he had snapped up two or three long bets, which a few moments before had been going begging, the horse began steadily to rise towards his old position.

That night, when Belton waited upon his master at bedtime, he found him, if possible, more silent than usual. It was not until his work was well-nigh completed that the other spoke.

"It's a strange thing, Belton," he said, "and you may hardly believe it, but if there were not certain reasons to prevent me from being so magnanimous, I would give

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this matter up and let the race be run on its merits. I don't know that I ever took a scheme in hand with a worse grace. However, as it can't be helped, I suppose I must go through with it. Is the van prepared?"



He was creeping along the dusty high road,

"It is quite ready, sir."

"All the furniture arranged as I directed?"

"It is exactly as you wished, sir. I have attended to it myself."

" And what about the man?"

"I have engaged the young fellow, sir, who assisted me before. I know he's quick, and I can stake my life that he's trustworthy."

"I am glad to hear it. He will have need to be. Now for my arrangements. I shall make the attempt on Friday morning next, that is to say, two days from now. You and the man you have just mentioned will take the van and horses to Market Stopford, travelling by the goods train which, I have discovered, reaches the town between four and five in the morning. As soon as you are out of the station, you will start straight

away along the high road towards Exbridge, reaching the village between five and six. I shall meet you in the wood alongside the third milestone on the other side, made up for the part I am to play. Do you understand?"

" Perfectly, sir."

"That will do then. I shall go down to the village to-morrow evening, and you will not hear from me again until you meet me at the place I have named. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Now, it is a well-known fact that if you wish to excite the anger of the inhabitants of Exbridge village, and more particularly of any member of the Pitman Training Establishment, you have but to ask for information concerning a certain blind beggar who put in an appearance there towards sunset on the Thursday preceding the Derby of 18—, and you will do so. When that mysterious individual first came in sight he was creeping along the dusty high road that winds across the Downs from Market Stopford to Beaton Junction, dolorously quavering a ballad that was intended to be, though few would have recognised it, "The Wearing of the Green."

On reaching the stables he tapped along the wall with his stick, until he came to the gate. Then, when he was asked his business by the head lad, who had been called up by one of the stable boys, he stated that he was starving, and, with peculiar arts of his own, induced them to provide him with a meal. For upwards of an hour he remained talking with the lads, and then wended his way down the hill towards the village, where he further managed to induce the rector to permit him to occupy one of his outhouses for the night.

After tea he went out and sat on the green, but towards eight o'clock he crossed the stream at the ford, and made his way up to a little copse, which ornamented a slight eminence, on the opposite side of the village to that upon which the training stables were situated.

How he found his way, considering his infirmity, it is difficult to say, but that he did find it was proved by his presence there. It might also have been noticed that when he was once under cover of the bushes, he gave

up tapping the earth with his stick, and walked straight enough, and without apparent hesitation, to the stump of a tree upon which he seated himself.

For some time he enjoyed the beauty of the evening undisturbed by the presence of any other human being. Then he heard a step behind him, and next moment a smartlooking stable lad parted the bushes and came into view.

"Hullo," said the new-comer. "So you managed to get here first?"

"So I have," said the old rascal, "and it's wonderful when you come to think of it, considering my age, and what a poor old blind chap I be. But I'm glad to find ye've managed to get away, my lad. Now what have ye got to say for yourself?"

"I don't know that I've got anything to say," replied the boy. "But this much is certain, what you want can't be done."

"And a fine young cockerel you are to be sure, to crow so loud that it can't be done," said the old fellow, with an evil chuckle. "How do you know it can't?"

"Because I don't see my way," replied the other. "It's too dangerous by a long sight. Why, if the guv'nor was to get wind of what you want me to do, England itself wouldn't be big enough to hold us both. You don't know 'im as well as I do."

"I know him well enough for all practical purposes," replied the beggar. "Now, if you've got any more objections to raise, be quick about it. If you haven't, then I'll talk to you. You haven't? Very good then. Now, just hold your jaw, open your ears, and listen to what I've got to say. What time do you go to exercise to-morrow morning?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Very good then. You go down on to the Downs, and the Boss sends you off with Vulcanite for a canter. What do you do? Why, you go steadily enough as long as he can see you, but directly you're round on the other side of the hill you stick in your heels, and nip into the wood that runs along on your right hand, just as if your horse was bolting with you. Once in there, you go through for half a mile until you come to the stream, ford that, and then cut into the next wood, riding as if the devil himself were after

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you, until you reach the path above Hangman's Hollow. Do you know the place?"

"I reckon I ought to."

"Well, then, you just make tracks for it. When you get there you'll find me waiting for you. After that I'll take over command, and get both you and the horse out of England in such a way that nobody will ever suspect. Then there'll be five hundred pounds for your trouble, a safe passage with the horse to South America, and another five hundred the day the nag is set ashore. There's not as much risk as you could take between your finger and thumb, and a lad with a spirit like yours could make a fortune with a thousand pounds on the other side. What have you to say now?"

"It's all very well," replied the lad, "but how am I to know that

you'll play straight with me?"

"What do you take me for?" said the beggar indignantly, at the same time putting his hand in his coat pocket and producing what looked like a crumpled piece of paper. " If you doubt me, there's something that may help to convince you. don't go showing it around to-night, or you'll be giving yourself away, and that'll mean the Stone Jug for you, and 'Amen' to all your hopes of a fortune. You'll do as I wish now, I suppose?"

"I'll do it," said the lad sullenly, as he crumpled the bank note up and put it in his pocket. "But now I must be off. Since there's been this fuss about Knight of Malta, the Guv'nor has us all in before eight o'clock, and

keeps the horse under lock and key, with the head lad sleeping in the box with him."

"Well, good night to you, and don't you forget about to-morrow morning; niggle the

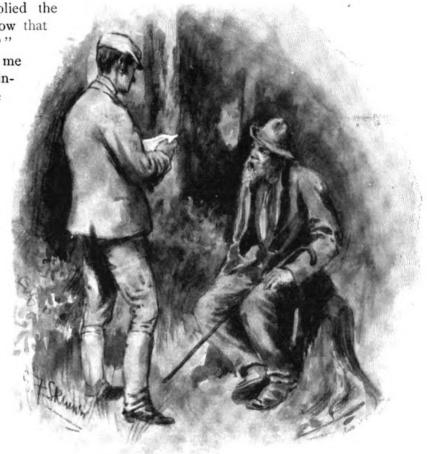
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horse about a bit just to make him impatient like, and drop a hint that he's a bit fresh. That will make his bolting look more feasible. Don't leave the track while there's anyone near you, but, as soon as you do, ride like thunder to the place I told you of. I'll see that they're put off the scent as to the way you've gone."

"All right," said the lad. "I don't like it, but I suppose I'm in too deep now to draw back. Good night."

"Good night, and good luck to you."

Once he had got rid of the youth, Carne (for it was he) returned by another route to the rector's out-building, where he laid himself



"But don't go showing it around to-night."

down on the straw, and was soon fast asleep. His slumbers lasted till nearly daybreak, when he rose and made his way across country to the small copse above Hangman's Hollow, on the

road from Exbridge to Beaton Junction. Here he discovered a large van drawn up, apparently laden with furniture both inside and out.



A magnificent thoroughbred pulled up beside the van.

The horses were feeding beneath a tree, and a couple of men were eating their breakfast beside them. On seeing Carne, the taller of the pair—a respectable looking workman, with a big brown beard—rose and touched his hat. The other looked with astonishment at the disreputable beggar standing before them.

"So you arrived here safely," said Carne. "If anything you're a little before your time. Boil me a cup of tea, and give me something to eat as quickly as possible, for I am nearly famished. When you have done that, get out the clothes I told you to bring with you, and let me change into them. It wouldn't do for any of the people from the village back yonder to be able to say afterwards that they saw me talking with you in this rig out."

As soon as his hunger was appeased he disappeared into the wood, and dressed himself in his new attire. Another suit of clothes, and an apron such as might be worn by a furniture remover's foreman, a grey wig,

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a short grey beard and moustache, and a bowler hat, changed his identity completely; indeed, when his rags had been hidden in the hollow of a tree, it would have been a difficult matter to have traced any resemblance

man eating his breakfast and the disreputable beggar of half-anhour before.

> It was close upon nine o'clock by this time, and as soon as he realised this Carne gave the order to put the horses to. This done, they turned their attention to the back of the van, and then a strange thing became apparent. Though to all appearances, viewed from the open doors at the end, the inside of this giant receptacle was filled to its utmost holding capacity with chests of drawers, chairs, bedsteads, carpets, and other articles of household furniture, yet by pulling a pair of handles it was possible for two men easily to withdraw what looked like half the contents of the van.

> The poorest observer would then have noticed that in almost every particular these articles were

dummies, affixed to a screen, capable of being removed at a moment's notice. The remainder of the van was fitted after the fashion of a stable, with a manger at the end and a pair of slings dependent from the roof.

The nervous tension produced by the waiting soon became almost more than the men could bear. Minute after minute went slowly by, and still the eagerly expected horse did not put in an appearance. Then Belton, whom Carne had placed on the look-out, came flying towards them with the report that he could hear a sound of galloping hoofs in the wood. A few seconds later the noise could be plainly heard at the van, and almost before they had time to comment upon it, a magnificent thoroughbred, ridden by the stable boy who had talked to the blind beggar on the previous evening, dashed into view, and pulled up beside the van.

"Jump off," cried Carne, catching at the Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY horse's head, "and remove the saddle. Now be quick with those cloths, we must rub him down or he'll catch cold."

When the horse was comparatively dry he was led into the van, which was to be his stable for the next few hours, and, in spite of his protests, slung in such a fashion that his feet did not touch the floor. This business completed, Carne bade the frightened boy get in with him, and take care that he did not, on any account, neigh.

After that the mask of furniture was replaced, and the doors closed and locked. The men mounted to their places on the box and roof, and the van continued its journey along the high road towards the Junction. But satisfactory as their attempt had so far proved, the danger was by no means over. Scarcely had they proceeded three miles on their way before Carne distinguished the sound of hoofs upon the road behind him-A moment later a young man, mounted on a well-bred horse, came into view, rode up alongside, and signalled to the driver to stop.

"What's the matter?" inquired the latter, as he brought his horses to a standstill. "Have we dropped anything?"

"Have you seen anything of a boy on a horse?" asked the man, who was so much out of breath that he could scarcely get his words out.

"What sort of a boy, and what sort of a horse?" asked the man on the van.

"A youngish boy," was the reply, "seven stone weight, with sandy hair, on a thoroughbred."

"No: we ain't seen no boy with sandy 'air, ridin' of a thoroughbred 'orse seven stone weight," said Carne. "What's 'e been an' done?"

"The horse has bolted with him off the Downs, back yonder," answered the man. "The Guv'nor has sent us out in all directions to look for him."

"Sorry we can't oblige you," said the driver as he prepared to start his team again. "Good day to you."

"Much obliged," said the horseman, and, when he had turned off into a side road, the van continued its journey till it reached the railway station. A quarter of an hour later it caught the eleven o'clock goods train and Vol. III.--73. Digitized by GOOGIC

set off for the small seaside town of Barworth, on the south coast, where it was shipped on board a steamer which had arrived that morning from London.

Once it was safely transferred from the railway truck to the deck, Carne was accosted by a tall, swarthy individual, who, from his importance, seemed to be both the owner and the skipper of the vessel. They went down into the saloon together, and a few moments later an observer, had one been there, might have seen a cheque for a considerable sum of money change hands.

An hour later the Jessie Branker was steaming out to sea, and a military-looking individual, not at all to be compared with the industrious mechanic, who had shipped the furniture van on board the vessel bound for Spain, stood on the platform of the station waiting for the express train to London. On reaching the metropolis he discovered it surging beneath the weight of a great excitement. The streets re-echoed with the raucous cries of the newsvendors:

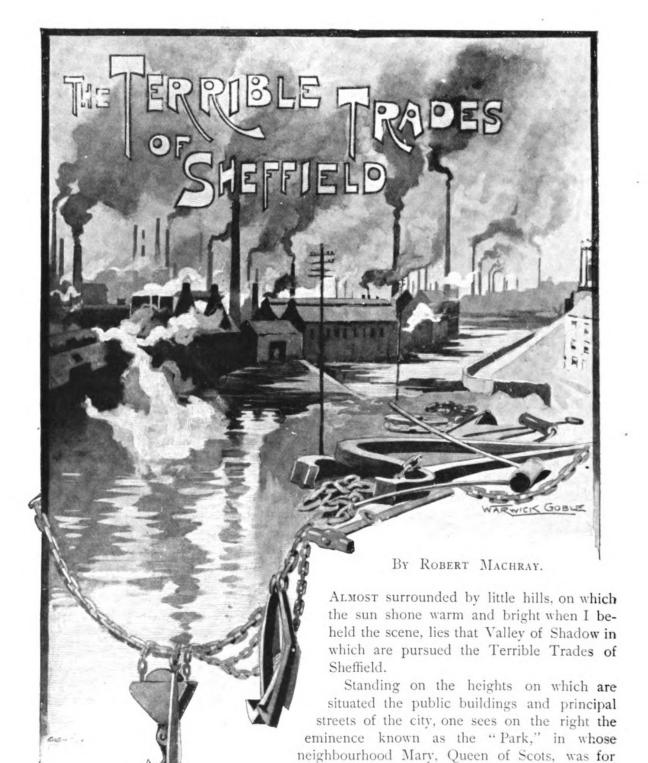
"The Derby favourite stolen-Vulcanite missing from his stable!"

Next morning an advertisement appeared in every paper of consequence, offering " $\Lambda$ reward of Five Hundred Pounds for any information which might lead to the conviction of the person or persons who on the morning of May 28th had stolen or caused to be stolen from the Pitman Training Stables, the Derby favourite, Vulcanite, the property of the Right Honourable the Earl of Calingforth."

The week following, Knight of Malta, owned by Simon Carne, Esq., of Porchester House, Park Lane, won the Derby by a neck, in a scene of intense excitement. The Mandarin being second, and The Filibuster third. It is a strange fact that to this day not a member of the racing world has been able to solve the mystery surrounding the disappearance of one of the greatest horses that ever set foot on an English racecourse.

To-day, if Simon Carne thinks of that momentous occasion, when, amid the shouting crowd of Epsom he led his horse back a winner, he smiles softly to himself, and murmurs beneath his breath:

"Valued at twenty thousand pounds, and beaten in the Derby by a furniture van."



its green fields, known as Brightside.

Sloping away in the distance is the path of the river Don, which here receives the Sheaf (hence Sheffield) and other streams. On the winding banks of the Don are the works and mills whose smoke and steam fill up, with ever-shifting but seldom lifting shadow, the valley, which must in other times have been a sweet and smiling yale.

many years the unwilling guest of stout Lord Shrewsbury, then Lord of Sheffield, while on the left, further along the valley, is the rising ground, with

The very names of several of the districts of Sheffield speak of all that joy of Nature

which the city has well nigh lost—the price it has had to pay for its commercial and mechanical greatness. Such titles as "Daisy Walk," "Pea Croft," "Bower Spring," "Balm Green," are not without a certain pathos. But it is not easy to believe that such a designation as "Salmon Pastures," now the site

of large manufactories, ever found any justification in the inland waters of the Don.

Not that the Valley of Shadow lacks, even at this day, man and his works notwithstanding, a picturesqueness of its ownperhaps something even that is not without its suggestions of beauty. For these moving masses of murky smoke are pierced by the round or square shafts of a multitude of chimneys of various heights, each adding, in fresh-issuing volume, its portion of darker colour, buttressed here and there by the blackened cones and towers of blast furnaces, and laced with the white jets of hissing steam expanding into tiny clouds, then presently lost, but, for the moment, forming a vivid contrast to the surrounding gloom.

For instance, nothing could be much more artistic

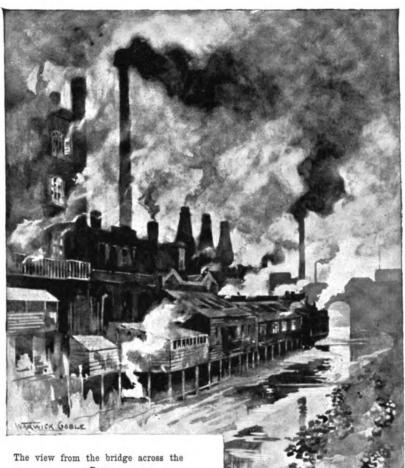
than the view from the bridge across the Don at the Sheffield Testing Works. One does not generally associate with Sheffield, in one's mind, anything quite so charming in its effect as this striking picture.

But if you enter one of the large manufactories for which Sheffield is famous, such as the Cyclops Works of Messrs. Charles Cammell and Co., or the Atlas Works of Messrs. John Brown and Co., or the Works of Messrs. Firth or Messrs. Vickers-names of firms which by no means exhaust the list —you will instantaneously receive a very different set of impressions.

It is not too much to say that the keynote of these impressions is one of terror.

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One fears for oneself; one fears, or, rather, one ought to fear still more for those engaged in these perilous mechanical enterprises. The danger probably is not so great as it seems; habit and skill no doubt do wonders in safeguarding the workers from accident, but there are also to be taken into account



the mischances which spring from the familiarity which breeds contempt.

Twenty years ago it was a common say-

ing in Sheffield that every second man you met had been maimed or injured in one way or another when pursuing his business in one of its terrible trades. Happily, such a statement could not now be truthfully made, but in these great works where men handle, and indeed almost Seem to play with, fire and molten

metal and blazing ingots, danger must be ever present and death never far away. Yet the number of fatal or even serious accidents is not so great as one would have expected.

To the visitor unfamiliar with such scenes, who makes the tour for the first time of one of these vast manufactories where the steel armour for warships — barbette, casemate, or plates for the vessel's sides—

or where the great, gleaming, forty feet long cannon are made, the most prominent and insistent idea in his mind is certainly one of

danger.

Scarcely has he passed from the comparative quiet of the street through the outer offices when his ears are assailed by tumultuous uproars. In a moment he steps from calm storm. The blast of the tempest, the volley of the thunder, the flash of the

The circular saws cutting through the half - molten steel.

lightning, seem to fall upon him at once. The whole place is one deafening, deadly menace, instinct with diabolical energy. He hesitates to move an inch.

Timidly he follows his guide, who leads the way with a smile on his face at the shrinking and solicitous manner of the visitor. The latter presently finds himself in a vast building, which, however, is only one of a series of buildings as great or even greater. Before him he sees enormous masses of machinery, gigantic hammers, huge rollers, furnaces grim and glowing, and engines of all kinds, while the crash of falling iron, the screams of the circular saws cutting through

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the half-molten steel amidst a blaze of golden sparks, the hissing steam, the rumbles and roars of a hundred mechanical devils, confuse and stun his senses all at once. Everywhere men are moving about, guiding, compelling, directing all this Titanic and turbulent life. Overhead are the great travelling cranes, from which depend huge claws of steel.

When he recovers himself
a little he begins to
notice that all the
volcanic activities of
the place are under
control. Man,
after all, is master

here. The thought will come, however — what if anything were to go wrong? What if anything were to fall or break? Everything is on so large a scale

that if anything

were to "happen," the reckoning might be terrible and shocking beyond imagination. But his guide, who moves unconcerned amongst the all-pervading terrors of the place, reassures him.

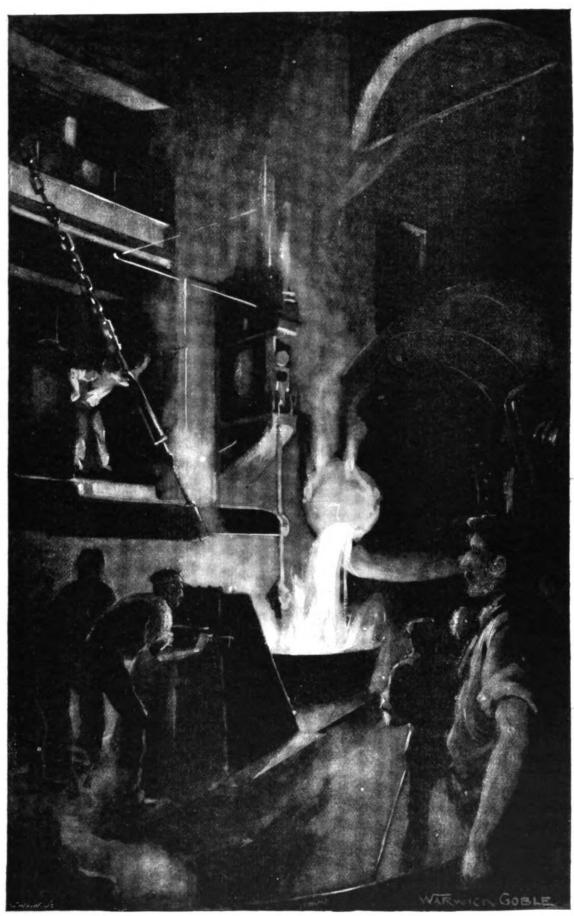
"Do you have many accidents here?" he asks.

"Never," is the reply received, "or hardly ever."

But the old tag seems to take on a new and sterner meaning here.

And presently, as they go along, he sees a sudden blaze of light, a glory of colour, a wonder of golden fire. It is the entrance to the "Bessemer Shop."

How is one to describe the wealth of colour first seen on the threshold of the Bessemer shop and then inside it? Here, indeed, is the subject for the brush of a great painter. Talk of colour values and tones! The dominating colour is yellow, which ranges from the faint lemon-yellow sometimes seen on the edge of sunsets fading slowly out into the night, through all shadings of primrose and saffron,



Digitized by G The crude from is run off into NOTANIA UNIVERSITY

to that ruddy orange which the old ballad writers used to describe as "the red, red gold."

Then there are all the dark hues of the machinery, "jib-cranes," "converters," the "ladle," moulds and other mechanical devices, with the spectral figures of the workmen moving about, half monstrous in the broken lights. If you see the place

on a bright day when the sun streams in, the light as it falls is changed into lovely violets and purples, throwing the rest of the building into strange mysterious caverns of

How all this wonderland of colour is produced comes rather as a second thought.

shade.

The guide first shows you the furnaces in which the pigiron is melted down. These

are called cupolas, a term which the workmen have transformed into "cupuloes."

When the crude iron has been sufficiently reduced, it is run off into the converter, a large oval-shaped tank. This vessel has a curved nozzle or spout at the top for pouring the metal in and out; it is composed of massive iron plates, and lined with a fire-resisting clay called ganister. At the bottom of it is an air chamber connected by tubes with a powerful blowing engine, giving a pressure of twenty pounds to the inch of air when the full power is used.

While the pig-iron has been melting in the cupola, the converter is heated to a red glow by a fire placed inside it. When all is ready, the converter is capsized, the embers falling out amidst a shower of sparks; then the converter is placed in a horizontal position, the spout being turned to receive the glowing liquid iron from the cupola. Having received

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a charge of some eight tons, the converter is raised to a vertical position; there is a sudden, deafening roar, a splash and a splutter of flame and golden sparks, some of which twinkle like stars-this is the true iron, others are merely dull red bits of silica.

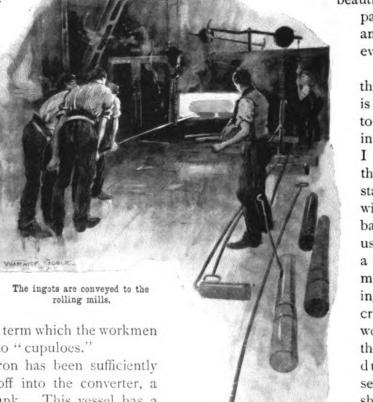
As the air is forced through the molten metal intense combustion ensues immediately,

> the first onset being marked by a shower of myriads of tiny stars

and rockets, a pyrotechnic display, indescribably

beautiful, far surpassing in effect anv fireworks ever seen.

So far I do not think that there is much danger to the workmen in the process. I asked one of them, who was standing near me with a huge iron bar in his hand used for moving along the moulds swinging from the cranes, if many were injured by the heat and dust. There seems to be a shower of tiny atoms of dust, composed silicious matter,



constantly falling, and the men must breathe it in as they work.

He replied in a general sort of way that "very few gets hurt here."

But the next part of the operation of making Bessemer steel looked to me decidedly dangerous.

When the air has been driven through the liquid mass of the molten iron—the colour of the flames changing into an almost ineffably pure white-and the foreman thinks that the metal is ripe for his purpose, the converter is lowered, and a workman, standing on the

mould, and, shading



floor where are the cupolas, gets ready to throw in the manganese, as the iron is poured from the converter into a receiver called a "ladle," the hue of the molten iron being at once more "beautiful and terrible" than anything I have ever seen.

The parcels of manganese are thrown into the ladle while the molten iron is being poured into it, and as the manganese strikes it long tongues of flaming metal shoot out in every direction—over the pit in which the ladle stands, over the moulds which are placed at the edge of the pit ready to receive their charge from the ladle later on, over amongst the workmen standing about.

Following this there is a sudden flash of dazzling brightness, a sharp explosion of light and flame, and this is repeated with each parcel of manganese until the requisite quantity of manganese has been thrown into the molten mass, and the steel is finally made.

Then the ladle is swung round to the front of the pit, a plug is drawn out from the

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bottom, and the white-hot steel runs into the moulds.

The moulds are caught up by the steel teeth of the cranes, the workmen having to face the awful heat to get the teeth into position. The ingots thus formed sometimes fall out straight away of their own weight. When they stick in the moulds men have to go forward and knock them out with heavy crowbars.

The heat is intense.

In one case I saw two or three men attempt to knock an ingot out of the mould but they had to beat a re-

treat. However, another, who seemed of tougher material, was called upon, and with a sort of dare-devil air he advanced to the

his face from the heat with one hand, succeeded in ham
The rolling-plate-mill,

mering the ingot out with the other.

It seems scarcely possible that men who live in this atmosphere of heat and dust and

dirt can be very healthy, and yet I must say that the men I saw, working sturdily and

cheerfully away, did not seem at all oppressed by their condition. There were jests and jokes and bits of chaff; bets were being made on the races; but as the long hours drag on, and the muscles tire, and the frame grows weary, and probably less care is exercised, there must, I am afraid, be a tendency to accidents, and serious accidents at that.

The condition of the men who work in the pit itself below the ladle is probably the worst of all. Here there is no escape from the heat, there is less air, and the burning slag that comes from the converter and the ladle must be manipulated and got out of the way.

One watches them at work with a sort of fascination. They look like imps in those weird and uncanny lights. To say the least, it is hard, desperate, brutalising labour. It is work of an inhuman sort that must harden and coarsen those engaged in it, but, as I said, they seem cheerful enough.

While the ingots are still hot they are conveyed to the rolling mills, or to the shops in which stand the steam hammers, there to be made into rails, railway tyres, axles, piston-rods, and Bessemer steel forgings of all kinds, according to circumstances.

To keep the ingots malleable they are, from time to time, as they get cool, put into heating furnaces (p. 295), and taken out again as required.

When steel is made by the Siemens process there is not to be seen so much that is of the same absorbing interest or of the same spectacular beauty as when it is made by the Bessemer method. But, whereas the latter transforms iron into steel in quantities of eight tons at a time in twenty minutes, the former is successfully used in treating twenty or thirty tons, or even more, at one time; the process, however, extends to a period of twenty-four hours.

In the large manufactories where the Siemens or Siemens-Martin process is either partially or exclusively used, the "openhearth" furnaces are arranged alongside, or on either side, of a casting pit, which has a

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"deeper deep" in the shape of a central pit some thirty or forty feet below the ground, in which the largest ingots are manipulated. What the sensations are of those who have to



work down here I decline even to imagine. But when you reflect that the capacity of these furnaces ranges from ten tons upward, and that ingots of seventy-five tons weight have been cast, and, of course, have had to be handled in one way or another, involving in the operation at least some human help, you can form your own idea.

The Siemens-Martin process consists essentially in first obtaining a bath of melted pig-iron in which is placed "scrap," that is the ends of rails, shearings of plate, etc. To the bath is added "spiegeleisen" or manganese, and the result is tested by taking samples in small ladles, and I am glad that I am not in the business.

However, all this must be done by somebody, I presume, and it must be allowed that danger is reduced to a minimum by the strength and excellence of the machinery that is employed, particularly in the newer and more recently constructed works.

It certainly is a wonderful sight to see a

huge ingot of steel taken out of the furnace, one glowing mass of a light primrose colour, on a movable bogie, which itself forms the floor of the furnace, the ingot being seized in the powerful claws of a travelling crane, then conveyed along the iron travellers into the jaws of the rolling plate mill, which stand wide agape to receive it.

The white-hot ingots are quickly pounded into shape.

upon the travellers, the out amid much jour and the county amid much jour amid much jou

The older rolling mills are a good deal more picturesque than the newer ones, but they look much more dangerous, and require for their working a larger number of hands. In these the ingot is drawn from the furnace on to a bogie, and men have to stand quite close up to its glowing mouth to assist in the operation.

The man who stands next to the mouth is shielded from the intense heat by garments made of asbestos, which cover him from head to foot, not unlike the cowl and robe of a monk. In his hands he holds a long wide piece of iron for the purpose of protecting a man who stands in front of him (p. 296).

Before the asbestos covering came into use, wet sacking was put on by the man who occupies the perilous position next the furnace, but it was found that no one could long stand this, the strain caused by the great heat, the steam and the subsequent chill being deadly.

The hugest ingots of steel are rolled into

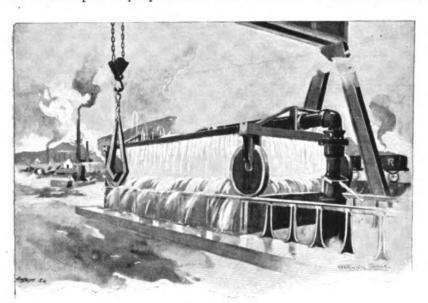
the "slabs." which eventually form the armour plate of our war - ships, with nearly as much ease as a baker might handle a cake of dough. While the ingot passes in and out, and the roller is lowered upon the mass as it moves up and down

upon the travellers, the slab lengthens out amid much jar and tumult. As the operation continues, handfuls of wet broom are thrown upon the glowing metal, and as the rollers pass over it, there is a sound as of a volley of musketry, while smoke and flame momentarily hide, or distort, the massy proportions of the machinery.

When I asked the chairman of one of the great armour plate making companies if there were not a good many casualties in such works as his, he replied that he thought people were in reality safer in them than in the street outside. When, later on, I heard the sound of explosion after explosion, and felt some natural interest in getting away from it as quickly as possible, he smiled somewhat grimly, and said: "Oh, they are only dynamiting some scrap." But, to the uninstructed mind, it might have been the crack of doom.

One of the workmen told me accidents were frequent enough. Scarcely a day, he said, passed but a finger is jammed or broken, or even something more serious. Fatal accidents are, however, fortunately rare.

It is hardly within the scope of this article to dwell upon any special feature of these



The enormous shower bath.

great steel making works, but it gives one some idea of the enormous interests involved when one knows that a single armour plate often weighs twenty tons or more, and costs anywhere from £1800 up to £3000, according to size and thickness. Gigantic machines and tools of enormous strength and power are used for bending, shaping, cutting, and planing them according to the position they are to occupy on the vessel for which they are made.

The hydraulic presses and the steam hammers are interesting little things.

The hydraulic press is used for forging the ingots into big marine crank shafts or other large bodies of solid steel. The presses are of different sizes in the different works.

In one large workshop, picturesquely known as the "Cathedral," there is a forging press which exerts

a pressure of 5000 tons. In another there is one of 8000 tons pressure, and, in still another, one is being constructed which will exert a gentle pressure of 10,000 tons. Very pretty toys they are, but not for children.

The same remark applies to the steam hammers, which are everywhere about. There are baby hammers and mammoth hammers, used according to the nature of

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the work to be done. The white-hot ingots are quickly, in a sort of grim and deathly silence, pounded into shape (p. 297), and, while their work is a triumph of mechanical

ingenuity—it seems so easy and so safe—the work of the men who have to handle the ingots, put them into the furnace, and bring them back and forth to the hammer, must be fearfully hard and trying.

The only process in which the manufacture of steel does not convey to the mind an idea of terror is that where the slabs of steel are hardened in a kind of enormous shower bath. It is a beautiful sight, and forms a restful contrast to all the other operations.

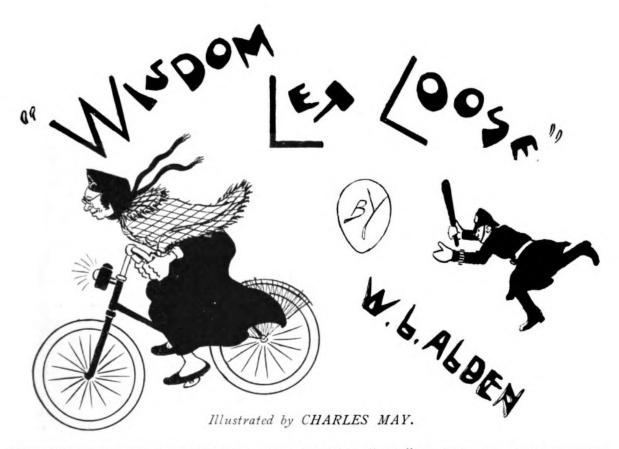
Interesting as a visit is to any of the great Sheffield steel works, there is an involuntary feeling of greater cheerfulness when one gets outside into the open air.

And yet we have seen but one or two aspects of the terrible trades of Sheffield. There are many others. The making of steel wire—one of the most dangerous possible of



Outside the works.

occupations—the far-famed cutlery—knives, razors, scissors, the manufacture of saws and files and other tools and implements—all have their special perils.



THE UNREALITY OF A PHOTOGRAPH—THE AMERICAN "CAR" IN ENGLAND—WHY NOT TAX

THE SMALL BOY—THE SINCERE LETTER WRITER—THE TREATMENT OF TOP FEVER—

BICYCLES AS PRAYER WHEELS.

HE probabilities are that nobody has ever seen anybody else. The ancient Egyptian lover was perfectly happy when the leading artist of the period painted for him a miniature of his beloved object, representing her as a young woman of about the thickness of a sheet of paper, with the upper part of her

body in the shape of an equilateral triangle poised on its apex, and with feet attached to her legs after a manner that would have made it impossible for her to walk a step.

We all know that such a miniature could not have borne the most distant resemblance to the young woman of whom it was pronounced to be a perfect likeness, and hence it follows that the Egyptian lover, who thought it looked like his heart's idol, had not the least idea how she really looked: in other words, had never seen her as she actually was.

To-day, when we look at what we call a Digitized by

good photograph of a friend, we say, and believe, that it is a perfect likeness. We fail to notice that the photograph represents a person who is black and white. Whatever may be the colour of the person's complexion, lips, eyes, and hair, she or he, as the case may be, is represented as exclusively black and white, which no person ever was since the world began. The truth is, a photograph is as far from resembling the person whom it

pretends to represent, as was the miniature of the Egyptian.

But if we cannot see this want of resemblance, and actually believe that the photograph is a



good likeness, nothing can be more evident than that we have no just idea of how anyone looks. If we cannot trust our eyes when we look at a photograph of a young woman,

we cannot trust them when we look at the young woman herself.

When 'Arry looks at 'Arriet, he thinks that the adorable vision of a red-cheeked young woman in a feathered hat is real. Whereas, the young woman in question probably does not look at all like the vision, and 'Arry has never seen the real 'Arriet as she would appear to a pair of strictly truthful eyes.

All of which brings us round to the original proposition that nobody has ever seen anybody. When we think we see a pretty girl, she may really be a monument of ugliness, and when we see an ugly girl, we may really be gazing at a girl of transcendent beauty. This is a theory which ought to be very consoling to ugly people. I find it so myself, and it is, with purely benevolent motives, that I place it before the readers of Pearson's.

NE of our railway companies is trying the experiment of running a train composed of genuine American railway "cars." The company means well, and its "cars" are unquestionably American in pattern, but the travelling American would not feel at home in them. The company has failed to provide the newsboy, who constantly wanders up and down an American train,

Missing, too, is the peripatetic boy with prize packages of "candy" and tobacco, which he heaps upon the lap of the traveller, who is, by custom, rigorously required to take care of the packages until the boy's return. It would not cost the company very much to import a few cheap American Silverite politicians to travel constantly on the train, and never to cease from chewing tobacco. Without these additions the new American train must for ever lack true local colour.

yelling his wares with a voice that rasps the

enamel from the teeth of the hearer.

I admit that the company has adopted the American plan of heating the "cars" with hot water, but whether each "car" is supplied with its own heater, warranted in case of a smash-up to set fire to the wreck and burn the imprisoned passengers alive, according to American custom, I do not know.

Of course, the "cars," if they are fit to

be called American, are magnificently upholstered. The true American is always

willing to face death, newsboys, pedlars, bad air, draughts, and uncongenial fellow passengers, provided he can ride in a "car" that is described



in the company's advertisements, as "magnificently upholstered."

The public needs to be disabused of the idea that, because the American "car" is heavier and stronger than our railway carriages, it is therefore safer. Undoubtedly, a single American "car," whether of the Pullman or of the ordinary pattern, placed anywhere in a train of English carriages, is safer than they, for in case of a collision its superior weight and momentum will enable it to make kindling wood of the carriages in front of it. It is the familiar case of the iron pot among the earthen pots.

But a train, consisting entirely of iron pots, or in other words of heavy American "cars," when it does come in collision with a train of like weight, either flies into smaller pieces than any other sort of train yet invented, or performs the feat known as telescoping, by which half-a-dozen "cars" are fitted neatly one within the other, to the marked inconvenience of the passengers.

HE proposal to tax bicycles is due to a desire on the part of the advocates of the measure to diminish the number of cyclists. There are many people who regard the cyclist as a source of extreme danger to the public, and would support any measure that would tend to abolish cycling. Nobody seems

to have perceived that it is the pedestrian, and especially the small boy, who is dangerous.

Whenever the cyclist runs down a pedestrian, it is the former who comes in for all the blame. The truth is that no cyclist would voluntarily run down any one, for in so doing his machine would be almost certain to be injured. What is the mere transient pleasure of breaking an obstinate man's leg, or killing a small boy, in comparison with the risk of smashing a valuable bicycle?

For my own part, I unhesitatingly affirm that I would not kill even a butcher boy, except, perhaps, with a very old machine which I had resolved to abandon, and which it would be useless to advertise for sale as a "high-class machine, used only three weeks."

I may be wrong in this, for our streets simply swarm with butcher boys, and still smaller youths of an almost equally atrocious nature, all of whom thoroughly need to be killed. Still, I share with other cyclists the desire to keep my machine intact at any cost. If, however, people really desire to put an end to collisions between cyclists and pedestrians, they should begin by levying a heavy tax on boys. This would so greatly diminish the

> number of boys that at least one half of the present number of cycling collisions would cease.

> There is nothing more utterly useless and more offensive to all nervous people than the small boy,

> > and, granting that there are persons who are boy fanciers, they must be few in numbers, and little deserving of consideration. At any rate,

the volume of small boys is enormously in excess of any possible demand, and if every parent were compelled to pay a tax of, say, two pounds per annum on every boy kept by him, our streets would soon become almost attractive, and the path of the cyclist would be rid of half its dangers.

A tax on bicycles would do nothing towards diminishing the number of collisions, for it would so exasperate all cyclists that they would borrow old machines for the express purpose of occasionally riding out in search · of the enemies of cycling, and with the full

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intention of running them down. Tax the pedestrian, beginning with the small boy.

> That is the true way in which to put an end to cycling collisions.

T is a curious fact that those books which, under some such title "The Complete Letter Writer," profess to furnish people with forms for all sorts of letters, are never seen except on secondhand bookstalls. No man ever saw a new and uncut copy exposed for sale in a respectable book shop. Such books must, how-

ever, be bought-in a second-hand stateby many persons who, we may presume, copy the forms of letters which seem most suited to their respective needs.

There is probably an opening for a book, to be called "The Sincere Letter Writer," made up of forms for the use of people who desire to write nothing but the truth. In "The Sincere Letter Writer" an invitation to dinner would read somewhat as follows:

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.-It is with the utmost reluctance that I ask you to dine very informally with us at seven o'clock next Thursday. You asked us to dinner last year, and I don't see how we can get out of asking you this year. But I earnestly hope that for once you will have sense enough to decline. With the assurance that both my husband and myself would prefer to have no dinner at all rather than to dine

with you, I remain, etc."

And the form for a reply on the part of the Robinsons would be:

"Dear Mrs. Smith,-Why on earth can't you let us alone? We don't want to eat your wretched dinners and drink your

beastly wine, but I suppose we shall have to do it. So you may expect us on Thursday, unless by good luck we are kept at home by some

serious illness Mind! this is the last time.

If you ever ask us again I shall apply to the police for protection. Yours disgustedly, etc."

Letters like these, expressing as they would the true sentiments of the average man and woman who invite people to dinners, and the disgust of the people who are invited, would commend themselves to those conscientious men and women who dislike to tell lies on paper, but who have not sufficient imagination to devise invitations and replies, which would be at once true and courteous.

The more I think of it, the more sure I feel that there is a fortune in "The Sincere Letter Writer," and I propose to prepare the work for publication without delay. Forms which will enable editors to reject manuscripts, and will enable rejected contributors to express their views of the editorial mind, will be furnished for the use of the literary profession, and no man will feel competent to enter into correspondence with an editor, a publisher, or a writer, without first consulting my invaluable manual.

HE most profound thinkers in all ages have tried in vain to ascertain the reason why an epidemic of tops breaks out every March in every part of the globe. It has generally been assumed that there is a secret understanding among boys as to the time when

tops shall be let loose, but there is not the slightest evidence of any such understanding. Ask any boy why he brings out his top in the last days of February or the early days of March, and his only answer will be: "I dunno."

You may assume, if you please, that the universality of top spinning in "top time" is due to imitation, and that boys bring out their tops solely because they notice that other boys have done the same; but this does not explain why the pioneer top-spinners invariably select the same season of the year for bringing out their tops. Moreover, the top fever breaks out simultaneously in towns separated thousands of miles from one

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another, and it is simply preposterous to say that the boys of San Francisco spin tops

because the boys of Timbuctoo have set the fashion.

A much more plausible theory is that a microbe is the cause of the top epidemic. The symptoms of the top fever distinctly resemble those of malarial fevers in their regular recur-

rence. No boy thinks of spinning tops except in early spring. The impulse to spin comes upon him suddenly, lasts for about six weeks, and then disappears until the following spring. These attacks gradually grow weaker and weaker, and after the tenth or twelfth attack the poison in the system seems to lose its power, and the boy remains thenceforth proof against the top fever.

It is greatly to be wished that the experiment of treating the disease with heroic doses of quinine might be tried. A good way to give this medicine to the poor suffering boys who infest your street, and undergo their worst paroxysms in front of your house, is to mix it with castor oil and treacle in equal proportions. Twelve doses, containing two grains each of quinine, should be given every day, so long as the desire to spin tops manifests itself.

There is good reason to hope that this mild and humane treatment would completely eradicate the thirst for tops in any boy who might be subjected to it. I should like to see it tried on the dozen or two of boys who make day hideous by spinning tops in front of my house. If the treatment did fail to effect a cure, it would then be time to think of more powerful remedies.

NEW use for the bicycle has been discovered by an ardent Japanese Buddhist. As most people know, the Buddhists long ago invented prayer-

wheels. If you are a Buddhist you write out a prayer on a piece of parchment, and

attach it to a wheel which is kept in motion by a running stream—and there you are.

But a water-wheel moves slowly in comparison with a bicycle driven even at moderate speed. The devout Japanese already referred to has perceived this fact, and he now attaches his parchment prayer to the hub of his front wheel, and is thereby enabled to pray at the rate of from six to twenty miles per hour, according to the state of the roads and the fervency with which he pedals.

Of course those of the Japanese who are Buddhists will quickly perceive the merits of the new invention, and the Japanese roads will be covered every morning and evening with pious cyclists praying at the top of their speed.

The only fault which, from a Japanese point of view, can be found with this new use of the bicycle, is that it will encourage "scorching." Whenever a cyclist is arrested for riding at an excessive rate of speed he will reply that he is more than usually devout, and that he rides at a lightning pace merely in order to stretch the praying powers of his machine to their utmost. No pious Japanese magistrate will be able to resist such a plea, and the consequence is that Japan will soon be the paradise of the "scorcher."

It is said that American manufacturers are already making machines for the Japanese

market, the tires of which are covered with embossed prayers in Japanese characters. These embossed prayers will not only have a much neater appearance than is presented by a parchment prayer temporarily glued to a wheel, but they are expected to keep the tires from slipping.

The tendency of the Japanese

to do things wrong end first is curiously illustrated by their invention of the praying bicycle. In other countries the bicycle is believed to entice riders to absent themselves from church on pleasant Sunday mornings, and hence to be, in one way at least, a foe to religion. But in Japan it is henceforth to be regarded as an aid to devotion, of far more value than the old-fashioned prayer-wheel. It is odd, however, that Japanese have not thought of utilising the shafts of their steamers for pious purposes. A prayer attached to the shaft of a swift steamer could easily make

seventy-five revolutions per minute, which

would beat the best efforts of a cyclist far out



of sight.

## THE DIVINING ROD.

By J. Holt Schooling.

The Divining Rod—the Virgula Divinatoria of the Ancients—is one of the many things whose reputation has suffered from an excess of belief, and from an excess of unbelief; in its validity as a mode of discovering water and metals. On the one hand, there have been, and are, persons quite sincere in their belief in the Divining Rod [I exclude all in-

tentioned charlatanism] who ascribe to forked branch of hazel powers of divination when it is in the fingers of a man or woman possessed of the " sacred ' gift of using the rod, that do not obtain credence from those who investigate this interesting

No. 1.—The earliest known illustration of the use of the Divining Rod, applied to the finding of precious metals. From G. Agricola's treatise on mining, published in 1557.

subject. On the other hand, there are vigorous sceptics who pooh-pooh the whole thing as an old world myth, and who deny the possibility that there can be "anything in it."

So far as one can see, the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes. Nowadays, especially, one ought to be chary in strong negative pronouncements conterning those more subtle forces or influences of Nature which, it may be, have

as yet only been known to mankind in an experimental fashion, and by empirical activity.

We forget, sometimes, that, despite all the hoard of definitely ascertained and formally labeled knowledge which is ours at the end of this mighty nineteenth century, we are yet only just making a faint scratch on the surface

the o f big lump of things knowable. Only lately we have learnt that we can see through a deal plank or a brick wallfacts to have been scoffed at even five years ago -and this, omitting other all marvels of recent scientific discovery, should alone suffice to

make us chary of dealing out our rough and ready negations.

Moreover, it is quite in accord with the usual process of scientific advance, that before a fresh bit of knowledge can be added to the store, its validity is commonly heralded by purely experimental evidences, brought about by empirical tests. One gets facts before one finds out how the facts come to be facts, and this finding-out process properly belongs to science, while the facts may be, and often

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY are, laid hold of by persons destitute of all scientific knowledge or thought, and, for that very reason, are delayed in their development from an empirical art into a scientific theory.

However, facts that are facts, things that are true, live. They live despite the mangling that is done to them, they come up top despite the blundering and charlatanism which keeps them down: the time comes when the true part of one of these doubtful pieces of knowledge gets the better of the rubbish that has clogged it, and then the doubtful piece of knowledge gets recognition—one is inclined to think that this stage has been reached by the divining rod.

Before I deal with the modern use of the rod, it will be interesting



No. 3.—Various ways of holding the Divining Rod. From another French work published in the year 1693.

Vol. III.—74.



No. 2.—From an old French work on "Jacob's Rod," published at Paris in the year 1693.

to glance at some of the ancient ideas about it.

No, I is a true curiosity: it embodies, in a few square inches, the whole process of the divining rod as applied to the discovery of the precious metals. This print is from a treatise on mining by G. Agricola, an eminent mineralogist born in Saxony about 1490. The book was published in 1557, and it shows (at the top of the picture) a man cutting the rod from a tree, then (at the left) the "dowser" prospecting with the rod (A) held up in front of him, then (near the middle of the picture) the rod "dips" near a hidden vein of ore, and two onlookers are pointing to the find; then, at B, we see the miner digging for the metal, and in the foreground there are two miners examining the metal dug out. This print is the earliest illustration I have found of the process of using the divining rod.

No. 2 is the frontispiece of an old French book, La "Verge de Jacob" (Jacob's Rod—another name), or (translated), "the art of finding treasures, springs of water, boundaries (when lost sight of, I suppose), metals, mines,

minerals, and other hidden things, by the use of the forked rod." This book was published in Paris in the year 1693.

There are four parts in the frontispiece of No. 2. The man at the right top corner is holding the rod and prospecting; the man marked B has just found water, which is springing up from the ground; the third man (C) has discovered a hidden treasure; and the fourth man (D) is shown in the act of discovering a dead body by aid of his rod. It seems that the rod was at one time used to

find the bodies of murdered persons.

Nos. 3 and 4 are from another old French book, published in 1693 at Paris, which is entitled "Lettres qui decouvrent l'Illusion des Philosophes sur la Baguette et qui détruisent leurs Systèmes," (Letters which expose the Illusion of Philosophers on the Divining Rod, and which destroy their Systems.) So we see that even two hundred years ago there were opponents of No. 3 the rod. shows the various ways of holding the rod, and No. 4 illustrates the simple straight rod, the rod

bent into a curve, and the more usual forked stick.

A rather scarce book in my possession, by an authority on Cornish mining—"Mineralogia Cornubiensis," by W. Pryce, of Redruth—published in 1778, contains a chapter on the use of the divining rod as applied to the discovery of tin and copper mines. Mr. Pryce, a practical expert in mining, and who had seen many instances of the successful use of the rod, writes: "And though the virtues of the rod may not be easily allowed

by the incredulous, yet for my own part, I want no further evidence of its properties than I have already obtained to fix my opinion of its virtues. . . . The subject deserves to be further inquired into."

Mr. Pryce was right when, more than one hundred years ago, he wrote these last words. The subject does deserve to be further inquired into, and, coming to the present day, the inquiry has proved most interesting, and one not lacking in surprises.

Far from being merely an old world myth

—and, perhaps, the great majority of people think the Divining Rod is only an old world myth—my late inquiries showed that the "dowser" and his forked twig are in great demand by landowners at the present day, who want water on an estate and cannot find it.

The number and the social position of the persons who every day are employing one or other of the many modern experts with the Divining Rod, certainly form one item of proof towards the validity and real practicability of this method of water-finding.

one list only, dated 1894, which has been sent to me by one of the leading "diviners," contains the names of the Dukes of Rutland, Grafton, Beaufort; Earls Jersey, Stanhope, Winchelsea, and Yarborough; the Marquises of Salisbury and Exeter; Lords Knutsford, Leigh, Wantage, Lindsay; dozens of other land owners; many business firms, such as Bass Brothers, Belfast; Hunt and Co., brewers, Cork; the Counties Distillery Company, Belfast; the Brinscombe Brewery Com-

pany, Stroud; the Frome Breweries Company,



No. 4.—Various kinds of Divining Rods. From an old French work, which mentions the use of the rod for the discovery of the bodies of murdered persons.



Mo. 5.—A reduced sketch, by Mr. J. F. Young, of Llanelly, of a modern Divining Rod, nineteen inches long, that has many times been successfully used to find water.

the Bathford Paper Mills Company, Bath; Cooling and Sons, nurserymen, Bath; and various local boards, etc., all of whom have employed this water-expert and his rod. In all, there are a hundred and fifteen names on this list of "patrons"—for the most part, landowners in the Midlands.

A Jerseyman tells me that in Jersey, when a farmer buys a piece of land on which he wants to use water, he sends for the local "dowser" as a matter of course. Bearing in mind that the Channel-Islanders are a

particularly thrifty lot — not to say "near" — in money matters, who would not spend money to no purpose, this piece of evidence from Jersey tends to support the validity of the rod.

No. 5 is from a drawing made for me by Mr. J. F. Young, of Llanelly, an authority on the subject, although he is not a professional waterfinder. The original of this

picture is nineteen inches in length, and has been used many times to find water; it was cut from a currant tree.

A group of seven water-finders is shown in No. 6, five are holding the rod used, in the accustomed position, and two dispense with the rod and use only one or both hands when prospecting for water.

One well-known water-finder who came to see me, never uses a rod, and on this score I have more to say later.

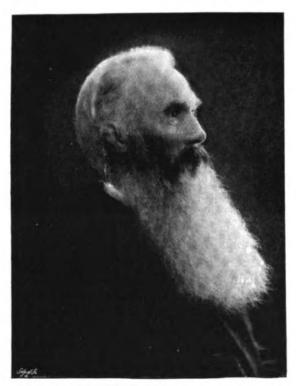
Only one of this group is a professional, the young man at the left, who uses a long rod like a whip handle, that dips when he walks over a hidden spring.

The portrait in No. 7 is that of Mr. R. Robertson, the father of the young man with



No. 6 .- A group of water-diviners. From a photograph by Mr. A. E. Lane, Llanelly.

the long rod, and the joint author with Mr. J. F. Young, who drew the rod shown in No. 5, of a very interesting little work on "The Divining Rod and its Uses" [J. Baker and Son, Paternoster square, London].



No. 7.—A portrait of Mr. R. Robertson. From a photograph by Mr. A. E. Lane, Llanelly.

During my investigation of the practical part of this subject, I asked one of the water-finders about the fees that are paid by those who employ a "dowser" to find water on an estate. He told me that his charge was  $\pounds 5$  5s. and expenses for a single prospecting job on a private estate, occupying perhaps two or three hours, and resulting usually in finding water in not fewer than three places, out of which one might be chosen for sinking operations.

The water expert who told me this added that he finds it most satisfactory to work on the "no find, no pay" principle. He keeps a staff of men who sink wells and fix up all the necessary machinery for using the water after he has found it, and, in fact, he makes this work the regular business of his life, travelling all over these islands to fulfil his many engagements.

This gentleman is on a higher social level than are some of the other water finders; he was articled to a chartered accountant in London, but his health was not suited to indoor work, and, as he accidentally discovered that he possessed the faculty of water-finding, he threw up accountantship for the divining rod, and he now has a large business at Bath.

The fee for prospecting a big estate, and which may occupy an expert for a whole day, is £10 10s. and expenses, and this is the fee charged to District Councils and local corporations who seek the aid of this modern "dowser."

No. 8 shows a well being sunk under the superintendence of another expert in water (Mr. R. W. Robertson, of Llanelly). The house in the background is the Ashburnham Hotel, Pembrey. It was without a water supply until, some while ago, the diviner was asked to find water.

A strong spring was detected at about a hundred yards from the hotel. Operations were at once started, and this photograph represents an Abyssinian tube being driven into the earth where the diviner said there was water. At the depth he named, twenty-five feet, a strong spring was tapped, which sufficed to supply the hotel with the water it needed. The manager of the hotel, which belongs to Messrs. Buckley and Co., has written a testimonial to this effect.



No. 8.—Driving an Abyssinian tube at Pembrey (Wales) to get the water at the spot and at the depth indicated by a diviner. From a photograph by M1. A. E. Lane, Llanelly.

One of the numerous experts with whom I have been in communication, when questioned as to the proportion of his failures to his successes, stated the failures at ten per cent. of the number of trials. He was perfectly outspoken about his failures to find water, saying, rightly enough, that there must be failures in every experimental art. Even if we double the stated number of failures, and so call it one failure to four successes, this proportion of successes is far higher than can be attributed to mere chance, which

is all the basis given to this water-findingart by some of its sceptics.

Moreover, the water is sometimes found in most unlikely places. No. 9, for example, is a photograph of part Goodig Farm, Pembrey, whose tenant, W. B. Roderick, Esq., wanted a better supply of water than he had. An expert was called in, and he found water up the hill about fifty feet above the level of the farmyard. The well is shown in No. 9 by the little white mark towards the top of the picture on the face of the hill, which looks like the top and one side of a door frame.

The water that was found by the diviner is seen coming from the syphon into the bucket placed under it by the woman at the right of No. 9. The testimonial about this job says: "Nothing could be more satisfactory." The position of this well is unique, and it is difficult to imagine that anyone would think of sinking a well in the face of a hill unless he had special reason for expecting to find the water there.

But I will not give any more instances of the actual finding of water, although I have collected so many, and from such varied sources, that the mere enumeration of these facts would fill all the space now at my disposal.

The divining rod in No. 10 is merely a curved piece, not a forked twig. It is a favourite rod with the expert who uses it, and "it behaves in a very curious manner" [I quote from my correspondent's letter]: "it revolves between the finger and thumb when passing over a spring." The manner of holding this rod is shown in the sketch.

As a rule, the ordinary forked rod, such as No. 5, is held in a vertical position by its two points when the expert starts on his quest for water, and, when the diviner is passing over water, the rod dips with its apex, or single end, towards the earth.

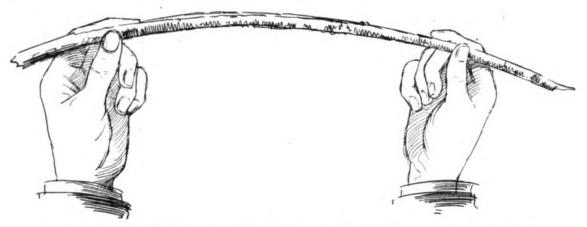
The water - finder who tells me this about No. 10 also says: "A very curious and interesting part of this affair is, that we [he and his colleague can find water equally as well when riding in a vehicle, on a horse, on a bicycle, or when travelling in a train, and we have given conclusive proof of same; this can be

same; this can be done without the rod, with the hands only, either behind our backs, at our sides, in front, or over our heads, with one or both hands—proving beyond doubt that the rod is only an indicator.

"But we can do this only when the hands are clean and comfortably warm, the sensitiveness of the hands being greatly increased by keeping them in good condition; hard manual labour which roughens them is detrimental to sensitiveness—by this means, and when in good health, we can go through INDIANA UNIVERSITY



No. 9.—The water coming from the well sunk on the face of the hill at a spot indicated by a water finder. From a photograph by Mr. A. E. Lane, Llanelly.



No. 10.—A Divining Rod which revolves between the finger and thumb of the expert who uses it, when he passes over a spring.

successfully a long series of experiments.

. . . I state these things to show that the subject is quite in its infancy, and we anticipate still further developments."

I may say that not only have I reason to place confidence in the good faith of the

correspondent just quoted, but that a well-known scientific man, writes to me expressing confidence in the good faith of the expert in question, who engages in this matter as an amateur, and not for any payment.

No. 11 is a photograph of Mr. John Mullins, lately dead, who was a very well-known and successful water-finder, and whose business is now carried on by his two sons at Colerne, in Wiltshire.

A rather amusing incident occurred a year or two ago in connection with this expert. The Earl of Jersey had on several occasions employed Mullins to find water on

his land, and one day an experiment was arranged at Osterley Park, and a party of scientific men were invited by Lord Jersey to witness Mullins prospect. The diviner started on his search, and after a while indicated a Digitized by

place or places where water would, he said, be found, and as he walked across the land stakes were stuck in the earth to mark the track of the hidden water.

One of the visitors, a very well known man, then said to Mullins: "Now, Mullins, we will blindfold you, and you shall start again,

and we will see if you again take the direction indicated by the stakes in the ground." "No, you won't blindfold me," said Mullins, "I didn't come here to be blindfolded, I came here to find water for Lord Jersey," and he turned to appeal to the Earl, who then testified to Mullins' past successes.

Despite all persuasion "to carry out the experiment for these gentlemen," Mullins stuck fast to his argument that he hadn't gone there "to be blindfolded," adding, and I think justly, "I do this to earn my living, and if I chanced to fail the second time and not keep to the line of stakes,

what would become of my reputation, now valuable, with all you scientific gentlemen as witnesses to my failure?" As my informant (one of the gentlemen present at the Osterley Park (experiment) said to me:



No. 11.—The late Mr. John Mullins, of Colerne, Wiltshire, a famous water-finder. From a photograph by Gillman & Co., Oxford.

"Mullins undoubtedly had the best of the argument."

Mr. Leicester Gataker, whose portrait is shown in No. 12, told me that he never uses a rod; he uses his hands only, and in No. 13 Mr. Gataker is seen in the middle of the foreground, with his hands spread apart, prospecting for water on the estate of Lord Llangattock, The Hendre, Monmouth.



No. 12.—Mr. Leicester Gataker, of Weston-super-Mare, a water-finder, who works with his hands only, and who does not use the Divining Rod. From a photograph by Debenham & Co., Weston-super-Mare.

One of his testi-

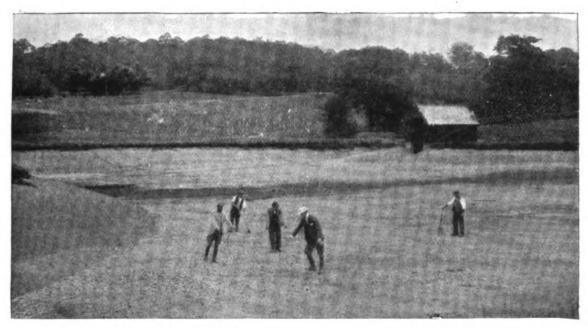
monials reads: "Mr. Gataker, at my request, has been searching for water in several places on this estate [the Hendre], and has been most successful. Water has been found wherever he has indicated, and at the exact depth mentioned by him. I cannot speak too highly of him, and of the wonderful skill he shows as a water-finder. (Signed) LLANGATTOCK." The date of this letter is June, 1896.

The man at the left of No. 13, he with the rod in his hands, is an amateur who is testing his power as a "dowser," by noticing if the rod dips, when the rodless Mr. Gataker says: "There is water here."

I asked Mr. Gataker how he knew when he was over hidden water—did he feel any bodily sensation?—and he told me that he usually felt a curious sensation

that began in the pit of the stomach. Mr. Gataker added that prospecting for water is very exhausting work because the diviner must be in a condition of high nervous tension and acute sensibility. If physically unfit, or seedy, there is no hope of success.

The little rod in No. 14 is a folding pocket divining rod made of aluminium. The modern dowser sometimes uses steel or



No. 13.—Mr. Leicester Gataker prospecting for water on the estate of Lord Llangattock, The Hendre, Monmouth.

From a Photograph by Debenham & Co., Resion-uper-Mare.

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copper wire instead of a hazel twig as his divining rod, and as the old idea is exploded which attributed to a hazel twig itself the occult power of being affected by running water, it seems that the actual material of which the rod is made matters little. Success in finding water depends on the diviner himself and not on the rod, and the art appears to be based on some subtle physical or psychical influence, not yet explained by science, but which is nevertheless a reality that must be taken into the account by anyone who wishes to investigate this matter. We

cannot explain the curious fact of antipathy or sympathy which undoubtedly exists between one person and another-an experience so common to everyone, that its very curious and subtle nature may be overlooked, even though such antipathies sympathies are felt by us daily. Again, how shall we account for such a common thing as the instinctive apathy which many persons have

for a cat—a feeling that is often laughed at as absurd, but which is, nevertheless, a reality-unless we grant that there exist, unknown to some of us, intangible physical influences which affect certain persons?

I must now sum up:

- I. Water is found by these diviners, whose proportion of successes to failures is much larger than can be ascribed to mere chance.
- II. The diviners are mainly employed by practical men, who want water, who pay for it to be found by diviners, and who are satisfied with the result.
  - III. Admitting that in some instances there may

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be a mixture of humbug or of charlatanism, there yet remains, after making due allowance for all sorts of side issues which affect the validity of this method of finding water, a residuum of fact which tends to prove the genuineness of the art.

IV. It is quite possible-nay, it is very probable -that certain persons are affected by purely physical influences which do not affect other persons. It is reasonable to think that water may emit certain delicate indications of its presence which may be felt by some persons, and which may be not conveyed to other persons.

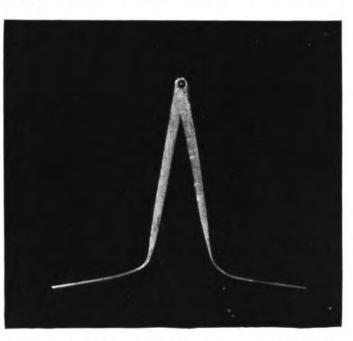
V. The evidence goes to show that there is absolutely no power in the rod itself-occult or otherwise. On this point I have asked for the

opinion of two or three men of science. Lord Kelvin writes that he believes the divining rod "to be utterly ineffective."

The net conclusion I have arrived at is that the hidden water does convey subtle indications of its presence to some persons, in whom it sets up very delicate, and probably involuntary nervemuscular contractions. These contractions cause movement in the delicately held rod, which

is merely a sort of tangible indication of the nerve-muscular contractions that occur.

In other words, the water does not cause movement in the rod, which movement is then communicated to the diviner; but the diviner transmits movement to the rod, such movement being the outcome of involuntary nerve-muscular contractions which are caused in some persons by the near presence of running water. This is, perhaps, the most just and reasonable explanation that can at present be given of this very curious and certainly useful art of water finding. Original from



No. 14.-A folding Divining Rod, for the pocket, made of aluminium. This rod is held by the thumb and first finger of each hand at the two ends which point to right and left in this photograph, with sufficient grasp to keep the rod perpendicular. As soon as the diviner walks over running water, or comes within the influence from running water, the rod turns slowly forward, away from the body. If the diviner passes over metals, this rod turns towards the body.



## No. III.-THE PURPLE GLASS.

The Chevalier Eugène Sabatier was accounted one of the handsomest men in all Paris; but he belied his reputation when he stood in the music room of the Hôtel Beautreillis on the third day of May in the year 1760, and reflected earnestly upon the strange tale which Antonio, the physician, had just told him.

There were three persons in the great room at that hour, but the young Chevalier was the most prominent figure, standing, as he did, where the deep red light of the setting sun could strike upon the gold and blue of his Dragoon's uniform, and send fire flashing from the heavy brass helmet he held in his hand.

As for Mademoiselle Corinne, the mistress of the Hôtel Beautreillis, she sat in a low chair drawn so far behind the curtain of the window that her pretty face was all in a shadow; nor could you distinguish the colour of her robe, nor the tint of the lace which hid her exquisitely white neck. But it was plain that she was very serious; and the same might have been said for her old physician Antonio, who sat at a great writing table in the centre of the apartment, and dipped his long quill pen into the ink-horn before him with irritating regularity. Never once did he look at the young officer, nor seem to remember the astonishment which a word of his had just created. And this was

the more surprising, since that word had told of the officer's death.

"Chevalier," he had said, "if you go to the Château Saint Mandé to-night, you go to the house of a man who is waiting to kill you."

The Chevalier sprang from his place, and standing a moment with the crimson light flushing upon his face, he appeared like one about to resent a savage insult.

"Dieu!" cried he; "do you forget that I am going to the house of my brother?"

"I forget nothing," answered the old man without looking up from his paper. "Should you doubt my words, Monsieur, it is easy to prove them by continuing your journey to the château immediately. But the proof will be with us, for your body will lie in the Marne before midnight."

The prophecy was that of one who weighed his words well; but so amazing was it to hear, that long minutes passed, and no voice broke the silence in the music room. As for Eugène Sabatier, he might have been stricken dumb. Mademoiselle Corinne, meanwhile, watched her guest with sad eyes and a troubled mind. There was something beyond mere friendship in a glance like that. Had her thoughts been uttered aloud she would have said: "I love him." Happily for her, the curtain hid her face and the pretty

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flush which added ornament to it. When she spoke, there was scarce a tremor of tenderness in her voice.

"Eugène," she said, for they had been children together, and no formalities decked their conversation, "Eugène, do not think that Antonio would jest with you at such a moment. This is no new thing to him. He

has known your brother, the Count of Brives, for twenty years. I sent for you to-night to save your life. Repay me by forgetting everything but the fortune and the future which to-night may bring you."

Sabatier, distracted by a hundred thoughts, turned upon her a glance full of affection, yet hardly followed her words.

"Corinne," cried he, "I know that my brother hates me—yet, that he would kill me—how can I believe that?"

"Nevertheless," chimed in the old physician, "he killed your brother Gilbert."

An exclamation, almost of resentment, broke from Sabatier.

"Monsieur," he gasped, "you say——"

"That your brother Gilbert was poisoned by the Count of Brives in the Château Saint Mandé two years ago to-night."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sabatier, "God grant that you are wrong!"

"Antonio is never wrong," said Corinne sadly. "If you ask him, he will tell you that your brother was poisoned three weeks after he became Marshal of the Palace, an appointment the Count of Brives had applied for but had failed to obtain."

"In the same way that you, Monsieur," added Antonio, "having been ordered to Westphalia to supplant the Count in a command there, will be poisoned by him on the

eve of your departure."

The old man spoke with such deliberate emphasis and conviction, his story was so plausible, that Sabatier could suffer it no longer.

"Corinne," cried he, rising from his seat and suppressing the many emotions which rushed upon his brain, "it is all like a terrible dream to me. I must go home to

reason with it. And if it be as you say, then I thank God that my brother is saved from this new crime."

He held out his hand to her, but she did not take it.

"Eugène," she exclaimed, "before you go home to-night, you have work to do."

"Which is, Corinne?"

"To avenge your brother Gilbert, and become the Count of Brives."

Perplexed as he was, Sabatier smiled.

"Oh," said he, "now you speak to me in riddles. What miracle shall make me Count of Brives to-night?"

"Supper at the Château Saint Mandé is the only miracle necessary, Eugène."

The dragoon drew back with an impatient gesture. Original from

The young Chevalier was the most prominent figure.

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"Corinne," he cried, "is it an hour for jests?"

He turned from one to the other appealingly, his distress being so great that tears stood in his eyes, and his voice was husky and broken. But it was the old physician who answered him:

"Chevalier," said he, laying down his pen for the first time, "you beseech me to be plain with you, and I will hasten to obey your wish. Mademoiselle tells you truly that a fortune and a future await you at the Château Saint Mandé to-night; but if they are to be won, they will be won by your own courage. The Count of Brives asks you to his home that he may kill you, as he killed your brother Gilbert. If you turn back now, thinking to spare him the crime, you will dishonour your father's memory, and add newshame to a house which knew shame for the first time when your eldest brother was born to it. Let me conjure you, then, to do no such thing, but to ride hence at once for the château—"

"Where they will poison me!" interrupted Sabatier, a little angrily.

"Exactly," continued Antonio; "where they will poison you. But you, if you are careful to do exactly as I bid you, will awake presently from the death you shall seem to die, and, being awakened, will find yourself, in twenty hours, Count of Brives and master of his fortune."

Sabatier stood wonderstruck. The old man, excited now by the story he was telling, raised his hand as in warning, and continued rapidly.

"Monsieur, there is no other in the world who is called, as you are now called, to be God's messenger in this work of vengeance and of right. Go, then, before the clock strikes again to Saint Mandé; and say to yourself as you enter, that you are come to avenge your brother Gilbert. Whatever you see there, whatever may happen to you—fear nothing. The eyes of those that send you to this work will watch you even as you sit. I say no more—the minutes pass swiftly; and what further counsel I can give is written here upon this parchment. Let me exhort you to read every letter of that injunction—not once, but twelve times, as you ride

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towards the château. For that writing is life or death—as you remember or forget it."

There was a great stillness in the room when the old man ceased to speak. Sabatier, scarce knowing whether the words were real or the echo of a dream, took with trembling hands the paper which the physician thrust upon him. Then he turned questioningly to Corinne; but she had now risen from her seat, and, coming forward, she laid her pretty fingers caressingly upon his arm.

"Eugène," she asked earnestly, "you will avenge your brother?"

"As God is my witness," he answered, "I will know the truth this night."

The woods of Vincennes were very dark when Eugène Sabatier passed through them on his way to his brother's house. head was too full of absorbing thoughts to permit him to notice the state of the night or even the dangers of the road. For the matter of that, he had ridden at a hard gallop from Mademoiselle Corinne's courtyard; and, skirting the right bank of the Seine, he drew rein but twice before the grim and forbidding home of the Count of Brives stood up in the valley before him. Then, indeed, with a little shiver of fear, he permitted his horse to walk; while he took off his heavy brass helmet and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

There was no braver man in Condé's legion than Eugène Sabatier; none readier with the rapier or more skilled in all those arts which are a soldier's boast. It was the hidden danger—the death in the cup—that now made his heart beat so loudly. He could not hide it from himself that the old man, Antonio, who had warned him, might be a fool and a How, he asked himself, if the scheme should fail and his own body be found to-morrow in the Marne? He had little to hope for in life, for he was a penniless soldier who must make his own future; but, so long as he could treasure up in his heart love for little Corinne, he was content to live, and to dream of a day when there should be no gulf of wealth and station between them.

That day would come quickly enough if his brother, the Count of Brives, were to die; since the Count had neither wife nor child; and title and lands would then descend to

him. He remembered how Corinne had promised that all this should happen twenty hours after he sat down to supper at the

Twice already had he perused the slip of parchment which old Antonio intrusted to him with so solemn a warning; but now at

the mouth of the village, he drew rein for the third time; and holding the paper so that the light from the lantern of the inn fell upon it, he read every word of it again and again; and having read it, he repeated it aloud twenty times to be sure that his memory had it. There were but three lines of writing in all, done clearly in great bold characters; and Eugène soon knew them so well that

he could say them backwards or forwards as he pleased.

BEWARE OF THE PURPLE GLASS;
THE HALF OF THAT WITHIN IT IS LIFE,
THE WHOLE IS DEATH.

"Bah," said he, tearing the paper into shreds and letting the night wind scatter it, "they tell a tale to frighten children! What an injustice to believe this of my brother until I have something beyond an old man's cackle to go upon. How should he know of a purple glass, and how can there be both life and death in it? I will listen to no such slander, but sup with the Count as a brother should."

This was all very well in promise, but the performance was a different matter. Though Sabatier kept telling himself that he had nothing to fear, he could not suppress a shudder when the old bell of the château clanged at his touch, and a

voice whispered in his ear: "You may never leave this house again." Nor did the croaking welcome of the evil-eyed, stooping, lank old servant, Armand, reassure him.

"The Count, my master, awaits you in the salon, Monsieur," said he. "I pray you be careful of the steps; they are, like all else here, a little grown in age. Shall Germain bed your horse? or do you ride away tonight?"

"Ay, surely, Armand, I leave Paris tomorrow, and must be in my own bed before midnight is struck," answered Eugène merrily, though his hope sank lower and lower at the gloomy aspect of all he saw

An old-time for-

château. The very absurdity of such a promise compelled him to laugh aloud.

He was not more than a hundred yards from the gloomy house now; and he could hear the voices of boatmen rising up from the river's bank. Behind him lay Paris, her lights beginning to shine brightly, as in joy of the newly come night; before him the road sloped gently toward the Seine, meeting it at last at a point where the Marne flows into the greater stream. He could see his brother's château, which had the shape of an old-time fortress, standing up black and threatening at the water's edge.

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tress, standing

up black and threatening

at the water's edge.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

about him. "Let the horse have a mouthful of sweet hay and a loosened girth," he added presently; "who knows that my hand will be steady enough to saddle him when I have done supping with the Count."

The old servant, who had thrown the reins to the lad Germain, looked up quickly at this remark, his toothless mouth opening in a horrid smile.

"Who knows, Monsieur?" he said, "there

was never one of your race that refused a flask of Armagnac yet. And there is none better in France, than the wine in my master's cellars. I pray you follow me lest the supper be already cold."

With this, he took up his lantern and mounted a steep, tortuous, narrow staircase, above which the great black walls of the château loomed forbiddingly. There was a wicket in an old iron-sheathed door at the stair's head, and when they had passed through it, they stood in a vast hall, the walls of which

were covered with rusting armour. But the place was forsaken and unlighted, save for the poor rays which fell from the candle in the lantern; and, indeed, the whole house was full of a silence as of the silence of the deeper night.

It was a tremendous relief to Eugène when, at last, he entered the great salon, and beheld his brother standing near the door to receive him. Every suspicion, every doubt, all the horrid stories

he had heard at the Hôtel Beautreillis were forgotten in a moment. Kinship, even affection, succeeded to them during the instant of warm welcome.

"Brother," he said, coming forward with a light step, and stooping to kiss the Count upon the cheeks, "brother, it is good to see you again." Digitized by Google

turned the greeting. He was a man perhaps of forty years of age; his face pitted with the small-pox; his nose squat and up-turned: his moustache short and stubby; his eyes, very bright and very small. He wore a suit of black velvet, with ruffles of white lace; but his vest was embroidered with silver, and the buttons of it were picked out with diamonds.

Count Charles suffered rather than re-

"My brother," said he, his restless eyes



blinking the while, "I heard that you were named for a command in Westphalia. It was natural that I should wish to see you before you go."

The words seemed an apology; but Eugêne, refusing to note the hesitation and halting manner, became frankness itself.

"It is true," he answered, "that I have a INDIANA UNIVERSITY

command, Charles—though there is little hope left to us of the war. I am sure you wish me God-speed, for I am to have your old company in Condé's legion."

The Count shrugged his shoulders.

"Pah!" said he curtly; "if you can make those rats fight you are a clever man. They ran at Minden like deer from the dogs. Let us go to supper and forget them."

He led the way to an adjoining diningroom, even a larger chamber than the one they quitted; and they sat together at the end of a long table, feebly lit by eight wax lights. The toothless old man, Armand, waited upon them, like a ghostly image from the gloom in which the greater part of the room was plunged.

For a while neither of the brothers spoke a word; eating silently, and scarce looking at The supper itself was of the one another. plainest—a capon, a dish of spinach, some tender slices of venison—and for drink, champagne in long goblets of sparkling cut glass. Eugène said to himself for the second time when he lifted such a goblet and drank deeply of the foaming draught, that old Antonio, the physician to Mademoiselle Corinne, was a fool. He was half of a mind to hint to his brother the cruel slander put abroad about him: but, restraining himself, he began to talk of the Hôtel Beautreillis and of its fascinating mistress.

"You have seen Corinne lately?" he asked indifferently.

The Count looked up quickly.

- "You speak of Mademoiselle de Montesson?" said he.
- "Certainly I do; but I thought you were such good friends."

Count Charles shrugged his shoulders.

- "I know her a little," said he with assumed nonchalance; "and you—"
- "Oh," said Eugène, with whole-hearted energy, "I know her very well indeed, brother."

The Count put out his glass that Armand might fill it with champagne. The action helped him to conceal from Eugène the deep flush upon his face, and the angry brightness of his eyes. But he said no word to betray himself; and began cleverly to talk of other subjects with a loquacity quite foreign to him.

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When supper at last was done, he pushed back his chair from the table, seeming to be well content with all the world.

"Armand," he cried to the toothless old serving man, "bring a flask of Armagnac and set glasses. You can go home then."

Eugène was surprised at the request.

- "Do you live alone here, brother?" he asked.
- "Certainly!" replied the Count. "Am I not a soldier who has been alone all my life?"

  It was a bitter question, and Eugène shuddered, he knew not why. Far from fearing his brother now, he pitied him, and would have been very glad to have said so; but just when the word was upon his lips, Armand returned with the flask of the wine of Armagnac and two long glasses which he wiped and set carefully upon the table. Eugène observed their colour immediately. They were of a deep purple tint.

"Ciel!" he murmured to himself, while his heart beat fast and the blood rushed to his brain; "the purple glass!" In the same moment, Armand left the room; and a little while after a gate in the courtyard was shut with a loud clang. The brothers were alone in the house of gloom.

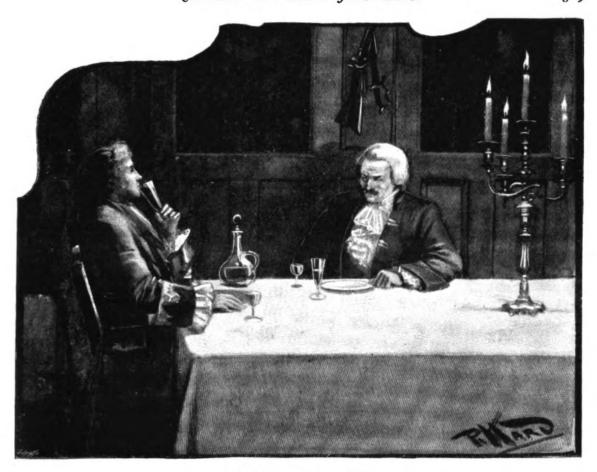
The Count was the first to speak. He had the flask of wine in his hands; and Eugène, who watched him like one fascinated, observed that his arm trembled when he raised it.

"Come," cried he, in a thick, unnatural voice, "there is no finer Armagnac in Paris than this. Let me give you some?"

Eugène bowed his head. His face was almost livid now. For that which he must suffer, he cared nothing. He would sooner have died there and then than make sure of so horrible a truth. "My brother a poisoner?" he said to himself a hundred times. "Oh, what shame, what dishonour!"

The Count filled his glass and pushed it over to him. Eugène was surprised to see that his brother helped himself also to the wine, drinking the half of a glass at a draught.

The action reassured him. "They have told me a lie," he said to himself for the twentieth time—and with this upon his lips and the warning of old Antonio ringing in his ears like a knell, he lifted the purple glass and drank from it. "The half is life!" said



Eugène drank exactly one half.

the voice. Eugène drank exactly one half and put his glass upon the table. The Count did not appear to notice the action.

"So you leave Paris to-morrow," said he pleasantly.

The dragoon answered incoherently. A strange joy began to quicken the blood in his veins. He had looked to fall senseless after drinking the wine; but to his amazement nothing happened. Rather, he felt elated, eager to talk nonsense, light-headed as a child. "Dame!" said he, to himself; "what a calumny to spread."

The reaction was terrible, overwhelming. He had the desire to rise and embrace his brother. He spoke of little Corinne freely—even of his love for her. The Count replied in monosyllables. He, too, was watching; but the light of long years of hate was in his eyes. The moment of his vengeance had come.

Five minutes had passed now since Eugène drank the wine; five minutes which he declared were the happiest in his life. But of a sudden his joy was turned to great fear; his words were broken on his lips; cold sweat started to his forehead; his heart quickened with a pulse of weakness. In that moment he knew that the old physician had not cheated him.

Death himself seemed to have touched him upon the forehead. A dreamy, irresistible sleep stole upon him surely. Everything in the room was still clear to his eyes; but the power of action and of speech was becoming less every moment. He felt that he was sinking down into unconsciousness. He clenched his hands and swore that he would not die. With a last great effort, and a last loud cry, he raised himself from his chair—only to fall headlong at his brother's feet; and to lie there, seeing all, hearing all, but unable to move a limb or utter a word.

The Count of Brives, who had waited for the moment, rose for the first time since his brother had drunk the wine. Eugène, lying there in the trance which the poison put upon him, could observe all the other's actions—

and he watched him as a prisoner may watch a captor from whom he has no hopes of mercy. Deliberately and with all the nerve of a man grown callous to crime, the Count prepared to finish his work. He put out the lights upon the table one by one, until a single candle alone lighted the vast chamber. Then, taking this candle in his hand, he bent over the body before him and looked at it with a malignity woful to see.

"Pah!" he said, placing the light upon the table again. "Condé's legion will want a captain to-morrow, and Corinne a lover. He brought it upon himself—why should I pity him?"

The dragoon heard the words very plainly, and the hate in them added to that which he suffered. It was true, then, as Antonio had told him, that his brother meant to kill him when he asked him to the Château Saint Mandé. He recollected at the same time that the old man had prophesied things which he did not understand at the moment of their utterance.

"You will awake presently from the death you shall seem to die, and, being awakened, will find yourself in twenty hours Count of Brives and master of his fortunes." Or again: "The eyes of those that send you to this work will watch you even as you lie."

The Count of Brives had opened the windows of the salon now, and the cool air of the May night flooded the chamber refreshingly. Eugène heard his brother pass out into the garden beyond, and when he returned to the table he had a lantern in his hand. Nerved by all the resolution of daring and cruelty, the Count was quick to act that his crime might be hidden from men and from his own eyes.

Twice he walked up to the body of the man he believed to be dead; twice he drew back with a tremor of nerve and a gesture of repugnance. When at last his iron will conquered, he stooped quickly, and, bringing all his great strength to the work, he began to drag the body towards the window. It was a hard effort, even for him; and he had but begun it when a loud sound, like the sound of a door shutting in a chamber above, caused him to spring up with a great cry, and to stagger from the room as though unnum-

bered phantoms had come about him to proclaim the deed.

Eugène heard the sound well enough, and began to hope for the second time. "They watch me—they watch me," he cried. "Oh, how I need my courage—if they should be too late!" The thought was unbearable, almost maddening; the agony of the bondage of helplessness greater than any man could conceive. He prayed for unconsciousness—even for death; but these were denied to him. The drug had quickened his life—and yet had robbed him of all that which life is.

In this, the mood of fear unspeakable, he lay and listened while his brother passed quickly from room to room, opening and shutting the doors loudly, and often crying "Who goes there?" as though he was sure that someone else had entered the château. Nor was the Count content until he had searched even the garrets, and had told himself a hundred times that the wind cheated him in this alarm.

When, at last, he returned to the dining-room, his step was stronger, and his will more sure. He picked up the body now as though it had been a common burden, and, staggering from step to step down the stairs upon which the window opened, he dragged it into the garden and so out into the moonlight, which fell plenteously upon the dewy grass. There for a moment he stood, panting for his breath, and shading his eyes that he might peer into the darkness.

As for Eugène, he had felt the strength of the arms which clasped him so surely; and now, when he lay stiff and voiceless upon the grass, he said that death had become his neighbour. "He means to throw my body in the Seine," thought he; "they will come too late—they have left me to die!"

But the Count was rested now; and once more he stooped to his dreadful work. The spot whereon he stood was scarce fifty yards from the black waters of the Seine. There was to be no delay this time. Turning his eyes away that he might not look upon his brother's face again, he gripped him by the left arm, and began to drag him towards the river.

Two paces he took; his foot was raised for a third—when the second omen of the

night sent him staggering back from his burden like one stricken with a mortal sickness. The omen was nothing less than the

sound of his name uttered from a window high up in the looming wall of the château. Clear above the river's moaning and the song of the poplars, the call came:

"Monsieur le Comte, Monsieur le Comte, where is your brother Eugène?"

The Count turned round on his heel-a cry frothed upon his lips; he reeled backward, backward, saying that the judgment of God was upon him. The château, which had been dark when he left it five minutes before, was now blazing with light. Every room in the upper storey shed bright golden rays from its windows. in the strong moonlight, the great house had become like a palace of the fairies. More than all, a man clothed from head to foot in black stood plain to be seen at a casement above the salon; and he it was who called to Count Charles:

"Monsieur le Comte, Monsieur le Comte, where is your brother Eugène?"

The Count heard the call, and for a moment terror convulsed him. But fury was quick to prevail above fear; and with a great oath upon his lips, he drew a dagger and ran back to the château. In the same instant, the man in black disappeared from the window; and Eugène, watching it all with a hope not to be described, observed that the bushes near to him on the lawn opened suddenly, and that men came out of them. The face of the first of these newcomers was hidden by a mask; but when the man stooped presently to pour the contents of a phial upon the dragoon's lips, the mask slipped and Vol. III.--75.

Eugène knew that old Antonio was at his side.

"My son," said the old man, watching the



Staggering from step to step down the stairs.

red drops fall upon the feverish lips; "awake —and sleep."

"Ciel! is it thou, Antonio?" murmured Eugène, knowing that the trance had passed from him the moment the drops fell. "Oh, blessed be God—I live—I live."

The minute was the most exquisite of his life: but scarce had he realised the meaning of it, when a sweet unconsciousness stole upon him, and he slept. And so sleeping, the men raised him in their arms and carried him quickly out of the garden.

Original from

The afternoon of the following day was drawing to a close, when Eugène Sabatier awoke from his deep sleep. A ray of burning sunlight, striking down through the open window of his room in the Rue Charles V., fell at length upon his eyes, and caused him to turn uneasily upon his bed. A moment later, he sat upright and began to stare about him with the air of one who is not quite sure either of the hour or of his environment. In this employment, he encountered the gaze of his servant Bernardin, who stood at the bed's head as though he had long been awaiting the moment.

"Sir," said the valet, advancing with his master's clothes, "it is five o'clock,

and you know that we leave Paris at eight. Will you be pleased to rise?"

"Diavolo!" cried Eugène, springing from the bed with a light step—and he was very surprised to find how strong he was. "Have I slept long, Bernardin?"

Bernardin shook his head.

"You were away from home when I left here at ten o'clock last night, my master," said he; "but when I brought your coffee at eight o'clock this morn-

ing, you slept so soundly that I could not wake you."

The dragoon began to dress himself quickly, remembering only that he had orders to leave Paris at six o'clock that night.

"Sang-bleu!" muttered he to himself, "I must have supped in some cabaret, and drunk too much Armagnac. What a thing to dream, that my brother poisoned me. Pah! it was a fool's sleep, and I am paid for my folly. And yet I could swear that I talked with Corinne at her house yesterday, and that she promised to make me Count of Brives in twenty

hours. Dame! I am like to wait long for that!"

Saying this to himself, he made a hurried meal; and, all being ready, set out for the Barrière du Trône, when the clocks of Paris were striking half-past six. His baggage had gone already in the waggons of the regiment which he was to join at Chalons; and he rode now, accompanied only by his servant Bernardin, who led his second charger.

Many turned in the streets to look at the handsome dragoon in the sky-blue uniform; many muttered: "There goes that rogue Saba-

tier to the wars;" but Eugène noticed none of them. deep depression weighed him down; accustomed gaiety and readiness of speech had forsaken him; he struck again into the heart of the Woods of Vincennes, and the silence of the thickets was balm to his weary mind. He was absolutely convinced that the events of the dreadful night were the events of a dream. He remembered that he must pass his brother's château on his way

to Chalons. "I will call and ask a God speed of him," said he to himself. "I owe him that for allowing myself even to repeat so cruel a calumny."

He had come by this time to that little place upon the hill whence he could look down to the Seine, and observe the gloomy towers of his brother's house. Here, despite the resolution, a shiver of fear played upon all his limbs. Strange as he thought it, the dream seemed more real with every mile he rode. He could have sworn that he stood last night upon that very spot; he remembered the blood red light upon the



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river, the shiver of the aspens, the foreboding which possessed him. Angry with himself that these thoughts prevailed, he set spurs to his horse, and rode at a gallop towards the village.

"A plague upon it," said he. "It was a dream, a silly dream. I did not sup with my brother and never shall I be Count of Brives—fool that I am to think of it."

"Chevalier," said a voice at his side, "permit me to tell you that you are mistaken."

Eugène checked his horse and looked round quickly. He saw to his astonishment that a man, who wore a rich dress of black cloth and a black plumed hat, rode at his side upon a magnificent beast which kept pace with the other as easily as though he had been walking for the show of it in the Place Louis Quinze.

"Chevalier," said the dragoon civilly, "you say——"

"That you are very mistaken, Monsieur—you did sup with your brother last night, and you will be Count of Brives before the clock strikes again."

The words were spoken with such a fine air that Sabatier began to ask himself if this were some new apparition come to cheat him as the others had done.

"Oh!" cried he impatiently, "what mystery is all this? Am I in my senses, or do I still sleep?"

He reined in his horse, and the stranger came close up to his side.

"Chevalier," said he, "you neither sleep nor dream. Do not ask yourself such a silly question. It is quite true that your brother attempted to poison you last night with a flask of Armagnac, in which, as the physician Antonio would tell you, there were four grains of one of the most deadly drugs known to the East. You, however, remembering the warning, drank but a half of the glass set before you—and so you become Count of Brives."

"I?" cried Eugène impatiently. "I become Count of Brives?"

"Exactly," said the other, "you have only to ride to yonder château to make it your own."

The dragoon laughed scornfully.

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"Pah!" said he, "how could the wine have been poisoned when my brother drank of it; and how could your physician know what the flask contained?"

The man in the plumed hat betrayed no sign of impatience.

"Chevalier," said he slowly, "you ask me two questions and I will answer them. We knew what the wine contained because Armand, your brother's servant, has long been good enough to sell us for money ar account of your brother's life. Three weeks ago, the Count of Brives was offered by an agent of my mistress, Mademoiselle Corinne, a preparation of the poppy leaf brought from Yezd. So fatal is this to those whose bodies are not fortified against it by the continued and gradual habit of eating the drug, that two-thirds of a grain will kill the strongest man. You, however, drinking but a half of that which was offered to you, suffered only a passing loss of your senses.

"It is obvious to you that the Count, having been long in the East and accustomed to the use of opium, could drink that which would mean the death of another not so prepared. The draught last night steeled his will to the crime he sought to commit. You, however, succumbed to it; and never, I swear, did the living wear the cloak of the dead as you wore it in the Château Saint Mandé."

Sabatier groaned at the remembrance. It seemed to him that he began to suffer the terror of the garden for the second time.

"Ciel!" cried he, "it is all a miracle—I cannot believe it—I cannot——"

"It is no miracle," said the stranger solemnly—"it is the hand of Almighty God avenging your brother who was slain. Go then, to the Château—but go alone that the eyes of no other may witness the deed which must be. I wait here until yonder church bell shall tell me that you are Count of Brives."

He pointed with outstretched arm to the gate of the darkening house upon whose blackened walls the last crimson rays of the setting sun were falling fitfully. As Eugène rode away, he remembered that he had seen the stranger before; and he said: "It was he who called from the window last night—'Monsieur le Comte, Monsieur le Comte, where is your brother Eugène?" Driven on

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY at the recollection as by a fatality, eager to prove, to make sure; now buoyed up with hope, now with excitement, he galloped through the street of the village, and never drew rein until his hand was upon the bell at



He was walking, with bent head, to and fro upon the grass plot.

the outer gate of the château, and the birds were winging upward at his clamorous peel.

As it had been last night—that night of nights—so was it to-day. The toothless old Armand gave him welcome; the lad Germain held his horse. But Sabatier's heart beat until his whole body shook with the pulsations; and so great was his dread that he could scarce frame the question—

"Where is my brother, the Count?"

"Monsieur," said the old man, with a leer, "your brother awaits you in the garden." Bidding him stay where he was, Sabatier ascended the rotting staircase and passed rapidly through the hall. "I will know the truth, I will learn all," he said. Many as were his sensations while he strode across the great dining room to the garden beyond, he

quieted them all in the greater doubt—
"Can this thing have been?" And,
doubting it to the last, he opened
the window and so beheld his
brother.

The Count was dressed as he had been on the previous evening; but his eyes were now bloodshot and inflamed; his step halting and restless; his fine lace torn. When Sabatier saw him thus, he was walking, with bent head, to and fro upon the grass plot by the bushes; but his glance was ever upon the ground, and he muttered unceasingly: "Where is my brother Eugène?" This haunting cry had been upon his lips through every hour of that dreadful night. He had never left the scene of his crime - had touched no food, had spoken no word. From the moment when he discovered that some unseen witness watched him in his horrid task—the Count of Brives lost his reason.

"Holy God," cried Eugène aloud, moved to exceeding pity by a sight so woful, "my brother is mad."

The Count heard the cry and looked up. For one long-drawn instant he stood quite still; then, with a moan upon his lips, he began to walk backwards down the garden. But at the third step he fell heavily upon the grass.

"Brother," said Eugène, running to his side, "brother—I forgive—"

It was a word of surpassing love—but the heart of Count Charles of Brives had ceased to beat while it was spoken.

When Eugène Sabatier rode from the Château Saint Mandé that night to join the army at Chalons, the villagers cried after him:

"Bonsoir, Monsieur le Comte."

And the bells of the little church soon told all Paris that Charles, Count of Brives, was no more.

Dig Number IV. of this series of stories will be published next month.



By J. MALCOLM FRASER.

The Illustrations are from Photographs specially taken by George Houghton, Margate.

THE suggestion of Margate as a holiday resort is usually met by a look of keen contempt, resulting, as a rule, from the descriptions that one gathers from the ever present railway bill, which sets forth in large letters the seductive pleasures of a "day's trip to the sea-side for three-and-six."

Yet Margate—the paradise of many trippers, the land of shrimps and cheap teas—contains something more than most people imagine; something that would not only please the hearts of antiquarians, but should also instil wonder and admiration into the minds of their less learned brethren. In short, this resort of cockney tourists contains one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of England's many wonders.

Every year some thousands of people visit Margate, either as a health resort or to see how the multitude amuse themselves, and yet how many of them are able to say that they have visited—or even heard of—the "grotto"? Even the head waiter at one of the principal hotels confessed a profound ignorance on the subject, when questioned by me as to its whereabouts.

To be told that a place is named the grotto, to hear that it is lined with shells, to see a board outside the place itself, bearing the inscription "teas provided," and to still wish to see it, needs a good deal of enthusiasm. The very expression "teas provided" is enough to disgust the ordinary individual, and to cause reminiscences of shrimps and ostrich plumes to float before the imagination.

To be concise, the name is a mistake; the management is a mistake; the arrangement of the whole thing from beginning to end is a mistake. Be that as it may, the grotto still remains an object of exceeding interest, and well repays the trouble of a visit.

To begin with, the grotto is situated upon the Dane, about ten minutes' walk from the sea front. The entrance is made from the ground floor of a little cottage, which stands over the mouth of a cavern. On entering the doorway, the visitor is met by an old man, who, with lighted taper in hand, cautions you that "there are nine steps to go down, nine steps and no more."

Down these nine steps you descend, therefore, and then pass through a rough hewn passage, some 100 feet long, which suddenly emerges into the so-called grotto. Gas has been laid throughout the whole route, and as burner after burner is lighted, the beauty and elegance of one of the most fantastic relics of the Pagan period reveal themselves.

A large central column, supporting the arched roof, discloses a marvel of architectural design, eclipsing even the Alhambraian mosaic work. Innumerable panels—perfectly proportioned—line the walls, the columns, and the arches of the cave—each panel beautifully finished—each most perfect in design—all different. Roses with buds, flowers, stems, and leaves may all be seen exquisitely worked in shells of different forms and colours. Vines, with small white grapes intermingled with large black muscatels,

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swords and shields, fishes and birds, all tastefully arranged and carried out.

The shells used in the decoration of this wonderful cavern are those which may ordinarily be found on the beach of any of our British watering places. Frank Buckland, the naturalist, advanced the theory that they were carefully sorted into various sizes, washed, and embedded in the cement while alive. This, he states, is the reason of their non-disintegration.

The cement in which they have been fixed,

moreover, is exactly similar to the celebrated Roman cement of Dover Castle. Now, Dover Castle was originally a Roman fortress, and has gradually arisen from Anglo-Saxon and Norman work. The Pharos, or light tower, for instance, is entirely of early Roman architecture, so that it is safe to say that the grotto is very nearly 2000 years old.

So interested was Frank Buckland in this cave, that he purposed writing a book on the subject, and returned to London after a visit to Margate

Main entrance to catacomb.

with the express intention of doing so. Shortly after his arrival in town, however, he unhappily fell ill and died.

The first part of the grotto consists of a circular passage with two exits, the one leading into the chalk passage, the other culminating in a species of temple. This "Holy of Holies" is a square room that bears every resemblance to a place of worship. As may

be supposed, however, the Christian emblem of the cross is nowhere to be seen. Instead. the walls are emblazoned with various symbols of the Pagan faith-the sun, the moon, the stars, fire, flowers, and fruits. Over the altar, in the illustration on page 327, may be seen an exceedingly good reproduction of the sun, composed of microscopic shells. Here, again, the stars and fire-spouting urns give evidence of heathen workmanship.

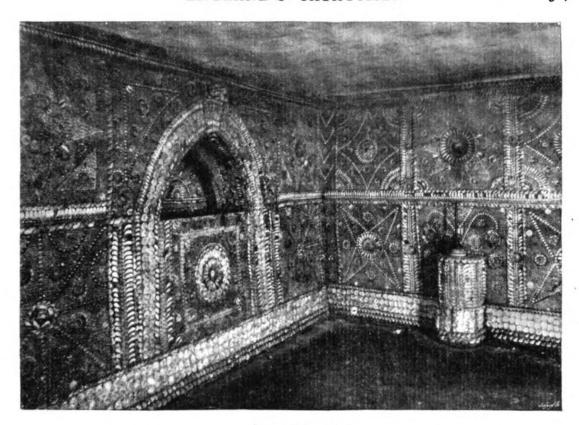
In addition to the usual designs, this chapel contains a couple of pedestals, which

> possibly at one time held some heathen deities. This, however, is merely a supposition, grounded on the fact that there is a small broken idol in the apex of one of the arches at the entrance to the cavern.

The way in which this grotto was discovered savours of the romantic. In 1837 the original owner of the land above it was digging in his garden, when suddenly, in the manner dear to tellers of fable, his spade slipped and disappeared through the ground.

further investigation, a round hole, that lost itself in gloom, was discovered.

The gentleman's son volunteered to go through the hole in search of the missing spade. That which followed may easily be guessed, the cavern was opened up, miscalled the grotto, and shown to the curious public at so much a head Then came the laying on of the gast and the subsequent calcining



A corner of the temple.

of the shells in the vicinity of the burners.

It is reported that a few rough, oaken benches were found in the chapel, but these were afterwards disposed of in Soho on account of pecuniary difficulties. Further information is not to be obtained, so that it only remains to give some plausible explanation of the grotto's use, and to discover, it possible, for what purpose it was built.

That it was not intended for human habitation is at once apparent, for no person could live in a place where neither sufficient light nor ventilation were obtainable. The whole of the decorations, in fact, were completed in rooms and passages where the only possible illumination was shed by torches and lamps.

Nor is there any indication of those torchbrackets having been used, which may so often be seen among the ruins of Early Roman buildings.

The idea of its having been a prison or permanent temple of worship, cannot for one moment be entertained, in view of the foregoing facts. That this work must have taken years of weary toil to accomplish is undeniable. The collecting, cleaning, and sorting of the shells, and the subsequent setting of more than 2000 square feet of the most beautiful mosaic work possible, must surely have been nothing more or less than a labour of love. And this love is amply symbolised in the hearts—formed of shells and agates—that may be seen in some half-a-dozen parts of the grotto.

Why was all this done underground, where but few human eyes could see and admire it? Most assuredly the evidences are in favour of the grotto having been at one time or another a burial place of the dead. In short, was it not a catacomb?

At first sight this theory is somewhat startling; but on a closer review of the facts the proposition certainly commends itself. What else *can* it be, one is tempted to wonder?

It is well known that the Romans were, roughly speaking, between four and five hundred years in England, and that Kent was the county which they inhabited most, for the castra or camp at Dover was their headquarters, and, practically speaking, their only means of egress from Britain. Nor is sufficient proof lacking to establish the fact

that a great number of their villas were situated in Kent. This has been shown by the number of graves containing Roman implements, both of warfare and peace, that have been discovered in and around Margate.

In view of these facts, therefore, it is no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that a Roman officer, or private gentleman for that matter, built a villa near Margate in order to be in the vicinity of the Dover castra.

This chalky district possesses an incalcul-

able number of dry caves, to which entrance may be obtained by means of narrow, subterraneous passages, and there is a possibility of one of these caves having been pointed out to the said Roman gentleman, and of its having strongly reminded him of the catacombs at Rome.

It was no extraordinary occurrence if he was seized with the idea of ornamenting the cavity, in order that it might serve the purpose of a catacomb for his dear ones in England. The

Roman himself was certainly a heatnen, as may be gathered from the symbolising of the various forces and products of nature, and from the absence of any Christian signs.

The question which now presents itself is: Where were the bodies placed? In connection with this, I may mention that there are several panels in the grotto about the size of an ordinary coffin, over each of which there stands the sacred heart, or emblem of love.

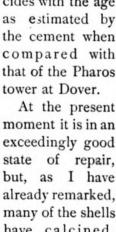
we can only form a conjecture. They may have been placed in niches in the wall, or, more probably still, simply laid in state upon the ground and afterwards removed. The latter theory eliminates the difficulty as to what became of the trophies with which they are almost sure to have been buried. The former proposition can only be tested by excavation, which thing, however, the present leaseholder is not permitted to carry out.

In the view which I have taken of the

catacomb, be it right or wrong, the age may roughly be estimated at 2000 years. This, moreover, coincides with the age as estimated by the cement when compared with that of the Pharos tower at Dover.

have calcined, owing to the gas, and the sooner this gives way to the less destructive electric light

It is also desirable that the ubi-

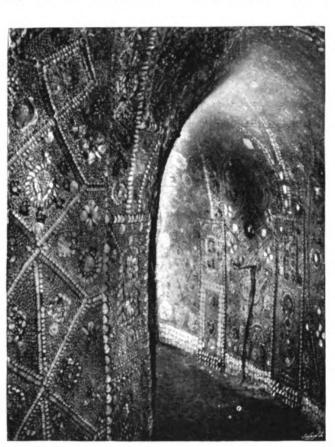


the better.

quitous cheap tripper be prevented, as much as possible—to totally avoid the evil were impossible—from displaying his vandalising powers on so interesting and beautiful a piece of work.

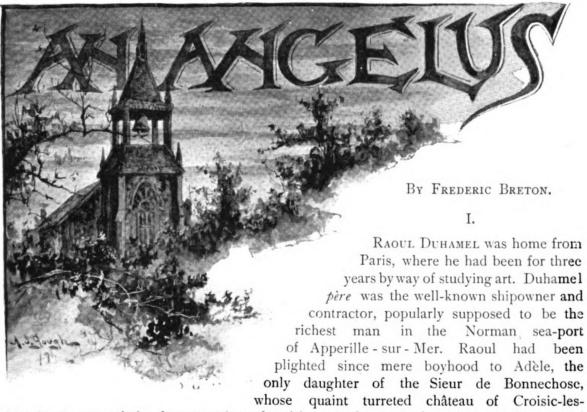
In conclusion, let me add that the catacomb is well worthy of a visit from those who are both curious and intelligent, and who, in their love for the quaint and the beautiful, will earnestly endeavour to preserve this attractive relic of antiquity from the damage which is apt to be accorded to itm

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View of coffin-shaped panels

As to where the dead were actually placed, ligitized by



Sables forms one of the few attractions for visitors in the somewhat bleak neighbourhood of Apperille.

The young man was so familiar with the fact of his engagement that he was disposed to regard not only his betrothal, but also his betrothed, with a resignation to accomplished facts almost bordering on contempt. Nevertheless, he had scarcely seen the girl for several years, and as he set forth from Apperille on the afternoon after his arrival home to pay a duty call at the château, he rather wondered to himself into what sort of maiden the little girl of his recollections had developed.

"Seventeen!" said he to himself; "it is a pretty age. It is the age—at least she says so—of La belle Hélène, who keeps house for Gaston de Fleury. Hélène is quite charming. But, bah! I have no business in that galley. As for Adèle, we shall see. But I don't expect much. Parents do not put on young spectacles when they choose the girl who is to be one's wife."

Musing thus, he reached the wide, sandy bay, on the further side of which the turrets of Croisic-les-Sables rose above the green spires of a wood of spruce firs. The tide was far out, and Raoul thought he would save a mile by going straight across the sand, instead of skirting the semi-circular coast line. He had got about half-way over, when he found his feet beginning to sink in the soft, grey, sea mud marking the course of the little river Croisic, whose mouth at high water met the lips of the waves. The young man looked towards the shore, but did not feel at all inclined to trudge across the half mile of sand that lay between him and the wooden footbridge spanning the river at the confines of sea and land.

"Bah! I am light enough," he muttered. "I ought to be able to get across safely. Besides, the polish of my boots is already spoiled, and a few extra splashes of mud won't matter much. Possibly, if Adèle sees me in such a dirty plight, she may take a dislike to me, and old papa Bonnechose, who yields to her wishes in everything, will show me the door—to freedom. I should not be sorry. It is galling to be shackled at my age to a girl whom I scarcely know, just because Duhamel père and de Bonnechose père thinl:

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money and family ought to be joined in holy matrimony. Matrimony! Bah! A matter of money!"

So saying, he pushed ahead; but at every step he sank more deeply into the sand, until at length he was unable to extricate one of his legs, and was compelled to extend the other in a very undignified manner to prevent himself being engulphed.

"Diable! This is a predicament!" he exclaimed. "And the tide is beginning to turn. I wonder how long it will be before the sea reaches me? Well, that will be a release indeed! Would it be cowardly to shout for help? Someone might hear me at the château—Adèle herself, perhaps. But no. It would be pitiably ridiculous to be found by her in this position. I will show that a bourgeois, even a rich one, can face death as stoically as any aristocrat. Allons! Let us be philosophic, come what may."

For about twenty minutes philosophy held good, and Raoul watched the gradual advance of the white line of breakers with a somewhat contemptuous smile of resignation. But his position was cramped and uncomfortable, and few philosophies are proof against present discomfort, however brave in face of prospective evils.

"Peste! I wish I had gone to the bridge, after all," said the young man, making a desperate effort to extricate himself. "Now if I could only lift my right leg a little higher, I might sit down comfortably. It is keeping my left leg out at nearly a right angle, like a dancer at the Moulin Rouge, that is so irksome. But if I try to pull it in, or double it up, I shall only sink deeper. To drown in water is pleasant, they say, but I don't relish being drowned in mud. It is getting softer every moment. I expect the tide filters up the river bed long before it covers the surrounding sand. How white those waves are! They appeared pretty from the shore, but now they look cruel, like a panther's teeth. Ah!" The young man shuddered, and an involuntary cry rang from his lips.

The season of the year was September, when each day is visibly shorter than that preceding. Dusk was already creeping over the sea, and it was for this reason, perhaps, that Raoul had been struck by the exceeding

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whiteness of the waves. Shoreward, an evening mist was rising in long grey swathes, and the turrets of Croisic-les-Sables were already hidden from view. Raoul's own rapid breathing, and the deep-drawn inspirations of the sea, were the only sounds breaking the evening stillness. Suddenly, faint and far, the mellow tones of a bell were borne across the sand to the young man's ears. Two strokes, then an interval, then two more.

"Hold!" said he. "It is the Angelus. I wonder if I ought to pray? I used to! If praying would only help to get me out of this! Well, I may as well try. Sainte Marie, mère de Dieu—but hist! What is that? It sounds like a horse galloping over the sands. It is impossible. My ears must deceive me. But no! Yes! There is someone coming. Thank God!—But they don't see me. They are going in the wrong direction. They are turning away. I must shout. Hola! Hola-a!"

The cry rang across the waste place like a human echo of the chiming Angelus bell. The figure on horseback heard it, and rode fast to the spot whence the sound proceeded.

"Mon Dieu! It is only a girl!" said Raoul, as the new-comer approached. "How can she help? It is a mere mockery."

But the girl did not draw rein till she had come as close as she dared to the edge of the soft sand marking the river channel. Then she dismounted from the magnificent mare she was riding, and advanced still further on her feet, carefully but confidently, like one who knew the safest path. When within ten yards of Raoul she halted.

"Can you not get your leg free?" she asked. "If you can only do that, the rest is easy. Lean forward flat on your chest and spread out your arms. Then, it you can kick out your leg, you must wriggle across like a sand-eel. The mud will bear you flat on your chest, when you would sink if you stood upright. You will get very dirty, of course, but it is better to be dirty than dead, and the tide is coming in very swiftly."

Raoul obeyed the girl's orders without hesitation. The event proved the correctness of her instructions. Lying horizontally, the young man was able to worm his leg out of the sand, and, after ten minutes slow and painful creeping across the treacherous sur-



Digi The girl did not draw rein till she had come as close as she dared to the edge of the soft sand,

face, he reached the comparatively firm ground where the girl was awaiting him. Covered with mud from head to foot, even his face being tattooed in strange streaks of green and grey, he did indeed present so sorry a spectacle that the girl could not forbear smiling.

But Raoul himself quite forgot his ludicrous appearance in admiration for his preserver. She was certainly a beautiful girl. Her long hair, which had become unbound in her swift canter across the sands, hung over her shoulders in a wave of golden brown. Her cheeks were flushed by her swift passage through the salt sea-air, and her blue eyes were as deeply lustrous as the blue ocean itself.

- "What made you come? How did you know I was here?" asked Raoul.
- "I was riding home when I heard the Angelus bell, and I stopped to say my prayer. As I did so, I thought I heard a cry, and I rode on to the sands to see, for many a poor man has met his death on the sands of Croisic. I did not see you at first owing to the mist. Then you shouted, and——"
- "You saved my life," added Raoul, stooping over her hand and kissing it with an old-world French courtesy curiously out of keeping with the comical figure he presented.
- "If I had not prayed, you would have perished," mused the girl with a far away look.
- "Ah, I also prayed," said Raoul. "The first time for years. One easily forgets prayers you know! At least, a man does."
- "But you will always pray now—won't you? If you had not prayed as well as I—who knows?—perhaps you would not have been saved. But come, let us go. It is late, and my father will be anxious."
  - "Your father! Do you live here, then?"
  - "Of course, I do-at the château."
  - "The château! Then you are Adèle."

The girl frowned.

- "Mademoiselle de Bonnechose, if it please you."
- "Ah, you do not know me, then? But, of course, you cannot remember me. It is so long since—and then—well, I doubt if I

would recognise myself now, if I saw my face in a mirror."

The girl stood still, and gazed at him fixedly.

- "Surely thou art not Raoul?" said she, using the familiar second person singular.
- "It is my name, and thou—thou art Adèle."
- "Raoul," said the girl, "thou art to be my husband. But thou didst pain me by what thou didst say just now about never praying. Wilt thou promise me thou wilt always pray whenever thou hearest the Angelus bell? It has saved thee from one danger. Perhaps it may save thee from another."
- "I promise!" answered Raoul, and he meant to keep his word, even though he added to himself, "a loving glance from her eyes is well worth an Angelus." So he came with Adèle to the château of Croisic-les-Sables, a rueful figure enough, but not in the least anxious on that account, for the Sieur de Bonnechose to show him the door—to freedom.

## II.

HALF a year had passed and spring had just touched to verdure the trees on the Paris boulevards, and wakened to thoughts of summer jaunts and open air delights the hearts of the pleasure-loving young people of the pleasure-loving capital. Not least of these young people was Gaston de Fleury, as he entered a café one evening with the lady who was known among his friends as la belle Hélène. He was just sitting down at one of the tables, when he quickly rose again, saying to his companion: "A thousand sacred thunders! Look, m'amie, if there is not Raoul Duhamel! It is a million years since I have seen him! I must go and speak to him! Wait thou here and I will invite him to dine with us! Perhaps he will come with us to Marly on Sunday."

He walked quickly across the room, and clapping his friend on the shoulder, exclaimed: "Hola! my brave! where hast thou been in hiding? We thought thou must have turned Trappist at least!"

- "I have been working—or trying to!" said Raoul.
  - "Working lig What hast thou to do with INDIANA UNIVERSITY

work? The only son and heir of a man as rich as Cræsus!"

"Ah, that is the affair!" answered the other sadly. "Even Crossus might fail in these feverish days of speculation."

"Fail! Such a word as that cannot be coupled with a firm like Duhamel and Son, my old boy."

"Perhaps; but none the less I must work if I can. But tell me, Gaston, is there any news of the *Fleur de Croisic?* That is our new vessel, you know. She is coming from the Congo and the Ivory Coast, but she is now more than a fortnight overdue, and my father writes there are bills to meet, and—well, thou understandest. Ah! it is a terrible situation, and I feel desperate and almost reckless."

"Reckless! Nonsense, old boy. Come and dine with me and Hélène. She has been asking if thou wert never coming to see her again. We will have a bottle of Veuve Clicquot, and let the *Fleur de Croisic* go where other flowers go when they are faded. What of the real flower of Croisic, the Adèle?"

"Ah, do not speak of her! If the ship is lost, she is lost also to me, for I cannot expect her to marry a pauper."

"Don't think of it. Now, come over. Hélène will be cross if she is kept waiting for dinner. Waiter, another plate for this gentleman! He dines with us." So saying, de Fleury snatched up a copy of an evening paper, which Hélène had been reading, and crumpled it up in his hand.

"But—but—" stammered the lady laughing, "I had not finished."

"Oh, no matter. We are going to talk and eat and drink and be merry now. You can read the paper to-morrow."

Raoul smiled, albeit a trifle sadly; but he was a young man, he was French, and the genial influences of a good dinner and pleasant company were so efficacious that, when he left the café, he was in that exalted mood of optimism which disbelieves in even the possibility of adversity.

"You will come with us to Marly on Sunday—the day after to-morrow?" were Gaston de Fleury's parting words, seconded by a "Yes, do come," from Hélène.

"Without fail," was his cheerful reply.

He returned to his rooms, feeling pleased with all the world, himself included.



"Look, m'amie, if there is not Raoul Duhamel!"

"Ah, la belle Hélène," he mused. "She is quite charming in her way. In fact once I fancied myself in danger; but that was before I knew Adèle. Ah, suppose I lost her. What would I do? Shoot myself? Live wildly? Go mad? But it is impossible. I do pray sometimes now, and always for Adèle, and that nothing may come between us. The Bon Dieu must hear me!"

He bent over the table towards a photograph of Adèle, which he always kept in front of him while he worked. As he did so, he caught sight of a telegram, which he had not noticed in his exaltation of spirits on entering the room. He opened it with trembling fingers. He read it, and the flimsy paper on which the message was written fluttered from

his hand to the floor like an autumn leaf on a still November day.

"The Fleur de Croisic given up for lost!" he gasped, sinking back on a chair. "The firm bankrupt! My father and I beggars! What does it mean? Is this an answer to prayer, or is the Bon Dieu mocking me? Oh, Adèle—Adèle, if thou knewest—if thou knewest!"

He flung on his hat in desperation, and sallied forth to the Boulevards, where he paced aimlessly but swiftly up and down till dawn. Twice he went to the Seine and looked curiously at the dark, cold water. Twice, the sound of the long wash of the current against the quays seemed a siren voice luring him to forgetfulness of all his troubles. But twice also between him and the water came a vision of a girlish face with a wealth of gold-brown hair, and twice the swishing of the water was drowned by the well-remembered tone of the Angelus bell of Croisic-les-Sables.

So he endured the misery of the night and returning home at daybreak, a pale washed out creature, who was eyed askance by the gendarmes, threw himself on his bed. He slept on all that day and far into the following night, not waking until nearly the dawn of another day.

Looking at his watch, he bethought him that it was Sunday, the day on which he had promised to go with Gaston de Fleury and Hélène to Marly. Should he go or not? He was asking himself this question, when his eye fell on the telegram which had remained lying on the floor, where it had fallen from his hands on the previous night.

He laughed bitterly to himself.

"Vogue la galère!" he muttered. "What matter one more day of pleasure before the general wreck? Yes! I will go and enjoy myself once more—if I can! Hélène asked me to come! Adèle is lost to me! I will make a pleasure of necessity! Allons!"

He leisurely proceeded to attire himself in his best, had his morning roll and coffee, and went out to call for Gaston de Fleury.

Hélène opened the door.

"Gaston is detained on business!" said she. "His father has come unexpectedly to Paris, and wants to see him. It is a duty! But he said we two were to go on, and

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he would join us as soon as he could get away."

Raoul hesitated, though only for an instant; but the woman noticed it and asked:

- "Art thou then afraid to trust thyself alone —with me?"
- "Afraid? I?" exclaimed Raoul. "I am afraid of nothing now, absolutely nothing!"
- "There spoke the brave man! Wait, then, only ten minutes and I will be ready!"

Late that same afternoon the man and woman sat on a bench beneath the trees of the Forest of Marly, on the borders of the strange tarn known as the *Etang de St. Cucufer*—The Pond of St. Cucufer. Raoul's face was flushed as if with wine. Hélène nestled closely against his side, and her hand was laid caressingly upon his arm. She looked up at his face awaiting an answer to her question.

"Gaston is my friend," he said hoarsely. "Besides, what is the good? I am a beggar."

Hélène laughed.

"Ah! I will take the risk of that. What is beggary to the Duhamels is wealth to ordinary people, Say, then, Raoul, wilt thou not have me? I love thee! Gaston is weary of me, and thou—well! I know thou art lonely, and——"

"I am—utterly alone. No one knows how alone. Why should I not, then, take pleasure and companionship where I find it? It is true there is honour, but what is honour without the means to maintain it? An expensive luxury. An estate without a rentroll. But, yes; an estate which is mortgaged, with destiny for the mortgagee. Good God! And this is the answer to prayer."

So saying, the young man shook his impotent fist at the serene blue sky above the tree-tops, and then, turning to Hélène, offered her his arm, saying:

"Come, let us go. Gaston de Fleury may be here at any moment."

The girl rose from the seat with a light of triumph on her face.

"Money is better than blood," she murmured. "And he is rich as Cræsus. Gaston says so."

Then aloud to her companion she added: "Come quickly, Raoul, in case he comes.

But what ails thee? Art thou moon-struck? What dost thou see or hear?"

"Hush!" said Raoul raising his hand.
"Canst thou not hear it? Far away through the trees. Two bells—then an interval—then two again. It is the Angelus. Wait thou till I say my prayer."

"Thou fool!" said the woman hurriedly.

"There is not time for devotions now. Gaston may be here at any moment."

But Raoul paid no attention. He had removed his hat and was praying to himself, with a sad look in his eyes.

"It has saved thee from one danger. Perhaps it may save thee from another."

He remembered these words as he finished his prayer.

"Well. But come," urged Hélène, seizing him by the arm.

He shook himself free, and

suddenly regarded her with a look of horror.

"Never!" said he firmly. "I must have been mad to dream of such a thing. Even if I die; it is better to die in honour than live in dishonour. Leave me! Go!"

Hélène regarded him curiously for a moment, then broke into a peal of laughter and hurried forward to meet a man, who was just emerging from beneath the trees.

"Ah, Gaston!" she exclaimed, "I have been longing for thee to come. It has been so dull without thee. Raoul Duhamel has turned religious. Don't disturb him. He is saying his Angelus."

"But is he not coming to supper?"

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"No; I prefer to be alone," said Raoul, with a peculiar, dry smile.

"Ah, I understand," answered de Fleury sympathetically, adding aside to Hélène: "Poor fellow, he is in great trouble. His father, Duhamel the contractor, has failed."

"Then he is a pauper?"

"It appears so."

"Mon Dieu! What an escape I've had," was Hélène's unspoken comment, as she walked away, leaning lovingly on Gaston de Fleury's arm.

Raoul was left alone with his thoughts. He walked to the edge of the plateau, but was scarcely conscious of the scene around him.

At this moment he heard his name, "Raoul," softly whispered behind him.

"Raoul, I have heard of thy trouble. I have come to comfort thee. I made my father bring me."

"But I am a beggar!" muttered Raoul.

"Art thou?" asked the girl.

He heard his name, "Raoul," softly whispered behind him.

"Surely I am nothing else."

"Are they beggars who have love?"

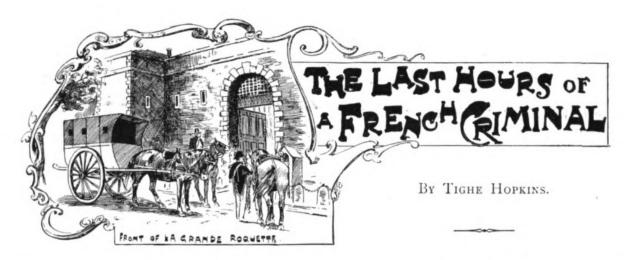
"Love! I am not worthy!"

"Not worthy? Tell me!"

With bent head and averted eyes, Raoul recited the incidents of the afternoon, till he came to the description of how he had heard the Angelus bell.

Then Adèle interrupted him with: "Thou needst say no more. I felt sure that would save thee. Ah, I am glad!"

"And I also!" answered Raoul, adding to himself: "Yes. Love and honour are well worth an Angelus!"



THERE is to be a flitting of the guillotine. For nearly fifty years executions in Paris, which are not private as with us, have taken place immediately outside the prison of La Roquette, known officially as the Depôt des Condamnés.

Four slabs of stone sunk in the soil, a few yards beyond the gaol door, mark the spot where, on the fatal morning, at five in summer and about half-past seven in winter, the red "timbers of justice" are set up by the headsman's assistants.

But La Roquette is to be demolished, and the dismal honour of furnishing a last lodging to the condemned will be conferred on La Santé. This change effected, the guillotine will flit to the Place Saint-Jacques. Criminals of a modest habit will not approve the change, but the murderer with a touch of vanity (and vanity is notoriously a weakness of murderers) will doubtless welcome it; for the progress from the prison to the scaffold will be somewhat longer.

When the doors of La Roquette are thrown open, the victim, bare headed and manacled, has but a few paces to shuffle to the spot where old M. Deibler awaits him, with his finger on the button of the knife. Between La Santé and the Place Saint-Jacques there is rather more than the length of a thoroughfare to be traversed, and, as in the old days, some form of tumbril will probably be called for.

It is a pity, of course, for it has been proved abundantly that this kind of spectacle is anything but good for the public health.

Humane and enlightened opinion on the subject has ceased to be that which Dr. Johnson gave utterance to. "Sir," said the Doctor to Boswell, "executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators they do not answer their purpose. The old method—[Tyburn had been abolished]-was most satisfactory to all parties; the public was gratified by a procession, the criminal is supported by it, why is all this to be swept away?"

The sheriffs of the year 1784 gave the answer in a pamphlet which exposed all the horrors and indecencies of the public progress to the gallows. As for the "support" accorded to the criminal, he might, if he were unpopular, be nearly stoned to death before the hangman could dispatch him.

Public executions in Paris are not, and have never been, the scandalous exhibitions that they were in London during the whole of the last century, but the scene in the neighbourhood of La Roquette for four or five hours before a guillotining is something less than edifying.

As La Roquette (or properly La Grande Roquette, to distinguish it from La Petite Roquette, the prison for juvenile offenders, which stands opposite) is to be abolished, it will be interesting to make a brief survey of the place in which some of the most celebrated French criminals of modern times have awaited the visit of M. Deibler, with his scissors and pinioning straps.

Here the "toilet of the guillotine" has been performed on Orsini, Piéri, Verger, La

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY Pommerais, Troppmann, Moreau, Billoir, Prévost, Barré and Lebiez, Campi, Pranzini, and so many others, down to Vaillant and Emile Henry.

Built, or rather finished, in 1836, La Roquette is in no sense an ancient prison. It stands near the familiar cemetery of Père Lachaise, and its rather cloistral aspect gives thoughts of some cool asylum, where minds diseased or over-wrought might be medicined back to health, or win the solace of oblivion.

Our title illustration gives an idea of its external appearance. The remaining illustrations are re-drawn from French engravings of the middle of this century, and their interest is even now historical.

For example, the realistic picture of the "last toilet," on page 340, shows precisely the scene which is still witnessed in one of the lower chambers of La Roquette on the morning of an execution.

The sketch on page 338, also redrawn from an old engraving, is a curiosity based on fact.

During one of the many discussions in the French Parliament on the question of the abolition of capital punishment, a speaker arguing that the death penalty held no terrors for a certain class of criminals—who spoke

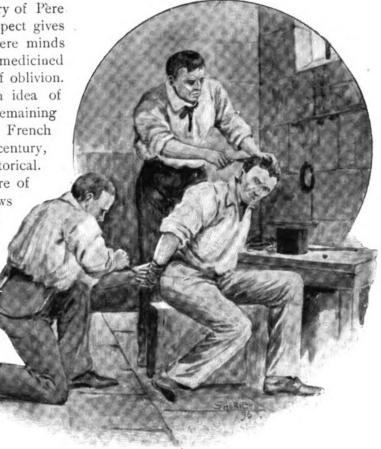
contemptuously of the guillotine as "a mauvais quart d'heure soon over"—told a singular story in point.

At Montpellier, the instrument of death was kept in an isolated barn outside the town. A band of assassins, long successful in evading justice, were in the habit of sheltering by night in the barn, their slumbers undisturbed by the nearness of the terrible knife, which ultimately took the heads of the whole gang.

The sinister spectacle of the court dance around the guillotine is also a morsel of history. On the 21st of September, 1822, the guillotine was erected in Paris for the execution of the four sergeants of La Rochelle, who died amid shouts of "Vive la Liberté!" and to celebrate this event the court and nobility

held a fancy dress ball on the scaffold in the evening! This was under the Restoration, only seventy-six years ago.

The prison is chiefly interesting at this day as the fore-scene of the scaffold. It is built



Finishing touchec.

with a wealth of precautions; and escape, if not impossible by ordinary means, is exceptionally difficult to compass. No successful flight from La Roquette has been recorded in modern times.

Three iron grilles and four doors of massive oak conduct to the great courtyard. The foundations of the prison are in layers of freestone; the two walls which inclose the buildings are of a thickness proportionate to their elevation, and the builder took care to efface the angles by rounded stone-work. Buildings surround the courtyard on the north, east, and west, and the prison chapel occupies the south.

Let us pass into the cachot du condamné à mort, the condemned cell of La Roquette.

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Three types are found in the condemned cell: the indifferent, the penitent, and the impenitent. The indifferent is a lymphatic creature (there have been several female poisoners of this type), scarcely susceptible of any normal emotion, and-of whichever sex-as cold in repentance as in crime.

The second category includes offenders quite removed from the ordinary criminal Several of these, impulsive murderers, reprieved from the

gallows, were pointed out to me at Portland last summer, and one in particular-a handsome, well-set man, not yet middleaged, trudging alone under a warder's eye round and round the infirmary yard, who had been seventeen years in confinement. The impenitent of this order is such an egoistic maniac as Wainwright, who, the night before his death, paced the yard of Newgate with the governor, smoking a cigar, and recounting his successes with women; or, he

is a criminal of the great sort, strong in mind as in body, the fearless disciple of a dreadful philosophy of his own, which lets him face death as boldly as he inflicts it, and which, at the last, inspires him only with a hatred of the law that has vanguished him.

When the secret history of the condemned cell comes to be written, the material will be furnished for a new and important chapter in the history of criminal psychology; but it must not be a patchwork of lurid gossip on a background of stale religious sophisms, such as

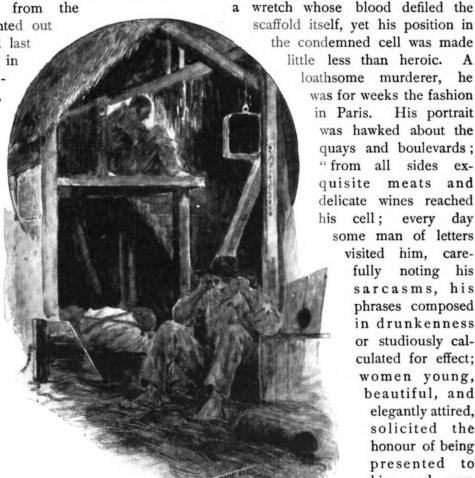
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Newgate chaplains of the last century were not above compiling and selling for their profit in the crowd on a hanging Monday; nor a mere spicy morsel for the sensationhunter, such as, for example, the copious gutter-stuff printed and circulated about Lacenaire, who drew the gaze of Paris to the condemned cell of La Roquette some halfcentury ago.

Thief, black-mailer, and assassin, this was a wretch whose blood defiled the scaffold itself, yet his position in

> loathsome murderer, he was for weeks the fashion in Paris. His portrait was hawked about the quays and boulevards; "from all sides exquisite meats and delicate wines reached his cell; every day some man of letters

visited him, carefully noting his sarcasms, his phrases composed in drunkenness or studiously calculated for effect; women young, beautiful, and elegantly attired. solicited the honour of being presented to him, and were in despair at his refusal."



Outlaws in the guillotine shed.

Criminals, as indifferent as, but less notorious or less popular than Lacenaire, idling the weeks while their appeal was under consideration, were chiefly anxious as to whether the charity of the curious would keep them in tobacco until their fate was decided.

If the tobacco ran out, and the supply seemed not likely to be renewed, the prisoner sometimes met that and all other unpleasantnesses, immediate and prospective, by taking his own life not because he feared the

guillotine, but because suicide (which, with the limited means at his disposal, was probably far the worse death of the two) offered the shortest cut to nothingness.

But, alike for the weak-hearted, the indif-

ferent, and the valiant, the way to the scaffold is rendered in these days as Victor Hugo's easy as may be. condemned man in the old, abhorred Bicêtre was turned out by day among the forçats awaiting their dispatch to the bagne; they made sport of him, and ghastly jokes about the "widow" or guillotine - time-honoured amongst the criminal classeswere pointed afresh for his -His treatment at the benefit. hands of the prison officers was scarcely less callous; no one had a thought or cared that this poor wight was biding the morning when he should be rudely severed from all the living.

The position of convicts cast for death in the Newgate of the early years of this century was every jot as cruel.

It was thus under the old order; it is more commendable to-day. The tenant of the condemned cell, withdrawn from the stare of the world, is surrounded

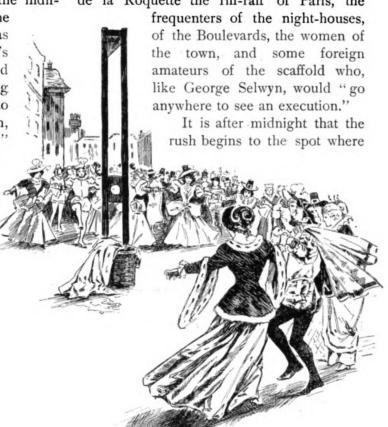
by people who have no desire but to soften the last few days or weeks that remain to him. He is no longer on view at a price. He has not, like Lacenaire, the privilege of refusing the visits of duchesses, nor the indignity to endure of being exposed at a few francs per head to the indecent gaze of sensation-mongers.

In La Roquette nowadays no one can admire or contemn him until he shuffles out to meet his fate just beyond the prison door.

The condemned cell is, as in most modern prisons, both in France and England, the most comfortable quarters in the building. There are actually three cachots des condamnés, as there are two in Newgate, and those in the Paris gaol are better lighted and rather more spacious.

The last scene of all, though it is a public execution, is no longer a feast for the ghouls.

Justice is done swiftly, and the crowd sees little more than the preparation in the grey morning hours. The preparations, however, are sufficiently enticing to draw to the Place de la Roquette the riff-raff of Paris, the



A court dance on the scaffold,

the scaffold is raised, and for hours the throng continues to increase in numbers and variety. All night there is feeding and drinking in the public houses around, and, as it used to be in the Old Bailey, windows commanding a view of the scene are hired at any price.

A swarm of pressmen wait through the night just outside the prison gate. At this time the victim himself is probably unaware that his last hour is at hand.

When day has dawned, two carts come out from a street adjoining the prison, bearing the disjointed pieces of the guillotine. The headsman's five brawny assistants (one of whom is his son and probable successor) set up the machine, and the knife falls three or four times to test the spring.

Then the guard arrives; and when the city police, the Gardes de la République, and the

mounted gendarmes are marshalled, the crowd behind can see only the top of the guillotine. A place within the cordon is reserved for the press.

The genius-in-chief of the ceremony does not appear until the doors of the prison are thrown open. He is within, preparing the victim, and coaxing him, when the toilet is

finished, to take a cigarette and a little glass of rum.

Louis Stanislas Deibler. the "Monsieur de Paris," came to Paris in 1871, as assistant headsman to Roch. He had been a provincial executioner, but in 1871 a new law ordered that all criminals condemned in France should be dispatched by Monsieur Paris.

Deibler, who was born in Dijon in 1823, is a joiner by trade. His first head (as chief executioner) was Laprade's, in

1879, and the case was one of his worst. Laprade, who had murdered his father, mother, and grandmother, felt a natural disinclination to join them on the other side, and struggled so desperately on the scaffold that Deibler had to thrust his head by main force into the lunette.

M. Deibler is lame, and usually carries a very old umbrella. "Scenes" on the scaffold are rare. The victim may struggle for a moment, but it is only for a moment that, in the practised hands of the assistants, he can postpone the inevitable. In general, the whole affair lasts but a few seconds.

There is no such thing as a "last dying

speech" from the guillotine. Even if the man were not too dazed to speak, time would not be allowed him. There is time only for the last ministrations of the Church, which are almost always rejected.

The instant the criminal is secured on the bascule, M. Deibler touches the spring, the knife shears through the uncovered neck, there is a spurt of blood in the air, and all is over.

The head and body are inclosed at once in a rough coffin, and trun-

The last toilet.

dled off with a guard of mounted gendarmes (officials and priest following in a cab) to the Champ des Navets, or Turnip Field, at Ivry Cemetery, where a burial service is read. The remains are then handed over to one of the medical schools for dissection, and what is left is interred.





Harvey will never forget that sight.

## CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.

## A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

## CHAPTER VIII.

To the end of his days, Harvey will never forget that sight. The sun was just clear of the horizon they had not seen for nearly a week, and his low red light struck into the riding-sails of three fleets of anchored schooners-one to the north, one to the westward, and one to the south. must have been nearly a hundred of them, of every possible make and build, with, far away, a square-rigged Frenchman, all bowing and courtseying one to the other. From every boat dories were dropping away like bees from a crowded hive; and the clamour of voices, the rattling of ropes and blocks, and the splash of the oars carried for miles across the heaving water. The sails turned all colours, from black to pearly grey and white, as the sun mounted; and more boats swung up through the mists to the southward.

The dories gathered in clusters, separated, reformed, and broke again, all heading one way; while men hailed, and whistled, and cat-called, and sang, and the water was speckled with rubbish thrown overboard.

"It's a town," said Harvey. "Dan was right. It is a town!"

"I've seen smaller," said Disko. "There's about a thousand men here; an' yonder's the Virgin." He pointed to a vacant space of greenish sea where there were no dories.

The We're Here skirted round the

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northern squadron, Disko waving his hand to friend after friend, and anchored as neatly as a racing yacht at the end of the season. The Bank Fleet pass good seamanship in silence; but a bungler is jeered all along the line.

"Jest in time fer the capelin'," cried the Mary Chilton.

"Salt most wet?" asked the King Phillip. "Hey, Tom Platt! Come t' supper tonight?" said the Henry Clay, and so questions and answers flew back and forth. Men had met one another before dory-fishing in the fog, and there is no place for gossip like the Bank Fleet. They all seemed to know about Harvey's rescue, and asked if he were worth his salt yet. The young bloods jested with Dan, who had a lively tongue of his own, and inquired after their health by the town-nicknames they least liked. Manuel's countrymen jabbered at him in their own language; and even the silent cook was seen riding the jib-boom and shouting Gaelic to a friend as black as himself.

After they had buoyed the cable—all around the Virgin is rocky bottom, and carelessness means chafed ground-tackle and danger from drifting—after they had buoyed the cable, their dories went forth to join the mob of boats anchored about a mile away. The schooners rocked, and dipped, and courtseyed at a safe distance, like mother ducks watching their brood, while the dories behaved like mannerless ducklings.

As they drove into the confusion, dory banging against dory, Harvey's ears tingled at the comments on his rowing. dialect from Labrador to Long Island, with Portugee, Neapolitan, Lingua Franca, French, and Gaelic, with songs and shoutings and now oaths rattled round him, and he seemed to be the butt of it all. For the first time in his life he felt shy—perhaps that came from living so long with only the We're Heresamong the scores of wild, strange faces that rose and fell with the reeling boats. "Watch out!" said Dan, flourishing a dip-net. "When I tell you dip, you dip. The capelin' 'll school any time from naow on. Where'll we lay, Tom Platt?"

Pushing and shoving and hauling, greeting old friends here and warning old enemies there, Commodore Tom Platt led his little

fleet well to leeward of the general crowd, and immediately three or four men began to haul on their anchors with intent to lee-bow the We're Heres. But a yell of laughter went up as a dory shot from her station with exceeding speed, its occupant pulling madly on the roding.

"Give her slack!" roared twenty voices.
"Let him shake it out."

"What's the matter?" said Harvey, as the boat flashed away to the southward. "He's anchored, isn't he?"

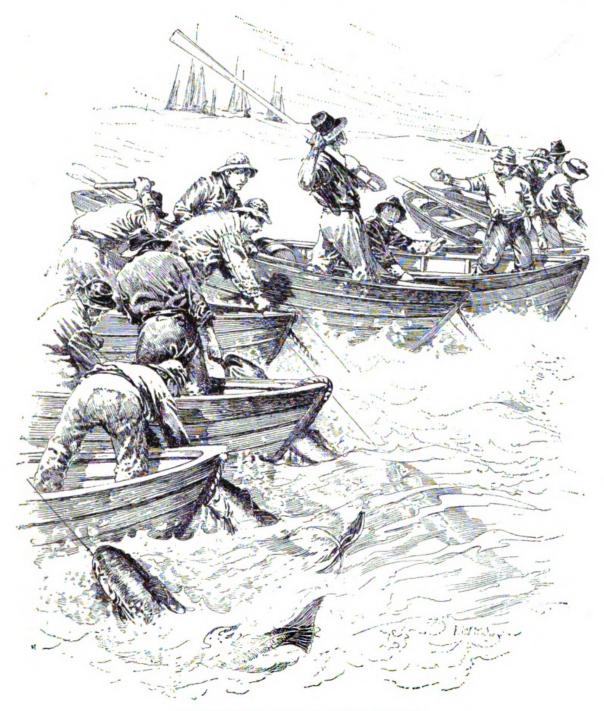
"Anchored, sure enough, but his graound-tackle's kinder shifty," said Dan, laughing. "Whale's fouled it. . . . Dip, Harve! Here they come!"

The sea round them clouded and darkened, and then frizzed up in showers of tiny silver fish, and over a space of five or six acres the cod began to leap like fingerling trout in May; while, behind the cod, three or four broad grey-black backs broke the water into boils.

Then everybody shouted and tried to haul up his anchor to get among the school, and fouled his neighbour's line and said what was in his heart, and dipped furiously with his dip-net, and shrieked cautions and advice to his companions, while the deep fizzed like freshly-opened soda-water, and cod, men, and whales together flung in upon the luckless bait. Harvey was nearly knocked overboard by the handle of Dan's net.

But in all the wild tumult he noticed, and never forgot, the wicked set little eye—something like a circus-elephant's eye—of a whale, that drove along almost level with the water, and, so he said, winked at him. Three boats found their rodings fouled by these reckless hunters, and were towed away half a mile ere their horses shook the line free.

Then the capelin moved off, and five minutes later there was no sound except the splash of the sinkers overside, the flapping of the cod, and the whack of the "muckles" as the men stunned them. It was wonderful fishing. Harvey could see the glimmering cod below, swimming slowly in droves, biting as steadily as they swam. Bank Law strictly forbids more than one hook on one line when the dories are on the Virgin or the Eastern Shoals; but so close were the boats that even



So close were the boats that even single hooks snarled.

single hooks snarled, and Harvey found himself in hot argument with a gentle, hairy Newfoundlander on one side, and a howling Portugee on the other.

Worse than any tangle of fishing lines was the confusion of the dory-rodings below water. Each man had anchored where it seemed good to him, drifting and rowing round his fixed point. As the fish struck on less quickly, each man wanted to haul up and get to better ground; but each man found himself intimately connected with some four or five neighbours. To cut another's roding is crime unspeakable on the Banks; but it was done, and done without detection, three or four times that day.

Tom Platt caught a Maine man in the black act, and knocked him over the gunwale with an oar, and Manuel treated a fellowcountryman in the same way; but Harvey's

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line was cut, and so was Penn's, and they were turned into relief-boats to carry fish to the We're Here as the dories filled. The capelin schooled once more at twilight, when the mad clamour was repeated; and at dusk they rowed back to dress down by the light of a kerosine lamp on the edge of the pen.

It was a huge pile, and they went to sleep while they were dressing. Next day, several boats fished right above the cap of the Virgin and Harvey, with them, looked down on the very weed of that lonely rock which rises to within twenty feet of the surface. The cod were there in legions, marching solemnly over the leathery kelp. When they bit they bit all together, and so when they stopped. There was a slack time at noon, and the dories began to search for amusement. It was Dan who sighted the Hope of Prague just coming up, and as her boats joined the company they were greeted with the question: "Who's the meanest man in the Fleet?

Three hundred voices answered cheerily: "Nick Bra-ady." It sounded like an organ-chant.

- "Who stole the lamp-wicks?" That was Dan's contribution.
  - "Nick Bra-ady," sang the boats.
- "Who biled the salt-bait fer soup?" This was an unknown backbiter a quarter of a mile away.

Again the joyful chorus. Now, Brady was not especially mean, but he had that reputation, and the fleet made the most of it. Then they discovered a man from a Truro boat, who, six years before, had been convicted of using a tackle with five or six hooks—a "scrowger," they call it—on the Shoals. Naturally, he had been christened Scrowger Jim; and though he had hidden himself on the Georges ever since, he found his honours waiting for him full blown.

They took it up in a sort of fire-cracker chorus:—"Jim! O Jim! Jim! O Jim! Sssscrowger Jim!" That pleased everybody. And when a poetical Beverly man—he had been making it up all day, and talked about it for weeks—sang "The Carrie Pitman's anchor doesn't hold her for a cent!" the dories felt that they were indeed fortunate. Then they had to ask the Beverly man how

he was off for beans, because even poets can't have things all their own way.

Every schooner and nearly every man got it in turn. Was there a careless or dirty cook aboard anywhere? The dories sang about him and his food. Was a schooner badly found? The Fleet was told at full length. Had a man hooked tobacco from a messmate? He was named in meeting; the named tossed from roller to roller. Disko's infallible judgments; Long Jack's market-boat that he had sold years ago, Dan's sweetheart (oh, but Dan was an angry boy!), Penn's bad luck with dory-anchors, Salter's views on manure, Manuel's little slips from virtue ashore, and Harvey's ladylike handling of the oar-all were laid before the public; and as the fog fell around them in silvery sheets beneath the sun, the voices sounded like a bench of invisible judges, pronouncing sentence.

The dories roved and fished and squabbled till a swell underran the sea. Then they drew more apart to save their sides, and someone called that if the swell continued the Virgin would break. A reckless Galway man with his nephew denied this, hauled up anchor, and rowed over the rock itself. Many voices called them to come away, and others dared them to hold on. As the smoothbacked rollers passed to the southward, they hove the dory high and high into the mist, and dropped her in ugly, sucking, dimpled water, where she spun round her anchor within a foot or two of the rock. It was playing with death for mere bravado; and the boats looked on in uneasy silence till Long Jack rowed up behind his countrymen and quietly cut their roding.

"Can't ye hear ut knockin'?" he cried.
"Pull for your miserable lives! Pull!"

The men swore and tried to argue as the boat drifted; but the next swell checked a little, like a man tripping on a carpet. There was a deep sob and a gathering roar, and the Virgin flung up a couple of acres of foaming water, white, furious, and ghastly, against the shoal sea. Then all the boats greatly applauded Long Jack, and the Galway men held their tongue.

"Ain't it elegant?" said Dan, bobbing like a young seal at home. "She'll break about

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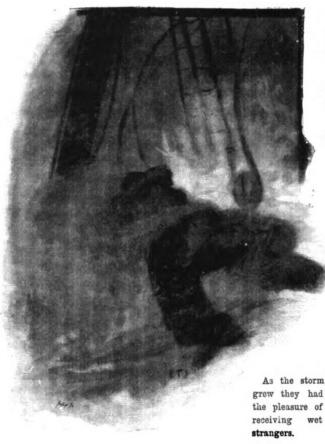


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once every ha'af hour now, 'less the swell piles up good. What's her reg'lar time when she's at work, Tom Platt?"

"Once ivry fifteen minutes to the tick. Harve, you've seen the greatest thing on the



Banks; an' but for Long Jack you'd seen some dead men, too."

There came a sound of merriment where the fog lay thicker and the schooners were ringing their bells. A big bark nosed cautiously out of the mist, and was received with shouts and cries of "come along, darlin'," from the Irishry.

" Another Frenchman?" said Harvey.

"Hain't you eyes? She's a Baltimore boat; goin' in fear an' tremblin'," said Dan. "We'll guy the very sticks out of her. Guess it's the fust time her skipper ever met up with the Fleet this way."

She was a black, buxom eight-hundred-ton craft. Her mainsail was looped up, and her top-sail flapped undecidedly in what little wind was moving. Now a bark is feminine beyond all other daughters of the sea, and this tall, undecided creature, with her white

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and gilt figurehead, looked just like a bewildered woman half-lifting her skirts to cross a muddy street under the jeers of bad little boys. That was very much her situation. She knew she was somewhere in the neigh-

bourhood of the Virgin, had caught the roar of it, and was, therefore, asking her way. This is part of what she heard from the dancing dories:

"The Virgin? Fwhat are you talkin' of? This is Le Have on a Sunday mornin'? Go home, an' sober up."

"Go home, ye tarrapin! Go home, an' tell 'em we're comin'."

Half-a-dozen voices together, in a most tuneful chorus, as her stern went down with a roll and a bubble into the trough: "Thay-aah—she—strikes!"

"Hard up! Hard up fer your life. You're on top of her now!"

"Daown! Hard daown! Let go everything."

" All hands to the pumps!"

"Daown jib, an' pole her!"

Then the skipper lost his temper, and said things. Instantly all fishing was suspended to answer him, and he heard a great many curious facts about his boat and her next port of call. They asked him if he were insured; and whence he had stolen his anchor, because, they said, it belonged to the

Carrie Pitman; they called his boat a mudscow, and accused him of dumping garbage to frighten the fish; they offered to tow him and charge the bill to his wife, and an audacious youth slipped almost under the counter, smacked it with his open palm, and yelled: "Gid up, Buck!"

The cook emptied a pan of ashes on him, and he replied with cod-heads. The bark's crew fired small coal from the galley, and the dories threatened to come aboard and "razee" her. They would have warned her at once had she been in real peril; but, seeing her well clear of the Virgin, they made the most of their chances. It was all over when the lurking rock spoke again, a halfmile to windward, and the tormented bark set everything that would draw, and went her ways; but the dories felt that the honours lay with them.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY All that night the Virgin roared hoarsely, and next morning, over an angry, white-headed sea, Harvey saw the whole Fleet with flickering masts waiting for a lead. Not a dory was hove over till ten o'clock, when the two Jeraulds of the Day's Eye, imagining a lull which did not exist, set the example. In a minute half the boats were out and bobbing in the cockly swells, but Troop kept the We're Here's at work dressing down. He saw no sense in "dares," and as the storm grew that evening they had the pleasure of receiving wet strangers, only too glad to make any refuge in the gale.

The boys stood by the tackles with lanterns, the men ready to haul, all watching for a sweeping sea that would make them drop everything and hold on for the dear life. Out of the dark would come a yell of "dory, dory!" They would hook up and haul in a drenched man and a half-sunk boat till their decks were littered down with nests of dories and the bunks were full.

Five times that night did Harvey, with Dan, jump for the fore-gaff where it lay lashed on the boom, and cling with arms, legs, and teeth to rope and spar and sodden canvas as a big wave filled the decks.

One boat was smashed to pieces, and the sea pitched the man head first on to the decks, cutting his forehead open; and about dawn, when the racing seas glimmered all along their cold edges, another man, white and ghastly, crawled in with a broken hand, asking for his brother. Seven extra mouths sat down to breakfast—a Swede; a Chatham skipper; a boy from Hancock, Maine; one Duxbury, and three Provincetown men.

There was a general sorting out among the Fleet next day, and although no one said anything, all ate with better appetites when boat after boat reported all hands aboard. Only a couple of Portugees and an old man from Gloucester were drowned, but many were cut or bruised, and two schooners had parted their tackle and been blown to the southward, three days' sail. A man died on a Frenchman—it was the same bark that had traded tobacco with the We're Here's.

She slipped away quite quietly one wet, white morning, moved to a patch of deep water, her sails all hanging anyhow, and Harvey saw the

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funeral through Disko's spy-glass. It was just an oblong bundle slid overside. They did not seem to have any form of service, but in the night, at anchor, Harvey heard them singing something that sounded like a hymn. It went to a very slow tune.

La brigantine
Qui va tourner,
Roule et s'incline
Pour m'entrainer.
Oh, Vierge Marie,
Pour moi priez Dieu!
Adieu patrie;
Québec, adieu!

Tom Platt visited her, because, he said, the dead man was his brother as a Freemason. It came out that a wave had doubled the poor fellow over the heel of the bowsprit and broken his back. The news spread like a flash, for, contrary to general custom, the Frenchman held an auction of the dead man's kit—he had no friends at St. Malo or Miquelon—and everything was spread out on the top of the house, from his red, knitted cap to the empty leather belt with the sheath-knife at the back.

Dan and Harvey were out on twenty-fathom water in the *Hattie S.*, and naturally rowed over to join the crowd. It was a long pull, and they stayed some little time while Dan bought the knife, which had a curious brass handle. When they dropped overside and pushed off into a drizzle of rain and a lopping sea, it occurred to them that they might get into trouble for neglecting the lines.

"Guess 'twon't hurt us any to be warmed up," said Dan, shivering under his oilskin: and they rode on into the heart of a white fog, which, as usual, dropped on them without warning.

"There's too much blame tide hereabouts to trust to your instinks. Heave over the anchor, Harve, and we'll fish a piece till the thing lifts. Bend on your biggest lead. Three pound ain't any too much in this water. See how she's tightened on her rodin' already."

There was quite a little bubble at the bows, where some irresponsible Bank current was holding the dory full stretch on her rope; but they could not see a boat's length in any direction. Harvey turned up his collar and

bunched himself over his reel with the air of a wearied navigator. Fog had no special terrors for him now. They fished awhile in silence, and found the cod struck on well. Then Dan drew the sheath knife and tested the edge of it on the gunwale.

"That's a daisy," said Harvey. "How did you get it so cheap?"

"On account o' their blame Cath'lic superstitions," said Dan, jabbing with the bright blade. "They don't fancy takin' iron frum off of a dead man, so to speak. See them Arichat Frenchmen step back when I bid?"

"But an auction ain't taking anything off a dead man. It's business."

"We know it ain't, but there's no goin' in the teeth o' superstition. That's one o' the advantages o' livin' in a progressive country." And Dan began whistling:

> "Oh, Double Thatcher, how are you? Now Eastern Point comes inter view; The girls an' boys we soon shall see At anchor off Cape Ann!"

"Why didn't that Eastport man bid, then? He bought his boots. Ain't Maine progressive?"

"Maine? Pshaw! They don't know enough, or they hain't got money enough to paint their haouses in Maine. I've seen 'em. The Eastport man he told me that the knife had been used—so the French captain told him—used up on the French coast last year."

"'Cut a man? Heave's the muckle." Harvey hauled in his fish, rebaited, and threw over.

"Killed him! 'Course, when I heard that I was keener'n ever to get it."

"Christmas? I didn't know it," said Harvey, turning round. "I'll give you a dollar for it when I—get my wages. Say, I'll give you two dollars."

"Honest? D'you like it as much as all that?" said Dan, flushing. "Well, to tell the truth, I kinder got it for you—to give; but I didn't let on till I saw how you'd take it. It's yours, and welcome, Harve, because we're dory mates, and so on and so forth, an so followin'. Catch a-holt!"

He held it out, belt and all.

"But look at here. Dan, I don't see---"

"Take it. 'Tain't no use to me. I wish you to hev it."

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The temptation was irresistible. "Dan, you're a white man," said Harvey. "I'll keep it as long as I live."

"That's good hearin'," said Dan, with a pleasant laugh, and then, anxious to change the subject: "Looks's if your line was fast to somethin'."

"Fouled, I guess," said Harve, tugging. Before he pulled up he fastened the belt round him, and with deep delight heard the tip of the sheath click on the thwart. "Concern the line!" he cried. "She acts as though she were on strawberry bottom. It's all sand here, ain't it?"

Dan reached over and gave a judgmatic tweak. "Holibut 'll act that way 'f he's sulky. Thet's no strawberry bottom. Yank her once or twice. She gives, sure. Guess we'd better haul up an' make certain."

They pulled together, making fast at each turn on the cleats, and the weight rose sluggishly.

"Prize, oh! Haul!" shouted Dan; but the shout ended in a shrill, double shriek of horror, for out of the sea came—the body of the dead Frenchman buried two days before. The hook had caught him under the right armpit, and he swayed, erect and horrible, head and shoulders above water. His arms were tied to his side, and—he had no face. The boys fell over each other in a heap at the bottom of the dory, and there they lay while the thing bobbed alongside, held by the shortened line.

"The tide—the tide brought him!" said Harvey with quivering lips, as he fumbled at the clasp of the belt.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Harve!" groaned Dan; "be quick. He's come for it. Let him have it. Take it off."

"I don't want it! I don't want it!" cried Harvey. "I can't find the bu-buckle."

"Quick, Harve! He's on your line!"

To unfasten the belt Harvey had to sit up, and that brought him face to face with the head that had no face under its streaming hair. "He's fast still," he whispered to Dan, who slipped out his knife and cut the line, while Harvey flung the belt far overside. The body shot down with a plop, and Dan rose to his knees, whiter than the fog.

"He come for it. He come for it. I've

seen one hauled up on a trawl and I didn't much care, but he come to us special."

"I wish —I wish I hadn't taken the knife. Then he'd have come on your line."

"Dunno as thet would ha' made any differ. We're both scared out o' ten years' growth. Oh, Harve! did ye see his head?"

"Did I? I'll never forget it. But look at here, Dan; it couldn't have been meant. It was only the tide."

"Tide! He come for it, Harve. Why, they sunk him six mile to south ard o' the fleet, an' we're two miles from where she's lyin' now. They told me he was weighted with a fathom and a half o' chain cable."

"Wonder what he did with the knife—up on the French coast?"

"Something bad. Guess he's bound to take it with him to the Judgment, an' so—What are you doin' with the fish?"

"Heaving 'em overboard," said Harvey.

"What for? We shan't eat 'em."

"I don't care. I had to look at his face while I was takin' the belt off. You can keep your catch if you like. I've no use for mine."

Dan said nothing, but threw his fish over again.

"Guess it's best to be on the safe side," he murmured at last. "I'd give a month's pay if this fog ud lift. Things go abaout in a fog that ye don't see in clear weather—yo-hoes an' hollerers and such like. I'm sorter relieved he come the way he did instid o' walkin'. He might ha' walked."

"Do-on't, Dan! We're right on top of him now. Wish I was safe aboard, bein' pounded by Uncle Salters."

"They'll be lookin' fer us in a little time. Gimme the tooter." Dan took the tin dinner horn, but paused before he blew.

"Go on," said Harvey. "I don't want to stay here all night."

"Question is, haow he'd take it. There was a man frum down the coast told me once he was in a schooner where they darsen't ever blow a horn to the dories, becaze the skipper—not the man he was with, but a captain that had run her five years before—he'd drownded a boy alongside in a drunk fit; an' ever after that boy he'd row alongside, too, and shout: 'Dory! dory!' with the rest."

"Dory! dory!" a muffled voice cried in the fog. They cowered again, and the horn dropped from Dan's hand.

"Hold on!" cried Harvey; "it's the cook."

"Dunno what made me think o' thet fooltale, either," said Dan. "It's the doctor, sure enough."

"Dan! Danny! Oooh, Dan! Harve! Harvey! Oooh, Haarveee!"

"We're here," sung both boys together. They heard oars, but could see nothing till the cook, shiny and dripping, rowed into them.

"What iss happened?" said he. "You will be beaten at home."

"Thet's what we want. Thet's what we're sufferin' for," said Dan. "Anything homey's good enough fer us. We've had company here that was kinder depressin'." As the cook passed them a line Dan told him the tale.

"Yess! He come for hiss knife," was all he said at the end.

Never had the little We're Here looked so deliciously home-like as when the cook, born and bred in fogs, rowed them back to her. There was a warm glow of light in the cabin and a satisfying smell of food forward, and it was heavenly to hear Disko and the others, all alive and solid, leaning over the rail, and promising them a first-class pounding.

But the cook was a master of strategy. He took care not to get the dories aboard till he had given the more striking points of the tale, and explained how Harvey was the mascot to destroy any possible bad luck. So the boys came overside as rather uncanny heroes, and everyone asked them questions instead of pounding them for making trouble.

Little Pen delivered quite a speech on the folly of superstitions; but public opinion was against him and in favour of Long Jack, who told the most excruciating ghost stories till nearly midnight. Under that influence no one except Salters said anything about "idolatry" when the cook put a lighted candle, a cake of flour and water, and a pinch of salt on a shingle, and floated them out astern to keep the Frenchman quiet in case he was still restless. Dan lit the candle because he had bought the belt, and the cook



grunted and muttered charms as long as he could see the flame.

Said Harvey to Dan, as they turned in after watch: "How about progress and Catholic superstitions?"

"Huh! I guess I'm as enlightened and progressive as the next man, but when it comes to a dead St. Malo deck-hand scarin' a couple o' pore boys fer the sake of a thirty-cent knife, why, then, the cook can take hold fer all o' me. I mistrust furriners, livin' or dead."

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Next morning all, except the cook, were rather ashamed of the ceremonies, and went to work double tides, speaking gruffly to one another.

The We're Here was racing neck and neck for her last few loads against the Parry Norman, a Provincetown boat; and since that meant Cape Cod against Gloucester, the fleet took sides and betted tobacco. All hands worked at the lines or dressing-down till they fell asleep where they stood—begin-

ning before dawn and ending when it was too dark to see. They even used the cook as pitcher, and turned Harvey into the hold to pass salt, while Dan helped to dress-down. Luckily the *Parry Norman* lost a man who sprained his ankle falling down the foc'sle, and the *We're Here's* gained.

Harvey could not see how more fish could be crammed into her, but Disko and Tom Platt stowed and stowed, and planked all down with big stones from the ballast, and there was always "jest another day's work." Disko did not tell them when all the salt was wetted. He rolled to the lazarette aft the cabin and began hauling out the big mainsail. This was at ten in the morning. The riding-sail was down and the main and top sail were up by noon, and dories came alongside with letters for home, envying their good fortune.

At last, with cleared decks, she hoisted her flag—as is the right of the first boat off the Banks—up-anchored and began to move. Disko pretended that he wished to accommodate folks who had not sent in their mail, and so worked her gracefully in and out among the schooners. In reality, that was his little triumphant procession, and for the fifth year running it showed what kind of mariner he was. Dan's accordion and Tom Platt's fiddle supplied the music of the magic verse you must not sing till all the salt is wet:

Hey! Yih! Yoho! 'Send your letters raound! All our salt is wetted, an' the anchor's off the graound!

Bend, oh, bend your main'sle, we're back to Yankeeland—

With fifteen hunder' quintal,
An' fifteen hunder' quintal,
'Teen hunder' toppin' quintal,
'Twix old 'Queereau an' Grand.

The last letters pitched on deck wrapped round pieces of coal, and the Gloucester men shouted messages to their wives and womenfolk and owners, while the We're Here went through her musical ride among the Fleet, her headsails quivering like a man's hand when he raises it to say good-bye.

Harvey very soon discovered that the We're Here, with her riding-sail, strolling

from berth to berth, and the We're Here headed west by south under home canvas, were two very different boats. There was a bite and kick to the wheel even in "boy's" weather; he could feel the dead weight in the hold flung forward mightily across the surges, and the streaming line of bubbles overside made his eyes dizzy.

They had little time for loafing those days. Disko kept them busy fiddling with the sails; and when those were flattened like a racing yacht's, Dan had to wait on the big topsail, which was put over by hand every time she went about. In spare moments they pumped, for the packed fish dripped brine which does not improve a cargo.

The best fun was when the boys were put on the wheel together, Tom Platt within hail, and she cuddled her lee-rail down to the crashing blue, and kept a little home-made rainbow arching unbroken over her windlass. Then the jaws of the booms whined against the mast, and the sheets creaked, and the sails filled with roaring; and when she slid into a hollow she trampled like a woman tripped in her own silk dress, and came out, her jib wet halfway up, yearning and peering for the tall, twin lights of Thatcher's Island.

They left the cold grey of the Bank sea, saw the lumber-ships making for Quebec up the straits of St. Lawrence, with the Jersey salt brigs from Spain and Sicily; found a friendly north-easter off Artimon Bank that drove them within view of the East light of Sable Island—a sight Disko did not linger over—and stayed with them past Western and Le Have, to the northern fringe of George's. From there they picked up the deep water, and let her go merrily.

"Hattie's pulling on the string," Dan confided to Harvey. "Hattie an' ma. Next Sunday you'll be hirin' a boy to throw water on the windows to make ye go to sleep. Guess you'll keep with us till your folks come. Do you know the best of gettin' ashore again?"

"Hot bath?" said Harvey. His eyebrows were all white with dried spray.

"That's good, but a night-shirt's better. I've been dreamin' o' night-shirts ever since we bent our mainsail. Ye can wiggle your

Ma'll hev a new one fer me, all toes then. It's home, Harve. washed out soft. home! Ye can sense it in the air. We're runnin' into the aidge of a hot wave naow, an' I can smell the bay-berries. trifle."

The hesitating sails flapped and lurched in the close air, and the deep smoothed out, blue and oily, round them. When they

whistled for a wind only the rain came in spiky rods, bubbling and drumming, and behind the rain the thunder and the lightning of mid-August. They lay out with bare feet and arms, telling one another what they would order at their first meal ashore: for now the land was in plain sight.

A Gloucester sword-fish boat drifted alongside, a man in the little pulpit on the bowsprit flourishing his harpoon, his bare head plastered down with the wet. "And all's well!" he sang cheerily, though he were

" Wouvermann's watch on a big liner. waiting fer you, Disko. What's the news o' the Fleet?"

Disko shouted it and passed on, while the wild summer storm pounded overhead, and the lightning flickered along the capes from four different quarters at once. It gave the low circle of hills round Gloucester Harbour, Ten Pound Island, the fish sheds, with the Digitized by GOO

broken line of house roofs, and each spar and buoy on the water, in blinding photographs that came and went a dozen times to the minute as the We're Here crawled in on half-flood, and the whistling buoy moaned and mourned behind her. Then the storm died out in long, separated, vicious dags of blue-white flame, followed by a single roar like the roar of a mortar battery, and the

> shaken air tingled under the stars as it got back to silence.

"The flag, the flag," said Disko, suddenly pointing upward.

"What is ut?" said Long Jack.

"Otto! Ha'af mast. They can see us frum shore now."

"I'd clean forgot. He's no folk to Gloucester, has he?"

"Girl he was goin' to be married to this fall."

" Mary pity her!" said Long Jack, and lowered the little flag half-mast for the sake of Otto, swept overboard in a gale off Le Have three months before.

Disko wiped the rain from his eves and led the

We're Here to Wouvermann's wharf, giving his orders in whispers, while she swung round moored tugs, and night watchmen hailed her from the ends of inky-black piers. Over and above the darkness and the mystery of the procession Harvey could feel the land close round him once more, with all its thousands of people asleep, and the



The wild summer storm pounded overhead.

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smell of Carthnafterorain, and the familiar

noise of a switching-engine coughing to herself in a freight-yard; and all those things made his heart beat and his throat dry up as he stood by the foresheet.

They heard the anchor-watch snoring on a lighthouse-tug, nosed into a pocket of darkness where a lantern glimmered on either side. Somebody waked with a grunt, threw them a rope, and they made fast to a silent wharf flanked with great iron-roofed sheds full of warm emptiness, and lay there without a sound.

Then Harvey sat down by the wheel, and sobbed and sobbed as though his heart would break, and a tall woman who had been sitting on a weigh-scale dropped down into the schooner and kissed Dan once on the cheek; for she was his mother, and she had seen the We're Here by the lightning flashes. She took no notice of Harvey till he had recovered himself a little, and Disko had told her his story.

Then they went to Disko's house together as the dawn was breaking and, until the telegraph office was open and he could wire to his folk, Harvey Cheyne was perhaps the loneliest boy in all America. But the curious thing was that Disko and Dan seemed to think the better of him for crying. He could not help himself.

Wouvermann was not ready for Disko's prices till Disko had given him a few days to swallow them; so all hands played about the streets, and Long Jack stopped the Rocky Neck trolley, on principle, as he said, till the conductor let him ride free. But Dan went about with his nose in the air, bung-full of mystery and most haughty to his family.

"Dan, I'll hev to lay into you ef you act this way," said Troop pensively. "Sense we've come ashore you've bin a heap too fresh."

"I'd lay into him naow ef he was mine," said Uncle Salters sourly. He and Penn boarded with the Troops.

"Oho!" said Dan, shuffling with the accordion round the back-yard, ready to leap the fence if the enemy advanced. "Dad, you're welcome to your own jedgment, but remember I've warned you. Your own flesh an' blood ha' warned ye! any o' my fault ef you're mistook, but I'll Vol. III. -- 77. Digitized by GOUXIC

be on deck to watch ye. An' ez for yeou, Uncle Salters, Pharaoh's chief butler ain't in it 'longside o' you! You watch aout an' wait! You'll be ploughed under like your own blamed clover; but me-Dan Troop-I'll flourish like a green bay-tree because I warn't stuck on my own opinion."

Disko was smoking in all his shore dignity and a pair of beautiful carpet-slippers. "You're gettin' ez crazy as poor Harve. You two go araound gigglin' an' squinchin' an' kickin' each other under the table till there's no peace in the haouse," said he.

"There's goin' to be a heap less—fer some folks," Dan replied. "You wait an'

He and Harvey went out on the trolley to East Gloucester where they tramped through the bay-berry bushes to the lighthouse, and lay down on the big red boulders and laughed themselves hungry. Harvey had shown Dan a telegram, and the two swore to keep silence till the shell burst.

"Harve's folk?" said Dan, with an unruffled face after supper. "Well, I guess they don't amount to much of anything, or we'd ha' heard frum 'em. His pop keeps a kind o' store out West. Maybe he'll give you's much as five dollars, dad."

"What did I tell ye?" said Salters. "Don't sputter over your vittles, Dan."

### CHAPTER IX.

Whatever his private sorrows may be, a multi-millionaire, like any other working man, should keep abreast of his business. Harvey Cheyne, senior, had gone East late in June to meet a woman broken down, half mad, who dreamed day and night of her son drowning in the grey seas. He had surrounded her with doctors, trained nurses, massage-women, and even faith-cure companions, but they were useless.

Mrs. Cheyne lay still and moaned, or talked of her boy by the hour together to any one who would listen. Hope she had none, and who could offer it? All she needed was assurance that drowning did not hurt; and her husband watched to guard lest she should make the experiment. Of his own sorrow he spoke little-hardly realised the depth of it till he caught himself asking the

calendar on his writing-desk: "What's the use of going on?"

There had always lain a pleasant notion at the back of his head that, some day, when he had rounded off everything and the boy had left college, he would take his son to his heart and lead him into his possessions. Then that boy, he argued, as busy fathers do, would instantly become his companion, partner, and ally, and there would follow splendid years of great works carried out together—the old head backing the young fire.

Now his boy was dead—lost at sea as it might have been a Swede sailor from one of Cheyne's big tea-ships; the wife was dying, or worse; he himself was trodden down by platoons of women and doctors and maids and attendants; worried almost beyond endurance by the shift and change of her poor, restless whims; hopeless, with no heart to meet his many enemies.

He had taken the wife to his raw, new palace in San Diego, where she and her people occupied a wing of great price, and Cheyne, in a verandah-room between a secretary and a typewriter, who was also a telegraphist, toiled along wearily from day to day. There was a war of rates among four Western railroads in which he was supposed to be interested; a devastating strike had developed in his lumber camps in Oregon, and the legislature of the State of California, which had no love for its makers, was preparing open war against him.

Ordinarily he would have accepted battle ere it was offered, and have waged a pleasant and unscrupulous campaign. But now he sat limply, his soft black hat pushed forward on to his nose, his big body shrunk inside his loose clothes, staring at his boots or the Chinese junks in the bay, and assenting absently to the secretary's questions as he opened the Saturday mail.

Cheyne was wondering how much it would cost to drop everything and pull out. He carried huge insurances, could buy himself royal annuities, and between one of his places in Colorado and a little society (that would do the wife good), say in Washington and South Carolina, a man might forget plans that had come to nothing. On the other hand . . .

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The click of the typewriter stopped; the girl was looking at the secretary who had turned white.

He passed Cheyne a telegram repeated from San Francisco:

Picked up by fishing schooner "We're Here," having fallen off boat. Great times on Banks, fishing. All well. Waiting Gloucester, Mass., care Disko Troop, for money or orders. Wire what shall do; and how is mamma?—Harvey N. Cheyne.

The father let it fall, laid his head down on the roller-top of the shut desk, and breathed heavily. The secretary ran for Mrs. Cheyne's doctor, who found Cheyne pacing to and fro.

"What—what d'you think of it? Is it possible? Is there any meaning to it? I can't quite make it out," he cried.

"I can," said the doctor. "I lose seven thousand a year—that's all." He thought of the struggling New York practice he had dropped at Cheyne's imperious bidding, and returned the telegram with a sigh.

"You mean you'd tell her? May be a fraud?"

"What's the motive?" said the doctor coolly. "Detection's too certain. It's the boy sure enough."

Enter a French maid impudently, as an indispensable one who is kept on only by large wages.

"Mrs. Cheyne she say you must come at once. She thinks you are seek."

The master of thirty millions bowed his head meekly and followed Suzanne; and a thin, high voice on the upper landing of the great, white-wood, square staircase, cried: "What is it? What has happened?"

No doors could keep out the shriek that rang through the echoing house a moment later, when her husband blurted out the news-

"And that's all right," said the doctor serenely, to the typewriter. "About the only medical statement in novels with any truth to it is that joy don't kill, Miss Kinzey."

"I know it, but we've a heap to do first." Miss Kinzey was from Milwaukee, somewhat direct of speech, and as her fancy leaned towards the secretary, she divined there was work in hand. He was looking earnestly

at the vast roller-map of America on the wall.

"Milsom, we're going right across. Private car—straight through—Boston! Fix the connections," shouted Cheyne down the staircase.

"I thought so."

The secretary turned to the typewriter and their eyes met (out of that was born a story—nothing to do with this story). She looked inquiringly, doubtful of his resources. He signed to her to move to the Morse as a general brings brigades into action. Then he swept his hand musician-wise through his hair, regarded the ceiling, and set to work, while Miss Kinzey's white fingers called up

the Continent of America.

"K. H. Wade, Los Angeles— The 'Constance' is at Los Angeles, isn't she, Miss Kinzey?"

"Yep." Miss Kinzey nodded between clicks as the secretary looked at his watch.

"Ready?
"Send "Constance," private car, here, and arrange for spécial to leave

here Sunday in time to connect with New York Limited at Sixteenth Street, Chicago, Tuesday next."

Click — click — click! "Couldn't you better that?"

"Not on those grades. That gives 'em sixty hours from here to Chicago. They won't gain anything by taking a special east of that. Ready? 'Also arrange with Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to take "Constance" on New York Central and Hudson River, Buffalo to Albany, and B. and A. the same Albany to Boston. Indispensable I should reach Boston Wednesday evening. Be sure nothing prevents. Have also wired Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes.—Sign, Cheyne."

Miss Kinzey nodded, and the secretary went on.

"Now then, Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes, of course. Ready? 'Canniff, Chicago. Please take my private car "Constance" from Santa Fé at Sixteenth Street next Tuesday p.m. on your N.Y. Limited through to Buffalo and deliver N.Y.C. for Albany.'— Ever bin to N'York, Miss Kinzey? We'll go some day.—Ready? 'Take car Buffalo to Albany on Limited Tuesday p.m.' That's for Toucey."

"Haven't bin to Noo York but I know that!" with a toss of the head.

"Beg pardon. Now, Boston and Albany, Barnes, same instructions from Albany

> through to Boston. Leave three-five p.m. (you needn't wire that); arrive nine-five p.m. Wednesday. That covers everything Wade

will do, but it pays to shake up the

managers."

"It's great," said Miss Kinzey, with a look of admiration. That was the kind of man she understood and appreciated.

"'Tisn'tbad,"
said Milsom
m o destly.
"Now, anyone



"What's the motive?" said the doctor coolly.

but me would have lost thirty hours and spent a week working out the run, instead on handing him over to the Santa Fé straight through to Chicago."

"But see here, about that Noo York Limited. Chauncey Depew couldn't hitch his car to her," Miss Kinzey suggested, recovering herself.

"Yes, but this isn't Chauncey. It's Cheyne—lightning. It goes."

"Even so. Guess we'd better wire the boy. You've forgotten that, anyhow."

"That's so. I'll ask."

When he returned with the father's message, bidding Harvey meet them in Boston at an appointed hour, he found Miss Kinzey laugh-

ing over the keys. Then Milsom laughed too, for the frantic clicks from Los Angeles ran: "We want to know why—why—why? General uneasiness developed and spreading."

Ten minutes later Chicago appealed to Miss Kinzey in these words: "If crime of century is maturing please warn friends in time. We are all getting to cover here." This was capped by a message from Topeka (and wherein Topeka was concerned even Milsom could not guess): "Don't shoot, Colonel. We'll come down."

Cheyne smiled grimly at the consternation of his enemies when the telegrams were laid before him. "They think we're on the warpath. Tell 'em we don't feel like fighting just now, Milsom. Tell 'em what we're going for. I guess you and Miss Kinzey had better come along, though it isn't likely I shall do any business on the road. Tell 'em the truth—for once."

So the truth was told. Miss Kinzey clicked in the sentiment while the secretary added the memorable quotation; "Let us have peace," and in board-rooms two thousand miles away the representatives of sixty-three million dollars' worth of variously manipulated railroad interests breathed more freely. Cheyne was flying to meet the only son, so miraculously restored to him. The bear was seeking his cub, not the bulls. Hard men who had their knives drawn to fight for their financial lives put away the weapons and wished him God speed; while half-a-dozen panic-smitten tinpot railroads perked up their heads and spoke of the wonderful things they would have done had not Cheyne buried the hatchet.

It was a busy week-end among the wires; for, now that their anxiety was removed, men and cities hastened to accommodate. Los Angeles called to San Diego and Barstow that the Southern California engineers might know and be ready in their lonely round-houses: Barstow passed the word to the Atlantic and Pacific, and Albuquerque flung it the whole length of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé management, even into Chicago. An engine, combination-car with crew, and the great and gilded "Constance" private car were to be "expedited" over those two thousand three hundred and fifty miles.

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The train would take precedence of one hundred and seventy-seven others meeting and passing; dispatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives, sixteen engineers, and sixteen firemen would be needed-each and every one the best available; two and onehalf minutes would be allowed for changing engines; three for watering, and two for coaling. "Warn the men and arrange tanks and shutes accordingly; for Harvey Cheyne is in a hurry, a hurry—a hurry," sang the wires. "Forty miles an hour will be expected, and division superintendents will accompany this special over their respective divisions. From San Diego to Sixteenth Street, Chicago, let the magic carpet be laid down. Hurry! oh, hurry!"

"It will be hot," said Cheyne, as they rolled out of San Diego in the dawn of Sunday. "We're going to hurry, mother, just as fast as ever we can, but I really don't think there's any good of your putting on your bonnet and gloves yet. You'd much better lie down and take your medicine. I'd play you a game o' dominoes but it's Sunday."

"I'll be good. Oh, I will be good. Only taking off my bonnet makes me feel as if we'd never get there."

"Try to sleep a little, mother, and we'll be in Chicago before you know."

"But it's Boston, father. Tell them to hurry."

The six-foot drivers were hammering their way to San Bernardino and the Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for speed. That would come later. The heat of the desert followed the heat of the hills as they turned east to the Needles and the Colorado River.

The car cracked in the utter drouth and glare, and they put crushed ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck and toiled up the long, long grades, past Ash Fork, towards Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries are, under the dry, remote skies. The needle of the speed-indicator flicked and wagged to and fro; the cinders rattled on the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after the whirling wheels. The crew of the combination sat on their bunks, panting in their shirt sleeves, and Cheyne found himself among them shouting old, old

stories of the railroad that every trainman knows, above the roar of the car. He told them about his son, and how the sea had given up its dead, and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with him; asked after "her, back there," and whether she could stand it if the engineer "let her out a piece," and Cheyne thought she could. Accordingly the great fire-horse was let out from Flagstaff to Winslow, till a division superintendent protested.

But Mrs. Cheyne, in the boudoir state-room, where the French maid, sallow-white with fear, clung to the silver door-handle, only moaned a little, and begged her husband to bid them "hurry." And so they dropped the dry hills and moon-struck rocks of Arizona behind them, and grilled on till the crash of the couplings and the wheeze of the brake-hose told them they were at Coolidge by the Continental Divide.

Three bold and experienced men—cool, confident, and dry when they began; white, quivering, and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels—swung her over the great dips and falls from Albuquerque to Glorietta and beyond Springer up and up to the Raton Tunnel on the State line, whence they dropped rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansaw, and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once again from setting his watch an hour ahead.

There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish-leather cushions by the plate-glass observation-window at the rear end, watching the surge and ripple of the ties crowded back behind them, and, it is believed, making notes of the scenery.

Cheyne moved nervously between his own extravagant gorgeousness and the naked necessity of the combination, an unlit cigar in his teeth; and the pitying crews forgot that he was their tribal enemy, and did their best to entertain him.

At night the bunched electrics lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swish of a water-tank, and the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clink-clink of hammers that tested the Krupp steel

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wheels, and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear-platform; now the solid crash of coal shot into the tender; and now a beating back of noises as they flew past a waiting train. Now they looked out into great abysses, a trestle purring beneath their tread, or up to rocks that barred out half the stars. Now scaur and ravine changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last came the true plains.

At Dodge City an unknown hand threw in a copy of a Kansas paper containing some sort of an interview with Harvey, who had evidently fallen in with an enterprising reporter, telegraphed on from Boston. The joyful journalese revealed that it was beyond question their boy, and it soothed Mrs. Cheyne for awhile. Her one word "hurry" was conveyed by the crews to the engineers at Nickerson, Topeka, and Marceline, where the grades are easy, and they brushed the Continent behind them. Towns and villages were close together now, and a man could feel here that he moved among people.

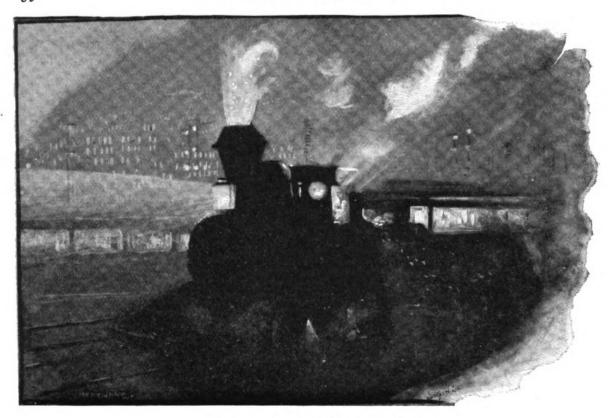
"I can't see the dial, and my eyes ache so. What are we doing?"

"The very best we can, mother. There's no sense in getting in before the Limited. We'd only have to wait."

"I don't care. I want to feel we're moving. Sit down and tell me the miles."

Cheyne sat down and read the dial for her (there were some miles at eighty-two), but the seventy-foot car never changed its long steamer-like roll, moving through the heat with the hum of a giant bee. Yet the speed was not enough for Mrs. Cheyne and the heat, the remorseless August heat, was making her giddy; the clock hands would not move, and when, oh when would they be in Chicago!

It is not true that as they changed engines at Fort Madison, Cheyne passed over to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers an endowment sufficient to enable them to fight him and his fellows on equal terms for evermore. He paid his obligations to engineers and firemen as he believed they deserved, and only his banks know what he gave the crews who had sympathised with him. It is on record that the last crew took



The Limited whirled the "Constance" into Buffalo

entire charge of switching operations at Sixteenth Street, because "she" was in a doze at last, and Heaven was to help anyone who bumped her.

Now, the highly-paid specialist who conveys the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Limited from Chicago to Elkhart is something of an autocrat, and he does not approve of being told how to back up to a car. None the less, he handled the "Constance" as if she might have been a load of dynamite, and when the crew rebuked him, they did it in whispers and dumb show.

"Pshaw!" said the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé men, discussing life later; "we weren't runnin' for a record. Harvey Cheyne's wife, she were sick back, an' we didn't want to jounce her. Come to think of it, our runnin' time from San Diego to Chicago was 57.54. You can tell that to them Eastern way-trains. When we're tryin' for a record, we'll let you know."

To the Western man (though this would not please either city), Chicago and Boston are cheek by jowl, and some railroads encourage the delusion. The Limited whirled the "Constance" into Buffalo, and the arms

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of the New York Central and Hudson River (illustrious magnates with white whiskers and gold charms on their watch chains came on here to talk a little business to Harvey), who slid her gracefully into Albany, where the Boston and Albany completed the run from tide water to tide water—total time, eighty-seven hours and thirty-five minutes, or three days, fifteen hours and one-half. Harvey was waiting for them.

After violent emotion most people and all boys demand food. They feasted the returned prodigal behind drawn curtains, cut off in their great happiness while the trains roared in and out around them. Harvey ate, drank, and enlarged on his adventures all in one breath, and when he had a hand free his mother fondled it. His voice was thickened with living in the open, salt air; his palms were rough and hard, his wrists dotted with the marks of gurry-sores; and a fine full flavour of cod-fish hung round rubber boots and blue jersey.

The father, well used to judging men, looked at him keenly. He did not know what enduring harm the boy might have

taken. Indeed, he caught himself thinking that he knew very little whatever of his son, but he distinctly remembered an unsatisfied, dough-faced youth who took delight in "calling down the old man" and reducing his mother to tears—such a person as adds to the gaiety of public rooms and hotel piazzas where the ingenious young of the wealthy play with or revile the bell-boys.

But this well-set up fisher youth who did not wriggle, looked at him with eyes steady, clear and unflinching, and spoke in a tone distinctly, even startlingly, respectful. There was that in his voice which seemed to promise that the change might be permanent; and that the new Harvey had come to stay.

"Some one's been coercing him," thought Cheyne. "Now Constance would never have allowed that. Don't see as Europe could have done it any better."

"But why didn't you tell this man, Troop, who you were?" the mother repeated, when Harvey had expanded his story at least twice.

"Disko Troop, dear. The best man that ever walked a deck. I don't care who the next is."

"Why didn't you tell him to put you ashore? You know father would have made it up to him ten times over."

"I know it; but he thought I was crazy. I'm afraid I called him a thief because I couldn't find the bills in my pocket."

"The quartermaster found them by the flagstaff that — that night," sobbed Mrs. Cheyne:

"That explains it, then. I don't blame Troop any. I just said I wouldn't work—on a Banker, too—and of course he hit me on the nose and, oh! I bled like a stuck hog."

"My poor darling. They must have abused you horribly."

"Dunno quite. Well, after that, I saw a light."

Cheyne slapped his leg and chuckled. This was going to be a boy after his own hungry heart. He had never seen precisely that twinkle in Harvey's eye before.

"And the old man gave me ten and a half a month; he's paid me half now; and I took hold with Dan and pitched right in. I can't do a man's work yet. But I can handle a dory 'most as well as Dan, and I don't get rattled in a fog, much; and I can take my trick in light winds—that's steering, dear—and I can 'most bait up a trawl, and I know my ropes, of course; and I can pitch fish till the cows come home, and I'm great on old Josephus, and I'll show you how I can clear coffee with a piece of fish skin, and—I think I'll have another cup, please. Say, you've no notion what a heap of work there is in ten and a half a month."

"I began with eight and a half, my son," said Harvey.

"'That so? You never told me, sir."

"You never asked, Harve? I'll tell you about it some day, if you care to listen. Try a stuffed olive."

"Troop says the most interesting thing in the world is to find out how the next man gets his vittles. It's great to have a trimmedup meal again. We were well fed, though. Best mug on the Banks. Disko fed us first class. He's a great man. And Dan—that's his son—Dan's my partner. And there's Uncle Salters and his manures, an' he reads Josephus. He's sure I'm crazy yet. And there's poor little Penn, and he is crazy-And, oh, you must know Tom Platt and Long Jack and Manuel. Manuel saved my life. I'm sorry he's a Portugee. He can't talk much, but he's an everlasting musician. He found me struck adrift and drifting, and hauled me in."

"I wonder your nervous system isn't completely wrecked," said Mrs. Cheyne.

"What for, mamma? I worked like a horse and I ate like a hog, and I slept like a dead man."

That was too much for Mrs. Cheyne, who began to think of her visions of a corpse rocking on the salty seas. She went to her state-room, and Harvey curled up beside his father, explaining his indebtedness.

"You can depend upon me to do everything I can for the crowd, Harve. They seem to be good men on your showing."

"Best in the fleet, sir. Ask at Gloucester," said Harvey. "But Disko believes still he's cured me of being crazy. Dan's the only one I've let on to about you, and our private cars and all the rest of it, and I'm not quite sure Dan believes. I want to paralyze me'

to-morrow. Say, can't they run the 'Constance' over to Gloucester? Mamma don't look fit to be moved, anyway, and we're bound to finish cleaning out by to-morrow. Wouvermann takes our fish. You see we're first off the Banks this season, and it's four twenty-five a quintal. We held out till he paid it. They want it quick."

"You mean you'll have to work tomorrow?"

"I told Troop I would. I'm on the scales. I've got the tallies with me." He looked at the greasy notebook with an air of importance that made his father choke. "There isn't but three—no—two ninety-four or five quintal more by my reckoning."

"Hire a substitute," suggested Cheyne, to see what Harvey would say.

"Can't, sir. I'm tally-man for the schooner. Troop says I've better head for figures than Dan. Troop's a mighty just man."

"Well, suppose I don't move the 'Constance' to-night, how'll you fix it?"

Harvey looked at the clock, which marked twenty past eleven.

"Then I'll sleep here till three and catch the four o'clock freight. They let us men from the Fleet ride free as a rule."

"That's a notion. But I think we can get the 'Constance' around about as soon as your men's freight. 'Better go to bed now."

Harvey spread himself on the sofa, kicked off his boots, and was asleep before his father could shade the electrics. Cheyne sat watching the young face under the shadow of the arm thrown over the forehead, and among many things that occurred to him was the notion that he might perhaps have been neglectful as a father.

"One never knows when one's taking one's biggest risks," he said. "It might have been worse than drowning; but I don't think it has—I don't think it has. If it hasn't, I haven't enough to pay Troop, that's all, and I don't think it has."

(To be concluded next month.)

# CH AND

# TO ONE I KNOW.

TRUGGLING through the window-pane
Still the daylight lingers,
Touch me gently, once again,
With those lissom fingers,
Here to rest me, here to hide!
While in ceaseless motion
Chafes the busy world outside,
Like an angry ocean.

Down upon us from the wall
Smile familiar faces,
Here the soldier strong and tall,
There the lovely Graces.
There, again, the maiden lies
Whom the breeze caresses,
Maiden of the hazel eyes
And the nut-brown tresses.

Ah, they've watched us oft before,
You and me together,
Watched us by the open door,
In the summer weather;
And when winter's wind is cold
None I need to guide me,
Here they find me as of old,
You again beside me.

Struggling through the window-pane
Still the daylight lingers,
Touch me gently once again
With those lissom fingers.
Here I'll rest until your voice,
Soft at first, then louder,
Asks—while waiting hearts rejoice—
"BAY RUM, sir, or POWDER?"

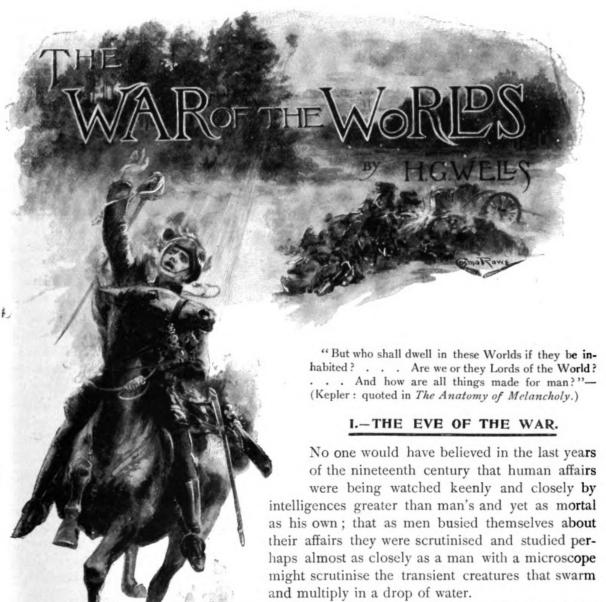
Borne as on a rushing stream,
Lightly as a bubble,
Flies away, like passing dream,
Every trace of trouble.
Burdens I could ne'er unbind
You are skilled to sever,
Here my load I leave behind—
Leave behind for ever.

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Original from W. B. Power.

FIREFLIES. From the painting by H. C. Dancer.

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With infinite complacency men went to and fro over this little globe about their affairs, dreaming themselves the highest creatures in the whole vast universe, and serene in their assurance of their empire over matter. It is just possible that the infusoria under he microscope do the same.

No one gave a thought to the Older Worlds of Space, or thought of them only to dismiss the idea of life upon them

as impossible or improbable. At most, terrestrial men fancied there might be other men upon Mars, probably inferior to themselves and ready to welcome a missionary enterprise. Yet across the gulf of space minds that are to our minds as ours are to those of the beasts that perish, intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic, regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely drew up their plans against us. And early in the twentieth century came the great disillusionment.

The planet Mars, I may remind the reader, revolves about the sun at a mean distance of 140,000,000 miles, and the light and heat it receives from the sun is scarcely half of that received by this world. It must be, if the nebular hypothesis has any truth, older than

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our world, and long before this earth ceased to be molten, life upon its surface must have begun its course. The fact that it is scarcely one seventh of the volume of the earth must have accelerated its cooling to the temperature at which life could begin. It has air and water, and all that is necessary for the support of animated existence.

Yet so vain is man, and so blinded by his vanity, that no writer up to the very end of the nineteenth century expressed any idea that intelligent life might have developed there, far, or indeed at all, beyond its earthly level. Nor was it generally understood that since Mars is older than our earth, with scarcely a quarter of the superficial area, and remoter from the sun, it necessarily followed that it was not only more distant from life's beginning there but nearer its end.

The secular cooling that must some day overtake our planet has already gone far indeed with our neighbour. Its physical condition is still largely a mystery, but we know now that even in its equatorial region the midday temperature barely approaches that of our coolest winter. Its air is much more attenuated than ours, its oceans have shrunk until they cover but a third of its surface, huge snowcaps gather and melt about either pole as its slow seasons change, and periodically inundate its temperate zones. That last stage of exhaustion which to us is still incredibly remote, has become a presentday problem for the inhabitants of Mars.

The immediate pressure of necessity has brightened their intellects, enlarged their powers, and hardened their hearts. And looking across space, with instruments and intelligences such as we can only dream of vaguely, they see at its nearest distance, only 35,000,000 of miles sunward of them, a morning star of hope, our own warmer planet, green with vegetation and grey with water, with a cloudy atmosphere eloquent of fertility, with glimpses through its drifting cloud wisps, of broad stretches of populous country and narrow navy-crowded seas.

And we men, the creatures who inhabit this earth, must be to them at least as alien and as lowly as are the monkeys and lemurs to us. The intellectual side of man already admits that life is an incessant struggle for existence, and it would seem that in the final issue the same is the belief of the minds upon Mars.

Their world is far gone in its cooling, and this world is still palpitating and crowded with life, but crowded only with what they regard as inferior animals. To carry warfare sunward is their only escape from the destruction that generation by generation creeps upon them.

And before we judge of them too harshly in their invasion we must remember what ruthless and utter destruction our own species has wrought not only upon animals, such as the vanished bison and the dodo, but upon its own inferior races. The Tasmanians, in spite of their human likeness, were entirely swept out of existence in a war of extermination waged by European immigrants in the space of fifty years. Are we such apostles of mercy as to complain if the Martians turned against us?

The Martians seemed to have calculated their descent with amazing subtlety—their mathematical learning is evidently far in excess of ours—and to have carried out their preparations with a well-nigh perfect unanimity. Had our instruments only permitted it we might have seen the gathering trouble far back in the nineteenth century. Men like Schiaparelli watched the red planet—it is odd, by the bye, that for countless centuries Mars has been the star of War—but failed to interpret the fluctuating appearances of the markings they mapped so well. All that time the Martians must have been getting ready.

During the opposition of 1894 a great light was seen on the illuminated part of the disc, first by Perrotin, of the Nice observatory, and then by other observers. English readers heard of it first in the issue of *Nature* dated August 2nd. I am inclined to think that the appearance may have been the casting of the huge gun, the vast pit sunk into their planet, from which their shots were fired at us. Peculiar markings, as yet unexplained, were seen near the site of that outbreak during the next two oppositions.

The storm burst upon us six years ago now. As Mars approached opposition, Lavelle of Java set the wires of the as-

tronomical exchange palpitating with the amazing intelligence of a huge outbreak of incandescent gas upon the planet. It had occurred towards midnight of the twelfth, and the spectroscope to which he had at once

resorted indicated a mass of flaming gas, chiefly hydrogen, moving at an enormous velocity towards this earth. This jet of fire had become invisible about a quarter-past twelve. He compared it to a colossal

puff of flame, suddenly and violently squirted out of the planet, "as flaming gas rushes out of a gun."

A singularly a p propriate phrase it proved. Yet the next day there was nothing of this in the papers, except a little note in the Daily Telegraph, and the world went in ignorance one of the gravest dangers that ever threatened the human race.

I might not have heard
of the eruption at all had
I not met Ogilvy, the well
known astronomer of Ottershaw. He was immensely excited at the news, and in the
excess of his feelings invited me up
to take a turn with him that night in
a scrutiny of the red planet.

In spite of all that has happened since, I still remember that vigil very distinctly, the black and silent observatory, the shadowed lantern, throwing a feeble glow upon the floor in the corner, the steady ticking of the clockwork of the telescope, the little slit in

the roof, an oblong of blue profundity with the star dust streaked across it. Ogilvy moved about, invisible but audible. Looking through the telescope, one saw a circle of deep blue and the little round planet swim-

> ming in the field. It seemed such a little thing, so bright and small and still, faintly marked with transverse stripes, and slightly flattened from the perfect round. But so little it was, so silvery warm, a pin's head

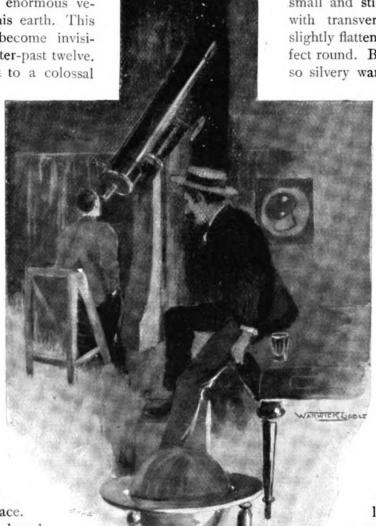
> > of light. It was as if it quivered a little, but really this was the telescope vibrating with the activity of the clock-work that kept the planet in view.

As I watched. the little star seemed to grow larger and smaller and to advance and recede, but that was simply that my eye was tired. Forty millions miles it was from us, more than forty millions of miles of void. Few people

realise the immensity
of vacancy in which
the dust of the material universe swims.
Near it in the field,

Near it in the field, I remember, were three little points of light, three telescopic stars infinitely remote, and all around it

was the unfathomable darkness of empty space. You know how that blackness looks on a frosty starlight night. In a telescope it seems far profounder. And invisible to me because citiowas somemote and small,



I still remember that vigil very distinctly.

flying swiftly and steadily towards me across that incredible distance, drawing nearer every minute by so many thousands of miles, came the Thing they were sending us, the Thing that was to bring so much struggle and calamity and death to the earth. I never dreamt of it then as I watched; no one on earth dreamt of that unerring missile.

That night, too, there was another jetting out of gas from the distant planet. I saw it. A reddish flash at the edge, the slightest projection of the outline, just as the chronometer struck midnight, and at that I told Ogilvy and he took my place. I went, stretching my legs clumsily, and feeling my way in the darkness, to the little table where the syphon stood, for the night was warm and I was thirsty, while Ogilvy exclaimed at the streamer of gas that came out towards us.

That night another invisible missile started on its way to the earth from Mars, just a second or so under twenty-four hours after the first one. I remember how I sat on the table there in the blackness, with patches of green and crimson swimming before my eyes. I wished I had a light to smoke by, little suspecting the meaning of the minute gleam I had seen and all that it would presently bring me. Ogilvy watched until one, and then gave it up, and we lit the lanterns and walked over to his house. Down below in the darkness were Ottershaw and Chertsey and all their hundreds of people, sleeping in peace.

He was full of speculation that night about the condition of Mars, and scoffed at the vulgar idea of its having inhabitants who were signalling us. His idea was that meteorites might be falling in a heavy shower upon the planet, or that a huge volcanic explosion was in progress. He pointed out to me how unlikely it was that organic evolution had taken the same direction in the two adjacent planets—the chances against anything man-like on Mars are a million to one, he said.

Hundreds of observers saw the flame that night and the night after about midnight, and again the night after, and so for ten nights, a flame each night. Why the shots ceased after the tenth no one on earth has attempted to explain. Dense clouds of smoke or dust, too, visible through a powerful telescope on

earth as little, grey, fluctuating patches, spread through the clearness of the planet's atmosphere and obscured its more familiar features.

Even the daily papers woke up to the disturbances at last, and popular notes appeared here, there, and everywhere concerning the volcanoes upon Mars. The serio-comic periodical *Punch*, I remember, made a happy use of it in the political cartoon. And, all unsuspected, those missiles the Martians had fired at us drew earthward, rushing now at a pace of many miles a second through the empty gulf of space, hour by hour and day by day, nearer and nearer.

It seems to me now almost incredibly wonderful that with that swift fate hanging over us men could go about their petty concerns as they did. I remember how jubilant Markham was at securing a new photograph of the planet for the illustrated paper he edited in those days.

People in these latter times scarcely realise the abundance and enterprise of our nineteenth century papers. For my own part I was much occupied in learning to ride the bicycle, and busy upon a series of papers discussing the probable developments of moral ideas as civilisation progressed.

One night (the Thing then could scarcely have been ten million miles away) I went for a walk with my wife. It was starlight, and I explained the Signs of the Zodiac to her, and pointed out Mars, a bright dot of light creeping zenith-ward, towards which so many telescopes were pointed. For in those days there was no terror for men among the stars.

It was a warm night. Coming home, a party of excursionists from Chertsey or Isleworth passed us singing and playing music. There were lights in the upper windows of the houses as the people went to bed. From the railway station in the distance came the sound of shunting trains, ringing and rumbling, softened almost into melody by the distance. My wife pointed out to me the brightness of the red, green and yellow signal lights, hanging in a framework against the sky. It had all seemed so safe and tranquil.

#### II.—THE FALLING STAR.

THEN came the night of the first falling star. It was seen early in the morning rushing over

Winchester eastward, a line of flame, high in the atmosphere. Hundreds must have seen it and taken it for an ordinary falling star. Albin described it as leaving a greenish streak behind it that glowed for some seconds. Denning, our greatest authority on meteorites, stated that the height of its first appearance was about 90 or 100 miles.

It seemed to him that it fell to earth about a hundred miles east of him.

I was at home at that hour and writing in my study, and although my French windows face towards Ottershaw and the blind was up (for I loved in those days to look up at the night sky), I saw nothing of it. Yet this strangest of all things that ever came to earth from outer space must have fallen while I was sitting there, visible to me had I only looked up as it passed. Some of those who saw its flight say it travelled with a hissing sound. I myself heard nothing of that. Many people in Berkshire, Surrey, and Middlesex must have seen the fall of it, and, at most, have thought that another meteorite had descended. No one seems to have troubled to look for the fallen mass that night.

But very early in the morning poor Ogilvy, who had seen the shooting star, and who was persuaded that a meteorite lay somewhere on the common between Horsell, Ottershaw and Woking, rose early with the idea of finding it. Find it he did soon after dawn and not far from the sand-pits. An enormous hole had been made by the impact

of the projectile, and the sand and gravel had been flung violently in every direction over the heath and heather. They formed heaps visible a mile and a half away. The heather was on fire eastward, and a thin blue smoke arose against the dawn.

The Thing itself lay almost entirely buried

in sand, amidst the scattered splinters of a fir tree it had shivered to fragments in its descent. The uncovered part had the appearance of a huge cylinder, caked over and its outline softened by a thick scaly dun-coloured incrustation. It had a diameter of about thirty yards. He approached the mass, surprised at the size and more so at the shape,



Find it he did soon after dawn.

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since most meteorites are rounded more or less completely. It was, however, still so hot from its flight through the air as to forbid his near approach. A stirring noise within the cylinder he ascribed to the unequal cooling of its substance. For at that time it had not occurred to him that it might be hollow. He remained standing at the edge of the pit that the Thing had made for itself, staring at its strange appearance, astonished chiefly at its unusual shape and colour, and dimly perceiving even then some evidence of design in its arrival. The early morning was wonderfully still, and the sun, just clearing the

The dull radiation arrested him.



pine trees towards Weybridge, was already warm. He did not remember hearing any birds that morning, there was certainly no breeze stirring, and the only sounds were the faint movements from within the cindery cylinder. He was all alone on the common.

Then suddenly he noticed with a start that some of the grey clinker, the ashy incrustation that covered the meteorite, was falling off the circular edge of the end. It was dropping off in flakes, and raining down upon the sand. A large piece suddenly came off and fell with a sharp noise that brought his heart into his mouth.

For a minute he scarcely realised what this meant, and, although the heat was excessive, he clambered down into the pit close to the bulk to see the thing more clearly. He fancied even then that the cooling of the body might account for this, but what disturbed

that idea was the fact that the ash was falling only from the

end of the cylinder.

And then he perceived that very slowly the circular top of the cylinder was rotating on i's body. It was such a gradual movement, that he saw that it was so only through noticing that a black mark that had been near him five minutes ago, was now at the other side ot the circumference. Even then, he scarcely understood what this indicated until he heard a muffled grating sound and saw the black mark jerk forward an inch or so. Then the thing came upon him in a flash. The cylinder was artificial-hollow-with an end that screwed out! Something within the cylinder was unscrewing the top!

"Good Heavens!" said Ogilvy. "There's a man in it—men in it! Half roasted to death! Trying to escape!" At once with a quick mental

leap he linked the thing with the flash upon Mars!

The thought of the confined creature was so dreadful to him that he forgot the heat, and went forward to the cylinder to help turn. But luckily the idull fradiation arrested him

before he could burn his hands on the still glowing metal. At that, he stood irresolute for a moment, then turned, scrambled out of the pit, and set off running wildly into Woking. The time then must have been somewhere about six o'clock. He met a waggoner and tried to make him understand, but the tale he told and his appearance were so wild—his hat had fallen off in the pit that the man simply drove on. He was equally unsuccessful with the potman who was just unlocking the doors of the public house by Horsell Bridge. The fellow thought he was a lunatic at large, and made an unsuccessful attempt to shut him into the taproom. That sobered him a little, and when he saw Henderson, the London journalist, in his garden, he called over the palings and made himself understood.

- "Henderson," he called; "you saw that shooting star last night?"
  - "Well?" said Henderson.
  - "It's out on Horsell Common now."
- "Good Lord!" said Henderson. "Fallen meteorite! That's good."

"But it's something more than a meteorite. It's a cylinder—an artificial cylinder, man! And there's something inside."

Henderson stood up with his spade in his hand. "What's that?" he said. He is deaf in one ear. Ogilvy told him all that he had seen. Henderson was a minute or so taking it in. Then he dropped his spade, snatched at his jacket and came out into the road. The two men hurried back at once to the common, and found the cylinder still lying in the same position. But now the sounds inside had ceased, and a thin circle of bright metal showed between the top and the body of the cylinder. Air was either entering or escaping at the rim with a thin, sizzling sound.

They listened, rapped on the scale with a stick, and meeting with no response, they both concluded the man or men inside must be insensible or dead.

Of course the two were quite unable to do anything. They shouted consolation and promises, and went off back to the town again to get help. One can imagine them, covered with sand, excited and disordered, running up the little street in the bright sunlight, just as the shop folks were

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taking down their shutters, and people were opening their bedroom windows. Henderson went into the railway station at once, in order to persuade the officials to telegraph the news to London. The newspaper articles had prepared men's minds for the reception of the idea.

By eight o'clock, a number of boys and unemployed men had already started for the common to see the "dead men from Mars." That was the form the story took. I heard of it first from my newspaper boy, about a quarter to nine, when I went out to get my *Daily News*. I was naturally startled, and lost no time in going out and across the Ottershaw bridge to the sand-pits.

## III.-ON HORSELL COMMON.

I FOUND a little crowd of perhaps twenty people surrounding the huge hole in which the cylinder lay. I have already described the appearance of that colossal bulk, imbedded in the ground. The turf and gravel about it seemed charred as if by a sudden explosion. No doubt its impact had caused a flash of fire. Henderson and Ogilvy were not there. I think they perceived that nothing was to be done for the present, and had gone away to breakfast at Henderson's house.

There were four or five boys sitting on the edge of the pit with their feet dangling, and amusing themselves—until I stopped them—by throwing stones at the giant mass. After I had spoken to them about it, they began playing at "touch" in and out of the group of bystanders.

Among these were a couple of cyclists, a jobbing gardener I employed sometimes, a girl carrying a baby, Gregg the butcher and his little boy, and two or three loafers and golf caddies who were accustomed to hang about the railway station. There was very little talking. Few of the common people in England had anything but the vaguest astronomical ideas in those days. Most of them were staring quietly at the big table-like end of the cylinder, which was still as Henderson and Ogilvy had left it. I fancy the popular expectation of a heap of charred corpses was disappointed by this inanimate bulk. Some INDIANA UNIVERSITY

went away while I was there, and other people came. I clambered into the pit and fancied I heard a faint movement under my feet. The top had certainly ceased to rotate.

It was only when I got thus close to it that the strangeness of this object was at all evident to me. At the first glance it was really no more exciting than an overturned carriage or a tree blown across the road. Not so much so, indeed. It looked like a rusty gas float half buried, more than anything else in the world. It required a certain amount of scientific education to perceive that the grey scale on the thing was no common oxide, that the yellowish white metal that gleamed in the crack between the lid and the cylinder had an unfamiliar hue. "Extraterrestrial" had no meaning for most of the onlookers.

At that time it was quite clear in my own mind that the Thing had come from the planet Mars, but I judged it improbable that it contained any living creature. I thought the unscrewing might be automatic. In spite of Ogilvy I still believed that there were men in Mars. My mind ran fancifully on the possibilites of its containing manuscript, on the difficulties in translation that might arise, whether we should find coins and models in Yet it was a little too large it, and so forth. for assurance on this idea. I felt an impatience to see it opened. About eleven, as nothing seemed happening, I walked back, full of such thoughts, to my home in Maybury. But I found it difficult to get to work upon my abstract investigations.

In the afternoon the appearance of the common had altered very much. The early editions of the evening papers had startled London with enormous headlines: "A MES-SAGE RECEIVED FROM MARS," "Remarkable Story from Woking," and so forth. In addition, Ogilvy's wire to the Astronomical Exchange had roused every observatory in the three kingdoms.

There were half-a-dozen flys or more from the Woking station standing in the road by the sand-pits, a basket chaise from Chobham and a rather lordly carriage. Besides that there was quite a heap of bicycles. In addition a large number of people must have walked, in spite of the heat of the day, from Woking and Chertsey. So that there was altogether quite a considerable crowd—one or two gaily dressed ladies among the others.

It was glaringly hot, not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of wind, and the only shadow was that of the few scattered pine trees. The burning heather had been extinguished, but the level ground towards Ottershaw was blackened as far as one could see, and still giving off vertical streamers of smoke. An enterprising sweetstuff dealer in the Chobham road had sent up his son with a barrow-load of green apples and ginger beer.

Going to the edge of the pit I found it. occupied by a group of about half-a-dozen men, Henderson, Ogilvy, and a tall fair-haired man, that I afterwards learnt was Stent, the Astronomer Royal, with several workmen wielding spades and pickaxes. Stent was giving directions in a clear, high-pitched voice. He was standing on the cylinder, which was now evidently much cooler; his face was crimson, and streaming with perspiration, and something seemed to have irritated him.

A large portion of the cylinder had been uncovered, though its lower end was still imbedded. As soon as Ogilvy saw me among the staring crowd on the edge of the pit, he called to me to come down, and asked me if I would mind going over to see Lord Hilton, the lord of Horsell Manor. growing crowd, he said, was becoming a. serious impediment to their excavations, especially the boys. They wanted a light railing put up, and help to keep the people He told me that a faint stirring was occasionally still audible within the case, but that the workmen had failed tounscrew the top, as it afforded no grip to them. The case appeared to be enormously thick, and it was possible that the faint sounds we heard represented a noisy tumult in the interior.

I was very glad to do as he asked, and so become one of the privileged spectators within the contemplated inclosure. I failed to find Lord Hilton at his house, but I was told he was expected from London by the six o'clock train from Waterloo, and as it was then about a quarter past five I went home and had some tea, and walked up to the station to waylay him.

## IV.—THE CYLINDER UNSCREWS.

When I returned to the common the sun was setting. Scattered groups were hurrying from the direction of Woking, and one or two persons were returning. The crowd about the pit had increased, and stood out

through my mind. As I drew nearer I heard Stent's voice: "Keep back—keep back!" A boy came running towards me. "It's a-movin'," he said to me as he passed.



black against the lemon yellow of the sky—a couple of hundred people perhaps. There were a number of voices raised, and some sort of struggle appeared to be going on about the pit. Strange imaginings passed

The end of the cylinder was being screwed out from within. Nearly two feet of shining screw projected. Somebody blundered against me and I narrowly missed being pitched on to the top of the screw. I turned, and as I did so the screw must have come

out, and the lid of the cylinder fell upon the gravel with a ringing concussion. I struck my elbow into the person behind and turned my head towards the Thing again. For a moment that circular cavity seemed perfectly black. I had the sunset in my eyes.

I think everyone expected to see a man emerge—possibly something a little unlike us terrestrial men, but in all essentials a man. I know I did. But looking, I presently saw something stirring within the shadow, greyish billowy movements, one above another, and then two luminous discs like eyes. Then something resembling a little grey snake, about the thickness of a walking stick, coiled up out of the writhing middle, and wriggled in the air towards me. And then another.

A sudden chill came upon me. There was a loud shriek from a woman behind. I half turned, keeping my eyes fixed upon the cylinder still, from which other tentacles were now projecting, and began pushing my way back from the edge of the pit. I saw astonishment giving place to horror on the faces of the people about me. I heard inarticulate exclamations on all sides. was a general movement backward. I saw the shopman struggling still on the edge of the pit. I found myself alone, and saw the people on the other side of the pit running off, Stent among them. I looked again at the cylinder, and ungovernable terror gripped me. I stood petrified and staring.

A big greyish rounded bulk, the size perhaps of a bear, was rising slowly and paintully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather. Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. It was rounded and had—one might say—a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted, and dropped saliva. The body heaved and pulsated convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air.

You who have only seen the dead monsters in spirit in the Natural History Museum, shrivelled brown bulks, can scarcely imagine the strange horror of their appearance. The

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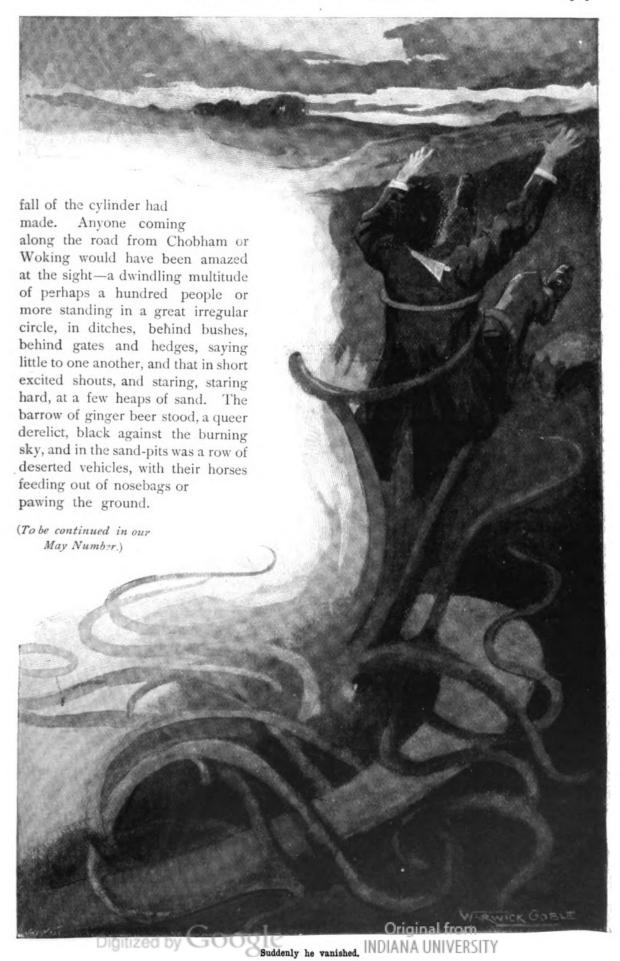
peculiar V-shaped mouth, with its pointed upper lip, the absence of brow ridges, the absence of a chin beneath the wedge-like lower lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon circlet of tentacles, the tumultuous breathing of the lungs in a strange atmosphere, the evident heaviness and painfulness of movement, due to the greater gravitational energy of the earth-above all, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eves, culminated in an effect akin to nausea. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of their tedious movements unspeakably Even at this first encounter, this terrible. first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread.

Suddenly the monster vanished. It had toppled over the brim of the cylinder, and fallen into the pit, with a thud like the fall of a great mass of leather. I heard it give a peculiar, thick cry, and forthwith another of these creatures appeared darkly in the deep shadow of the aperture.

At that my rigour of terror passed away. I turned, and, running madly, made for the first group of trees perhaps a hundred yards away. But I ran slantingly and stumbling, for I could not avert my face from these things.

There, among some young pine trees and furze bushes, I stopped, panting, and waited for further developments. The common round the sand-pits was dotted with people, standing like myself in a half fascinated terror, staring at these creatures, or rather at the heaped gravel at the edge of the pit in which they lay. And then, with a renewed horror, I saw a round black object bobbing up and down on the edge of the pit. It was the head of the shopman who had fallen in, but showing as a little black object against the hot western sky. Now he got his shoulder and knee up, and again he seemed to slip back until only his head Suddenly he vanished, and was visible. I could have fancied a faint shriek had reached me. I had a momentary impulse to go back and help him, that my fears overruled.

Everything was then quite invisible, hidden by the deep pit and the heap of sand that the





she wore at her coronation. It was of crimson velvet lined with ermine, and bordered with gold lace, while the sleeves were adorned with a quantity of Honiton lace.

No. 2.—This print of Her Majesty shows the dress she wore at a grand review of the troops in the Home Park,

held in September, 1837.

No. 3.—This engraving, done in 1838, shows Her Majesty wearing a silk gown with a black satin



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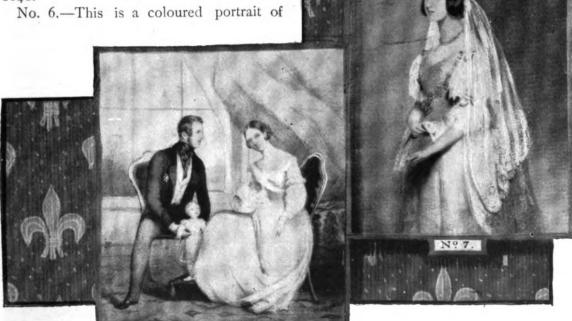
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apron, embroidered. There is also a rich fichu of lace. It will be noticed that the Queen in those days (1838) wore her hair parted in the centre and brought over the ears.

No. 4.—This is a hitherto unpublished water-colour, and shows Her Majesty reviewing troops in Hyde Park. The dress was of scarlet, trimmed with gold braidher horse being gaily caparisoned with gold trappings.

No. 5.—This lithograph shows the Queen on horseback when she was at Brighton in 1840.



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In the beginning man found himself in a world of music.

A beautiful orchestra, always in harmony, played sweet music to him unceasingly. The wind soughed in the trees; the tinkling streams ran down, laughing, into the rushing rivers; the birds sang their songs; in the end the blank mind of man became imbued with the joy of life, and he made instruments for himself wherewith to join the strain.

These instruments form a history in themselves. It is a study, as immense as it is interesting, to trace them from their primitive beginnings to their final developments: to mark their progress as they ran side by side with civilisation, from the harps of Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ, to the magnificent organs of the present day, from the pipes of Pan to our own exquisite flutes.

The highest authorities on the subject seem to agree that music is coeval with speech. Man, having learned to talk, learnt to sing. Among the first crafts to which he turned his hand was the making of musical instruments.

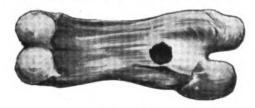
Even to-day there are savage tribes in Australia and South America, who, although they cannot number the fingers on their hands, possess strange musical instruments of their own contrivance with which they accompany their songs.

Reeds and bones were among the first vol. III.--79. igitized by

materials that came to the hand of man. "Tis true," runs an old saying, "the finding of a dead horse's head was the first invention of stringed instruments, whence rose the guitar, viol, and the lute." It is certainly probable that the dead body of an animal suggested many valuable ideas. A rough hide, for instance, stretched over a hollow bowl, or even, it is affirmed, a skull, was the father of the drum; bones, with the marrow scooped away, made flutes; on ram's horns penetrating blasts were blown; from cat-gut, twanging stringed instruments were devised, while the long hairs of a horse's tail were used for the same purpose.

A bone flute (1), exhumed from a cave in France, is among the earliest instruments of which any trace remains to-day. This must have been constructed in an age when the reindeer, the rhinoceros, the bear, and the lion lived in the land. The holes in this primitive flute were bored by flints.

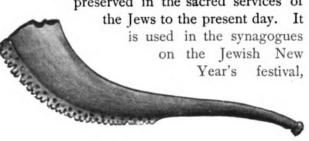
Probably, however, the oldest instrument



1. A bone flute.

in the world is the Jewish shophar (2). This was made from a ram's horn, as will be seen

by the illustration, and is remarkable as being the only Hebrew instrument which has been preserved in the sacred services of



2. Jewish shophar.

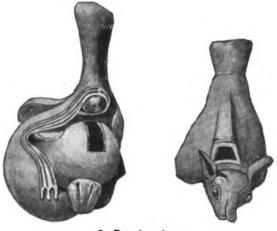
as commanded by Moses: "It is a day of blowing the trumpets unto you."

It is a curious and a rather ghastly fact that among the Indians the bones of slain enemies were considered especially suitable for flutes. The Araucanians, having killed a prisoner, made music with his bones, "and thundered out their dreadful war-songs, accompanied by the mournful sounds of these horrid instruments."

Alonso de Ovalle, of the Indians of Chili, writes:

Their flutes, which they play upon in their dances, are made of the bones of the Spaniards and other enemies whom they have overcome in war. This they do by way of triumph and glory for their victory. They make them likewise of the bones of animals; but the warriors dance only to the flutes made of their enemies.

One would not suppose that it were possible for instruments of this description to produce music. Travellers, however, assert that there is a strange charm in their melancholy tones.



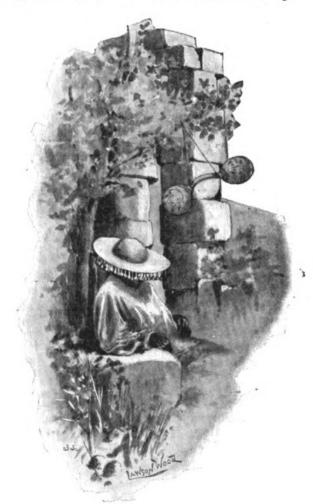
3. Peruvian pipes.

The Mexicans and Peruvians possessed a great variety of flutes and pipes (3), which

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filled the heart with indescribable sadness, and brought tears to the eyes.

In connection with musical instruments constructed from the human body, there is an old tradition preserved in Swedish and Scotch national ballads which is worthy of notice. A young girl was drowned by a wicked woman. A skilful harper, seeing her dead body, was touched with pity at the sight, and out of her bones he made a harp.



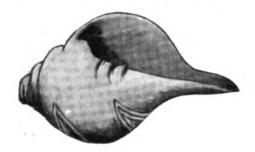
4. Chilian water-instrument.

Her fingers he used for tuning screws; her golden hair for strings. On this instrument he proceeded to play, and as the first wailing note was drawn out, the murderess fell to the ground—dead.

There is a curious water-instrument (4) found in Chili in addition to those before mentioned. Two earthen vessels are filled with water, and their necks being joined together, they are suspended from the bough of a tree, and swung backwards and forwards. A gentle

rippling music is thus produced, which lulls the drowsy chiefs to rest, for the Chilians usually sleep away the hottest hours of the day.

The water diminishes by evaporation, for



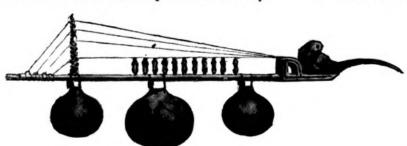
5. A conch shell.

the bottles are porous, and the sound gradually dies away.

The average traveller in India imagines that he knows all that there is to know about the habits of the people. He usually dis-

misses the subject of Indian music as being unworthy of notice. In these cases one may be certain that the music the traveller has heard is about on a level with the music of our street performers. He may have possessed a clever

"boy" who engaged some strolling nautch girls for the evening, and who made all the arrangements himself. It is hardly necessary to say that such music is of the commonest; the dancers the most deprayed in the city.



7. The Kinnari vina.

Indian music must be judged from an Indian standard, on its own merits. The old time "Slokes" and "Ghuzals," songs written many hundreds of years ago, are sung to-day with the same wild melody, with the

same dreamy cadence, and to the same soft beats of little hands. It cannot be compared with English music, and that is where those who do not know it come to grief. And it must be remembered that this same music gives pleasure to thousands, where ours gives pleasure to hundreds.

Indian instruments are of remarkable interest. Many are of great antiquity, while others are most delicately carved and richly ornamented.

The conch shell, for instance, dates from time immemorial, as is proved by descriptions that appear in ancient sacred epics. It is not in common use, but is found in every temple of the land, in all religious ceremonials, in processions, and before the shrines of the Hindoo deities. The specimen here shown (5) is from a group of five very ancient conch shells, which are as valuable as they are unique. No tune can be played



6. The vina.

on them, but the music is clear and mellow, and often used to striking effect.

The vina (6) is one of the commonest instruments of India, and is to-day precisely like the instruments described in ancient books,

even to the details of the carving. The specimen illustrated is at least 250 years old, and was in the possession of one of the Maharajahs of Tanjore.

Another example of the vina illustrated here is of a ruder description, being made of bamboo, with three gourds attached to it.

This instrument (7), it is supposed, is nearly identical with an instrument used by the Jews, and mentioned in the Bible. It is represented on many shrines and temples in Mysore, and on old sculptures from

8. The pungi.

It is interesting to note that the tailpiece invariably represents a kite, as directed by old treatises.

The next illustration portrays an instrument,

the pungi (8), that is used exclusively by jugglers and snake charmers. This specimen is brilliantly ornamented in red and green. As a rule, however, the pungi consists merely of a rough gourd, with two canes in it. Yet the Indians will charm a snake by the sole aid of this rude instrument.

Some very quaint instruments

are found among the Burmese. The Keay wine (9), as it is called, for instance, is a large circular instrument, consisting of fifteen gongs suspended from richly carved wood. Many of the musical attempts of Burma are ascribed to the great god Siva.

The musical instruments of Africa are frequently made for some strange use, for some superstitious purpose. For Africa is the land There is a drum in a of superstition.



9. The Keay wine

museum at Whitehall, for instance, that was captured from the Dervish Wijumi, who defeated Hicks and took Khartoum. It is made of copper, covered with buffalo's hide,

and weighs some three-quarters of a hundredweight. This was a sacred drum, and when it was lost the Soudanese were greatly disheartened, for their hopes went with their drum.

The negroes seem to have an

idea that when human skulls or bones are fastened to a drum, its value is considerably A war drum of a king of Ashantee, when brought to England, was surrounded by these ghastly relics.

Negro trumpets of every shape and size are made of the horns of antelopes, gazelles, and buffaloes. These are blown in the deserts to warn friendly tribes of danger, and are largely patronised by wizards, while the smaller sized trumpets are carried round the



10. American Indian rattle.

neck of rain makers, to attract or drive away the clouds, according to the probable condition of the weather.

Many of the Ashantee trumpets are made from elephants' tusks of enormous size, and give forth a prodigious sound. Every chief has his trumpeter, who announces the approach of his lord by a special signal. Thus the blasts of a certain chief signify: "I am a great king's son." Others: "No one dares to touch me."

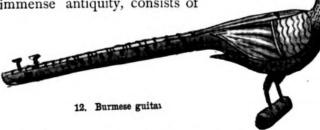
> Primitive people of all countries seem to have taken a special delight in making their instruments in the shape of birds or beasts. Thus, among the North American Indians, rattles, which are very common, are shaped as pigeons (10). The Burmese have guitars shaped as crocodiles (11) and peacocks (12), and harps designed as boats (13). These frequently are beautifully ornamented.

The Chinese ou (14) is an ancient wooden instrument, but is in use to-day, and represents a crouching tiger. of sharp-pointed teeth runs down the back, which, when struck with a hammer,



gives out a sharp, metallic sound, not altogether unmusical.

The majestic organs of to-day had their origin in the humble Chinese cheng (15 and 16). This instrument, which is of immense antiquity, consists of



reeds of irregular length placed in a hollow bowl, with a mouthpiece attached.

It is not known whether it was this instrument that Confucius, who lived about B.C. 500, heard on a certain occasion; but it is recorded that he once became so enraptured with some Chinese music that he was unable to take food for three weeks afterwards. The musician Konei, who played before this same Confucius, was a kind of Chinese Orpheus, for it is said

that his performance on the king (17) would draw all the wild animals around him, and that they would immediately become entranced with the sweet sounds that he made.

The Chinese possessed their much esteemed king some 2200 years before the Christian era. It was a sacred instrument, and incense was offered up when it was played in the temples. It is made with a sonorous stone



14. Chinese ou.

known as the yu, which is found in the mountain streams and crevices. stones are especially valuable in that they

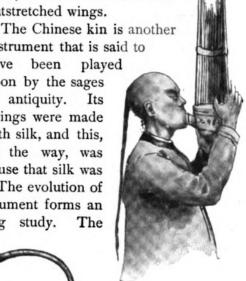
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always retain the same pitch. They are often cut into various grotesque shapes, such

> as animals, fishes, Chinese bells, or bats and birds with outstretched wings.

instrument that is said to have been played upon by the sages of antiquity. Its strings were made with silk, and this, by the way, was

the first use that silk was put to. The evolution of this instrument forms an interesting study.



15. Chinese cheng.

first sounds were produced by twisting silken threads with cords, and twanging them with the fingers.

Gradually it was noticed that a definite musical note was thus made. The number of threads to each cord was then counted, so that the



note should be preserved for future use, and the cords were pegged on to flat board. Finally the board was curved, and the strings were limited to seven, and in this form it has been preserved to the present day, and is now the most highly esteemed of all the stringed instruments of China.



16. The first organ.

Considerable ingenuity has been employed from time to time in devising queer-looking instruments of music. About a century ago a flute player, for instance, nearly six feet in height, was exhibited in Paris. The figure of the man, and the pedestal on which he was seated, were filled with a complicated mass of cranks, wheels, levers, pipes, and bellows. In his hands the automaton held a flute. The



17. Chinese king.

machinery being started, his lips moved, wind was blown into the instrument, his fingers played upon the holes, and tune followed tune in rapid succession. This ingenious contrivance caused much excitement and admiration among musicians.

In the sixteenth century an organ builder of Nuremburg constructed

a peculiar organ, which
he named the bible
regal (19). This
was made in such a
way that it could be
folded up, when it
looked for all the
world like an ordinary book. Only
two of these instru-

ments are in existence.

A mong
the miscellaneous
collection
of early
French antiquities preserved in the

18. Automatic flute-player.

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Louvre is a musical knite. This belonged to a set of six, each of which formed a certain part of a composition. They were made in the sixteenth century, when every educated person

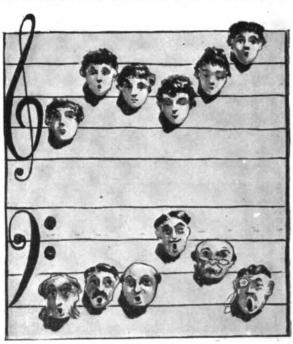


19. Bible regal.

desired to be able to take part in some kind of musical performance. It was not until about this time that the science of music made any great progress in Europe.

In the Museum at Kensington there are several interesting examples of sixteenthcentury workmanship.

There is the virginal, for instance, on which it is said Queen Elizabeth was in the habit of playing. Sir James Melville, the Scotch Ambassador, thus quaintly records an interview with her in his memoirs: "Then sche asked wither the Quen (Mary of Scotland) or



20. The anthropophone.

sche played the best. In this I gaif her the prayse."

In the Kensington Museum there is also a valuable spinet of about the same date, which Original from

contains, by way of ornamentation, nearly 2000 precious stones.

An illustration of one of the most curious

instruments that human ingenuity has devised will be found below. A glance will explain it.

A lover of cats discovered bv chance that each of his five pets possessed a differently pitched voice. The idea occurred to him that if he were to train the cats to utter their notes in appointed times, the result might be picturesque. Ac-

cordingly he ordered a cage to be made for them with five partitions, and in these he placed his pets. He trained them to respond with a short, sharp, pitched note to gentle tugs at their tails. The result was eminently satisfactory.

There is another curious instrument that deserves to be enrolled on the list of oddities. This has been named the anthropophone (20). All that is required for its manufacture is a decorated sheet, inscribed

as a sheet of music. The



21. The state trumpet.

Through this sheet heads of various shapes and sizes are arranged according to notes best suited to the voices of the owners. Each voice sings the note that it repreand the sents, result is unspeakably funny.

The Queen's private collection of instruments contains two specimens that are of especial interest. One of these is the silver state kettle

drum, draped with the royal banner. The other is the silver state trumpet (21) that was sounded to announce the young Queen's accession to the throne of Britain, and fifty years afterwards on Her Majesty's arrival at Westminster Abbey.

Nor is the day far distant that will hear the blast of this silver trumpet as it rings out again in honour to the Queen.



22. The musical cats.

# Adventures of Capt. Kettle

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

No. II.—CROWN AND GAROTTE.

(A Complete Story.

"We will garotte el Señor Kettle with due form and ceremony," said the mulatto, with an ugly smile. "The saints must have sent us this machine on purpose." He threw away the cigarette stump from his yellow fingers, and began to knot a running bowline on the end of a raw hide rope. "I will do myself the honour of capturing him. He covered me with that revolver of his this morning, and put me to shame before the men. I have not forgotten."

"And the other Englishman?" said the ex-priest. "He fought well for us in the morning. He is brave."

"And so is far too dangerous to be left alive, padre, after we garotte the sailor."

"My dear Cuchillo," said the ecclesiastic, "you are so abominably bloodthirsty. But I suppose you are right. I will come with you, and if the man shows trouble, I will shoot him where he sits." He and the mulatto got up as he spoke, and the other men rose also, and the six of them left the *ingenio* silently on the side away from the camp. The jungle growths of the ruined plantation swallowed them out of sight. They held along their way silently and confidently, like men well skilled in woodcraft. With primitive cunning they had arranged to make their attack from the rear.

The noise of their chatter ceased, and from the distance there went up into the hot, tropical night faint snatches of the "Swanee River," sung by a Louisiana negro, who had grown delirious from a wound.

In the meanwhile the two Englishmen were taking their tobacco barely a couple of hundred yards away. They had built a small fire of green wood, and were sitting in the alley of smoke as some refuge from the swarming mosquitos; and the conversation ran upon themselves and their own prospects.

"I don't want to mess about with a crown," Captain Kettle was saying. "A cheese-cutter cap's good enough for me; or, seeing that Cuba's hot, a pith helmet might be preferable, if we are going in for luxury." He peered through the smoke wreaths at the camp of the revolutionists, a naked bivouac chopped from amongst the canes, and strewn with sleeping men who moaned in their dreams. The ruined *ingenio* at the further side had its white walls smeared with smoke. The place ached with poverty and squalor.

"Not that there seems much luxury here," he went on. "These beauties haven't a sound pair of breeches amongst them, and if it wasn't for the rifles and ammunition we brought ashore from the poor old *Sultan*, sir, I'd say they'd just starve to death before they kicked the Spaniards out of the island. But if ugliness means pluck, there should be none better as fighting men; and when we get to bossing them properly, you'll see we'll just make this revolutionary business hum. You are going to stay on and help, Mr. Carnforth?"

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The big man in the shooting coat gave a rueful laugh. "You've got my promise, Kettle. I don't see any way of backing out of it."

"I thank you for that, sir," said the sailor with a bow. "When I come to be formally made King of these Cubans, you shall find I am not ungrateful. I am not a man to neglect either my friends or my enemies.

"You shall sign on as Prime Minister, Mr. Carnforth, when we get the show regularly in commission, and I'll see you make a good thing out of it. Don't you get the notion it'll be a bit like the dreary business you were used to in Parliament in England. Empty talk is not to my taste, and I'll not set up a Parliament here to encourage it. I'm going to hold a full King's ticket myself, and it won't do for anyone to forget it."

"You seem very anxious for power, Captain."

"It's a fact, Mr. Carnforth," said the other with a sigh, "I do like to have the ordering of men. But don't you think, sir, that's the only reason I'm taking on with this racket. I'm a man with an income to make, and I'm out of a berth elsewhere. I'm a man with a family, sir."

"I am a bachelor," said Carnforth, "and I'm thanking heaven for it this minute. Doesn't it strike you, Captain, that this is no sort of a job for a married man? Can't you see it's far too risky?"

"Big pay, big risk; that's always the way, sir, and as I've faced ugly places before and come out top side, there's no reason why I shouldn't do it again here. Indeed, it's the thought of my wife that's principally pushing me on. During all the time we've been together, Mr. Carnforth, I've never been able to give Mrs. Kettle the place I'd wish.

"She was brought up, sir, as the daughter of a minister of religion, and splendidly educated; she can play the harmonium and do crewel-work; and, though I'll not deny I married her from behind a bar, I may tell you she only took to business from a liking to see society." He looked out dreamily through the smoke at the fireflies which were winking across the black rim of the forest.

"I'd like to see her, Mr. Carnforth, with gold brooches and chains, and a black satin

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dress, and a bonnet that cost 20s., sitting in Government house, with the British Consul on the mat before her, waiting till she chose to ask him to take a chair and talk. She'd fill the position splendidly, and I've just got to wade in and get it for her."

The little man broke off and stared out a the fireflies, and Carnforth coughed the woodsmoke from his lungs and rammed fresh tobacco into his pipe. He was a man with a fine sense of humour, and he appreciated to the full the ludicrousness of Kettle's pretensions. The sailor had run a cargo of much wanted contraband of war on to the Cuban beach, had sunk a Spanish cruiser in the process, and had received effusive thanks.

But he had taken the florid metaphor of the country to mean a literal offer, and when in their complimentary phrase they shouted that he should be king, a king from that moment he intended to be. The comedy of the situation was irresistible.

But at the same time, Mr. Martin Carnforth was a man of wealth, and a man (in England) of assured position; and he could not avoid seeing that by his present association with Capt. Owen Kettle he was flirting with ugly tragedy every moment that he lived. Yet here he was pinned, not only to keep in the man's society, but to help him in his mad endeavours.

He would gladly have forfeited half his fortune to be snugly back in St. Stephen's, Westminster, clear of the mess; but escape was out of the question; and, moreover, he knew quite well that trying to make Kettle appreciate his true position would be like an attempt to reason with the winds or the surf on an ocean beach. So he held his tongue, and did as he was bidden. He was a man of physical bravery, and the rush of actual fighting that morning had come pleasantly to him.

It was only when he thought of the certain and treacherous dangers of the future, and the cosy niche that awaited him at home in England, that his throat tickled with apprehension, and he caressed with affectionate fingers the region of his carotids. And if he had known that at that precise moment the ex-priest, and the mulatto they called el Cuchillo, and the others of the insurgent

leaders, were stalking him with a view to capture and execution, it is probable that he would have felt even still more disturbed.

"We did well in that fight this morning," said Captain Kettle presently, as he drew his eyes away from the light-snaps of the fire-flies, and shut them to keep out the sting of the wood-smoke. "You've been shot at before, sir?"

"Never," said Carnforth.

"You couldn't have been cooler, sir, if you'd been at sea all your life, and seen pins flying every watch. Do you know, I've been thinking it over, and I'm beginning to fancy that perhaps our black and yellow mongrels weren't quite such cowards as I said. I know they did scuttle to the bushes like rabbits so soon as ever a gun was fired; but then their business is to shoot these Spanish soldiers and not get shot back, and so, perhaps, they were right to keep to their own way.

"Anyway, we licked them, and that means getting on towards Mrs. Kettle's being a queen. But that murdering the wounded afterwards was more than I can stand, and it has got to be put a stop to."

"You didn't make yourself popular over it."

"I am not usually liked when I am captain," said Kettle grimly.

"Well, skipper, I don't, as a rule, agree with your methods, as you know, but here I'm with you all the way. Your excellent subjects are a great deal too barbarous for my taste."

"They are holy brutes, and that's a fact," said Captain Kettle, "and I expect a good many of them will be hurt whilst I'm teaching them manners. But they've got to learn this lesson first of all: they're to treat their prisoners decently, or else let them go, or else shoot them clean and dead in the first instance whilst they're still on the run.

"I'm a man myself, Mr. Carnforth, that can do a deal in hot blood; but afterwards, when the poor brutes are on the ground, I want to go round with sticking plaster, and not a knife to slit their throats."

"It will take a tolerable amount of trouble to drum that into this crew. A Spaniard on the war-path is not merciful; an African is a barbarian, but make a cross\_of the two (as

you get here) and you turn out the most unutterable savage on the face of the earth."

"They will not be taught by kindness alone," said Captain Kettle suggestively. "I've got heavy hands, and I shan't be afraid to use them. It's a job," he added with a sigh, "which will not come new to me. I've put to sea with some of the worst toughs that ever wrote their crosses before a shipping master, and none of them can ever say they got the top side of me yet."

He was about to say more, but at that moment speech was taken from him. A long raw-hide rope suddenly flicked out into the air like a slim, black snake; the noose at its end for an instant poised open-mouthed above him; and then it descended around his elbows, and was as simultaneously plucked taut by unseen hands behind the shelter of the jungle. Captain Kettle struggled like a wild cat to release himself, but four lithe, bony men threw themselves upon him, twisted his arms behind his back, and made them fast there with other thongs of raw hide.

Carnforth did nothing to help. At the first alarm, that burly gentleman had looked up and discovered a rifle muzzle, not ten feet off, pointing squarely at his breast. The voice of the ex-priest came from behind the rifle, and assured him in mild, unctuous tones that the least movement would secure him a quick and instant passage to one or other of the next worlds. And Martin Carnforth surrendered without terms. When the four men had finished their other business, they came and roped him up also.

The mulatto strode out from the cover and flicked the ashes of a cigarette into Kettle's face. "El rey," he said, "de los Cubaños must have his power limited. He has come where he was not wanted, he has done what was forbidden, and shortly he will taste the consequences."

"You ginger-bread coloured beast," retorted Captain Kettle; "you shame of your mother, I made a big mistake when I did not shoot you in the morning."

The mulatto pressed the lighted end of his cigarette against Kettle's forehead. "I will trouble you," he said, "to keep silence for the present. At dawn you will be put upon trial, and then you may speak. But till then

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(and the sun will not rise for another three hours yet), if you talk, you will earn a painful burn for each sentence.

"You are a man accustomed to having your own way, Señor; I am another; and as at present I possess the upper hand, your will has got to bend to mine. The process, I can well imagine, will be distasteful to you. It was distasteful to me when I looked down your revolver muzzle over the affair of those prisoners. But I do not think you will be foolish enough to earn torture uselessly."

Kettle glared, but with an effort held his tongue. He understood he was in a very tight place. And for the present the only thing remaining for him was to bide his time. He quite recognised that he was in dangerous hands. The mulatto was a man of education; who had been brought up in an American college; and who had learned in the States to hate his white father, and loathe his black mother with a ferocity which nothing but that atmosphere could foster.

He was a fellow living on the borderland of the two primitive colours, and his whole life was soured by the pigment in his skin. As a white man he would have been a genius; as a black he would have become a star; but as

a mulatto he was merely a suave and brilliant savage, thirsting for vengeance against the whole of the human race. He had entered this Cuban revolution through no taint of patriotism, but merely from the lust for cruelty. By sheer daring and ability he had raised himself from the ranks to supreme command of the revolutionists, and he was not likely to let so appetising a situation slip from his fingers for even a few short hours without exacting a bitter retribution when the chance was put in his way.

Carnforth lifted up his voice in expostulation, but was quickly silenced by the promise of branding from the cigarette end if he did not choose to hold his tongue. Quiet fell

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over the group. The only sounds were scraps of the *Swanee River*, sung by the wounded negro in his delirium from somewhere in the distance—

"Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home,"
came the words in a thin quavering tenor,



and Carnforth, with a sigh, thought how well he could endorse them.

The first glow of morning saw the camp aroused, and half-an-hour later the Court was ranged. The self-styled judges sat under the whitewashed piazza of the ruined house; the motley troops faced them in an irregular ring twenty yards away; and the two prisoners, with an armed man to guard each, stood on the open ground between.

El Cuchillo was himself principal spokesman, and proceedings were carried on in Spanish and English alternately. The crime of Captain Kettle was set forth in a dozen words. He had stopped the rightful execution of prisoners, and had let them go free.

"You had no place to gaol them," said Carnforth in defence.

The mulatto pointed a thin yellow finger at the sun-baked ground in front of the piazza. "We have the earth," he said. "Give them to the earth, and she will keep them gaoled so fast that they will never fight against us more. It is a war here to the knife on both sides. The Spanish troops kill us when they catch, and we do the like by them. It is right that it should be so. We do not want quarter at their hands; neither do we wish them to remain alive upon Cuba. Three Spanish soldiers were ours a few hours ago. Our cause demanded that their lives should have been taken away. And yet they were set free."

"Yes," broke in Kettle, "and by James that's a thing you ought to sing small about. Here's you: six officers and 150 men, all armed. Here's me: a common low-down foul-of-his-luck Britisher, with a vinegar tongue and a thirty-shilling pistol. You said the beggars should be hanged; I said they shouldn't; and by James I scared the whole caboodle of you with just one-half an ugly look, and got my own blessed way. Oh, I do say you are a holy crowd."

Carnforth stamped in anger. It seemed to him that this truculent little sailor was deliberately inviting their captors to murder the pair of them out of hand. He understood that Kettle was bitterly disappointed at having his bubble about the kingship so ruthlessly pricked, but with this recklessness which was snatching away their only chance of escape, he could have no sympathy. He was unprepared, however, for his comrade's next remark.

"Don't think I'd any help from Mr. Carnforth here. He's a Member of Parliament in London, and is far too much of a gentleman to concern himself with your fourpenny-ha'penny matters here. He warned me before I began that being king of the whole of your rotten island wasn't worth a dish of beans; but I wouldn't believe him till I'd seen how it was for myself.

"I'm here now through my own fault; I ought to have remembered that niggers, and yellow-bellies, and white men who have forgotten their colour, could have no spark of gratitude. I'll not deny, too, that I got to

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thinking about those fireflies, and so wasn't keeping a proper watch; but here I am, lashed up snug, and I guess you're going to make the most of your chance. By James, though, if you weren't a pack of cowards, you'd cast me adrift, and give me my gun again!"

"Speaking as a man of peace," said the ex-priest, "I fancy you are safest as you are, amigo."

"I'd be king of this crowd again inside three minutes if I was loose," retorted Kettle.

El Cuchillo snapped his yellow fingers impatiently. "We are wasting time," he said. "Captain Kettle seems still to dispute my supreme authority. He shall taste of it within the next dozen minutes; and if he can see his way to resisting it, and asserting his own kingship, he has my full permission to do so. Here, you: go into the *ingenio*, and bring out that machine."

A dozen ragged fellows detached themselves from the onlookers, and went through a low stone doorway into the ruined sugar house. In a couple of minutes they reappeared, dragging with noisy laughter a dusty, cumbersome erection, which they set down in the open space before the piazza.

It was made up of a wooden platform on which was fastened a chair and an upright. On the upright was a hinged iron ring immediately above the chair. A screw passed through the upright into the ring, with a long lever at its outside end, on either extremity of which was a heavy sphere of iron. If once that lever was set on the twirl, it would drive the screw's point into whatever the iron ring contained with a force that was irresistible.

The mulatto introduced the machine with a wave of his yellow fingers. "El garotte," he said. "A mediæval survival which I did not dream of finding here. Of its previous history I can form no idea. Of its future use I can give a simple account. It will serve to ease us of the society of this objectionable Captain Kettle."

"Great heavens, man," Carnforth broke out; "this is murder."

"Ah," said el Cuchillo, "I will attend to your case at the same time. You shall have the honour of turning the screw which gives your friend his exit. In that way we shall

secure your silence afterwards as to what has occurred."

"You foul brute," said Carnforth, with a shout, "do you think I am an assassin like yourself?"

The mulatto took a long draught at his cigarette. "What a horrible country England must be to live in, if all the people there have tongues as long as you two. Señor, if you do not choose to accept my suggestion for pinning you to silence, I can offer you

another. Refuse to take your place at the screw, and I promise that you shall be stood up against the wall of this *ingenio* and be shot inside the minute. The choice stands open before you."

"Mr: Carnforth," said Captain Kettle, "you mustn't be fool-You must ish. officiate over me exactly as you are asked, or otherwise you'll get shot uselessly. Gingerbread and his friends mean business. And if you still think you're taking a liberty in handling the screw (in

spite of what I say) you may fine yourself a matter of ten shillings weekly, and hand it across to Mrs. Kettle. I make no doubt she would find that sum very useful."

"This is horrible," said Carnforth.

"It will be horrible for Mrs. Kettle and my youngsters, sir, if you don't act sensibly and man the lever as Gingerbread asks. If you get planted here alongside of me, I don't know anyone at all likely to give them a pension. It would afford me a great deal of

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pleasure just now, Mr. Carnforth, if I knew my family could still keep to windward of parish relief."

"Of course," said Carnforth, with a white face, "I will see your wife and children are all right if I get clear; but it is too ghastly to think of purchasing even my life on these terms."

"You seem slow to make up your mind, Señor," broke in the mulatto. "Allow me to hasten your decision." He gave some

He gave some directions, and the men who had brought out the garotte took Captain Kettle and sat him on the chair. They opened the iron ring, which screeched noisily

withits rusted hinge, and they clasped it, collar-fashion, about his neck. Then they led Carnforth up to the back of the upright, and cast off the lashing from his wrists.

"Now, Señor Carnforth," said the yellow man, "I want that person garotted. If you do it for me, I will give you a safe-con-

to dispute my supreme ty."

to dispute my supreme ty."

to dispute my supreme ty."

ty."

person garotted.

If you do it for me, I will give you a safe-conduct down to any seaport in Cuba which you may choose. If I have to set on one of my own men to do the work, you will not have sight to witness it. I will stick you up against that white wall, yonder, and have you shot, out of hand. Now, Señor, I have the honour to ask for your decision."

"Come, sir, don't hesitate," said Captain Kettle. "If you don't handle the screw, remember someone else will."



"Captain Kettle seems still to dispute my supreme authority."

- "That will be a flimsy excuse to remember afterwards."
- "You will be paying a weekly fine, and can recollect that carries a full pardon with it."
- "Pah," said Carnforth, "what is ten shillings a week?"
- "Exactly," said Kettle. "Make it twelve, sir, and that will hold you clear of everything."
- "What feeble, dilatory people you English are," said el Cuchillo. "I must trouble you to make up your mind at once, Señor Carnforth."
- "He has made it up," said Kettle, "and I shall go smiling, because I shall get my clearance at the hands of a decent man. I'd have taken it as a disgrace to be shoved out of this world by a yellow beast like you, you shame of your mother."

The mulatto blazed out with fury. "By heaven," he cried, "I've a mind to take you out of that garotte even now and have you burnt."

- "And we should lose a pleasant little comedy," said the ex-priest. "No, amigo; let us see the pair of them perform together."
  - "Go on," said the mulatto to Carnforth.
- "Yes," said Kettle in a lower voice. "For God's sake go on and get it over. It isn't very pleasant work for me, this waiting. And you will make it twelve shillings a week, sir?"
- "I will give your wife a thousand a year, my poor fellow. I will give her five thousand. No, I am murdering her husband, and I will give her all I have, and go away to start life afresh elsewhere. I shall never dare to show my face again in England or carry my own name." He gripped one of the iron spheres and threw his weight upon the lever. The bar buckled and sprang under his effort, but the screw did not budge.
- "Quick man, quick," said Kettle in a low, fierce voice. "This is cruel. If you don't get me finished directly, I shall go white or something, and those brutes will think I'm afraid."

Carnforth wrenched at the lever with a tremendous effort. One arm of the bar bent slowly into a semi-circle, but the lethal screw remained fast in its socket. It was glued there with the rust of years.

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Carnforth flung away from the machine. "I have done my best," he said sullenly to the men on the piazza, "and I can do no more. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you have made me a murderer in intent, if not in actual fact; and now, if you choose, you can stick me up against that wall and have me shot. I'm sure I don't care. I'm sick of it all here."

"You shall have fair treatment," said el Cuchillo, "and neither more nor less. You have tried to obey my orders, and Captain Kettle is at present alive because of the garotte's deficiency, and not by your intention." He gave a command, and the men released the iron collar from Kettle's neck. "I will have the machine repaired by my armourer," he said, "and in the meanwhile you may await my pleasure out of the sunshine."

He gave another order, and the men laid hands upon their shoulders and led them away, and thrust them into a small arched room of whitened stone, under the boiler-house of the *ingenio*. The window was a mere arrow-slit; the door was a ponderous thing of Spanish oak, barred with iron bolts which ran into the stone work; the place was absolutely unbreakable.

The silence had lasted a dozen hours, although it was plain that each of the prisoners was busily thinking. At last Kettle spoke.

- "If I could only get a rhyme to 'brow,'" he said, "I believe I could manage the rest."
  - "What?" asked Carnforth.
- "I want a word to rhyme with 'brow,' sir, if you can help me."
  - "What in the world are you up to now?"
- "I've been filling up time, sir, whilst we've been here by hammering out a bit of poetry about those fireflies. I got the idea of it last night, when we saw them flashing in and out against the black of the forest."
- "You don't owe them much gratitude that I can see, skipper. According to what you said, if you hadn't been looking at them, you'd have been more on the watch, and wouldn't have got caught."
- "Perfectly right, sir. And so this poem should be all the more valuable when it's put together. I'm running it to the tune of 'Greenland's icy mountains,' my favourite

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY air, Mr. Carnforth. I'm trying to work a parallel between those fireflies switching their lights in and out, and a soul, sir. Do you catch the idea?"

"I can't say I do quite."

Captain Kettle rubbed thoughtfully at his beard. "Well, I'm a trifle misty about it myself," he admitted; "but it will make none the worse poetry for being a bit that

way, if I can get the rhymes all right."

"'Plough' might suit you," Carnforth suggested.

"That's just the word I 'The fields of want, sir. heaven to plough.' would be the very occupation the soul of the man I'm thinking about would delight in; something restful and in the agricultural line. I wanted to give him a good time up there. He was due for it," he added thoughtfully, and then he closed his eyes and fell to making further poetry.

Martin Carnforth knew the little ruffian's taste for this form of exercise, but it seemed to him jarringly out of place just then. "I am in no mood for verse now," he commented with a frown.

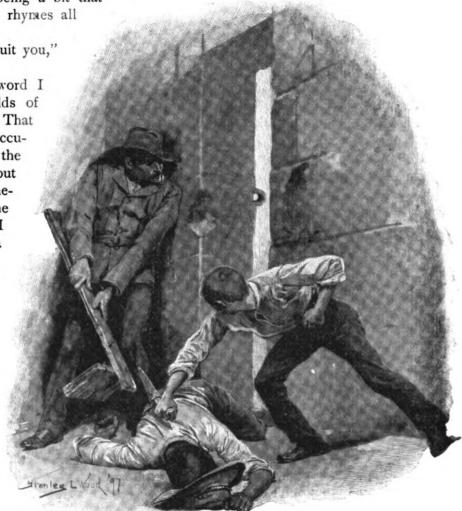
"I am," said Kettle, and tapped out

the metre of a new line with a finger tip upon his knee. "It always takes a set-to with the hands, or a gale of wind, or a tight corner of some kind, to work me up to poetry at all. And the worse the fix has been, the better I can rhyme. I find it very restful and pleasant, sir, to send my thoughts over a bit of a sonnet after times like these."

"Then you ought to turn out a master-Digitized by piece now," said Carnforth, "and enjoy the making of it."

Kettle took him seriously. "I quite agree with you there, sir," he said, and puckered his forehead and went on with his work.

Carnforth did not say any more, but turned again to brooding. Every time he



The little sailor darted out and snatched it from its sheath.

looked at the matter, the more he cursed himself for leaving his snug pinnacle in England. The utmost boon he could have gained in Captain Kettle's society was not to be caught. Dangers, hardships, and exposures he was discovering are much pleasanter to hear of from a distance, or to read about in a well-stuffed chair by a warm fireside. The actual items themselves had turned out terribly squalid when viewed at first hand.

At last he broke out again. "Look here, skipper," he said, "I'm fond enough of life, but I don't think I want to earn it by playing executioner. I'd prefer to let this rebel fellow parade me and bring out his platoon."

Kettle woke up from his work. "I'm not sweet on wearing the iron collar again, and that's a fact. It's horrible work waiting to have your backbone snapped without being able to raise a finger to interfere. I'm not a coward, Mr. Carnforth, but I tell you it took all the nerve I'd got to sit quiet in that chair without squirming whilst you were getting ready the ceremonial.

"It's no new thing for me to expect being killed before the hour was through. I've had trouble of all kinds with all sorts of crews, but I've always had my hands free and been able to use them, and I will say I've 'most always had a gun of some sort to help me. I might even go so far as to tell you, sir (and you may kick me for saying it if you like), I've felt a kind of joy regularly glow inside me during some of those kind of scuffles. Yes, sir, that's the kind of animal I am; in hot blood I think no more of being killed than a terrier dog does."

"If there was only a chance of being knocked on the head in hot blood," said Carnforth, "I'd fight like a cornered thief till I got my quietus."

"And Mrs. Kettle would lose her twelve shillings a week if——— By James, sir, here they come for us."

He leapt up from the bench on which he had sat, and whirled it above his head. With a crash he brought it down against the whitened wall of the cell, and the bench split down its length into two staves. He gave one to Carnforth, and hefted the other himself like a connoisseur.

"Now, sir, you on one side of the door, and me on the other. They can't reach us from the outside there. And if they want us out of here, we've got to be fetched."

Carnforth took up his stand, and shifted his fingers knowingly along his weapon. He was a big man and a powerful one, and the hunger for fighting lit in his eye.

"Horatius Cockles and the other Johnnie holding the bridge," quoth he. "We can bag the first two, and the others will fall over them if they try a rush. What fools they were to untie our wrists and shins! But our fun won't last long. As soon as they find we are awkward, they will go round to the window-slit, and shoot us down from there."

"We aren't shot yet," said Kettle grimly, "and I'm wanting to do a lot of damage before they get me. Look out!"

The bolts grated back in the rusty staples, and the heavy door screamed outwards on its hinges. A negro came in, whistling merrily. The two halves of the bench flew down upon his head from either side with a simultaneous crash.

A white man's skull would have crunched like an eggshell under that impact, but the African cranium is stout. The fellow toppled to the ground under the sheer tonnage of the blows, and he lay there with the whistle halffrozen on his lips, and such a ludicrous look of surprise growing over his features that Carnforth burst into an involuntary laugh. Kettle, however, was more business-like. The negro had a machete dangling from his hip, and the little sailor darted out and snatched it from its sheath. He jumped back again to cover with slim activity, and a couple of pistol bullets which followed him made harmless grey splashes on the opposite wall. Then there was a pause in the proceedings, and Carnforth felt his heart thumping noisily against his watch as he waited.

Presently a brisk footstep made itself heard on the flagging outside, and the voice of the mulatto leader spoke through the doorway.

"If you come out now, one of you shall be garotted, and the other shall go free. If I have more trouble to fetch you, you shall both be roasted to death over slow fires."

"If—if—if!" retorted Kettle. "If your mother had stuck to her laundry work and married a nigger, she'd have kept a very great rascal out of the world. If I'd the sense of a sheep I'd come to you at once, and my poor wife would have twelve bob a week for life. If you want to talk, you frightened lump of gingerbread, come in here and do it, and don't squall out there like a cat on a garden wall."

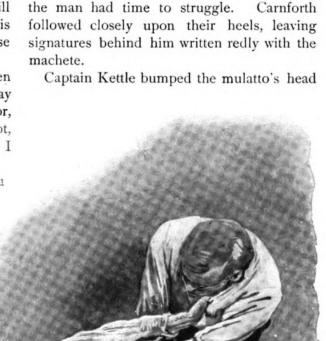
The suave voice of the ex-priest made a comment. "Saints deliver us from these Englishmen's tongues." Truly they are not

fit to live; but why should we send our terriers into the rat pit? A little careful shooting through the window yonder will soon limit their capers, and if the shooting is carefully done, neither will be any the worse as a roast."

El Cuchillo answered him savagely. "Then do you see to it. The big man you may shoot as you please, but if you kill the sailor, look to yourself. That man is in my debt, and I want him in my hands alive, so that I may pay it."

"Amigo," said the unfrocked priest, "you may trust to my shooting. I will pink him most scientifically in one leg and the right arm, and I will guarantee that you shall get him in perfect condition to have your satisfaction on."

"Do so," said the mulatto, and the other marched briskly away on



upon mutinous seamen, and he had dragged

the mulatto back into the cell almost before

He had dragged the mulatto back into the cell almost before the man had time to struggle.

his rope-soled sandals. But in the meantime Kettle's active brain had formed a plan, and in dumb show he had telegraphed it across to Carnforth at the opposite flank of the doorway.

Of a sudden the pair of them rushed out simultaneously. Kettle handed the machete to his companion, and sprang upon the yellow man with greedy fingers. His feet he kicked away from beneath him, and at the same instant grappled him by the throat. It was a trick he had many a time before played Vol. III. - 30. Digitized by

against the wall as a way of quietening him, and keeping his fingers away from dangerous weapons, and then threw him on to the floor. He extracted a revolver and a knife from the man's belt, and, looked up to see the face of the ex-priest staring at him from the window. Then he sat himself on the chest of his prisoner, and prepared to treat for terms.

STANIELS LWood 97

A shot rang out across the bivouac outside, and then another. The man at the window-slit turned away his face. There was a minute's pause, and then a dropping fire

began, the sound of it coming from two distinct quarters.

The ex-priest's head went out of sight. It was the last they ever saw of him. Someone outside the doorway shouted "Los Españoles!" and there was the scuffle of bare feet running away and fading into the distance. And, meanwhile, outside the windows the crackle of rifles grew more noisy, and cries rose up of men in pain. The light in the vaulted room grew faintly blue, and the air was soured with powder smoke.

"By James," said Kettle, "the Spanish regular troops have raided the camp, and the whole lot of them are fighting like a parcel of cats. Hark to the racket. Here's a slice of luck."

"I don't see it," said Carnforth. "If we're out of the fire, we're into the frying pan. Sinking that Spanish warship was an act of piracy, and we shall be strung up if the Dons catch us, without the prelude of a trial. Listen! There's a Maxim come into action. Listen! I wonder which way the fight's going. They're making row enough over it. I'm going to get to the window and have a look."

"It's tempting," said the little sailor, wistfully, "but I think, sir, you'd better not. If you're seen we shall be gastados, as they say, anyway. Whereas, if the rebels are licked, the Dons may march off again with out knowing we are here. It's a chance. By James, though, I'd like to have a look. Hark to that. They're at hand-grips now. Hear 'em swear. And hear 'em scream."

"Some of them are beginning to run. Hark to that crashing as they're making their way through the cane."

"And hark to those shouts. It's like a lot of cockneys at a foxhunt."

"These Dagos always yell blue murder when they're in a fight," said Kettle contemptuously.

"The Maxim's stopped," said Carnforth, with a frown.

They listened on for awhile with straining ears, and then: "Perhaps that means the rebels have rushed it."

"They may have run. But the Dons ought to be browning the cover if they've cleared the camp. The fools! A Maxim would shoot through half a mile of that cane-jungle."

"Short of ammunition," said Kettle, "or perhaps it's jammed." A bugle shrilled out through the hot air, and its noise came to them there in the hot, dark room. "That means cease fire, and the Spaniards have won. Our mongrels had no bugles. Well, it's been a quick thing. I wonder what next!"

There was a dull murmur of many voices. Then orders were shouted, and noise came as of moving men, and a few more scattered shots rang out, most of them answered by cries or groans.

"Hullo?" said Kettle.

A weak voice from beneath him made explanation. "They are shooting their prisoners, Señores—the men who were my comrades. It is the custom—the custom of Cuba."

"So you have concluded to come to life again, have you?" asked the little sailor. "I thought I'd bumped you harder. What do you expect to be done with, eh?"

"I am in your hands," said the mulattosullenly.

"That's no lie," said Kettle, "and I've a perfect right to kill you if I wish. But I don't choose to dirty my hands further. You've only acted according to your nature. And—when it came to me being able to move, I've beaten you every time. But now we'll have silence, please, for all hands. If those Spaniards are going to search this old sugar house, they'll do it, and up on a string we go the three of us; but there's no need to entice them here by chattering."

Their voices stopped, and the noises from without buzzed on. Of all the trials he had gone through, Carnforth felt that waiting to be the most intolerable of all. The Spanish soldiery were looking to their wounds and hunting through the bivouac. Some (to-judge from their talk) had gathered round the rusted garotte and were examining it with interest. And a few strolled up to the ruined ingenio, and smoked their cigarettes under its piazza. Any moment the room beneath the boiler house might be peeped upon.

The sun beat down upon the stonework



And so they went off to the quarter-boat. (See page 306) A UNIVERSITY

and the heat grew. The voices gradually drew away, till only the hum of the insects remained. And so an hour passed.

Another hour came and went without disturbance, and still another; and then there came the sound of a quavering tenor voice singing a scrap from the Swanee River from close outside the walls:

"Oh, take me to my kind ole mudder! Dere let me live and die."

"That Yankee nigger," said Kettle, in a whisper. "He was wounded and delirious before we came, and he's been hidden amongst the cane. They can't have seen him before; but, poor devil, they'll shoot him now."

But no quietening rifle-shot rang out, and wonder grew on the faces of all three. They waited on with straining ears, and Carnforth raised his eyebrows in an unspoken question. Kettle nodded, and the big man rose gingerly to his feet, and peeped from the corner of the window-slit. He turned round with rather a harsh laugh. "The place is empty,"

he said. "I believe they've been gone these three hours."

Captain Kettle leapt to his feet and made for the door. "Quick," he cried, "or we shall have the rebels back again, and I'll own that I don't want to fight the whole lot of them again just now. We'll leave Gingerbread in here till his friends come to fetch him; and you and I, sir, will slip down to the beach, and get off in one of the old Sultan's quarter-boats."

They passed outside the door, and closed and bolted it after them.

"By the way," said Captain Kettle, "you couldn't happen to think of a rhyme to 'gleam,' could you?"

"No," said Carnforth.

"Well, I'll hammer it out on the road down, and then I'll have finished that sonnet, sir. But never mind poetry just now. I'll say the piece to you when we've got to sea. For the present, Mr. Carnforth, we must just pick up our feet and run."

And so they went off to the quarterboat, and ten minutes later they were running her down the beach and into the sea.





Searching for crumbs.

SCIVAL OF

The Quaint Customs or Jews in Great Britain at this season.

By S. DAVIS.

NEARLY 3400 years ago the Israelites departed from Egypt, leaving behind them the slavery which they had endured for over 200 years; and through centuries of persecution, disaster, and ever-changing environment, their descendants

have celebrated the event yearly by the festival of Passover, the ceremonial part of which has varied very little through all the ages.

In the hurry of the preparations for the great departure, no time could be spent in kneading the dough. It therefore, when baked, formed unleavened bread.

In commemoration, the Jews were commanded to refrain, for a period of seven days, from eating any leaven. This, of course, excludes bread entirely, using the term in its general acceptation. But the Rabbis went further, and, besides forbidding any food prepared from certain cereals which have undergone fermentation, they do not even allow the use of any food which may have come in contact with such. Beer, whisky, etc., are prohibited. The presence in the house of the smallest crumb is not permitted, and no crockeryware or kitchen utensils may be used which have done service during the year.

Hence for weeks before, there is much stir in Jewry, occasioned by the preparation for the great festival. The resulting stimulation to trade in the East End of London and other parts of the United Kingdom in which Jews are to be found in large numbers is such as is never experienced at any other time of the year excepting, perhaps, immediately The tradesmen in the neighbourhood regard the approach of preceding Christmas. Passover with feelings of the greatest gratification.

The china dealers and ironmongers dispose of their wares in wholesale quantities. Furniture dealers, tailors and hosiers reap a rich harvest, for it is a time when, if at all, the Jews buy new furniture and clothes. Every boy in the great Jewish school in Spitalfields carries home on his shoulders a new corduroy suit and a pair of strong boots, the gift of the philanthropic president, Lord Rothschild.

Every family lays in a stock of provisions for the whole week, which is ample enough to compensate for the absence of bread. Enormous quantities of fish are sold, and the price of this commodity goes up accordingly. The increase in the number of eggs required Ordinary working-class people think nothing of purduring that week is enormous. chasing a couple of hundred at a time. Fortunately, this occurs at Easter!

Provision dealers, though not themselves members of the chosen race, vie with each other in posting bills in their windows, on which are printed in Hebrew the words Kosher al Pesach. This means that they are selling edibles untainted by leaven. Many of them engage a Jewish Shomer, or overseer (literally keeper), whose presence and supervision is a guarantee Digitized by GOOS



At milking time.

that a special department is kept for these wares, a department usually draped with a profusion of white linen. A great trade is

done in raisins, used in the preparation of a home-made wine, which is drunk on the first two nights of the festival by poorer families who cannot afford the more expensive varieties.

More than others do publicans post up these notices. They inform the public that they are supplying Kosher rum, shrub, and brandy, and here the term is synonymous with great strength. Many an East End toper, not necessarily a Jew, looks forward to this holiday as a time when he can be supplied with certain spirits of special quality.

The East End cow and dairy keeper does not share in the general jubilation. His Jewish customers will, not purchase milk which has been in his cans, for these may have been tainted by the touch of leaven. Unless he milks direct into their own jugs, he may lose their patronage entirely.

At milking time daily a host march with their new jugs into his cowshed, many other people besides Jews availing themselves of this opportunity.

He cannot measure exactly the quantities of milk he sells, but all jugs brought to him are of recog-

> nised capacity, and there is not much scope for giving unfair The expert, howmeasure. ever, knows how to drive the fluid into the jugs with a force which produces a minimum of milk and a maximum of froth, though, everything considered, his customers are more than satisfied. The milkman cannot charge more than the ordinary rates, because avowedly he sells milk of the same quality all the year round. Yet immediately after Passover the cows absolutely refuse to continue to give the same rich, creamy quality.

For other commodities very high prices are paid. People who usually pay a shilling a pound for butter must now pay half-a-crown,



Making the wine : a preliminary taste.

and the cost of other Kosher things is in proportion.

The bakers of Passover cakes (*Matsos*), thin circular pieces of baked dough, prepared without yeast, start baking four months in

advance, in order to meet the great demand. To the poor the price they have to pay for these is a great hardship. While bread is fivepence or less a quartern, this indigestible substitute for it is fourpence a pound. Most people, however, of limited means belong to Matso societies, into which they pay weekly, in order to save an amount which will cover the extra expenses of this period. The very poorest re-

ceive a supply from charity. Every year the United Synagogue distributes among them thousands of pounds of these cakes.

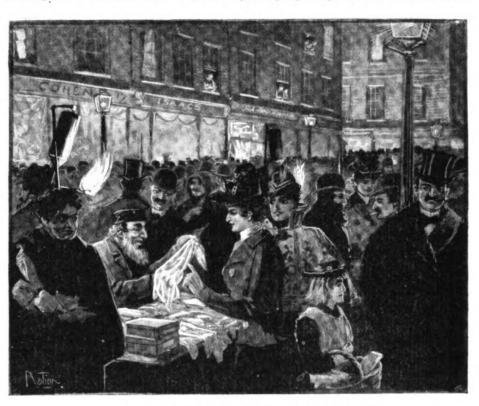
At the end of the festival many make it a practice to present some to their Christian neighbours, who, strangely enough, regard them as a luxury and return the compliment at Christmas by sending back a piece of plum pudding, forgetting that the Jew cannot eat it, as one of its ingredients may be the fat of the pig. But goodwill is everything.

On the evening previous to the holiday, Middlesex Street—better known as Petticoat Lane—and the adjacent turnings present a striking appearance. It is *féte* night here. Stalls, with their lusty-throated keepers, line the streets. All the shops are illuminated and decorated at their best.

The wealthy silk-hatted and sealskincoated denizens of Belgravia, who come to do their marketing and to meet old friends, rub shoulders with Russian refugees, and the

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mixture affords an illustration of the brotherhood that exists among them. The utmost good humour prevails in spite of the great inconvenience consequent upon the crush. The merry, ringing laugh of vivacious, dark-



The scene in Petticoat Lane on the evening before the Festival.

eyed Jewesses can be heard above the din and the shouting. Many of them possess collecting boxes for various Jewish charities, and they rarely fail to get them filled.

In connection with this celebration there are many quaint customs.

Although the houses of rich and poor alike have been overhauled from top to bottom, and have undergone a thorough cleaning, which has extended over many weeks, they are not regarded as perfectly free from leaven until a certain ceremony has been performed on the night before the festival.

The lady of the house places crumbs of bread in each of the four corners of every room in the house, and the master afterwards makes a careful search for these. Every crumb he finds is swept with a feather into a wooden spoon, and the whole of them, feather and spoon included, are tied together and burnt.

The greatest interest centres round the first two nights. These are entirely given

up to praying, feasting, and singing, and to the recitation of the story of the redemption; and there can then be heard emanating from most of the houses in the Jewish quarter the music of quaint, joyful songs. The ceremony is known as the *Sedar*, which means order, and is so called because it is performed in a certain prescribed order, from which no deviation is permissible.

It is usual on these occasions for the whole family to foregather at one house. If a man possess sons, who themselves have families, he expects them with their wives and children to come to him for Sedar, so that all of them may meet at least once in the year in happiness and concord.

Every Jew, no matter how wealthy and distinguished he be, must then entertain his Jewish servants at his table in the same luxurious manner as he does his own family and friends. They may not be called upon to perform any of their ordinary duties, but must be waited upon, as are all the others sitting at table.

This is giving effect to the text, "All Israel are brothers," in a truly beautiful manner.

To symbolise the freedom now enjoyed, all sit at table reclining on the left side.



The Plague of Frogs.
(Reproduced from an engraving in the Hagadah.)

This quaint custom is, no doubt, a survival from the ancients, the free men among whom used to take their meals whilst stretched on couches. In the houses of the rich, comfortable armchairs are used for this purpose. The poor call into requisition as many bed

pillows as possible, and these are placed at the back of the wooden chairs.

The ceremony performed is somewhat lengthy and complicated, and only the more important details can here be set forth.

On the table there must be placed three Passover cakes, wrapped in a white cloth; bitter herbs and other vegetables; a glass of salt water, and a mixture of wine, chopped apples, almonds, and spices; and a bone with some meat upon it, together with an egg, both of which must be roasted.

Each of these has some special signification. The bitter herbs, part of which must be eaten by every one of the family, symbolise the bitter lives which their ancestors endured at the hands of their Egyptian taskmasters, and the mixture of chopped apples, etc., called charouseth, is a reminder of the mortar the slaves used in building the treasure cities for Pharoah, though some commentators take a different view. They say that the sweet charouseth, taken with the bitter herbs, is intended to signify that the bitterness of life always carries with it the compensating sweetness to be derived from faith.

The roasted bone and egg are the modern equivalents of the festival sacrifice, and the

paschal lamb offered up in the Temple at Jerusalem.

Four cups of wine must also be taken by each person. These are said to represent four joyful episodes in the history of Passover—"liberation from bondage, deliverance from all service, redemption from dependence on Egypt, and appointment as the people of the Lord."

An extra cup on the table is kept filled, to be ready for any new guest that may arrive. It is called Elijah's cup, and in that

aspect indicates the eagerness with which the coming of the Hebrew Messiah is awaited.

The first act of the evening after the home coming from synagogue is to say a prayer of sanctification. Some parsley, dipped in salt

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Welcoming the Spirit of Elijah.

water, is eaten, and then the family arise and proclaim the following invitation:

"Lo, this is the bread of affliction, which our fathers ate in the land of Egypt. Let all who are hungry enter and eat thereof; let all who are in distress come here and celebrate the Passover."

This, of course, is now merely a matter of form, and is a survival of the ancient invitation which meant exactly what it expressed; and it was often effective in the times when the doors of the rooms opened into the street. A poor or distressed co-religionist was always welcomed.

After this the youngest member of the family who is able to commit the words to memory rises and recites in Hebrew the following questions:

"Wherefore is this night distinguished from other nights? On any other night we may eat either leavened or unleavened bread, but on this night only unleavened bread. On any other night we may eat any species of herbs, but on this night only bitter herbs. On other nights we eat and drink while either sitting or leaning, on this night we lean entirely."

The head of the family then reads aloud the story of Passover, while the other members of the family read quietly with him.

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The book used on the occasion is called the *Hagadah*, and besides the account of the redemption, it contains the various comments of the Rabbis, all of which are carefully read through. There are also set forth the best methods of inculcating the lessons of Passover in the minds of children of varying intellectual capacities. Examples are given of the questions asked respectively by the wise son, the wicked son, and the simple son; and advice is given as to the treatment of the one who is gently described as not even having the capacity to inquire.

Some of the old *Hagadahs* contain illustrations, and these are the only Hebrew books used in the ritual, in which they are to be found. They have, to a certain extent, been copied—very badly copied—in some of the cheap books published more recently. The quaint woodcut we reproduce on p. 400 is taken from a book 185 years old. According to the preface many of the illustrations appeared then for the first time, but some of them had been in existence long before that, and have almost come to be invested with a halo of sanctity.

The service is divided into two parts, between which a substantial meal is served. The second half consists for the main part of

joyful songs and psalms of praise, while, for the special edification of the young, there are allegorical songs in a lighter vein.

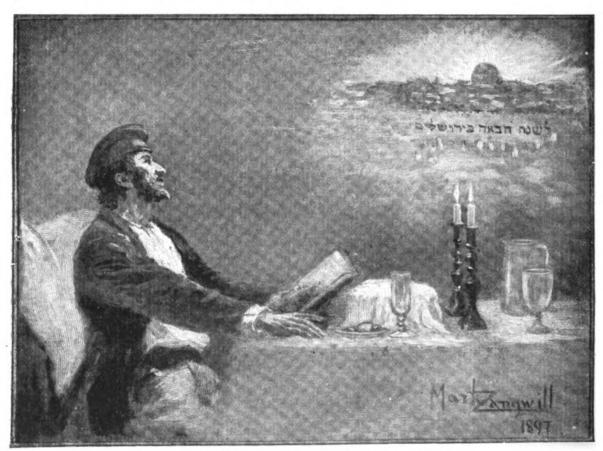
After the meal the family rises, and the door is opened. This is believed by many to indicate a material welcome to the spirit of Elijah the Prophet, which, on that night, is hovering round the houses of all observing Jews, and protecting them. Many other explanations are given, of which the following is, perhaps, the most worthy of acceptance.

Through many ages the Jews have had to face the blood accusation, one of the foulest and most persistent calumnies which has ever darkened the annals of humanity. They were accused of killing Christian children, and using the blood in certain religious rites at Passover. Hundreds, nay, thousands of Jews at a time have suffered torture and death by reason of this charge, and, when the belief showed signs of dying, many were the conspiracies discovered to foist a newly-murdered child upon a Jewish household. It is therefore claimed that the door was opened in the middle ages—and the practice

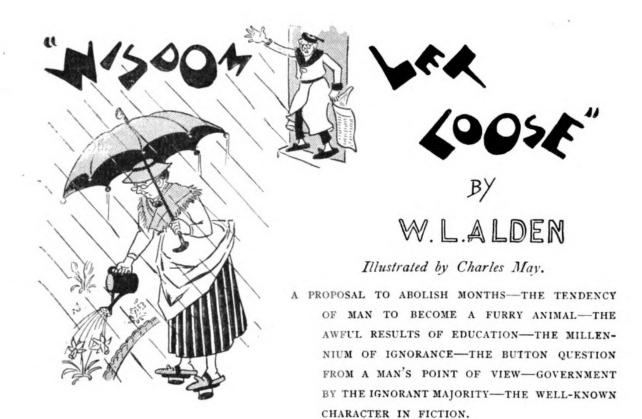
survives—to show that no secret rites were being performed; that no children were being murdered; in fact, that nothing was done which it was desired to conceal from those who passed.

From time to time this accusation has been revived on the Continent, and the belief in it has not yet completely died out.

All the world over, in every Jewish household, sits a devoted family, joyfully celebrating the most momentous epoch in the history of a nation, from which arose those who have given a religion to the whole of civilisation. But nowhere in the world is the festival observed with more fervour than by the Jews in Russia. Nowhere are the last words of the service: "Next year may it be in Jerusalem," uttered with more wholehearted sincerity than there. They, too, are being afflicted like their fathers of old, and are suffering almost a second bondage. They, too, are hoping patiently for the day of redemption, which they pray will not now be long delayed. Perhaps the time is not far distant. Who knows?



Digitized by G Next year may it be in Jerusalem Priginal from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



HERE are many persons who are dissatisfied with the present division of the year into twelve months, and are constantly proposing new schemes for an improved calendar. That some months should have thirty days, others thirty-one days, and one either twenty-eight or twenty-nine days, seems to them undesirable and unnecessary.

These reformers have not yet proposed to change the length of the year—possibly because they cannot obtain the consent of the earth to any such change—but they usually insist that the year should be divided into twelve months of twenty-eight days each, and a thirteenth month made up of all the spare days, hours, and minutes that are left over.

It is scarcely necessary to point out to intelligent people that the proposed thirteenth month would be horribly unlucky—so much so that in all probability business would be at a standstill during that month. A person who should happen to be born in the thirteenth month might as well commit suicide at the earliest opportunity, say by breaking his bottle, and swallowing a mixture of glass and

milk, for he would never have a single stroke of luck, no matter to what age he might live.

The truth is that no satisfactory division of the year into months can be made so long as the earth persists in revolving around the sun in an odd number of days, which cannot

be divided into months of equal length. But has it never struck you that months are a superfluity? The month is not of the slightest use to anyone except a servant who can claim a month's wages if she is discharged



without notice. There is no reason why the month should not be totally abolished, and for that matter the week might follow it.

We could number the days of the year from one to three hundred and sixty-five, and if this system were adopted it would be just as easy to ask one's wife or acquaintance the day of the year, as it is at present to ask her or him the day of the month.

Why should we date a letter "January 5, 1897," rather than "5, 1897"? The latter would be the shorter method, and would therefore being ferables. Similarly it would

be easier to write "41, 1897," than to write "Feb. 10, 1897." We have been brought up to believe that months are necessary, but if we calmly consider the subject we shall find that they are devices for wasting the time of letter writers, and for puzzling the brains of persons with weak memories. The month is only a survival of the worship of the moon, and, as we have abandoned moon worship, we might as well abandon a division of time that was made solely in honour of the moon.



is well known to those who are on intimate terms with domesticated animals, such as dogs and cats, those intelligent beasts look on man with no little contempt in view of his inability to wear permanent fur. If your dog is in your room

while you are dressing, and you watch him carefully, you will notice that he sniffs with open disdain as he watches your efforts to cover and warm yourself with artificial fur, or at least with clothes to that effect.

There is no doubt that man was once a furry animal, and had no possible use for clothing. He adopted trousers—and boots and top hats—only when his native fur disappeared, and he found himself practically ostracised by all decently dressed animals. When we think of the miseries and expenses attending the wearing of clothes, we will welcome gladly the news that man is about to become once more a wearer of permanent fur.

A German scientific person has ascertained by years of patient

> investigation that the percentage of women with moustaches is steadily increasing. Also he has found that the masculine beard is heavier, and thicker than it was at the beginning of the century. Hence he argues that there is an evident tendency on the part of mankind to reassume the furry covering of

their ancestors, and he prophesies that in the

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course of a few thousand years we shall no longer wear clothes of any kind, but that we shall go about clad in native and permanent fur. He even goes so far as to anticipate that different varieties of fur will be worn by different races, and that men will be divided into black, white, tortoise-shell, and tabby races.

This is a delightful piece of news, and my only regret is that permanent fur will not become fashionable during my day. Think how delightful it would be to have no more tailors' bills! Think how much brighter life would be if there were no more collars to be buttoned, no more boots to pinch, and no more dressing for any occasion whatever!

After the morning bath all we should have to do would be to rub our fur dry, and perhaps to sprinkle it with a little brilliantine. We should then be dressed for the day, and we should have the certainty that our fur fitted perfectly. I have always envied my cat on account of his exemption from the trouble of dressing and undressing, and it would be a proud moment for me if I could

wear fur as comfortable and smart as his own.

E have lost a good many things besides our original fur. We have nearly lost the sense of smell, our teeth are rapidly leaving us, our eye-

sight and hearing are failing, and our muscular strength is steadily growing less. In time man will be a blind, deaf, toothless, and feeble invalid.

All this is due to the cultivation of our brains. Just in proportion as the mental powers are strengthened the physical powers are weakened. This is not a mere theory held by a few faddists; it is the deliberate opinion of the best scientific minds of the age. Education is slowly but surely ruining the race, and it will finally bring about the extinction of man. In view of this fact, how blind are those well-meaning people who are

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY perpetually quarrelling with one another about the best method of managing our schools! The more our children are taught, the sooner the ruin of mankind will be accomplished.

If the race is to be saved from extinction all schools must be closed, and it must be made a penal offence to teach anybody any-



thing. A few of our more desperate convicts should be taught to read and write, as a substitute for hard labour, and they should then be used as the private secretaries of those unfortunate men who are compelled to exercise their minds to some extent in the practice of medicine and law.

If this policy were steadily pursued for, say, five generations, man would once more become an ignorant and healthy animal. He would have the

physical beauty of a Greek athlete, and his senses would acquire the sharpness of those of the so-called lower animals. He would cease to think, and would therefore never know unhappiness. Life would be worth living, and we should no longer live in dread of the microbe that wasteth by noonday, and the nervous exhaustion that slayeth by night.

If, on the other hand, we persist in educating our children, and in developing our own brains at the expense of our bodies, the day will not be far distant when the last blind, deaf, and paralytic man will give up his worthless ghost, and cities and towns will be inhabited only by the four-footed beasts who have never experienced the pernicious effects of education. A small amount of strictly uncultivated brain may not be positively injurious

to a man, but the moment he attempts to cultivate it he is doomed.

VEN if public opinion is not yet ready for the abolition of all education, there could be but little opposition among thinking men to a proposal to forbid women and girls to learn to read and write.

Apart from the deterioration of the race which the education of women necessarily involves, there are other evils which flow from the mistaken policy of teaching the alphabet to the gentler sex.

If women could neither write letters nor read them, there would be virtually an end to all divorce suits brought by men, and all breach of promise cases brought by women, for the simple reason that no incriminating letters could be placed in evidence. Surely it would be a great gain if such fruitful sources of scandal as divorce suits and breach of promise suits should fall into disuse.

Then again it may safely be said that at least nine-tenths of the marital quarrels which now take place would vanish were wives unable to write indiscreet letters, or to read letters which they ought not to read. How often has a happy Christian home been broken up because a wife has read a letter which she has found in her husband's pocket; and how many happy wives have been ruined by letters which have fallen into the hands of their husbands! If women

could not read or write, these wretched accidents could not occur, and virtue and happiness would flourish in the household.

Of course if women were ignorant of the use of the pen or the pencil they could not keep those amazing

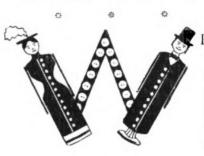


account books, which bring the finances of the household into such hopeless confusion, and drive to madness the unhappy husband who tries to comprehend them, and to find the correct total which results from adding three pairs of gloves, eight pounds of beef, and seven shillings and sixpence together.

As to the improvement in the morals of the community which would follow if women were unable to write novels, it is so obvious that it needs no emphasis. It is estimated that on every single day in the year at least seven hundred and fifty-nine three volume

novels are completed by the women writers of England. It is true that only a small proportion of these ever see the light of publication, but it is appalling to think of the mental and moral condition of the authors, who, had they never learned the alphabet, would never have undertaken to disseminate pernicious doctrines by writing profound philosophical and physiological novels.

When the millennium arrives we shall look with unalloyed admiration at the good, beautiful, and profoundly ignorant, women of the period, and shudder to think that there was once a time when women were actually encouraged to learn to read and write.



IY does a woman invariably button her garments from right to left, whereas man invariably buttons his in pre-

cisely the opposite way? If you look at the next woman whom you may meet in the street, you will see that her coat is buttoned on the left side, and if you prolong your observations you will find that to button garments on the left side is a peculiarity of the female sex.

Now there must be a reason for this peculiarity, but as yet no scientific man has so much as thought of investigating the subject. If all women were left-handed we could at once understand their method of buttoning their garments, but statistics show that left-handedness is no more prevalent among women than it is among men.

If women carried their purses in their right hands we might fancy that they preferred to manipulate buttons with their left hands, rather than to shift their purses from one hand to the other; but the unquestionable fact is that a woman always carries her purse in her left hand, and always has her right hand free, so that she can use it at a moment's notice in case a bonnet pin needs attention.

Not only does a woman button her coat on

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the left side, but if she cuts her hair short she invariably parts it on the right side, and

brushes it towards the left, which, it need hardly be said, is exactly contrary to the custom prevailing among men. The same cause which leads a woman to button her coat on the left side undoubtedly leads her to part her hair on the



right side, and the two peculiarities should therefore be studied together.

After devoting a vast amount of thought and research to the solution of this interesting problem, I have come to the conclusion that it is due partly to the female desire to imitate man, and partly to the use of the mirror. When a woman buttons her coat on the left side, and then surveys herself in the glass, she sees a presumably fair creature whose coat seems to be buttoned on the right side, and hence she fancies that she has successfully imitated man.

The same thing happens when the woman who parts her hair on the right side looks in the glass; she at once comes to the erroneous conclusion that her hair is parted just as Jack always parts his. Given a woman with a looking-glass, a desire to imitate man, and an inability to understand the laws of optics, and you have an easy explanation of the feminine practice of buttoning garments on the left side, and parting hair on the right.

HE United States have struck a severe blow at democratic government. They have forbidden immigrants to enter the country unless they can read and write. This is good news for the benighted monarchies of Europe, since it will keep at home

men who would otherwise go to the States, but it is a bad thing for a Original from

thousands of able-bodied

country which, like the United States, is ruled by universal suffrage.

Where universal suffrage exists the majority rules, and the advocates of this sort of rule firmly believe that the majority is infallible. Now, in every country the people who are ignorant, and those who are vicious, constitute the majority. The intelligent and virtuous people, being the minority, have no share in the government. They simply stand aside, and say to the majority: "Please, govern us as you see fit."

It is true that the minority goes through the form of casting its vote, but that vote has no influence whatever upon the governing class. If, then, as the advocates of universal suffrage believe, the ignorant majority is alone fit to rule, it follows that the larger this majority is the better it must be for the country.

If ignorance means infallibility, the more ignorance you have, the better. Instead of prohibiting the introduction of immigrants

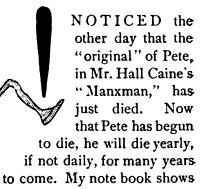
who can neither read nor write, the United States ought to prohibit the introduction of all immigrants who show any signs of intelligence.

The intelligent immigrant, when he becomes a citizen, will naturally vote with the intelligent minority, and his vote will thus be practically thrown away; whereas, the ignorant immigrant will swell the ranks of that noble and infallible

majority, the rule of which constitutes true democracy.

Indeed, the United States, and all other countries which have adopted democratic institutions, might do well to abandon the useless practice of permitting intelligent people to vote. Suffrage should be given only to those who can prove that they are too hopelessly ignorant ever to learn anything about the true principles of government, and to those who, though they may be to some extent intelligent, are, nevertheless, thoroughly vicious.

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that up to the year 1884 the original of Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's "Uncle Tom" had died thirty-nine times, and without doubt he has been dying ever since, although I have ceased to take notice of his deaths.

The originals of many of the characters in Dickens' and Thackeray's novels have been dying at intervals, ever since the two great authors left us; and in the course of the next quarter of a century Mr. Kipling's "Mulvaney," and his comrades, will die in all quarters of the globe, and at all times and seasons.

It has always seemed strange to me that people persist in fancying that every eminent novelist copies his characters, instead of

creating them. If I were an eminent novelist, I should as soon think of copying my characters as of copying my statistics.

If I copy the statistics which other men have prepared, I am the slave of them, and can only use them to prove what they were intended to prove.



Whereas, if I invent my statistics, I can mould them into just the shape that I desire, and can use them to prove any and everything. Besides, it is so much simpler to invent statistics than it is to search for them and copy them.

Suppose you ask me what is the population of the capital of Madagascar? Would it not be much easier for me to reply: "About 34,750," than it would be to go to a gazetteer, and find out what someone else said of the population of the capital? So, too, it must be far easier for the eminent novelist to invent his characters than it would be to copy them.

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No. IV .-- AT THE HOUSE OF THE SCARLET WITCH.

(A Complete Story.)

THE Abbé Morellet heard the ring of hoofs upon the dusty road behind him, and instantly stopped his long-suffering white pony.

"It is my opinion, that we are followed by the three young men who delayed us at the Maison Rouge," said he, addressing François, his valet. "I can see a cloud of dust upon the horizon, and I count three horses."

François, the valet, and Jean, the groom, hastened in their turn to check the asses which they rode, and to inspect the winding highway which they had pursued with so many misgivings.

"Sapristi!" cried François, the valet, "I suspected these fellows from the beginning. What says the proverb, my master?—he who makes friends in an inn has the devil for his comrade. Body of St. John, I was for going on, as your reverence is well aware."

Jean, the groom, who watched the approaching horsemen with fearful eyes, yet was unwilling to betray himself, remembered now that he had been for going on, too.

"Ventre bleu, your reverence," cried he, "if yon rogues are not footpads, put me in the pillory. Did you mark how they kept their faces masked even when they sat at wine? May I be flogged if ever I heard of an honest man who was afraid to show his nose to his neighbour. We shall all be dead men presently, rely upon it."

The Abbé, who nursed a secret suspicion that the groom spoke the truth, told him, nevertheless, to hold his tongue. He consoled himself with the thought that his personal property was not worth a louis to any rogue; he knew that he had but ten crowns in his pouch, and those he would surrender readily. It was at the moment when he had made up his mind to this that the three men whom he spoke of as robbers rode up at a gallop, and began to parley with him.

They were a strange trio — all dressed elegantly, all mounted upon horses which might well have come from the King's stable. The Abbé, stealing glances at them when he lifted his eyes a moment from his breviary, did not fail to observe the shining embroidery upon their vests, or the rich ruffles falling delicately upon their wrists, or the diamonds glistening upon their fingers. These things had been hidden from him in the dark room of the tavern at Sèvres, where the merry fellows had kept him long dallying over a bowl of claret.

Now he saw plainly that his pursuers were men of quality, and that two of them were singularly well built, while the third possessed a figure so slim and delicately proportioned that it might have been the figure of a young girl. But all three were

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY masked, as they had been at the tavern, and this fact alone kept the Abbé's suspicions alive.

"Sirs," said he, closing his breviary with a sudden snap, "I observe that you wish to speak with me."

"My Lord the Bishop of Blois," began

the tallest of the men, while he doffed his plumed hat with a gesture of profound respect, "it is evident to us that you are a stranger on the road to Paris."

The Abbé interrupted him with a momentary display of irritation.

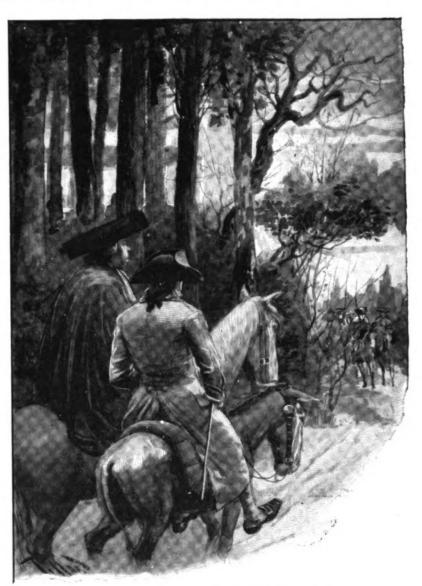
"My son," said he, "I pray you address me by my own name and not by that to which I have no title. It is true that the Bishop of Blois is unhappily dead, but under no circumstances is it possible that so unworthy a successor should be found for the See as the humble priest who has lately enjoyed your hospitality. I, gentlemen, am the Abbé Morellet, curé of the village of Yvette; a man with whom the princes of the Church may well concern themselves but little. I go to Paris now to carry my ward Corinne - you may know her as Mademoiselle de Montesson, gentlemen -to a convent of Benedictine nuns at Charenton. And heaven forbid that I

should aspire to such a distinction as you have named."

He spoke with great dignity, being a man accustomed to command in his own little world. His manner was that of one who has made an end of the argument; but the three horsemen, who maintained a fine gravity of demeanour during the parley, would not be put off by it; and they now held their horses Vol. III.--81. Digitized by

at the walk, while the leader answered the obstinate Abbé.

"My Lord Bishop," said he, "I fear that you jest with us. We know you well, and we are concerned to find you abroad here at such an hour. The Church has too few faithful servants that one of the stoutest of her



"Ventre bleu, your reverence, if you rogues are not footpads, put me in the pillory."

champions should make himself a mark for footpads. Dame, do you forget that you are about to enter the woods of St. Cloud, and that it is sunset?"

The Abbé looked surprised.

"Sirs," said he, "I have never ridden to Paris but once before in all my life, and whether this be St. Cloud or another place I know not. Yet to any warning or direction

you may be pleased to give, you will find me a grateful listener. Heaven be my witness that I have an unpleasant duty to perform in the city yonder. Too long have I been patient—the day for that has passed. Even though the King himself were to intercede, my purpose should be delayed no more. To-morrow, gentlemen, all Paris shall hear that the Hôtel Beautreillis is closed, and that its mistress, Corinne, my ward, is safe within the convent walls at Charenton."

The Abbé was emphatic. He brought his pompous speech to a fitting close with a good thwack of the cudgel nicely laid upon the pony's quarters. His two servants, always imitative, laid two sticks smartly upon the backs of their asses, and all began to ride at a good trot towards the park of St. Cloud.

Not until they came to the summit of the hill wherefrom they could see the thick woods about the château of St. Cloud, with the river Seine flowing like a river of blood in the valley, and Paris herself away in the distance, the sunlight making mighty jewels of her domes and towers, and shining with a deep crimson from a thousand West turned windows, did the three strangers draw rein, that one of them who had not spoken before, might address the Abbé in a parting word.

"My Lord Bishop," said he, "you go on a bold errand. There have been many before this who have sought to stand between Corinne de Montesson and her pleasures. Do you seek for those persons, you will find them in the prisons of Paris—or gone to the wars for shame of their defeat. Beware then, how you act, and think yourself a lucky man if you ride into Paris at all. Nay, I will wager you a thousand crowns that this time to-morrow night you shall be very glad to see us and to get back to Yvette with what speed you may. Yon wood is full of strange sights and sounds, Monseigneur-many a man who entered it at sundown has been known no more when dawn has come. Look to your steps, I beseech you; and heaven guard you!"

He doffed his cap as the other had done, and all three bowing with ready grace, presently they set spurs to their horses and disappeared at a gallop into the heart of the

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wood. The Abbé, who had been content at first to think that some mistake had led them to give him so distinguished a title, now became very angry and not a little alarmed.

"A plague on them and their Bishop of Blois as well!" cried he; "three tipsy gallants, I will wager, ridden out of the palace to point the finger at me. I should not be surprised to hear that Corinne has sent them. It is well known that she is a friend to footpads. Possibly she has saved them from the gallows. But she shall gain nothing by this. Though she fall on her knees before me, I will carry her to the convent. The day for mercy has passed."

The reflection pleased the Abbé. He had been made guardian of the pretty Corinne de Montesson (who, as all the world knew, was mistress of the Hôtel Beautreillis, in Paris) upon the death of her father, the Count. For his part, he would have sent her to a convent at once, there to complete her education, which, he thought, had been sadly neglected. But the King had put in a word; and so Corinne was left in her great house to be the friend of all the ne'er-do-wells in the city, and to disgrace, as the good Abbé said, the proud position to which she had been called.

Had she done anything for him personally, his anger, possibly, would have been more moderate. But, notwithstanding her professions of love, he remained the simple curé of Yvette, and there he had fretted two years over his misfortunes. Then came the tidings that Corinne had helped the notorious Coqle-Roi, the highwayman, to escape from Sartines, the new lieutenant of police. The news awoke the Abbé to his old resolutions.

"I will go to Paris," said he, "and place her with the good nuns of Charenton. She is like a little wild animal; her claws must be cut. I have been merciful too long."

This seemed a very simple resolution in theory; but when the Abbé entered the dark woods of St. Cloud, after his conversation with the three jesters in the masks, the practice of it began to be difficult.

"Ho, ho!" said he, as he quitted the high road and plunged into the darkness of the silent thicket; "strange sights and sounds, indeed. Am I a child to be frightened by old women's tales? Never let it be said."

The reflection comforted him. It was very dark in the woods, and so silent that the sound of distant church bells or the barking of dogs sounded like voices from a far-off world. The Abbé, do what he would, could not put off a certain dread and foreboding. His two servants did not attempt any such task. They told each other, consolingly, that they would be dead men before morning; and so they rode hand in hand; each devoutly hoping that the other would be the victim of

the night, and that the Abbé, their master, would precede them to the grave.

"I have heard it said," muttered François to Jean as they drove their stubborn asses still deeper into the woods, "I have heard it said that you have but to look upon the Scarlet Witch of Saint Cloud to be for ever blind."

Jean groaned.
"God grant
that our master
sees her first,"
said he.

He stopped his ass with the word, and François, the valet, made haste to imitate him. They were at this moment in a

glade so deeply bordered by chestnut trees that you could scarce see a patch of the grey sky above. The moss beneath their feet was soft and yielding, and the asses' legs sank in it almost to the hocks.

The figure of the Abbé was scarce to be discerned, although he rode but twenty paces before them. It was a gloomy spot, dark, threatening, lonely. A stag, which leapt

up at their coming, set the hearts of the cowardly pair beating like pumps. And, just at the supreme moment of their alarm, what should they see in the hollow but a great flash of crimson light, which lit up the brake about them until every twig seemed to have been dipped in blood, every tree trunk to be a scarlet phantom conjured up by the ghostly flames.

Twice the light flashed livid, smoking, terrible; then darkness fell, and from the

wood there came a scream of many voices raised in an awful wail like the wail of departed spirits or of men in their agony.

At the first flashing of the fire the Abbé's pony stood quite still, shivering with fear. Nor was his master in any better plight.

"François," roared he, "Jean, do you not hear me? God help us all! What a thing to see!"

But François and Jean heard nothing. They were even then on their way back to Yvette at all the speed of which asses were capable. Long

capable. Long the Abbé called them in language which the Church might not have approved, but which the occasion and the Abbé's fear demanded. When he found at last that he was alone beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"François, Jean!" he repeated; "it is I, your master, who calls you. What do you fear, knaves? This is in the fear to protect you?



Twice the light flashed livid, smoking, terrible.

Oh, surely, I will lay my cudgel upon your backs to-morrow."

To his amazement, neither Jean nor François answered his appeal; but in the wood behind him there arose again the eerie wail, and now it was long sustained and piercing, like the wail of witches upon the wing.

"Hail to the Lord Bishop of Blois!" was the cry; "hail! hail! Whither he goes, there go we—lolalla—lolalla—lolalla!"

The echo fell from wood to wood and grove to grove, until it died away in moaning sighs afar at the heart of the forest. When the last note was stilled, the Abbé heard a voice, sweet and fresh and young, crying:

"What shall be done to the Lord Bishop of Blois!"

And from the woods the answer came:

"He must suffer, he must suffer—lolalla—lolalla!"

A loud peal of laughter followed the words, and, while the laughter rang, the thicket was lit again with the flaming crimson light. The Abbé's heart threatened to stand still when he saw, grouped there upon the green sward in the heart of the wood, the strangest company he had ever beheld in all his life. Dressed in scarlet, some like devils, some like dwarfs, some like hideous creatures, with horns protruding from their brows, the throng appeared to be led by a woman whose sugar-loaf cap and sweeping crimson skirts answered in all things to the popular pictures of a witch. When the Abbé beheld her she rode upon a great black horse, but those around her were mounted upon white ponies; and the whole company galloping out of the wood presently, they surrounded the trembling ecclesiastic and roared until the very woods rang as if with demon voices:

"Long live the Lord Bishop of Blois!—lolalla—lolalla!"

It was a strange scene; the torches, which many of the masqueraders had now lighted, casting a lurid glow upon the scarlet dresses and masks and whitened faces of the dwarfs and demons and horrid monsters who flocked about the amazed curé of Yvette. No wonder if the terror of the wood and the darkness of the night, and the horrid yells of the horned and hoofed company contributed to his bewilderment.

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A hundred possibilities occurred to the Abbé while the cries were still ringing in his ears. He had heard of the terrible jests which courtly masqueraders had perpetrated on those who were obnoxious to them. Could he have given offence in high places? Or was it true, after all, that the woods of St. Cloud were peopled by spirits, and elves, and witches, and that he had fallen into their power? He said he would believe no such tale.

"Sirs," he cried at last, "I have heard much talk of the Lord Bishop of Blois, and I see plainly that you mistake me for him. Know, then, that I am but a simple priest, the curé of Yyette, sirs, and that I ride to Paris upon an affair of very great importance."

He spoke the words very slowly, but, to his astonishment, no one gave any answer. All together, witches, dwarfs, and demons, they began to repeat his explanation, in a sort of monotone the key of which changed note by note until it rose to a discordant and unearthly shriek.

"Sirs," cried they, "we have heard much talk of the Lord Bishop of Blois, and we see plainly that you mistake us for him. Know, then, that we are but simple priests, the curés of Yvette, and that we ride to Paris upon an affair of very great importance."

The Abbé, deafened by the clamour, put his fingers into his ears and began to shiver with fear.

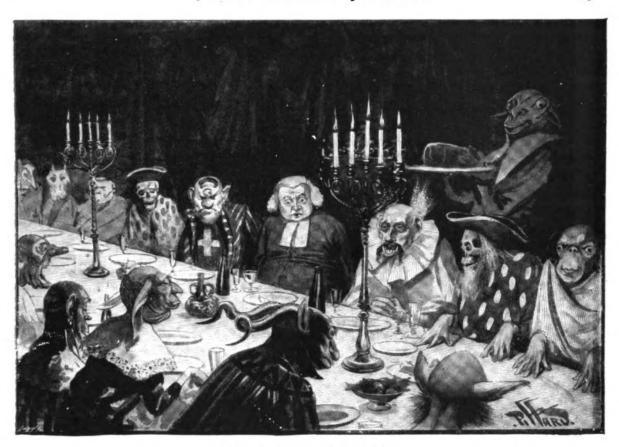
"Ciel," he murmured, "you are all mad."
"Ciel," repeated the scarlet company, "we are all mad."

The sally was roared rather than intoned; and at the end of it, the whole company bent low in their saddles, the men doffing their hats to the terrified Abbé, the women bowing to him. Then the scarlet woman who appeared to be the mistress of the throng, raised her fresh young voice and asked again:

"What must be done to the Lord Bishop of Blois?"

And for the second time, the answer came: "He must suffer."

The Abbé was really frightened now. The wailing melancholy of the chant; the hideous shapes of the men who rode at his side; the strange, distorted whitened faces seemed to him to resemble nothing human,



A scarlet company-devils demons, witches.

nothing known. Minute by minute, the conviction crept upon him that here was the scarlet witch of whom the common people speke in their folk-tales. The more he said to himself, "it is a jest," the farther was his mind from accepting that assurance. He shuddered when he remembered that he was alone with jesters so terrible.

"Sirs," he wailed desperately, "for pity's sake have done with it, and take me where you will. I have but ten crowns upon me, and these you shall find in my pouch. Get them, I pray you, and permit me to go in peace."

A mocking peal of laughter attended this simple confession.

"What shall be done with the ten crowns of the Lord Bishop of Blois?" asked a great horned goblin who rode upon the smallest of the small white ponies.

The girl with the crimson hat answered:

"He shall buy a supper at the house of the Scarlet Witch."

The command moved the company to frenzies of turbulent delight. Before the wretched victim could protest or answer, strong hands had clutched his bridle rein to lead his pony through the woods; other hands had clapped a bandage to his eyes, and knotted it so tightly behind his ears that the whole of the strange vision of grotesque and grinning figures was shut instantly from his view. He knew only that his pony was carrying him rapidly through the forest, that the air became fresher as he mounted to the higher places of the park, that he was led, it might have been, for the space of ten minutes before his beast was stopped and he was lifted gently to the ground.

Never once, while the procession moved, did the strange throng cease its unearthly monotone. The chant rose ever like a voice of the night, the wail of spirits wandering or of phantoms at their pleasures. When it stopped at last with a sudden crash, the Abbé's pony stopped too. A strong arm encircled his waist; he was lifted from the saddle and bidden to walk; he knew that he was entering some room in a house—a gentle hand forced him into a seat; it removed his bandage; he could see again.

By this time the Abbe was incapable of

surprise. The scene in the wood had robbed him of all power of reason. When they stripped him of his bandage, and he was able to look about him, he neither spoke nor wondered. Yet the spectacle was strange enough to have frightened a bolder man. For the Abbé sat at that moment in a room draped in scarlet; and, in this room there was a long table lit pleasingly by the soft light of many wax candles. The table was covered over with a cloth of scarlet, and bore upon it many plates and glasses and decorations in preparation for the coming feast.

As for the company, that also was a scarlet company - devils, demons, witches; their whitened faces now hidden by crimson masks, their very hair appearing to be of the brightest red. Even the walls were draped in the same glowing colours; while the attendants, some in hideous masks, some garbed like scarlet elves, capped the scheme fittingly. Yet this was the curious thingno word was spoken, no greeting given. The company sat like mutes. The Abbé shuddered arain; he could not altogether suppress the thought that he might be supping with the risen dead.

But one of the servants had set a plate before him now, a plate upon which was a little fish exquisitely garnished and served. So tempting did the morsel look that the Abbé, despite his fear, hastened to plunge his fork into it; but at the first mouthful he made an ugly grimace, and was unable to withhold an exclamation.

"Ciel!" cried he, "that is nothing but breadcrumbs."

He looked round the table appealingly, but no one in the masked company vouchsafed him an answer. All were busy upon similar dishes, of which they appeared to partake with exceeding relish.

"St. John," cried the Abbé, sitting back in his chair, "who ever heard of that?—a fish made of breadcrumbs; and everyone eating of it as though it were a mullet from the king's table. Body of St. Paul—they are all mad!"

Mad or sane, the scarlet company appeared to enjoy the fish very much. With heads bent low over the plates, the suppers varied

their occupation of eating by the equally pleasant one of taking long draughts from the crystal goblets before them. When the Abbé spoke to them, they did not seem to hear him. His words, his exclamations, his questions, fell upon deaf ears.

"Ho, ho!" said he at last, while he leant back in his chair, and raised the goblet of wine they had poured out for him; "a plague upon the table which sets breadcrumbs before a hungry man!"

He put the goblet to his lips and took a long draught from it. The wine, he said, would wash the tasteless bread from the mouth—and so he held the cup long. When he put it down, there was upon his face the most unclerical grimace that had ever sat there.

He spoke loudly, seeking no answer; for

"Maledetto!" cried he, "but that is water."

he was quite assured by this time that he was dreaming; or, if he were not, then that he had become the victim of the strangest jest yet played in France. And he was very surprised when a voice behind him greeted him with the first word he had heard since he entered the room. Indeed, the voice was hardly raised before all the suppers leapt to their feet and stood in an attitude of respectful attention.

"And what is the trouble of the Lord Bishop of Blois?" asked the speaker as he advanced to the Abbé's chair.

He was a man slightly above the medium height, dressed in a suit of white velvet upon which a lace-work of the purest diamonds glittered. The Abbé observed that he was somewhat advanced in years, and that his features were clear-cut and singularly handsome. He was attended now by two pages, who wore trunk-hose of purple, and purple cloaks above them; while an officer in the blue uniform of the Corsican legion stood at his heels as though expecting some command.

"Ho, ho," thought the Abbé, as he watched the stranger; "here, then, is the rogue who has played this jest upon me. I will find a word for him, at any rate." And so he answered the newcomer.

"Sir," said he, "who you may be, I do not wish to know; but if this be your house,

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY permit me to tell you that I have been the victim of a great liberty."

The stranger feigned astonishment.

"What," cried he, "have you not supped well, Seigneur?"

"Sir," answered the Abbé, "I beseech you that you will not call me Seigneur, for to such a title I have no claim. As for your supper—I would not offer it to a dog."

"But surely," cried the other, looking very much surprised, "that is turbot which you eat, my friend, and do you not hold a cup of the wine of Burgundy in your hand?"

"Monsieur," said the Abbé, with hungry dignity, "whoever has told you that has lied. There is nothing but water here."

"Oh, indeed," cried the newcomer; "pray

contents of his goblet into the newcomer's face.

It was a deserved retort, perhaps; but the miserable curé, had he foreseen that which was to follow, would have cut off his right hand before he allowed his temper to carry him so far. Scarce was the thing done when a cry of horror burst from the company about the table. Fifty hands were raised as if to strike the cowering priest. Threats, execrations, remonstrances were hurled at him until his head buzzed with the clamour. The stranger alone appeared to be unmoved. He wiped his face with a handkerchief of lace; and then turned to the Corsican at his elbow.

"I am sorry," said he, "but I must ask you to arrest Monsieur, the Bishop of Blois. You



He threw the contents of his goblet into the newcomer's face.

permit me to put it to my lips, Seigneur—you say that it is water—St. Louis, I would like to have a cellar full of such water as that."

He tasted the draught as he spoke and smacked his lips over it as though it had been a delicious nectar. The Abbé, staggered at the action, was silent for some moments; but after a pause he took the cup up in his hands, and did that which was a rare thing for him to do—he lost his temper.

"My son," he asked, "you declare that to be the wine of Burgundy?"

"Most certainly," replied the stranger, "most admirable wine."

"Then I pray you drink it," exclaimed the Abbé, and at the invitation he threw the

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will take him to his room and keep him there until my pleasure be known."

"Your Majesty is obeyed," was the answer.

There was a great silence in the place now; and it lasted while the Corsican stepped forward and bade the quaking priest follow him. As for the Abbé, he was like one petrified.

"Great heaven!" he moaned when they led him from the room, "it is the King who speaks! And I have thrown my wine in his face! God help me, for my day has surely come!"

All else was forgotten in this: the visions of the night, his purpose in riding to Paris, even the offences of little Corinne gave place to the tremendous fear which his folly had

brought upon him. He saw it all now—mystery no longer perplexed him. The masquerade in the woods, the horrible apparition, the flashing of the crimson fire—what was it all but the work of the jesters at the Palace of St. Cloud.

They had gone out to seek whom they could devour, and they had lighted upon the curé of Yvette, he said. Then the King—he had heard, of course, of their pastime and had come to witness its consummation. And thus had the perpetration of a crime so terrible been brought about.

Nothing, not even religion, was held as sacred in that year 1759 as the body of the King. The Abbé knew full well that unless mercy were shown to him, he might spend the remaining years of his life in the prison of For-l-Evêque, or even in the Bastille. Men had come to such a punishment for mere words—but to throw a goblet of wine in His Majesty's face! The very memory of his offending compelled him to shudder like one who was already doomed.

The Corsican officer had led him to a bedroom now; a pretty room lighted by many wax candles, and furnished with all the taste characterising a period so tasteful. It was a long apartment with a cabinet giving off it, and the Abbé observed in this smaller chamber a supper table decked prettily with lighted candles and flowers. For this, however, he had no appreciating eyes. He felt at the moment as though he could never eat again. Foreboding, real and stern, had set his nerves itching. He began to question his conductor, hoping for some little word of comfort.

"Monsieur," he said with pitiable anxiety, "I beg you tell me whose house is this, and where does it lie?"

"Readily," answered the young officer; "this is the pavilion of Mme. Doublet de Persan. The villagers call it the house of the Scarlet Witch. I regret, Monseigneur, that your first acquaintance of it should be made so unpropitiously. St. Dennis! who would have thought that His Majesty was unknown to you?"

"God help me!" answered the Abbé; "I never saw him but once, Monsieur, and then it was from a bench in the Place Louis

Quinze. Oh, surely he will remember that?"

The Corsican shook his head, implying that he doubted.

"My Lord Bishop," said he, "I am but a very humble servant of His Majesty, and heaven forbid that I should anticipate his pleasure. If you have friends, however, let me beg of you to write to them. It is possible, should their influence be not delayed, that you may yet atone for this offence with a year in the Bastille."

"A year in the Bastille," murmured the Abbé, "a year—the Saints help me!—a year for a moment's loss of temper! Oh, mon Dieu, will you not plead for me, Monsieur? I am no Lord Bishop, but only a poor curé, who is friendless and helpless, as you see. I conjure you, of your charity, be a friend to me."

"What!" cried the soldier, with a wondrous assumption of surprise; "you tell me, my Lord, that you are not the Bishop of Blois? Oh, surely, this night's work has robbed you of your memory. Think a little, and you will recall the circumstances. How to-day you were riding to Paris upon the business of your diocese, when you fall into the hands of Madame Doublet de Persan's merry fellows, who bring you to this house to supper. The King, learning of the jest, is driven over from the palace to enjoy it, when you, losing your temper, throw a goblet of wine into His Majesty's face, and so become my prisoner until your sentence is delivered. I exhort you, my Lord, hide none of these things from yourself, but send at once to your friends and conjure them to intercede for you."

There was a wondrous air of honesty about the Corsican's tale; and, although the Abbé was more perplexed than ever when the soldier had done, he determined to trust him, and to make a last effort to help himself. Indeed, a sudden inspiration seized upon him, and, when he spoke, his words came quickly and his white cheeks flushed scarlet.

"Monsieur," he said, "I see it all plainly; they have mistaken me for the Lord Bishop of Blois, and so this misfortune has fallen upon me. I have but one friend in Paris—if, indeed, she be in Paris now. I speak of

my ward, Corinne de Montesson, who is to be found at the Hôtel Beautreillis, in the Rue St. Paul. Could you but convey a word to her of my necessity, I know that it would not be unavailing. Indeed, she is very gentle and loving to all, and never fails to help those who are in adversity. Send to her, I beg of you, and tell her to come to St. Cloud at once. Say that the Abbé Morellet implores her assistance—"

"Ciel!" cried the Corsican, "I will tell her no such tale; for why should she come to the help of the Abbé Morellet, when it is Monseigneur the Bishop of Blois whom she is to assist?"

"Sir," said the Abbé, with humble intreaty, if you tell her that, I am surely lost."

"Courage," said the Corsican; "you forget, Seigneur. In a little time your memory will come back to you. I shall send to Paris at once. Meanwhile, you will pardon me if I must hold you under lock and key. You heard the King's command, my Lord?"

"God help me!" cried the Abbé, "I heard it too well!"

At this the Corsican withdrew and went downstairs to the supper table. The scarlet masks of the company were all laid aside now, and the suppers no longer ate fish made of breadcrumbs. On the contrary, they were very merry over flagons of rare red wine, and goblets of champagne, and trout from the Lake of Geneva, and dishes of carps' tongues and sturgeon and mullet and legs of venison and fat capons. When they saw the officer, they cried out joyfully and hastened to ask how the Abbé did.

"Grimod, Grimod, what does he say, what does he do?—oh, tell us quickly—we die with impatience—you have news, Grimod?"

The Corsican held up his hand for silence. Then, addressing the scarlet witch—whose fresh and piquant face belied her rôle now that the mask was laid aside—he said:

"Ma foi, Mademoiselle Corinne, the Abbé asks for you!"

"For me," cried the girl—"then you have told him, Grimod?"

"Upon my word, Mademoiselle, I have told him nothing. He thinks you are at the Hôtel Beautreillis, and he begs me to send a messenger there."

Corinne clapped her pretty hands.

"Oh," she cried, "how I love him. But he will not send me to a convent after all."

The idea that Corinne de Montesson would ever succumb to such a fate seemed to amuse the masqueraders very much. They greeted her words with extravagant enthusiasm. One love-sick swain—whose devil's head was set mockingly upon a plate before him—turned toward her, eyes full of sheepish affection, and exclaimed:

"St. John, Corinne, if you go to the nuns at Charenton, you will take half Paris with you."

"We shall have to build a city there," cried another.

"Such a place of worship never will have been seen," said a third.

"I go as man-in-waiting," lisped a pretty boy, who was busy with a dish of venison.

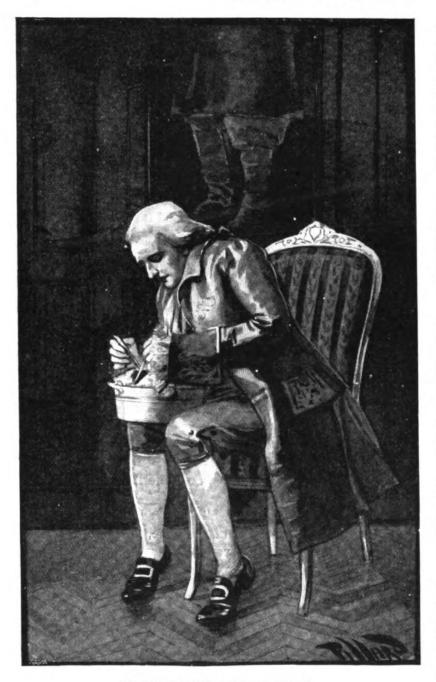
"And the King, what does he go as?" asked a demon, whose head was tucked away under his chair.

"Yes," cried Corinne joyfully, "the King, where is he? Come forth, sire, and let us see you."

"Sacre bleu," answered a voice from the further end of the table, "the King is very well, thank you, Mademoiselle—but he will be the better when he has eaten this pasty."

Could the Abbé have seen the King at that moment, his fears would have vanished like the mists. Truth to tell, His Majesty looked exceedingly unkingly, seated as he was, astride a small chair and holding a very large pâté between his knees. But the wretched priest in the bedroom above knew of none of these things. While the masqueraders below were at the zenith of their merriment, the miserable Abbé was pacing his elegant prison and every turn he took brought a fresh exclamation to his lips.

He, excellent man, had lived so noble a life that fear had not in all his years been an enemy to him. But now he feared exceedingly—feared so that for a long while he started at every whisper of the wind of creak of board; feared until he forgot that he was hungry and had not supped. By and by, however, one of his restless pacings carried



His Majesty looked exceedingly unkingly.

him into the cabinet which opened off the bed-chamber; and there he beheld the little table with the flowers and the waxlights and the flagon of red wine and the well-dressed capon.

"Bah!" he exclaimed angrily, "the wine is but coloured water, the capon is made of bread—that shall not befool me a second time." \*

He thought it a cruel jest, and vowed he would not be the victim of it; and so he began to pace the room again; but his

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steps carried him, despite his resolution, straight into the cabinet again; and, at the third time of his coming, hunger and thirst so far prevailed, that he poured a little of the wine from the flagon and ventured to taste it.

"Oh," cried he, filling a goblet to the brim, "can it be true?—upon my word, this is very like the wine of Burgundy—Saint John! I have never tasted a better imitation."

There was almost a smile upon the Abbé's face now, and he began with eager hands to help himself to the capon. A minute later, he had seated himself at the little table, and was busy with a generously piled plate. Not until his meal was done did a haunting memory of his night's work come back to himand at that the wine was soured and the bread turned bitter.

He looked at the great carved bed and told himself that sleep was not for such as him. He heard a bell without strike the hour of midnight, and the newcome day seemed to be the herald of his misfortunes. Once or twice he

went to the door of his prison and listened; but could distinguish no sound, either of voices or of steps.

"Heaven be good to me!" cried he, beginning to pace his room again; "if I could only lie this night in my bed at Yvette!"

He sighed at the hopelessness of the desire; but, to his intense amazement, his sigh was echoed from the opposite side of the room. And he was very much surprised when, upon turning round, he beheld, stand-

ing there by a picture let into the panel of the wainscotting, two of the masked men who had met him on the road earlier in the evening. Indeed, the Abbé rubbed his eyes to make sure that he did not dream; and it was not until the taller of the two spoke that he believed altogether in the reality of that which he saw.

"My Lord Bishop," said the stranger, "we have kept our promise, and you see us again. Is it gladly?"

"Gentlemen," cried the Abbé, "gladly indeed — oh, Heaven knows! You have heard of my misfortune?"

The masked man raised his hand.

"Hush!" said he; "a word may cost you your life. We know all, and have come to save you. Follow me, Seigneur, and say nothing, whatever you may see or hear."

With this he laid his hand upon a button in the picture, and the panel slid back noise-lessly, showing a narrow aperture, through which the two men passed, and then the dazed Abbé. The aperture thus disclosed gave access to a narrow flight of stairs, at the foot of which was a little door, opening at the back of the pavilion directly upon the park of St. Cloud.

Before the prisoner had realised anything of that which was being done, he found himself out upon the soft grass with the bridle rein of a horse in his left hand and a groom at his right hand, ready to assist him to mount. The two men in their turn went to horses waiting for them, and all being in the saddle, the leader said presently:

"Seigneur, mount, I beg of you. We ride to Blois for your life."

"To Blois?" gasped the Abbé.

But the groom had helped him into the saddle now, and the man having, with a lusty smack upon the quarters, sent the horse off to join the others, the Abbé found himself, for good or ill, galloping wildly through the park towards the road for Sèvres. So absorbed was he in doubt and wonder, that he failed to observe the young girl who rode up to his guides as they left the pavilion—though she was masked as the others were. Indeed, the

three never drew rein nor spoke a single word

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until dawn broke in the sky and St. Cloud and its woods lay far behind them. Then for the first time, they permitted their foaming beasts to go at the walk, and the fresh wind of the morning to breathe upon their heated faces.

The place was the summit of a hill some five miles from the town of Rambouillet. Below them a valley stretched pleasantly, and in the far distance the spire of the church at Yvette stood up like a needle against the cloudless sky.

"My Lord," said the leader of the strangers, halting suddenly at the spot, "yonder is your home. As for us, our work is done. We have but to give you this paper and to bid you make your way to Blois with all speed. I doubt not that you will obey faithfully the King's wish that you shall not leave your new diocese for the space of one year."

"My diocese, the King's wish!" exclaimed the Abbé, whose face was bathed with per-



spiration, and whose limbs were so sore that he could scarce sit upon his horse.

"Certainly," answered the masked man,

pressing the paper into the priest's hands; "read that and all will be known to you."

The Abbé read the paper; then he raised his hands in an attitude of humble thankfulness.

"Merciful God be praised!" cried he; "they have made me Bishop of Blois, me—the unworthy—the simple priest—the humble curé of Yvette. Surely the King has forgiven me, then. Gentlemen, I thank you from my heart for this night's work. Never shall your services be forgotten. Tell me your names, I beg of you, that I may remember them in my prayers."

The first of the three removed his mask.

"Seigneur," said he, "they call me Bénôit, the swordsman."

"Seigneur," cried the second, unmasking in his turn, "I am the Comte de Guibert—the oldest friend of your ward, Mademoiselle Corinne de Monand turning her pretty face upon the astonished Abbé, she said:

"And I, Seigneur, am Corinne herself."

The Abbé sat as one dumfounded. Tears welled up in his eyes. Gratitude choked his words.

"Corinne!" he said; "oh, it is to you that I owe my pardon and my fortune, then. God bless you a thousand times."

"But not at Charenton?" cried Corinne merrily.

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed the Abbé; "return to your home, and carry an old man's blessing with you."

The Bishop of Blois was wont to tell, even in his old age, how that at St. Cloud he had once thrown a glass of wine in the King's face: But the knowing ones shook their heads.

"Bah," said they among themselves; "it was one of pretty Corinne's



"And I, Seigneur, am Corinne herself."



By MERRIDEN HOWARD.

Beyond doubt there has never before been a time when so many people were bent upon the same task as there are to-day determined to gain the upper hand over the ordinary safety bicycle. But it nevertheless appears to defy subjugation. Apart from Mr. and Mrs. Valdare, there does not seem anyone who has a mastery that is never gainsaid over a front-steering machine.

Certainly it is trick riding pure and simple which these young Americans make their speciality, but to watch them ride becomes almost aggravating, since it has the effect of causing one's own ideas of excellence to appear so paltry. I confess I should have been almost glad to discover some trickery in their machines when I went to examine them in that mysterious region behind the stage of the Alhambra theatre, where they made their first appearance.

But there was nothing. The machines are of average weight and similar in appearance to thousands of other American Clevelands that are manufactured every year, with one trifling exception.

ridden by Mr. Valdare is provided with a double saddle to afford a footing for his wife in one of the eccentric performances they do together.

Mr. and Mrs. Valdare changing from side to side.

The front wheel is allowed rather less freedom than is usual with road work, and the tyres are blown out as fully as possible without incurring the risk of an explosion when ridden in the hot atmosphere of a theatre.

In saying that there is nothing which the Valdares do that would be impossible to any other cyclist I am not depreciating their work. On the contrary, the credit to them is all the greater, since their pre-eminence is due chiefly to the fact that they are apparently endowed to an unusual extent with that genius which is the infinite capacity of taking pains, and in this particular case, a good many bruises, too.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in connection with these two riders, whose work in England has aroused so much interest, is that before her marriage, some three years ago, Mrs. Valdare had never ridden a bicycle nor appeared at all in public. In the first week of her honeymoon she commenced to learn, and in one hour's lesson was able to ride by herself. Three weeks later she took part in her husband's performance!

Valdare himself commenced his cycling career in 1888 on an old-fashioned high machine. He was then fourteen years old, and used to ride through the streets of Denver, Digitized by

U.S.A., from his home to school on one wheel, having dispensed with the other as superfluous.

The manager of some travelling circus noticed the boy and persuaded him to join his troupe. On the old high machines, however, trick riding was comparatively easy. It was only when the safety suddenly became the craze that Valdare saw his opportunity of venturing on an absolutely new field. The difficulties of fancy riding on a safety are so much greater than on an ordinary that no comparison can be made. Both the Valdares practise two to three hours a day to keep proficient at their work. But in spite of everything they can never be sure that all their tricks will be successful.

As is nearly always the case with performances such as the Valdares give, a comparatively easy trick is



12 miles an hour on a rearing bicycle.

quite as likely to appeal to the public as one to which they have devoted week after week of practice to accomplish. The most difficult performance that Valdare takes part in is riding his machine with the front wheel taken off altogether. He does this standing on the pedals, stooping slightly to hold the steering-head tube in both hands, the body thrown forward at an angle of at least ten degrees in front of an imaginary line drawn from the axle upwards. In this position lies the secret which it took the best part of a year to discover and appreciate.

> If you balance a stick on your hand and then move the hand quickly in one Original direction, what is the

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An interlude in a ride: climbing through the diamond frame.

result? The stick at once falls backwards. But give the stick a decided forward slant and if your hand travels fast enough it will remain fixedly in that position.

To carry this principle into operation when you represent the stick, however, requires considerable presence of mind. An irresistible impulse seizes you to jump forward and get clear of the dismantled machine on which you are mounted. For my own part I may safely say that I shall never master even the preliminary step of trusting myself to the mercies of such an irresponsible conveyance.

For months Valdare attempted to conquer this trick, holding to a rope fastened by means of a pulley wheel to a rail running along the ceiling. The result of this, however, was to swing him round and round in a circle. Ultimately he decided to dispense with any mechanical assistance, and trust to his own powers of balance. His idea now became to mount from a table, but for three weeks he made the attempt, and the whole of that time never rode a foot.

Not at all discouraged at such unrelenting failure he continued practising, and at last succeeded his keeping balance during one entire revolution of the pedals. It was not in itself a great result for so much practice, but in that moment he discovered the secret of the exact position that was necessary. Within a week he could



Biogoling Labirwards. INDIANA UNIVERSITY



The vaulting act.

mount confidently from his table without any apparent effort.

It is not an unnatural opinion that no one in his right mind would ever wish to ride a machine in that way except on the stage. But it is just this riding on a stage that requires the greatest skill. The space being limited to a diameter of about twenty feet, the performer is perpetually riding round a curve. The stage, too, drops considerably towards the footlights, and is made rough and uneven at the back by iron slides which cross from one wing to another.

There is literally no position which is impossible to the Valdares on their machines. They climb over them and through them and round them until you begin to think that some supernatural agency is preventing the bicycles from falling.

The trick which entails the greatest strain physically is that in which Valdare draws the front wheel by sheer strength from the ground and rides along gaily with his machine pawing the air like a rearing horse.

Once in Cincinnati he rode one third of a mile in this extraordinary position in 1min. 17\(^3\)sec. Until he dismounted he had no idea what the strain had been. The moment his feet touched the ground they gave way as if every muscle had been paralysed.

To climb through the diamond frame of his machine is another amusement in which Valdare in-



Mrs. Valdare dismounting and mounting gagain without touching the ground.

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Pyramid riding without using the handles,

dulges. It can be done by anyone who cares to imitate his movements, provided they possess the heaven-sent gift of patience.

Valdare commences by standing on the left pedal with the left foot, and swinging the right leg to the same side he thrusts it through the frame, sinking down till head and shoulders are even with the front wheel on the left side. Then with both hands grasping the tyre of the front wheel, which is turned at right angles, he swings the head and body back on a level with the frame. Now the head is put through, and the easier half of the trick is accomplished.

He has still to come up on the farther side, and to do this must shift his hands from the wheel to the handle-bars. Thrusting the right shoulder well forward, he grasps the left handle with the left hand from the right side of the machine keeping the right hand still on the front

wheel. Then he lies well forward and straightens up. swinging the left foot over the saddle, and taking care the while not to put too much weight on the right-hand pedal, since there is nothing to prevent the machine starting backwards and throwing out the balance. What could be more simple?

I have described the riding on one wheel as the most difficult trick which Valdare performs, but it is little more so than to mount a machine without touching any part of it but the pedals. This can only be accomplished by dismounting when the bicycle has acquired considerable momentum, and running beside it till the left pedal is down, springing up with a light touch on it into the saddle.

The terrible risk of accident which such performances as these suggest are nothing to the Valdares; for neither of them has ever suffered from any serious injury through riding. Bruises, especially on the ankle, are naturally common enough, and the little lady cyclist's chief grievance is the hard task of always looking pleasant when things happen which, in private, would make every kind of grimace allowable.



Ariatter of brance.

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Valdare has met with one really dangerous accident in his life. It was in a trick which he still practises, not on a bicycle, but on the wheel of an ordinary American carriage. Starting from a platform ten or fifteen feet from the ground, he rides down a ladder,

keeping a footing on the narrow hub. The first time he attempted this feat the incline of the ladder was so great that the wheel left it altogether, and with one tremendous bound brought him to the floor.

Were he given enough space this intrepid rider would substitute a bicycle for the carriage wheel, but to attempt this on the Alhambra stage would alarmingly increase the rate of mortality among the orchestra. At the Milwaukee Exposition, however, he rode down a flight of 112 steps on his He weighed machine. then, as he does now, 118lb.

It would be a mistake to suppose that a trick on a cycle is mastered once and for all like a trick with cards. To do them justice they ought not to be described as tricks at all, but as exhibitions of skill. There are several pretty exhibitions which Mrs. Valdare gives alone. In one she mounts her machine with her back turned to the handle-bars and rides it thus round

and round, sometimes steering with one hand, sometimes folding both arms before her.

In another, keeping her left foot on its pedal the whole time, she swings her right leg over, and placing it on the brim of the wheel, lowers the machine till it rests on the right pedal. From this posture, and without ever

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touching the ground herself, she draws the machine to an upright position again, and starts off as if there had been no interlude whatever.

And riding at full speed she will now and then spin her front wheel round like a teeto-

tum, without wavering an inch out of her course.

More showy even than this, however, is the way in which she rides, standing first on one pedal and then on the other keeping both legs always on the same side of the machine. or another trick in which she and her husband swing round and round each other, changing from one side of the machine to the other, while as if by magic it continues to run diligently about the stage.

Valdare can ride with his wife on his shoulder, even with a third person to cap the human pyramid, and still circle round or balance the machine in the centre of the stage as the fancy comes. But more dangerous than this is, after working up a great pace on the machine, to stand on the saddle with one foot, and with the other resting on the handle-bar, to guide the bicycle while his intrepid partner climbs up behind.

Now Valdare will be racing round, finding an imaginary seat in front of the handle-bar, and work-

ing the pedals from there; now his wife will have turned her machine upside down, and without putting foot to the ground, have mounted the pedals, and, balancing there, will be working this ceaseless treadmill with as little ostentation as if it were not something which one person out of ten thousand could not do.



Mr. Valdare steering with his foot



STATE.

(A Complete Story.)

It was the day following that upon which Simon Carne, presented by the Earl of Amberley, had made his

bow before the Heir Apparent at the second *levée* of the season, that Klimo entered upon one of the most interesting cases which had so

far come into his experience. The clock in his consulting room had just struck one when his elderly housekeeper entered, and handed him a card, bearing the name of Mrs. George Jeffreys, 14, Bellamer-street, Bloomsbury. The detective immediately bade his servant admit the visitor, and, almost before he had given the order, the lady in question stood before him.

She was young, not more than twenty-four at most, a frail wisp of a girl, with light brown hair and eyes that spoke for her nationality as plain as any words. She was neatly, but by no means expensively dressed, and showed evident signs of being oppressed by a weight of trouble. Klimo looked at her, and in that glance took in everything. In spite of the fact that he was reputed to possess a heart as hard as any flint, it was noticeable that his voice, when he spoke to her, was not as gruff as that in which he usually addressed his visitors.

"Pray sit down," he said, "and tell me in as few words as possible what it is you desire that I should do for you. Speak as clearly as you can, and, if you want my help, don't hesitate to tell me everything."

The girl sat down as ordered, and immediately commenced her tale.

- "My name is Eileen Jeffreys," she said. "I am the wife of an English Bank Inspector, and the daughter of Septimus O'Grady, of Chicago, U.S.A."
  - "I shall remember," replied Klimo. "And how long have you been married?"
- "Two years," answered the girl. "Two years next September. My husband and I met in America, and then came to England to settle."
  - "In saying good-bye to your old home, you left your father behind, I presume?"
  - "Yes, he preferred to remain in America."
  - "May I ask his profession?"
  - "That, I'm afraid, foolish as it may seem to say so, I cannot tell you," answered the

Note.—For the benefit of new readers of the Magazine, it may be explained that "The Prince of Swindlers" assumes two distinct identities in this series of stories. At one time he is Simon Carne, the hunch-back, fêted by society; at another he is Klimo, the famous detective. The houses in which he lives in his characters of Simon Carne and Klimo adjoin and have a secret connection.—ED.

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girl, with a slightly heightened colour, "His means of earning a living were always kept a secret from me."

"That was rather strange, was it not?" said Klimo. "Had he private resources?"

"None that I ever heard of," replied the girl.

"Did no business men ever come to see him?"

"But very few people came to us at all.

We had scarcely any friends."

"Of what nationality were the friends who did come?"

"Mostly Irish, like ourselves," answered Mrs. Jeffreys.

"Was there ever any quarrel between your father and your husband, prior to your leaving America?"

"Never any downright quarrel," said the girl. "But I am sorry to say they were not always the best of friends. In those days my father was a very difficult man to get on with."

"Indeed?" said Klimo. "Now, perhaps you had better proceed with your story."

"To do that, I must explain that at

the end of January of this present year, my father, who was then in Chicago, sent us a cablegram to say he was leaving for England that very day, and, that upon his arrival in England, if we had no objection, he would like to take up his residence with us. He was to sail from New York on the Saturday following, and, as you know, the passage takes six days or thereabouts. Arriving in England he came to London and put-up at our house

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in Bellamer Street, Bloomsbury. That was during the first week in February last, and off and on he has been living with us ever since."

"Have you any idea what brought him to England?"

"Not the least," she answered deliberately, after a few seconds' pause, which Klimo did not fail to notice.

"Did he do business with anyone that

you are aware of?"

"I cannot say. On several occasions he went away for a week at a time into the Midlands. but what took him there I have no possible idea. On the last occasion he left us on the fifteenth of last month. and returned on the ninth of this, the same day that my husband was called away to Marseilles on important banking business. It was easy to see that he was not well. He was feverish, and within a short time of my getting him to bed began to wander in his mind, declaring over and over again that he bitterly repented some action he had taken, and that if he could once consider himself safe again would be quit of the whole thing for ever.

"For close upon a fortnight I continued to nurse him until he was so far recovered as to recognise me once more. The day that he did so I took in at the door this cablegram, from which I may perhaps date the business that has brought me to you."

She took a paper from her pocket and handed it to Klimo, who glanced at it, examined the post-mark and the date, and then placed it upon the desk before him. It was from Chicago, and ran as follows:

O'Grady,

13, Bellamer Street, London, England.
Why no answer? Reply chances of doing business.

NERO.

"Of course into was impossible for me to-INDIANA UNIVERSITY



Eileen Jeffreys.

tell what this meant. I was not in my father's confidence, and I had no notion who his mysterious correspondent might be. But as the doctor had distinctly stated that to allow him to consider any business at all would bring on a relapse, and probably kill him, I placed the-message in a drawer and determined to let it remain there until he should be well enough to attend to it without danger to himself. The week following he was not quite so well, and fortunately there was complete silence on the part of his correspondents. Then this second message arrived. As you will see it is also from Chicago and from the same person.

Reply immediately, or remember consequences. Time presses, if do not realise at present price, market will be lost.

NERO.

"Following my previous line of action, I placed this communication also in the drawer, and determined to let Nero wait for a reply. By doing so, however, I was incurring greater trouble than I dreamt of. Within fortyeight hours I received the following message, and upon that I made up my mind and came off at once to you. What it means I do not know, but that it bodes some ill to my father I feel certain. I had heard of your fame, and as my husband is away from home, my father unable to protect himself, and I am without friends at all in England, I thought the wisest course I could pursue would be to consult you."

"Let me look at the last cablegram," said Klimo, putting his hand from the box, and taking the slip of paper.

The first and second messages were simplicity itself; this, however, was a complete enigma. It was worded as follows:

Uneasy—Alpha—Omega—Nineteen—Twelve—to-day—five—lacs—arrange—seventy—eight—Brazils—one—twenty—nine.

Klimo read it through, and the girl noticed that he shook his head over it.

"My dear young lady," he said. "I am afraid that it would be safer for you not to tell me any further, for I fear it is not in my power to help you."

"You will not help me now that I have told you my miserable position? Then there is nothing before me but despair. Oh,

sir, is your decision quite irrevocable? You cannot think how I have counted on your assistance."

"I regret exceedingly that I am compelled to disappoint you," he answered. "But my time is more than occupied as it is, and I could not give your case my attention, even if I would."

His decision had been too much for her fortitude, and before he could prevent her, her head was down upon her hands and she had begun to weep bitterly. He attempted to comfort her, but in vain; and when she left him, tears were still coursing down her cheeks. It was not until she had been gone about ten minutes, and he had informed his housekeeper that he would see no more clients that day, that he discovered that she had left her precious cablegrams behind her.

Actuated by a feeling of curiosity, he sat down again and spread the three cablegrams out upon his writing table. The first two, as I have said, required no consideration, they spoke for themselves, but the third baffled him completely, Who was this Septimus O'Grady who lived in Chicago, and whose associates spent their time discussing the wrongs of Ireland? How was it that, being a man innocent of private means, he engaged in no business?

Then another question called for consideration. If he had no business, what brought him to London and took him so repeatedly into the Midlands? These riddles he set aside for the present, and began to pick the last cablegram to pieces. That its author was not easy in his mind when he wrote it was quite certain.

Then who and what were the Alpha and Omega mentioned? What connection had they with Nero; also what did nineteen and twelve mean when coupled with To-day? Further, why should five lacs arrange seventy-eight Brazils? And what possible sense could be made out of the numbers one—twenty—and nine? He read the message from beginning to end again, after that from the end to the beginning, and, like a good many other men in a similar position, because he could not understand it, found himself taking a greater interest in it. This feeling had not

left him when he had put off disguise as Klimo and was Simon Carne once more.

While he was eating his lunch the thought of the lonely Irishman lying ill in a house, where he was without doubt an unwelcome guest, fascinated him strangely, and when he rose from the table he found he was not able to shake off the impression it had given That the girl had some notion of her father's business he felt as certain as of his own name, even though she had so strenuously denied the fact. Otherwise why should she have been so frightened by what might have been simply innocent business messages in cypher? That she was frightened was as plain as the sun then shining into his room. Despite the fact that he had resolved not to take up the case, he went into his study, and took the cablegrams from the drawer in which he had placed them. Then drawing a sheet of paper towards him, he set to work upon the puzzle.

"The first word requires no explanation," he said as he wrote it down. "For the two next, Alpha and Omega, we will, for the sake of argument, write The Beginning and The End, and as that tells us nothing, we will substitute for them The First and The Last. Now, who or what are The First and The Last? Are they the first and last words of a code, or of a word, or do they refer to two individuals who are the principal folk in some company or conspiracy? If the latter, it is just possible they are the people who are so desperately uneasy. The next two words, however, are too much for me altogether."

Uninteresting as the case had appeared at first sight, he soon discovered that he could think of nothing else. He found himself puzzling over it during an afternoon concert at the Queen's Hall, and he even thought of it while calling upon the wife of the Prime Minister afterwards. As he drove in the Park before dinner, the wheels of his carriage seemed to be saying "Alpha and Omega, nineteen, twelve" over and over again with pitiless reiteration, and by the time he reached home once more he would gladly have paid a ten-pound note for a feasible solution of the enigma, if only to get its weight off his mind.

While waiting for dinner he took pen and

paper and wrote the message out again, this time in half-a-dozen different ways. But the effect was the same, none of them afforded him any clue. He then took the second letter of each word, after that the third, then the fourth, and so on until he had exhausted them. The result in each case was absolute gibberish, and he felt that he was no nearer understanding it than when Mrs. Jeffreys had handed it to him nearly eight hours before.

During the night he dreamt about it, and when he woke in the morning its weight was still upon his mind. Nineteen — twelve, it is true had left him, but he was no better off for the reason that "Seventy-eight Brazils" had taken its place. When he got out of bed he tried it again. But at the end of half-an-hour his patience was exhausted.

"Confound the thing," he said, as he threw the paper from him, and seated himself in a chair before his looking-glass in order that his confidential valet, Belton, might shave him. "I'll think no more of it. Mrs. Jeffreys must solve the mystery for herself. It has worried me too much already."

He laid his head back upon the rest and allowed his valet to run the soap brush over his chin. But, however much he might desire it his Old Man of the Sea was not to be discarded so easily; the word "Brazils" seemed to be printed in letters of fire upon the ceiling. As the razor glided over his cheek he thought of the various constructions to be placed upon the word—The Country—Stocks -and even nuts-Brazil nuts, Spanish nuts, Barcelona nuts, walnuts, cob nuts—and then, as if to make the nightmare more complete, no less a thing than Nuttall's Dictionary. The smile the last suggestion caused him came within an ace of leaving its mark upon his cheek. He signed to the man to stay his hand.

"Egad," he cried, "who knows but this may be the solution of the mystery? Go down to the study, Belton, and bring me Nuttall's Dictionary."

He waited with one side of his face still soaped until his valet returned, bringing with him the desired volume. Having received it he placed it upon the table and took up the telegram.

"Seventy—eight Brazils," it said, "one—twenty—nine." in a from

Accordingly he chose the seventieth page, and ran his fingers down the first column. The letter was B, but the eighth word proved useless. He thereupon turned to the seventy-eighth page, and in the first column discovered the word *Bomb*. In a second the whole aspect of the case changed, and he became all eagerness and excitement. The last words on the telegram were "one-twenty-nine," yet it was plain that there were barely a

hundred upon the page. The only explanation, therefore, was that the word "One" distinguished the column, and the "twenty-nine" referred to the number of the word in it.

Almost trembling with eagerness he began to count. Surely enough the twenty-ninth word was Bomb. The coincidence was, to say the least of it, extraordinary. But presuming that it was correct, the rest of the message was simplicity itself. He turned the telegram over, and upon the back transcribed the communication as he imagined it should be read. When he had finished, it ran as follows:

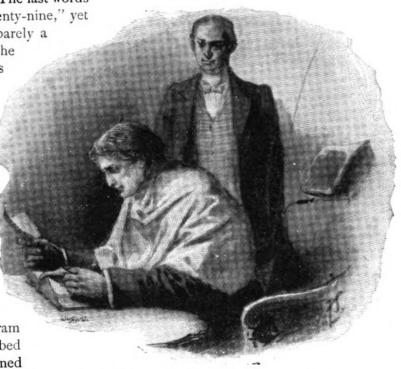
Owing to O'Grady's silence, the Society in Chicago is growing uneasy. Two men, who are the first and last, or, in other words, the principal members, are going to do something (Nineteentwelve) to-day with fifty thousand somethings, so arrange about the bombs.

Having got so far, all that remained to be done was to find out to what "nineteentwelve" referred. He turned to the dictionary again, and looked for the twelfth word upon the nineteenth page. This proved to be "Alkahest," which told him nothing. So he reversed the proceedings and looked for the nineteenth word upon the twelfth page; but this proved even less satisfactory than before. However much the dictionary might have helped him hitherto, it was plainly useless now. He thought and thought, but without success. He turned up the almanac, but the dates did not fit in.

He then wrote the letters of the alphabet

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upon a sheet of paper, and against each placed its equivalent number. The nineteenth letter was S, the twelfth L. Did they represent two words, or were they the first and the last letters of a word? In that case, what could it be. The only three he could think of were soil, sell, and sail. The two first were



He placed it upon the table and took up the telegram.

hopeless, but the last seemed better. But how would that fit in? He took up his pen and tried it.

Owing to O'Grady's silence, the Society in Chicago is growing uneasy. Two men, who are the first and last, or, in other words, the principal members, sail to-day with fifty thousand somethings, probably pounds or dollars, so prepare bombs.

NEPO

He felt convinced that he had hit it at last Either it was a very extraordinary coincidence or he had discovered the answer to the riddle. If his solution were correct, one thing was certain, he had got in his hands, quite by chance, a clue to one of the biggest Fenian conspiracies ever yet brought to light. He remembered that at that moment London contained half the crowned heads, or their representatives, of Europe. What better occasion could the enemies of law and order desire for striking a blow at the Government

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY and society in general? What was he to

To communicate with the police and thus allow himself to be drawn into the affair, would be an act of the maddest folly; should he therefore drop the whole thing, as he had at first proposed, or should he take the matter into his own hands, help Mrs. Jeffreys in her trouble by shipping her father out of harm's way, outwit the Fenians, and appropriate the fifty thousand pounds mentioned in the cablegram himself?

The last idea was distinctly a good one. But, before it could be done, he felt he must be certain of his facts. Was the fifty thousand referred to money, or was it something else? If the former, was it pounds or was it dollars? There was a vast difference, but in either case, if only he could hit on a safe scheme, he would be well repaid for whatever risk he might run. He decided to see Mrs. Jeffreys without loss of time. Accordingly, after breakfast, he sent her a note asking her to call upon him, without fail, at twelve o'clock.

Punctuality is not generally considered a virtue possessed by the sex of which Mrs. Jeffreys was so unfortunate a member, but the clock upon Klimo's mantelpiece had scarcely struck the hour before she put in an appearance. He immediately bade her be seated.

"Mrs. Jeffreys," he began with a severely judicial air, "it is with much regret I find that while seeking my advice yesterday you were all the time deceiving me. How was it that you failed to tell me that your father was connected with a Fenian Society, whose one aim and object is to destroy law and order in this country?"

The question evidently took the girl by surprise. She became deathly pale, and for a moment Klimo thought she was going to faint. With a marvellous exhibition of will, however, she pulled herself together and faced her accuser.

"You have no right to say such a thing," she began. "My father is——"

"Pardon me," he answered quietly, "but I am in the possession of information which enables me to understand exactly what he is. If you answer me correctly it is probable that after all I will take your case up, and will

help you to save your father's life, but if you decline to do so, ill as he is, he will be arrested within twenty-fours, and then nothing on earth can save him from condign punishment. Which do you prefer?"

"I will tell you everything," she said quickly. "I ought to have done so at first, but you can understand why I shrank from it. My father has for a long time past been ashamed of the part he has been playing, but he could not help himself. He was too valuable to them, and they would not let him slip. They drove him on and on, and it was his remorse and anxiety that broke him down at last."

"I think you have chosen the better course in telling me this. I will ask my questions, and you can answer them. To begin with, where are the headquarters of the Society?"

"In Chicago."

"I thought as much. And is it possible for you to tell me the names of the two principal members?"

"There are many members, and I don't know that one is greater than another."

"But there must be some who are more important than others. For instance, the pair referred to in this telegram as Alpha and Omega?"

"I can only think," she answered, after a moment's thought, "that they must be the two men who came oftenest to our house, Messrs. Maguire and Rooney."

"Can you describe them, or, better still, have you their photographs?"

"I have a photograph of Mr. Rooney. It was taken last year."

"You must send it to me as soon as you get home," he said, "and now give me as close a description as possible of the other person to whom you refer, Mr. Maguire."

Mrs. Jeffreys considered for a few moments before she answered.

"He is tall, standing fully six feet, I should think," she said at last, "with red hair and watery blue eyes, in the left of which there is a slight cast. He is broad shouldered and, in spite of his long residence in America, speaks with a decided brogue. I know them for desperate men, and if they come over to England may God help us all.

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Mr. Klimo, you don't think the police will take my father?"

"Not if you implicitly obey my instructions," he answered.

Klimo thought for a few seconds, and then continued: " If you wish me to undertake this business, which I need hardly tell you is out of my usual line, you will now go home and send me the photograph you spoke of a few moments since. After that you will take no sort of action until you hear from me again.

this matter up, and will do my utmost to save your father. One word of advice first, say nothing to anybody, but pack your father's boxes and be prepared to get him out of England, if necessary, at a moment's notice."

The girl rose and made as if she would leave the room, but instead of doing SO she stood irresolute. For a few moments she said nothing, but fumbled with the handle of her parasol and breathed

heavily. Then the pluck which had so far sustained her gave way entirely, and she fell back on her chair crying as if her heart would break. Klimo instantly left his box and went round to her. He made a figure queer enough to please anyone, in his old-fashioned clothes, his skull cap, his long grey hair reaching almost to his shoulders, and with his smoked glass spectacles perched upon his nose.

"Why cry, my dear young lady?" said Klimo. "Have I not promised to do my best for you? Let us, however, understand each other thoroughly. If there is anything you are keeping back you

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must tell me. By not speaking out you are imperilling your own and your father's safety."

"I know that you must think that I am endeavouring to deceive you," she said; "but



"Why cry, my dear young lady?" said Klimo.

I am so terribly afraid of committing myself that I hardly know what to tell and what not I have come to you, having no to tell. friends in the whole world save my husband, who is in Marseilles, and my father, who, as I have said, is lying dangerously ill in our house.

"Of course I know what my father has been. Surely you cannot suppose that a grown up girl like myself could be so dense as not to guess why few save Irishmen visited our house, and why at times there were men staying with us for weeks at a time, who lived in the back rooms and never went outside our front door, and who, when they

did take their departure, sneaked out in the dead of night.

"I remember a time in the fall of the last year that I was at home, when there were more meetings than ever, and when these men, Maguire and Rooney, almost lived with us. They and my father were occupied day and night in a room at the top of the house, and then, in the January following, Maguire came to England. Three weeks later the papers were full of a terrible dynamite explosion in London, in which forty innocent people lost their lives. Mr. Klimo, you must imagine for yourself the terror and shame that seized me, particularly when I remembered that my father was a companion of the men who had been concerned in it.

"Now my father repents, and they are egging him on to some fresh outrage. I cannot tell you what it is, but I know this, that if Maguire and Rooney are coming to England, something awful is about to happen, and if they distrust him, and there is any chance of anyone getting into trouble, my father will be made the scapegoat.

"To run away from them would be to court certain death. They have agents in almost every European city, and, unless we could get right away to the other side of the world, they would be certain to catch us. Besides, my father is too ill to travel. The doctors say he must not be disturbed under any pretence whatever."

"Well, well!" said Klimo, "leave the matter to me, and I will see what can be done. Send me the photograph you spoke of, and let me know instantly if there are any further developments."

"Do you mean that after all I can rely upon you helping me?"

"If you are brave," he answered, "not without. Now, one last question, and then you must be off. I see in the last telegram, mention made of fifty lacs; I presume that means money?"

"A lac is their term for a thousand pounds," she answered without hesitation.

"That will do," said Klimo. "Now go home and don't worry yourself more than you can help. Above all, don't let anyone suspect that I have any interest in the case.

Upon your doing that will in a great measure depend your safety."

She promised to obey him in this particular as in the others, and then took her departure.

When Klimo had passed into the adjoining house, he bade his valet accompany him to his study.

"Belton," he said as he seated himself in a comfortable chair before his writing table, "I have this morning agreed to undertake what promises to be one of the most dangerous, and at the same time most interesting, cases that has yet come under my notice. A young lady, the wife of a respectable Bank Inspector, has been twice to see me lately with a very sad story. Her father, it would appear, is an Irish-American with the usual prejudice against this country. He has been for some time a member of a Fenian Society, possibly one of their most active workers. In January last the executive sent him to this country to arrange for an exhibition of their powers.

"Since arriving here the father has been seized with remorse, and the mental strain and fear thus entailed have made him seriously ill. For weeks he has been lying at death's door in his daughter's house. Hearing nothing from him the Society has telegraphed again and again, but without result. In consequence, two of the chief and most dangerous members are coming over here with fifty thousand pounds at their disposal, to look after their erring brother, to take over the management of affairs, and to commence the slaughter as per arrangement.

"Now as a peaceable citizen of the City of London, and a humble servant of Her Majesty the Queen, it is manifestly my duty to deliver these rascals into the hands of the police. But to do that would be to implicate the girl's father, and to kill her husband's faith in her family, for it must be remembered he knows nothing of the father's Fenian tendencies. It would also mix me up in a most undesirable matter at a time when I have the best of reasons for desiring to keep quiet.

"Well, the long and the short of the matter is, that I have been thinking the question out and I have arrived at the following conclusion. If I can hit upon a workable scheme I shall play policeman and public benefactor, check-

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Uriginal from INDIANA UNIVERSITY mate the dynamiters, save the girl and her father, and reimburse myself to the extent of fifty thousand pounds. Fifty thousand pounds, Belton, think of that. If it hadn't been for the money I should have had nothing at all to do with it."

"But how will you do it, sir?" asked Belton, who had learnt by experience never to be surprised at anything his master might say or do.

"Well, so far," he answered, "it seems a comparatively easy matter. I see that the last telegram was dispatched on Saturday, May 26th, and says, or purports to say, 'sail to-day.' In that case, all being well, they should be in Liverpool some time to-morrow, Thursday. So we have a clear day at our disposal in which to prepare a reception for them. To-night I am to have a photograph of one of the men in my possession, and tomorrow I shall send you to Liverpool to meet them. Once you have set eyes on them you must not lose sight of them until you have discovered where they are domiciled in London. After that I will take the matter in hand myself."

"At what hour do you wish me to start for Liverpool, sir?" asked Belton.

"First thing to-morrow morning," his master replied. "In the meantime you must by hook or crook, obtain a police inspector's, a sergeant's, and two constables' uniforms with belts and helmets complete. Also I shall require three men in whom I can place absolute and implicit confidence. They must be big fellows with plenty of pluck and intelligence, and the clothes you get must fit them so that they shall not look awkward in them. They must also bring plain clothes with them, for I shall want two of them to undertake a journey to Ireland. They will each be paid a hundred pounds for the job, and to ensure their silence afterwards. Do you think you can find me the men without disclosing my connection with the matter?"

"I know exactly where to put my hand upon them, sir," remarked Belton, "and for the sum you mention it's my belief they'd hold their tongues for ever, no matter what pressure was brought to bear upon them."

"Very good. You had better communicate with them at once, and tell them to hold

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themselves in readiness, for I may want them at any moment. On Friday night I shall probably attempt the job, and they can get back to town when and how they like."

"Very good, sir. I'll see about them this afternoon without fail."

Next morning, Belton left London for Liverpool, with the photograph of the mysterious Rooney in his pocket-book. Carne had spent the afternoon with a fashionable party at Hurlingham, and it was not until he returned to his house that he received the telegram he had instructed his valet to send him. It was short, and to the point.

Friends arrived. Reach Euston nine o'clock.

The station clocks wanted ten minutes of the hour when the hansom containing a certain ascetic looking curate drove into the yard. The clergyman paid his fare, and, having inquired the platform upon which the Liverpool express would arrive, strolled leisurely in that direction. He would have been a clever man who would have recognised in this unsophisticated individual either deformed Simon Carne, of Park Lane, or the famous detective of Belverton Street.

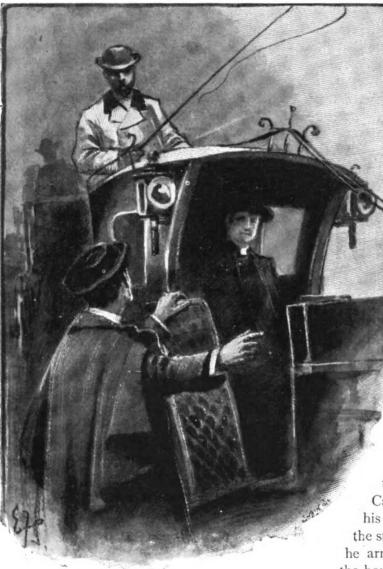
Punctual almost to the moment the train put in an appearance, and drew up beside the platform. A moment later the curate was engulfed in a sea of passengers. A bystander, had he been sufficiently observant to notice such a thing, would have been struck by the eager way in which he looked about him, and also by the way in which his manner changed directly he went forward to greet the person he was expecting.

To all appearances they were both curates, but their social positions must have been widely different if their behaviour to each other could have been taken as any criterion. The new arrival, having greeted his friend, turned to two gentlemen standing beside him, and after thanking them for their company during the journey, wished them a pleasant holiday in England, and bade them good-bye. Then, turning to his friend again, he led him along the platform towards the cab rank.

During the time Belton had been speaking to the two men just referred to, Carne had been studying their faces attentively. One, the taller of the pair, if his red hair and

watery blue eyes went for anything, was evidently Maguire, the other was Rooney, the man of the photograph. Both were big, burly fellows, and Carne felt that if it ever came to a fight, they would be just the sort of men to offer a determined resistance.

Arm in arm the curates followed the Americans towards the cab rank. Reaching



"Keep that hansom in sight, cabby."

it, the latter called up a vehicle, placed the bags they carried upon the roof, and took their places inside. The driver had evidently received his instructions, for he drove off without delay. Carne at once called up another cab, into which Belton sprang without ceremony. Carne pointed to the cab just disappearing through the gates ahead.

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"Keep that hansom in sight, cabby," he said, "but whatever you do don't pass it."

"All right, sir," said the man, and immediately applied the whip to his horse.

When they turned into Seymour Street, scarcely twenty yards separated the two vehicles, and in this order they proceeded

> across the Euston Road, by way of Upper Woburn Place and Tavistock Square.

> The cab passed through Bloomsbury Square, and turned down one of the thoroughfares leading therefrom, and made its way into a street, flanked on either side by tall, gloomy-looking houses. Leaning over the apron, Carne gazed up at the corner house, on which he could just see the plate setting forth the name of the street. What he saw there told him all he wanted to know.

They were in Bellamer Street, and it was plain to him that the men had determined to thrust themselves upon the hapless Mrs. Jeffreys. He immediately poked his umbrella through the shutter, and bade the cabman drive on to the next corner, and then pull up. As soon as

the horse came to a standstill, Carne jumped out, and, bidding his companion drive home, crossed the street and made his way back until he arrived at a spot exactly opposite the house entered by the two men.

His supposition that they intended to domicile themselves there was borne out by the fact that they had taken their luggage inside, and had dismissed their cab. There had been lights in two of the windows when the cab had passed, now a third was added, and this he set down as emanating from the room allotted to the new arrivals.

For upwards of an hour and a half Carne
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remained standing in the shadow of the opposite houses, watching the Jeffreys' residence. The lights in the lower room had by this time disappeared, and within ten minutes that on the first floor followed suit. Being convinced, in his own mind, that the inmates were safely settled for the night, he left the scene of his vigil, and, walking to the corner of the street, hailed a hansom and was driven home. On reaching No. 1 Belverton Street, he found a letter lying on the hall table addressed to Klimo. It was in a woman's handwriting, and it did not take him long to guess that it was from Mrs. Jeffreys. He opened it and read as follows:

Bellamer Street, Thursday evening.

Dear Mr. Klimo,—I am sending this to you to tell you that my worst suspicions have been realised. The two men whose coming I so dreaded, have arrived, and have taken up their abode with us. For my father's sake I dare not turn them out, and tonight I have heard from my husband to say that he will be home on Saturday next. What is to be done? If something does not happen soon, they will commence their dastardly business in England, and then God help us all. My only hope is in Him and you.—Yours ever gratefully,

EILEEN JEFFREYS.

Carne folded up the letter with a grave face and then let himself into Porchester House and went to bed to think out his plan of action. Next morning he was up betimes, and by the breakfast hour had made up his mind as to what he was going to do. He had also written and dispatched a note to the girl who was depending so much upon him. In it he told her to come and see him without fail that morning. His meal finished, he went to his dressing-room and attired himself in Klimo's clothes, and shortly after ten o'clock entered the detective's house. Halfan-hour later Mrs. Jeffreys was ushered into As he greeted her he his presence. noticed that she looked pale and wan. was easily seen she had spent a sleepless night.

"Sit down," he said, "and tell me what has happened since last I saw you."

"The most terrible thing of all has happened," she answered. "As I told you in my note the men have reached England, and are now living in our house. You can

imagine what a shock their arrival was to me. I did not know what to do. For my father's sake I could not refuse them admittance, and yet I knew that I had no right to take them in during my husband's absence. Be that as it may, they are there now, and tomorrow night George returns. If he discovers their identity, and suspects their errand, he will hand them over to the police without a second thought, and then we shall be disgraced for ever. Oh, Mr. Klimo, you promised to help me, can you not do so? Heaven knows how badly I need your aid."

"You shall have it. Now listen to my instructions. You will go home and watch these men. During the afternoon they will probably go out, and the instant they do so, you must admit three of my servants and place them in some room where their presence will not be suspected by our enemies. A friend who will hand you my card will call, later on, and as he will take command, you must do your best to help him in every possible way."

"You need have no fear of my not doing that," she said. "And I will be grateful to you till my dying day."

"Well, we'll see. Now good-bye."

After she had left him Klimo returned to Porchester House and sent for Belton. He was out, it appeared, but within half-an-hour he returned and entered his master's presence.

"Have you discovered the Bank?" asked Carne.

"Yes, sir, I have," said Belton. "But not till I was walked off my legs. The men are as suspicious as wild rabbits, and they dodged and played about so that I began to think they'd get away from me altogether. The Bank is the 'United Kingdom,' Oxford Street branch."

"That's right. Now what about the uniforms?"

"They're quite ready, sir, helmets, tunics, belts and trousers complete."

"Well then have them packed as I told you yesterday, and ready to proceed to Bellamer Street with the men, the instant we get the information that the folk we are after have stepped outside the house door."

"Very good, sir. And as to yourself?"

"I shall join you at the house at ten

o'clock, or thereabouts. We must, if possible, catch them at their supper."

London was half through its pleasures that night, when a tall, military looking man, muffled in a large cloak, stepped into a hansom outside Porchester House, Park Lane, and drove off in the direction of Oxford Street. Though the business which was taking him out would have presented sufficient dangers to have deterred many men who consider themselves not wanting in pluck, it did notin the least oppress Simon Carne; on the contrary, it seemed to afford him no small amount of satisfaction. He whistled a tune to himself as he drove along the lamplit thoroughfares, and smiled as sweetly as a lover thinking of his mistress when he reviewed the plot he had so cunningly contrived.

He felt a glow of virtue as he remembered that he was undertaking the business in order to promote another's happiness, but at the same time he reflected that, if fate were willing to pay him fifty thousand pounds for his generosity, well, it was so much the better for him. Reaching Mudie's Library, his coachman drove by way of Hart Street into Bloomsbury Square, and later on turned into Bellamer Street.

At the corner he stopped his driver and gave him some instructions in a low voice. Having done so, he walked along the pavement as far as No. 14, where he came to a standstill. As on the last occasion that he had surveyed the house, there were lights in three of the windows, and from this illumination he argued that his men were at home. Without hesitation he went up the steps and rang the bell. Before he could have counted fifty it was opened by Mrs. Jeffreys herself, who looked suspiciously at the person she saw before her. It was evident that in the tall, well-made man with iron-grey moustache and dark hair, she did not recognise her elderly acquaintance, Klimo, the detective.

- "Are you Mrs. Jeffreys?" asked the new-comer, in a low voice.
- "I am," she answered. "Pray what can I do for you?"
- "I was told by a friend to give you this card."

He thereupon handed to her a card on which was written the one word "Klimo." She glanced at it, and, as if that magic name were sufficient to settle every doubt, beckoned to him to follow her. Having softly closed the door she led him down the passage until she arrived at a door on her right hand. This she opened and signed to him to enter. It was a room that was half office half library.

"I am to understand that you come from Mr. Klimo?" she said, trembling under the intensity of her emotion. "What am I to do?"

"First be as calm as you can. Then tell me where the men are with whom I have to deal."

"They are having their supper in the dining-room. They went out soon after luncheon, and only returned an hour ago."

"Very good. Now, if you will conduct me upstairs I shall be glad to see if your father is well enough to sign a document I have brought with me. Nothing can be done until I have arranged that."

"If you will come with me I will take you to him. But we must go quietly for the men are so suspicious that they send for me to know the meaning of every sound. I was dreadfully afraid your ring would bring them out into the hall."

Leading the way up the stairs she conducted him to a room on the first floor, the door of which she opened carefully. On entering Carne found himself in a well-furnished bedroom. A bed stood in the centre of the room, and on this lay a man. In the dim light, for the gas was turned down till it showed scarcely a glimmer, he looked more like a skeleton than a human being. A long white beard lay upon the coverlet, his hair was of the same colour, and the pallor of his skin more than matched both. That he was conscious was shown by the question he addressed to his daughter as they entered.

"What is it, Eileen?" he asked faintly. "Who is this gentleman, and why does he come to see me?"

"He is a friend, father," she answered.

"One who has come to save us from these wicked men."

"God bless you, sir," said the invalid, and

as he spoke he made as if he would shake him by the hand.

Carne, however, checked him.

"Do not move or speak," he said, "but

try and pull yourself together sufficiently to sign this paper."

"What is the document?"

"It is something without which I can take no sort of action. My instructions are to do nothing until you have signed it. You need not be afraid; it will not hurt you. Come, sir, there is no time to be wasted. If these rascals are to be got out of England our scheme must be carried out to-night."

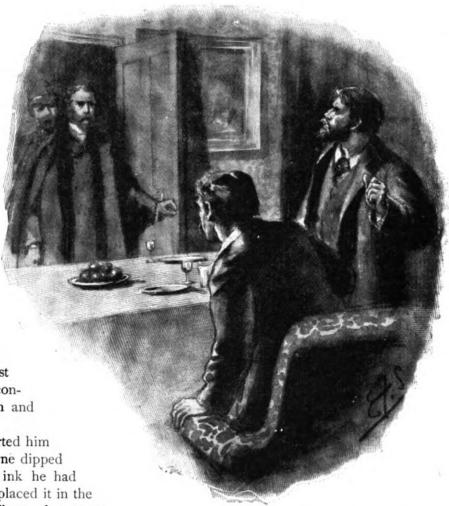
"To do that I will sign anything. I trust your honour for its contents. Give me a pen and ink."

His daughter supported him in her arms, while Carne dipped a pen in the bottle of ink he had brought with him and placed it in the tremulous fingers. Then, the paper being supported on a book, the old man laboriously traced his signature at the place indicated. When he had done so he fell back upon the pillow completely exhausted.

Carne blotted it carefully, then folded the paper up, placed it in his pocket and announced himself ready for work. The clock upon the mantelpiece showed him that it was a quarter to eleven, so that if he intended to act that night he knew he must do so quickly. Bidding the invalid rest happy in the knowledge that his safety was assured, he beckoned the daughter to him.

"Go downstairs," he said in a whisper, "and make sure that the men are still in the dining-room."

Digitized by Google She did as he ordered her, and in a few moments returned with the information that they had finished their supper and had announced their intention of going to bed.



On hearing them enter the two men had risen.

"In that case we must hurry," said Carne. "Where are my men concealed?"

"In the room at the end of that passage," was the girl's reply.

"I will go to them. In the meantime you must return to the study downstairs, where we will join you in five minutes' time. Just before we enter the room in which they are sitting, one of my men will ring the front door bell. You must endeavour to make the fellows inside believe that you are trying to prevent us from gaining admittance. We shall arrest you, "and then deal with them. Do you understand?"

"Perfectlyiginal from INDIANA UNIVERSITY She slipped away, and Carne hastened to the room at the end of the passage. He scratched with his finger nail upon the door, and a second later it was opened by a sergeant of police. On stepping inside he found two constables and an inspector awaiting him.

"Is all prepared, Belton?" he inquired of the latter.

"Quite prepared, sir."

"Then come along, and step as softly as you can."

As he spoke he took from his pocket a couple of papers, and led the way along the corridor and down the stairs. With infinite care they made their way along the hall until they reached the dining-room door, where Mrs. Jeffreys joined them. Then the street bell rang loudly, and the man who had opened the front door a couple of inches shut it with a bang. Without further hesitation Carne called upon the woman to stand aside, while Belton threw open the dining-room door.

"I tell you, sir, you are mistaken," cried the terrified woman.

"I am the best judge of that," said Carne roughly, and then, turning to Belton, he added: "Let one of your men take charge of this woman."

On hearing them enter the two men they were in search of had risen from the chairs they had been occupying on either side of the fire, and stood side by side upon the hearth rug, staring at the intruders as if they did not know what to do.

"James Maguire and Patrick Wake Rooney," said Carne, approaching the two men and presenting the papers he held in his hand, "I have here warrants, and arrest you both on a charge of being concerned in a Fenian plot against the well being of Her Majesty's Government. I should advise you to submit quietly. The house is surrounded, constables are posted at all the doors, and there is not the slightest chance of escape."

The men seemed too thunderstruck to do anything, and submitted quietly to the process of handcuffing. When they had been secured Carne turned to the inspector and said:

"With regard to the other man who is ill upstairs, Septimus O'Grady, you had better post a man at his door?"

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"Very good, sir."

Then turning to Messrs. Maguire and Rooney, he said: "I am authorised by Her Majesty's Government to offer you your choice between arrest and appearance at Bow Street, or immediate return to America. Which do you choose? I need not tell you that we have proof enough in our hands to hang the pair of you if necessary. You had better make up your minds as quickly as possible for I have no time to waste."

The men stared at him in supreme astonishment.

"You will not prosecute us?"

"My instructions are, in the event of your choosing the latter alternative, to see that you leave the country at once. In fact, I shall conduct you to Kingstown myself to-night, and place you aboard the mail-boat there."

"Well, so far as I can see, it's Hobson's choice," said Maguire. "I'll pay you the compliment of saying that you're smarter than I thought you'd be. How did you come to know we were in England?"

"Because your departure from America was cabled to us more than a week ago. You have been shadowed ever since you set foot ashore. Now passages have been booked for you on board the outgoing boat, and you will sail in her. First, however, it will be necessary for you to sign this paper, pledging yourselves never to set foot in England again."

"And supposing we do not sign it?"

"In that case I shall take you both to Bow Street forthwith, and you will come before the magistrates in the morning. You know what that will mean. You had better make up your minds quickly, for there is no time to lose."

For some moments they remained silent. Then Maguire said sullenly: "Bedad, sir, since there's nothing else for it, I consent."

"And so do I," said Rooney. "Where's the paper?"

Carne handed them a formidable-looking document, and they read it in turn with ostentatious care. As soon as they had professed themselves willing to append their signatures to it, the sham detective took it to a writing-table at the other end of the room, and then ordered them to be unmanacled,

so that they could come up in turn and sign. Had they been less agitated, it is just possible they would have noticed that two sheets of blotting paper covered the context, and that only a small space on the paper, which was of a blueish grey tint, was left uncovered.

Then placing them in charge of the police officials, Carne left the room and went upstairs to examine their baggage. Evidently he discovered there what he wanted to know, for when he returned to the room his face was radiant.

Half-an-hour later they had left the house in separate cabs. Rooney was accompanied by Belton and one of his subordinates, now in plain clothes, while Carne and another took charge of Maguire. At Euston they found special carriages awaiting them, and the same procedure was adopted in Ireland. The journey to Queenstown proved entirely uneventful; not for one moment did the two men suspect the trick that was being played upon them; nevertheless it was with ill-concealed feelings of satisfaction that Carne and Belton bade them tarewell upon the deck of the outward-bound steamer.

"Good-bye," said Maguire, as their captors prepared to pass over the side again. "An' good luck to ye. I'll wish ye that, for ye've treated us well, though it's a scurvy trick ye've played us in turning us out of England like this. First, however, one question. What about O'Grady?"

"The same course will be pursued with him, as soon as he is able to move," answered the other. "I can't say more."

"A word in your ear first," said Rooney. He leant towards Carne. "The girl's a good one," he said. "An' ye may do what ye can for her, for she knows nought of our business."

"I'll remember that, if ever the chance arises," said Carne. "Now, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

On the Wednesday morning following, an elderly gentleman, dressed in rather an antiquated fashion, but boasting an appearance of great respectability, drove up in a brougham to the branch of the United Kingdom Bank in Oxford Street, and presented a cheque for no less a sum than forty-five thousand pounds, signed with the names of

vol. III.—83, Digitized by Google

Septimus O'Grady, James Maguire, and Patrick Rooney, and bearing the date of the preceding Friday.

The cheque was in perfect order, and in spite of the largeness of the amount it was cashed without hesitation.

That afternoon Klimo received a visit from



An elderly gentleman presented a cheque.

Mrs. Jeffreys. She came to express her gratitude for his help and to ask the extent of her debt.

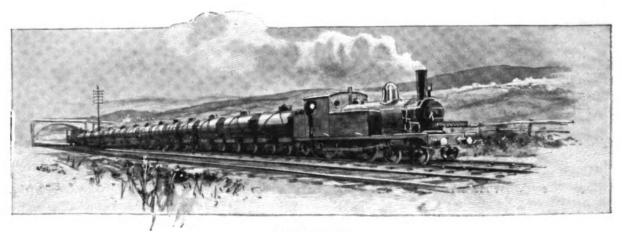
"You owe me nothing but your gratitude. I will not take a halfpenny. I am quite well enough rewarded now," said Klimo with a smile.

When she had gone he took out his pocketbook and consulted it.

"Forty-five thousand pounds," he said with a chuckle. "Yes, that is good. I did not take her money, but I have been rewarded in another way."

Then he went into Porchester House and dressed for the Garden Party at Marlborough House, to which he had been invited.

> Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



An Oil-tank Train.

# OIL AND THE OIL KINGS.

How and by whom the World is kept Supplied with Petroleum.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

GILEAD P. BECK, in that most delightful of books, "The Golden Butterfly," observed: "This great airth holds a hundred things covered up for them who know how to look and do not mind digging. But, gentlemen, the greatest gift the airth has to bestow she gave to me—abundant, spontaneous, etarnally without bottom, and free."

" And that is?"

" It is ile!"

To say that petroleum, which is the "ile" here alluded to, is the greatest gift the earth has to bestow is hardly an exaggeration, and yet the rise and growth of the petroleum industry lie within the past few years. Indeed, its most wonderful development has taken place during the present decade, since the introduction, in fact, of tank steamers.

Petroleum appears to have been first used in Europe as a medicine or as a chemical agent, and, prior to 1859, hardly a barrel found its way to the market: last year the Anglo-American Oil Company, the Agents of that protean organisation known as the Standard Oil Company, alone imported into Great Britain more than 100,000,000 gallons of the refined article.

To begin with, it should be gladly and cheerfully acknowledged that it is to the United States principally that we are indebted for the application of petroleum for lighting

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purposes. Millions upon millions of lamps are, thanks to American petroleum, lit every night in these islands at a cost of something like 1d. a pint; but very few people realise what an amount of skill and ingenuity, backed up by the prodigality of Nature, has gone to make this illuminant at once so excellent and so cheap.

Under whatever name it is sold—as paraffin, or kerosine, or "refined petroleum," which is the term generally given it on the Continent—it is proving itself an enormous benefit to mankind. It is one of those strange things which defy all explanation, that the use of petroleum for lamps came in just at the nick of time, for the world's supply of whale oil, the substance which had up till then been chiefly used for illuminating purposes, had practically come to an end about the very period when a certain Colonel Drake, in 1859, succeeded in boring for oil at Titusville, in Pennsylvania.

That was the beginning of the petroleum industry.

The region where he commenced his experiments was a wilderness, and at the outset there were many delays, both in getting men and in procuring suitable machinery. Triumphing over these difficulties, to which were added struggles with quicksands and water, he managed to drive an iron pipe

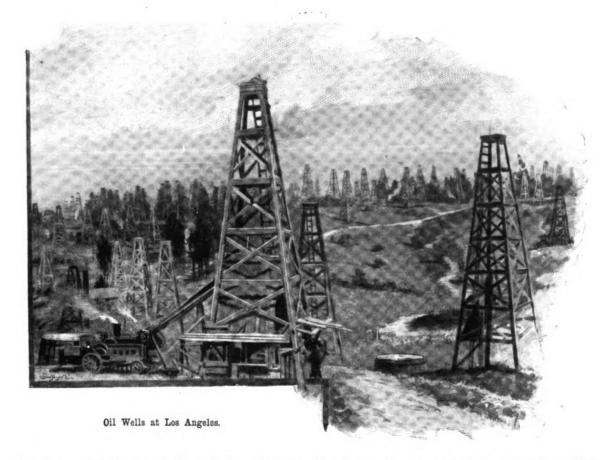
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY thirty-six feet down to the rock. After drilling thirty-three feet, the drill fell suddenly into a small cavern, where it was left until next day, when the drill hole was discovered to be nearly filled up with petroleum.

This discovery led to the immediate drilling of other wells. A year later came the Civil War between the North and the South, which put a stop for a time to the search for oil; but, after its conclusion, the Americans, with characteristic energy, went heart and soul into the business.

Now, every day, the refined product of the

Besides, it exists in Asiatic Russla, from which we at present derive considerable supplies; in India, Burmah, Japan, China, and various other countries of the East, as well as in South America. It is also found in Africa, and there are several parts of Europe where it is quite abundant, as, for instance, in the vast territory of which the Carpathians form the backbone.

It is not easy to define what petroleum exactly is, as, while its main elements are ever the same, there are many points of difference peculiar to each locality where it



petroleum pools or wells of the United States is between 140,000 and 150,000 barrels, or nearly six million gallons a day.

Although it is to the United States that the world looks for the bulk of its supply of petroleum, the oil is found in many other parts of the globe. Probably the largest field, and one that has never yet been touched, is to be found in the North-west of Canada, in the valley of the Mackenzie River, where there is an oil district not far short of 1500 miles in length.

has been discovered. It is, of course, bitumen, of a more or less oily character, and passes, by insensible gradations, from a gas, on the one hand, to a mineral tar on the other.

Nor is it quite certain, apparently, how Nature herself has produced it. We draw our supplies of fuel, in the shape of coal, from the dead organisms of a far-off past; reasoning on similar lines would lead to the conclusion that petroleum is drawn from the same wonderful sources.

The vegetable deposits were made amid rocks—we know not when. Internal heat, aided by chemical action in the world's subterranean workshops, has been decomposing that matter for ages, and setting free its gases; these, again, have been condensed into oil as they rose to the surface, and, having filled up the cavities, have accumulated there until this time of ours.

I can well remember the excitement which was caused in a certain town in Canada, when an American, who had been stopping there for some time, and whose attention had been drawn to a curious sort of scum floating on the top of a morass a short distance from the place, said that here were sure indications of "ile," and forthwith pro-

ceeded to form a company for the purpose of boring a well.

The apparatus used then, indeed the whole process, is very much the same as is employed in every case. A derrick, or "rig," is built—that is, the derrick itself, the necessary flooring,

and a small engine house. The flooring, or foundation, is made of heavy timbers, dovetailed and keyed together, while the derrick consists of a framework, pyramidal in form, and some sixty or seventy feet high.

At its base two large reels are placed, upon one of which is coiled the drilling cable, on the other the sand-pump rope. On one side of the derrick is what is called the "Samson post," upon the top of which rests the "walking beam," one end of which is connected with the engine, whilst the other supports the drill. When the engine is in motion, the "walking beam" alternately raises and drops the drill.

In the particular case to which I have alluded the well proved a failure, but in many another instance, beginning much in the same way, oil wells have been found—"ile" has been struck in such enormous quantities that it has sometimes been days before the outflow could be controlled by machinery, and millions of gallons have consequently been lost.

There used to be as much stir and excitement in the oil fields as at the gold diggings in California or Australia, and many an enormous fortune was quickly made. For a number of years petroleum was gambled in by speculators in much the same way as wheat is at the present time. Recently this has been checked by the fact that nearly the whole supply of the world is practically in the hands of two great companies, or perhaps, I should rather say, combinations of com-

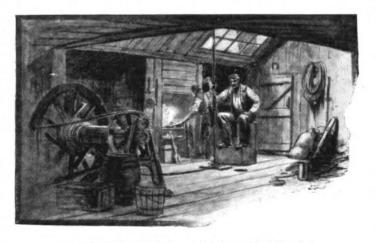
panies, which may be broadly described as the Standard Oil Company of the United States, and the Imperial Russian Company, which has its headquarters on the Caspian Sea.

It is customary, particularly in the United States, to rail against the

monopoly enjoyed by the Standard Oil Company, but I think that it may be doubted in all fairness if the petroleum industry would be in its present splendid position were it not for the enormous capital, and other advantages due to combination, possessed by this company.

As regards the consumer in Great Britain, I have already said that he gets his lamp oil at something like a penny a pint. With regard to the producer, he could not sell it at this price unless there was a profit in it, nor would the retail oilman if he did not get something out of it also.

Take the consumer's case. Just see what the producer has to do before he is able to deliver the refined product to the consumer. First of all he has to find his well. As the



The Drill Room showing a workman, seated on a box, directing the drill.

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etc., the oil is run into tank-steamers specially

country in barrels or boxes carried in the

holds of wooden sailing ships, but in 1872

vessels were built at Jarrow designed for

carrying it in bulk. Then some ordinary

At first petroleum was brought into this

constructed for the purpose.

Pennsylvania oil fields are rapidly becoming exhausted, the well will probably have to be located a good deal further west nowadays, perhaps in Ohio. The oil has then to be taken to the sea-board and refined: it has to be brought across the Atlantic; it has to be stored on this side, and then delivered as required.

cargo ships under-At first the oil went costly alterations was carried on to convert them into tank trains in oil-carriers, but they were only partially America to the coast, but this successful. In 1886 was found to be tank - steamers were a clumsy and introduced. expensive way, These steamers conso the expetain from seven to nine dient of laying double compartments what are known or tanks, each holding as "pipe lines," the equivalent of that is, continuabout 4000 barrels, ous lines of and separated from piping of a certhe engines and boiltain size across ers by a safety well or empty space, somecountry from the well to certimes filled with

Making a well a "gusher."

If a well is not giving a good supply of oil, a "torpedo" filled with nitro-glycerine is lowered to the bottom and fired. The explosion loosens the rock around, and in a good well the oil will come gushing up high above the derrick, as is shown in the illustration.

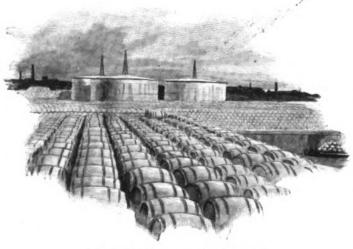
tain given points, was devised. The crude oil is forced under pressure in this manner hundreds of miles, at a cost per gallon which is almost incalculably small, to the sea-board, where the refineries are situated.

When the petroleum has been treated and made into illuminating oil, lubricating oil, water. The total cargo of oil in bulk varies according to the size of the ship—from a million gallons to a million and a half for each steamer.

The Anglo-American Oil Company has six tank-steamers constantly in use, capable of annually transporting some seventy million gallons of petroleum. In addition to these, the demands of its trade in American oil necessitate the employment of several other tank-steamers.

When the tank-steamer comes into port, the oil is pumped into storage tanks close to the dock. Everybody knows that it is a very difficult matter to completely imprison oil, or, in other words, to prevent it from leaking away. Indeed, it is the case that, if time be given it, it will make its way through anything.

One of the most interesting features of the docks at Liverpool, the port which, next to



A glimpse at the storage yard, Birkenhead.

London, probably receives the greatest amount of petroleum, is the system of oiltanks, and chambers hewn out of the solid rock, at the extreme north end of the harbour. In addition to five enormous iron tanks, some sixty rooms or chambers have been excavated, each of which holds about a thousand barrels of oil. An ingenious arrangement of cemented floors and false walls has rendered escape for the oil almost impossible, but not quite.

The two great companies have immense systems of storage—storage "installations," I think they call them—at Purfleet on the Thames, at Birkenhead, Hull, Newcastle, Sunderland, Belfast, Bristol, Plymouth, and at other principal centres of distribution. The storage works of the Anglo-American Oil Company at Purfleet are some sixteen acres in area, and those at Birkenhead are about nine acres in extent. This company

can store a quarter of a billion gallons of oil in bulk at one time.

The idea of keeping the oil in bulk as long as possible, so that it shall come in contact with as few foreign elements as may be, has been further developed by the introduction of small storage depots, and by the delivery of the oil by road tank-waggons to customers. The oil is conveyed to these depots from the large places of storage at the sea-board by means either of tank-barges or by railway tank-waggons.

The road tank-waggons are filled at the small depots, and, to enable the shopkeeper

to take the oil in bulk, he is generally provided with tanks of various sizes by the oil company, according to the requirements of his business. These tank-waggons perform a regular daily or weekly circuit, as the case may be, so that the supply is constant.

We get a fairly correct notion of how tremendous an industry that of petroleum is, when we are told that the Anglo-American Oil Company have no fewer than 175 depots in operation, necessitating the employment of over 250 railway tankwaggons, and of over 400 road tank-waggons, all constantly in use

carrying the oil all over the country.

How has this enormous industry been built up? To answer this question is to give a brief account of the lives of the three or four men, the Rockefellers and their partners in America, who, with the Nobels in Asia, are the Oil Kings of the world.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the president of the Standard Oil Company, comes first. He is a man of the typical American character—pushing, far-sighted, and ambitious of the utmost success in his own special line. One of the richest men on earth, he is in manners suave and rather reticent; in habits, domestic—a good father, bringing his children up in a plain and simple way; in religion, a Baptist; in giving, princely but discriminating.

It may be mentioned here that he has given seven millions of dollars to the University of Chicago during the last few years.

Forty years ago Mr. Rockefeller was run-INDIANA UNIVERSITY ning a little refinery at Cleveland, Ohio, and his capital was but small. But he saw that there were literally "millions in it." Along with his younger brother William, of whom I shall speak presently, he worked steadily to increase his business, then known as "Rockefeller and Co." As it developed, the younger opened a branch in New York. It continued to flourish, gradually extending its operations, and the name of the concern, after being changed several times, though never without a Rockefeller appearing in it, finally was merged into the Standard Oil Company.

With regard to the charge frequently brought against John D. Rockefeller, that he is at the head of an iniquitous monopoly, he replies that his company has never sought to restrict production in order to command higher prices, but has made possible a larger production by the use of improved methods and machinery, which have, at one and the same time, reduced the cost and stimulated the consumption.

It is to Mr. Rockefeller's brain and great organising powers chiefly, but not altogether, that the world owes cheap oil. The mind which combined the various warring re-



fineries into one vast company with such amazing success was that, also, which for the most part suggested or adopted the modes by which their product was distributed so efficiently and economically. He has a fortune exceeding fifty million pounds and an income of two million pounds yearly.



William Rockefeller.

Mr. William Rockefeller was the financier, and is now the vice-president of the Standard Oil Trust. Like his brother, he is domestic in his tastes, but is also a club man and an enthusiastic horseman. He may be seen almost any fine day driving some of the most splendid horses in America, but he is not a familiar figure at races—his passion rather being for raising "blooded" stock.

In disposition he is retiring, and shuns publicity. His manner is more nervous than his brother's, but he is a man of clear and correct judgment. A good deal of the success of the giant company is owing to the careful attention he pays to detail, and the exact knowledge he has of it. He is worth twelve million pounds and has an income of  $\pounds500,000$  a year.

Another member of the combination is Mr. Henry M. Flagler. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman in New York State, he went west when he was only fourteen "to grow up with the country." Beginning life as a grain and provision merchant in Cleveland, he experienced a hard struggle. One who knows him testifies—"he says of

himself that he made his start by the exercise of the most rigid self-denial, and that he was distinctly a mean man until he had made his first million."

Personally he is a handsome and genial fellow, with taking manners and an air of great cordiality. He has made enormous investments in Florida, and the hotels he has built there are amongst the finest in the world.

Another member of the group of oil kings is Mr. Wallace C. Andrews, who is eighty years old, and is no longer active in business; but a few years ago he was a most conspicuous figure in New York. He has continued to hold his interest in the Standard Oil Company, but has branched out into other things,

Digitized A burning oil-well,

establishing the New York Steam Company. This company laid steam pipes beneath the chief streets of New York, and delivered steam to all who wanted it, just as gas and water had previously been delivered. This was used for motive power and for heat.

So far I have only spoken of American oil, but it must not be forgotten that we import large quantities from Asiatic Russia, the centre of which is Baku. At this point is controlled a larger quantity of crude petroleum than in America. At least 95 per cent. of the Russian people are dependant on it altogether for artificial light, as gas is but little known outside one or two of the great cities of their empire.

The Russian oil producers have not the same perfect means of communication with the outside world as the Americans have. Here again, however, one man comes to the front, and it is to his efforts that the development of Baku is almost entirely due.

Ludwig Nobel, the head of the Russian oil industry, is a Swede by birth. He went to Baku in his boyhood, and was early struck with the possibilities of the place. Devoting all his energies and abilities to the development of the oil trade, he has lived to witness a wonderful growth.

The first Russian tank steamer appeared on the Caspian in 1879. Now, the Nobel's Company, the Imperial Oil Company of Russia, have a fleet of forty such ships, each of which carries some five thousand barrels.

Of course, it must be remembered that petroleum is not only the world's most universal luminant, but also is of great value for other purposes. It is in high repute as a lubricating oil. It

has been used with great success as fuel, particu-

larly in locomotive engines. Products are also derived from it of the utmost value in medicine. Recently, petroleum has also been adopted for smelt-

Original froming purposes.
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



BARNEY BARNATO.

# ABOUT SHOW DOGS

### THEIR PRICES AND PRIZES.

BY WELLESLEY PAIN.

THERE are probably few people not "in the know" who have any idea of the commercial value of a first-rate show dog. In dog dealing, as in other trades, there is always plenty of room at the top, i.e., there is always a market for a very good dog—but he must be very good. An animal that is only capable of winning a fourth prize in a small local show, is worth little more than any mongrel cur that may be picked up in the streets, whilst a crack dog is worth a very large sum.

Let us take an instance. Just now the favourite breed of dog is the fox-terrier. In

almost every show there are more classes for fox-terriers than for

any other one variety. The result of this popularity of the fox-terrier is that a first-rate specimen is exceedingly valuable. It is possible to buy a fox-terrier—of a sort—for five shillings, but for a "clinker" how much shall we say?

Well, it depends very much upon the seller

and the buyer, but for Mr. G. Raper's "Claude Duval" (page 451), one of the best, if not the best smooth fox-terrier in existence, a genuine offer of £300 has been refused.

Afterwards Mr. Raper was asked to name his own price, but he would not sell the dog. It is not difficult to discover the reason of this high price, when one considers the value of the prizes that a dog like "Claude Duval" can win, added to which, of course, he is worth a tremendous amount of money from the breeder's point of view.

Wire-haired fox-terriers are not so popular as the smooth, but a good one will always fetch a high price. Mr. Raper's wire-haired fox-terrier "Go-Bang" (page 451) is one of the best of his breed. He cost Mr. Raper £200 when he was fourteen months old.

Both "Claude Duval" and "Go-Bang" have a right to the title of "champion."

A dog has to win three championship prizes before he is entitled to be called "champion," and these championship prizes are awarded in the following manner: The committees of certain shows selected by the Kennel Club provide prizes, which are

vide prizes, which are given without any extra entry fee, to the best dog of its breed or variety in the show. It will be seen, therefore, that before a dog can be called Champion he has to be shown

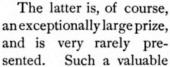


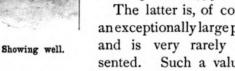
In the Travelling Box.

at three shows selected by the Kennel Club (these are always large shows in order that the competition may be keen) and at each of these three shows he has to be the best dog of his breed in the show.

> The fox-terrier is an easily kept dog. A first-rate animal spends the greater part of his time in his travelling-box, and there is probably not another breed of dog that can be shown

> > so often without getting tired and out of condition. A first-rate fox-terrier goes on an average to about two shows a week all through the year. The prizes a dog wins at each show may amount to anything from an illuminated card, which is occasionally given as a fourth prize, to £50.





stake is only provided by a specialist club, the competition being confined to its members only. The ordinary first prize is worth from £2 to £4, but it must be remembered that a dog may be eligible for entry in several classes at one show, in addition to which he has the chance of winning several "specials." A fox-terrier has won as much as £150 at one show, but the

bulk of this money was provided by the club to which the lucky owner of the dog belonged.

From the amount of money won in prizes must be subtracted the entrance fees - which may be anything from half-a-crown to a sovereign per class per dog-and the travelling expenses. The latter do not amount to so much

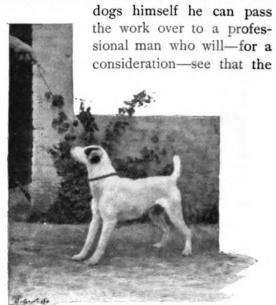


Grooming for the Show.

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as an outsider would imagine, as most doggy men have several dogs in one show, so that in reckoning up the cost of showing each dog the owner's railway fare may frequently be divided into six.

If an owner does not wish to "show" his



Showing badly.

dogs are shown properly. This is a very important point, especially with a raw, untrained puppy unaccustomed to the excite-It will occasionally ment of a show ring. happen that a dog which has won first prize in one class will be put back to second or third in another class (in which the same dogs are entered) simply because he was not Possibly he has sat down shown well. in the ring-not an uncommon habit with puppies—or he has stood in such a way that his legs have appeared to be crooked, or his shape was not seen to the best advantage.

The two illustrations given on this page, of a dog showing himself badly and the same dog showing himself properly, explain

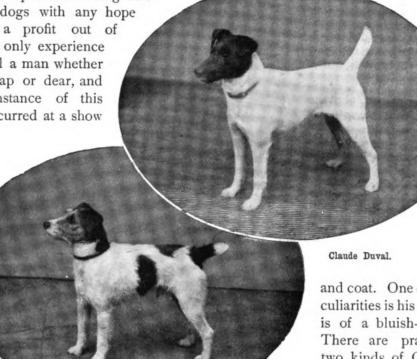
But the prizes that a good dog wins are very far from representing the total value of his earnings. The stud fees of "Champion Southport Perfection," one of the best collies in the world, must amount to a tremendous sum in one year. This dog of course is an exceptionally good specimen. He changed hands a short while ago for over £1000. The stud

fees of a really good fox-terrier are worth quite £200 per annum.

It will be gathered from this that dog showing is a paying hobby, and so it is if only the best dogs are kept. The would-be fancier must make up his mind that he will have the cream of the fancy if he wants to make money. Then if he limits himself to a few dogs-say twelve to a score-it is quite possible that his hobby may bring him in £400 or £500 a year.

Is it necessary to add that a vast amount of experience is required before a

man can take up the breeding and showing of dogs with any hope of making a profit out of them? It is only experience which will tell a man whether a dog is cheap or dear, and a notable instance of this "telling" occurred at a show



Go-Bang.

in Ireland some time ago. Mr. J. J. Holgate, of the Southboro' Kennels, Hook, snapped up a bull-bitch at her catalogue price of £30. He has since been offered £140 for her, which offer he has refused, and during the six weeks he has shown her she has won thirty-seven first prizes. (Since writing the above I regret to say that this dog has died).

Bull-dogs and collies come next to foxterriers in public favour. There has been quite a little boom in bull-dogs lately, a state of affairs for which Mr. George R. Digitized by GOOS

Sims is partly responsible, that popular gentleman having "gone in" for the breed with enthusiasm and success. Mr. Sims' best dog is the puppy "Barney Barnato."

The collie is one of the breeds favoured by the Princess of Wales, though the specimens her Royal Highness occasionally shows are not quite first-rate dogs.

Another breed that is likely to become popular is the Chow-chow. This is a Chinese dog. In appearance he is not unlike a large Pomeranian, but with an entirely different head

> and coat. One of his little peculiarities is his tongue, which is of a bluish-black colour. There are practically only two kinds of Chow-chows-

the red, which is really a reddish - brown, and the black. In his native land the Chow-chow

is used for human food, and it is said that the red variety have a rather more delicate flavour than the black. Probably the best Chow-chow in existence is the red dog, "Champion Chow VIII.," belonging to Miss Bagshaw.

About a year ago it was settled that the cropping of a dog's ears was an illegal operation, and the decision has had, indirectly, an appreciable effect on the value of bull-terriers, black and tan terriers, and a few other breeds in which the cropping of the ears has always been customary. Dog fanciers are rather conservative, and do not

take kindly to uncropped bull-terriers and black and tan terriers. The consequence of this is that several men have given up keeping these two breeds, which are rather a drug in the market just now. The law prohibiting the cropping of dogs' ears has probably reduced the value of bull and black and tan terriers by one half, and many fanciers

believe that both these breeds will in time disappear altogether.

There is a tremendous amount of luck in the breeding of good show dogs. Weedy, puny puppies that are not worth the price of their first six weeks' keep will appear in the same litter with a future champion. It is frequently found that a well-bred bitch that is worthless from a show point of

view, will breed first-rate puppies; whereas a bitch that has been very successful on the show bench is valueless as a mother. As a rule, however, dogs breed fairly true, and a good pedigree is of the highest importance.

There are many people who still cling to the notion that in patronising dog shows they are encouraging cruelty to dogs. This is quite an erroneous idea. Looked at from the purely commercial point of view, it is hardly likely that any owner would do anything to endanger the health of a dog that may be worth many hundreds of pounds. I know there is a good deal of yelping at shows, but it arises principally from novices, unaccustomed to dog shows. As a



matter of fact, after a dog has been to one or two shows he gets used to the whole business, and employs the hours spent on the show bench in a very wholesome and healthy occupation. He sleeps the whole time.

Since the above was written Mr. A. H. Megson has beaten his own record in the matter

of long prices for dogs by giving £1300 for Champion Ormskirk Emerald (see illustration). This is the highest price ever paid for a collie, and the best judges all acknowledge Champion Ormskirk Emerald to be the best rough collie ever seen. In colour he is a rich sable, with half white collar, blaze, and tip. He is rather on the large side, and weighs sixty-six pounds. He has beaten all the best collies of the day, and his proud owner claims for him the proud title of "Champion of Champions."





Champion Ormskirk Emerald.

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# THE CUNNING ONE.

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

THE cholera was in Byarritch. If one thing were wanting to complete the misery of the peasants it was the cholera. And now that had come. It did not create much sensation; they bore it stolidly, as they had borne many other things-famine included. They lay in their hovels, those peasants, and waited quietly for it-they had not long to wait-and when it came they died. It was very simple. Very terrible, we should call it, but to them it was merely an ordinary occurrence. They expected it, and it came.

The Barin, away in Petersburg, heard that the cholera was on his estates, and swore. It must not be inferred from this that

he swore out of surprise, or horror,

were dying like flies.

No. The crops were blighted. He knew well enough what the cholera meant. It served them very well right. What business had those lazy mujiks to let his

The old priest.Fédor Paulovitch, thought of these things ashe walked through the village of Byarritch. and his face was very sad. He was kindhearted.

crops get

blighted?

if ignorant, and he loved the people; and, though it was very bad philosophy, for they would have been happier dead than alive, he hated to see them die. It did not occur to him to ask the Barin to help them. That was the last thing that would have occurred to him.

He walked sadly on, looking to the left and right as he went. The village seemed deserted. Only one person could he see—a man who sat at the door of his dwellingplace, shading his eyes with one hand, and gazing into the distance with an air of expectation. When he saw the priest, he got

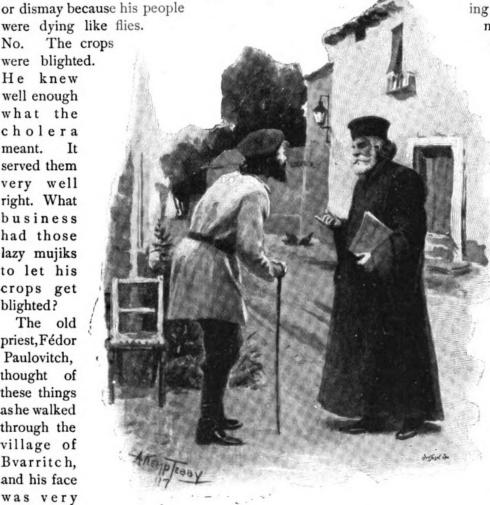
> up and came forward, with a curious, shuffling walk, as though movement were difficult for him.

> > A shadow passed over the priest's face.

"Waiting still, Michael?" he said tenderly.

The man laugheda harsh laugh-and seemingly without meaning or merriment. His eyes, large, and unnaturally bright, looked wanderinglyinto those of the priest.

" Yes, I am waiting," he said. "I



He came forward with a curious, shuffling walk.

always wait, my father. But she is very long in coming—and it is getting late. I think she will not come to-day. But she is quite safe, isn't she? They have only kept her longer. She will come to-morrow—or—the next day --or---''

His voice died away, and, though his lips still moved, no sound was heard. His gaze had wandered away into space again, and his thoughts were evidently far distant. priest regarded him sorrowfully.

Five years ago, this same Michael Douróv had been one of the most intelligent men in the village. He was to have been married, and, a week before the wedding, his fiancee had gone to visit some friends in a neighbouring hamlet. She never came back. It was the old story—cholera. But the shock had mercifully turned Michael's brain. And he sat by the road, day by day, year in year out, patiently waiting for the bride who would never return to him on earth.

Suddenly his eyes brightened again. He laid his hand on the priest's arm.

"My father," he said, in a whisper, "I know what is happening in the village. They won't tell me-they call me foolish-but I know. It's the Cunning One, my father you know to whom I refer, the Cunning One, who goes about killing the people. They call it Cholera, but it's only a name for the Cunning One."

He paused; the priest waited to hear what he would say next.

"Last night," he continued, dropping his voice to a lower tone, "I was out late, my father—very late. And I heard a sound of wheels, muffled, and very soft. So I hid myself, and waited, and presently a cart came along—a tarantass, my father.

"It drove right into the village, and I ran after it, but I must have been seen, for it vanished-vanished clean into air. I never saw it come back. My father"—he drew nearer to the priest, and glanced fearfully round—"there was a woman in the tarantass, and the woman was the Cholera—the Cunning One."

Father Fédor started. Of course he believed implicitly in the devil, and his capacity for appearing before mortal eyes. But this circumstantial story of the woman in

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the tarantass impressed him unpleasantly. It never entered his head to doubt it.

"It vanished, you say?" he faltered.

"It vanished. But," and a cunning gleam shone in Michael's eyes, "it will come again. The cholera fiend is not satisfied. He will come again, and then—I have spoken, my father, to my brothers, and they to their friends—and to-night we must meet the Cunning One and kill him."

"But how?" queried the priest. He was exceedingly dubious as to the possible success of this very novel method of giving the devil his due.

Michael Douróv drew from under his tattered dress a dark object, which he showed to the priest and then returned hastily to its former resting-place. It was a pistol. The man's face shone with delight, and he patted the concealed weapon affectionately.

"Michael Douróv is not a fool, my father -no, no. He knows a thing or two. We will kill the Cunning One—it is quite easy. You pull the trigger—so—" and he made signs in the air, "and it goes off-soand the thing is done. Oh, it is quite easy. You will come and help us, my father, won't you? And now I must go and watch again."

The light died out of his eyes, the ring of triumph out of his voice. He moved away at his old shuffling pace. Then he turned his vacant face back towards the priest.

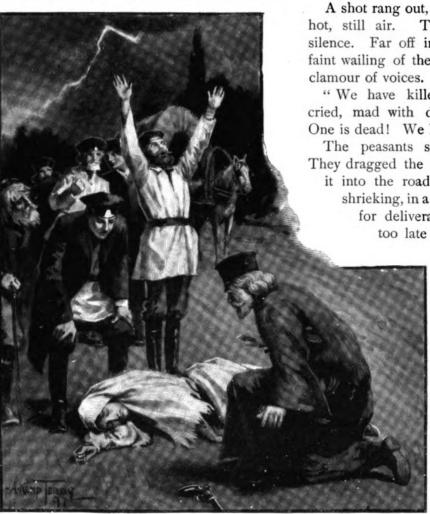
"It is getting very late," he said, with a pathetic wistfulness in the words. "I do not think she will come to-day. But she will soon. You think so, don't you, my father? She will come soon."

It was night. Wild, ragged clouds moved slowly across the sky. The moon shone faintly, and the stars trembled between the edges of the heavy clouds. Outside the village a knot of men lingered beside the They started at every sound, and crouched nearer together. The shadows of the clouds frightened them. It was very still. Now and again there was a rumbling sound as of thunder, but it was very far off.

Occasionally a blast of air, hot and sickeningly oppressive, would sweep into their pale faces, accompanied by a wailing murmur

which died away over the forests into a silence weirder still.

Presently, Douróv moved slightly, and raised his head. There was a rattling of wheels in the distance. It came nearer and nearer still, and a little cloud of dust moved towards the watchers along the dry road. Behind it came the tarantass, with its rude covering of skin, jolting from side to side



"It is she!" he shrieked,

over the stones. Inside it, sure enough, sat the figure of a woman.

The band of men sprang to their feet. All together they advanced in front of the tarantass, brandishing sticks, and calling out in loud, harsh voices, that it could not enter the village.

The cart stopped, and the dark figure within it looked out. A voice was heard, but the peasants, frightened and infuriated, did not wait to listen. They crowded round

the tarantass on every side. Michael Douróv, his face lit up with mad excitement, sprang forward, pushed his way through the rest, and lifted his pistol.

"Vanish, Cunning One!" he yelled savagely; "vanish, or I fire! Ah! you sneaking fiend, we have caught you at last! You won't come to Bvarritch again in a hurry—so!"

A shot rang out, and a shriek rose into the hot, still air. There was a momentary silence. Far off in the distance sounded a faint wailing of the wind. Then burst out a clamour of voices.

"We have killed the Cholera!" they cried, mad with delight. "The Cunning One is dead! We have killed the Cholera!"

The peasants sprang into the tarantass. They dragged the limp figure out, and flung it into the road. They stood round it shricking, in a breath, curses, and thanks for deliverance. The priest, roused too late to a sense of the horror

of the whole proceeding, pushed forward, and knelt down beside that dark figure in the dust. He recognised a woman from the next village. She was quite dead.

Suddenly a peal of thunder burst right overhead, and a lurid glare of lightning lit up the whole sky. It revealed, with pitiless distinctness, the features of the dead woman, the cruel faces of the peasants, the gleaming

eyes of Michael Douróv. He flung his arms up with a wild cry.

"It is she!" he shrieked. "She has come back at last—she has come back at last!"

The lightning was extinguished. Black darkness followed it, and the first heavy splashes of the rain. When the peasants, dazzled by the sudden glare, could look about them once more, two figures were stretched across the road.

Michael Douróv lay dead by the side of the woman he had shot.

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Some years ago Mr. Anthony Trollope stated that he kept a book in which he entered day by day the number of pages of literary work he wrote. His average, he said, was forty pages, each of which was of two hundred and fifty words, per week. might write as few as twenty, but sometimes he had done as many as a hundred pages in a single week: that is, he ranged from five thousand to twenty-five thousand words per week.

A good many people blamed Mr. Trollope for making this announcement. They considered that he was destroying, in making it, a certain artistic and almost romantic reticence which was supposed to hang around the literary profession. In other words, they thought he was giving the thing away, as it were, and showing literature somewhat in the light of an affair of trade.

Now, no doubt there is a kindly and even affectionate curiosity in the public mind as to the work, as distinguished from the works, of popular authors. Great interest is manifested in regard to what may be called the unwritten history of a particular volume, in personal details about writers, and especially in the methods which they employ in producing their books.

Through the kindness of the ladies and gentlemen whose names appear further onmost of whom are contributors to this magazine—we are able to give some interesting information as to the output of a certain number of well-known literary people.

I may add that the idea of this article was suggested by a statement made by a wellknown author that he averaged 6000 words a

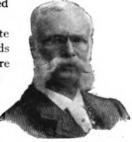
It is, perhaps, most convenient to take the names in alphabetical order.

Mr. W. L. Alden writes, in his own humorous fashion:-

I do not work with any great regularity, for a great part of my time is spent in cleaning my bicycle. However, I usually manage to do at least an hour's work daily on the typewriting machine,

and my usual rate of speed is about eighteen hundred words an hour.

If I am driven, I can write about three thousand words an hour. I seldom do more than four thousand words in a day, for by the time I have written, say, three thousand words, the machine refuses to spell intelligibly, and persists Photo, Elliott & Fry, London. in writing about one word in four backwards.



W. L alda

Mr. Robert Barr is perhaps even funnier than his friend Mr. Alden :-

"Above all things, don't take advice," said the President of Princeton College to the assembled students. If the Editor of Pearson's wishes to know about the methods of authors, so that younger writers may learn something therefrom, his inten-

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tion is laudable, but he comes to the wrong man when he approaches me. I can serve no useful purpose but that of an 'orrid example. "Look at this," he may say, pointing to me, "and strive to be as unlike it as possible.'

I have no industry, no regular hours of work, no average number of words, no sane methods, no anything that a reputable man should have. If I could average a thousand words a day I would be rich. Some days I can do three or four thousand words, if it is not necessary that I should write that number; but if an editor is waiting for me or depending on me, I can't do a line. The moment I make a contract, that moment I want to go off on my bicycle, and generally go.

Duty is abhorrent to me, and I often wonder that any respectable editor will sully his purity by having any business relations with me. A year or two ago I nearly worried one estimable magazine editor of London into an untimely grave. I had nine Revenge stories written and he contracted for the lot, with the proviso that as many others were to be furnished him. A most notable publisher arranged for the book and paid cash down.

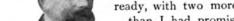
There was, therefore, every incentive to write the other nine stories, and I had them all in my mind. It was so obviously the right thing to put these stories on paper that I could not induce myself to touch a pen. I got letters from that unfortunate editor (whom I sincerely pitied, although I have never been able to get him to appreciate that fact) in Spain, in Switzerland, and in various other quarters of the globe where I shouldn't have been, first beseeching and pleading; appealing to my better nature-as if I had any!-then gradually rising to good sound cursing, but all in vain.

At last he wrote to me (in Ireland) that he had cancelled the contract, and that he would be obliged. if on meeting him hereafter, I should expect no recognition from him. I replied, bitterly, that I never expected to meet him hereafter, as I hoped to go to heaven.

Now that there was no reason why I should write the remaining Revenge stories, for I had forgotten all about the book publisher, I wrote them one after another with the greatest facility until twenty were finished. They appeared in various magazinesone or two in Pearson's.

> Then the wily publisher, who all the while had never stirred me up to do my duty, announced that the book was ready, with two more stories than I had promised him.

> > And thus, as many noted persons have said on the scaffold, I hope you will all take warning from my fate and lead a day life. I write these



virtuous 6000-words-a-

solemn lines merely because I am in the midst of a thrilling novel which I had resolved to let nothing on earth interrupt.

Sir Walter Besant writes:-

I find that, although days vary very much, and it is necessary to give up work or change work on some days, the rate at which a novel advances in my hands, taking one day with another, is not more than about a thousand words a day. A long novel of, say, 180,000 words, takes me from eight to ten months. I do not find that it is

to work at fiction for

more than about three

hours a day.

the least use attempting Photo, Elliott & Fry, London.

auler Desaul

A. S. Blackwore, quotes the verse :-

The proper point about a book— Or be it praised or smitten-Is not to ask how long it took, But what it is when written.

Mr. Hall Caine says:-

As a novelist I have never been able to consider my work in relation to speed and time. As a journalist in the old days I was compelled to do so, and can remember that at the death of Prince Leopold I wrote a memoir of many long columns between seven o'clock at night and the time of going to press with the morning paper. On another occasion, during the eight or nine hours occupied by a journey from Scotland I wrote something like an entire page of a London daily newspaper.

It would be nearly impossible for me to say at what rate of speed I have written my novels, the mere writing of the words being only a part,

and not always the most important part of the labour of production.

"The Deemster" occupied, I think, about nine months in the writing of the text, but it had been nearly a year in hand before I began to write. Something like the same circumstances occurred in the case of "The Bonds- Photo, Elliott & Fry, Lond man." "The Scapegoat" was written either two or three times word for word. The first half of "The Manxman"

was written twice, and rom

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Hall Caine

Photo, Cooper, Kingston.

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it is the second complete version of "The Christian" that I am now at work upon.

Thus, my rate of producing mere sentences would be a very misleading guide, but even in that regard my speed is far from great. It is not every day that I can write at all, and if I do three or four days' writing in the week, and produce five or six thousand words with which I am content, I am satisfied, and more than satisfied.

It would be difficult to say which kind of work comes easiest to me, but on the whole I should be disposed to say that one often does easiest and quickest that one does best. Of course the reverse of that would not always be true of me.

The only value of these particulars is to help to disabuse the public mind of the idea that the professional literary man is a human spinning-jenny for the production of strings of words.

Mr. S. R. Crockett favours me with the following:-

I think, plan, average slowly, often keeping a story months and years in my head without writing a single word, slowly adding, altering, trying this way and that, till I am decently satisfied.

Then when it comes to writing, I put down the first draft rapidly, caring for nothing but continuity of action and swiftness of motion. Generally, the more swiftly at this stage I am able to write, the better pleased I am with the result. If I write slowly, the effect is an unsatisfactory patchwork, as dull as it is careful and praiseworthy.

I never care in the least about the number of words I do in a day-only about getting the impres- " sion of the scene upon paper while it is in my mind's

Then, after that, I begin really to work, often going over the whole four and five times before I let it go. I am naturally an early riser. I live in the country, and I like work for its own sake. Hence, though I can produce with some impression of

> rapidity, I am essentially a slow worker, hammering things out on the anvil of a day to which the artisan's eight hours is but a morning breather.

> > I have done four and five thousand words of first draft in a day. I have been equally well satisfied with eight hundred: because in either case I count that first writing no more than the raw material of fic-



Dr. Conan Doyle writes:-

As far as I am concerned, I think from fifteen hundred to two thousand words a very good day's Digitized by GOOGIG

work. I never take more than one contract at a time,

and never promise to produce work at any rate which does not give me ample time for those "off colour" days which authors are, I think, more subject to than anyone

"George Egerton" is good enough to send the following:-

I have no average, nor do I work every Nor, if I did,



Photo, Sarony, New York.

Coman Dogle

as many as I need,

would it be possible for me to work daily by rule of thumb-so many hours, so many words. No writer of temperament or inspiration could possibly do so.

Moreover, it irritates me to have to consider how many words there are in anything I write. I write just



no more, no less, always less if pos-I have no sible. idea how many words are contained in any story I have written, nor which took longest or shortest to write. Some have been written straight off at a sitting; some have been begun and

laid asice for weeks.

Serge Gul

### Mr. George Griffith tells me:-

So far as I am concerned personally, the answer to your question [about his rate of speed] does not depend upon myself. It depends upon those impalpable and headstrong creatures which condescend to strut and dance upon the stage which I place at their disposal. This is about all I really do.

If they are in a good humour with each other and with me, they, as I might say, rush through their parts at express speed, and the output, as

measured by the column rule of the sub-editor, is often more than I should care to plead guilty to. If, on the other hand, any of my characters has anything the matter with his or her liver, or if any of them has quarrelled with any other, they just go off the stage and decline to do Photo, Lafayette, Dublin. anything at all.



In such a case the from INDIANA UNIVERSITY output varies from a few hundred words to nothing.

Perhaps I have reached my best speed when I have tried to work out a few chapters by myself. In this case the characters seem to resent my interference, take the matter into their own hands, and keep me talking as their interpreter-for I never write anything-as fast as the typewriter will work.

I regret to say that once I perpetrated 12,500 words in one day. My average, when I am able to place myself at the disposal of my characters and they are on good terms with me and each other, is from 5000 to 6000 words-but this is their fault and not mine.

> Mr. Rider Haggard writes :-

I find it almost impossible to give an average which

> he amount of each respondence,

would be at all exact,

day's work varying so much, according to circumstances of corruptions of all kinds, etc. Thus I have written a story in six weeks, while others have taken the greater part of a year to complete.

" John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) tells me she does not write more than 150 words a

Photo, Elliott & Fry, London.

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Photo, Chancellor, Dublin.

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Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, who is more communicative, says :-

The popular author you quote, who averages 6000 words a day - which means 2,190,000 per annum -is about 2,000,000 words ahead of me

in annual output. I'm afraid I am horribly unsatisfactory in that way. I never race to see how much paper I can dirty.

My daily output varies prodigiously. Some days I do a lot. For instance, I turned off one of the "Kettle" tales for Pearson's in some seven consecutive hours. A performance like this usually inspires me with good resolutions for the future. If a man can produce one tale in seven hours, he can easily do three hundred in a year and yet not be at all over-pressed—so I say to myself.

I consider this proposition with diminishing complacency during the next week, stare at a clean paper-block, use a nice soft B pencil for a tobacco stopper, and-don't get a single word written. At last, when I have quite arrived at the conclusion that I shall never evolve another line of fiction as long as the world stands, I get started again, and with vast laboriousness evolve sheet after sheet of pencil-scrawled MSS. till another tale is added to the tally.

Instead of taking seven hours, that parcel of fiction has very probably mopped up seventeen days, and so if I wish to make an estimate of output, it has to be calculated on a fresh basis.

From a distance I have always admired men like Zola, who turn out so many square feet of MSS. per diem, as though it were matting to be woven from a material which was always handy, and which only required a certain modicum of dogged physical labour to clap together in orderly rows.

This is a feat quite beyond me. Perhaps the reason is I have no desk to go to. I just put a block on my knee and write on that, and it answers equally in a railway train or at sea, or in the privacy of mine own chamber.

I have been many times tempted to get a regulation desk and try the effect of sitting at it, say for eight hours a day. The only drawback to this scheme is that at present I seem to turn out most

work at sea, or whilst travelling, or, in fact, anywhere away from the ordinary utensils of the writing man one hears about.

I am sorry I have got nothing more interesting to tell you about the matter, but you see I did not learn my trade in any of the conventional schools, and so have only been able to let my methods of toiling evolve as Nature chose.



Photo, Rosemont, Leeds.

Cs. Cutchye Hyre.

### Mr. Frankfort Moore writes:—

Personally I myself write a story at fever heat, which I take to be, for a novel of 120,000 words, 4000 words per diem; but I can only work up to this rate of speed after I have had my plot maturing "in the wood," so to speak, for at least two years, and after I have been considering for at least three months the form in which

the story should be cast



Photo, Russell & Sor, London

I rarely take more than five or six weeks to write a long novel, and I never re-write a line or even a

phrase.

As a matter of fact I find that the story which I write fastest sells fastest. Of course, when I was writing books of adventure my literary output was over 6000 words per diem, but that form of work is only exercise.

# Mr. Max Pemberton says:-

I answer your questions very willingly, though I am afraid my experience is a very "slow" one. The idea of writing 6000 words a day appals me. I never wrote more than 2000 in one day in my life, and then regretted it.

My average day's work is four hours. I may spend another hour writing letters or correcting proofs, but I never exceed four hours at my novels. In this time I may write no more than 500 words, I may write as much as 1500 words. It depends upon the mood and your neighbour's piano. I consider 1500 words an exceedingly good day's work: no words at all may also be a good day's work if you are at a difficult place in your book.

I wrote my last novel, "A Puritan's Wife," at an average, roughly, of 1000 words a day. My

"Queen of the Jesters" stories were written more slowly, the scene being more difficult to handle: 800 words represented a good day then; this, perhaps, is my slowest book.

"The Iron Pirate," written with the rashness of youth, was the quickest. I find a modern story goes very much faster than an historical novel, and it takes much less out of one. The various hours of the day vary your speed enormously. I can always do my best work between six and seven o'clock at night.



Photo, Elliott & Fry, London.

# Mr. William Le Queux says:—

My average per day of literary work throughout the year is 1500 words. I generally endeavour, however, to write two days in succession, and devote the third to reading or recreation. In face of this I have recently been surprised to learn from several journals that I am "the lightning story-writer," a position that I must now certainly relinquish to the popular author who averages an output of 6000 words per day.

Several of my books have occupied me over a year, while others have been completed much more rapidly. As an instance, in order to obtain material Digitized by GOOGIC

for "The Great War in England in 1897," I found myself compelled to visit all the coast defences from the Forth to Plymouth, besides going over all

the imaginary battle-fields. These journeys took me over four months, and the actual time I occupied in writing the book was just over a year.

On the other hand, however, "The Great White Queen," my last published romance, which contains 83,000 words, was conceived, written and delivered to my publishers within thirty days. I cannot dictate, nor can I use a typewriter.



Photo, Hana, Strand, W.C.

bolle le Queny

"Ian Maclaren" tells me that he considers

his experience in writing so slight that he does not think it becoming to give any statement to the public as to the speed at which he does his literary work.

Mr. H. G. Wells savs:-

Heaven alone knows how much I write on an average; but on an



Photo, Elliott & Fry, London.

average I burn half at least of what I write-the net product is not more than 1000 words a day.

I like thinking out my stories, but I hate writing them; the only things that are pleasant to write are essays (but they are not nearly so pleasant to sell) and malignant criticisms of my contemporaries. For six months or more, when I was scrambling for a footing amongst novelists, I must have turned out, Heaven forgive me! about 7000 words each

working day. " Moreau " and "The Wonderful Visit" came in that feverish time, and there were theatrical criticisms, and book reviews, and copious articles, and the beginning of a novel that was a bother even to burn.

I hope some day to give two years to a book, and to be able to burn it at the end if I do not like it. No Photo, Dickins, Sloane-st., S.W. novelist can do his best work until he feels free to do that. Original from



" John Strange Winter" says :-

What is my average per day of literary work? It is a terrible question, but I will try to answer it as clearly as I can. The largest year's work I have



Photo, Ellis, London.

Me Stage briter.

ever done was 437,000 words. To me a comfortable year's work is about 250,000 words. The largest day's work I have ever done was just over 11,000 words, but that was not entirely fiction.

It is, of course, much easier to do such work as answering correspondence than to do fiction. I believe that 7000 words is the most I have ever done, and that with a stenographer.

Personally I find that I cannot work as quickly as I could ten years ago. Three or four thousand words is a good day's work for me when ideas are running freely. If I am in the mood I do more, but I find myself no good the following day.

I believe that my quickest piece of work was "Aunt Johnnie," which I dictated with great ease and rapidity. But at the last chapter I stuck fast, and spent an unconscionable time over it. Work that sticks very often proves the best.

## Mr. Allen Upward writes:-

When I decide to write a book or play, I spend months of misery in the preliminary wrestle. I invent about fifty plots, and reject them all, write

something one day, and scratch it out the next, copy out the opening about a thousand times, and finally give the whole thing up as a bad job. During this time I shun my species, quarrel with my best friends, take to drink, and curse my públisher. Last of all, I make a desperate plunge, sit up for three or four nights in succession till 4 or 5 a.m., and write the thing.



Photo, Freke, Cardiff.

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## - CE # 3(25

# "UNTIL --."

E never read the roses

Nor learnt the lilies' lore,

The pansies blue, all diamond dew,
He, passing, trampled o'er.
The mignonette, the violet
In vain with incense pray'd—
He never thought that flow'rs meant aught
Until he loved a maid.

He heard a mavis calling,

He heard—and then forgot!

A lark leapt high and thrilled the sky,

He heard—and wondered not!

All fain to please among the trees

Birds peeped and piped and played—

He'd ne'er repeat: "Dear God, how sweet!"

Until he loved a maid.

E

He never dreamed of Beauty.

He never blessed the World:
The heathered hills, the rippling rills,
The sea's foam-flag unfurled,
The summer's prime, the winter's rime,
The sunshine and the shade—
He did not care that Earth was fair
Until he loved a maid.

She came! and, with her advent,
The very stars drew near,
And every bird his spirit stirred,
And every flow'r grew dear.
And all the Earth went mad with mirth
To hear his homage paid—
"Oh sure." he said, "I was as dead
Until I loved a maid!" J. J. Bell.



#### A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

#### CHAPTER IX. (continued.)

WHEN morning brought the fresh sea breeze through the windows, the "Constance" was side-tracked among freight cars at Gloucester, and Harvey had gone to his business.

"Then he'll fall overboard again and be drowned," the mother said bitterly.

"We'll go and look, ready to throw him a rope in case. You've never seen him working for his bread," said the father.

"What nonsense! As if anyone expected—"

"Well, the man that hired him did. I think he's about right, too."

They went down between the stores full of fishermen's oilskins to Wouvermann's wharf where the We're Here rode high, her Bank flag still flying, all hands busy as beavers in the glorious morning light. Disko stood by the main hatch superintending Manuel, Penn and Uncle Salters at the tackle. Dan was swinging the loaded baskets inboard as Long Jack and Tom Platt filled them, and Harvey, with a note-book, represented the skipper's interests before the clerk of the scales on the salt-sprinkled wharf edge.

"Ready!" cried the voices below. "Haul!" cried Disko. "Hi!" said Manuel. "Here!" said Dan, swinging the basket. Then they heard Harvey's voice, clear and fresh, checking the weights.

The last of the fish had been whipped out, and Harvey leapt from the wharf-edge six feet to a ratline, as the shortest way to hand Disko the tally, shouting: "Two ninetyseven and an empty hold!"

"What's total, Harve?" said Disko.

"Eight sixty-five. Three thousand six hundred and seventy-six dollars and a quarter. Wish I'd share as well as wage."

"Well, I won't go so far as to say you heven't deserved it, Harve. Don't you want to slip up to Wouvermann's office and take him our tallies?"

"Who's that boy?" said Cheyne to Dan, well used to all manner of questions from those idle imbeciles called summer boarders.

"Well he's a kind of super-cargo," was "We picked him up struck the answer. adrift on the Banks. Fell overboard from a liner, he sez. He wuz a passenger. He's by way o' bein' a fisherman now."

"Is he worth his keep?"

"Ye-ep, an' a little over. Dad, this man wants to know ef Harvey Cheyne's worth Say, would you like to go his keep. aboard? We'll fix a ladder for her."

"I should very much, indeed. 'T won't hurt you, mother, and you'll be able to see for yourself."

The woman who could not lift her head a week ago scrambled down the ladder and stood aghast amid the mess and tangle aft.

"Be you anyways interested in Harve?" said Disko.

"Well, ve-es."

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"He's a good boy, an' ketches right hold jest as he's bid. You've heard haow we found him? He wuz suffering from nervous prostration, I guess, or else his head had hit somethin', when we hauled him aboard. He's all over that naow. Yes, this is the cabin. 'T ain't anyways in order, but you're quite welcome to look around. Those are his figures on the stove-pipe where we keep the reckonin' mostly. He's a head to him."

"Did he sleep here?" said Mrs. Cheyne, sitting on a yellow locker and surveying the disorderly bunks.

"No. He berthed forward, madam, an' only for him an' my boy hookin' fried pies an' muggin' up when they ought to ha' been asleep, I dunno as I've any special fault to find with him."

"There weren't nothin' wrong with Harve," said Uncle Salters, descending the steps. "He hung my boots on the main truck, an' he hain't over an' above respectful to such as knows more'n he do, 'specially about farmin', but he was mostly misled by Dan."

Dan in the meantime, profiting by dark hints from Harvey early that morning, was executing a war-dance on deck. "Tom, Tom," he whispered down the hatch, "his folks has come, an' Dad hain't caught on yet, an' they're pow-wowin' in the cabin. She's a daisy, an' he's all Harve claimed he was by the looks of him."

"Howly Smoke!" said Long Jack, climbing out covered with salt and fish-skin. "D'ye belave his tale av the kid an' the little four-horse rig was thrue?"

"I knew it all along," said Dan. "Come an' see Dad mistook in his judgments."

They came delightedly, just in time to hear Cheyne say: "I'm glad he has a good character, because—he's my son."

Disko's jaw fell—Long Jack always vowed that he heard the click of it—and he stared alternately at the man and the woman.

"I got his telegram in San Diego four days ago, and we came over."

"In a private car?" said Dan. "He said ye might."

"In a private car, of course."

Dan looked at his father with a hurricane of irreverent winks.

"There was a tale he tould us av drivin' four little ponies in a rig av his own," said Long Jack. "Was that thrue now?"

"Very likely," said Cheyne. "Was it, mother?"

"He had a little drag when we were in Toledo, I think," said the mother.

Long Jack whistled. "Oh, Disko," said he, and that was all.

"I wuz—I am mistook in my jedgments—worse'n the men o' Marblehead," said Disko, as though the words were being windlassed out of him. "I don't mind admittin' to you, Mister Cheyne, as I mistrusted the boy to be crazy. He talked kinder odd about money."

"So he told me."

"Did he tell ye anything else? 'Cause I pounded him once.' This with a somewhat anxious glance at Mrs. Cheyne.

"Oh, yes," said Cheyne. "I should say it probably did him more good than anything else in the world."

"I jedged 'twuz necessary er I wouldn't ha' done it. I don't want you to think we abuse our boys any on this packet."

"I don't think you do, Mr. Troop."

Mrs. Cheyne had been looking at the faces—Disko's ivory-yellow, hairless iron countenance; Uncle Salters', with its rim of agricultural hair; Penn's bewildered simplicity; Manuel's quiet smile; Long Jack's grin of delight, and Tom Platt's scar. Rough, by her standards, they certainly were; but she had a mother's wits in her eyes, and she rose with outstretched hands. "Oh, tell me, which is who," said she, half sobbing. "I want to thank you and bless you—all of you."

"Faith, that pays me a hunder time," said Long Jack.

Disko introduced them all in due form. The captain of an old time Chinaman could have done no better, and Mrs. Cheyne babbled incoherently. She nearly threw herself into Manuel's arms when she understood that he had first found Harvey.

"But how shall I leave him dreeft," said poor Manuel. "What do you yourself if you find him so? Eh, wha—at? We are in one good boy, and I am ever so pleased he come to be your son."

"And he told me Dan was his partner?" she cried. Dan was already sufficiently pink,

but he turned a rich crimson when Mrs. Cheyne kissed him on both cheeks before the assembly. Then they led her forward to show her the foc'sle, at which she wept again, and must needs go down to see Harvey's identical bunk, and there she found the cook cleaning up the stove, and he nodded as though she were someone he had expected to meet for years. They tried, two at a time, to explain the daily life to her, and she sat by the pawl-post, her ringed hands on the greasy table, laughing with trembling lips and crying with dancing eyes.

"And who's ever to use the We're Here after this," said Long Jack to Tom Platt. "I feel it as if she'd made a cathedral av us all."

"Cathedral!" sneered Tom Platt. "Oh, ef it had bin even the Fish Commission boat instid o' this dirt! Ef we only had some decency an' order an' side-boys as she goes over! She'll have to climb that ladder like a hen, an' we—we ought to be mannin' the yards."

"Then Harvey was not mad," said Penn slowly to Cheyne.

"No, indeed—thank God," the big millionaire replied, stooping down tenderly.

"It must be terrible to be mad. Except to lose your child, I do not know anything more terrible. But your child has come back. Let us thank God for that."

"Hello!" said Harvey, looking down upon them from the wharf.

"I wuz mistook, Harve. I was mistook," said Disko swiftly, holding up a hand. "I wuz mistook in my jedgments. Ye needn't rub it in any more."

"'Guess I'll take care o' that," said Dan, under his breath.

"You'll be goin' off naow, won't ye?"

"Well, not without the balance of my wages 'less you want to have the We're Here attached."

"Thet's so; I'd clean forgot," and he counted out the remaining dollars. "You done all you contracted to do, Harve; and ye done it baout's well as ef you'd been brought up." Here Disko brought himself up. He did not quite see where the sentence was going to end.

"Outside of a private car," said Dan wickedly.

"Come on, and I'll show her to you," said Harvey.

Cheyne stayed to talk to Disko, but the others made a procession to the depôt with Mrs. Cheyne at the head. The French maid shrieked at the invasion; and Harvey laid the glories of the "Constance" before them without a word. They took them in in equal silence—stamped leather, silver door-handles and rails, cutvelvet, plate glass, nickel, bronze, hammered iron, and the rare woods of the continent inlaid.

"I told you," said Harvey; "I told you." This was his crowning revenge, and a most ample one.

Mrs. Cheyne decreed a meal, and that nothing might be lacking to the tale Long Jack told afterwards in his boarding-house, she waited on them herself. Men who are accustomed to eat at tiny tables in howling gales, have curiously neat and finished tablemanners; but Mrs. Cheyne, who did not know, was surprised. She longed to have Manuel for a butler; so silently and easily did he comport himself among the frail glassware and dainty silver. Tom Platt remembered great days on the *Ohio*, and the manners of foreign potentates who dined with the officers; and Long Jack, being Irish, supplied the small talk till all were at their ease.

In the We're Here's cabin the two fathers took stock of each other behind their cigars. Cheyne knew well enough when he dealt with a man to whom he could not offer money; equally well he knew that no money could pay for what Disko had done. He kept his own counsel and waited for an opening.

"I hevn't done anything to your boy or fer your boy excep' make him work a piece an' learn him how to handle the hog-yoke," said Disko. "He has twice my boy's head for figgers."

"By the way," Cheyne answered casually, "what d'vou calculate to make of your boy?"

Disko removed his cigar and waved it comprehensively round the cabin. "Dan's jest plain boy an' he don't allow me to do any of his thinkin'. He'll hev this able little packet when I'm laid by. He ain't noways anxious to quit the business. I know that."

"Mmm! Ever been West, Mr. Troop?"
"Bin's fer ez Noo York once in a boat.
I've no use for railroads. No more hez Dan.

Salt water's good enough fer the Troops.

a kinder railroad king. Harve told me so when—I was mistook in my jedgments."

"We're all apt to be mistaken. I fancied



The others made a procession to the depot.

I've bin most everywhere in the nat'ral way, o' course."

"I can give him all the salt water he's likely to need—till he's a skipper."

"Haow's that? I thought you wuz

perhaps you might know I own a line of teaclippers—San Francisco to Yokohama—six of 'em—iron-built, about seventeen hundred and eighty tons apiece.''

"Blame than iboy from never told. I'd
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ha' listened to that, instid o' his truck about railroads an' pony-carriages."

"He didn't know."

"Little thing like that slipped his mind, I guess?"

"No, I only captured—took hold of the Black Ox' freighters this summer."

Disko collapsed where he sat, beside the stove.

"Great Cæsar Almighty! I mistrust I've bin fooled from one end to the other. Why, Phil Airheart, he went from this very town six year back—no, seven—an' he's mate on the San José now—twenty-six days was her time from San Francisco. His sister, she's livin' here yet, an' she reads his letters to my woman. An' you own the 'Black Ox' freighters?"

Cheyne nodded.

"If I'd known that I'd ha' jerked the We're Here back to port all standin', on the word."

"Perhaps that wouldn't have been so good for Harvey."

"Ef I'd only known! Ef he'd only said about the cussed line, I'd ha' understood! I'll never stand on my own jedgments again—never. They're well-found packets. Phil Airheart, he says so."

"I'm glad to have a recommend from that quarter. Airheart's skipper of the San José now. What I was getting at is to know whether you'd lend me Dan for a year or two, and we'll see if we can't make a mate of him. Would you trust him to Airheart?"

"It's a resk taking a raw boy—"

"I know a man who did more for me."

"That's diff'runt. Look at here naow, I ain't recommendin' Dan special because he's my own flesh an' blood. I know Bank ways ain't clipper ways, but he hain't much to learn. Steer he can—no boy better, ef I say it—an' the rest's in our blood an' get, but I could wish he warn't so cussed weak on navigation."

"Airheart will attend to that. He'll ship as a boy for a voyage or two, and then we can put him in the way of doing better. Suppose you take him in hand this winter, and I'll send for him early in the spring. I know the Pacific's a long ways off ——"

"Pshaw! We Troops, livin' an' dead,

are all around the earth an' the seas thereof."

"But I want you to understand—and I mean this—any time you think you'd like to see him, tell me and I'll attend to the transportation. 'Twon't cost you a cent."

"Ef you'll walk a piece with me, we'll go to my house an' talk this to my woman. I've bin so crazy mistook in all my jedgments, it don't seem to me as this was like to be real."

They went over to Troop's eighteen hundred dollar, blue-trimmed white house, with a retired dory full of nasturtiums in the front yard and a shuttered parlour which was a museum of oversea plunder. There sat a large woman, silent and grave, with the dim eyes of those who look long to sea for the return of their beloveds. Cheyne addressed himself to her, and she gave consent wearily.

"We lose one hundred a year from Gloucester only, Mr. Cheyne," she said, "one hundred boys an' men; an' I've been come so's to hate the sea as if 'twuz alive an' listenin'. God never made it fer humans to anchor on. These packets o' yours, they go straight out, I take it, and straight home again."

"As straight as the winds let 'em, and I give a bonus for record-passages. Tea doesn't improve by being at sea."

"When he wuz little he use to play at keepin' store, an' I had hopes he might follow that up. But soon's he could paddle a dory I knew that were goin' to be denied me."

"They're square-riggers, mother; iron built, an' well found. Remember what Phil's sister reads you when she gits his letters."

"I've never known as Phil told lies, but he's too venturesome (like most of 'em that use the sea). Ef Dan sees fit, Mr. Cheyne, he can go fer all o' me."

"She jest despises the ocean," Disko explains, "an' I—I dunno haow to act polite, I guess, er I'd thank you better."

"My father—my own eldest brother—two nephews an' my second sister's man," she said, dropping her head on her hand. "Would you care fer any one that took all those?"

Cheyne was relieved when Dan turned up and accepted with more delight than he was

able to put into words. Indeed, the offer meant a plain and sure road to all desirable things; but Dan thought most of commanding watch on deck, and looking into far-away harbours.

Mrs. Chevne had spoken privately to the unaccountable Manuel in the matter of Harvey's rescue. He seemed to have no desire for money. Pressed hard, he said that he would take five dollars, because he wanted to buy something for a girl. Otherwise—"How shall I take money when I make so easy my eats and smokes? You will giva some if I like or know. Eh, wha-at? Then you shall give me money, but not that way. You shall giva all you can think." He introduced her to a snuffy Portugee priest, with a list of semi-destitute widows as long as his cassock. As a strict Unitarian, Mrs. Cheyne could not sympathise with the creed, but she ended by respecting the brown, voluble little man. Manuel, faithful son of the Church, appropriated all the blessings showered on her for her charity.

"That letta me out," said he. "I have now ver' good absolutions for six months," and he strolled forth to get a handkerchief for the girl of the hour, and to break the hearts of all the others.

Salters went away with Penn, and left no address behind. He had a dread that these millionary people, with wasteful private cars, might take undue interest in his companion. It was better to visit inland relatives till the coast was clear. "Never you be adopted by rich folk, Penn," he said in the cars, "or I'll tak'n break this checker-board over your head. Ef ever you forgit your name agin—which is Pratt—you remember you belong with Salters Troop, an' set down right where you are till I come fer you. Don't go taggin' around after them whose eyes bung out with fatness, accordin' to Scripcher."

#### CHAPTER X.

But it was otherwise with the We're Here's silent cook, for he came up, his kit in a handerchief, and boarded the "Constance." Pay was no particular object, and he did not in the least care where he slept. His business as revealed to him in dreams was to follow Harvey. They tried argument

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and, at last, persuasion; but there is a difference between one Cape Breton and two Alabama negroes, and the matter was referred to Cheyne by the cook and porter.

The millionaire only laughed. He presumed Harvey might need a body-servant some day or other, and was sure one volunteer was worth five hirelings. Let the man stay, therefore; even though he called himself MacDonald and swore in Gaelic. The car could go back to Boston, where, if he were still of the same mind, they would take him West.

With the "Constance," which in his heart of hearts he loathed, departed the last remnant of Cheyne's millionairedom, and he gave himself up to an energetic idleness. This Gloucester was a new town in a new land, and he purposed to "take it in" as of old he had taken in all the cities from Snohomish to San Diego of that world whence he hailed. They made money along the crooked street which was half wharf and half ship's store: as a leading professional he wished to learn how the noble game was played.

Men said that four out of every five fishballs served at New England's Sunday breakfast came from Gloucester, and overwhelmed him with figures in proof—statistics of boats, gear, wharf-frontage, capital invested, salting, packing, factories, insurance, wages, repairs, and profits. He talked with the owners of the large fleets whose skippers were little more than hired men, and whose crews were almost all Swedes or Portuguese.

Then he conferred with Disko, one of the few who owned their craft, and compared notes in his vast head. He coiled himself away on chain-cables in marine junk-shops, asking questions with cheerful, unslaked Western curiosity, till all the water-front wanted to know "what in thunder that man was after, anyhow."

He took a chair at the Mutual Insurance rooms, and demanded explanations of the mysterious remarks chalked up on the black board day by day; and that brought down upon him secretaries of every Fisherman's Widow and Orphan Aid Society within the city limits. They begged shamelessly, each man anxious to beat the other institution's

record; and Cheyne tugged at his beard and handed them all over to Mrs. Cheyne.

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They sat down on a wharf-edge.

She was resting in a boarding-house near Eastern Point, a strange establishment,

managed, apparently, by the boarders themselves, where the table-cloths were red and white checkered, and the population—who seemed to have known one another intimately for years—rose up at midnight to make Welsh rarebits if it felt hungry.

On the second morning of her stay Mrs. Cheyne put away

her big diamond earrings before she came down to breakfast.

"They're most delightful people," she confided to her husband, "so friendly and so simple, too, though they are all Boston

nearly."

"That isn't simpleness, mother," he said, looking across the boulders behind the apple trees where the hammocks were hung. "It's the other thing that we—that I haven't got."

"There can't be," said Mrs. Cheyne quietly. "Why we—"

"I know it, dear. We have—of course, we have. I guess it's only the style they wear East. Are you having a good time?"

"I don't see very much of Harvey; he's always with you, but I ain't near as nervous as I was."

"I haven't had such a good time since Willie died.

I never rightly understood that I had a son before this I Harve's got to be a great boy. Anything I can get you, dear? Cushion under your head? Well, we'll go down to the wharf again and take a look around."

Harvey was his father's shadow in those days, and the two strolled along side by side, Cheyne using the grades as an excuse for laying his hand on the boy's square shoulder. It was then that Harvey noticed and admired what had never struck him before—his father's curious power of getting at the heart of new matters as learned from men in the street.

"How d'you make 'em tell you everything without opening your head?" demanded the son, as they came out of a rigger's loft.

"I've dealt with quite a few men in my time, Harve, and one sizes 'em up somehow. I guess I know something about myself, too." Then, after a pause, as they sat down on a wharf-edge: "Men can most always tell when a man has handled things for himself, and then they treat him as one of themselves."

"'Same as they treat me down at Wouvermann's wharf. I'm one of the crowd now. Disko has told everyone I've earned my pay." Harvey spread out his hands and rubbed the palms together. "They're all soft again," he said dolefully.

"Keep 'em that way for the next few years while you're getting your education. You can harden 'em up after."

"Ye-es, I suppose so," was the reply, in no delighted voice.

"It rests with you, Harve. You can take cover behind your mamma, of course, and put her on to fussing about your nerves, and your high-strungness and all that kind of poppycock."

"Have I ever done that?" said Harvey uneasily.

His father turned where he sat, and thrust out a long hand. "You know as well as I do that I can't make anything of you if you don't act straight by me. I can handle you alone if you'll stay alone, but I don't pretend to manage both you and your mamma. Life's too short, anyway."

"'Don't make me out much of a fellow, does it?"

"I guess it's been my fault a good deal; but if you want the truth, you haven't been

much of anything up to date. Now, have you?"

"Umm! Disko thinks . . . . Say, what d'you reckon it's cost you to raise me from the start—first and last and all over?"

Cheyne smiled. "I've never kept track, but I should estimate, in dollars and cents, nearer forty than thirty thousand. The young generation comes high. It has to have things, and it tires of 'em, and—the old man foots the bill."

Harvey whistled, but at heart he was rather pleased to think that his upbringing had cost so much. "And all that's sunk capital, isn't it?"

"Invested, Harve. Invested, I hope."

"Making it only thirty thousand, the thirty I've earned is about ten cents on the hundred. That's a mighty poor catch." Harvey wagged his head solemnly. Cheyne laughed till he nearly fell off the pile into the water.

"Disko has got a heap more than that out of Dan, since he was ten; and Dan's at school half the year, too."

"Oh, that's what you're after, is it?"

"No. I'm not after anything. I'm not stuck on myself any just now—that's all.

. . . I ought to be kicked."

"I can't do it, old man; or I would, I presume. If I'd been made that way."

"Then I'd have remembered it to the last day I lived—and *never* forgiven you," said Harvey, his chin on his doubled fists.

"Exactly. That's about what I'd do. You see?"

"I see. The fault's with me, and no one else. All the samey, something's got to be done."

Cheyne drew a cigar from his vest-pocket, bit off the end, and fell to smoking. Father and son were very much alike; for the beard hid Cheyne's mouth, and Harvey had his father's slightly aquiline nose, close-set black eyes, and narrow, high cheek-bones. With a touch of brown paint he would have made up very picturesquely as a Red Indian in the story books.

"Now you can go right on from here," said Cheyne slowly, "costing me between six and eight thousand a year till you're a voter. Well, we'll call you a man, then. You can go right on from that, living on me to the



Two young men were playing cards by the saloon skylight.

tune of forty or fifty thousand, besides what your mamma will give you, with a valet and a yacht or a fancy-ranch where you can pretend to raise trotting-stock and play cards with your own crowd."

"Like Lorry Tuck?" Harvey put in.

"Yep, or the two De Vitré boys or old man McQuade's son. California's full of 'em, and here's an Eastern sample while we're talking."

A shiny black steam-yacht with mahogany deck-house, nickel-plated binnacles, and pink and white striped awnings, puffed up the harbour, flying the burgee of some New York Club. Two young men, in what they conceived to be sea costumes, were playing cards by the saloon-skylight, and a couple of women with red and blue parasols looked on and laughed noisily.

"'Shouldn't care to be caught out in her in any sort of a breeze. No beam," said Harvey critically, as the yacht slowed to pick up a mooring-buoy.

"They're having what stands them for a good time. I can give you that and twice

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as much as that, Harve. How d'you like it?"

"Cæsar! That's no way to get a dinghy overside," said Harvey, still intent on the yacht. "If I couldn't slip a tackle better than that I'd stay ashore. . . . What if I don't?"

"Stay ashore-or what?"

"Yacht and ranch and live on 'the old man,' and get behind mamma when there is trouble," said Harvey, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, in that case, you come right in with me, my son."

"Ten dollars a month?" Another twinkle.

"Not a cent more unless you're worth it, and you won't begin to touch that for a few years."

"I'd sooner begin sweeping out the office—isn't that how the big-bugs start?—and touch something now than—"

"I know it; we all feel that way. But I guess we can hire any sweeping we need. I made the same mistake myself of starting in too soon."

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY "Thirty million dollars o' mistake, wasn't it? I'd risk it for that."

"I lost some; and I gained some. I'll tell you."

Cheyne pulled his beard and smiled as he looked over the still water, and spoke away from Harvey, who presently began to be aware that his father was telling the story of his life. He talked in a low, even voice, without gesture and without expression; and it was a history for which a dozen leading journals would cheerfully have paid many dollars—the story of forty years that was at the same time the story of the New West, whose story is yet to be written.

It began with a kinless boy turned loose in Texas, and it went on through a hundred changes and chops of life, the scenes shifting from state after Western state, from cities that sprang up in a month and in a season utterly withered away, to wild ventures in wilder camps that are now laborious, paved municipalities. It covered the building of three railroads and the deliberate wreck of a fourth.

It told of steamers, townships, forests and mines, and the men of every nation under heaven manning, creating, hewing, and digging these.

It touched on chances of gigantic wealth flung before eyes that could not see, or missed by the merest accident of time and travel; and through the jarring shift of things sometimes on horseback, more often afoot, now rich, now poor, in and out, and back and forth, deck-hand, train-hand, contractor. boarding-house keeper, journalist, engineer, drummer, real-estate agent, politician, deadbeat, rum-seller, mine-owner, speculator cattle-man or tramp, moved Harvey Cheyne alert, and quiet, seeking his own ends, and, so he said, the glory and advancement of his country.

He told of the faith that never deserted him even when he hung on the ragged-edge of despair, the faith that comes of knowing men and things. He enlarged as though he were talking to himself on his very great courage and resource at all times. The thing was so evident in the man's mind that he never changed his tone.

He described how he had bested his

enemies, or forgiven them exactly as they had bested or forgiven him in those roaring days; how he had intreated, cajoled and bullied towns, companies and syndicates, all for their good; crawled round, through, or under mountains and ravines, dragging a string and hoop-iron railroad after him, and sat still while promiscuous communities tore the last fragments of his character to shreds.

The tale held Harvey almost breathless, his head a little cocked to one side, his eyes fixed on his father's face as the twilight deepened, and the red cigar-end lit up the furrowed cheeks and heavy eyebrows. It seemed to him like watching a locomotive rushing across country in the dark—a mile between each glare of the opened fire-door; but this locomotive could talk, and the words shook and stirred the boy to the core of his soul. At last Cheyne pitched away the cigarbutt, and the two sat in the dark over the lapping water.

"I've never told that to any one before," said the father.

Harvey gasped. "It's just the greatest thing that ever was!"

"That's what I got. Now I'm coming to what I didn't get. It won't sound much of anything to you, but I don't wish you to be as old as I am before you find out. I can handle men of course, and I'm no fool along my own lines, but—but—I can't compete with the man who has been taught! I've picked up as I went along, and I guess it sticks out all over me."

"I've never seen it," said the son indignantly.

"You will though, Harve. You will—just as soon as you've finished college. Don't I know it? Don't I know the look on men's faces when they think me a—a 'mucker,' as they call it out here. I can break them to little pieces—yes—but I can't get back at 'em to hurt 'em where they live. I don't say they're 'way, 'way up, but I feel I'm 'way, 'way, 'way off, somehow. But you've got your chance. You've got to soak up all the learning that's around, and you'll live with a crowd that are doing the same thing. They'll be doing it for a few thousand dollars a year at most; but remember you'll be doing it for millions. You'll learn law enough to look

after your own property when I'm out o' the light, and you'll have to be solid with the best men in the market (they'll be useful later), and, above all, you'll have to stow away the plain common sit-down-with-your-chinon-your-elbows book-learning. Nothing pays like that, Harve, and it's bound to pay more and more each year in our country—in business and in politics. You'll see when you come to face the music."

"There's no sugar my end of the deal," said Harvey. "Four years at college! Wish I'd chosen the valet and the yacht."

"It's all part of the business," Cheyne insisted. "You're investing your capital where it'll bring in the best returns. I guess you won't find our property shrunk any when you're ready to take hold. Think it over, and let me know in the morning. Hurry! We'll be late for supper!"

As this was a business talk, there was no need for Harvey to tell his mother about it; and Cheyne naturally took the same point of view. But Mrs. Cheyne saw and feared and was a little jealous. Her boy who rode rough-shod over her was gone, and in his stead reigned a keen-faced youth, abnormally silent, who addressed most of his conversation to his father. She understood it was business, and therefore a matter outside her premises. If she had any doubts, they were resolved when Cheyne went to Boston and brought back a new diamond marquisering.

"What have you two men been doing now?" she said, with a weak little smile, as she turned it in the light.

"Talking—just talking, mamma. There's nothing mean about Harvey."

There was not. The boy had made a treaty on his own account. Railroads, he explained gravely, interested him as little as lumber, real estate, or mining. What his soul yearned after was control of the "Black Ox" freighters. If that could be promised him within what he conceived to be a reasonable time, he, for his own part, guaranteed more or less of diligence and sobriety at college for four or five years. In vacations he was to be allowed free access to all details connected with the line—he had asked fully two thousand questions about it—from his father's

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most private papers in the safe to the tug in San Francisco harbour.

"It's a deal," said Cheyne at the last. "You alter your mind twenty times before you leave college, o' course; but if you take hold of it in proper shape, and if you don't tie it up before you're twenty-three, I'll make the thing over to you. How's that, Harvey?"

"Nope. Never pays to split up a going concern. There's too much competition in the world, any way, and Disko says, 'Bloodkin hev to stick together.' His crowd never go back on him. That's one reason why they make such big fares. Say, the We're Here goes off to the Georges on Monday. They don't stay long ashore, do they?"

"Well, we ought to be going too, I guess. I've left my business hung up at loose ends, and it's time to. . . I just hate to do it, though; haven't had a holiday like this in twenty years."

"We can't go without seeing Disko off," said Harvey, "and Monday's memorial day. Let's stay over that, anyway."

"What is this memorial business? They were talking about it in the boarding-house," said Cheyne weakly. He, too, was not anxious to spoil the golden days.

"Well, as far as I can make out, this business is a sort of song-and-dance act whacked up for the summer boarders. Disko don't think much of it, he says, because they take up a subscription for the widows and orphans. Disko's independent. Haven't you noticed that?"

"Well—yes. A little—in spots. Is it a town-show?"

"The summer convention is. They read out the names of the fellows drowned or gone astray since last time, and they make speeches and recite and all. Then, Disko says, the secretaries of the aid societies go into the back-yard and fight over the collateral. The real show he says is in the spring. The ministers all take a hand then, and there aren't any summer boarders around."

"I see," said Cheyne, with the brilliant and perfect comprehension of one born into and bred up to city pride. "We'll stay over for memorial day and get off in the afternoon."

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY "Guess I'll go down to Disko's and make him bring his crowd up before they sail. I'll have to stand with them, of course."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Cheyne. "I'm only a poor summer-boarder, and you're---"

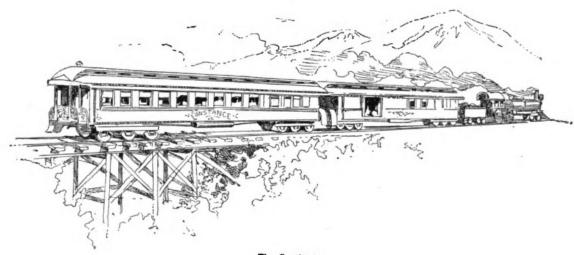
"A Banker—full blooded Banker," Harvey called back as he boarded a trolley, and Cheyne went on with his blissful dreams for the future.

Disko had no use for civic functions where appeals were made for charity, but Harvey pleaded that the glory of the day would be lost to him if the We're Here's absented themselves. Then Disko made conditions. He had heard—it was astonishing how all the world knew all the world's business along the waterfront—he had heard that a "Philadelphia actress woman" was going to take part in the

palaver was meat and drink to the man. He saw the trolleys hurrying west in the hot, hazy morning, full of women in light summer dresses, and white-faced, straw-hatted men fresh from Boston desks; saw the stack of bicycles outside the Post Office, the come and go of busy officials, greeting one another, the slow flick and swash of bunting in the heavy air, and the important man with a hose sluicing the brick sidewalk.

"Mother," he said suddenly, "don't you remember? After Seattle was burned out and they got her going again?"

Mrs. Cheyne nodded, and looked critically down the crooked street. Like her husband, she understood these gatherings all the West over, and compared them one against another. The fishermen began to mingle



The Constance.

exercises; and he mistrusted that she would deliver Skipper Ireson's Ride. Personally, he had as little use for actresses as for summer-boarders, but justice was justice, and though he himself (here Dan giggled) had once slipped up on a matter of judgments, this thing must not be.

So Harvey came back to East Gloucester and spent half a day hunting up and explaining to an amused actress with a royal reputation on three sea-boards, the inwardness of the mistake she contemplated; and she admitted that it was justice, even as Disko had said, and made her arrangements accordingly.

Cheyne knew by old experience what would happen, but anything in the nature of a public with the crowd about the doors—blue-jowled Portuguese, their women bare-headed or shawled for the most part, clear-eyed Nova Scotians, and men of the maritime provinces, French, Italians, Swedes, and Danes, with outside crews of coasting schooners, and everywhere women in black, who saluted one another with a gloomy pride, for this was their day of great days. And there were ministers of many creeds—pastors of great gilt-edged congregations at the seaside for a rest, and shepherds of the regular work, from the priest of the Church on the Hill to bush-bearded ex-sailor Lutherans, hail-fellow with the crews of a score of boats.

There were owners of lines of schooners, large contributors from the societies, and INDIANA UNIVERSITY

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small men, their few craft pawned to the mast-heads, with bankers and marine insurance agents, captains of tugs and water-boats, riggers, fitters, lumpers, salters, boat-builders, and coopers, and all the mixed population of the water fronts. They drifted along the line of seats made gay with the dresses of the summer boarders, where one of the town officials patrolled and perspired till he shone all over with pure city pride. Cheyne had met him once for five minutes a few days before, and between the two there was a perfect city sympathy.

"Well, Mr. Cheyne, and what d'you think of our city?——Yes, madam, you can sit anywhere you please——You have this kind of thing out West, I presume?"

"Yes, but we aren't as old as you."

"That's so, of course. You ought to have been at our exercises when we celebrated our two hundred and fiftieth birthday. I tell you, Mr. Cheyne, the old city did herself credit."

"So I heard. It pays, too. What's the matter with the town that it don't have a first-class hotel?"

"—Right over there to the left, Pedro. Heaps o' room for you and your crowd—Why, that's what I tell 'em all the time, Mr. Cheyne. There's big money in it, but I presume that don't affect you any. What we want is—"

A heavy hand fell on his broadcloth shoulder, and the flushed skipper of a Portland coal and ice coaster spun him half round.

"What in thunder do you fellows mean by clappin' the law on the town when all decent men are at sea, this way—Heh? 'Taown's dry's a bone, an' smells a sight worse sense I quit. Might ha' left us one saloon for soft drinks anyway."

"'Don't seem to have hindered your nourishment this morning, Caison. I'll go into the politics of it when this business is over. Sit down by the door and think up your arguments till I come around."

"What good's argument to me? In Miquelon champagne's eighteen dollars a case, and"—The skipper lurched into his seat as an organ prelude silenced him.

"Our new organ," said the official proudly to Cheyne. "Cost us four thousand dollars

too. We'll have to get back to high-licence next year to pay for it. I wasn't going to let the ministers have all the religion at their convention. Those are some of our orphans standing up to sing. My wife taught 'em. See you again later. I'm wanted on the platform."

High, clear and true, children's voices bore down the last noises of those settling into their places.

"Oh, all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever!"

The women throughout the hall leant forward to look as the reiterated cadences filled the air. Mrs. Cheyne, with some others, began to breathe short—she had hardly imagined there were so many widows in the world—and by instinct sought out Harvey. He had found the We're Here's at the back of the audience and was standing, as by right, between Dan and Disko. Uncle Salters, returned the night before with Penn, received him suspiciously.

"Hain't your folk gone yet?" he grunted.
"What are you doin' here, young feller?"

"Oh, all ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever!"

"Hain't he good right?" said Dan. "He's bin there, same as the rest of us."

"Not in them clothes," Salters snarled.

"Shut your head, Salters," said Disko. "Your bile's gone back on you. Stay right where ye be, Harve."

After this, up and spoke the orator of the occasion, another pillar of the municipality, bidding the world welcome to Gloucester, and incidentally pointing out wherein Gloucester excelled the rest of the world. Then he turned to the sea-wealth of the city and spoke of the price that must be paid for the yearly harvesting. They would hear later the names of their lost dead—one hundred and seventeen of them. (The widows stared a little and looked at one another here.) Gloucester could not boast any overwhelming mills or factories. Her sons worked for such wage as the sea gave, and they all knew that neither Georges nor the Banks were cowpastures. The utmost that folk ashore could accomplish was to help the widows and the

orphans, and, after a few general remarks, he took this opportunity of thanking, in the name of the city, those who had so public-spiritedly consented to participate in the exercises.

"I jest hate the beggin' pieces in it," growled Disko. "It don't give folk a fair notion of us."

"If folk won't be fore-handed an' put by when they've the chance," returned Salters, "it stands in the nature o' things they hev to be shamed. You take warnin' by that, young feller. Riches endureth but for a season, ef you scatter them araound on lugsuries—"

"But to lose everything—everything," said Penn. "What can you do then? Once I—" the watery blue eyes stared up and down as if looking for something to steady them—"Once I read in a book, I think, of a boat where everyone was run down except someone, and he said to me—"

"Shucks!" said Salters, cutting in. "You read a little less, an' take more int'rust in your vittles and you'll come nearer to earnin' your keep, Penn."

Harvey, jammed among the fishermen felt a creepy-crawly thrill that began in the back of his neck and ended at his boots. He shivered too, though it was a warm day.

"'That the actress-woman from Philadelphia?" said Disko Troop scowling at the platform. "You've fixed it about old man Ireson haven't ye, Harve? Ye know why naow."

It was not "Ireson's Ride" that the woman delivered, but some sort of poem about a fishing-port called Brixham, and a fleet of trawlers beating in against storm by night while the women made a guiding-fire at the head of the quay with everything they could lay hands on.

"They took the grandam's blanket Who shivered and bade them go; They took the baby's cradle, Who could not say them no."

"Whew!" said Dan, peering over Long Jack's shoulder; "that's great! Must ha' bin expensive, though."

"Ground-hog case," said the Galwayman, "Badly lighted port, Danny."

"And knew not all the while
If they were lighting a bon-fire
Or only a funeral pile."

The wonderful voice took hold of people's

heart-strings, and when she told how the drenched crews were flung ashore, living and dead, and they carried the bodies to the glare



A girl staggered out of the hall.

of the fire, asking: "Child, is this your father?" or "Wife, is this your man?" you could hear hard breathing all over the benches.

"And when the boats of Brixham Go out to face the gales, Think of the love that travels Like light upon their sails."

There was very little applause when she finished. The women were looking for their handkerchiefs, and many of the men stared at the ceiling with shiny eyes.

"H'm," said Salters, "that 'ud cost ye a dollar to hear at any theatre—maybe two. Some folk, I presume, can afford it. Seems downright waste to me. Naow, how in Jerusalem did Capt. Bart Edwardes strike adrift here?"

"No keepin' him under," said an Eastport man behind righte sa poet an' he's baound INDIANA UNIVERSITY to say his piece. Comes from daown aour way, too."

He did not say that Captain B. Edwardes had striven for five consecutive years, to be allowed to recite a piece of his own composition on Gloucester memorial day. An amused and exhausted committee had at last given him his desire. The simplicity and utter happiness of the old man as he stood up in his very best Sunday clothes won the audience ere he opened his mouth. They sat unmurmuring through seven and thirty hatchet-made verses, describing at fullest length the loss of the schooner Joan Haskens off the Georges in the gale of 1867, and when he came to an end, shouted with one kindly throat.

A far-sighted Boston reporter slid away for a full copy of the epic, and an interview with the author; so that earth had nothing more to offer Captain Bart Edwardes, ex-whaler, shipwright, master, fisherman and poet in the seventy-third year of his age.

"Now, I call that sensible," said the Eastport man. "I've bin over that graound with his writin' jest as he read it, in my two hands, and I can testify that he's got all in."

"Ef Dan here couldn't do better'n that with one hand 'fore breakfast, he ought to be switched," said Salters, upholding the honour of Massachussetts on general principles. "Not but what I'm free to own he's considerable litt'ery—fer Maine. Still—"

"Guess Uncle Salters goin' to die this trip. Fust compliment he's ever paid me," Dan sniggered. "What's wrong with you, Harve? You act all quiet and you look greenish. Feelin' sick?"

"Don't know what's the matter with me," Harvey replied. "Seem's if my insides were too big for my outsides. I'm all crowded up and shivery."

"Dispepsy? Pshaw! Thet's toobad. Maybe you've inherited it from your ma. She looks that way just naow. We'll wait for the readin' an' then we'll quit, so's to catch the tide."

The widows—they were nearly all of that season's making—braced themselves rigidly like people going to be shot in cold blood. The summer boarder girls in pink and blue shirt-waists stopped tittering over Captain

Edwardes' wonderful poem, and looked back to see why all was so silent behind them. The fishermen pressed forward a little closer as that town-official who had talked with Cheyne bobbed up on the platform and began to read the year's list of losses, dividing them into months. Last September's castalties were mostly single men and strangers, but his voice rang very loud in the stillness of the hall.

"September 9th.—Schooner, Florrie Anderson, lost with all aboard off the Georges. Reuben Pitman, master, 50, single, Main Street, City.

"Emil Olsen, 19, single, 329, Hammond Street, City, Denmark.

"Oscar Standberg, single, 25, Sweden.

"Carl Standberg, single, 28, Main Street, City.

"— Pedro, supposed Madeira, single, Keene's Boarding House, City.

"Joseph Welsh, alias Joseph Wright, 30, St. John's, Newfoundland."

"No; Augusta, Maine!" a voice cried from the body of the hall.

"He shipped from St. John's," said the reader, looking to see.

"I know it. He belongs in Augusta. My nevvy."

The reader made a pencilled correction on the margin of the list, and resumed:

"Same schooner.—Charlie Ritchie, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, 23, single; Albert May, 267, Rogers Street, City, 27, single.

"September 27th.—Orvin Dollard, 30, married, drowned in dory off Eastern Point."

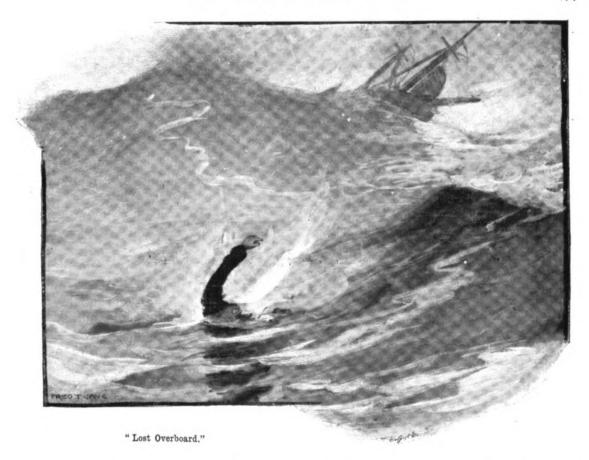
The shot went home, for one of the widows flinched where she sat, clasping and unclasping her hands. Mrs. Cheyne, who had been listening with wide opened eyes, threw up her head and choked. Dan's mother, a few seats to the right, saw and heard, and quickly moved to her side. The terrible reading went on. By the time they reached the January and February wrecks, the shots were falling thick and fast, and the widows drew breath between their teeth.

"February 14.—Schooner, Harry Randolph, dismasted on way home from Newfoundland. Asa Musie, married, 32, Main Street, City, lost overboard.

"February 23rd.—Schooner, Gilbert Hope. Went astray in dory, Robert Beavon, 29, married, native of Pubnico, N.S."

But his wife was in the hall. They heard a low cry, as though a little animal had been

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hit. It was stifled at once, and a girl staggered out of the hall. She had been hoping against hope for six months, because a few who have gone adrift in dories have been miraculously picked up by deep-sea sailing ships. Now she had her certainty, and Harvey could see the policeman on the sidewalk hailing a hack for her. "It's fifty cents to the depôt," the hack-driver began, but the policeman held up his hand, "but I'm goin' there, anyway. Get right in."

The side-door closed on the patch of sunshine, and Harvey's eyes turned again to the reader and his endless list.

- "April 19th.—Schooner, Mamie Douglas, lost on the Banks with all hands.
  - " Edward Banten, 43, master, married, City.
- "D. Hawkins, *alias* Williams, 34, married, Shelborne, Nova Scotia.
  - "G. W. Clay, coloured, 23, married, City."

and so on and so on. Great lumps were rising in Harvey's throat, and his stomach reminded him of the day when he fell off the liner. Now the blood tingled all over him.

"May 10th.—Schooner, We're Here. Otto Svendson, 20, single, City, lost overboard." Once more a low tearing cry from somewhere at the back of the hall.

"She shouldn't ha' come—she shouldn't ha' come," said Long Jack, with a cluck of pity.

"Don't scrowge, Harve," grunted Dan. Harvey heard that much, but the rest was all darkness, spotted with fiery wheels. Disko leant forward and spoke to his wife where she sat, one arm round Mrs. Cheyne and the other holding down the snatching, catching, ringed hands.

"Lean your head daown—right daown," she whispered. "It'll be over in a minute."

"I ca-an't—I do-don't—Oh, let me . ."
Mrs. Cheyne did not at all know what she said.

"You must," Mrs. Troop repeated. "Your boy's jest fainted dead away. They do that some when they're gettin' their growth. 'Wish to tend to him? We can git aout this side. Quite quiet. You come right along with me. Psha, my dear, we're both women, I guess. We must tend to aour men-folk. Come!"

The We're Heres promptly went through INDIANA UNIVERSITY

the crowd as a body guard, and it was a very white and shaken Harvey that they propped up on a bench in an ante-room.

"Favours his ma," was Mrs. Troop's only comment as the mother bent over her boy.

This roused Harvey, and he announced that he never felt better in his life, but it was not till he saw the We're Here fresh from the lumper's hands at Wouvermann's Wharf, that he lost his all-overish feelings, in a queer feeling of pride and sorrowfulness. Other people -summer boarders and such-like-played about in cat-boats or looked at the sea from pier-heads, but he understood things from the inside-more things than he could begin to think about. None the less he could have sat down and howled because the little schooner was going off. Mrs. Cheyne simply cried and cried every step of the way, and said most extraordinary things to Mrs. Troop who "babied" her till Dan, who had not been babied since he was six, whistled aloud.

And so the old crowd—Harvey felt like the most ancient of mariners—dropped into the old schooner among the battered dories—while Harvey slipped the stern-fast from the pile-head and they slid her along the wharf-side with their hands. Everyone wanted to say so much that no one said anything in particular. Harvey bade Dan take care of Uncle Salter's sea-boots and Penn's dory-anchor, and Long Jack intreated Harvey to remember his lessons in seamanship; but the jokes fell flat in the presence of the two women, and it is hard to be funny with green harbour-water widening between good friends.

"Up jib and fores'le," shouted Disko, getting to the wheel as the wind took her. "See you later, Harve. Dunno but I come near thinkin' a heap o' you an' your folk."

Then she glided beyond earshot and they sat down to watch her up the harbour. And still Mrs. Cheyne wept.

"Psha, my dear," said Mrs. Troop.
"We're both women, I guess. 'Like's not it'll ease your heart to hev your cry aout. God knows it never does me a mite o' good—but then He knows I've had something to cry fer."

Now it was four good years later, and on the other edge of America, that a young man

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came through the clammy sea-fog up a windy street which is flanked with most expensive houses built of wood to imitate stone. To him, as he was standing by a hammered iron gate, entered on horseback—and the horse would have been cheap at a thousand dollars—another young man. And this is what they said:

- "Hello, Dan!"
- "Hello, Harve!"
- "What's the best with you?"
- "Well, I'm so's to be that kind o' animal called second-mate this trip. Ain't you most through with that triple-invoiced college o' yours?"
- "Getting that way. I tell you the Leland Stanford Junior isn't a circumstance to the old We're Here; but I'm coming into the business for keeps next fall."
  - "Meanin' aour packets?"
- "Nothing else. You just wait till I get my knife into you, Dan. I'm going to make the old line lie down and cry when I take hold."
- "I'll resk it," said Dan with a brotherly grin, as Harvey dismounted, and asked whether he were coming in.
- "That's what I took the cable for. But say, is the doctor anywheres araound? I'll draown that crazy nigger some day, his one cussed joke an' all."

There was a low, triumphant chuckle as the ex-cook of the We're Here came out of the fog to take the horse's bridle. He allowed no one else to attend to any of Harvey's wants.

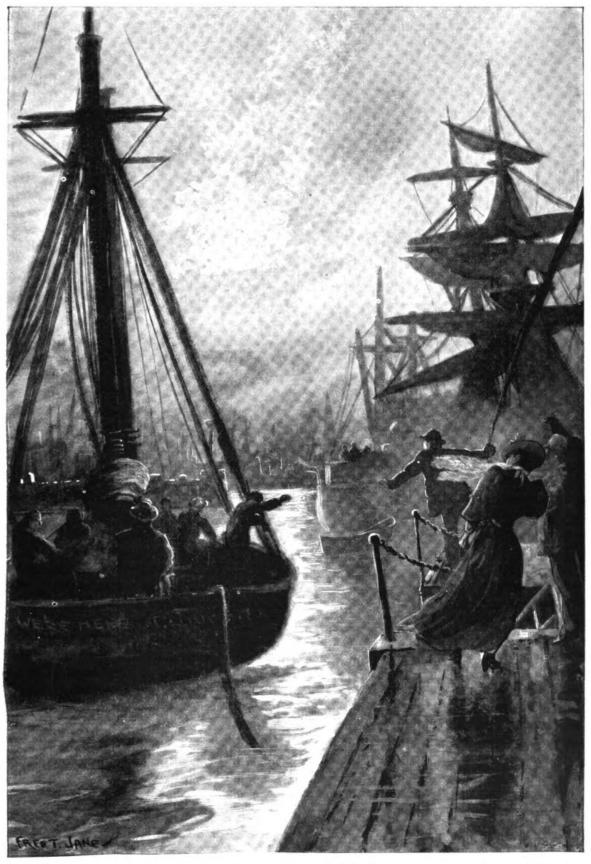
"Thick as the Banks, ain't it, doctor?" said Dan propitiatingly.

But the coal-black Celt with the secondsight did not see fit to reply till he had tapped Dan on the shoulder and for the twentieth time croaked the old, old prophecy in his ear:

- "You remember, Dan Troop? On the We're Here?"
- "Well, I won't go so far as to deny that it do look like it as things stand at present," said Dan. "She was an able packet, and one way an' another I owe her a heap—her an' Dad."
  - "Me too," quoth Harvey Cheyne.

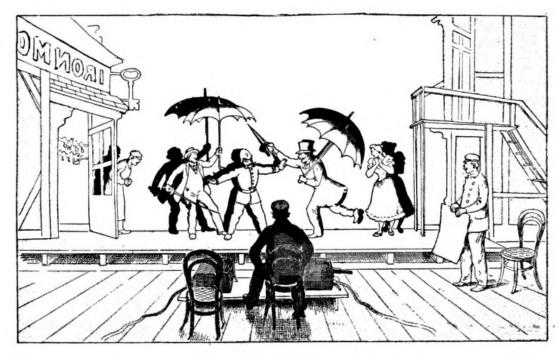
THE END.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



The little schooner was going off. (See opposite page.)

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Behind the Scenes.

#### THE SHADOW PLAY.

By L. STANLEY TREE.

I have carefully preserved a model stage for the production of shadow plays which my father constructed a long while ago for his own amusement. He was at once the manager, the scene-shifter, the decorator, the engineer, and even in most instances the author of the play.

I was showing this relic of my childhood one day to two of my friends, and while explaining to them exactly how the puppets worked, I so roused their interest and curiosity that they asked me to put the shadow show into working order again.

I agreed. A white cloth was stretched in front of the huge box which served as a stage; the cardboard figures, which I may explain were mounted on long cardboard runners to fit a groove running across the floor of the stage from side to side, were produced, and the lamp at the back was lit.

Then one after another I inserted the dummy figures in a slit in the side of the box over the groove just referred to, pushed them along the groove, and withdrew them through a corresponding slit on the other side of the box. In their passage across the

stage black shadows of the figures were thrown upon the sheet, much to the amusement of my friends.

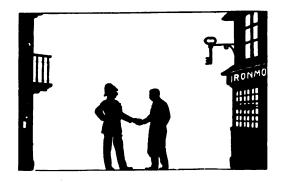
Then the idea occurred to us to still further elaborate the performance. Oxyhydrogen light was to be substituted for the smoking lamp, the cardboard figures were to be replaced by real persons acting in dumb show, giving the proper gestures and the natural attitudes in a life comedy. For the dummy silhouettes, however well finished, only admitted of a certain number of motions, despite the ingenious mechanism which made legs, arms, head, and sometimes the trunk all move together.

We decided that we would look out for a piece to perform, and would draw up a list of characters taken from real life. Some days afterwards the play was found, the characters agreed upon, and all the preliminaries finished.

Everything was very simple, as you can judge for yourself from the brief summary of the play which follows:

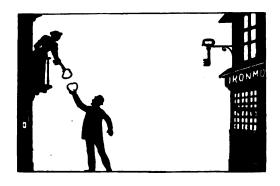
At the Tisciofatheccurtain an ironmonger INDIANA UNIVERSITY and a policeman drink together, and part with a shake of the hand.

Paul and Malvina, a flirt, are seen, and



exchange affectionate glances. He is in the street, she is on the balcony. They make love to one another.

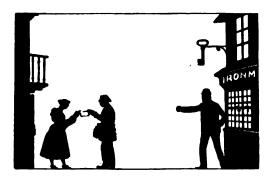
As there are threatenings of a shower in the air, Malvina comes down to give Paul an umbrella and kisses him. She enters the



house again, but just as Paul leaves the scene he sees the postman come limping along.

His suspicions are aroused; he hides himself and watches the postman give a letter to Malvina.

This she reads with evident pleasure, and

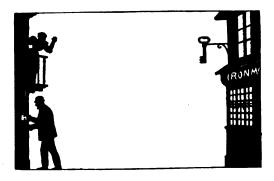


in her joy gives a tip to the postman, who retires exultant.

Paul then comes out of his hiding place. Vol. III.—86.

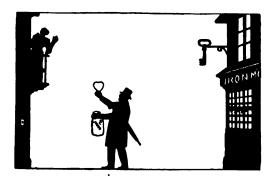
He is furious and shakes his fist, for he imagines from Malvina's demonstrations of joy that there is a rival in the field. He steps forward with the intention of upbraiding the faithless girl as she re-enters the house. But he changes his mind. An idea strikes him.

He takes from his pocket a gigantic key. It is that of Malvina's house. He makes for the door and locks it to prevent anyone from entering or going out, thus making the fickle maiden a prisoner.



Meanwhile, she appears on the balcony, surveys the scene, and smiles, for girls are apt to treat with disdain the precautions of their jealous lovers.

But Paul, who is chuckling over his revenge, soon sees his rival coming. Again

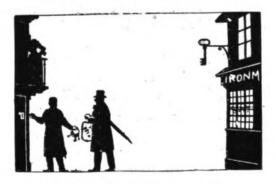


he hides himself, and keeps watch from behind the ironmonger's shop. The rival, Paton, comes along with a flower in his buttonhole, and holding in one hand a huge bag, on which is written in large figures £10,000. He rings the bell, and Malvina appears at the window.

She explains to him that she is shut in, and, pointing across at the shop of the ironmonger, makes signs that the ironmonger will know how to pick the lock.

Original from

Paton goes in search of a workman who brings a bundle of keys and with difficulty

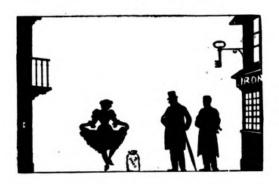


opens the door by the aid of an enormous skeleton key.

Behind the scenes Paul keeps up his threatening gesticulations.



Malvina comes down from the balcony and throws her arms round Paton's neck. He gives her the present he has brought. She fondly caresses the bag, puts it on the ground



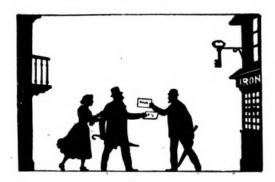
and executes before the golden calf a pas seul. Just as she is about to re-enter the house in triumph with Paton, Paul, unable to restrain himself any longer, comes out of his hiding-place and throws himself in the way of his rival. They exchange cards.

The storm bursts, it rains in torrents. The two adversaries open their umbrellas.



They then command the locksmith to furnish them with weapons. The storm increases. Each holding his umbrella in one hand, a sword in the other, they fence whilst Malvina, in tears, watches them anxiously.

Suddenly a policeman comes up from the back of the scene, separates the combatants,



takes each by the collar and brings them to their knees. While he is cross-examining them, Paton tries to bribe him by offering money.

Paul, in order to regain his liberty,



gives his watch to the representative of the

The policeman remains inflexible, but Malvina behind them both raises a big heart



to beguile the policeman, who evidently meets with her approval. He, flattered by her

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY attention, is vanquished and offers, in his turn, his heart pierced by a Cupid's arrow. Malvina's advances affect him more and more.

He then bids the two duellists step out



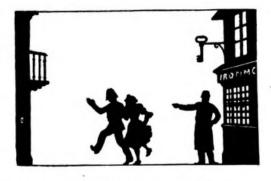
smartly, one to the right the other to the left. Left alone with his latest conquest, the policeman in triumph offers her his arm, and they re-enter the house with sprightly step and cheerful air.

The ironmonger then comes out of his



shop and sneeringly points at the loving couple.

Such was "The Shower of Hearts," a medley of a rainstorm and the barter of



hearts. It had a sub-title: "The Triumph of Authority." Digitized by Google

But it was one thing to write the piece and another to get it acted. We very much doubted whether in spite of the simplicity of action, it could be staged and performed by living people.

At length, however, the opportunity was afforded us of trying the experiment at a little theatre which shall be nameless, but we had many difficulties to overcome before our first performance.

The white curtain did not light up well. In addition, the actors who had promised their help rather inferred that the study of a piece like that would ruin their reputation; but in the end we prevailed upon them to assist us, and the actual shadow play was attempted. The piece was staged in the

little theatre we had engaged, and an accomplished pianist accompanied the movements.

When the performers had learned their parts, they rehearsed them on the open



stage of the theatre. Then they continued their practice behind a big white sheet, which was so tightly stretched out that hardly a crease was to be seen, and which hid the stage and allowed no light to filter through.

In order that the profiles of the faces might be better defined, and the play of the features shown, we soon found that the actors should not hold their heads parallel to the sheet, but making a slight angle with it.

Naturally the shadows increased in size to an enormous extent when the performers withdrew from the front of the stage. We reserved this effect for a humorous scene in which the policeman came on the stage from the back and marched to the front. First of all, he appeared of gigantic size, then he gradually diminished in stature as he walked towards the sheet. This proved the most amusing feature of the show.

We hoped to have some colour effects, but could only attain them by applying painted surfaces directly to the sheet, or by colouring the sheet itself.

And now I will explain one or two of the stage secrets. Our principal accessories, the clouds, were obtained by pasting flakes of cotton wool on a band of some transparent material, which the scene-shifter held in front



of the electric light. He moved this backwards and forwards very slowly, and at a distance it presented the appearance of heavy clouds.

By pouring fine gravel into a trough-shaped metal screen placed above the level of the light, we were able to throw on the sheet shadows of falling drops of rain.

Is it necessary for me to say that the noise of the hailstorm was produced by briskly rattling to and fro a tightly closed box containing small shot? As for the thunder, one of the workmen in the wings struck a sheet of iron which he held suspended in one hand.

The flies, too, which fluttered in front of the apparatus, attracted by the light, contributed their share to the general amusement, for the shadows of

those which flew across the stage were thrown upon the sheet as large as birds, and made the scene even more weird than before.

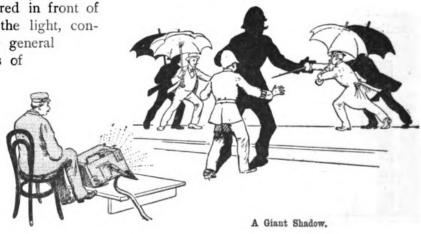
The performers acted on a big stage. By compelling them to move up and down a long narrow plank placed across the stage from side to side, they always kept the same distance from the sheet. The figures then remained of the same size, and the shadows could be thrown up stronger, clearer, and steadier.

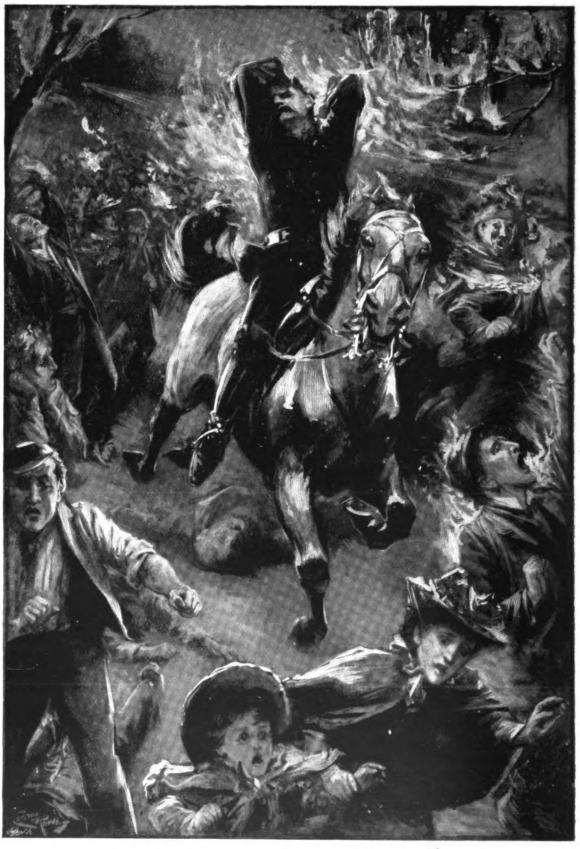
The costumes of our actors were nearly all of a light colour. Malvina's dress was white. This was a great mistake. To obtain solid black shadows the performers should only wear clothes of a dark hue.

We thought of taking instantaneous photographs of the scenes with which to illustrate this article, but unfortunately we found it impossible. And it has been necessary to console ourselves for our failure with the camera by the designs here reproduced so exactly in black and white of the principal scenes of "The Shower of Hearts." Of their appropriateness readers must judge for themselves.

Our play would have been very dull without the music which accompanied the working of the shadows and took the place of the words. A pianist is certainly an indispens able feature of such a performance.

In conclusion, I am pleased to feel that our modest work is susceptible of much greater perfection. With the expenditure of some little care and trouble, very much more pleasing effects can in this way be obtained, and an excellent evening's amusement provided for one's friends. The chief charm of the Shadow Play is its novelty, and I am quite sure that the greatest entertainment will be found in carrying out and still further improving upon the ideas I have here attempted to describe.





The mounted policeman came galloping through the confusion with his hands clasped over his head.

(See page 492.)

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By H. G. WELLS.

#### SUMMARY.

THE first indication of the invasion of the earth by the inhabitants of Mars is the falling of a cylinder on the common between Horsell, Ottershaw, and Woking. Many persons, including the narrator of the story, go to inspect the cylinder. They notice that it is being very slowly unscrewed from the inside. At length the top comes off and a fearful-looking monster emerges, and then another. Everyone beats a hasty retreat.

#### V.—THE HEAT RAY.

AFTER the glimpse I had had of the Martians emerging from the cylinder in which they had come to the earth from their planet, a kind of fascination paralysed my actions. I remained standing knee-deep in the heather staring at the mound that hid them. I was a battle ground of fear and curiosity.

I did not dare to go back towards the pit, but I felt a passionate longing to peer into it. I began walking, therefore, in a big curve, seeking some point of vantage, and continually looking at the sand heaps that hid these new comers to our earth. Once a leash of thin black whips like the arms of an octopus flashed across the sunset and was immediately withdrawn, and afterwards a thin rod rose up, joint by joint, bearing at its apex a circular disc that spun with a wobbling motion. What could be going on there?

Most of the spectators had gathered in one or two groups, one a little crowd towards

Woking, the other a knot of people in the direction of Chobham. Evidently they shared my mental conflict. There were few near me. One man I approached -he was, I perceived, a neighbour of mine, though I did not know his name-and accosted. But it was scarcely a time for " What articulate conversation. brutes!" he said. "Good God! What Ugly Brutes!" He repeated this over and over again.

"Did you see a man in the pit?" I said; but he made me no answer to that. We became silent, and stood watching for a time side by side, deriving, I fancy, a certain comfort in one another's company. Then I shifted my position to a little knoll that gave me the advantage of a yard or more of elevation, and when I looked for him presently he was walking towards Woking.

The sunset faded to twilight before anything further happened. The crowd far away on the left towards Woking seemed to grow, and I heard now a faint murmur from it. The little knot of people towards Chobham dispersed. There was scarcely an intimation of movement from the pit.

It was this, as much as anything, that gave people courage, and I suppose the new arrivals from Woking also helped to raise confidence again. At any rate, as the dusk

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came on, a slow, intermittent movement upon the sand pits began, that seemed to gather force as the stillness of the evening about the cylinder remained unbroken. Vertical black figures in twos and threes would advance, stop, watch, and advance again, spreading out as they did so in a thin, irregular crescent that promised to inclose the

pit in its attenuated horns. I, too, on my side began to move towards the pit.

Then I saw some cabmen and others had walked boldly into the sand pits, and heard the clatter of hoofs and the grind of wheels. A man ran forward and began wheeling off the barrowofapples. And then, within thirty yards of the pit, advancing from the direction of Horsell, I saw a little black knot of men, the foremost of whom was waving a white flag.

This was the Deputation.
There had been

a hasty consultation, and, since the Martians were evidently, in spite of their repulsive forms, intelligent creatures, it had been resolved to show them that we too were intelligent by approaching them with signals.

Flutter, flutter, went the flag, first to the right, then to the left. It was impossible to recognise anyone there, but afterwards I learnt that Ogilvy, Stent, and Henderson were with others in this attempt at communication. This little group had in its advance dragged inward, so to speak, the circumference of

the now almost complete circle of people, and a number of dim, black figures followed it at more or less discreet distances.

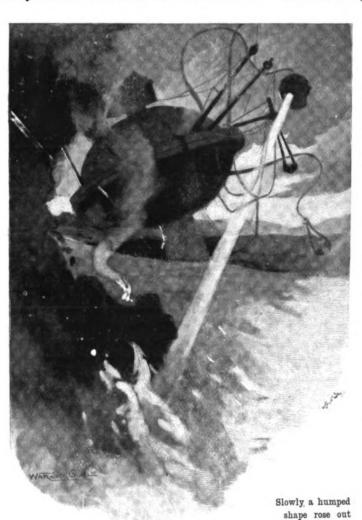
Suddenly there was a flash of light, and a quantity of luminous, greenish smoke came out of the pit in three distinct puffs, which drove up, one after the other, straight into the still air. This smoke (or flame, perhaps,

would be the better word for it) was so bright that the deep blue sky overhead, and the hazy stretches of brown common towards Chertsey, set with black pine trees, seemed to darken abruptly as these puffs arose, and to remain the darker after their dispersal. the same time a faint hissing sound became audible.

Beyond the pit stood the little wedge of people with the white flag at its apex, arrested by the phenomenon, a little knot of small vertical black

of the pit. knot of small vertical black shapes upon the black ground. As the green smoke rose their faces flashed out pallid green and faded again as it vanished. And then something happened, so swift, so incredible, that for a time it left me dumfounded, not understanding at all the thing that I had seen. The hissing passed into a humming, into a long, loud droning noise.

Slowly a humped shape rose out of the pit, and the ghost of a beam of light seemed to flicker out from it. Forthwith



flashes of actual flame, a bright glare leaping from one to another, sprung from the scattered group of men. It was as if some invisible jet impinged upon them and splashed into white flame. It was as if each man were suddenly and momentarily turned to fire.

Then by the light of their destruction I saw them staggering and falling, and their supporters half-turning to run. It was the occurrence of a second, this swift, unanticipated, inexplicable death.

I cannot describe the swiftness of the thing I saw. The death seemed leaping from man

to man in the distant flying crowd. An almost noiseless and blinding flash of light and a man fell headlong and lay still, and as the unseen shaft of heat passed over them, pine trees burst into fire, and every dry furze bush with one dull thud became a mass of flames. And far away towards Knap Hill we saw the flashes of trees and hedges and wooden buildings suddenly set alight.

It was sweeping round swiftly and steadily, this flaming death, this invisible, inevitable sword of heat. I heard the crackle of fire in the sand pits and the sudden squeal of a

> horse that was as suddenly stilled. I perceived it coming towards me by the flashing bushes it touched, and was too terror-stricken and astounded to stir. Then it was as if an invisible yet intensely heated finger was drawn through the heather, and all along a curving line beyond the sand pits the dark

ground smoked and crackled. Something fell with a crash, far away to the left where the road from Woking Station opens out on the common. Forthwith the hissing and humming ceased, and the black, dome-like object sank slowly out of sight into the pit.

All this had happened with such bewildering swiftness that I had stood
motionless, dumfounded and dazzled by
the flashes of light. Had to death swept
through a full circle it inust inevitably
have slain me in my surprise. But it
passed and spared me, and left the night
about me suddenly dark and full of terror.

The undulating common seemed now dark almost to blackness except where its roadways lay grey and pale, under the deep blue sky of the early night. Overhead the stars were mustering, and in the west, the sky was still a pale, bright, almost greenish, blue. The tops of the pine trees and the



The death seemed leaping from man to man.



roofs of Horsell came out sharp and black against the western after-glow. The Martians were altogether invisible, save for one thin mast, upon which their restless mirror wobbled. The dead lay hidden, for the most part, among the dark heather. Nothing seemed unusual, save the patches of bush and the isolated trees here and there, that smoked and glowed still, and the trees towards Woking Station that were sending

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It came to me that I was upon the common, visible to these death dealing monsters, helpless, unprotected and alone. At any moment they might discover that a man was still near them. At any moment that black dome might creep over the verge of the pit again, and inexorable death smite me down! My momentary paralysis passed into active fear. I turned, and began a stumbling run through the heather, bowing myself almost double.

This new death seemed hovering over me, pursuing me, waiting to pounce upon me. Such an extraordinary effect in unmanning

me had this thing, that I ran along weeping, much as a child might do. Once I had turned I did not dare to look back. I had an extraordinary persuasion that I was being played with, that presently, when I was upon the very verge of safety, that strange death, as swift as the passage of light, would leap after me from the pit about the cylinder, and strike me down.

## VI.—THE HEAT RAY IN THE CHOBHAM

#### ROAD.

It is still a matter of wonder how the Martians are able Many think that in to slay men so swiftly and so silently. some way they are able to generate an intense heat in a chamber of practically absolute non-conductivity. intense heat they project by means of a polished parabolic mirror of unknown composition, in a parallel

beam against any object they choose, much as the parabolic mirror of a lighthouse projects a beam of light. But no one has absolutely proved these details. However it is done, it is certain that a beam of heat is the essence of the matter. Heat. and invisible, instead of visible light. Whatever is combustible flashes into flame at its touch, lead runs like water, it softens iron, cracks

it falls upon water incon tinently that explodes into steam. That night nearly forty people lay under the starlight about the pit, charred and distorted beyond recognition, and all night long the common from Horsell to Maybury was deserted,

and brightly ablaze.

and melts glass, and when

The news of the massacre probably reached Chobham, Woking, and Ottershaw about the same time. In Woking the

shops had closed when the tragedy happened, and a number of people, shop-people and I began a stumbling run through the

so forth, attracted by the stories they had heard, were walking over Horsell Bridge and along the road between the hedges that runs out at last upon the common. You may imagine the young people brushed up after the labours of the day, and making this novelty, as they would make any novelty, the excuse for walking together and enjoying a little innocent flirtation, you may figure to yourself the hum of voices along the road in the gloaming.

As yet, of course, few people in Woking even knew that the cylinder had opened, though poor Henderson had sent a messenger on a bicycle to the post office with a special wire to an evening paper. As these folks came out upon the open by

twos and threes, however, they found little knots of people standing talking excitedly, and peering at the spinning mirror over the sand-pits, and the newcomers were soon infected by the strange excitement of the occasion.

By half-past eight, when the Deputation was destroyed, there may have been a crowd there of three hundred or more, besides those who had left the road to approach the Martians nearer. There were three policemen, too, one of whom was mounted, doing their best, under instructions from Stent, to keep the people back and deter them from approaching the cylinder. There was some booing from those more thoughtless and excitable souls to whom a crowd is always an occasion for noise and horseplay.

Stent and Ogilvy, anticipating some possibilities of a collision, had telegraphed from Horsell to the barracks as soon as the Martians emerged, for the help of a company of soldiers to protect these strange creatures from violence. After that it was they returned to lead that ill-fated advance. The description of their death as it was seen by the crowd tallies very closely with my own impressions: the three puffs of green cmoke, the deep humming note, and the splashes of flame.

But that crowd of people had a far nearer escape than mine. Only the fact that a hummock of heathery sand intercepted the lower part of the Heat Ray saved them. Had the elevation of the parabolic mirror been a few yards higher none could have lived to tell the tale. They saw the flashes, and the men falling, and an invisible hand, as it were, lit the bushes as it hurried towards Then with a them through the twilight. whistling note mingling with the droning of the pit, the beam swung close over their heads, lighting the tops of the beech trees that line the road, and splitting the bricks, smashing the windows, firing the windowframes, and bringing down in crumbling ruin a portion of the gable of a house nearest the corner.

In the sudden thud and hiss and glare of the ignited trees, the panic-stricken crowd seems to have swayed hesitatingly for some

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moments. The unexpected burst of flame overhead, and the black shadows jumping about them must have been intensely disconcerting in themselves. There were shrieks and shouts, and the mounted policeman came galloping through the confusion with his hands clasped over his head and screaming.

Sparks and burning twigs began to tall into the road, and single leaves like puffs of flame, that never reached the ground. A girl's dress caught fire. Then came a crying from the common. "They're coming!" A woman shrieked, and incontinently everyone was turning and pushing at those behind, in order to clear their way to Woking again. Where the road grows narrow between the high banks the crowd jammed; a hideous struggle occurred, and two women and a little boy were crushed and left dying there amidst the terror and the darkness.

#### VII.-HOW I CAME HOME.

For my own part, I remember nothing of my flight except the stress of frantic exertion, and my agony of blundering against trees and tumbling through the heather. I ran into the road between the cross-roads and Horsell, and along this to the cross-roads. To think of it brings back very vividly the whooping of my panting breath as I ran. All about me gathered the invisible terrors of the Martians, that pitiless sword of heat seemed whirling to and fro, flourishing overhead before it descended and smote me out of life.

At last I could go no further; I was exhausted with the violence of my emotion and of my flight, my knees smote together and I staggered and fell by the wayside. That was near the bridge that crosses the canal by the gasworks. I fell and lay panting. I must have remained there some time.

I sat up, strangely perplexed. For a moment, perhaps, I could not clearly understand how I came there. My terror had fallen from me like a garment. My hat had gone, and my collar had burst away from its stud. A few minutes before, there had only been three real things before me—the immensity of the night and space and nature, my own feebleness and anguish, and the near approach of death. Now it was as if some-

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY thing turned over, and the point of view altered abruptly. There was no sensible transition from one state of mind to the other. I was immediately the self of every day again, a decent ordinary citizen. The silent common, the impulse of my flight, the starting flames, were as if it were a dream. I asked myself had these latter things indeed happened? I could not credit it.

I rose and walked unsteadily up the steep incline of the bridge. My mind was blank wonder. My knees, I found, were stiff; my muscles and nerves seemed drained of their strength. I daresay I staggered drunkenly. A head rose over the arch, and the figure of a workman carrying a basket appeared. Beside him ran a little boy. He passed me, wishing me good-night. I was minded to speak to him, and did not. I answered his greeting with a mumble, and went on over the bridge.

Over the Maybury arch a train, a billowing tumult of white, firelit smoke, and a long caterpillar of lighted windows, went flying south, clatter, clatter, clap, rap, and it had gone. A dim group of people talked at the gate of one of the houses in the pretty little row of gables that was called Oriental Terrace. It was all so real and so familiar. And that behind me! It was frantic, fantastic! Such things, I told myself, could not be.

Perhaps I am a man of exceptional moods. I do not know how far my experience is common. At times I suffer from the strangest sense of utter detachment from myself and the world about me; I seem to watch it all from the outside, from somewhere inconceivably remote, out of time, out of space, out of the stress and tragedy of it all. This feeling was very strong upon me that night. Here was another side to my dream.

But the trouble was the blank incongruity of this security and quiet, and the swift death flying yonder, not two miles away. There was a noise of business from the gasworks, and the electric lamps were all alight. I stopped at the group of people. "What news from the common?" said I.

There were two men and a woman at the gate. "Eigh?" said one of the men, turning.

"What news from the common?" I said.

"Ain't yer just been there?" asked the

"People seem fair silly about the Common," said the woman over the gate. "What's it all about?"

It seemed impossible to make these people grasp a terror upon which my mind even could not retain its grip of realisation.

"Haven't you heard of the Men from Mars?" said I.

"Quite enough," said the woman over the



I startled my wife at the doorway, so haggard and dishevelled was I.

gate. "Thenks," and all three of them laughed.

I felt foolish and angry. I could not tell them what I had seen. "You'll hear more yet," I gasped, and went on to my home. I startled my wife at the doorway, so haggard and dishevelled was I. I went into the dining-room, sat down and told her all that I had seen. The dinner, which was a cold one, had already been served and remained neglected on the table while I told my story.

"There is one thing," I said, to allay the fears I had aroused, "they are the most sluggish things I ever saw crawl. They may keep the pit and kill people who come near them, but they cannot get out of it.
. . . . . . . But the horror of them!"

"Don't, dear!" said my wife, knitting her brows and putting her hand on mine.

"Poor Ogilvy!" I said. "To think he may be lying dead there!"

My wife at least did not find my experience incredible. She ate scarcely a mouthful of dinner, and ever and again she shuddered at my too vivid story of the death of the flagbearers. When I saw how deadly white her face was, I ceased describing. "They may come here," she said again and again. I pressed her to take wine, and tried to reassure her. "They can scarcely move," I said. I repeated all that Ogilvy had told me, of the impossibility of the Martians establishing themselves on the earth, at first for her comfort, and then I found for my own.

In particular I laid stress on the gravitation difficulty. On the surface of the earth, the force of gravity is three times what it is on the surface of Mars. A Martian, therefore, would weigh three times more than on Mars, albeit his muscular strength would be the same. His own body would be a cope of lead to him therefore. Both the Times and the Daily Telegraph repeated this consideration the next morning, and both overlooked two modifying influences. The atmosphere of the earth, we now know, contains far more oxygen or far less argon (whichever way one likes to put it), than does Mars. The invigorating influence of this excess of oxygen upon the Martians indisputably did much to counterbalance the increased weight of their And, in the second place, we all overlooked the fact that such mechanical intelligence as the Martian possessed, was quite able to dispense with muscular exertion at a pinch. But I did not consider these points at the time. With wine and food, the confidence of my own table, and the necessity of reassuring my wife, I grew, by insensible degrees, courageous.

"They have done a foolish thing," said I, fingering my wine-glass. "They are dangerous because no doubt they are mad

with terror. Perhaps they expected to find no living things—certainly no intelligent living things.

"A shell in the pit," said I, "if the worst comes to the worst, will kill them all."

The intense excitement of the events had no doubt left my perceptive powers in a state of erethism. I remember that dinner table with extraordinary vividness even now. My dear wife's sweet anxious face peering at me from under the pink lamp shade, the white cloth, with its silver and glass table furniture—for in those days even philosophical writers had many little luxuries—the crimson purple wine in my glass, are photographically distinct. At the end of it I sat, tempering nuts with a cigarette, regretting Ogilvy's rashness, and denouncing the short-sighted timidity of the Martians.

So some respectable dodo in the Mauritius might have lorded it in his nest, and discussed the arrival of that shipful of pitiless sailors in want of animal food. "We will peck them to death to-morrow, my dear."

I did not know it, but that was the last civilised dinner I was to eat for very many strange and terrible days.

#### VIII.—FRIDAY NIGHT.

THE most extraordinary thing to my mind, of all the strange and wonderful things that happened upon that Friday, was the dovetailing of the commonplace habits of our social order with the first beginnings of the series of events that was to topple that social order headlong. If, on Friday night, you had taken a pair of compasses and drawn a circle with a radius of five miles round the Woking sand-pits, I doubt if you would have had one human being outside it, unless it was some relation of Stent, or the three or four cyclists or London people who lay dead on the Common, whose emotions or habits were at all affected by the newcomers. people had heard of the cylinder, of course, and talked about it in their leisure, but it certainly did not make the sensation an ultimatum to Germany would have done.

In London, that night, poor Henderson's telegram, describing the gradual unscrewing of the shot, was judged to be a *canard*, and his evening paper, after wiring for authenti-

trucks.

sharp whistle

donwards

cation from him and receiving no reply-the man was killed-decided not to print a special edition.

Within the five-mile circle, even, the great majority of people were inert. I have already described the behaviour of the man and woman I spoke to. All over the district people were dining and supping; working men were gardening after the labours of the day, children were being put to bed, young people were wandering through the lanes love-making, students

sat over their books.

Maybe

there was a murmur in the village streets, a novel and dominant caused

topic in the publichouses, and here and there a messenger, or even an eyewitness of the later occurrences whirl of excitement, a shouting and a running to and fro; but, for the most part, the daily routine of working, eating, drinking,

sleeping,

went on as it had done for countless years—as though no planet Mars existed in the sky. Even at Woking Station and Horsell and Chobham that was the case.

In Woking Junction, until a late hour, trains were stopping and going on, others were shunting on the sidings, passengers Digitized by

were alighting and waiting, and everything was proceeding in the most ordinary way. A boy from the town, trenching on Smith's monopoly, was selling papers with the afternoon's news. The ringing and impact of

of the engines from the junction, mingled with their shouts of "Men from Mars." Excited men came into the station with incredible tidings about nine o'clock, and caused no dismore turbance than drunkards might have done. People rattling Lon-One or two adventurous souls never returned.

> peered into the darkness outside the carriage windows and saw only a rare, flickering, vanishing spark dance up from the direction of Horsell, a red glow and a thin veil of smoke driving across the stars, and thought that nothing more serious than a heath fire was happening.

> It was only round the edge of the common that any disturbance was perceptible. There were half-a-dozen villas burning on the Woking border; there were lights in all the houses on

the common side of the three villages, and the people there kept awake till dawn.

A curious crowd lingered restlessly, people coming and going, but the crowd remaining, both on the Chobham and Horsell bridges. One or two adventurous souls, it was afterwards found, went into the dark-

ness and crawled quite near the Martians, but they never returned, for now and again a light-ray, like the beam of a warship's searchlight, swept the Common, and the Heat Ray was ready to follow. Save for such that big area of Common was silent and desolate, and the charred bodies lay about on it all night, under the stars, and all the next day.

A noise of hammering from the pit was heard by many people.

So you have the state of things on Friday night. In the centre, sticking into the skin of our old planet Earth, like a poisoned dart, was this cylinder. But the poison was scarcely working yet. Around it was a patch of silent Common, smouldering in places and with a few dark, dimly seen objects lying in contorted attitudes here and there. Here and there was a burning bush or tree. Beyond was a fringe of excitement, and further than that fringe the inflammation had not crept as yet. In the rest of the world the stream of life still flowed as it has flowed for immemorial years. The fever of war that would presently clog vein and artery, deaden nerve and destroy brain, had still to develop.

All night long the Martians were hammering and stirring, sleepless, indefatigable, at

work upon the machines they were making ready, and ever and again a puff of greenish white smoke whirled up to the starlit sky.

About eleven a company of soldiers came through Horsell and deployed along the edge of the common to form a cordon. Later a second company marched through Chobham to deploy on the north side of the Common. Several officers from the Inkerman barracks had been on the Common earlier in the day. and one, Major Eden, was reported to be missing. The colonel of the regiment came on with them and was busy questioning the crowd at midnight. The military authorities were certainly early alive to the seriousness of the business. About eleven, the next morning's papers were able to say, a squadron of Hussars, two Maxims, and about four hundred men of the Cardigan regiment started from Aldershot.

A few seconds after midnight the crowd in the Chertsey road, Woking, saw a star fall from Heaven into the pine woods to the north-west. It fell with a greenish light, causing a flash of light like summer lightning. Soon after these pine woods and others about the Byfleet Golf Links were seen to be on fire.

(To be continued next month.)

# 

## LOVE'S QUARREL.

H Love and I have quarrelled sore,

For lo! the stubborn boy will say, That dainty Cloris I should wed, And not the handsome Lady May.

And this tho' I have ofttimes told How Lady May hath ample gold.

What time I praise the roses red, That mantle on my Lady's cheek, The saucy varlet still declares,

That "in the morn the bloom hath flown,

"The cause he finds not far to seek." While Cloris' charms are all her own."

'Tis all in vain that I insist On Lady May's high pedigree, For love asserts that Cloris comes Of Nature's own nobility. And thus he praises without fear, Nor will he aught of reason hear.

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So Love and I have fallen out, And I am left in sorry plight, For if I but the truth confess I'm bound to own that Love is right. There's surely nought to do or say, But wed sweet Cloris while I may. G. E. FARROW. Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



The Elephant Rock, Hartlepool.

From a Photo by F. Frith & Co., Reigate.

## REMARKABLE ROCKS.

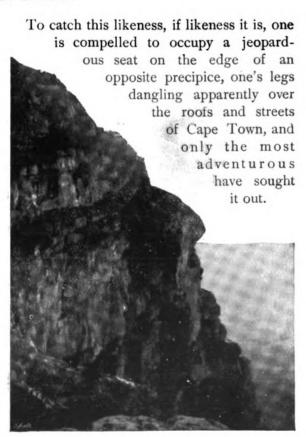
BY MERRIDEN HOWARD.

Nothing is easier for some people to find or more impossible for others than likenesses in rocks. I suppose you require a special kind of susceptibility. Or perhaps it is imagination that is needful. At all events I am always glad when I am taken to see these things if they happen to be very conspicuous.

The Elephant on the coast at Hartlepool is most delightful in this way. The likeness appeals to you at once. And, then, when you come to examine the rock more closely you are surprised to find as well a faint resemblance to Lord Salisbury's face.

Nor is this the only political rock. In Sir William Harcourt's profile on the edge of Table Mountain one could almost fancy a touch of Harry Furniss's hand. There is the huge forehead, the bushy eyebrow, the nose, the rippling succession of chins. Or, again, there is nothing. It is like some puzzle picture, in which you discover at one moment all the figures that the artist's skill has hidden, and the next they vanish vexatiously, and leave you wondering how you perceived things which had no existence.

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Sir William Harcourt's Profile, Table Mountain.
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

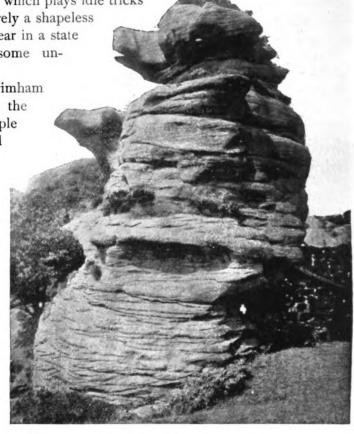
The Dancing Bear rock is another which plays idle tricks with the imagination. Now it is merely a shapeless mass of granite; now a rollicking bear in a state of hilarious intoxication stepping some uncertain measure.

It is to be found among the Brimham rocks in Yorkshire, a group which the easily contented mind does not scruple to affirm is phenomenally provided with specimens of Nature's sculptury. The Tower rock, the Crown, the Tortoise, the Hawk, the Idol, the Yoke of Oxen, the Pulpit, and the Pilot rock are all pointed to with enthusiasm in the neighbourhood. Yet an unprejudiced mind must admit it is a matter of difficulty to trace the likeness to any one of these.

The Nag's Head rock, at St. Agnes, Scilly, stands upon rather a different footing. There is, it is true, little or no resemblance to a horse's head; if anything, the suggestion is either of a lamb, or a

From Photo by Frith.

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The Dancing Bear Rocks, Brimham. From Photo by Frith.

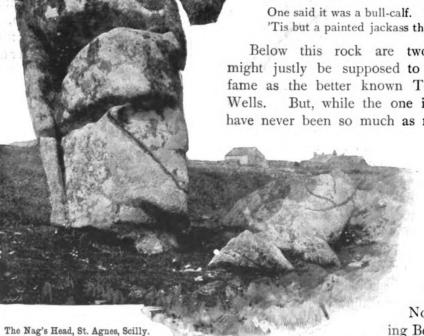
somewhat ill-shaped bull-calf. One is tempted to quote the delightful doggerel of the Three Jolly Huntsmen:

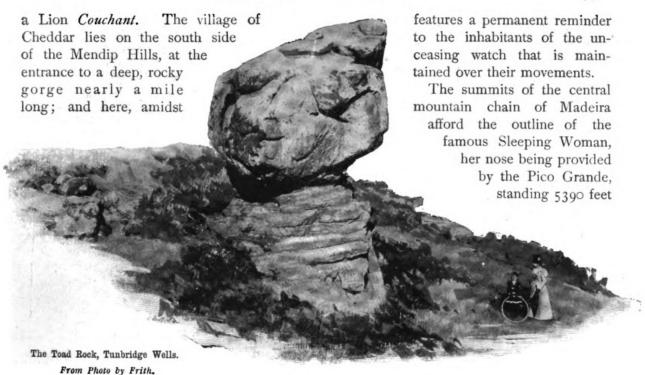
One said it was a bull-calf. The other, he said: "Nay! 'Tis but a painted jackass that has never learnt to bray!"

Below this rock are two smaller stones which might justly be supposed to have an equal right to fame as the better known Toad rock at Tunbridge Wells. But, while the one is a celebrity, the others have never been so much as noticed.

> The Loaded Camel rock, at St. Mary's, Scilly, is another but dubiously associated with the name it bears. It resembles more a tortoise, or a turtle, with its long neck stretched out from beneath its shell.

Not content with the Dancing Bear and the poor, crushed Camela someone must needs discover





stupendous limestone cliffs, amongst caverns filled with fantastic stalactites and stalagmites, crouches this lion, like some poor creature condemned for ever to keep watch across the canyon.

Nor is it the only rock-formed Five minutes' walk from Ladybrand, in the Orange Free State, is a huge, granite boulder, bearing no vegetation, and forlornly keeping guard over the native prison, its immobile

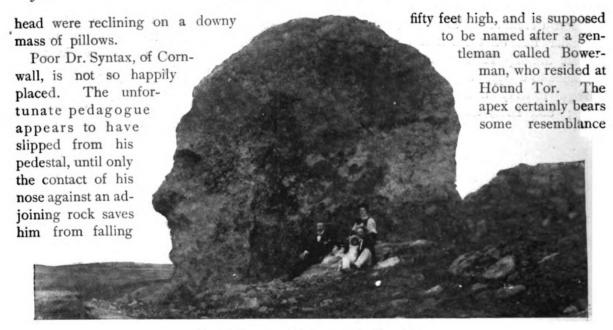




The Loaded Camel, St. Mary's, Scilly. From Photo by Frith, Digitized by GOO

The Lion Rock, Cheddar.

above the sea level. The photograph shown on page 500 is taken from the opposite side of the Gran Curral Ravine, and gives, perhaps, the best effect obtainable. The bank of clouds lying along the upper slopes has a suggestion of Original from or



The Sentinel Rock, Ladybrand, Orange Free State.

face downward on the ground. A thick crop of gorse on the summit of the boulder resembles at a little distance a profusion of curly hair, thereby accentuating the resemblance to a human face stern enough indeed to afford a representation of education personified.

Mention of this rock reminds us of the Bowerman's Nose, a strange monument of granite a little more than a mile distant from the village of Manaton.

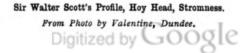
It is between forty and

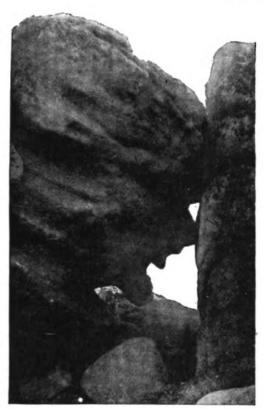


The Sleeping Woman, Madeira.

to a colossal human head, though not of striking beauty. Carrington says it is generally regarded as an ancient Druidical idol. He has left a graphic description of it.

On the very edge
Of the vast moorland, startling every eye,
A shape enormous rises. High it towers
Above the hill's bold brow, and, seen from far,





Dr. Syntax, Land's End.
From Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

Assumes the human form—a granite god, To whom in days long flown the suppliant knee

In trembling homage bowed. The hamlets near

Have legends rude connected with the spot (Wild swept by

every wind) on which he stands,

The giant of the Moor.

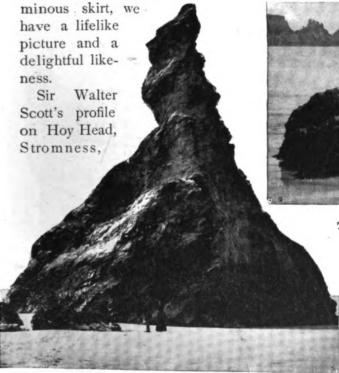
But in spite of this sacred atmosphere the Bowerman's Nose is ungainly, unsatisfactory, grotesque. It is pleasant to turn from it to the figure of good Queen Bess at



The Bowerman's Nose, Manaton, Devon.

From Photo by Frith.

Bedruthen Steps, a likeness so unmistakable that it is difficult to believe Art has not been called in to the assistance of Nature. Even to the big lace ruffle, condescending to such details as the volu-



Queen Bess, Bedruthen Steps, Cornwall.

From Photo by Frith.

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The Newfoundland Day Westin Day Greener

The Newfoundland Dog, Moulin Bay, Guernsey.

From Photo by Frith.

though, perhaps, better known, is hardly such a successful representation and lacks that impressive distinctiveness which characterises Queen Bess at Bedruthen Steps and the Indian Chieftain's Head at St. Ives. The latter is a physiognomic gem. The lofty forehead, the nose, the lips, the chin suggest at

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once the Indian to people who know nothing of ethnography. And back to back with this stern-faced chieftain one can fancy the silhouetted features of Mother Hubbard, or, perhaps, some Cornish peasant woman, her sun bonnet turned to the sea.

Indeed, no catalogue, however long, could exhaust the list of those strange fantasies which appear on this stage of unconscious imitators.

There is the Saddle rock at Torquay; the Newfoundland Dog, curled up in Moulin Bay, Guernsey; the Parson and the

wonderful of all that

medley of

Clerk at Dawlish, and most The Device and the Clark Davilsh Daves

The Parson and the Clerk, Dawlish, Devon. From Photo by Chapman and Son, Dazvlish.

beast-forms and human shapes which battle the current of the Nam Ou River of Annam. So on

> and on until the imagination fails, or every stone and every rock and every mountain suddenly take likenesses, which crowd upon us until nothing seems to be itself, and everything a caricature of something else.

The Indian Chieftain, St. Ives, Cornwall.

From Photo by Frith.



Remarkable Rocks, Nam Cu River, Annam.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



The favourite bat of the Prince of Wales.

## THE MAKING OF GICKET BATS



Planing down the blade.

By STEPHEN GWYNN.

I HAPPENED to be staying in lodgings where my attention was caught by some most unusual firewood—not sticks, but lumps and wedges of wood. Upon inquiry, I found that my landlady was sister to the secretary of Cobbett's famous cricket bat making establishment; she lit her fires with the parings of cricket bats. Naturally, I asked for an introduction, and thus I was permitted to see the work as it is done by one of the best known makers of cricket bats in England.

The first step is to choose your trees. The selection is made in November or December, and is of the utmost importance. The question of timber limits the production, and determines the ex-

pense. Cobbett's workshops turn out in the year, roughly speaking, twenty thousand blades of the first quality; they would gladly turn out twice the number, if they could get hold of the wood; but in spite of the high price which is freely offered such timber as they want is only to be had in limited quantities. Cobbett's secretary goes down in the late autumn to the Eastern Counties, and buys trees. These trees, as everybody knows, are willow, which alone combines the qualities of toughness and lightness. But they must not be pollard willows; rain works into these from the top, and the wood is sappy and apt to be rotten. They must be timber trees; and, of about fifty kinds of willow, one only—the Salix alba, with its clean, close-clinging bark—gives the right quality of timber. Nothing but the trunk is used, and of that only the first ten feet or so for the best work. The nearer the butt, the better the bat; also the biggest trees give the best wood. They run as large as 5ft. in diameter. Therefore, in choosing the trees, it is necessary first to get the right sort of willow; then to get it as big and straight grown as possible; lastly, to note where it is growing. Willows which grow in water and boggy land are sappy and muddy in texture; the best trees are those planted twenty feet or so from the moisture, which their taproots will always find.

These trees are mostly obtained in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, so that practically these three counties have to furnish wood for all the first-class bat trade of the world. Australia, to say nothing of the Cape, India, the West Indies, and America, is wholly supplied with cricket

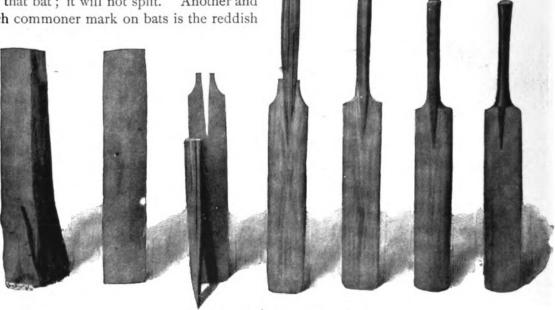
bats from England. Naturally, then, it becomes daily harder to get good trees; and, till within the last few years, people did not realise the importance of this market, and pollarded their willows. Now they are wiser, and in ten years there will be trees in plenty, but none of the giants. In the meantime, buyers have to pay high, and choose with discretion.

Such costly stuff needs to be carefully handled, so, when the trees are selected, the firm sends down its own men to cut them. This is done with a crosscut saw, and the trees are taken just at the spring of the root. Occasionally, you will see a bat which shows at the bottom this outward curve of the grain. Buy that bat; it will not split. Another and much commoner mark on bats is the reddish

I went into an outdoor shed to see this. There were two men, each with a block and a short axe. These axes, very broad in the face and heavy behind, are specially manufactured for this trade.

The older of the two men had been chopping in Cobbett's yard for forty-five years. His business was to reduce the clefts into some rough likeness of a bat's blade; these sticks are then weathered out of doors—every roof in the place was covered with the stacks—for twelve months.

In that time the sap oozes out. The difference in weight between a seasoned



The bat in the process of manufacture.

stain which people take to be a knot, but is merely a discolouration, generally proceeding from some injury to the bark, which runs right through the timber. A knot is really a defect, and disqualifies the piece of wood in which it occurs for first-class work; but the stain, or the slight mark produced by an abortive shoot, is held by the workmen to be a sign of extra toughness.

When the tree is felled and shorn of its branches, it is split into quarters with ash wedges, and brought up to London; then these are reduced to "clefts" or rough oblongs. Afterwards comes the preliminary shaping; the first skilled labour which is done upon them.

block and the one just hacked out was surprising.

The inevitable waste of material also was striking. Many of the clefts when it comes to chopping them show some flaw in the grain, and by the time this is cut out, the blade is spoilt. But in every case the bat when finished only contains about half the wood that was in the cleft.

I asked if there were any by-products, and it seems that the solid pieces sawn off the bat ends are used to some extent for the backs of brushes. The willow tops were in old times made into pill boxes, and this business was a considerable industry in itself—particularly at Norwich; but pill boxes are of metal or

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY cardboard nowadays. So the firm have practically no sale for their wedges and splinters; but they have no trouble in disposing of them. There appeared to be a continuous procession through the shops of little boys staggering away with bags bigger than themselves. Cobbett's works must be popular in Capland Street.

After its year of seasoning on the roof the rudimentary bat goes into the workshops, where its transformation is rapid. First of all it is clamped in a vice and "drawn" into blade-shape. The tool used is a knife with a handle at each end, which the operator pulls towards him, and it

slices through the wood as if it were cheese,

showing the beautiful grain, white and smooth as ivory. Agauge is used to give the exact width; all the rest of the shaping in this and the other stages is done by eye.

The ideal,
of course, in
shaping is to combine lightness with
driving power; and the
thickest part of every bat is
three or four inches from the

bottom where it ought to meet the ball. I say "ought to," because with the average player all parts of the bat come in for an impartial hammering.

Dr. Grace has been urging upon the firm to modify the shape of their bats by increasing the thickness in the centre, and sloping off the sides more sharply, so that the section would be much more of a triangle than with the old-fashioned shape.

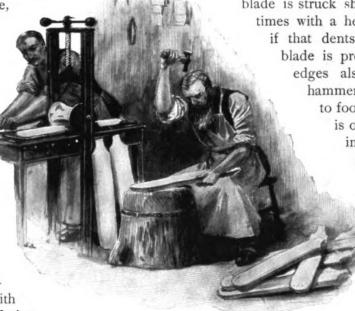
That is all very well for Dr. Grace, or a batsman like Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, who knows to half an inch or so where he is going to hit the ball; but the ordinary individual would probably knock the sides off

such a bat the first time he played with it. At all events, the workmen do not favour this innovation, nor any other that I could hear of: the traditions of the establishment are highly conservative.

Next to the drawing comes the pressing of the blade. It is put through a roller, the pressure being carefully graduated. The end of the bat is crushed by the equivalent of two tons weight, so as to close up the grain and prevent splitting. The shoulders get the lightest pressure. This is also skilled work, for each piece of wood requires to be differently treated, according as it is more or less spongy.

After the application of the press, the blade is struck sharply two or three times with a heavy iron hammer: if that dents the surface, the blade is pressed again. The edges also are thoroughly hammered from shoulder to foot. When this stage is over, it is taken out into the central shed, and a triangular wedge cut out of

the top by a neat little band-saw. It is then ready for handling; but this very delicate operation goes on in another shed.



Hammering and pressing the blade.

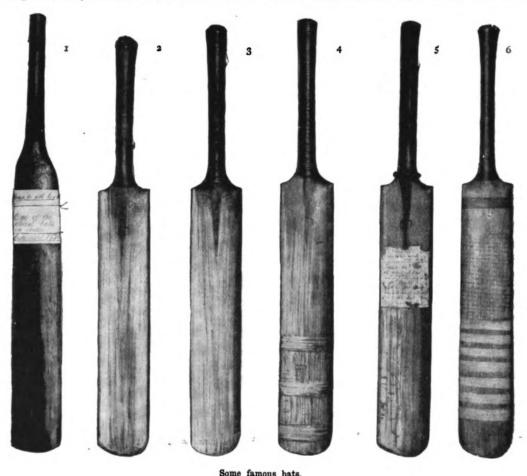
At the bottom of a staircase lie stacked together great bundles of cane imported from Singapore, twenty feet long, and about the thickness of an ordinary cork. This cane is chopped into lengths of about fifteen inches. These are squared by a slicer, then lashed and glued together in rows of three or four pieces, lying like the fingers of your hand. Then four of these rows are again lashed and glued into one, making a stick about two inches square by fifteen long. Thus, every handle is circular, an inch in diameter, cut out of at least fourteen pieces of cane carefully joined together. from

The handle litter is given first the blade,

shaped and pressed, with the wedge cut out for him to let in the cane; secondly, this oblong block of cane. He takes the cane, and, fitting it into a vice, pares down one end of the oblong into a wedge point.

Then, you will say, he sticks the point into the hole cut out by the saw. It is not so simple as that. His art is, by careful chiselling, to give a very delicate concave curve to of suction, and it would take Sandow himself to draw it out again by a straight pull.

The splice is fixed in with the strongest glue, but there is a tradition in the firm that, in the days of an old fitter, whose son now works in the shop, a bat once went out, and was played with in first class matches; towards the end of the season, the handle came out, and it was then, and not till



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. John Wisden, Cranbourn Street, London.

- 1. One of the oldest bats in existence, made about 1750.
- 2. Abel's bat, with which he made the record score of 168 (not out) for Players v. Gentlemen at the Oval.
- 3. J. T. Brown's bat, with which he scored 140 (not out) in the famous England v. Australia match at Melbourne.
- 4. F. S. Jackson's bat, with which he has scored over 2000 runs in first class cricket.
- 5. Geo. Giffen's bat, used the whole of one season in Australia. and the following summer in England.
- 6. K. S. Ranjitsinhji's bat, with which he made 2400 runs, including four centuries, in first class cricket.

the sides of the hole in the blade where the splice is to be let in, and a corresponding concavity to the edges of the cane wedge.

Neither can be detected by the eye, until you put a ruler across, and see that it is not an absolutely flat surface. The result is that when the wedge end of the handle is driven in from the top, there is a good deal then, discovered that the glue had been forgotten.

When the blade and handle have been jointed together, as strongly as skill can do it, this square and ugly cane block has to be reduced to a manageable shape; so the bat goes back to the place where it was "drawn" and pressed, and is put on a lathe. Round and round the blade spins while a skilful hand

applies a chisel to the whirling cane, and great showers of chips fly up. A very few minutes brings it into shape: not absolutely nor uniformly round, but finely graduated off by the workman's experienced eye. Then the bat is passed over to a bench where two workmen, with knives and chisels of every kind, cutting in the same marvellous way, with smooth, clean strokes, finish off the

shaping of shoulders and handle.

Next, it goes to another bench to be polished. There are three graduated kinds of sandpaper used, and it gets a smart rub with each of these in succession. Last of all, the polisher takes a curved bone stick, and, holding it in both hands, he runs it swiftly over the surface, pressing heavily down, till the wood shines like polished horn itself.

Then comes the binding of the handle

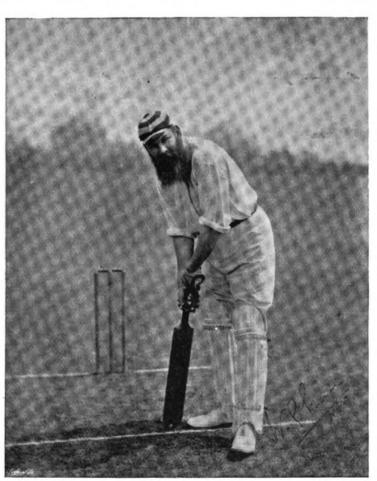
with waxed thread, which is reeled on as the lathe turns the handle. The fastening looked so secure, that I asked why the binding so often comes loose. This, it appears, is the result of careless oiling. A bat should not be oiled above the splice, or the oil works under the cord and releases the fastened end. But the lower part of the blade should get a wipe with an oily rag once a week, summer and winter.

Workmen and manager all believe in the

old cane handles; but a very large proportion of their bats are fitted now with the patent "Jubilee" handle. The ordinary handle, as was said, is formed of four rows of cane sticks. In the Jubilee handle, there is let in sideways, between the front row and the one next it, a layer of red India-rubber; between the two middle rows, a layer of guttapercha, a little less springy than the rubber;

but the two back rows have nothing between them, so that there is a d d i t i o n a l spring given in front, but a good resistance behind.

In the office were the household gods; show-pieces, in the shape of bats made of "Chuckley" willow, which is a sort of freak in the wood-a mottled pattern running across the grain, very pretty to look at. This wood is scarce, and is used chiefly for presentation bats, which people hang up in their smoke-

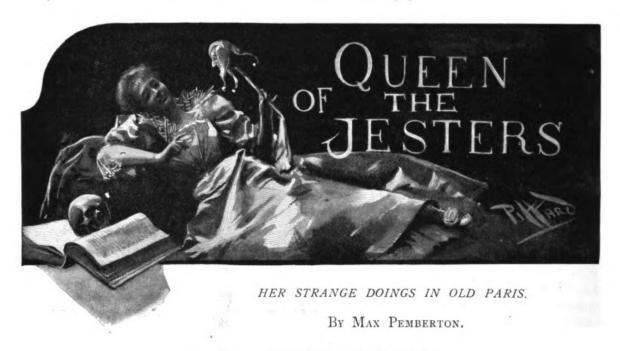


A Photograph of Mr. W. G. Grace, with the bat with which he scored 1000 runs in May, 1895, including his hundredth century.

From Photo by Hawkins, Brighton.

rooms, and, perhaps, have a silver plate let in to commemorate their achievements.

The bat belonging to the Prince of Wales, a photograph of which appears at the top of the first page of this article, is reproduced by special permission. In His Royal Highness's cricketing days this bat was his particular favourite. On the front, high up on the blade, at either side of the splice, are the Royal coats of arms, which can just be distinguished in the illustration.



## No. V.-A PRISON OF SWORDS.

(A Complete Story.)

JACQUES DE SERREFORT was sleeping when the gaoler opened the door of his cell; but he awoke while the keys still rattled in the lock, and sat up in his bed, half blinded by the sunlight which streamed through the high window of his prison.

The gaoler entered the cell as he had entered it every morning for fifteen terrible He and Serrefort had grown old together-old in association, almost in captivity. True, Baptiste, as they called the fellow, had a little house out in the cathedral close yonder, and went there at odd hours to gossip with his neighbours; but nine-tenths of his years were spent in the Conciergerie, and he knew every stone in it, nay, almost every crack in its tremendous walls. his way, he had been a good friend to Jacques de Serrefort—a friend in the little things of kindness whose worth to a prisoner is inestimable. Every morning so soon as the bells of Nôtre Dame struck six o'clock, he would enter the wretched man's cell to cry -" Courage, comrade, here is the day. Who knows what it will bring?" Jacques would

declare sometimes that he had said the same thing every day for fifteen years. But it came of the goodness of his heart, and was not to be resented. Indeed, the prisoner welcomed the sound of the homely voice; and when, on this particular morning of June in the year 1761, the customary greeting was not given, Serrefort turned quickly to his gaoler with a question upon his lips.

"How now, Baptiste," cried he, "you are silent this morning?"

Baptiste shook his head and went towards the window that Serrefort might not see his face.

"Courage, comrade," said he, "it will not be for long—your daughter will return to Paris presently and then all will be well."

Serrefort, who had begun to dress, sat down upon his bed again. He divined that some great misfortune was about to overtake him, though of its nature he could foresee nothing.

"Come, Baptiste," said he, "you speak in riddles. What has my daughter to do with the Conciergerie? Have I not enough to bear that you should talk of her."

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The Bombec Tower, it may be well to point out, was that tower of the Conciergerie prison in Paris in which torture was generally inflicted. I have added nothing in this story to historical descriptions of the cells in this horrible place. It was not until the end of the last century that these sunless dungeons were altered radically. At that time, the swords in the walls, and the loathsome creatures which the Seine washed into the cells, were still the talk of the curious.

"Dame!" replied the old gaoler. "I must speak of her since she alone has kept you from the Bombec Tower these two years and more. Think you, comrade, that the bailiff gives windows and red wine to all who ask them? St. Denis, you have the best quarters in the prison, and the best food; and why? Is it not because your daughter has paid for

such things? You do not know that?"

"I swear to heaven that I know nothing," exclaimed Serrefort. "You say that I have these things through my daughter, and that she pays for them?"

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"How else should you have them? Sapristi, a child would not be so simple. She has paid for them since your old protector, the Sieur Buchot, died. And she will pay for them againwhen she comes back to Paris. Oh, be sure of it. She is a good child,

"I am to carry you to the Bombec Tower this morning."

and rare is the week when she does not tell me what she means to do for you. Do not lose heart, old friend. Who knows, she may be ill or gone away upon an affair of importance. If the bailiff were reasonable, he would think of these things; but he will not hear me, and the order now is that I am to carry you to the Bombec Tower this morning, and to show you no more favours until you can pay for them again."

Serrefort shuddered. He had not lived in the great prison of the Conciergerie for fifteen years without hearing many a grim story of the terrible oubliettes below the higher level of the River Seine, wherein, shut out from God's day, and surrounded by horrors unnameable, the more wretched and poorer victims of the Bailiff Hubert's

greed went all too slowly to their doom.

Captivity is apt to obliterate from a man's heart those finer affections ' which are fed upon freedom. Serrefort was tempted for a moment to bitterthoughts of the daughter who had left him to a fate so horrible. But. anon, he remembered Baptiste's words. that she must be ill or away upon an affair of importance. And then he complained no more; but fell to wondering what her life had

been since he had left her, a child of fifteen, in the old home in Brittany.

He could not forget altogether that he owed this enduring punishment to her and to her alone. The hardness born of prison life closed about his heart when he told himself that, if he had not struck the man who had been the shadow upon her life, he would not now be a prisoner in the Conciergerie. Such thoughts, however passed upon the instant,

and his great love of her came flowing into his heart like a freshet; and he longed, with the accumulated longing of years, to take her to his bosom again.

"Old friend," said he to Baptiste, when he was dressed, "I have been blind indeed to



"It is the Prison of Swords you enter; God help you."

take these gifts from the hand of one whose own need must be so great. Think you that I would have permitted Irène to work for me at a time when she has neither friends nor helpers in all the city? Heaven forbid that I should have so little love for her. Oh, I am ready to follow you, Baptiste. I care not where you carry me if only you bring me news that she is well. Have I aught else in the world to remember but my little Irène? God shield her always in the shadow of His love."

He stood up dressed now, and the sunlight fell, bright and golden, upon his clear features and snow white hair. He might have been a soldier upon parade, when he quitted the cell which had harboured him all those long years, and followed Baptiste to the corridor without.

There was a file of men in the passage, armed with harberds and spontoons; a little army to guard a prisoner who had never in his wildest moments dreamed of escape from

> a citadel so formidable as the Conciergerie. Serrefort changed no greeting with them, when he found himself descending the winding stairs of the great Bombec Tower which seemed to rise up from the very river itself. Though his guards held torches high above their heads, the place was so dark that even the garish yellow light could not penetrate the terrible blackness. Serrefort feared almost to set foot upon the ground lest he should tumble into some horrid pit or go headlong into the waters of the Seine. It was almost a relief at last to reach the foot of the staircase, where, one of the guards, holding aloft a torch, old Baptiste unlocked the door of a cell and bade the prisoner enter.

> "Courage," said he, "for the love of heaven. It is only for a little while and your daughter will be back again. You will find a seat there—do

not quit it until I come to you. It is the Prison of Swords you enter; God help you."

There was a quaver in the old man's voice when he spoke; but Serrefort did not hear. His eyes were staring horribly into the hole which henceforth must be his home. Bright as the flare of the torch was, its light was impotent to illumine that den wherein the sun's rays had not entered for centuries nor any sound been heard but the groans and sobs of the wretched victims of the dungeon.

"Oh," cried Serrefort, pitifully drawing back; "if I might die. 1 cannot enter—I cannot ——"

But old Baptiste cried again:

"Gourage, my son courage; she will

come back—I shall seek her to-day—oh, she has not forgotten you, be sure of it."

He spoke like a father might have spoken to a son; and pushing the trembling prisoner gently forward, he closed the door upon him, and hurried back to the light and the life above. Penalty enough that he should spend moments in an abode of such horrors. Serrefort, on the other hand, took two steps forward and then sank down upon the mouldy straw with which the floor of his new prison was covered.

There was no braver man in Paris, none with a stouter heart or more noble courage; but the Bombec Tower was quick to conquer him. Fear now dominated his mind until his whole body trembled and his very heart seemed to stand still. The darkness weighed upon him like a crushing burden. The foul cell appeared to be full of the shapes of those who had gone before him to this agony. His lungs were scorched by the stifling air; the dreadful silence, he said, was the silence of the tomb.

Terror told him that he would soon feel the touch of some creeping thing upon his face; he crouched like a driven animal, putting out his hand to find the walls with his fingers. But his flesh was cut by the blade of a knife protruding from the stonework; and when he drew back his bleeding hand he remembered what Baptiste had said, that he was then in the Prison of Swords. Full well he knew what the words meant. Many a time had he heard of this infamous cell whose walls bristled with knives, and the floor of which, as tradition told, was covered with creeping things and even with loathsome reptiles.

"Oh, my God," he prayed again, "have pity upon me, have pity upon me—I cannot suffer it."

Maddened as many a prisoner before him, he hurled himself ferociously upon the floor, and writhed there with burning brain, and hands and arms cut by the sharp blades which protruded from the walls.

When the fever passed, and he lay weak and motionless upon the straw, he began to ask himself by what right the bailiff inflicted these wrongs upon him? Years had gone by since he had sinned in striking the Comte de Chateauneuf, the lord of his province, who had robbed him of a fame which was more precious to him than wealth, and had sought to injure the one being for whom he would have given his life willingly.

Had they such memories that they remembered the crime still? He could not believe it; but, as misery grew upon him, there came back, strong, and clear, and life-giving, his hate of the man who had doomed him to these torments. Often in the prison above he had prayed that the day might be his when he would meet the Comte de Chateauneuf face to face, and reckon with him for these years. His brightest dreams were those wherein he fancied that his enemy lay dead at his feet.

It had been very early in the morning when they carried him to the Bombec Tower, and old Baptiste had brought a manchet of bread and a flask of wine to the dungeon, so that Serrefort could not hope to see his gaoler again before night fell. For the matter of that, he had nothing to tell him the hour; and he lay, it seemed for days, quite still in his cell while the rats ran over his arms, and ever and anon some living thing would touch his face, and fill him with loathing inexpressible.

The patter of these animals was for a long time the only sign of life down there below the river's flood; but presently he heard a gentle lapping of water, and knew that the tide was rising. It was good at the first to think of mother Seine which ran without like some friend of the world he had forgotten.

Anon, however, the lap of the waves grew stronger; the sound of swirling water began to fill the whole cell. He realised quite suddenly, yet with a new and immeasurable dread, that the river would rise above the level of his cell. When, at last, a cold stream of water touched his feet, he cried out anew, thinking that they meant to drown him, and had brought him to the Bombec Tower with that intent.

The water rose slowly, lapping about the feet and knees and hands of the prisoner. But he had imagined a fate which was not in the minds of those who sent him to the dungeon. Twice every day the Seine washed the floor of this cell; bringing up great rats in its flood, and leaving the oozing slime and

filth of its waters upon the straw which made the prisoner's bed.

Just when Jacques de Serrefort was telling himself that the water would cover his mouth presently, its flow ceased, and taught him the devilish malignity of his captors. Wet and cold and shivering, the wretched man stood for long hours while the stream ebbed. Then he sank again upon his reeking bed to ask how he should support another day of torture so revolting and cruel.

Until this time, and he judged that it must now be night, no sign had been given that those above remembered his existence.

Indeed, he listened so long for any sound of the life above that ultimately a drowsiness crept near him—Nature's medicine against his terror; he could not sleep, yet became almost insensible to the horrors of the cell; he forgot where he was; visions of his home and wife came back to him, so that when his cell door was opened ultimately, and the flare of a torch lit up its inmost recesses, those who visited him found tears running down his cheeks, and a word of love upon his lips.

Serrefort had thought, when he heard the key grate in the lock, that it was old Baptiste come back as he had promised; but so soon as his eyes were awake to the light, he looked up to see the Bailiff Hubert, the governor of the prison, and with him a tall, grey-haired man, whose fine dress and white ruffles were strange things to find in the Conciergerie.

The same soldiers who had conducted the prisoner to the cell in the morning now accompanied the governor, and ranged themselves on either side of the prisoner, bidding him rise and salute the bailiff. Serrefort did so mechanically, shutting his eyes that he might not behold the dreadful sights which the torches disclosed. All his old spirit was broken now; he held his head erect no more. One day in the Bombec had made him an old man.

"Sirs," said he with a sob in his voice, "I beg you of your pity carry me from this place. You see how I suffer. Oh, God knows what my sufferings have been!"

He stood before them sobbing like a child, fearful that they would leave him to the silence of the pit again, to the flowing waters, and the maddening darkness. At any other time his distress would have been a fine subject for merriment to the Bailiff Hubert; but the man was dumb in the presence of a stranger who did not conceal his sympathy nor hesitate to utter it.

"Monsieur," said the stranger encouragingly, "you are Jacques de Serrefort, I believe, sent to this place now fifteen years ago for threatening to kill the Comte of Chateauneuf—is that so?"

Serrefort raised his head quickly at the mention of his crime. His shoulders were squared again. He stood before them erect and fearless as he had stood before his officers in the old days.

"Monsieur," he said, "it is quite true that I am the Jacques de Serrefort you name; yet whether it were a crime or no which sent me to this place, I leave my God to judge."

"Impudent fellow!" cried the bailiff; "I will have you branded upon the face with an iron."

The stranger, who did not appear to love the bailiff, hushed him with a gesture of his hand.

"Please to hold your tongue, monsieur," cried he with the air of one accustomed to command; "I am here to interrogate the prisoner, not to listen to your angers."

The bailiff bit his lip and scowled at Serrefort. It was with difficulty that he turned a smiling face to the stranger at last, and said as pleasantly as possible:

"Your pardon, Monsieur le Comte. Yet have a care, I beg of you, how you deal with this fellow, for he is very dangerous."

"I will be the judge of that myself," said the man addressed as Count; and then, turning to Serrefort, he continued:

"Hark you, my friend, you are not to deceive yourself with any hope that I am come here to serve you. If I carry you away from the Conciergerie to-night, it will be that I may send you back when a few hours are passed to do as the bailiff shall bid you. But first you must give me your word as a man of honour—for such I know you to be, monsieur—that you will obey me faithfully and return here when midnight is struck. Are we agreed upon that, Jacques de Serrefort?"

Serrefort rubbed his eyes; the men, the light, the voices were unreal to him. He



"I beg you of your pity carry me from this place."

heard the promise and yet could not gather the words together.

"Monsieur," cried he at last, "if you should take me out of this place, be it only for an hour, I will thank you from my heart. You know not what a place it is—oh, there is no crime which merits such a punishment as this, monsieur."

The Count surveyed him with pity in his glance.

"Very well, Monsieur de Serrefort," cried he after a moment; "we are agreed upon the bargain then. You are to have your liberty until twelve o'clock in return for some information you shall give me presently. But it is understood that you return here at midnight, and that you will not seek to escape those who accompany you. I have your word, monsieur?"

"A hundred times," replied Serrefort, to whom the thought of an hour's liberty was dear beyond price.

The Count turned swiftly to the Bailiff Hubert.

"Let your prisoner be taken to my carriage at once," said he. "What else there is to be done you have learned already. Is it not so?"

The bailiff stammered an answer.

"Monsieur le Comte," exclaimed he, "this is a serious matter—I have no authority from the King—and, as monsieur knows——"

"Oh, my friend," cried the Count impatiently; "should any ask you upon what authority, answer them upon the authority of the Count of Saint Florentin and of this ring."

He held up a gold signet ring—the ring of Louis the well-beloved, King of France. That was a talisman powerful even to conquer the bailiff, who drew back with a little cry when the Count spoke, and now made haste to offer his apologies.

"Sir," cried he, "had I known that you came upon the King's business, it would have been different. Hold me not to blame in that I remember my duty and the security of those intrusted——"

"Oh, monsieur," said the Count, whose

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impatience now amounted almost to anger, "if you would remember that I wait, I would even forget all your stupidities. Lead the way, sir, and let us hear less of your pestilent tongue."

The bailiff, astounded at the rebuke, and snarling with temper, commanded the guards to lead out the prisoner. Ten minutes later the victim of the Bombec was sitting in a carriage with the Count of Saint Florentin, who surveyed him curiously. In truth, the Count was asking himself a remarkable question and was busy in speculating upon the answer. The Count's question was this—would Jacques de Serrefort return to his cell a miserable or a contented man?

"The King," said he to himself, "has wagered pretty Corinne de Montesson a thousand gold pieces and this man's liberty that she will not send Jacques de Serrefort back to the Conciergerie willingly. She is to have him in her house until the clock strikes twelve. If then, he confesses himself content to go back to his cell, Corinne wins the wager. Oh, it is a pretty question—yet, I make sure, she has lost already. For who ever saw a fellow so gloomy? St. Denis, the man is at death's door now."

The Count, who was then one of the most influential men in Paris, did not usually concern himself much about the sufferings of rogues in the Conciergerie, but something in the face of Jacques de Serrefort appealed to his pity; and beyond that, he was like all the world, in love with Corinne de Montesson, who owned the great Hôtel Beautreillis. He began to hope that she would win her wager; though, for the life of him, he had no idea as to the way she would set about it.

He, at any rate, had performed his part faithfully, and when anon the coach drew up before the gates of Corinne's house, he had become as much interested in the strange experiment as though his own money had been ventured upon it.

The gates of the Hôtel Beautreillis were open when the coach rolled up. Many lights shone from the windows of the great house, and it was plain that Serrefort had been expected. No sooner did the coachman rein in the horses than lacqueys came running from the house to greet the Count

and to help the prisoner. Serrefort, accustomed to the gloom and silence of the prison, was half blinded by the brilliancy of all he saw, deafened by the clamour and the cries of the many servants. Indeed, he stood tor a spell gazing about him wildly, pitifully, and would have remained so had it not been for a lacquey who touched him upon the arm and bade him follow.

Like a man in a dream, he permitted them to conduct him to a room in the great house; a cabinet with painted frieze and thick carpets and gilded chairs, and many tapers shedding a soft light. He opened his eyes when he saw the richness of the apartment; and was the more surprised when two or three servants came up and began to busy themselves with his ragged clothes.

"Monsieur," said one of the fellows, bowing with great deference, "will you be pleased to dress now? Mademoiselle waits and will sup directly."

"To dress?" cried Serrefort wonderingly, "where am I, then, and whose house is this that I should be carried here?"

"Oh, sir," said the man, surprised that such a question should be put, "you are in the house of Mademoiselle Corinne de Montesson, and be sure that she wishes well to you. Indeed, you are lucky to have found such a friend, Monsieur."

"A friend—to me—" gasped Serrefort, "how then is that—you jest, sir."

The lacquey did not heed the question. Rather, he made haste to take Serrefort's coat from him and to bring him water for his hands. When this was done, he spread a fine uniform upon the couch and invited his mistress's guest to put it on.

"Monsieur," said he, "my mistress thinks that you would wish to appear here to-night in the uniform of your old regiment. It is all laid out there, and I beg you to hasten for they will sup before the clock strikes."

He indicated the articles one by one as he spoke, the coat of bright blue with the gold facings, the brass helmet, the high boots, the cunningly wrought sword. Serrefort gave a little cry of delight, and hesitated no longer. They said afterwards that his hands trembled, that there were tears in his eyes when he

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stood before the long glass and buckled the sword to his belt.

It was pitiful to see his snowy-white hair straggling beneath the rim of the great brass helmet, or to watch the effort it cost him to square his shoulders and walk as he had walked in the years long ago. But courage came with the memories, and erect, proud, almost defiant, he turned to those who served him and declared that he was ready.

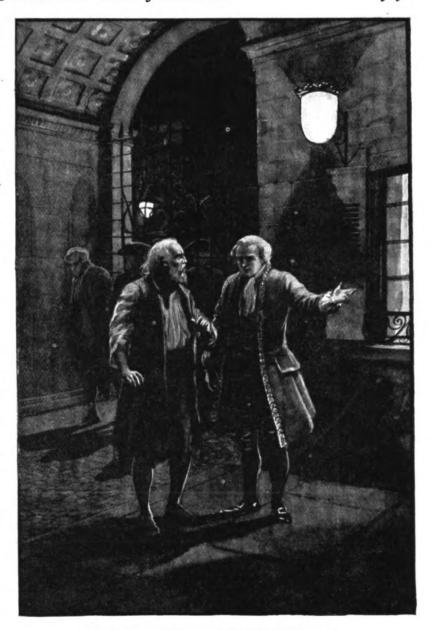
"Tell your mistress," said he, "that Jacques de Serrefort awaits her commands."

The lacquey bowed and bade him, for the second time, to follow. Had it been any other who had thrown off the veteran to ape the young man, the fellow would have laughed aloud; but there was a light in Serrefort's eyes, a boldness in his carriage before which many a man would have quailed. The lacquey said to himself that here was a true soldier, and there was a certain pride in his voice when he threw open the doors of a salon and announced-

"Monsieur Jacques de Serrefort."

The great room in which Serrefort now found himself was magnificently lighted; hundreds of tapers burning brightly in chandeliers and candelabra of Venetian work. So vast was the place that Serrefort remained at the door, silent in awe and wonder; but when he had rested an instant, he heard a sweet young voice greeting him; and looking up, he beheld Mademoiselle Corinne herself. She was standing by a great armchair, set up like a throne at the other end of the chamber; a pretty figure superbly dressed and surrounded by fifteen men and women whose fine clothes and graceful manners were in





A lacquey touched him upon the arm and bade him follow.

keeping with the magnificence of the apartment.

"Monsieur," she said, holding out both her hands, "I welcome you with all my heart to this house. These are my friends—the Duc de Richelieu, the Duc de Cossé-Brissac, the Comte de Vaudreuill, the Duchess de Lauzan, the Comtesse d'Egmont—oh, make haste to know them all for they will be your friends presently."

Serrefort was stupefied. He stood motionless, staring at the gorgeous dresses, the gold, the silver, the diamonds of the company.

"Oh," cried he, "it is a dream—a dream!
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I shall awake presently to the darkness and the silence—God help me."

"Monsieur," said the girl at his side, "take courage, I beg of you. I am your friend—you will trust me. Were you not one of Condé's legion; remember that and forget all else."

She raised her pretty blue eyes to his in encouragement, and spoke so tenderly that a memory of his daughter's voice came back to him. But chiefly he thought of this—that

he had been one of Condé's legion, and that he wore the beloved uniform again now at the eventide of his life.

"Mademoiselle," said he proudly, "I will remember naught but your kindness—do with me what you will."

His voice was strong now, and he faced the company unflinchingly. They in turn, anxious only that he should forget, began to speak of trivial things; and one of them, a fine fellow, who was addressed as Bénôit, came to Serrefort's side

and talked to him of the old days in Germany, of the wars which had been his glory, and the triumphs he had won. So well did the young man contrive things that when supper was ready and the company passed into a neighbouring cabinet, a pretty little room fit for the King, the prisoner had forgotten the Bombec, even the Conciergerie, and all that he had suffered there.

There were sixteen guests at the table, Serrefort being placed upon the right hand of the hostess, while the old Duc de Richelieu sat opposite to him, and Bénôit upon his left hand. It was a long meal exquisitely served and offering those rare and dainty dishes in which the cooks of the eighteenth century excelled. Two soups, a bisque of pigeon and cocks' combs, a side soup of hashed capon, a quarter of veal, a partridge pie, a grilled turkey, salads, creams, rissoles, beignets—the dishes were multiplied in an abundancy which was to be found nowhere at that time but in the houses of the French nobles.

Serrefort discovered at first that he had

little relish for the delicacies; his palate had been hardened by years of coarse food and sour wine; but when he had drunk some champagne from a foaming goblet, and had tasted a dish of capon, his old love for good things came back to him and he set to work to sup as heartily as the others.

The wine, for a truth, gave him a great courage; he began to talk by and by, adding to the anecdotes and the jests of the others. He spoke

of his old deeds with the army:

of the duels he had fought, and the intrigues he had known. When, at last, supper was done, and the guests went out to enjoy the night air in the beautiful gardens, he accompanied young Bénôit readily; and found himself almost in a merry mood. For the garden was fresh and sweet at that hour; it was good to tread the soft grass; to pace the white moonlit paths, to smell the strong odours of the plants. No memory of a prison came to mar that hour. He was old Jacques de Serrefort again, the pride of his regiment.

This forgetfulness endured, it might have been, for the half of an hour. Young



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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY Bénôit had carried him away from the guests by this time to a little grove where an arbour stood, and old trees rich in leaf; a flowery dell hidden from the world like a pool in a forest. Here they walked awhile, earnest in merry talk; but, of a sudden, Serrefort stood quite still, his face paled, his hand trembled. A clock in a church near by was striking the hour. The wretched man counted the bells as one doomed to death may count them up on the morning of his execution.

"Eleven o'clock," he exclaimed at last in "You heard it strike, a hoarse voice. monsieur?"

But his companion was with him no longer, and, finding himself left to his own thoughts, Serrefort remembered the Bombec shudderingly, and from that passed to another memory of the years when he had known the peace of a haven like this in his own home in Brittany. He said that the sin of one man had driven him forth from that home to endure the living death of the prison. Never had his hate of the Comte de Chateauneuf, the man who had sent him to the Conciergerie, waxed so strong as it did in that instant. There was a fever in his blood at the thought of the name. "Ciel!" he murmured, "if I might meet him face to face before I die!"

It was an angry exclamation; his hand was hot upon the hilt of his sword while the impulse of vengeance maddened him. uttered the name of Monsieur de Chateauneuf again and again as he paced the path with unresting steps. When he stopped at last, a great cry frothed upon his lips, the strength of ten men filled his veins, he knew that his prayer had been answered. Monsieur de Chateauneuf stood before him in the grove—and the two were face to face at the hour of reckoning.

The Count stood before him—a man in the prime of life, dressed, as the fashion of the hour dictated, in a suit of violet silk slashed with gold and embroidered with precious stones. A sword, whose hilt sparkled with diamonds, hung at his side; there were diamond buckles upon his shoes; diamond pins glittering in his snow-white But the easy, placid smile, which ruffles. usually characterised his handsome face, vol. III.—89. Digitized by

lighted it no longer. He stood before Serrefort with terror shining in his eyes, with quaking knees and beating heart.

Ten minutes before that supreme moment he had entered the Hôtel Beautreillis thinking that little Corinne had some favour to grant him. They had conducted him to the garden upon that excuse, and young Bénôit had met him and brought him to the grove. Bénôit was at his side no longer. Mysteriously, silently, he and the other guests had withdrawn from the garden. The two men. he who had sinned and he who had suffered, stood face to face in the deserted glade. And both of them knew that this was an hour momentous beyond any they had lived.

The Count was the first to speak. He had suppressed a cry at the moment when first his eyes encountered those of his victim; but now, after it was plain to him that Serrefort was mad and exultant at the meeting, he turned round, thinking his guide was still at his heels, and exclaimed—

"Monsieur, what liberty is this?"

But no one answered him. It seemed to the Count that the silence of death was in the place. As for Serrefort, the ferocity of a wild beast was upon him. Anger, joy, lust for vengeance gave incoherency to his words. The sword with which Corinne de Montesson had armed him flashed already at his enemy's throat.

" Monsieur le Comte de Chateauneuf," he cried with terrible deliberation, "God surely has sent you here that I may kill you. Draw, monsieur, for your hour has come."

The Count staggered back, crying with all his voice for help. The cry moved his antagonist to a peal of mocking laughter.

"Ha," cried he, "you would run like a lacquey, Monsieur le Comte; you who have boasted of your skill in every salon of Paris -shame on you. Must I call for a whip to beat you like a dog? Draw, I beg of you for my patience is worn. Oh, monsieur, I have waited fifteen long years for this hour. I swear that all Paris shall not save you now."

He pressed upon the doomed man with a new ferocity, adding light blows of his sword to the stinging taunts of invitation. Chateauneuf, who saw that he had fallen into a trap. hesitated no longer, but drew his sword and



The sword of Serrefort was running through his heart.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY sprang to the engagement. And at this, Serrefort cried out again, and then, clenching his teeth, began to fight with the cunning and the resolution of a mattre d'armes.

The night, the garden, the mystery, the prison—all were gone from his thoughts. He saw but one object, the pale face of the man who had sent him fifteen years ago from the happiness of his home to the grave of the Conciergerie. Hate gave him a skill which had never been his even in the best hour of the old time. And to the strength of hate was added the terror and the confusion and the conscience of Monsieur de Chateauneuf.

The Count, indeed, had death at his heart from the first. He fought with trembling hand, with quaking limbs. There was ever dinning in his ears the cry—"this is the justice of God." He knew that he was to die, there in the silence of the garden; knew that the sun would never shine for him again.

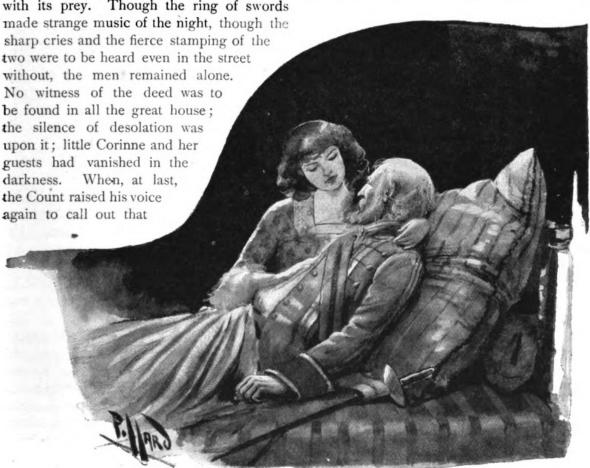
in the silence of the garden; knew that the sun would never shine for him again. Twice round the grove the men fought, Serrefort playing with the other like a beast with its prey. Though the ring of swords he was the victim of an assassin, Serrefort answered with a yell of derision.

"Monsieur le Comte," said he, "ask help of Heaven and not of men, for that shall be your last cry. Ha, you have a cunning hand, Monsieur, but it cannot stand the burden of your sin. Shall I tell them that I fought with a lacquey? Never let it be said."

Goaded to madness at the taunt, the Count of Chateauneuf permitted his anger to master him. He disengaged with the skill and quickness of an old swordsman, and made to lunge in quarte, but his foot failed him in the heat of the feint, and before he could regain his position, the sword of Serrefort was running through his heart.

"Assassin," he gasped, but the word was choked upon his lips. For an instant he stood quite still with the sword cutting his flesh; then, turning sharply upon his heel, he fell headlong and lay face downward upon the grass.

But Serrefort, withdrawing his sword and going quickly into the lighter place of the



When Jacques came to his senses again his daughter had her arms about him,

garden, stood with the moonlight falling upon his face and tears glistening in his eyes. It seemed to him that some mighty miracle was wrought in that hour, for of a sudden men and women, and lacqueys with lanterns came running out of the house, and that which had been a scene of desolation was now a glittering picture of life.

Nevertheless, had he no care for a pageant so strange, but, standing like one in a trance he raised his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed:

"My God, I thank Thee for this night, for surely my prison shall be a prison to me no more. Nay, Lord, I go gladly since Thou hast given me his life."

And, so crying, he fell in a swoon, and they carried him into the house.

When Jacques de Serrefort came to his senses again, he was lying upon a couch in a little pavilion of the Hôtel Beautreillis, and his daughter, Irène, had her arms about him.

"Dear father," she said, "turn not away

from me. It is your daughter, Irène, who speaks
—she whom you loved in the long ago."

Serrefort looked at her with a loving regard. Then, taking her hand as he used to do in the old days in Brittany, he exclaimed:

"Little one, you will never leave me more?"

"Oh, never!" she exclaimed, covering his hands and face with kisses. "Dear father, the King, who learnt all to-night, has pardoned you. It is Mademoiselle Corinne's work—she who owns this house and has taken pity upon us. We are to go to Brittany tomorrow, for she has the King's promise. I will never leave you more, beloved father."

But Serrefort closed his eyes again. The great clock of Notre Dame was striking twelve, and all the phantoms of the Bomtec came winging into the room to torture him with a memory of that which might have been. When the hour was struck, he raised himself upon his couch and kissed his daughter.

"Little one," said he, "our God is good; let us go and thank your mistress."

## WASTED KISSES.

F those red lips are not for me, Most cruel maid,

Ah, let them not another's be,
But in the glade
Spend thy sweet kisses on the air,
Or on the blushing roses there.

But, prithee, grant me my behest,
Dark-eyed Lenore!
And spare this longing, loving breast
One pang the more.
If flowers may touch those lips, not I,
Oh, kiss them not when I am by!

You waste upon the blossoms, dear,
What should be mine!
'Tis very wantonness, I fear,
This whim of thine;
But better they those lips should meet
Than any other wooer's, sweet!

Original Forb. Doveron.
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



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Lip reading-advanced class.

It is only of late years that systematic efforts have been made in this country to teach the deaf and dumb to speak articulate words and at the same time, through the medium of their eyes, to understand the speech of those who may be talking to them. Indeed, the very use of the term "deaf and dumb," in common parlance, implies that the two afflictions must necessarily accompany each other. But this, of course, is not so: deafness is the cause, and dumbness the effect. The child that lacks the sense of hearing is only dumb because he has never learned to imitate the vocal sounds produced by those around him.

Imagine a child endowed with all the sense of hearing to be nursed and brought up by mutes,\* and never to have heard the sound of the human voice. Such a child would give no utterance to articulate words and be driven to imitate, as he best could, the cries of the

birds and beasts with which he was brought into contact. Not one in a hundred of the so-called deaf and dumb is physically dumb, so that he cannot by some means or another be taught to speak.

It is the teaching of those who are dumb because they are deaf that we are now going to consider, and inasmuch as the term "deaf and dumb" is applied to such cases in every language in Europe by popular phraseology, it will be convenient to retain it here, though Americans, always ready to reform the Queen's English, speak of persons so afflicted merely as "the deaf."

The pure oral method of instruction has long been employed in Germany and Holland, but until 1867 the teaching in England was carried on by the French method of signs and the combined system, employing partly signs and partly oral instruction. Neither of these methods is considered satisfactory; the deaf mute is not, under such sign instruction, fully equipped for society, since he can only communicate with those who understand his code. Again, he cannot combine the artificial

<sup>\*</sup>This experiment was actually tried by the Egyptian King Psammitichus, who expected to find out thus the language first spoken in the world, but the babes imitated the goats!—Vide Herodotus, Bk. II., c. 2.

sign and the oral method, inasmuch as the latter demands all the attention his eyes can give,—in conversation he cannot at one and the same time watch the hands and lips of the speaker.

Taking all this into consideration, that lady so remarkable for her charities, the late Baroness Mayer de Rothschild, mother of the late Countess of Rosebery, determined to found a school on the pure oral method for the deaf and dumb children of the Jewish poor. For this purpose the Baroness secured the services of Mr. William Van Praagh, who had made an accurate scientific study of the pure oral method in Rotterdam, and he, in 1867, became the Director of the first public

on these lines.

So great was the success of Mr. Van Praagh's teaching, that three years later the Baroness determined to found an institution open to all classes of the community irrespective of their creed. 11, Fitzroy Square, W., in 1870, there was opened a school for the oral instruction of the deaf and dumb, and, two years after, a training college for teachers on the pure oral system.

This institute at Fitzroy Square, patronised by Royalty, the parent of many conducted on similar lines, has ever since remained under the energetic directorship of Mr. Van Praagh, who has devoted his whole life to what he considers a sacred cause; and to his labours alone, as far as England is concerned, must be ascribed the fact that so many of the English deaf and dumb are to-day able not only to talk, but to understand the speech of others, and to be educated to make their own way in the great struggle for existence.

With the object of seeing how this oral teaching of the deaf and dumb is carried out Digitized by GOOSIC

in practice, the present writer visited Fitzroy Square, where, it may be said, everyone is welcome each Wednesday afternoon to visit the school at work, and see the system in its various stages of progression.

In the midst of our conversation a knock is heard at the door, and in steps a pretty child of some thirteen years, deaf from her birth. Bending forward slightly, almost in the attitude of a listener, she fixes her eyes eagerly upon Mr. Van Praagh and in a clear monotone delivers a somewhat long message. Briefly reading the answer to this message from the lips of the Director she adds some further explanation, and as she turns to go a "goodbye" is addressed to her, and then, "no, not

good-bye, au revoir."

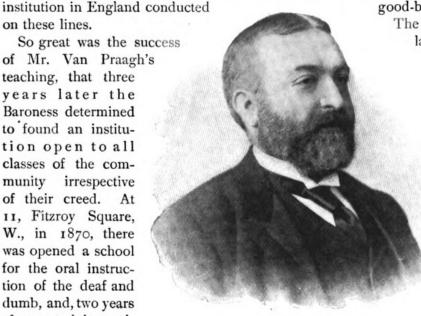
The child seems puzzled at the last two words and repeats aloud, "au revoir." "Do

> you know what au revoir means?" says the Director. "I do not know the words." says the child; "I think they are French." The words are then repeated slowly and explained to her, and the child leaves the room having added two entirely new words to her vocabulary.

> In this manner the teaching of deaf chil-

dren progresses. But this is not all: the deaf child, whose training may best be commenced at the age of six or seven, learns four things at once. The teacher, being careful to face the light, pronounces a sound, which the deaf child is taught to imitate by sight and touch,-the child speaks; the child is taught to recognise the spoken sound on his teacher's lips,-he lip reads (or hears it with his eyes); by means of the blackboard he is taught the sound in letters,—he reads; the child imitates upon his slate the letters that his teacher has put upon the board,-he writes.

In this way, through all the successive classes, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography,



Mr. Van Praagh. From a Photo by Barrauds Ltd.

and history are taught, while each lesson adds to the child's power of speech, as he is taught to pronounce the new words that occur in each task. All signs are rigorously excluded from the training, and only with the very youngest are the natural signs employed, while the artificial, or signs that have to be learned, are never used at all.

Natural signs are those comprehended alike by all, even by babies, as, for instance, pointing to an object, and so forth; they are here used as sparingly as possible, and gradually discontinued, while the young pupil is taught to give all his attention to the lips, and the lips only, of the teacher. Very pretty it is to see the eager eyes of the children bent forward to catch every movement of their teacher's face, and one cannot help noticing how much more life there seems upon their countenances than upon the stolid faces of many an English hearing child. On the part of the teacher the work is one of great tension, and must demand infinite patience, as, unless the attention of the class is completely gained, the benefit of the instruc tion is lost.

Mr. Van Praagh is evidently a favourite with the children; in the infants' class, which he first showed, he was at once seized by a little mite of a girl who is just being instructed in the first beginnings of the course.

The child is being taught in class to inhale her breath properly, and to exhale, the latter object being attained in the form of a game at which the children blow round the sails of a little windmill, and great fun it seems to them. All the time the teacher keeps their attention on her face, and talks to them, for these little mites, though as yet unable to lipread, like young babes understand by intuition much that is said to them. This is called synthetic lip-reading; at the order, "Open the door," spoken without any glance in that direction, they run and do so at once. or such commands as "Sit down," "Stand up," they understand without any accompanying sign.

Having been taught to breathe properly, they are taught by imitation to produce particular sounds after their teacher; for this, the sense of touch is requisitioned to assist the sight, inasmuch as every word we utter produces vibration of the face and throat as well as of the lips, and can be felt at the

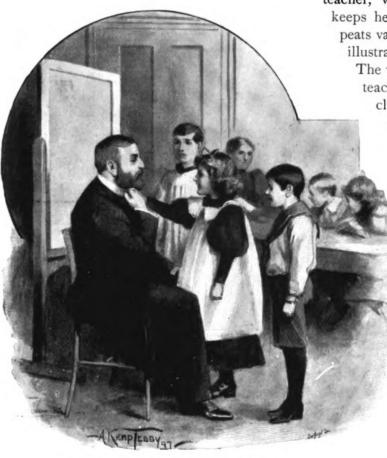


Teaching a child to exhale.

top of the head or at the epiglottis, chest and throat. So the little ones try to imitate their teacher with hands placed upon his throat, while the others stand and watch; these sounds are continually practised till all can repeat them properly, while the teacher from time to time regains their wandering attention by stamping his feet upon the floor, which vibration is instantly felt and understood by the class.

Next the vowel sounds are taught, and the children repeat a, e, i, o, u, till they can enunciate them perfectly. Then they are taught the consonants, but phonetically merely, that is in the form of a slight hiss, not Bee, Cee, Dee, as we learn our alphabet by names of letters, for taught so to the deaf, B-U-T (but) would always remain BEE-U-TEE (beauty), so that we see phonetic spelling benefits the deaf and dumb more than any class of the community. These mastered, the

combination of vowels and consonants is explained, and simple words of one or two syllables are taught, so that the infant class begins to say such words as "mamma,"



Utilising the sense of touch in teaching children to speak.

"papa," like a babe that is beginning to talk. Meanwhile, the children are encouraged to ask for things simply by naming them—thus, "water" stands for "give me water," just as the traveller abroad, who cannot speak the language, makes known his wants as best he can by repetition of a single word.

In the teaching of all these simple short words, objects that can be shown to the child are preferred, and toys and models are freely employed, alike for the amusement and instruction of the little ones, who enter into the lesson with great zest, and try to imitate the name of each object as the teacher repeats it over to them. All seem anxious to learn.

Leaving the infants, we pass on to the class where boys and girls of about eight are being taught. These children have already

acquired the simpler sounds, and are now ready to carry further their studies in speech and lip-reading. They are seated round a table, with their slates before them, and the teacher, with the blackboard behind her,

keeps her face in the full light, as she repeats various words, whose meaning she illustrates by pictures and models.

The word "goat" is being taught; the teacher pronounces it clearly, and the class, looking at her lips, repeat the sound; but, as yet, the sound they repeat has no meaning for them. A picture or model of

a goat is then shown to the class, and they recognise with pleasure that they have now learned to pronounce the name of a familiar object unknown to them by name before.

Next, the word "g-o-a-t" is written upon the black-board, and they see the sound they have just learned expressed in letters,—that is, they are taught to read it. They are then told to copy the letters upon their own slates and they learn to write. So by laborious process they begin to hear with their eyes and recognise spoken words, to speak

themselves, to read and to write; but with each word learnt this laborious process becomes easier, and as they are learning four things at the same time—*i.e.*, speaking, hearing with their eyes, reading and writing—once they have made a fair start they cover the field of knowledge almost as rapidly as their hearing brothers and sisters.

For these beginners Mr. Van Praagh has devised a spelling book lithographed in written characters, so as to have no confusion at first between print and handwriting. Each exercise contains simple sounds leading up to the word to be taught, the letters of the word are in handwriting and opposite is a little picture of the object, whether it be a cow, a dog, or a moon. All these little pictures are from woodcuts executed by a former pupil of the school. Reproductions are given

from the illustrations in this book on page 526.

To test these children the word "cow" was addressed to them; they repeated it and marched off to the cupboard to find a model; then "pipe" was uttered, which they in turn repeated and searched the cupboard to find one, but came back saying it was not to be found. After this, the word "boat" was tried, which they all read from the lips and repeated with ease, but did not know what it meant.

When it was explained by picture to them, one little girl said she had been in a boat with her father, while the others said they had not been in a boat, but they one and all seemed very delighted to have learned the name of an object that before had been a nameless picture to them. Indeed, their teachers say that the children's eagerness for knowledge is almost pathetic, and, as an instance of the successful teaching, mothers have told Mr. Van Praagh that they have heard their deaf and dumb little ones talking in sleep as clearly and as naturally as other children.

In the more advanced classes the pupils are taught reading and composition, but it must be remembered every new word, whether noun or verb, has to be explained to them. Abstract words that do not admit of instant explanation by picture or object lesson, are explained in detail from the teacher's lips, and with the blackboard's help.

Consider the difficulties that
have to be overcome in explaining a word like "visit," which
was occupying the class as we went
in. The teacher pronounced the
sound till all her pupils could imitate
her without mistake; she then wrote on the
board, and the boys and girls copied it—and
here it must be said that, though caligraphy,
as such, is not taught, the children all write
a good and legible hand, possessing, as they
do, a keen faculty for imitating their teacher's

writing. It is next explained that "visit" means "to go and see people at their house," or "to have them come and see you." These words are repeated by the class, the explanation is written on the board, and the pupils are told to compose two sentences on their slates bringing in the word "visit." This done, they pass on to another word.

The following instance will serve as an illustration of how necessary it is in teaching the deaf and dumb to give them not only the sound but the letters, so that they may be able to recognise the word on the lips and at the same time read, write, and speak it; Mr. Van Praagh, pointing out the present writer to



Developing the sense of touch.

the class, asked if they knew who the visitor was; "No," they all replied. "This is Mr. Elliston," said the Director, "who has come to see you; write down on your slates, 'Mr. Elliston.'"

Upon this, all the class (reading the sounds

from his lips) wrote down the name that was new to them; some spelt it phonetically, "Aliston," and one little girl wrote it as "Aliceton," probably connecting the name she had read from the Director's lips with that of a girl friend. And so through all the classes the instruction goes on, arithmetic, geography, history, all are learned from the lips of the teacher and repeated by the pupils, so that in

learning fresh subjects they are at the same time exercising the power of speech which they have acquired.

In the arithmetic class the children answered brightly and quickly questions upon simple interest and the like, and the answers upon geography were all equally good. Essays upon all sorts of subjects were shown neatly written in exercise books, the standard of which was quite up to the ordinary school-girl form. Of course, there is instruction in drawing and painting, and then there is a needlework class for the girls, who are also taught dressmaking, while for the boys there is a carpenter's shop fitted up with all the necessary appliances. The pupils of the school attend a neighbouring gymnasium, so that the body is cared for as well as the mind, and upon Sunday afternoons one of the teachers holds a class for religious teaching on non-sectarian lines.

The whole impression left upon one, after a visit to this unique day school, is that the deaf and dumb are as capable of learning as their more fortunate brothers and sisters, and that as soon as they have acquired the art of lipreading they can be as easily taught as other children. As Mr. Van Praagh points out, so

far as the deaf and dumb child is himself concerned, it is far important moon more that he should be





able by natural means to understand the speech of others, than he himself be able to speak, for in the former case he is continually learning from everyone with whom he is brought into contact.

Thus lip-reading, or hearing with tne eyes, may be of service not only to the deaf and dumb, but also to those who have in after years become afflicted with deafness. Lipreading once acquired, the gloomy isolation of the totally deaf is entirely broken down, and they are able, by watching the faces of the speakers, to take in all the conversation that is going on around them. This is what the pure oral method accomplishes for the deaf and dumb. It enables them to speak with their own lips such words as they have learned and practised, to understand the spoken words of others, and to complete their education, not through a laborious system of signs, but through the spoken words that are the readiest vehicle of all human thought.

For this good work the Stafe can claim little credit. The Institution in Fitzrov Square has been entirely supported by the donations of private individuals, and by the fees it has been enabled to earn, supple-

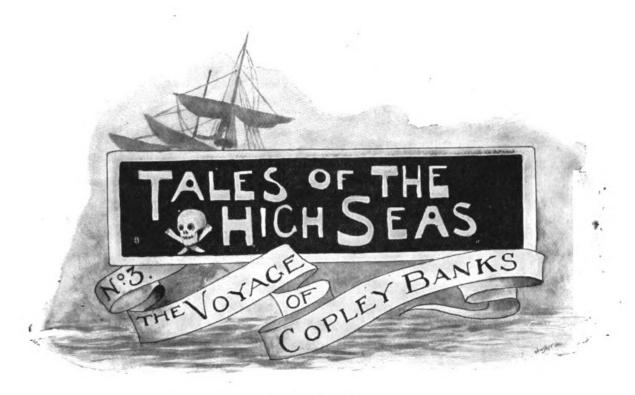
mented only since the Educa. tion Act of 1893 by a small capi tation fee from the State on its purely educational results At the present



moment the Duke of York is assisting the President and Committee of the Institution to raise a fund of £7000 that is required to provide proper buildings, to enable the work to be carried on in its full usefulness.

The pure oral method has now been on its trial for thirty years, and the time has come when the benefits of this successful system should be more generally extended by the State to the deaf and dumb children of the poor, so that they may share its advantages as well as the rich.

The successful introduction of the system into England is entirely due to the liberality of the Baroness Mayer de Rothschild, and the able assistance she has received from Mr. William Van Praagh in all her charitable schemes to brighten the lives of the deaf and dumb. Original from



BY CONAN DOYLE.

THE Buccaneers were something higher than a mere band of marauders. They were a floating republic with laws, usages, and discipline of their own. In their endless and remorseless quarrel with the Spaniards they had some semblance of right upon their side. Their bloody harryings of the cities of the Main were not more barbarous than the inroads of Spain upon the Netherlands—or upon the Caribs in these same American lands.

The chief of the Buccaneers, were he English or French, a Morgan or a Granmont, was still a responsible person, whose country might countenance him, or even praise him, so long as he refrained from any deed which might shock the leathery seventeenth-century conscience too outrageously. Some of them were touched with religion, and it is still remembered how Sawkins threw the dice overboard upon the Sabbath, and Daniel pistoled a man before the altar for irreverence.

But there came a day when the fleets of the Buccaneers no longer mustered at the Tortugas, and the solitary and outlawed pirate took their place. Yet even with him the tradition of restraint and of discipline still lingered, and among the early pirates, the Avorys, the Englands, and the Robertses, there remained some respect for human sentiment. They were more dangerous to the merchant than to the seaman.

But they in turn were replaced by more savage and desperate men, who frankly recognised that they would get no quarter in their war with the human race, and who swore that they would give as little as they got. Of their histories we know little that is trustworthy. They wrote no memoirs and left no trace, save an occasional blackened and bloodstained derelict adrift upon the face of the Atlantic. Their deeds could only be surmised from the long roll of ships who never made their port.

Searching the records of history it is only here and there in an old-world trial that the veil that shrouds them seems for an instant to be lifted, and we catch a glimpse of some amazing and grotesque brutality behind. Such was the breed of Ned Low. of Gow the Scotchman, and of the infamous Sharkey, whose coal-black barque, the *Happy Delivery*, was known from the Newfoundland Banks to the mouths of the Orinoco as the dark forerunner of misery and of death.

There were many men, both among the islands and Onothe main, who had a blood

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feud with Sharkey, but not one who had suffered more bitterly than Copley Banks, of Kingston. Banks had been one of the leading sugar merchants of the West Indies. He was a man of position, a member of the Council, the husband of a Percival, and the cousin of the Governor of Virginia. His two sons had been sent to London to be educated, and their mother had gone over to bring them back. On their return voyage the ship, the *Duchess of Cornwall*, fell into the hands of Sharkey, and the whole family met with an infamous death.

Copley Banks said little when he heard the news, but he sank into a morose and enduring melancholy. He neglected his business, avoided his friends, and spent much of his time in the low taverns of the fishermen and seamen. There, amidst riot and devilry, he sat silently puffing at his pipe, with a set face and a smouldering eye. It was generally supposed that his misfortunes had shaken his wits, and his old friends looked at him askance, for the company which he kept was enough to bar him from honest men.

From time to time there came rumours of Sharkey over the sea. Sometimes it was from some schooner which had seen a great flame upon the horizon, and approaching to offer help to the burning ship, had fled away at the sight of the sleek, black barque, lurking like a wolf near a mangled sheep. Sometimes it was a frightened trader, which had come tearing in with her canvas curved like a lady's bodice, because she had seen a patched fore-topsail rising slowly above the violet water line. Sometimes it was from a Coaster, which had found a waterless Bahama Cay littered with sun-dried bodies.

Once there came a man who had been mate of a Guineaman, and who had escaped from the pirate's hands. He could not speak—for reasons which Sharkey could best supply—but he could write, and he did write, to the very great interest of Copley Banks. For hours they sat together over the map, and the dumb man pointed here and there to outlying reefs and tortuous inlets, while his companion sat smoking in silence, with his unvarying face and his fiery eyes.

One morning, some two years after his misfortune, Mr. Copley Banks strode into his

own office with his old air of energy and alertness. The manager stared at him in surprise, for it was months since he had shown any interest in business.

- "Good morning, Mr. Banks!" said he.
- "Good morning, Freeman. I see that Ruffling Harry is in the Bay."
- "Yes, sir; she clears for the Windward Islands on Wednesday."
- "I have other plans for her, Freeman. I have determined upon a slaving venture to Whydah."
  - "But her cargo is ready, sir."
- "Then it must come out again, Freeman. My mind is made up, and the Ruffling Harry must go slaving to Whydah."

All argument and persuasion were vain, so the manager had dolefully to clear the ship once more.

And then Copley Banks began to make preparations for his African voyage. It appeared that he relied upon force rather than barter for the filling of his hold, for he carried none of those showy trinkets which savages love, but the brig was fitted with eight nine-pounder guns and racks full of muskets and cutlasses. The after sailroom next the cabin was transformed into a powder magazine, and she carried as many round shot as a well-found privateer. Water and provisions were shipped for a long voyage.

But the preparation of his ship's company was most surprising. It made Freeman, the manager, realise that there was truth in the rumour that his master had taken leave of his senses. For, under one pretext or another, he began to dismiss the old and tried hands, who had served the firm for years, and in their place he embarked the scum of the port—men whose reputations were so vile that the lowest crimp would have been ashamed to furnish them.

There was Birthmark Sweetlocks, who was known to have been present at the killing of the logwood cutters, so that his hideous scarlet disfigurement was put down by the fanciful as being a red afterglow from that great crime. He was first mate, and under him was Israel Martin, a little sun-wilted fellow who had served with Howell Davies at the taking of Cape Coast Castle.

The crew were chosen from amongst those

whom Banks had met and known in their own infamous haunts, and his own table steward was a haggard faced man, who gobbled at you when he tried to talk. His beard had been shaved, and it was impossible to recognise him as the same man whom Sharkey had placed under the knife, and who had escaped to tell his experiences to Copley Banks.

These doings were not unnoticed, nor yet uncommented upon in the town of Kingston. The Commandant of the troops—Major Harvey, of the Artillery—made serious representations to the Governor.

"She is not a trader, but a small warship," said he. "I think it would be as well to arrest Copley Banks and to seize the vessel."

"What do you suspect?" asked the Governor, who was a slow-witted man, broken down with fevers and port wine.

"I suspect," said the soldier, "that it is Stede Bonnet over again."

Now Stede Bonnet was a planter of high reputation and religious character, who, from some sudden and overpowering freshet of wildness in his blood, had given up every-

thing in order to start off pirating in the Caribbean Sea. The example was a recent one, and it had caused the utmost consternation in the islands. Governors had before now been accused of being in league with pirates and of receiving commissions upon their plunder, so that any want of vigilance was open to a sinister construction.

"Well, Major Harvey," said he, "I am vastly sorry to do anything which may offend my friend Copley Banks, for many a time have my knees been under his mahogany,

but in face of what you say there is no choice for me

> but to order you to board the vessel and to satisfy yourself as to her character and destination."

So at one in the morning Major Harvey, with a launchful of his soldiers, paid a surprise visit to the

Ruffling Harry, with the result that they picked up nothing more solid than a hempen cable floating at the moorings. It had been slipped by the brig, whose owner had scented danger. She had already passed the Palisades, and was beating out against the north-east trades on a course for the Windward Passage.

When upon the next morning the brig had left Morant Point a mere haze upon the Southern horizon, the men were called aft, and Copley Banks revealed his plans to them. He had chosen them, he said, as brisk boys and lads of spirit, who would rather run some risk upon the sea than starve for a living upon the shore. King's ships were few and weak, and they could master any trader who might

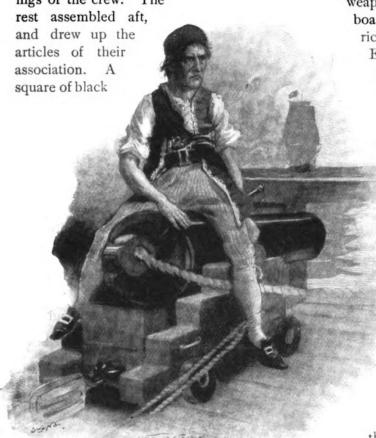
come their way. Others had done well at the business, and with a handy, well-found vessel, there was no reason why they should not turn their tarry jackets into velvet coats. If they were prepared to sail under the black



If they were prepared to sail under the black flag, he was ready to command them.

flag, he was ready to command them; but if any wished to withdraw, they might have the gig and row back to Jamaica.

Four men out of six and forty asked for their discharge, went over the ship's side into the boat, and rowed away amidst the jeers and howlings of the crew. The



Seated astride upon one of the after guns.

tarpaulin had the white skull painted upon it, and was hoisted amidst cheering at the main.

Officers were elected, and the limits of their authority fixed. Copley Banks was chosen Captain, but, as there are no mates upon a pirate craft, Birthmark Sweetlocks became quartermaster, and Israel Martin the boatswain. There was no difficulty in knowing what was the custom of the brotherhood, for half the men at least had served upon pirates before. Food should be the same for all, and no man should interfere with another man's drink! The Captain should have a

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cabin, but all hands should be welcome to enter it when they chose.

All should share and share alike, save only the captain, quartermaster, boatswain, carpenter, and master-gunner, who had from a quarter to a whole share extra. He who saw a prize first should have the best weapon taken out of her. He who boarded her first should have the richest suit of clothes aboard of her. Every man might treat his own prisoner, be it man or woman, after his own fashion. If a man flinched from his gun,

the quartermaster should pistol him. These were some of the rules which the crew of the Ruffling Harry subscribed by putting forty-two crosses at the foot of the paper upon which they had been drawn.

So a new rover was afloat upon the seas, and her name before a year was over became as well known as that of the *Happy Delivery*. From the Bahamas to the Leewards, and from the Leewards to the Windwards, Copley Banks became the rival of Sharkey and the terror of traders. For a long

time the barque and the brig never met, which was the more singular, as the Ruffling Harry was for ever looking in at Sharkey's resorts; but at last one day, when she was passing down the inlet of Coxon's Hole, at the east end of Cuba, with the intention of careening, there was the Happy Delivery, with her blocks and tackle-falls already rigged for the same purpose.

Copley Banks fired a shotted salute and hoisted the green trumpeter ensign, as the custom was among gentlemen of the sea. Then he dropped his boat and went aboard.

Captain Sharkey was not a man of a genial mood, nor had he any kindly sympathy for those who were of the same trade as himself. Copley Banks found him seated astride upon one of the after guns with his New England quartermaster. Ned Galloway, and a crowd

of roaring ruffians standing about him. Yet none of them roared with quite such assurance when Sharkey's pale face and filmy blue eyes were turned upon him.

He was in his shirt sleeves, with his cambric frills breaking through his open red satin long-flapped vest. The scorching sun seemed to have no power upon his fleshless frame, for he wore a low fur cap, as though it had been winter. A many coloured band of silk passed across his body and supported a short murderous sword, while his broad brassbuckled belt was stuffed with pistols.

"Sink you for a poacher!" he cried, as Copley Banks passed over the bulwarks. "I

will drub you within an inch of your life, and that inch also! What mean you by fishing in my waters?"

Copley Banks looked at him, and his eyes were like those of a traveller who sees his home at last.

"I am glad that we are of one mind," said he, "for I am myself of opinion that the seas are not large enough for the two of us. But if you will take your sword and pistols and come upon a sand bank with me, then the world will be rid of a damned villain whichever way it goes."

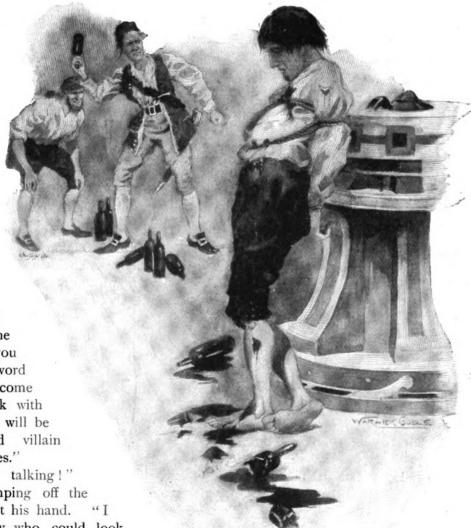
"Now this is talking!"
cried Sharkey, jumping off the
gun and holding out his hand. "I
have not met many who could look
John Sharkey in the eyes and speak with
a full breath. May the devil seize me if I
do not choose you as a consort! But if you
play me false, then I will come aboard of
you and gut you upon your own-poop."

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"And I pledge you the same!" said Copley Banks, and so the two pirates became sworn comrades to each other.

That summer they went north as far as the Newfoundland Banks, and harried the New York traders and the whale ships from New England. It was Copley Banks who captured the Liverpool ship, *House of Hanover*, but it was Sharkey who fastened her master to the windlass and pelted him to death with empty claret bottles.

Together they engaged the King's ship Royal Fortune, which had been sent in search of them, and beat her off after a night action of five hours, the drunken raving crews



It was Sharkey who fastened her master to the windlass and pelted him to death with empty claret bottles.

fighting naked in the light of the battlelanterns, with a bucket of rum and a pannikin laid by the tackles of every gun. They ran to Topsail Inlet in North Carolina to refit, and then in the spring they were at the Grand Caicos, ready for a long cruise down the West Indies.

By this time Sharkey and Copley Banks had become very excellent friends, for Sharkey loved a whole-hearted villain, and he loved a man of metal, and it seemed to him that the two met in the captain of the Ruffling Harry. It was long before he gave his confidence to him, for cold suspicion lay deep in his character. Never once would he trust himself outside his own ship and away from his own men.

But Copley Banks came often on board the *Happy Delivery*, and joined Sharkey in many of his morose debauches, so that at last his misgivings were set at rest. He knew nothing of the evil that he had done him, for of his many victims how could he remember the woman and the two boys whom he had slain with such levity so long ago! When, therefore, he received a challenge to himself and to his quartermaster for a carouse upon the last evening of their stay at the Caicos Bank, he saw no reason to refuse.

A well-found passenger ship had been rifled the week before, so their fare was of the best, and after supper five of them drank deeply together. There were the two captains, Birthmark Sweetlocks, Ned Galloway, and Israel Martin, the old buccaneersman. To wait upon them was the dumb steward, whose head Sharkey split with his glass, because he had been too slow in the filling of it.

The quartermaster had slipped Sharkey's pistols away from him, for it was an old joke with him to fire them cross-handed under the table, and see who was the luckiest man. It was a pleasantry which had cost his boatswain his leg, so now when the table was cleared they would coax Sharkey's weapons away from him on the excuse of the heat, and lay them out of his reach.

The Captain's cabin of the Ruffling Harry was in a deck house upon the poop, and a stern-chaser gun was mounted at the back of it. Round shot were racked round the wall,

and three great hogsheads of powder made a stand for dishes and for bottles. In this grim room the five pirates sang and roared and drank, while the silent steward still filled up their glasses, and passed the box and the candle round for their tobacco pipes. Hour after hour the talk became fouler, the voices hoarser, the curses and shoutings more incoherent, until three of the five had closed their blood-shot eyes, and dropped their swimming heads upon the table.

Copley Banks and Sharkey were left face to face, the one because he had drunk the least, the other because no amount of liquor would ever shake his iron nerve or warm his sluggish blood. Behind him stood the watchful steward for ever filling up his waning glass. From without came the low lapping of the tide, and from over the water a sailor's chanty from the barque.

In the windless tropical night the words came clearly to their ears:

A trader sailed from Stepney Town,
Wake her up! Shake her up! Try her with the
mainsail!

A trader sailed from Stepney Town
With a keg full of gold and a velvet gown.
Ho, the bully Rover Jack,
Waiting with his yard aback
Out upon the Lowland Sea.

The two boon companions sat listening in silence. Then Copley Banks glanced at the steward, and the man took a coil of rope from the shot rack behind him.

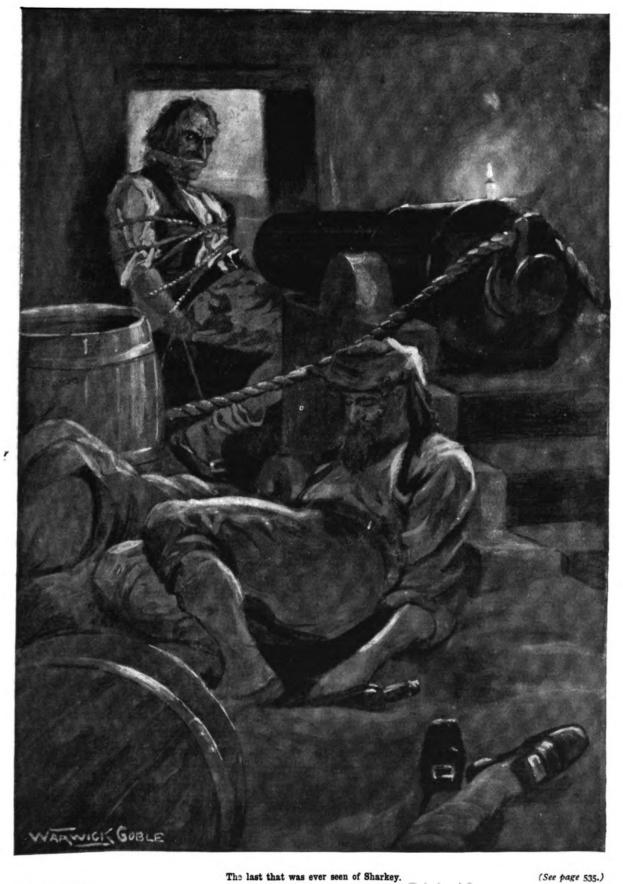
"Captain Sharkey," said Copley Banks, "do you remember the *Duchess of Cornwall*, hailing from London, which you took and sank three years ago off the Statira Shoal?"

"Curse me if I can bear their names in mind," said Sharkey. "We did as many as ten ships a week about that time."

"There were a mother and two sons among the passengers. Maybe that will bring it back to your mind."

Captain Sharkey leant back in thought, with his huge thin beak of a nose jutting upwards. Then he burst suddenly into a high treble, neighing laugh. He remembered it, he said, and he added details to prove it.

"But burn me if it had not slipped from my mind!" he cried. "How came you to think of it? inal from



"It was of interest to me," said Copley Banks, "for the woman was my wife and the lads were my only sons."

Sharkey stared across at his companion, and saw that the smouldering fire which lurked always in his eyes had burned up into a lurid flame. He read their menace, and he clapped his hands to his empty belt. Then he turned to seize a weapon, but the bight of a rope was cast round him, and in an instant his arms were bound to his side. He fought like a wild cat and screamed for help.

"Ned!" he yelled, "Ned! Wake up! Here's damned villainy! Help, Ned, help!"

But the three men were far too deeply sunk in their swinish sleep for any voice to wake them. Round and round went the rope, until Sharkey was swathed like a mummy from ankle to neck. They propped him stiff and helpless against a powder barrel, and they gagged him with a handkerchief, but his filmy red-rimmed eyes still looked curses at them. The dumb man chattered in his exultation, and Sharkey winced for the first time when he saw the empty mouth before him. He understood that vengeance, slow and patient, had dogged him long, and clutched him at last.

The two captors had their plans all arranged, and they were somewhat elaborate.

First of all they stove the heads of two of the great powder barrels, and they heaped the contents out upon the table and floor. They piled it round and under the three drunken men, until each sprawled in a heap of it. Then they carried Sharkey to the gun and they triced him sitting over the porthole, with his body about a foot from the muzzle. Wriggle as he would he could not move an inch either to right or left, and the dumb man trussed him up with a sailor's cunning, so that there was no chance that he should work free.

"Now, you bloody devil," said Copley Banks softly, "you must listen to what I have to say to you, for they are the last words that you will hear. You are my man now, and I have bought you at a price, for I have given all that a man can give here below, and I have given my soul as well.

"To reach you I have had to sink to your

level. For two years I strove against it, hoping that some other way might come, but I learnt that there was no other way. I've robbed and I have murdered—worse still, I have laughed and lived with you—and all for the one end. And now my time has come, and you will die as I would have you die, seeing the shadow creeping slowly upon you and the devil waiting for you in the shadow."

Sharkey could hear the hoarse voices of his rovers singing their chanty over the water.

Where is the trader of Stepney Town?
Wake her up! Shake her up! Every stick abending!

Where is the trader of Stepney Town? His gold's on the capstan, his blood's on his gown.

All for bully rover Jack, Reaching on the weather tack Right across the Lowland Sea.

The words came clear to his ear, and just outside he could hear two men pacing backwards and forwards upon the deck. And yet he was helpless, staring down the mouth of the nine-pounder, unable to move an inch or to utter so much as a groan. Again there came the burst of voices from the deck of the barque.

So it's up and it's over to Stornoway Bay, Pack it on! Crack it on! Try her with the stunsails!

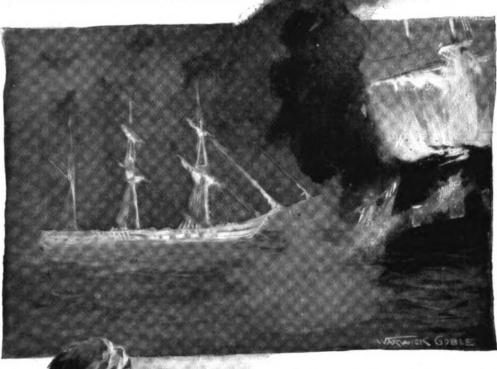
> It's off on a bowline to Stornoway Bay, Where the liquor is good and the lasses are gay,

Waiting for their bully Jack, Watching for him sailing back, Right across the Lowland Sea.

To the dying pirate the jovial words and rollicking tune made his own fate seem the harsher, but there was no softening in his venomous blue eyes. Copley Banks had brushed away the priming of the gun, and had sprinkled fresh powder over the touchhole. Then he had taken up the candle and cut it to the length of about an inch. This he placed upon the loose powder at the breach of the gun. Then he scattered powder thickly over the floor beneath, so that when the candle fell at the recoil it must explode the huge pile in which the three drunkards were wallowing.

"You've made others look death in the face, Sharkey is said he. "Now it has come

to be your own turn. You and these swine here shall go together!" He lit the candle-end as he spoke, and blew out the other lights upon the table. Then he passed out with the dumb man, and locked the cabin door upon the outer side. But before he closed it he took an exultant look backwards, and received one last curse from those



unconquerable eyes. In the single dim circle of light that ivory-white face with the gleam of moisture upon the high bald forehead, was the last that was ever seen of Sharkey.

There was a skiff alongside, and in it Copley Banks and the dumb steward made their way to the beach, and looked back upon the brig riding in the moonlight just outside the shadow of the palm trees. They waited and waited watching that dim light which shone through the stern port. And then at last there came the dull thud of a gun, and an instant later the shattering crash of the explosion. The long, sleek, black barque, the sweep of white sand, and the fringe of nodding feathery palm trees sprang into dazzling light and back into darkness again. Voices screamed and called upon the bay.

Then Copley Banks, his heart singing within him, touched his companion upon the shoulder, and they plunged together into the lonely jungle of the Caicos.

## FORTUNE-TELLING BY CARDS-AND OTHERWISE.

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

An ingenious French writer on Playing Cards and Cartomancy, M. Boiteau d'Ambly, whose work—"Les Cartes à fouer et la Cartomancie"—was published in Paris in the year 1854, places the origin of this fortune-telling art between the years 1275 and 1325—say, six hundred years ago. Other writers, whose works I have consulted for the purpose of this article, place the origin much farther back, to the time of the ancient Egyptians.

Without entering into the controversy as to the duration of this mode of divination, we may at the least credit it with an ancient lineage, and with an almost catholic vogue; and the art still flourishes in the heart of London. 1864), the original of which is a painting in the Museum of Nantes, said to be by Van Eyck, representing Philippe le Bon, Archduke of Austria, and subsequently King of Spain, consulting a fortune-teller by cards. This picture dates back to the fifteenth century.

When I was preparing this article I went to see "Minetta," telling this lady of my sceptism, which, however, did not cause me to doubt her sincerity. The cards were shuffled, and then cut by me in three heaps. "Minetta" dealt out the cards face upwards in rows, and she then told me many things about my past and future. Some of the

pieces of information concerning the past were true, others I could not assent to, and as to the predictions for the distant future, these, of course, cannot be tested yet.

Later, "Minetta" asked me to again shuffle and cut some of the cards, and then she proceeded to tell me four things which would happen to me "within a week or so." Well, these

four things did happen within a week or so. A facer, I admit. So far as each of these near events admitted of calculation by the method of probability, I have computed the respective chance of the four events happening within a week or so to be 50 to I against, 13 to I against, 50 to I against, 25 to I against—these estimates of the respective chances of the events happening within the time stated are, I



No. 1.—The Archduke of Austria, subsequently King of Spain, consulting a Fortune-Teller by Cards; date about 1483-1498, or some four hundred years ago.

The earliest book dealing with cartomancy (divination by playing-cards) is one called "Le Sorti," by Francesco Marcolini, who printed it at Venice in the year 1540; the most recent, I believe, is one called "What the Cards Tell," by "Minetta," published in London (Downey and Co.) in the year 1896.

The early vogue in Europe of the art of cartomancy is illustrated by No. 1, a woodcut from "The Book of Days" (Chambers,

believe, rather under than over the true degree of probability.

Working out the odds against this quadruple event "coming off," I find them to be 946,763 to 1—rather long odds to pull through. I do not attempt to explain this, but I think it fair to state the facts, and I am still sceptical as to the validity of this art of fortune-telling. By the way, "Minetta" told me, in reply to a question, that she does not attribute any occult quality to the cards themselves—they are merely agents.

In No. 2 we have a divination by cards, made by a Belgian "sorceress," in response to the querent's statement, printed at the top of No. 2. "J'ai une affaire sérieuse, je désire en connaître l'issue." [I have an important matter in hand, of which I desire to know the result].

Readers who may care to follow the detail of this prophecy, printed in French underneath these cards, will notice that the method attaches as much, or more, importance to the *combination* of two or more cards as to the actual meaning, for divination purposes, of the individual cards.

It is not practicable here to give detailed instructions for reading fortunes from the cards, because the combinations so materially affect the meaning of the cards themselves, that nothing short of an immense list of possible combinations of the various cards would suffice for the purpose. I will, therefore, merely state some of the meanings of individual cards, irrespective of their possible combinations one with another. The modern English method, by thirty-two cards, as used by "Minetta," attaches the following values to the suits:

Clubs mean success, money, good luck. Hearts, sincerity in love, peace. Diamonds are precarious, they are dominated mainly by the surrounding cards; they also predict money. Spades, love, misfortunes, distance, immorality.

## Coming to the individual cards:

Clubs.—The ace means letters, papers, luck, riches. The King, a generous, straightforward man. The Queen, a loving and forgiving woman. The Knave, a lover. Ten, a journey, luck. Nine, a will, a legacy. Eight, love of a dark man. Seven, victory.

Hearts.—The ace means a house, a love letter. King, a kind man. Queen, a fair woman. Knave, Cupid. Ten is a corrective to bad cards, and means great affection, happiness. Nine, the wish card, success. Eight, love, marriage. Seven, inconstancy.

Spades.—Ace, love, business. King, widower, a lawyer. Queen, widowhood. Knave, a professional

UNE Pere 2.-An AFFAIRE actual "Fortune" SÉRIEUSE, JE DÉSIRE EN 00 told by Cards 0 to a French 3 3 3 33 barrister by Madame J. Legrand, a 00 ntera: le 7 de e, le valet de t voir qu'elle e roi, la dame 9999 Ľ ville. 0000 to know Sorceress, the 8 2 0 desir iétude, le valet de p eut (10 de pique et as êtes sur le point o autions si vous voul e pique : vous récev risonnement à crain 0 0 Ħ response to the barrister's question-I have an important matter ä hand,

man. Ten, distance, water, a journey. Nine, failure. Eight, night, illness. Seven, determination. Diamonds. Ace, a ring, bank-note. King, a grey-haired man. Queen, widow, friend. Knave, a soldier. Ten, money. Nine, sharp instruments. Eight, short journey. Seven, a child, a pet.

These meanings, and others, are merely the A B C of the art, the letters, as it were,

of the sentences to be formed by the various combinations of the cards.

If, in the shuffling or dealing, cards get reversed, i.e., turned upside down, their

Α	В	C	D	Ε	F	લ	Н	-	J	K	L	M
-	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	٥٥٥	0	20	30
7	٥	P	Q	R	S	T	U	>	8	X	Y	Z
	<b>A</b> -	4.	1	C	2		200	700	1400	300	400	500

Mo. 3.—The Cabalistic Calculations of Pythagoras. For directions as to use in divination, see text and Nos. 4 and 5.

meaning differs from the preceding list; as modern court cards are made double-headed, it is necessary to mark the top of these, and of such other cards that would not show reversal, so that a reversed card may be recognised. I have not space to state the meanings of reversed cards, but I give a few examples of the combinations of cards.

King of Clubs—Ten of Hearts. Sincere love.

Knave of Diamonds—Ten of Spades. Trouble, unrest.

Ten of Hearts—Ace of Diamonds. Wedding.

Eight of Hearts—Ace of Diamonds. Proposal.

Nine of Spades—Nine of Diamonds. Coffin.

Seven of Spades—Nine of Diamonds. Accident.

Etc., etc., etc.

The querent is represented by either the King or the Queen of the suit, which, by the rules of the art, is in accord with his or her complexion, and, as "good" or "bad" cards touch, or are distant from, the querent ["LE CONSULT," in No. 2], so do such cards vary in their force of good or of harm. But this is only one of the many things that must be considered, and which only

W 1400 1 9 L 20 L 20 1 9 A 1 M 30	E 5 W 1400 A 1 R 80 T 100 1586	G 7 L 20 A 1 D 4 S 40 T 100 O 50 N 40
WILLIAM EWART - GLADSTON Total	E <u>5</u>	

No. 4.—The Cabalistic Calculations of Pythagoras. See text and Nos. 3 and 5.

a very long technical and detailed account could include.

Another mode of divination, otherwise

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than by cards, is illustrated by Nos. 3, 4, and 5—The Cabalistic Calculations of Pythagoras—an application of the magic of numbers to fortune-telling. Pythagoras was born about 600 years before Christ, and, although this philosopher undoubtedly mixed with his sound mathematical ability and invention some curious Eastern ideas about the trans-

migration of souls, making this belief the ground for inculcating kindness to animals, and for abstaining from eating their flesh, lest one might be beating or eating

a departed friend, yet we may doubt if Pythagoras ever went so far in his mysticism as to invent this mode of divination that I now explain, and which I came across in an interesting little book on *Occult Divination* by "Grand Orient," published in 1891 by Mr. George Redway, London. Here is the way to work this oracle, which I have consulted with reference to Mr. Gladstone.

Write down the name of the person about whom you wish to learn (see No. 4), then write against each letter of the name the number which you find in No. 3, placed underneath each letter. Then add up your

numbers (see No. 4), combine the separate totals, and note the grand total, which, in the specimen, comes out at 3392. Now turn to the table of meanings given in No. 5, and pick out from the three narrow columns of numbers those numbers which will exactly add up to your grand total.

For example, Mr. Gladstone's grand total is 3392, so I first pick out from No. 5 the number 1300

(Persecution), this leaves a remainder 2092; again, looking at No. 5, I see that 1260 (Torments) is the next number towards

getting rid of the 2092, and another remainder of 832 is left; this remainder 832 is partly met by the 800 in the third column of No. 5 (Empire), and the remainder 32 gives Marriage. Thus, we get from this oracle the answer Persecution, Torments, Empire, Marriage; not a bad result of our first shot with the famous man, into whose life all these four things have entered largely, and for whom, if his enemies had their way, at least one of these prognostications is yet in store.

Let us try another experiment by this method. We will consult the oracle for Mr. Arthur James Balfour. This name brings out a total of 1554, and we make this up by the numbers 1300, 215, 39, taken from No. 5.

is made up of 700, 50, 5, the result being: Strength, Pardon, Liberty, the Stars, Happiness, Graces, Marriage. This is really curious, for, with the exception of Pardon (which does not seem to specially apply to Miss Terry), each of these seven oracular statements hits the mark.

I commend this method, illustrated by Nos. 3, 4, and 5, as an amusing pastime, which can be easily played, and, if one believes the good parts of the oracle's reply and ignores the bad parts, one may derive benefit as well as amusement from the consultation of the Cabalistic Calculations of Pythagoras.

Under the term "otherwise"—see the title of this article—might come, as modes of

```
A journey.
Intelligence, a birth.
Useful works.
Firmness, courage.
Love tokens.
 Passion, ambition, design.
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Widowhood.
Passon, amount, design
Destruction, death, catastrophe.
Religion, destiny, the soul, charms.
Solidity, wisdom, power.
The stars, happiness, graces, mar-
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Initiation, science, the graces.
The world.
                                                                                                                                                                                                               A cure.
                                                                                                                                                                                                               An adept.
Blindness, error, affliction.
                                                                                                     Love tokens.
Letters.
Fame, a wedding.
Love of glory, virtue.
Marriage.
Purity.
Suffering, trouble of mind.
Health, harmony.
Genius, vast conception.
Domestic virtues, conjugal love.
Imperfection, avarice, envy.
riage.
Perfection, labour.
Course of life, repose, liberty, perfect
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Divine favour.
Patriotism, praises.
happiness.
Justice, preservation.
Imperfection, diminution, grief, pain,
                                                                                                                                                                                                              ratiousin, praises.
Irresolution.
Calamity.
Safety, belief, faith, philosophy.
Divine messenger
Hope, justice.
Home, society.
Astronomy
                                                                                                                                                                                                     200
215
    expectation.
Success, reason, future happiness.
Faults, punishment, discord, prevari-
                                                                                                      Imperfection, avarice, envy.
Praise.
Fêtes, wedding.
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Astronomy.
Long and wearisome voyage.
Priests, theology.
Holiness.
     cation.
 Good omen, a town, or city.
                                                                                             40
Implety.

Sacrifice, purification.

Piety, self-culture.

Love, happiness, voluptuousness.

Misfortune, forgetfulness.

Hardening of the heart, misfortune.
 Impiety.
                                                                                                     Ignominy.
A short and unhappy life, the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                Perfection.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                A malicious person, machinations,
                                                                                                      tomb.
Religious ceremonies, a priest.
Power, pomp, monarchy.
Population.
Fertility.
Long and happy life.
Tribunal, judgment, judge.
Love of money.
Porder liberty.
                                                                                                          tomb.
                                                                                                                                                                                                     666
                                                                                                                                                                                                                plots, enemies.
Strength.
Empire.
Wars, combats, struggles.
                                                                                              43
                                                                                                                                                                                                     700
800
Folly.
Austerity, sadness.
                                                                                                                                                                                                     900
Mystery, wisdom, the creation.

A scourge, the divine vengeance.

Ignorance of the doctrines of Chris-
                                                                                                                                                                                                                Mercy.
Taciturnity.
Torments.
                                                                                                      Pardon, liberty.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                Persecution.
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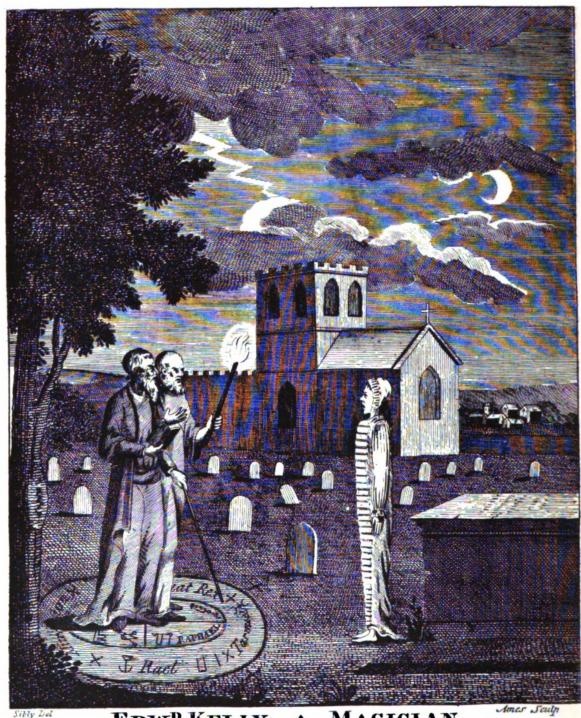
No. 5.-The Cabalistic Calculations of Pythagoras. See text and Nos. 3 and 4.

Reference to the table gives the result: *Persecution*, *Calamity*, *Praise*. Curiously enough, Mr. Balfour has had the first and the last of these three in as large doses as any man could wish for, and, as to the other prognostication, *Calamity*, we can only hope that in this respect our oracle will prove to be false.

By the way, I am taking the names of famous people just as they occur to me—I am not working out a lot of prognostications and then using only those that more or less hit the mark. Let us try one more; the game is rather interesting. A lady this time, say, Ellen Terry. What do we get? From No. 3 we obtain a total of 755 for the great actress, and from No. 5 we see that this total

divination, all the host of oracles which have at various periods of the world's history obtained the credence of mankind.

But for these there is no room, and I merely name some of the more curious; such as Dactyliomancy, performed by means of rings; Hydromancy, performed with sea water; Pegomancy, performed with spring water; Ornithomancy, or divining by the flight of birds, which was the business of the ancient augurs. There were also practised Clidomancy, done with keys; Coscinomancy, with a riddle; Cledonism, by words or by the voice; Alphitomancy, the oracle by flour; Keraunoscopia, divination by the sage consideration of thunder; Capnomancy, by smoke; Lithomancy, by stones;



un the act of unvoking the Spirit of a Desceased Person.

No. 6.—Divination by Psychomancy,—i.e.,—Divining the Future by Magically Invoking the Spirit of a Dead Person.

Lychnomancy, by lamps; Ooscopy, divination by eggs.

Then, also, there was divination by Lecanomancy, by a basin of water; Axinomancy, by a hatchet; Ceromancy, by figures of wax; Belomancy, by arrows; and there were many other modes of divination more widely known

to us than those just mentioned, and of which Psychomancy, or calling up the souls or shades of the dead, to learn of them something required, has, perhaps, enjoyed the most wide-spread vogue, extending even into Biblical history.

This form of magic-black magic, as it

was called—is most curiously illustrated in No. 6, which pictures a famous magician of bygone days, Edward Kelly, in the act of invoking the spirit of a dead woman. Kelly and his assistant stand in a charmed circle, which preserves them from the supernatural dangers of their position.

I found this picture in a very old book I possess, A New and Complete Illustration of the Occult Sciences, or the Art of Foretelling Future Events and Contingencies, &c., &c.,

and although Psychomancy was undoubtedly studied quite seriously not so very many years ago, we can, of course, look at the print in No. 6 only as at the pictured account of an old-time myth.

The "Wheel of Destiny," shown in No. 7. is the first part of an interesting oracle of Human Destiny, in which Nos. 8 and 9 are also concerned. It is partly numerical, partly astrological, and wholl magical. This also has been attributed to Pythagoras, whose mathematical talent seems to

have exposed this early man of science to numerous impeachments of the magical and cabalistic kind.

That work by "Grand Orient," already mentioned, contains sixty-eight pages devoted to an account of this oracle, and I am now only able to give a much simplified condensation of this mode of divining the future, but which is complete as far as it goes.

There are thirty "Life-Questions of Pytha-

goras," all important ones. To illustrate this oracle of Human Destiny, I have chosen the first Life-Question only, viz., "Shall I be fortunate or unfortunate in this world?" and I now explain how a reply to this question may be obtained by aid of Nos. 7, 8, and 9.

A person, whose Christian name is, say, Arthur, who was born on, say, the tenth of March, 18——, and who consults this oracle on, say, a Tuesday, goes to work thus:



No. 7.-The Oracle of Human Destiny-attributed to Pythagoras. Part 1. The Wheel.

He looks in No. 7, The Wheel of Destiny, for the letter A (the initial of his name), and he writes down the number that is underneath A, i.e., four. He then looks at No. 8, under Tuesday, and writes down Tuesday's number, i.e., fifty-two. He looks at the top part of No. 8, and writes down the number connected with Tuesday's planet (Mars), i.e., thirty-nine. He adds to these three numbers the number of the day of the month on which he was born, i.e., tennal from

He, by these means, obtains the following addition sum:

Number underneath A in No. 7	•••	4
Tuesday's number in No 8		52
The number of Tuesday's Planet	Mars	
in No. 8		39
The number of the day of the m	onth	
on which he was born		10
Total	•••	105

The querent divides 105 by thirty, and he gets a remainder, fifteen. Then he looks in table No. 9, at the left, for the number

fifteen, and he finds the answer given by the oracle is "Dissimulations, labours, and cares will often beset you, and there is foreshadowed a world of difficulties; but you will finally overcome all enemies." the oracular reply to his question "Shall I be fortunate or unfortunate in this world?" -and one is reminded of the sound old saying, "To endure is to conquer one's fate."

I have said that only one of the thirty Life-Questions can now be dealt with, and inspection of No. 9 will show that, of the thirty possible answers to be given by the Oracle of

NUMBERS OF THE PLANETS								
h saturn 55	O Sun 34	) Moon 45	0" Mars 39	<b>ў</b> Мелсилу 114	¥ Jupiter 78	Q Venus 45		
NUMBERS OF THE DAYS								
Saturday 55 rulsd by	106	52	52	Widnesday 102 rulid by Mercury	31	68		

No. 8.-The Oracle of Human Destiny. Part II. The Planets and Days; see No. 7 and text.

will find all of them in the little book I have mentioned.

I think that one should regard this oracle only as an amusing game, and I cannot endorse the prefatory statement of "Grand Orient" that "the successful conduct of all magical operations depends, almost exclusively, on the temporary predominance of the intuitional faculties of the seer," at any rate not in this present instance, for the reason that the working of this Oracle of Human Destiny is wholly separated from intuitional or other faculties of the seer, or of the

- This indicates that the asker will be fortunate in this life, commencing one year from this day. He will have a fair habitation, and enjoy the luxuries of wealth.

  The planets indicate that you are destined to a fate replete with vicissitudes and changes.
- You have sought that of which you had better not ask further particulars for three months; otherwise you may be vexed at the answers.

- vexed at the answers.

  4. This tells of poverty near you, and then of a sudden elevation in your fortune.

  5. Fortune and a full share of happiness will be yours. But you will have many enemies.

  6. The planet Mercury and the moon indicate that you will be a lucky adventurer.

  7. Your fate is uncertain as the wind, and but little of the past has been good; yet yours is a fortunate planet, and better days await you a year hence.
- better days await you a year hence.
  8. If a male, ambition will at times possess your whole soul. If a female, love is your foible; but either will be fortunate after the thirty-eighth year.
  9. Inconstancy and care will embitter a great part of your life; but you will, after your fortieth year, possess much gold and silver.
  10. Your destiny will be as inconstant as the elements: a fate now steeped in sorrow, now fraught with joy, now rich, now depressed, but never poor. This is the lot of your life.
  11. Beginning in trouble, even until the asker's middle age, fate will cross and gainsay your endeavours; but, after all, riches and dignities are your lot.
  12. Fortune's gifts without your seeking will raise you to wealth, which you will afterwards lose.
  13. Sorrow and care will in a great measure be your lot: manifold omens deny any great amount of wealth.

- 12. Fortune's gifts without your seeking will raise you to wealth, which you will afterwards lose.
  13. Sorrow and care will in a great measure be your lot; manifold omens deny any great amount of wealth.
  14. Why seek riches? But the stars allot you many years of good fortune.
  15. Dissimulations, labours, and cares will often beset you, and there is foreshadowed a world of difficulties; but you will finally overcome all enemies,

  Etc., etc., etc.. throughout the thirty answers [to Life-Question No. 1] of this ORACLE

  OF HUMAN DESTINY, of which the first fifteen answers are here given.

No. 9 .- The Oracle of Human Destiny. Part III. The Oracle Speaks; see No. 7 and text.

Human Destiny to any one of the thirty questions, only fifteen of the thirty answers to "Life-Question No. 1" can now be recorded. In all there are nine hundred answers to the thirty "Life-Questions" [30  $\times$  30], and the reader who is curious in this matter Digitized by GOOGIC

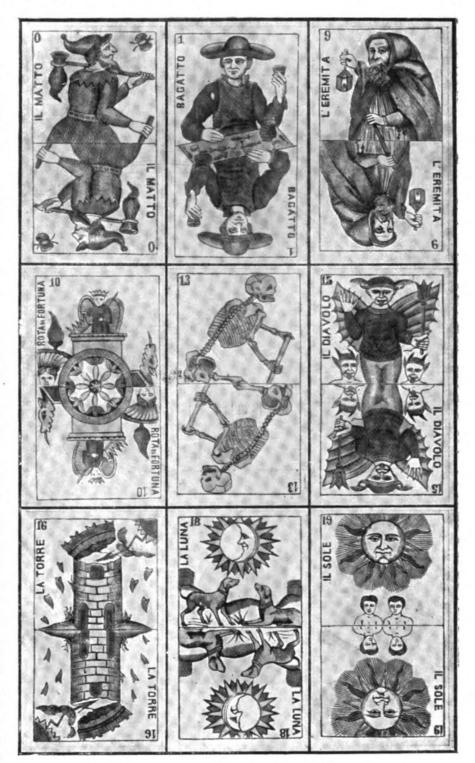
querent, the operation now described being merely a numerical process, dependent on certain dates, etc. The process is certainly interesting, and it is amusing, but it is nothing more.

Illustration No. 10 brings us back again to INDIANA UNIVERSITY

cards as a mode of Divination. The nine symbolical cards here shown form part of a pack of modern Italian fortune-telling cards - The famous Tarot Cards. This pack was made by Alessandro Viassone, of Turin; it consists of seventy-eight cards, and the Duty Stamp of the Italian Government on it is dated 13th February, 1896.

These curious cards are described by Mr. S. L. Mac-Gregor Mathers in a little work, entitled, "The Tarot: its occult signification, use in Fortune-telling, etc.," published in 1888, by Mr. George Redway, London. The history of Tarots, these fortune-telling cards of most ancient descent, is also very interestingly told in "The History of Playing Cards," edited by the late Rev. E. S. Taylor, and published by J. C. Hotten (London), in 1865, and many other writers on the subject have singled out the Tarot cards as being worthy of special study.

The significance of the nine specimens shown in No. 10 is as follows: IL MATTO is The Foolish Man; BAGATTO is The Juggler, or Magician; L'EREMITA is The Hermit; ROTA DI FORTUNA is The Wheel of Fortune; the card marked 13 is IL MORTE, Death; IL DIAVOLO is The Devil; LA TORRE is The



No. 10.-Some modern Italian Fortune-Telling Cards.

Lightning-struck Tower; LA LUNA is The Moon; IL SOLE is The Sun. Many of the other cards are as curious as these nine, and a meaning is attached to each, by aid of which the card-teller reads the future, being guided in his prophecies by the various dealings of the cards, and by the combinations

formed by them—chance combinations, one would say, but which are clearly not so considered by adepts, and by believers in this art of fortune-telling by cards.

For details as to the arrangement and the

account of this wheel is given by "Grand Orient," who states that he selected it from an old Latin manuscript on astrology.

I have drawn No. 11 after the reproduction by "Grand Orient," but the considerable



No. 11.—The Golden Wheel of Fortune. Said to have been used by Count Cagliostro, the notorious charlatan of the last century. See No. 12.

reading of these cards for purposes of Divination, I can only refer the reader to Mr. MacGregor Mather's little book just mentioned.

The mysterious device shown in No. 11 is called *The Golden Wheel of Fortune*. It is said to have been used by "Cagliostro," the notorious magician and charlatan, whose name was Giuseppi Balsamo, and who was born at Palermo, in Sicily, about 1745. An

difference in the detail of No. 11 does not affect the reading of the Latin original, while it distinctly improves its appearance. The Golden Wheel of Fortune comes to us now with a reputation that dates back to the middle ages, and the method of it is this. The Golden Wheel is intended to reply to the following questions, and to others:

I. Shall I obtain the favour I desire from a certain person ?

☐

1. If this number be fixed on, it assures the querent that he or she will marry a homely, but wealthy person.

2. Whatever your intentions are, for the present decline them. Those absent will return.

3. Shows loss of friends, bad success in things legal, loss of money, and Infidelity in love.

4. If your desires are travagant they will not be granted, but mind how you make use of your fortune.

5. Very good fortune, sudden prosperity, great respect from high persons, a letter bringing important news.

6. Look well to those who owe you money, if ever so little. A letter of abuse may be expected.

7. Your lover will treat you with truth and constancy.

8. A friend has crossed the sea, and will return with riches by which you also will be much benefited.

9. A loving partner, success in your undertakings, a large and prosperous family.

10. Your husband will not have a great fortune, but with your assistance he is likely to live in middling circumstances.

11. A very sudden Journey, a pleasant fellow-traveller, a result generally beneficial to your family,

12. You may regain that which you have lost, with great perseverance and trouble.

13. A letter of importance will arrive, announcing the death of a relative for whom you have no very great respect, but who has left you a legacy.

14. By venturing carefully, you will gain doubly, though you will suffer great privation.

15. You will meet with many crosses before you are comfortably settled.

16. Too sudden acquaintance with the opposite sex, notwithstanding the party should persevere, as it will be to his or her advantage.

17. An agreeable partner, a good temper, and a large family of children.

18. Let the chooser of this number persevere, for the schemes are good and must succeed.

19. You will marry young and have dutiful children.

19. You love many fellow the very happy.

20. An agreeable partner, as doucteed, if you have any emenies who will never be very you conduct command respect.

24. You have many friends, and will probably have a large and virtuou

Mo. 12.—Fifty specimens of the hundred replies given by Grand Orient in connection with The Golden Wheel of Fortune, see No. 11.

II. Shall I meet with the preferment I want?

III. Will a certain sick person recover?

IV. Will the said sickness be of long or short duration P

V. Will my wish or expectation succeed?

VI. Is it well for me to marry, or not?

VII. Will the friendship of a certain person be advantageous to me?

VIII. Shall I become rich or poor? Etc., etc., etc.

The person who wishes to consult this oracle must turn the Golden Wheel face downwards, and then prick into it with a pin or needle from the back ("it is better to do this with the eyes shut," saith "Grand Orient"). The querent then turns over the wheel and sees which number he has pricked with his pin or needle.

When the querent has ascertained the number that he has pricked in No. 11-we will say eight has been pricked—he looks at the tabular statement in No. 12 for the same number. [Let his question be say, I. Shall I obtain the favour I desire from a certain person?] He finds that the answer given for eight, in No. 12, is "A friend has crossed the sea, and will return with riches by which you also will be much benefited," and with this eminently cheerful reply from the oracle the querent ought to be satisfied.

As there are one hundred numbers in the Golden Wheel, so there are one hundred replies set out, but here I have space for only fifty of them including the last six answers out of the original hundred (see No. 12).

To conclude, I have set out plainly and fairly the information I have gathered as to "Fortune-Telling by Cards, and otherwise." I have found nothing in the curious works of the authorities I have consulted which causes me to alter my first opinion-viz., that neither "the cards" nor any other medium can tell us anything about our future. We may amuse ourselves by these devices, but we should remember that by no such methods as those now described can the future, or any part of it, be revealed to us.



THE DECADENCE OF THE NOSE—WOMEN IN BUSINESS—THE WAYS OF THE FEMALE COOK—
MARVELS OF MATHEMATICS—THEORIES ABOUT CAVE-DWELLERS—PUBLICATIONS ON PEBBLES—THE PROPOSED GREEN APPLE SOCIETY.

HE waste of nose which is constantly taking place all over the world ought to fill the thoughtful observer with alarm. That mankind is steadily losing the sense of smell there cannot be the slightest doubt. Those whom we arrogantly call the lower animals, because they prefer to walk on four feet instead of two, make as much use of the sense of smell as of any other of their senses. Indeed,

many of them trust far more to smell than they do to sight or hearing. Put a piece of cat's-meat on the floor, and your cat will find it by confiding in her nose, and not in her eyes.

Originally man had as keen a sense of smell as the dog or the cat. This is conclusively shown by phrases imbedded in our language. We speak of "scenting coming trouble." In point of fact trouble, except in the case of defective sewerage, has no scent, but the phrase in question shows that there was a time when a man could detect the approach of the tax-collector, or of a fall in stocks, purely by the sense of smell.

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The familiar nursery saga in which some person, not distinctly identified, remarks that he—or she, as the case may be—"smells the blood of an Englishman," is a conclusive proof of the delicacy of the sense of smell in primitive man. It is, of course, impossible to fix the date when mankind was in possession of this extreme delicacy of smell, but we may safely assert that the cave-man, who was probably the author of the remark about the scent of English blood, possessed in its full and original strength the sense of smell which we have so recklessly thrown away.

To-day we can detect certain perfumes, good and bad, but that is practically all that we can do with our nearly obsolete noses. There is every reason to suppose that as our noses become more and more useless, the day will come when they will totally disappear.

There is yet time for a determined effort in behalf of the nose. The use of the nose should be made the most important study in the Board schools.

By intelligent exercise the human race could

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY in course of time regain its original powers of smell, and we should then no longer labour under the ill-disguised contempt of the cat who detects concealed cheese with her nose, while we cannot be sure of the existence of cheese except by the sense of sight. Who will organise a Society for the Restoration of the Sense of Smell? There is no time to be lost if our noses are to be saved from extinction.

OTH in England and in America—though more particularly in the latter country — women are doing work that was formerly monopolised by men. There is hardly a profession or a trade into which women have not forced their

way, and the prospect is that year by year the number of women who earn their living in ways that were once forbidden to the sex will steadily increase.

Philanthropists are greatly pleased with this state of things, and tell us that it is a convincing proof of our growth in civilisation. The real truth is that the intrusion of women into the trades and professions that belong of right to men is, perhaps, the most fruitful of all sources of crime. Every woman who usurps the place of a man deprives that man of work. The man who is out of work is compelled either to starve or to gain a precarious living by criminal methods. If he is a man of naturally virtuous impulses, he confines himself to such petty crimes as theft,

robbery, or murder; but if he is a bold, bad man, he

sings hymns in the street, or grinds a hand-organ, or even writes jokes for the comic weeklies.

Suppose there are at this moment twenty thousand women in London who are filling places as clerks, secretaries, typewriters, and sub-

editors. In that case there are exactly twenty thousand men without employment, who, but for the intrusive woman, would now be earning an honest living. Is it possible that any intelligent man who comprehends the real consequences of throwing twenty thousand men out of employment will approve of the intrusion of woman into fields of industry from which the wisdom of our ancestors debarred them?

It is unfair to say, as many women will say, that men selfishly desire to monopolise most trades and professions. The trade of wife, and the profession of mother, are two admirable industries which women can practise, but which men have never dreamed of practising. Is it fair that when women have an absolute and perpetual monopoly of these two employments they should throw them aside, and try to wrest from men the employments which the latter have pursued from time immemorial?

We are ruining the health of mankind by educating our children, and women are ruining the souls and bodies of men by depriving them of work. Altogether the world is in a bad way, and it is a pity that those of us who are weary of witnessing injustice and misery cannot emigrate to Mars.

INCE women persist in taking up the occupations of men, it would be only fair if men were to thrust themselves into the places that have hitherto been filled by women. Why should not men take situations as plain cooks and general house ser-

vants? Cooking in England is almost exclusively in the hands of women, and experience shows that they are grossly incapable of cooking anything except plain boiled potatoes.

The trouble lies in the fact that women are congenitally inexact. I have in my possession an Italian cook-book written, of course, by a man, and it is delightful to see with what a profound sense of responsibility the author does his work. In every recipe



ADDITION

which he gives the different ingredients are set forth in their exact proportions. In order to make any specified kind of cake, the author requires you to weigh out just so many grammes of flour, sugar, and butter, and to use just so many eggs of a specified weight.

Cake made in this way, and baked strictly in accordance with the author's directions, would always and infallibly turn out to be cake, which is what the cake of the female cook very often does not turn out to be.

The method of the female cook is to take "a little flour, a handful of butter, about as much sugar as ought to be enough, and from two to ten eggs, according to taste." When these ingredients are put together and placed in the oven, the female cook sits down to wonder what will be the result. Sometimes, but purely by accident, the result is cake of a more or less deadly character; but more

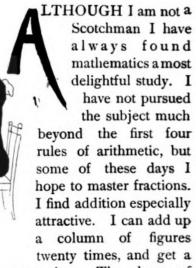
frequently the female cook finds that she has made a pudding.

> or a stew, or some hitherto unclassified poison.

It is vain for the man of the house to try to teach the female cook the

importance of weighing the ingredients of her dishes. It is foreign to her nature to be exact in anything, and she will continue to mix cake and to perform the other operations of cookery in the usual anarchical female way.

Now, if cooking were exclusively in the hands of men, English cookery would no longer be a by-word among Continental nations. There is already a dearth of female cooks, and were the unemployed men to learn cookery, and to go out as cooks and general servants, both they and their employers would be vastly better off than they now are. I am not quite sure whether men would be successful as chambermaids, but if New Women would pledge themselves not to kiss chambermaids against their will, the male chambermaid might prove to be as great a blessing as the male cook. Digitized by GOOGLE



different result every time. The charm of variety is never wanting in addition.

Then there is multiplication, which also furnishes the most pleasing results. For instance, if you multiply sixty flowers by ten girls, you obviously get six hundred flowergirls. I have never done this myself, because I don't want six hundred flower-girls, but that is not an argument against the advantages of multiplication.

Then there is subtraction, which is even more curious than multiplication. If you subtract nothing from nothing you get something inconceivable. That is to say you positively create something. I don't wonder that when a Scotchman is determined upon a bout of dissipation he locks himself up for a week in company with a table of logarithms. Of course, I don't justify such reckless excess in mathematics, but I can understand how the Scotchman yields to temptation.

I made an interesting discovery the other day by the aid of mathematics. A leading

physician has said that science, in the last thirty years, has increased the life of woman by three and a half years, and the life of man by two and a half years. Now it follows from this that in time the world will be peopled ex-



clusively by women. If the average woman lives a year longer than the average man, the number of women will soon be greater than the number of men, and this feminine superiority in numbers will continue until there are

no men left, and the inhabitants of the globe are all women.

The sum is not a difficult one to work. It is analogous to that seemingly abstruse but really easy problem concerning the relative rate of speed of a hare who runs a mile and a half while the competing tortoise runs one mile. I may not have stated the problem accurately, but I have given the gist of it. We all know that when this problem is worked out the result is that we find the hare has gained about seventeen millions of miles on the tortoise.

It is a startling thing to find that in course of time we shall all be women, but mathematics is full of startling surprises.



DOUBT has been raised whether the so-called caveman really inhabited caves. We have found his bones, his engraved toothbrush handles, and his painted pebbles in caves, and have jumped to the conclusion that he must have lived where his treasures were found. When it is pointed out that the bones of bears,

tigers, and other ferocious animals are found in the same caves, we are told that the cave-man was in the habit of eating such animals, and of throwing their bones on the floor of his cave.

Now it seems much more probable that the bear and the tiger were the real cavedwellers, and that they brought the so-called cave-man to their caves, and, after having eaten him, left his bones where the cubs could play with them. As for the engraved toothbrushes and the pebble literature which the unfortunate man carried in his trousers pocket, the bear and tiger had no use for such indigestible objects, and accordingly they trod them under foot.

At the present day animals live in caves and eat men, and it is grossly improbable that in the prehistoric ages man lived in caves and ate animals. If the cave-dwellers really did live in caves, the population must have been extremely small. There are in France, say, two hundred caves in which a family of human beings could find shelter. If the French cave-man refused to live any-

vol. III.-91. Digitized by GOOGLE

where except in a cave, there could not have been more than about a thousand cavedwellers in all France.

Moreover, from what we know of the

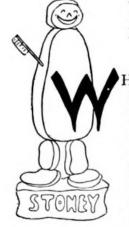
habits of the socalled cave-man, he must have had no possessions whatever, except a few flint-headed arrows, a toothbrush or two, and a copy of some popular novel in pebble form. How could such a man



have paid the exorbitant rent that would have been demanded for a cave at Mentone, with a full Southern exposure? And yet the Mentone caves are full of human bones, mixed, of course, with the bones of contemporary wild beasts.

We know what a room at a Mentone hotel costs at the present day, and it is safe to say that the rent of an eligible Mentone cave would have been something enormous, provided it was really true that such caves were inhabited by human beings. To ask us to believe that a consumptive cave-dweller of the Stone Age, when ordered by his physician to spend a winter at Mentone, rented an expensive cave, and dined daily on bear's meat and

rhinoceros sausages, is something that only a scientific person would have the courage to ask.



HEN somebody succeeds in translating the painted pebbles of the so-called cave-man, we shall learn much more about him than we now know. Meanwhile, we can admire his ingenuity in devising the plan of publishing his literary works in a series of

pebbles, instead of so many bound volumes. To publish a novel in, say, seven hundred pebbles, was an idea of originality and merit.

When the critic of the period wrote dis-

paragingly of such a novel it must have been a great relief to the author to fill his pockets with a copy of the work, and to pelt the critic with it. It would be of little use to throw a three-volume novel at the head of a critic, for one would only have three shots, and, unless the novel was one of the heaviest of the kail-yard school, the critic would be little the worse for his pelting. But to be hit with six hundred pebbles out of a possible seven hundred, could not fail to convince the critic of the error of his ways.

Then think what a delightful variety the



pebble plan of publication must have given to the caveman's literature. Seven hundred pebbles are susceptible of being arranged in an almost infinite variety of ways, and, of course, each variation would alter the plot and the meaning of the seven hundred pebble book. I have often found it entertaining to read

the second volume of one of Miss ——'s novels before reading the first, and then to finish the task by reading the final volume; but there would be infinitely more entertainment in shuffling seven hundred pebbles, and reading them as they might fortuitously arrange themselves.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the New Woman will seriously consider the propriety, or, if she object to propriety in every form, the wisdom, of publishing her novels in pebble form. Her views of the duty of women and the infamy of men could be made comparatively clear and intelligible by the process of shuffling the pebbles, and who can tell what unexpected and delighful improprieties might result from the accidental juxtapositions of otherwise innocent pebbles.



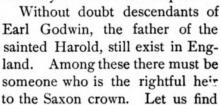
WISH to find a few congenial souls who will join me in forming a Green Apple Society to support the claims to the throne of England of the heir of the unfortunate, and particularly sacred Harold, the last of the Saxon kings.

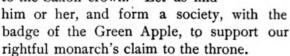
The members of the White Rose Society, who support the claims of the Stuarts, mean well, but they have made a mistake in supposing that the legitimate heir to the English throne is the representative of the Stuart family.

The Stuarts in point of fact were as much usurpers as are the Hanoverians, for every monarch of England who has reigned since the blessed hero and martyr, King Harold, was slain at Hastings, has been a usurper, unworthy of the support of any one with true Legitimist principles.

It can hardly be denied that William the Conqueror usurped the English throne, Prior to his death, Harold of blessed memory, was the true king of England. When he was done to death by wicked hands

at Hastings it was his heir, and not the usurper William, who became the rightful king. Every monarch who has ruled since William has ruled in defiance of the rights of Harold's descendants, and in this respect the Stuarts were no better than any of the other usurpers.





Judging from the length of time since the death of the lamented Harold it is probable that two persons out of every three now in England have some of the Godwin blood in their veins. If no one is ready to come forward and prove that he is the true heir of Harold, of blessed memory, I am ready to take that position myself, and I shall be happy to be decorated with wreaths of edible vegetables on every anniversary of good King Harold's death.

It saddens me to see people guilty of the mistake of calling themselves Legitimists, because they support Queen Mary of Modena. If they want to be true Legitimists, they should rally to the cause of the Godwin family, and proclaim themselves the devoted subjects of King Harold the fifty-second—if that should prove to be his correct designation.



Or course Geoffrey Carr's marriage was a mistake, and a great many people said from the first that they knew how it would end.

When the end came, however, it was felt that no one could really have foreseen that which actually happened; so the phrase was changed to one capable of more vague interpretation. It was a very common-place affair, one of those misfortunes which are brought about by a concurrence of trivialities that really seems pre-ordained.

A little manœuvring, and the careless repetition of groundless scandal acting upon an exaggerated sense of honour and responsibility, all combined to effect the instalment of Bessy Burridge, the fair, fluffy-haired girl, with the dead white skin, and the rose pink in her cheeks, as mistress of Carr's Glen.

Bessy Burridge was a farmer's daughter, and Geoffrey Carr her father's landlord, and the most fastidious of men; but then he had known the girl from childhood, and it was not to be borne that idle jests should be made at her expense on his account—although the occasional encounters during his long lonely walks, which gave rise to the gossip, had not been of his seeking.

Had he been aware of it, such jesting was no source of annoyance to Bessy, who, during the two years which had elapsed since her return from a cheap boarding school, had had no lack of admirers, in the hunting field and elsewhere.

But Mr. Carr did not hunt, and heard nothing of the talk concerning her until he himself was associated with it.

It was at the dinner table at Langrove Hall, after the ladies had left, that his friend, Sir Charles Langrove, rallied him on being the latest victim of the blandishments of Miss Burridge, concluding his remarks with a timely warning of danger.

In reply, Carr had spoken warmly on the girl's behalf, and there the matter might have ended but for an encounter with Bessy a few days later.

The meeting was in the lane, not half a mile from Carr's Glen; there were traces of tears upon her pretty face, and injudicious inquiry elicited the fact that Farmer Burridge was wroth; some cruel reports had reached his ears, and he had threatened to send Bessy away to earn her living as nursery governess or lady's help. Finally, with much apparent reluctance, Mr. Carr was allowed to infer that he was the cause of all the trouble.

Then Geoffrey took the decisive step, which he regarded but as a just reparation for unintentional injury, and offered to make Bessy Burridge, Mrs. Carr.

When, an hour later, he reached home, he looked around the familiar places with a sense of unutterable strangeness. If his sensations were not those of a rapturous lover, they were not wholly unpleasant.

The idea of the wild hair and the rose-leaf face which became suddenly pictured in every corner of his dull bachelor establishment was curiously fascinating; and his fancy imparted to the nature of which they were the outward semblance, the poetry of his own. She was so young, so gentle with all her irrepressibility, it would be easy to imbue her with the refinement and high culture which he desired.

That his projects might be a trifle egotistical occurred to him no more than did the idea that his action had been foolishly generous and quixotic.

It seemed equally inevitable that he should

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marry Bessy Burridge, and that marrying her, she should conform to his ideal. In truth, his nature had become as self-inclosed as one of his own folios.

The vision of the dual life to which he had pledged himself was haunting, perplexing, and slightly alluring, but unsuggestive of material change in his own habits.

Also, having made his decision, pride forbade his giving further thought to difference of station between himself and his chosen wife, although the fact had greatly added to the offensiveness of the gossip which had first associated their names.

Three months later he was married, and in due time brought home his bride.

The month in Paris had been pregnant with discovery, but it was not until he was settled at Carr's Glen that his full enlightenment began.

Then it soon became evident that Mrs. Carr intended to enjoy life after her own fashion.

A few of Geoffrey's old friends called, but she scandalised them with her audacious folly, and the one or two dinners given in her honour proved experiments which, in the future, it would be well to avoid.

Indeed, Bessy had no taste for those decorous and moderate entertainments where, as she afterwards complained to her husband, the women stared at her if she "so much as opened her mouth."

She started little parties at Carr's Glen, giving promiscuous invitations, in which Geoffrey's name figured but slightly, but which he found it impossible to cancel without provoking that ultimatum of horrors, a scene, or giving occasion for some daringly scandalous behaviour. Her rebellion was audacious, irrepressible, and humiliating, altogether lacking in the tact with which a woman of more depth, experience, and culture might have modified it.

Carr suffered intensely, but took a course which many condemned. Finding himself unable to control his wife, he sought to support and shield her, covering her extravagances with the sanction of his presence, enduring a society that was hateful to him, until the world whispered that it was wonderful he should have allowed himself

to be so dragged down by his miserable infatuation.

He bore his burden in silence, having no hope but in patience and forbearance. Time might accomplish that which had proved beyond his power—or, the helpless hands of a little child.

In the spring he planned to take her abroad, away from the influences of early surroundings; but during the hunting season she refused to leave Carr's Glen, and, through all that dreary winter, he had but one confidant for a pain that at times amounted to agony—the horse upon which his once unfamiliar figure now constantly appeared in the hunting field in attendance upon his wife.

The Grey Monk was a splendid thoroughbred, bought by Carr as a colt; but to the world in general showing a vile temper, and reserving all his charms and good qualities for his master; he was also something of a misogynist, having a hatred of petticoats, and could never be trained to carry a habit satisfactorily.

In particular he held in aversion his master's wife, and Bessy, although she regarded the creature with some jealousy and dislike, had an inward longing to mount and conquer him. She was a splendid horsewoman, and he seemed the one insuperable barrier to her absolute dominion.

Had she known the outpourings of secret pain and baffled hopes of which Carr made the dumb beast the sole recipient, her feeling would have been increased tenfold.

One morning there was a more painful half hour than usual. Carr found himself obliged to go to town for a couple of days, and he asked his wife not to hunt until his return, and to defer a luncheon party fixed for the morrow.

She laughed quite pleasantly, and gave a dozen reasons for making no change in her plans. When he reminded her that the horse, which in the usual course she would have ridden was lame, she answered jestingly: "You will not be at home—I can have the Grey Monk—a capital opportunity for teaching him manners."

"For Heaven's sake — Bessy —" Carr cried in alarm.

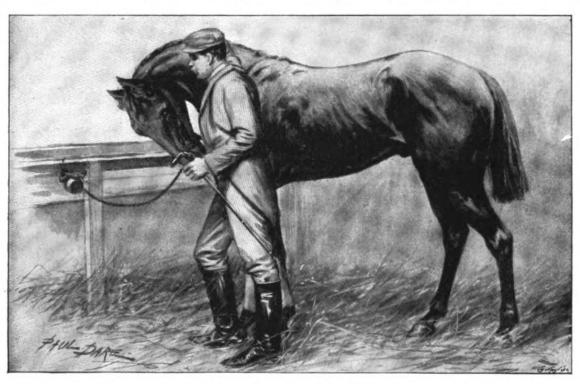
But she showed her white teeth in a smile

so derisive that he felt she had been mocking him as usual, and said no more.

Then, quite cheerfully, for in an ordinary way Bessy was nothing if not impervious, she began to enumerate the guests for the morrow; one or two among them were men whom Geoffrey held in special aversion, whose presence he could barely tolerate in the house even when he was himself there to act as a restraint. He argued now with his wife until he saw that she was on the verge of one of those attacks of violent temper, which, as sometimes is the case with fair

He could depend upon the devil in the brute beast to fulfil its work; to avenge the slights and contumely which she heaped upon the head of the man who had made her his wife.

Did the subtle understanding which existed between these two complex creatures, the horse and its master—an understanding which caused the one systematically to recognise and obey the other's unspoken, barely expressed will—extend further, and carry this rudely conceived thought to the brain, the consciousness of the habitually subservient animal making itself felt in the light of a



His arm around his Monk's neck.

women, were rare, but terrible when they came, in sheer lack of all restraint.

Then sick at heart he left her, and went out of the house to the stables. Would there ever be an end? Was every desire, prejudice, and craving of his nature to be for ever systematically set aside? Was this woman stronger than he—stronger than his patience?

He stood as he stood so often; his arm around his Monk's neck; the head of the horse drooped until it rested almost upon the man's breast.

She had said she would ride the Monk. Like a lightning flash the thought fired his brain. Let her do it—there would be an end.

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command, an acknowledged desire on the part of the higher intelligence—or was the horse unaccountably startled?

He raised his head suddenly and neighed aloud—a whinnying neigh—that might have been either a call or response, God knows; some emotion stirred, perhaps, with which Carr's dull thought of horror had nothing to do.

But it startled the man into recognition of his own sin.

He shrank back terrified, trembling, as from an evil that had taken sudden shape, and buried his face. A hundred hopes and memories, claiming and obliterating that

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY moment of mad passion coursed through his mind; a hundred reasons why his wife might still claim patience and forbearance at his hands; surely a strength feebler and yet infinitely greater than his own might ere long suffice to awaken her into true womanhood, and some gentle dignity and grace.

He prayed and prayed again that he might be forgiven that miserable thought which had all the weight of contemplated crime; and meanwhile the Grey Monk stood beside him, turning upon him his restless eye, his ears erect and nostrils quivering as though some latent antagonism had been stirred within him.

Geoffrey soothed the creature back into docile quietude, as he alone could, but he hurried from the stall. To suppose that his own evil mood was in any way connected with the disturbance of the horse could be only the creation of a morbid overwrought mind, but the associations of the place had become painful.

That night, before he slept, he tried more earnestly than he had ever yet done to extort a promise from Bessy. He urged her to pass her word that she would make no attempt to mount the Monk, that she would not even approach the horse during his absence.

He was so terribly in earnest that he won her into something like seriousness; she seemed impressed, and yielded a conditional sort of promise to the effect—did he think she was going to make an utter fool of herself and risk breaking her neck?

The next morning things looked brighter. Bessy had never shown herself so amenable since their marriage. She confessed to feeling slightly tired, and regretted the necessity of the luncheon party; she thought certainly she should not follow the hounds on Friday; she might just drive to the meet in the pony cart.

Under these circumstances Carr reconsidered a decision he had arrived at the previous night before sleeping. He had then determined to ride the Grey Monk to a station some twenty miles up the line, and have him stabled at the inn until his return. Now, under Bessy's altered mood such a course seemed unwise, calculated to stir her

into fresh rebellion. She would construe it as a sign of distrust.

He contented himself with cautioning her afresh, and when he left her at length he was in a more soothed and hopeful mood than he had known for months.

He returned on the evening of the following Friday. The train was due at D—— at 6.30, and thence the village of Langrove was reached by a single branch line. There was a wait of ten minutes at the Junction, and the night being cold, Carr went into the refreshment bar. Two men were there before him; their backs were towards him as he entered; hunting men, evidently, returning from the day's sport, boots and spurs showing beneath their long coats.

They were discussing something that had happened, and their words caught his attention.

- "I never saw such a thing—the brute literally kicked the life out of her."
  - "She was quite dead then?"
- "No—but it was horrible—they carried her home—and——." Here the voice was lowered and the words became inaudible.

After a moment the two men turned to leave, and Carr recognised one of them as an occasional visitor at Carr's Glen. He himself was in the shadow of the door and escaped notice; they both looked grave, almost appalled, and, as they passed near him, he who had spoken first said:

"How Carr could keep such a brute——" Geoffrey had listened and watched, fascinated, but without clear thought of personal application in their words, until he heard his own name.

Then he started nervously, and, seized with sudden horrible fear, rushed after them, only to find that they had already disappeared into the darkness.

How he reached home he could not afterwards recall; but the news which awaited him was no shock. He seemed to have been living upon the ghastly details, filling up the hiatus left by the men's scant words, during that terrible hour.

No one had been able to give him certain information; the news had not yet become public in D——. His groom was waiting in

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the dogcart at their own little station; driving home, he heard like a man still in a stupor the particulars of what awaited him.

Mrs. Carr had suddenly declared the pre-

vious night that she intended riding the Grey Monk if possible.

The horse had been extraordinarily docile; had allowed her to approach him, pat him, apparently with perfect good will; had shown no objection even to the obnoxious habit, when at length she ventured upon his back. The meet was only two miles distant, and the hour fixed was ten.

At half-past nine she had left the Glen, riding the Monk, and followed by a groom.

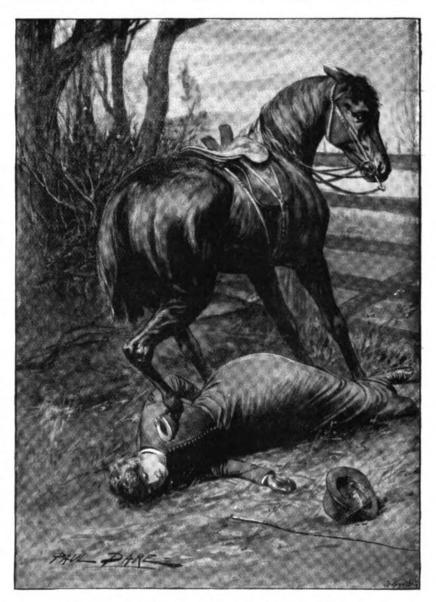
During the early part of the day the horse behaved perfectly. A fox was killed early after a fair run, and Mrs. Carr turned homewards about four o'clock. They were only three miles from the Glen, and she was riding carelessly, when suddenly the horse bolted.

Captain James, who was riding with her, and the groom followed, but the Monk went like the wind. Nothing had ap-

parently occurred to startle or frighten him. He had gone across country and made straight for a spiked gate, which he cleared; but in landing Mrs. Carr had fallen. Then, instead of bolting again, the horse had deliberately turned round and kicked out viciously, striking her repeatedly about the head and face. They had reached the spot in a few minutes and carried her home.

Presently Geoffrey stood by the bed where she lay—unconscious and disfigured almost beyond recognition. She was unconscious when her child was born; unconscious when she passed into the arms of Death.

A week later Geoffrey Carr followed to the grave the single coffin which



The horse had deliberately turned round and kicked out viciously.

held all that remained of his wife and the new-born child that should have been his heir.

Through all that terrible week he had never had the courage to enter the stall of the Grey Monk. The grooms said the horse was pining for his master's accustomed visits, and seemed conscious of the evil he had wrought. In this new mood he was gentle as a lamb, but the fiat had gone forth from the country side and from Geoffrey's own bitter heart. The Grey Monk must be shot

ere some other valued life fell a victim to such malice.

The day after Bessy's funeral was fixed for this final act of retribution, and Carr had arrogated its performance to himself. No other hand, he thought, should take the life he had loved—God only knew how dearly.

Early in the grey morning the horse was led out to the appointed place, and presently Geoffrey Carr appeared, walking slowly, with heavy step. The collar of his coat was turned up, a slouched hat was drawn far over his face, in his hand he carried the loaded revolver.

The creature who had been his most intimate friend stood drooping and despondent, but at the sound of his master's footsteps raised his ears, whinnying low in recognition.

Geoffrey trembled in every limb as he drew near and raised the pistol to the poor brute's head.

Just then, meeting no caress, but the approach of the cold steel, the horse neighed again.

None exactly saw the movement that followed, but almost instantaneously the report of the pistol was heard, and then Carr staggered and fell.

He had fired, but the ball had passed into his own brain, and the Grey Monk stood unharmed. At the inquest a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned, and perhaps the only person who seriously doubted its accuracy was Sir Charles Langrove. The general opinion was, that, startled by the neighing of the horse, Geoffrey Carr's arm had swerved, and that the pistol had gone off prematurely.

What reason could he have for taking his own life? All the world knew, in spite of his reticent endurance, the true story of his marriage.

But Charles Langrove received a letter from his old friend, posted the night before the end, the full contents of which he never communicated to living soul; only, in accordance with a request which it contained, he bought the Grey Monk from the new owner of Carr's Glen for a song, and turned the horse out to grass, never to be ridden or driven again.

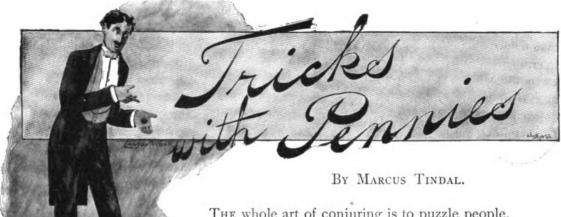
The paragraph, which induced him so to act, ran as follows:—

And now, the horse is to be shot to-morrow; but I am fully convinced that the fault was mine; and should my life be the first demanded, I leave him to your care. In memory of our old friendship let no ill befal him.

To the simple, straightforward mind of the Squire it seemed that Geoffrey Carr was mad; but the fact did not prevent his fulfilling this last request.



Digitized by The creature raised his ears, whinnying low in recognition or INDIANA UNIVERSITY



THE whole art of conjuring is to puzzle people.

To be mystified, to be startled, to be made to see apparently impossible things take place; there is a fascination about all this that is irresistible. Yet the amateur conjuror does not flourish very much in spite of the complicated, though easily performed, tricks that he may procure.

Perhaps it is the paraphernalia required that alarms him. However, with nothing more expensive than a penny, and a little art in the boring and cutting of copper, the amateur will find that some very effective tricks are within his power.

A few of the best are explained below.

The conjuror, for instance (1), may flaunt a penny before the eyes of the company, and then, like a flash of lightning, cause it to disappear, and show both his hands empty. While the audience are gazing with astonishment into the air to find a trace of the vanished coin, it will suddenly reappear between the tips of the performer's fingers.

The penny has two little holes bored through it, and a piece of silk is looped

through these.

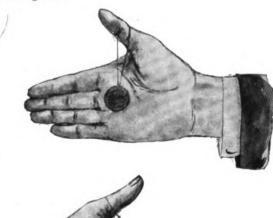
When commanding the coin to disappear, the conjuror slips the loop of silk over his thumb, and, keeping the front of his hand towards the audience. allows the penny to quickly drop between his fingers and rest on the back of his hand. When he wishes it to reappear he pulls the

silk, and, presto! it is again between his finger-tips.

An equally simple and effective trick (2), which may be performed by anyone, shows the conjuror passing his finger through a

penny. A little sleight of hand in transposing a borrowed coin with a coin of his own manufacture is all that is required to work this wonder. The art of changing two coins unperceived is required, in fact, with a majority of these tricks.

The conjuror cuts out the centre of a penny, making a hole large enough to admit his thumb. He borrows a coin, but using the one that he has prepared beforehand, he works his Original from thumb through the hole, and the trick is done. INDIANA UNIVERSITY



1. The Vanishing Penny.

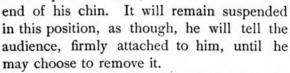
The wonderful electrified penny (3) is easily made, and is warranted to cause some good fun. The conjuror throws it in the air. "Behold!" he cries, "the penny will always



2. The Magic Penny.

return to me. See how affectionate it is." The penny, falling, touches the lappet of his coat, and remains there. This is not surprising, since about a quarter of an inch of a pin projects from either side of it. addition to this, the magic penny may be suspended in all kinds of grotesque positions.

For instance, the conjuror will put the pin point into a little piece of wax, which he fastens to the tip of his nose, or to the



The six magic halfpennies (4) pass through a table, or appear to do so, in a truly magical manner. As a preliminary step, the conjuror takes six halfpennies of his own, and fastens them together by running a rivet through them. He then obtains a little cap that will fit neatly over the coins.

Having done this, he proceeds to borrow six halfpennies from the audience, which he places unobserved in his left hand.

In his right hand he holds his prepared halfpennies so that all may see them. These he places on the table, and, covering them with the cap, commands them to drop through to the other side.

After a moment he withdraws the cap, and incidentally, with the cap, the halfpenniesan easy enough matter, as they are joined together-and it is seen that they are no Digitized by GOOGIC

longer on the table. He puts his left hand under the table, and apparently catches the halfpennies as they drop through into his palm. He returns them to the audience, who

> find that they are unaffected by their journey through the deal board.

> In the attached coin trick (5), the performer borrows a penny, a halfpenny, and a farthing from the audience. He holds the penny between the tips of his fingers, and on the top of it he proceeds to balance the halfpenny, and, on the top of the halfpenny, the farthing. Astounding as this trick may seem, it will be understood how easily it may be carried out when it is mentioned that

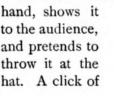
the coins which the deceitful performer employs are joined together by means of two little hinges. To the audience, however, who see only the front of the coins, the effect appears altogether magical.

To be able to throw half-a-dozen pennies through a silk hat in such a way that they

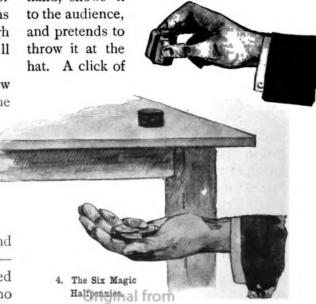
> will clearly be heard to drop on the inside, leaving, however, no trace behind them, is a trick of which anyone might be proud. The conjuror borrows a hat, con-

ceals six pennies in his left hand, and shows six pennies in his right. He then picks up the hat in his left hand, and holds the pennies at the same time in such a way that he may easily drop them in when required.

He then takes a penny from his right



3. The Electrified Penny.





a penny dropping on the inside is heard, and on examination a coin will be found in the hat.

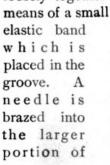
As a matter of fact, however, no penny left the conjuror's right hand. He merely put it through the process known as "palming," and at the same time allowed a penny to drop from his left hand.

A very effective addition may be made the penny, at right angles to the edge, a recess being cut into the smaller portion to accommodate it.

Having made this penny, or bought it for a matter of a few coppers, the conjuror, when performing his trick of throwing the pennies through a hat, takes the trick-penny in his right hand, and bending back one half, swiftly inserts the needle in the hat. This gives it the appearance of having passed half way through (6); it looks, in fact, as though the conjuror had not thrown it hard enough. He apologises, draws out the trick-penny, and pretends to throw it again, this time allowing a penny from his left hand to drop into the hat.

5. The Attached Coin Trick.

to the trick in this way. A penny is fastened in a lathe, and a little groove is cut round its edge. It is then divided into two pieces, one being a little larger than the other, and these are joined loosely together by









6. The Hat Trick.

A penny that will pass through the narrow neck of a bottle is made in the same way (7). It is divided into three pieces, which are held together by elastic. It is folded up, and put into the bottle, and so soon as it has passed the neck the sides spring out, and make it look like an ordinary penny.

Granted a small amount of skill in coppercutting, which, with the aid of a lathe and suitable tools, is a simple matter, any number of very effective trick-pennies may be constructed. For one it is essential that the penny should be completely hollowed out, leaving

only the thinnest possible shell of one side, and the edge upstanding, in which another penny may be placed.

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Digitized by 7. The Elastic Penny.

himself with a dissolving penny, and the trouble of its manufacture will be well repaid by the fun that it affords. By merely slipping the loose coin from its case, the conjuror can



8. The Dissolving Penny.

make two pennies appear in his hand, where a moment before only one was to be seen. This trick can be extended by cutting away everything but the shell of another penny and a halfpenny, and placing a farthing in the halfpenny and the halfpenny in the penny, and the whole in the original case. From one coin hemay thus produce four (8).

Here is another clever trick which, by the way, was supplied with the others here explained by a London conjuror, Mr. J. Bland, of Oxford Street. The performer borrows a penny, which he shows to the company. He pulls up his sleeves to prove that he has nothing concealed. He then places the coin on one hand, passes

the other above it, and lo, it is transformed into a florin. He again shows that his hands are empty, and a second time commands the coins to change. Now, to the astonishment of all, two pennies are found. Once more



9. The Magic Florin.
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he passes his hands over the coins, and orders them to revert to their original form. This they obediently do. Next, one coin vanishes, and a florin alone remains. Lastly, the florin changes to a single penny, and is handed round to the audience for examination.

Now, to describe the magic penny which the conjuror has prepared, and which he transposes with the penny that he borrowed from the audience. In the manufacture of this coin, a florin and two ordinary pennies are required (9). First, the inside of one penny is cut away, leaving only the shell and the edge; then the other penny and florin are both filed down, by means of sand-paper, until they are half their size, when they are soldered together. Thus the conjuror has the outside shell of one penny, and a coin that is half silver, half copper. This he fits into the cap, and his mystifying, multiplying, and vanishing trick-coin is complete.

Then as to his method. To change the

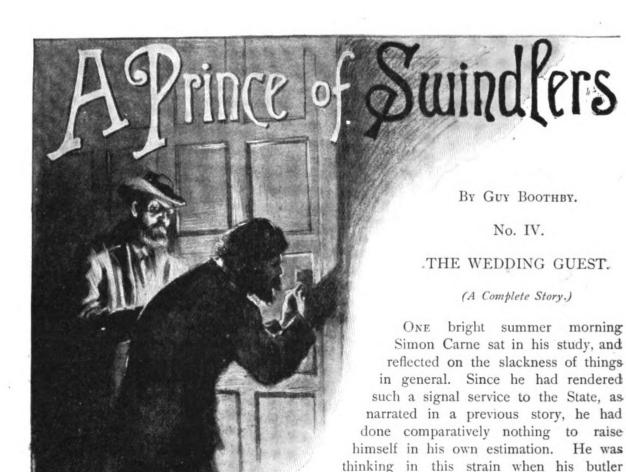




10. The Magnet Trick.

penny into a florin, he has merely to lift the copper case away when he is making his passes, and the florin side of what was once an ordinary penny will remain in his hand. To assist him in this, he sometimes fits a small piece of steel in the case, and attracts it away with a magnet (10). To change the florin into a penny and a florin he drops the shell at its side. To change the penny and florin into two pennies, he turns the silver and copper coin over, leaving the copper side upwards. He again turns it over to show a copper and a florin on his hand. To make the copper and florin into one florin he withdraws the case. Lastly he puts the two together again, transposes them for the penny that he borrowed, and hands it round to the audience.

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of pleasure on his face.

"Good morning, Kelmare," he said, as he took the other's outstretched hand; "I'm delighted to see you. How are you this morning?"

entered, and announced "Kelmare Sahib." The interruption was a welcome one, and Carne rose to greet his guest with every sign

"As well as a man can hope to be under the circumstances," replied the new arrival, a somewhat blasé youth, dressed in the height of fashion. "You are going to the Greenthorpe wedding, of course. I hear you have been invited."

"You are quite right; I have," said Carne, and presently produced a card from the basket, and tossed it across the table.

The other took it up with a groan.

"Yes," he said, "that's it, by Jove. And a nice-looking document it is. Carne, did you ever hate anybody so badly that it seemed as if it would be scarcely possible to discover anything you would not do to hurt them?"

"No," answered Carne, "I cannot say that I have. Fate has always found me some way or another in which I might get even with my enemies. But you seem very vindictive in this matter. What's the reason of it?"

"Vindictive?" said Kelmare, "of course I am; think how they have treated me. A year ago, this week, Sophie Greenthorpe and I were engaged. Old Greenthorpe had not then turned his business into a limited liability company, and my people were jolly angry with me for making such a foolish match, but I did not care. I was in love, and Sophie Greenthorpe is as pretty a girl as can be found in the length and breadth of London. But there, you've seen her, so you know for yourself. Well, three months later, old Greenthorpe sold his business for upwards of three million sterling. On the strength of it he went into the House, gave thirty thousand to the funds of his party, and would have received a Copyright, 1897, by Guy Boothby, in the United States of America.

baronetcy for his generosity, had his party not been shunted out of power.

"Inside another month all the swells had taken them up; dukes and earls were as common at the old lady's receptions as they had been scarce before, and I began to under-



"Dukes and earls were common at the old lady's receptions."

stand that, instead of being everybody to them as I had once been, the old fellow was beginning to think his daughter might have done much better than become engaged to the third son of an impecunious earl.

"Then Kilbenham came upon the scene. He's a fine-looking fellow, and a marquis, but, as you know as well as I do, a real bad hat. He hasn't a red cent in the world to bless himself with, and he wanted money—well—just about as badly as a man could want

it. What's the result? Within six weeks I am thrown over, and she has accepted Kilbenham's offer of marriage. Society says—'What a good match!' and, as if to endorse it, you received an invitation to the ceremony."

"Forgive me, but you are growing cynical now," said Carne, as he lit a fresh cigar.

"Haven't I good cause to be?" asked Kelmare. "Wait till you've been treated as I have, and then we'll see how you'll feel. When I think how every man you meet speaks of Kilbenham, and of the stories that are afloat concerning him, and hear the way old Greenthorpe and his pretensions are laughed at in the clubs, and sneered at in the papers, and am told that they are receiving presents of enormous value from all sorts and conditions of people, from Royalty to the poor devils of workmen he still under-pays, just because Kilbenham is a marguis and she is the daughter of a millionaire, why, I can tell you it is enough to make anyone cynical."

"In the main, I agree with you," said Carne. "But, as life is made up of just such contradictions, it seems to me absurd to butt your head against a stone wall, and then grumble because it hurts and you don't make any impression on it. Do you think the presents are as wonderful as they say? I want to know, because I've not given mine yet. In these days one gives as others give. If they have not received anything very good, then a

pair of electro-plated entrée dishes will meet the case. If the reverse—well—diamonds, perhaps, or an old Master that the Americans are wild to buy, and can't."

"Who is cynical now, I should like to know?" said Kelmare. "I was told this morning that up to the present, with the superb diamonds given by the bride's father, they have totalled a value of something like twenty thousand pounds."

"You surprise me," answered Carne.

"I am surprised myself," said Kelmare, as he rose to go. "Now, I must be off. I came in to see if you felt inclined for a week's cruise in the Channel. Burgrave has lent me his yacht, and somehow I think a change of air will do me good."

"I am very sorry," said Carne, "but it would be quite impossible for me to get away just now. I have several important functions on hand that will keep me in town."

"I suppose this wedding is one of them?"
"To tell the honest truth I had scarcely

"To tell the honest truth, I had scarcely thought of it," replied Carne. "Must you be off? Well, then, good-bye, and a pleasant holiday to you."

When Kelmare had disappeared, Carne went back to his study, and seated himself at his writing-table. "Kelmare is a little over sensitive," he said, "and his pique is spoiling his judgment. He does not seem to realise that he has come very well out of a jolly bad business. I am not certain which I pity most—Miss Greenthorpe, who is a heartless little hussy, or the Marquis of Kilbenham, who is a thorough-paced scoundrel. The wedding, however, promises to be a fashionable one, and——"

He stopped midway, rose, and stood leaning against the mantelpiece, staring into the empty fireplace. Presently he flipped the ash off his cigar, and turned round, "It never struck me in that light before," he said, as he pressed the button of the electric bell in the wall beside him. When it was answered, he ordered his carriage, and a quarter of an hour later was rolling down Regent Street.

Reaching a well-known jeweller's shop, he pulled the check string, and, the door having been opened, descended, and went inside. It was not the first time he had had dealings with the firm, and as soon as he was recognised the proprietor hastened forward himself to wait upon him.

"I want a nice wedding present for a young lady," he said, when the other had asked what he could have the pleasure of showing him. "Diamonds, I think, for preference."

A tray containing hairpins, brooches, rings, and aigrettes set with stones was put before him, but Carne was not satisfied. He wanted something better, he said—something a little more imposing. When he left the shop a

quarter of an hour later he had chosen a diamond bracelet, for which he had paid the sum of one thousand pounds. In consequence, the jeweller bowed him to his carriage with almost Oriental obsequiousness.

As Carne rolled down the street, he took the bracelet from its case and glanced at it. He had long since made up his mind as to his line of action, and having done so, was now prepared to start business without delay. On leaving the shop, he had ordered his coachman to drive home; but on second thoughts he changed his mind, and, once more pulling the check string, substituted Berkeley Square for Park Lane.

"I must be thoroughly convinced in my own mind," he said, "before I do anything, and the only way to do that will be to see old Greenthorpe himself without delay. I think I have a good and sufficient excuse in my pocket. At any rate, I'll try it."

On reaching the residence in question, he instructed his footman to inquire whether Mr. Greenthorpe was at home, and, if so, if he would see him. An answer in the affirmative was soon forthcoming, and a moment later Carne and Greenthorpe were greeting each other in the library.

"Delighted to see you, my dear sir," the latter said as he shook his guest warmly by the hand, at the same time hoping that old Sir Mowbray Mowbray next door, who was a gentleman of the old school, and looked down on the plutocracy, could see and recognise the magnificent equipage standing before his house. "This is most kind of you, and indeed I take it as most friendly too."

Carne's face was as smiling and fascinating as it was wont to be, but an acute observer might have read in the curves of his lips a little of the contempt he felt for the man before him. Matthew Greenthorpe's face and figure betrayed his origin as plainly as any words could have done. If this had not been sufficient, his dress and the profusion of jewellery—principally diamonds—that decked his person would have told the tale. In appearance he was short, stout, very red about the face, and made up what he lacked in breeding by an effusive familiarity that sometimes bordered on the offensive.

"I am afraid," said Carne, when his host had finished speaking, "that I ought to be ashamed of myself for intruding on you at such an early hour. I wanted, however, to thank you personally for the kind invitation you have sent me to be present at your daughter's wedding."

"I trust you will be able to come," replied Mr. Greenthorpe a little anxiously, for he was eager that the world should know that he and the now famous Simon Carne were on familiar terms.

"That is exactly what has brought me to see you," said Carne. "I regret to say I hardly know yet whether I shall be able to give myself that pleasure or not. An important complication has arisen in connection with some property in which I am interested, and it is just possible that I shall be called to the Continent within the next few days. My object in calling upon you this morning was to ask you to permit me to withhold my answer until I am at liberty to speak more definitely as to my arrangements."

"By all means, by all means," answered his host, placing himself with legs wide apart upon the hearthrug, and rattling the money in his trouser pockets. "Take just as long as you like so long as you don't say you can't come. Me and the missus—hem! I mean Mrs. Greenthorpe and I—are looking forward to the pleasure of your society, and I can tell you we shan't think our company complete if we don't have you with us."

"I am extremely flattered," said Carne sweetly, "and you may be sure it will not be my fault if I am *not* among your guests."

"Hear, hear, to that, sir," replied the old gentleman. "We shall be a merry party, and, I trust, a distinguished one. We did hope to have had Royalty present among us, but, unfortunately, there were special reasons, that I am hardly privileged to mention, which prevented it. However, the Duke of Rugby and his duchess, the father and mother of my future son-in-law, you know, are coming; the Earl of Boxmoor and his countess have accepted; Lord Southam and his lady, half-adozen baronets or so, and as many Members of Parliament and their wives as you can count on one hand. There'll be a ball the night before, given by the Mayor at the Assembly Digitized by GOOSIC

Rooms, a dinner to the tenants at the conclusion of the ceremony, and a ball in my own house after the young couple have gone away. You may take it from me, my dear sir, that nothing on a similar scale has ever been seen at Market Stopford before."

"I can quite believe it," said Carne. "It will mark an epoch in the history of the county."

"It will do more than that, sir. The festivities alone will cost me a cool five thousand pounds. At first *I* was all for having it in town, but I was persuaded out of it. After all, a country house is better suited to such jinks. And we mean to do it well."

He took Carne familiarly by the button of his coat, and, sinking his voice to an impressive whisper, asked him to hazard a guess how much he thought the whole affair, presents and all, would cost.

Carne shook his head. "I have not the very remotest notion," he said. "But if you wish me to guess, I will put it at fifty thousand pounds."

"Not enough by half, sir—not enough by half. Why, I'll let you into a little secret that even my wife knows nothing about."

As he spoke, he crossed the room to a large safe in the wall. This he unlocked, and having done so took from it an oblong box, wrapped in tissue paper. This he placed on the table in the centre of the room, and then, having looked out into the hall to make sure that no one was about, shut and locked the door. Then, turning to Carne, he said:

"I don't know what you may think, sir, but there are some people I know as try to insinuate that if you have money you can't have taste. Now, I've got the money "—here he threw back his shoulders, and tapped himself proudly on the chest—"and I'm going to convince you, sir, that I've got as pretty an idea of taste as any man could wish to have. This box will prove it."

So saying, he unwrapped the tissue paper, and displayed to Carne's astonished gaze a large gilded casket, richly chased, standing upon four massive feet.

"There, sir, you see," he said, "an artistic bit of workmanship, and I'll ask you to guess what it's for." al from

Carne, however, shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm but a poor hand at guessing, but, if I must venture an opinion, I should say a jewel case."

Thereupon Mr. Greenthorpe lifted the lid.

"And you would be wrong, sir. I will tell you what it is for. That box has been constructed to contain exactly fifty thousand sovereigns, and on her wedding day it will be filled, and presented to the bride, as a token of her father's affection. Now, if that isn't in good taste, I shall have to ask you to tell me what is."

"I am astonished at your munificence," said Carne. "To be perfectly candid with you, I don't know that I have ever heard of such a present before."

"I thought you'd say so. I said to myself when I ordered that box, 'Mr. Carne is the best judge of what is artistic in England, and I'll take his opinion about it.'"

"I suppose your daughter has received some valuable presents?"

"Valuable, sir? Why, that's no name for it. I should put down what has come in up to the present at not a penny under twenty thousand pounds. Why, you may not believe it, sir, but Mrs. Greenthorpe has presented the young couple with a complete toilet set of solid gold. I doubt if such another has been seen in this country before."

"I should say it would be worth a burglar's while to pay a visit to your house on the wedding day," said Carne with a smile.

"He wouldn't get much for his pains," said the old gentleman warmly. "I have already provided for that contingency. The billiard room will be used as a treasure chamber for the time being, as there is a big safe like that over yonder in the wall. This week bars are being placed on all the windows, and on the night preceding, and also on the wedding day, one of my gardeners will keep watch in the room itself, while one of the village

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policemen will mount guard at the door in the passage. Between them they ought to be sufficient to keep out any burglars who may wish to try their hands upon the presents. What do you think?"

At that moment the handle of the door



"I should say a jewel case."

turned, and an instant later the bride-elect entered the room. On seeing Simon Carne she paused upon the threshold with a gesture of embarrassment, and made as if she would retreat. Carne, however, was too quick for her. He advanced and held out his hand.

"How do you do, Miss Greenthorpe?" he said, looking her steadily in the face. "Your father has just been telling me of the many beautiful presents you have received. I am sure I congratulate you most heartily. With your permission I will add my mite to the list. Such as it is, I would beg your acceptance of it."

So saying, he took from his pocket the case containing the bracelet he had that morning purchased. Unfastening it, he withdrew the circlet and clasped it upon her wrist. So great was her surprise and delight that for some moments she was at a loss how to express her thanks of When she recovered

her presence of mind and her speech, she attempted to do so, but Carne stopped her.

"You must not thank me too much," he said, "or I shall begin to think I have done a meritorious action. I trust Lord Kilbenham is well?"

"He was very well when I last saw him," answered the girl after a momentary pause, which Carne noticed, "but he is so busy just now that we see very little of each other. Good-bye."

All the way home Simon Carne sat wrapped in a brown study. On reaching his residence he went straight to his study, and to his writing-desk, where he engaged himself for some minutes jotting down certain memoranda on a sheet of note paper. When he had finished he rang the bell and ordered that Belton, his valet, should be sent to him.

"Belton," he said, when the person he wanted had arrived in answer to the summons, "on Thursday next I shall go down to Market Stopford to attend the wedding of the Marquis of Kilbenham with Miss Greenthorpe. You will, of course, accompany me. In the meantime (here he handed him the sheet of paper upon which he had been writing) I want you to attend to these few details. Some of the articles, I'm afraid, you will find rather difficult to obtain, but at any

cost I must have them to take down to the country with me."

Belton took the paper and left the room with it, and for the time being Carne dismissed the matter from his mind.

The sun was in the act of setting on the day immediately preceding the wedding when Simon Carne and his faithful valet reached the wayside station of Market Stopford. As the train came to a standstill, a footman wearing the Greenthorpe livery opened the door of the reserved carriage and informed his master's guest that a brougham was waiting outside the station to convey him to his destination. Belton was to follow with the luggage in the servants' omnibus.

On arrival at Greenthorpe Park, Simon Carne was received by his host and hostess in the hall, the rearmost portion of which was furnished as a smoking-room. Judging from the number of guests passing, re-passing, and lolling about in the easy chairs, most of the company invited had already arrived. When he had greeted those with whom he was familiar, and had taken a cup of tea from the hands of the bride-elect, who was dispensing it at a small table near the great oak fireplace, he set himself to be agreeable to those about him for the space of a quarter of an hour, after which he was escorted to his bedroom, a pretty room situated in the main portion of the building at the head of the grand staircase. He found Belton awaiting him His luggage had been un-

> packed, and a glance at his watch told him that in a few minutes time it would be necessary for him to prepare for dinner.

> > "Well, Belton," he said, as he threw himself into a chair beside the window that looked out over the rose garden, "here we are, and the next question is how are we going to succeed?"

"I have never known you fail yet, sir," replied the



A cup of tea from the hands of the bride-elect.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY deferential valet, "and I don't suppose you'll do so on this occasion."

"You flatter me, Belton, but I will not be so falsely modest as to say that your praise is altogether undeserved. This, however, is a case of more than usual delicacy and danger, and it will be necessary for us to play our cards with considerable care. When I have examined this house I shall elaborate my plans more fully. We have none too much time, for the attempt must be made to-morrow night. You have brought down with you the things I mentioned on that list, I suppose?"

"They are in these chests, sir," said Belton. "They make a precious heavy load, and once or twice I was fearful lest they might arouse suspicion."

"You need have no fear, my good Belton," said Carne. "I have a very plausible excuse to account for their presence here. Everyone by this time knows that I am a great student, and also that I never travel without at least two cases of books. It is looked upon as a harmless fad. Here is my key. Open the box standing nearest to you."

Belton did as he was commanded, when it was seen that it was filled to its utmost holding capacity with books.

"No one would think," said Carne, with a smile at the astonishment depicted on the other's face, "that there are only two layers of volumes there, would they? If you lift out the tray upon which they rest, you will discover that the balance of the box is now occupied by the things you placed in it. Unknown to you, I had the trays fitted after you had packed the others. There is nothing like being prepared for all emergencies. Now, pay attention to what I am about to say to you. I have learned that the wedding presents, including the fifty thousand sovereigns presented by Mr. Greenthorpe to his daughter in that absurd casket, of which I spoke to you, will be on view to-morrow afternoon in the billiard room; to-night, and to-morrow before the ball commences, they will be placed in the safe. One of Mr. Greenthorpe's most trusted servants will keep watch over them inthe room, while a constable will be on duty in the lobby outside. Bars have been placed on all the windows, and, as I understand, the

village police will patrol the building at intervals during the night. The problem of how we are to get hold of them would seem rather a hard nut to crack, would it not?"

"I must confess I don't see how you are going to do it at all, sir," said Belton.

"Well, we'll see. I have a plan in my head now, but before I can adopt it I must make a few inquiries. I believe there is a staircase leading from the end of this corridor down to the lobby outside the billiard and smokingrooms. If this is so, we shall have to make use of it. It must be your business to discover at what time the custodians of the treasure have their last meal. When you have found that out let me know. Now you had better get me ready for dinner as soon as possible."

When Carne retired to rest that evening, his inimitable valet was in a position to report that the sentries were already installed, and that their supper had been taken to them, by Mr. Greenthorpe's orders, at ten o'clock precisely, by one of the under-footmen who had been instructed to look after them.

"Very good," said Carne, "I think I see my way now. I'll sleep on my scheme and let you know what decision I have come to in the morning. If we pull this little business off successfully there will be ten thousand pounds for you to pay into your credit, my friend."

Belton bowed and thanked his master without a sign of emotion upon his face. After which Simon Carne went to bed.

When he was called next morning, he discovered a perfect summer day. Brilliant sunshine streamed in at the windows, and the songs of birds came from the trees outside.

"An excellent augury," he said to himself as he jumped out of bed and donned the heavy dressing-gown his valet held open for him. "Miss Greenthorpe, my compliments to you. My lord Marquis is not the only man upon whom you are conferring happiness to-day."

His good humour did not leave him, for when he descended to the breakfast-room an hour later his face was radiant with smiles, and everyone admitted that it would be impossible to meet a more charming companion. During the morning he was occupied in the library, writing letters.

At one he lunched with his fellow guests, none of the family being present, and at half-past went off to dress for the wedding ceremony. This important business completed, a move was made for the church; and in something less than a quarter of an hour the nuptial knot was tied, and Miss Sophie Greenthorpe, only daughter of Matthew Greenthorpe, erstwhile grocer and provision merchant, of Little Bexter Street, Tottenham Court Road, left the building, on her husband's arm, Marchioness of Kilbenham and future Duchess of Rugby.

Simon Carne and his fellow guests followed in her wake down the aisle, and, having entered their carriages, returned to the Park.

The ball that evening was an acknowledged success, but, though he was an excellent dancer, and had his choice of the prettiest women in the room, Carne was evidently ill at ease. The number of times he stealthily examined his watch said this as plainly as any words. As a matter of fact, the last guest had scarcely arrived before he left the ballroom, and passed down the lobby towards the back staircase, stopping en route to glance at the billiard room door.

As he expected, it was closed, and a stalwart provincial policeman stood on guard before it.

He made a jocular reference about the treasure the constable was guarding, and, with a laugh at himself for forgetting the way to his bedroom, retraced his steps to the stairs, up which he passed to his own apartment. Belton was awaiting him there.

"It is ten minutes to ten, Belton," he said abruptly. "It must be now or never. Go down to the kitchen, and hang about there until the tray upon which the suppers of the guard are placed is prepared. When the tootman starts with it for the billiard room, accompany him, and, as he opens the green baize door leading from the servants' quarters into the house, manage, by hook or crook, to hold him in conversation. Say something, and interrupt yourself by a severe fit of coughing. That will give me my cue. If anything should happen to me as I come down stairs, be sure that the man puts

his tray down on the slab at the foot of the stairs and renders me assistance. I will manage the rest. Now be off."

Belton bowed respectfully, and left the room. As he did so, Carne crossed to the dressing-table, and unlocked a small case standing upon it. From this he took a tiny silver-stoppered scent bottle, containing, perhaps, half-an-ounce of white powder. This he slipped into his waistcoat pocket, and then made for the door.

On the top of the back staircase he paused for a few moments to listen. He heard the spring of the green baize door in the passage below creak as it was pushed open. Next moment he distinguished Belton's voice. "It's as true as that I'm standing here," he was saying. "As I went up the stairs with the governor's hot water there she was coming along the passage. I stood back to let her pass, and as I did she--- (Here the narrative was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing.) On hearing this Carne descended the stairs, and, when he had got halfway down, saw the footman and his valet coming along the passage below. At the same instant he must have caught his foot in the stair carpet, for he tripped and fell headlong to the bottom.

"Heaven's alive!" cried Belton. "I do believe that's my governor, and he's killed." At the same time he ran forward to the injured man's assistance.

Carne lay at the foot of the stairs just as he had fallen, his head thrown back, his eyes shut, and his body curled up and motionless. Belton turned to the footman, who still stood holding the tray where he had stopped on seeing the accident, and said: "Put down those things and go and find Mr. Greenthorpe as quickly as you can. Tell him Mr. Carne has fallen downstairs, and I'm afraid is seriously injured."

The footman immediately disappeared. His back was scarcely turned, however, before Carne was on his feet.

"Excellent, my dear Belton," he whispered; and, as he spoke, he slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket. "Hand me up that tray, but be quiet, or the policeman round the corner will hear you."

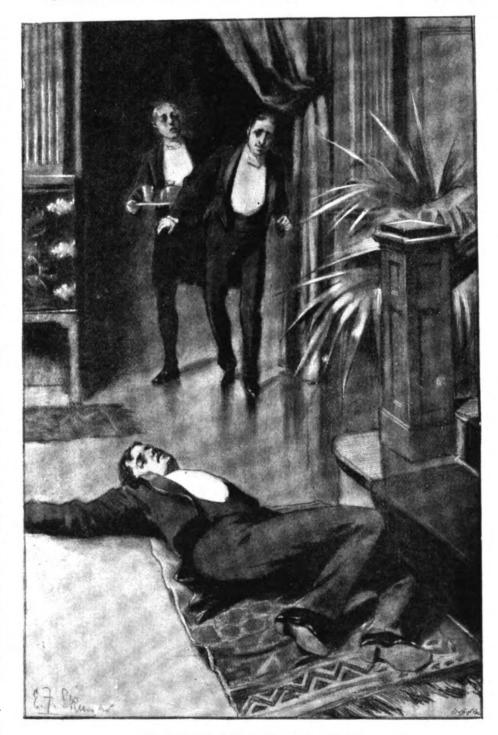
Belton did as he was ordered, and Carne

thereupon sprinkled upon the suppers provided for the two men. some of the white powder from the bottle he had taken from his dressing - case. This done, he resumed his place at the foot of the stairs, while Belton, kneeling over him and supporting his head, waited for assistance. Very few minutes elapsed before Mr. Greenthorpe, with a scared face, appeared upon the At his scene. direction Belton and the footman carried the unconscious gentleman to his bedroom, and placed him upon his bed. Restoratives were administered, and something under ten minutes the injured man once more opened his eyes.

"What is the matter?" he asked feebly. "What has happened?"

"You have met with a slight accident, my dear sir," said the old gentleman, "but you are better now. You fell downstairs."

As if he scarcely comprehended what was said, Carne feebly repeated the last sentence after his host, and then closed his eyes again. When he opened them once more, it was to beg Mr. Greenthorpe to leave him and return to his guests downstairs. After a small



He ran forward to the injured man's assistance.

amount of pressing, the latter consented to do so, and retired, taking the footman with him. The first use Carne made of their departure was to turn to Belton.

"The powder will take effect in five hours," he said. "See that you have all the things prepared."

"They are quite ready," replied Betton. "I arranged them this evening."

"Very good," said Carne. "Now, I am going to sleep in real earnest."

So saying, he closed his eyes, and resigned himself to slumber as composedly as if nothing out of the common had occurred. The clock on the stables had struck three when he woke again. Belton was still sleeping peacefully, and it was not until he

had been repeatedly shaken that he became conscious that it was time to get up.

"Wake up," said Carne, "it is three o'clock, and time for us to be about our business. Unlock that box, and get out the things."

Belton did as he was ordered, placing the packets as he took them from the cases in small Gladstone bags. Having done this, he went to one of his master's trunks, and took from it two suits of clothes, a pair of wigs, two excellently contrived false beards, and a couple of soft felt hats. These he placed upon the bed. Ten minutes later he had assisted his master to change into one of the suits, and when this was done waited for further instruc-

"Before you dress, take a tumbler from that table, and go downstairs. If you should meet anyone, say that

you are going to the butler's pantry in search of filtered water, as you have used all the drinking water in this room. The Ball should be over by this time, and the guests in bed half-an-hour ago. Ascertain if this is the case, and as you return glance at the policeman on duty

outside the billiard room door. Let me know his condition."

"Very good, sir," said Belton, and, taking a tumbler from the table in question, he left the room. In less than five minutes he had returned to report that, with the exception of the corridor outside the billiard room, the house was in darkness.

"And how is the guardian of the door?" Carne inquired.

"Fast asleep," said Belton, "and snoring like a pig, sir."

"That is right," said Carne. "The man inside should be the same, or that powder has failed me for the first time in my experience. We'll give them half-an-hour longer, however, and then get to work. You had better dress yourself."

While Belton was making himself up to resemble his master, Carne sat in an easy chair by his dressingtable, reading Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." It was one of the most important of his many peculiarities that he could withdraw his thoughts from subject, however much it might hitherto have engrossed him, fasten them upon another, without once allowing them to wander back to their original channel. As the stable



He discovered the rural policeman propped up in the corner fast asleep.

clock chimed the half hour, he put the book aside, and sprang to his feet.

"If you're ready, Belton," he said. "Switch off the electric light and open that door."

When this had been done he bade his valet wait in the bedroom while he crept

down the stairs on tip-toe. On turning into the billiard room lobby, he discovered the rural policeman propped up in the corner fast asleep. His heavy breathing echoed down the corridors, and one moment's inspection showed Carne that from him he had nothing to fear. Unlocking the door with a key which he took from his pocket, he entered the room, to find the gardener, like the policeman, fast asleep in an armchair by the window. He crossed to him, and, after a careful examination of his breathing, lifted one of his eyelids.

"Excellent," he said. "Nothing could be better. Now, when Belton comes, we shall be ready for business."

So saying, he left the room again, and went softly up the stairs to find his valet. The latter was awaiting him, and, before a witness, had there been one, could have counted twenty, they were standing in the billiard room together. It was a large apartment, luxuriously furnished, with a bow window at one end and an alcove, surrounded with seats, at the other. In this alcove, cleverly hidden by the wainscotting, as Mr. Greenthorpe had once been at some pains to point out to Simon Carne, there existed a large iron safe of the latest burglar-proof pattern and design.

The secret was an ingenious one, and would have baffled any ordinary craftsman. Carne, however, as has already been explained, was far from being a common-place member of his profession. Turning to Belton, he said: "Give me the tools." These being forthcoming, in something less than ten minutes he had picked the lock and was master of the safe's contents.

When these, including the fifty thousand sovereigns, had been safely carried upstairs and stowed away in the portmanteaux and chests, and the safe had been filled with the spurious jewellery he had brought with him for that purpose, he signed to Belton to bring him a long pair of steps which stood in a corner of the room, and which had been used for securing the sky-light above, the billiard table. These he placed in such a position as would enable him to reach the window.

With a diamond-pointed instrument, and a hand as true as the eye that guided it, he

quickly extracted a square of coloured glass, filed through the catch, and was soon standing on the leads outside. A few moments later, the ladder, which had already rendered him such signal service, had enabled him to descend into the garden on the other side.

There he arranged a succession of footsteps in the soft mould, and having done so, returned to the roof, carefully wiped the end of the ladder so that it should not betray him, and climbed down into the room below, pulling it after him.

"I think we have finished now," he said to Belton, as he took a last look at the recumbent guardians of the room. "These gentlemen sleep soundly, so we will not disturb them further. Come, let us retire to bed."

In less than half-an-hour he was in bed and fast asleep. Next morning he was still confined to his room by his accident, though he expressed himself as suffering but slight pain. Everyone was quick to sympathise with him, and numerous messages were conveyed to him expressive of sorrow that he should have met with his accident at such a time of general rejoicing. At ten o'clock the first batch of guests took their departure. It was arranged that the Duke and Duchess of Rugby, the Earl and Countess of Raxter, and Simon Carne, who was to be carried downstairs, should travel up to town together by the special train leaving immediately lunch.

When they bade their host good-bye, the latter was nearly overcome.

"I'm sure it has been a real downright pleasure to me to entertain you, Mr. Carne," he said as he stood by the carriage door and shook his guest warmly by the hand. "There is only one thing bad about it, and that is your accident."

"You must not speak of that," said Carne with a little wave of his hand. "The pleasure I have derived from my visit to you amply compensates me for such a minor inconvenience."

So saying he shook hands and drove away to catch his train.

Next morning it was announced in all the Society papers that, owing to an unfortunate accident he had sustained while visiting Mr. Matthew Greenthorpe, at Greenthorpe Park,

on the occasion of his daughter's marriage, Mr. Simon Carne would be unable to fulfil any of the engagements he might have entered into.

Any intelligent reader of the aforesaid papers might have been excused had he pictured the gentleman in question confined



"Kelmare Sahib."

to his bed, tended by skilled nurses, and watched over by the most fashionable West End physicians obtainable for love or money. They would doubtless, therefore, have been surprised could they have seen him at a late hour on the following evening hard at work in the laboratory he had constructed at the top of his house, as hale and hearty a man as any to be found in the great Metropolis.

"Now those Apostle spoons," he was saying, as he turned from the crucible at which he was engaged to Belton, who was busy at a side table. "The diamonds are safely disposed of, their settings are melted down,

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and, when these spoons have been added to the list, he will be a wise man who can find in my possession any trace of the famous Kilbenham-Greenthorpe wedding presents."

He was sitting before the fire in his study next morning, with his left foot lying bound up upon a neighbouring chair, when Ram Gafur announced "Kelmare Sahib."

"So sorry to hear that you are under the weather, Carne," said the new comer as he shook hands. "I only heard of your accident from Raxter last night, or I should have been round before. Beastly hard luck, but you shouldn't have gone to the wedding, you know!"

"And, pray, why not?"

"You see for yourself you haven't profited by your visit, have you?"

"That all depends upon what you consider profit," replied Carne. "I was an actor in an interesting society spectacle. I was permitted an opportunity of observing my fellow creatures in many new lights. Personally, I think I did very well.

Besides that, to be laid up just now is not altogether a thing to be despised, as you seem to imagine."

"What do you mean?"

"It isn't everybody who can boast such a valid excuse for declining invitations as I now possess," said Carne. "When I tell you that I had

a dinner, a lecture at the Imperial Institute, two 'at homes,' and three dances on my list for to-night, you will understand what I mean. Now I am able to decline every one of them without risk of giving offence or fear of hurting the susceptibilities of anyone. If you don't call that luck, I do. And now tell me what has brought you here, for I suppose you have some reason, other than friendship, for this early call. When you came in I observed that you were bursting with importance. You are not going to tell me that you have abandoned your yachting trip and are going to be married?"

"You need have no fear on that score. All the same, I have the greatest and most glorious news for you. It isn't every day a man finds Providence taking up his case and entering into judgment against his

enemies for him. That is my position. Haven't you heard the news?"

- "What news?" asked Carne innocently.
- "The greatest of all possible news," answered Kelmare, "and one which concerns you, my dear fellow. You may not believe it, but it was discovered last evening that the Kilbenham-Greenthorpe wedding presents have all been stolen, including the fifty thousand sovereigns presented to the bride in the now famous jeweled casket. What do you think of that?"
- "Surely you must be joking," said Carne incredulously. "I cannot believe it."
  - "Nevertheless it's a fact," replied Kelmare.
- "But when did it happen? and how did they discover it?" asked Carne.
- "When it took place nobody can tell, but they discovered it when they came to put the presents together after the guests had departed. On the morning after the wedding old Greenthorpe had visited the safe himself, and glanced casually at its contents, just to see that they were all right, you know; but it was not until the afternoon, when they began to do them up, that they discovered that every single article of value the place contained had been abstracted, and dummies substituted. Then investigation proved that the sky-light had been tampered with, and one could see unmistakable footmarks on the flower beds outside.
- "Good gracious!" said Carne. "This is news indeed. What a haul the thieves must have had, to be sure! I can scarcely believe it even now. But I thought they had a gardener in the room, a policeman at the door, and a patrol outside, and that old Greenthorpe went to sleep with the keys of the room and safe under his pillow?"
- "Quite right," said Kelmare, "so he did, that's the mysterious part of it. The two

chaps swear positively that they were wide awake all night, and that nothing was tampered with while they were there. Who the thieves were, and how they became so familiar with the place, are riddles that it would puzzle the Sphinx, or your friend Klimo next door, to unravel."

"What an unfortunate thing," said Carne.
"It's to be hoped the police will catch them before they have time to dispose of their booty."

"You are thinking of your bracelet, I suppose?"

"It may seem egotistical, but I must confess I was; and now I suppose you'll stay to lunch?"

"I'm afraid that's impossible. There are at least five families who have not heard the news, and I feel that it is my bounden duty to enlighten them."

"You're quite right, it is not often a man has such glorious vengeance to chronicle. It behoves you to make the most of it."

The other looked at Carne as if to discover whether or not he was laughing at him. Carne's face, however, was quite expressionless.

"Good-bye; I suppose you won't be at the Wilbringhams' to night?"

"I'm afraid not. You evidently forget that, as I said just now, I have a very good and sufficient excuse."

When the front door had closed behind his guest, Carne lit a third cigar.

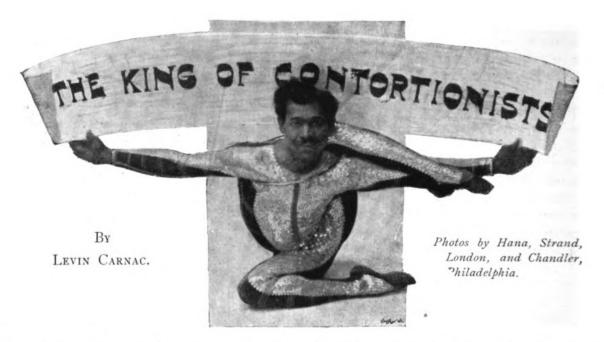
"I'm overstepping my allowance," he said reflectively, as he watched the smoke circle upward, "but it isn't every day a man gives a thousand pounds for a wedding present and gets upwards of seventy thousand back. I think I may congratulate myself on having brought off a very successful little speculation."







Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY



If you want to be pre-eminent in any particular line, you can do so by obeying one simple rule which, unfortunately, is a good deal easier to understand than to follow. It is just this: Go one better than the other fellow. That is what Señor Pablo Diaz did when he became, what I suppose he may be fairly called, the first contortionist of his day.

All other professional tanglers of the human form divine have contented themselves with getting into attitudes which apparently outrage all the laws of human anatomy either standing or lying on the stage, or at any rate while in some reliable contact with Mother Earth. On the other hand, gymnasts delight most in performing their gyrations at some greater or less distance above it, and between these two



there is a mean which for Señor Diaz has proved a golden one.

He combined the two arts, made himself contortionist and gymnast in one, and in so doing raised himself, both literally and metaphorically, several feet above the surface of the stage, and a considerable distance above the next man in his profession, whoever that may be.

This was a distinctly happy idea, and one that must have needed almost as much originality of conception at the outset as it required perseverance and pluck in its subsequent execution. Of course one may wonder why no one thought of it before. Possibly many have done so, but the fact that Señor Diaz has no rival, shows at least that he is the only one who has successfully put it into practice.

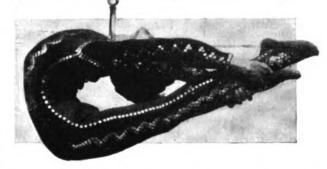
Eminence of this kind is not achieved without very considerable assistance from Nature, which usually takes the form of an irresistible predilection for the kind of work which is to be excelled in, and it was thus with Señor Diaz. He is a Cuban by birth, his father is a Spaniard and his mother a Cubaña. The parental trade was shoemaking, and in this connection it may be remarked that Señor Diaz is, especially when he gets his spangled serpentine-looking tights on, a shining exception to the rule that the cobbler should stick to his last.

His parents, good, honest folk, thought in their old-fashioned style that "like father, like son," was a good enough rule in business, though it is possible that they may have been ignorant of the much-quoted aphorism. Not so, however, the 

due course it came out in the still more supple flesh.

But withal, he was a dutiful and considerate son, and so, when he had reached the usually aspiring age of fourteen or thereabouts, and having already set his soul fixedly upon the sinuous glories of contortionism, he spared his parents the sorrow of prematurely learning the inevitable by going to bed dutifully at the usual hour, stopping awake till everybody was fast asleep, and then getting up and essaying to tie himself up in knots and twist himself

youthful Pablo. Contor-

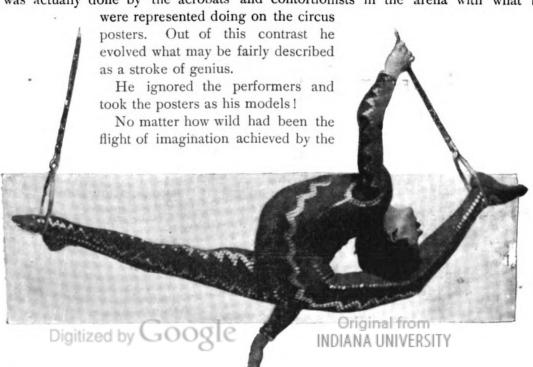


into strange tangles on the floor of his bedroom.

Here, it may be granted, was the true enthusiasm which laughs at difficulties and makes jokes of apparent impossibilities. But not even such enthusiasm as this can achieve excellence without some sort of tuition or guidance, and how was the aspiring Pablo to get this? He had no money to pay masters, and even if he had had they might have demurred at the prospect of these secret and midnight séances.

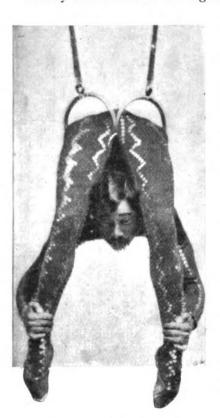
But the will which is capable of twisting joints and muscles and vertebræ into shapes which would drive an intelligent chimpanzee mad with envy, was not to be easily daunted by such a trifle as this. In his birth-town of Sancti Spiritu there had been itinerant circuses, and he had had an opportunity of comparing

what was actually done by the acrobats and contortionists in the arena with what they



poster artist, he deliberately set himself to achieve its realisation—and he did it. There is even a certain amount of pathos in this, and it may be found in the contrast between the picture of the lonely boy in his little bedroom far away in Cuba, imitating the weird attitudes depicted on a flaring poster stuck up against the wall, and twisting his youthful limbs into unnatural postures by the light of a candle-end, and the first contortionist in the world going through his bewildering evolutions under the glare of the lime-light to the accompaniment of the applause of thousands of spectators.

It may not be one of the highest ambitions



attainable by human industry and genius, but it is one consistently and honestly attained—and that, after all, is a good deal.

Pablo
Diaz did
not wait as
long for his
reward as a
good many
artists have
to do, for
he had
scarcely
conquered

the difficulties of his lonely and self-imposed task, when Charini's circus, one of great repute in the Antilles, pitched its tent at Santa Isabel de las Lajas, only a few miles from his native place. The usual posters came out, and Pablo, taking fate by the forelock, went to the manager and offered to do, not what his performers did, but what his posters said they did.

Señor Charini, being a showman, knew something about the poster business. He knew, for instance, that the bills of a show are about as different from the actual per-

formance as the placard of a halfpenny evening newspaper is from the news in it. and, with true professional incredulity, he took Pablo at his word - which Pablo promptly



proved himself as good as, if not a trifle better than.

The result was an immediate engagement, and the commencement of a sinuous but distinguished career, which began in the Pearl of the Antilles, took him through the principal cities of Mexico, with the exception of the capital, to Yucatan and New York, and ended, so far as this present time of writing is concerned, at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, in Cambridge Circus, London, where, I suppose, he earns more in a week than his respected father does in fifty-two.

The distinctive feature in his performance is the fact that from the time he walks on to

the stage to the time he walks off he never sets foot on it, save when he goes through the single-ring performance described hereafter. He swings himself up into his rings, and then proceeds to put himself through the apparently impossible gyrations, which the accompanying photographs will describe a good



deal more graphically than any printed words could.

The most difficult and trying of all his feats is the one represented on column one page 576. It may not look so at first sight, but Señor Diaz says that it is, and he ought to know. If the supplest of my readers will try to put himself into anything like the same position, suspended in mid-air in a pair of rings, I don't think he will feel inclined to argue the question at any considerable length

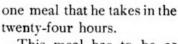
when he has got back to his normal posture.

In person Señor Diaz is a lithe, muscular man, standing five foot four and a half, and weighing a hundred and thirty-eight pounds. He is much more powerful in the mere muscular sense than one would imagine from a superficial look at him. In fact, by dint of careful and constant training he has managed to combine suppleness and strength in a very remarkable degree.

Naturally, this training must be hard and rigid. As a matter of fact, Señor Diaz earns his nightly triumphs by living the life of an ascetic during the day. In one sense no jockey ever trained harder for a big race than he does from year's end to year's end. When he gets up in the

end to year's end. When he gets up in the morning, about half-past eight or nine, he has a cup of tea and, perhaps, a biscuit or a piece of bread, and this has to last him till half-past three in the afternoon, when he eats the

A WALLE



This meal has to be as small in quantity, and as nourishing in quality as possible, and, therefore, it usually consists for the most part of the very best beefsteak obtainable. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, his muscular strength must be maintained; and in the second place, he cannot go through his performance with a particle of undigested food in his system. From this fact may be gathered some faint conception of the extraordinary convolutions

into which his internal economy has to be tortured, or at any rate twisted, during the course of his "turn,"—a phrase which, in this case, has more than its usual meaning.

It will easily be understood that a man cannot take such liberties as these with his external and



internal anatomy without paying a certain amount of penalty to outraged Nature. Although Señor Diaz is perfectly sound in wind and limb, and above the average of men in strength, his performance involves such a

tremendous physical strain that when it is over, to use his own words, a child of seven could knock him down. The tax upon the heart is, of course, the worst, and sometimes this is so great that he comes down from his rings with blinded eyes, and with the blood singing so loudly in his ears that the applause of those, who know so little of the physical

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cost of the easily executed evolutions, sounds to him like faint and far-away thunder.

But although Señor Diaz has won his principal and most striking triumphs suspended between the flies and the stage, they are by no means his only ones, as a glance at the somewhat weird illustrations on this page and the preceding one will show. Presumably by

way of a pleasant and diverting change, and possibly in a certain sense relaxation, he descends to the stage to transform himself into quite a special kind of Genius of the Ring.

This particular ring is only twelve inches in diameter, which is considerably less than the latitude of the Señor. It looks bigger in the first illustration on the last page, but that is due to a trick of the camera. He is holding it in front of him, and therefore it looks larger than it really is. It is noteworthy that he can put himself through this ring in just as many varieties of contortion

as there are inches in its

diameter.

Unfortunately only the different stages of going through can be illustrated here. The whole performance in the air and on the boards would make an excellent subject for a series of animated photographs, from which, I daresay, comfortable royalties might be derived, although there might be some little

danger of the audiences suspecting that they were being made the victims of some sort of photographic jugglery.

For such a man, amusements and relaxations—save, of course, in the purely physical sense—must naturally be few. Massage, practice, and walking exercise about make the sum of them. I was thoughtless enough to ask

him whether, like all Spanish-Americans, he did not take a good deal of his recreation in the saddle. He speedily undeceived me by explaining that the condition of his vertebral column is such that the motion of a horse would either reduce it to the state of a string of beads, or start it on such a performance on its own account as would result in his general disintegration.

His principal mental occupation is thinking out new tricks and contortions to substitute for his present ones when these shall have been imitated, should anyone manage to do so, and get himself successfully untied. It is his glory to be unique, and he proposes to remain so.

So far as English audiences are concerned—which Señor Diaz says are most difficult to please but not to startle—he was discovered by Mr. Charles Morton, to whose courtesy I am indebted for the introduction which has enabled me to place the above facts and photographs before the readers of Pearson's Magazine.





Kimberley Mine in the early days (showing the old system of wire-haulage).

## DIAMOND DIGGING AT DE BEERS.

By George GRIFFITH.

From the diamond cut and polished and blazing on the breast of a pretty woman or flashing in her hair, to the little worthless-looking pebble, not unlike a rough-shaped piece of frosted glass, buried away in blue rock or mud a thousand feet below the surface of the African veld, is a very far cry indeed.

A diamond mine, as it is to-day, looks at first sight the very last place in which one might expect to find diamonds. Sinbad's Valley seems a much more likely spot, and there is a certain amount of fitness in the idea of their being, as in Brazil, brought down from secret recesses in the mountains by sparkling sun-lit streams, and deposited in smooth yellow sand, to await the coming of the treasure-seeker.

As for the diamond-getting itself, interesting and all as its various processes are to watch, it is not a whit more romantic than coal-mining or slate-quarrying. Indeed I have crawled and scraped my way through the depths of a Lancashire coal-pit, and come out cleaner and more presentable than I did out of the Kimberley Mine. It is as dirty a process as gold-mining is at Johannesburg—but that is another story.

In some respects the diamond industry of Kimberley is necessarily unique. First there is the fact that all the hard manual labour has to be done by natives, who are supervised by white contractors. These are supervised by others, and so on up the scale until there is a perfect chain of supervision connecting the humblest Kaffir working in the underground galleries with the Managing Director and the multi-millionaire potentates of the Board Room.

The laws are, of course, exceedingly strict, and, in one sense, they are just the reverse of what British sentiment might be expected to tolerate in a British colony. In all offences against the Diamond Acts the accused is considered guilty until he has proved himself innocent. I do not propose here to enter upon any lengthy disquisition upon the fascinating subject of ICD.B., as that will be

much more fully, and, I hope, more picturesquely treated, in the series of stories which will shortly commence in these pages under that title. I only allude to it in order to explain the necessity for this elaborate system of surveillance.

The product of the Kimberley industry is such that a thief could carry away thousands of

pounds' worth of it in the hollow of his hand or the lining of his hat, and how easily this might be done will be seen at a glance from the description of the Mines and the methods of work.

There is nothing about the upper works of the Mines essentially different from those of a coal mine, save that their prevailing colour is grey instead of black. You are dropped down into the bowels of the earth with paralysing rapidity in just such a cage as carries coal-trucks in Lancashire. The interior of the mine is a succession of levels, from which branch off seemingly endless series of electricallylit galleries, along the floors of which lie little railway lines, and over these rush and ratcle ever-succeeding trucks heaped up

with blue, muddy earth or lumps of greyblue rock as they come from the "soft" or the "hard" working, pushed by half-naked Kaffirs, most of them splendidly developed fellows, nearly all grinning and chattering, and all perspiring from every pore.

The truck-loads of mud or rock do not look much either in the way of value or ornament,

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but for all that it is quite possible for any one of them to be worth its five or ten thousand pounds. Yet they are filled up with commonplace shovels, hustled round the levels, sent flying up to the surface in skips, rushed over the depositing floors, and tipped out with no further ceremony than if they were so many truck-loads of the commonest coal.



A Kaffir in the "blue."

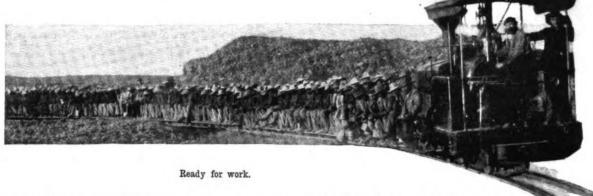
From a photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

Perhaps the best and briefest way of conveying a clear idea of the various processes of the working will be to take a couple of these truckloads of "blue," one hard and the other soft, and follow them through their fortunes from the places in which Nature, by still some unexplained process, deposited them in the pipe-veins to the sorting tables, where, diminished in quantity, but by no means in value, they go through the last process, which separates the diamonds from the baser materials, amidst which they have lain for unknown ages, and sends them forth to the world. the Diamond Room of De Beers, to work their potent fascinations on masculine greed or feminine vanity.

The "soft blue" is,

of course, just dug out with pick and shovel, while the hard is blasted out with dynamite. Of these two operations, the former is by far the more dangerous, in consequence of what are called, in the language of the Camp, "mudrushes." These are caused by the presence of springs running among the pipe-veins, and forming, as it were, subterrancan bogs.

Say that a gallery is being driven through comparatively dry and firm earth. Its sides and roof are supported with timbers in the usual way, and gradually its end approaches a hidden bog. When the partition becomes too thin to withstand the pressure, it suddenly, dully-gleaming spot on the broken surface, and then lucky is he who struck the blow, for that is a diamond and means commission. So, too, some fortunate Kaffir may plunge his hand into a mass of muddy earth, attracted by

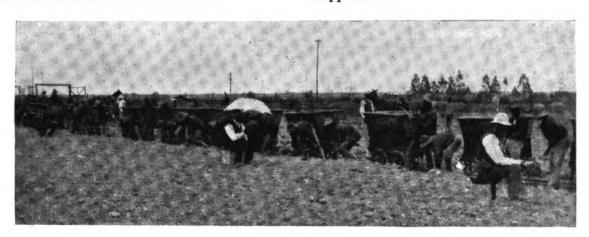


and without the slightest warning, caves in. Then comes a swift and irresistible rush, a horrible torrent of blue-grey, semi-liquid mud, and woe betide the unhappy wretch whom it overtakes.

In a few moments the gallery is full of the slimy flood. Sometimes it is of sufficient volume to flow out and cut a portion of the mine off from the rest, in which case the lot of those in the cut-off portion is one that it takes strong nerves to face. A couple of years ago one of these rushes filled 3000 feet of tunnels in two or three minutes.

a similar gleam, and bring out the worth of a few hundred pounds between his grimy thumb and fore-finger.

Stones found in this way must, of course, be taken straight to the overseer. To keep them even for a few minutes would be an offence if discovered. Sometimes they are kept a good deal longer than that, and never reach the Diamond Room at all. How they escape it is a mystery, which will appear none the less mysterious when I have described the precautions which are taken to prevent their disappearance.



Loading up the "blue."

The quarrying of the hard "blue" is just quarrying and nothing more. The rock is blasted out and broken up with sledge hammers into pieces suitable for loading on the trucks. Now and then, but not very often, a blow of the hammer discloses a Vol. III.—93.

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As soon as our two loads of hard and soft "blue" reach the top of the shaft they part company for good. The truck containing the soft is run along the platform of earth on which the headworks stand, coupled with a little train of others, seized hold of by an

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY endless travelling rope which fits into a most cleverly contrived hook, and hurried away to the depositing floors, which would be more correctly called disintegrating floors, and on them, under the combined influences of sun, and rain, and frost, the "blue" breaks up and crumbles; and, when this process has gone on long enough, it is loaded up into the trucks again, and taken to be washed in a wonderful apparatus, called a rotary washer, which reduces it first to mud, and then to slime, and, finally, to dirty water and gravel.

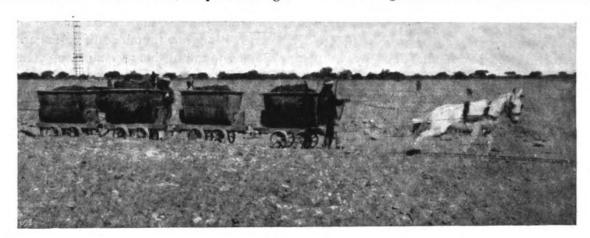
The hard "blue" goes through a sterner discipline. It is thrown into huge iron funnels in which great toothed masses of steel revolve, slowly, but with potent force, and, lump by lump, settles down into the slow vortex of the crusher, to pass through

millionsworth of diamonds they would be of no use to him.

On the sorting-tables the gravel is carefully scraped over with triangular plates of thin sheet steel. Each little heap passes under the keen scrutiny of four pairs of practised eyes, and the diamonds, when found, are dropped into a very commonplace-looking circular tin box with a sort of funnel-shaped lid, with a hole in the middle.

Not many gems of any size or worth escape this quadruple scrutiny, but, nevertheless, the gravel is passed on from the white sorters to the Kaffirs, and is raked over and over again till the veriest spark, and every little garnet and ruby, of which a great many are found in the gravel, has been picked out.

The sorting-rooms have an office attached



A heavy load.

others, becoming ever smaller and smaller till it reaches the pulsators, and through these it passes from one to another till at last nothing is left of it but gravel and diamonds, which go to join their companions from the "soft" on the sorting-tables.

The fields of "blue," in which, as you drive round them, you may see diamonds sparkling in the sun as though in a ploughed field, are inclosed with fences of barbed wire, seven feet high, closely set, and very awkward either to climb or get through. They are better than walls because they are transparent, as well as impregnable. They are patrolled by sentries with loaded rifles. The work in them is done mostly by convicts, who are so utterly excluded from their fellow creatures that if one of them got hold of a

to them, and into this the little cans are periodically taken, and their contents are transferred into large flat tin cases, not unlike exaggerated gunpowder tins, which have sliding lids, locked by padlocks which may be considered beyond reproach. In these they are taken to the Diamond Room at the head office, naturally with adequate precautions, since one of these tins may well contain a respectable fortune.

In the Diamond Room they are first weighed in the gross, and to the uninitiated it is a somewhat curious spectacle to see diamonds being weighed like coffee beans in very similar scales. After this comes the final sorting.

Round two sides of the Diamond Room, under the windows, there are tables, or rather

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY broad shelves, covered with clean white paper, and on this the diamonds are spread out and sorted into little heaps according to colour, size, and perfection. The most precious little heaps are the smallest, up towards the scales. In the others there are diamonds as large as pigeons' eggs, which you could buy for a hundred pounds or so. They are "off colour," or have other defects which make them worthless, save for cutting up.

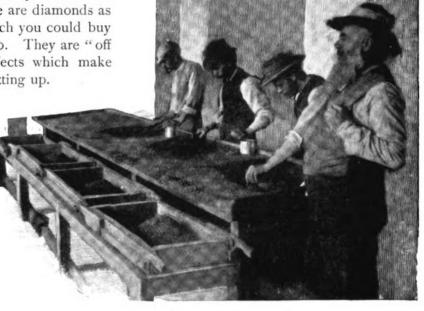
Special scales are provided for weighing the individual gems. They are as finely poised as a chemical balance, and the fraction of a grain will turn them. This is important for, as a perfect diamond of good colour increases in size, its value per carat increases in something like geometrical ratio.

Asthe De Beers Company to all intents

and purposes controls the diamond industry of the world, and as diamonds of the valuable sort are purely an article of luxury, it was obviously necessary to guard against an oversupply. Before the Amalgamation, which

most favourable circumstances for less than £3 a carat. The average is about 27s.

This financial miracle has been managed



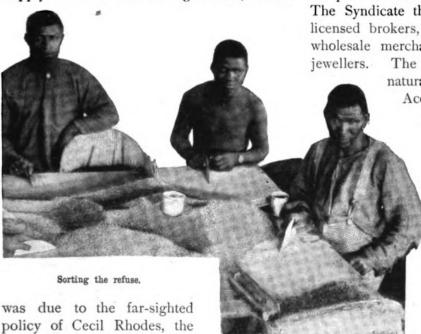
The white sorters' tables.

in this wise. De Beers produces, but does not distribute. It periodically sells such portions of its output as a Syndicate, which has the exclusive right of buying, considers to be adequate to the demand for the time being. The Syndicate then sells the diamonds to licensed brokers, who in turn sell them to wholesale merchants, diamond-cutters, and The intermediate profits are jewellers. naturally pretty considerable.

According to its size and purity, a diamond increases when

cut in something like the following ratio of value: Given a stone of seven carats, costing £3 a carat, when cut it will lose from three to three and a half carats, but the remaining three and a half carats will, if the stone be flawless and of good colour, be worth from £12 to £20 a carat, according to

colour, the most precious of all being the pure rose, which is practically unbuyable.



price of diamonds had fallen to

something like 15s. a carat. You will not now buy a perfect rough diamond under the

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No description of the diamond industry would be at all complete without some notice of the compound system. In the old days the Kaffirs lived anyhow about the Camp, went to their work in the morning, and left it at night. The opportunities for stealing were

almost unlimited, and so, of course, were those for demoralisation of every kind. The law against selling drink to natives was openly laughed at. Vice in every shape was rampant and unabashed, and the I.D.B. flourished a good deal more than the green bay tree would if planted on the veld.

Now all that is changed. Under the command of De Beers there is an army of some five thousand Kaffir workmen, everyone of whom is healthy, happy, and contented—so far, at

least, as my own observation of them led me to believe. Yet for the period of their engagement they are practically prisoners and bondsmen. It doesn't sound quite English, and the store-keepers—and more particularly the canteen-keepers—expend a good deal of lurid eloquence on the subject of grinding They are housed in barracks, which are called "compounds." A covered way leads to the compound from the mines. The doors leading to the external world are guarded like those of prisons, and where the compound wall adjoins the street it is

roofed with wire netting to prevent stones being thrown out.

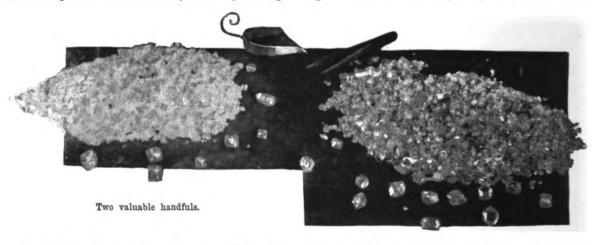
But there is nothing of the prison, save the form, in the Kimberley Compounds. I have seen South Sea islanders working for employers, holy and otherwise; I have seen negroes in the West Indian plantations, and Indians in the fields and mines of South America -as well as operatives employed in several industries in this countrybut I have never seen any body of labourers who

look as well fed and festive as the Kaffirs of the Kimberley Compounds.

The only things they may not have are drink and rough diamonds. They are supplied with any quantity of brass counters that they need up to the limit of their earnings. With these they buy at actual cost



The biggest diamond ever found at De Beers' Mines, reproduced exact size. It weighs 428½ carats, and is worth £50,000.



monopolies and grasping tyranny. Still, the dispassionate observer is bound to admit that the end has justified the means.

From the day of their engagement to the day of their discharge, the Kaffirs never see the outside world.

price anything their fancy fixes on in the stores attached to the compound. This is where the soreness of the outside store-keeper comes in.

When their period of service and the subsequent necessary probation is over, their accounts are made up, the balance is handed to them, and they are free to depart to their kraals, and buy cattle and wives to their hearts' content or the limit of their means, sober, healthy, well-fed, and in magnificent training.

As their earnings run from four to six shillings a day, and they pay no rent, and

buy everything at cost price, their lot might well be envied by many a White Slave of England. Some of them don't care to go away at all. I was introduced to one stalwart and laughing Basuto who had been seven years constantly in the Compounds, and who had a cash balance of between four and five hundred pounds to his credit. He had no thoughts of going away, but when he does

he will probably be a very big man in his own country.

Of course, there are sickness and accidents in the diamond-mines as there are elsewhere, but, whereas if an English coal-miner breaks a limb he loses his wages and has to find a doctor himself, the sick or disabled Kaffir is nursed and fed, and physicked back to health at the cost of his employers, regardless of expense.

What would be said of an English coalmine owner who paid 6s. a dozen for eggs for his sick colliers? I saw from the books at the hospital of the De Beers Compound that this was quite a common price for the Company to pay for these luxuries for their sick Kaffirs, and be it noted that fresh eggs are a luxury on the gold and diamond fields of South Africa.

I have often paid sixpence and eightpence apiece for them myself.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to relate a little romance of Diamondopolis which I do not think could be truthfully told of any other town in the world.

Many portions of the streets of Kimberley



Diamond digging in the Main Street of Kimberley.

are remains of the roadways which, in the old times, were left unworked, under the regulations of the camp, to serve as communications between the claims. Hence, to a considerable extent, it is true that Kimberley of to-day is paved with diamonds. In a period of great distress the Town Council actually gave permission for Main Street, which was one of these portions, to be dug up and washed for diamonds.

The result of this was several thousand pounds worth of gems literally dug up from beneath the roadway and pavements of one of the principal streets of a busy town, and, with a photograph taken while this strange operation was in process, this all too incomplete account of Golconda in the South may be appropriately brought to a close.



I have thought it well, in response to the wishes of my family and friends, though indeed I have but little skill in the use of the pen, to write down the true story of how I come to wear upon my breast this pretty brooch, very cunningly wrought in the form of a golden dove.

When I took the pigeon from the hands of Jacob Wright, and openly gave him a piece of silver as though in payment for it, my heart sank within me, for I thought I detected a glimmer of suspicion in my father's eyes, and I was terrified lest he should question me. He could have got nothing out of Jacob, for the lad was deaf and dumb, and somewhat simple-minded, though he contrived to make a scanty living by the breeding and selling of pigeons and singing birds, and so forth. Had my father discovered to whom the bird belonged, I should indeed have had cause to tremble, and this story would never have been written; and, moreover, the whole world would have rung with the news of a deed which might have changed the current of history. I was infinitely relieved to find that I had misread his thoughts.

"I fear your heart is too much set upon such vanities, Dorothy, to the neglect of weightier matters, both spiritual and temporal," he said coldly. "It is my wish that you purchase no more of these useless creatures. You have enough and to spare of them already."

I had not a word to say, for indeed the air was loud with the whirring of their wings as they circled above us. I was, moreover, only too glad to escape so easily, and, hastily dismissing Jacob, I hurried into the house, and placed the pigeon in a wickerwork cage in a certain chamber, of which there will be much to tell ere I have finished.

I was in but poor spirits on that sunny afternoon in July, 1657. I was weary of the dull, old house, with its ivy-covered walls and dim, silent chambers, in which I lived alone with my father; and hardly less weary-I shame to confess it-of listening to his tedious stories of the war, of Naseby and Preston, Dunbar and Worcester, and his endless discourses on the shining virtues of the Lord Protector.

I was but a girl of eighteen, who shuddered at tales of bloodshed, and hated dulness and solitude, and craved for a glimpse of the brave, bright world that I only knew through books read by stealth when my father was dozing in his armchair. Besides-I may as well say it at once-between me and one who was very dear to me there ever seemed to stand the grim figure of the Lord Protector, who was now King of England in all but name.

Guy was the son of a staunch Royalist who had been slain with his two elder sons at Naseby. In obedience to his father's commands Guy had taken no part in the Civil War, and was indeed of a studious turn of mind, loving books, and pictures, and statuary, and much averse to strife and the shedding of blood. He lived the life of a country gentle-Copyright, 1897, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

man, never meddling with affairs of State; and yet, as the son of a Malignant, he was ever an object of suspicion to the Government, and —which concerned me more nearly—to my father.

Of late my cousin Luke—I think I see him now, with his small, shifty eyes and rabbit mouth—had whispered such false and lying rumours into my father's ears, that he had harshly forbidden me, on pain of his severest displeasure, to speak or write to my dear friend and former playmate. Moreover, my father had threatened to lay his staff across the shoulders of anyone, man or woman, who played the part of messenger between us. He had a square chin and a heavy hand, and his orders were seldom disobeyed. Yet in spite of his threats and the prying eyes of my cousin Luke, we contrived, as lovers will, to hear from each other.

That afternoon my father was mightily uplifted in spirit, for Cromwell, who was passing through the neighbourhood, was coming to visit him, and the thought of receiving in his humble home the Lord Protector, at whose side he had fought from Marston Moor to Worcester, puffed him up with a pride which he would sternly have reproved in others.

He had hinted his intention of making known to Cromwell his suspicions of Guy being concerned in one of those plots to assassinate the Protector, which were being constantly formed by the baser sort of Royalists, and the fanatical Anabaptists and Fifth-Monarchy men. I shuddered to think that it might lead to Guy being imprisoned, and, even though his life were spared, banished from the country, shipped to the Barbadoes or elsewhere.

So it was with a sinking heart that, from the window of my chamber, I saw the Protector ride towards the house, and my father and Luke hasten to meet him. He had come alone to visit his old friend, leaving his escort, a troop of Lifeguards, at a village two or three miles away.

Presently I was summoned to speak with him, and I obeyed with a very ill grace, fearing my father would put me to open shame, and that the Protector himself might "deal plainly with me," as the phrase went at that time. I sailed majestically into the room, with my head high in the air, wearing my brave, new gown that had come that morning post haste from London, and ready, for the sake of my dear friend, to do battle with fifty Lord Protectors.

I am an old woman now, and yet I sometimes laugh a little to myself to think with what rapidity my pride and dignity forsook me. and how I stood before him in my new finery, all my courage gone, feeling like a little. naughty child who had come there to be scolded.

It was not because he was stern or cold with me. Indeed, he was most gracious and gentle, and altogether simple and unaffected in his manner, jesting freely, and discussing the old days with my father. Yet, petulant and self-willed child as I was, there was something about him, I scarce knew what, that overawed me. Graceful or handsome he was not, but the strength of the man, the courage, resolution, and energy that shone in his eyes, gave him to my young mind, trained already to reverence him, a majesty something more than kingly.

I had thought out many fine speeches with which to defend myself and Guy, and yet when my father told him bluntly of our mutual affection, and of his suspicions with regard to Guy's loyalty, and, moreover, rated me soundly, I had not a word to say. His Highness listened with a grave face, and yet as I stood before him with tear-filled eyes and cheeks scarlet with shame, it somehow comforted me to note an almost imperceptible twinkle lurking in the corner of his eye.

"Well, well, Mistress Dorothy," said he, "we must have this matter inquired into, and if it be found on examination that this Lacy is unfaithful to the Commonwealth, you will no doubt submit to the wishes of your father."

Then I found my tongue at last.

"I can assure you, your Highness," I ventured to say, "that Master Lacy, though a Royalist by birth and conviction, is absolutely incapable, as a gentleman and a man of honour, of conspiring with assassins against your person."

"Be silent, girl," said my father angrily.

"What does a child like you know of such matters? I tell you I have proof that Lacy is one of a band of conspirators lurking in this very neighbourhood, and his Highness, I fear, would run great risks did they know of his presence here."

"You speak the truth, uncle," said my cousin Luke in his mild, insinuating voice. "I take shame to myself that the memory of



our boyish friendship hath hitherto sealed my lips regarding things which concern this misguided young man, that I greatly fear should long ago have been spoken. I need not ask if your Highness hath heard of a pestilent and notorious Anabaptist, one Colonel Sexby?"

"Yea," said Cromwell very grimly; "I have heard of him."

It was known to all the world that this Sexby had been concerned in many plots to take the life of the Protector, and was rumoured to be in England once more, busily intriguing with spies and assassins.

Luke drew a bundle of papers from his pocket.

"Here," he said, "are proofs that he has of late been engaged in hatching a plot against your Highness's life in this neighbourhood, and a list of those he has drawn into the conspiracy, which includes, as you will perceive, the name of Lacy. Moreover, I have spoken with those who have surprised Lacy in close conference with Sexby, and that on more than one occasion."

"Ah, say you so?" said Cromwell, as he held out his hand for the papers, and I could have cried out with fear at the change that came over his face, and especially at the cold, cruel glitter in the eyes that a minute ago had twinkled so kindly.

I think I hated Luke more at that moment than I had ever hated him before. I knew so well why that glib tongue of his was pouring these venomous insinuations into Cromwell's ears in the presence of my father. He must have known that he was driving me farther and farther away from him, but the man was beside himself with spite and jealousy, and seemed determined that if I would not marry him—as my father wished—I should never marry Guy.

"This matter must be looked into," said Cromwell, glancing rapidly through the papers. "I shall take speedy course in the business."

Then he turned to me with a frown, and for the first time his voice was harsh and stern.

"Mistress Dorothy," he said, "you will do well to think no more of this young man, for God do so to me, and more also, if I do not make an end of this brood of hired assassins who desire once more to plunge this poor country into the unspeakable miseries of civil war, in the pretended interest of that young man who is the late king's son."

He wrote a few words on a slip of paper, which he folded and handed to Luke.

"Carry this dispatch to the officer in command of my escort at Farmwood," he said. "It is of moment. See that it be delivered without an instant's delay."

Luke went hastily from the room, and Cromwell rose to his feet, casting a swift glance towards the window. He seemed to scent danger in the air. "I must depart, Matthew," he said. "It may well be that I have tarried too long."

"I would your Highness had brought the troopers with you," rejoined my father un-

easily.

trust-"

"It would have been better so," replied Cromwell, coolly buckling on his sword. "My spies have for once been at fault. Nay, look not downcast, man. Your nephew carries a dispatch which will bring a score of stout fellows to meet me, while the remainder scour the country and arrest the ringleaders, including this Lacy, and it may be Sexby himself. Farewell, Mistress Dorothy. I

The door was flung open and Luke came flying into the room, flushed and breathless.

"The house is surrounded by armed men, notorious Malignants and Anabaptists, led by Colonel Sexby," he cried. "They are closing in on every side. They will put us to the sword. We are lost. God have mercy on us. We are lost."

Cromwell gave him one swift glance and then turned his back on him.

"Summon your serving-men, Matthew, and bid them bar doors and windows," he exclaimed in quick, decisive tones, whipping a pistol from his pocket and drawing his sword. "I will myself see to the closing of the hall door. We may defend the house till help arrives."

"Yes, yes," cried my father. "Come hither, Luke. We will pile chairs and tables against the door, and—"

But a thought had come to me.

"Father," I cried, "you have forgot the chamber."

"The chamber, child?" He looked at me as though dazed. "What chamber?"

"The secret chamber."

"She is right," he exclaimed. "Tis your only chance, your Highness. We could not hold them at bay five minutes. I had forgotten it. "Tis years since—"

"Oh, come, come," I cried impatiently. "Follow me, your Highness, I beseech you. I hear the trampling of their feet. In a moment they will be here, and it will be too late."

I hurried to a shadowy corner of the room, and with trembling fingers touched a spring in the panel. A door swung back which revealed a narrow passage in the thickness of the wall.

"If your Highness will give me your



hand," I said. "I know every inch of the way."

But he turned to my father.

"You will come too, Matthew?"

"No, no," exclaimed my father hurriedly. "Luke and I will stay behind and persuade them you have gone. They will not harm us."

He closed the door, and I hastily shot the bolts. Then taking Cromwell's hand in mine I led him along the narrow, black passage, my heart in my mouth at every jingle of his spurs, or clatter of his steel scabbard against the wall. Then we mounted the winding stone staircase, so steep and narrow that more than once he stumbled, and but for my hand would, I think, have fallen.

At length we entered the chamber, a bare little room immediately beneath the roof, furnished with a narrow bed and roughly made wooden chair and table. Such rooms were common in old houses in those troublous times. It was dimly lighted by a small casement, over which the ivy had been trained so that it was invisible from below. There were writing materials on the table, and in a wickerwork cage against the wall the pigeon that Jacob had brought to me was contentedly preening its wings.

"Ah," he said sharply and, as I thought, suspiciously, "this chamber hath but lately had an occupant. Is the secret known to many of your household, Mistress Dorothy?"

"No, no," I faltered. "No one but myself hath set foot in it for many years. 'Tis but a childish fancy of mine to—."

"It is well," he interrupted impatiently. "Now attend to me, child. I desire you to answer me certain questions. Speak briefly and to the point."

Thereupon he questioned me in short, sharp sentences like a general on the field of battle, respecting the nearest houses and villages, and whether any of the neighbours were likely to come to our aid did they learn in what peril we lay. I could give him but cold comfort, for it was well known that most of the gentlemen in our neighbourhood were open or secret Royalists, and those who favoured the Commonwealth were too few or too far away to be of any service to us. There was no way of leaving the secret chamber save that by which we had entered, and if the house were surrounded it would be impossible for my father to send a messenger for assistance.

"Enough," he said at length. "They have caught me in the toils at last, and unless God see fit to put forth some signal manifestation of his power I perceive no chance of escape."

"But the secret door is known to none but my father and Luke," I said. "No stranger could discover it."

He looked at me with a grim smile.

"The spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak," he rejoined; "and I doubt not this

Sexby will find means to wring the secret even from the lips of those who would rather die than utter it."

I but dimly understood his meaning, and yet I sank down on the narrow bed and hid my face in my hands. For the first time I began to realise what might take place, and I had much ado to keep from sobbing with fright. The house rang with the trampling of heavy feet on stairs and along passages, shouts and oaths, the banging of doors, and the clattering of furniture thrown here and there. In my anguish and terror my thoughts flew to Guy, and I longed—foolish child that I was—for his presence, that he might comfort and help me. I knew he would come at a word, come through fire and steel to aid me, but how? The bird moved restlessly in its cage, and fluttered its wings, and I sprang to my feet with a cry of joy.

"We are saved," I exclaimed. "Oh, your Highness, God in His mercy hath revealed to me a plan whereby your escort may be summoned, and the designs of these evil men be brought to confusion."

"Speak, child," he said sharply.

Then I realised what I had done, and stood before him with bowed head while the tell-tale crimson flooded my cheeks. How could I tell him the truth? He looked so grim and stern. I feared he might be harsh with me, and might reveal the secret which I had hitherto kept so carefully from my father. Yet if I remained silent it might be impossible to save him, or to prove that Guy was guiltless. If I spoke I might do both. Words rushed to my lips, and I uttered them almost before I was aware.

I told him all, told him how Guy and I had been playmates and had loved each other since childhood, and how, keeping the pretty creatures as playthings, we had adopted the quaint device of using our pigeons as letter-carriers when ill-health or other matters kept us apart. At first it was done as a merry jest; but when my father forbade us to see or speak with each other, and had kept strict watch that no letters passed between us, the birds had still flown from house to house with kindly messages, the deaf and dumb lad. Jacob, carrying them to and fro as if for sale without suspicion.

"Oh, your Highness!" I pleaded, "I beseech you, let me send a letter to Guy, bidding him ride to Farmwood, and summon your escort. The bird you see there will carry the letter, wrapped round its leg, swift and true as an arrow. 'Twill be scarce ten minutes before Guy is at Farmwood, and the troopers may be here in twenty."

He frowned impatiently,

"Tut, child," he answered. "Did not

your cousin expressly say that this Lacy was hand in glove with the conspirators?"

"It was a lie," I said bluntly. "Give me but leave to write, and I will prove it to be a lie, and prove to your Highness's satisfaction that Guy has no hand or part in the plots of these assassins."

"Well, well, you shall have your way, girl," he said after a pause. "I see not what harm your plan can do if it do no good. Set about it at once. More

depends on this poor life-alas!-than a child like you can dream of."

With trembling hand I wrote:—

"Cromwell is here and in danger of his life from assassins. If you love me ride like the wind to Farmwood, and bring his escort. Oh, haste, haste. DOROTHY."

In a moment I had bound it round the bird's leg, opened the casement and allowed the swift creature to escape. Now and then we

caught a glimpse of it circling round and round, and then saw it skim straight as a homing bee over field and wood, till it disappeared from sight.

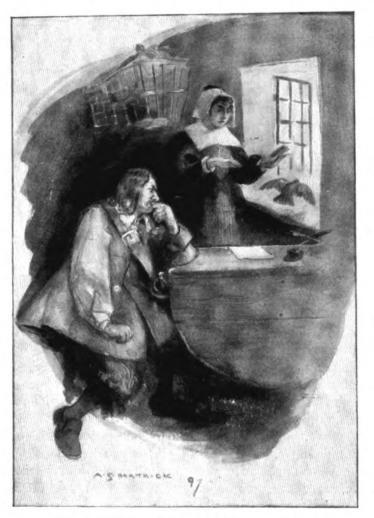
"Oh, would I had wings like a dove," said Cromwell; "then would I fly away and be at rest. Ah, rest! rest, that is what we long for in old age, Dorothy, and never get. I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but as poor creeping ants

> upon the earth —I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside; to have kept a flock of sheep rather than have undertaken such a Government as this. But I have put my hand to the plough, and God alone can release me."

Meanwhile

we could hear the running to they

and fro of those who sought us, their loud calls to each other as entered every possible hiding place, their hoarse cries of rage and disappointment when the search proved



I opened the casement and allowed the swift creature to escape,

futile. I was trembling with fear and agitation, and would, I think, have screamed aloud but for the danger of revealing our hiding

I know not how long the search continued. It might have been some half hour or less, but to me it seemed an eternity, and to this day I shudder when I recall those terrible moments during which I gazed from the casement till my eyes/swam/looking in vain



"Hold your tongue," shouted Sexby furiously.

for the distant gleam of sword or headpiece. At length the trampling and banging ceased, only to be followed after a momentary pause by loud outcries, the shuffling of feet, and the clash of steel. Oh, the horror, the anguish of that moment!

"You are young and active, child," exclaimed Cromwell. "Descend the stairs and listen at the door. I fear much that your father may meet with ill-treatment at their hands."

With beating heart and trembling limbs I stole down the narrow stairs. When I reached the door I put my ear against it and listened. The disturbance had ceased by then, and I could distinctly hear the voices of those within the room.

"I will waste no words with you," said one I took to be Sexby. "The tyrant is within the house. The serving women have confessed it. Tell me where you have hidden him, or, as God lives, I will hang you on the nearest tree. Matthew Howard, you

are the elder and the owner of the house. Speak at once, or I shall so deal with you that you shall never speak again."

In the silence that followed my heart thumped so loudly against my ribs that I marvelled they did not notice it.

"Do you hear me?" cried Sexby, stamping in impotent fury. "Will you speak?"

Again there was no answer, and Sexby, as I heard afterwards, beside himself with passion, struck my father across the face. I heard the sound of the blow, and almost screamed with terror.

"Away with him," shouted Sexby, "and string him up in the orchard. We shall have a pretty crop soon. Here is another tongueless fool longing to kick his heels among the apples."

"No, no," exclaimed Luke's voice, quivering with terror. "Have mercy. I beseech you do not hang me. Mercy, mercy!"
"Shame upon you," said my father's deep

stern voice. "Bear yourself like a man. If it be God's will that we should perish for His cause, let us——"

"I may tell you this," broke in Sexby. "You are but throwing away your lives. If you do not speak I will set fire to this house, so that not so much as a mouse shall escape death."

"You hear him, uncle," cried Luke. "Think of Dorothy. If he sets fire to the house——"

"Silence," exclaimed my father. "Dorothy is in God's hands, and if it be well—"

"Hold your tongue," shouted Sexby furiously. "I will trifle no more with you. Away with them both."

"No, no," cried Luke. "Let me speak. Hear me, for God's sake, hear me. Stop—mercy—stop, stop. I—I will speak. Look—see—the door—the door to the passage that leads to the secret chamber is there in the corner of the wall. There is a spring in the panel, but the door is bolted. You will have to burst it in."

It was as though the room were full of madmen, raging like wild beasts with the lust of blood. His voice was lost in a sudden storm of shouts, a tumult of clashing weapons and rushing feet. In a moment they were battering with their sword hilts against the door, while Sexby, hoarse with rage and impatience, was shouting orders that no one apparently heeded. The door was thick and strong, and the heavy iron bolts thrust deep into the solid wall, but it shook so with their violence that I believed them already upon me, and with a scream of terror I fled up the stairs. Cromwell was on his feet, and in the dim light I saw the glimmer of a naked sword in his hand.

"They are at the door. They are breaking it in," I gasped, and wrung my hands and sobbed like a frightened child.

"Say you so?" he answered. "Then the end is near at hand. God knows if I desire to live it is that I may be further serviceable to Him and to His people. Well, if it be so—and yet it is an ill death to die like a rat in a trap at the hands of such as these. Look forth, Dorothy. If the troopers be not in sight they will come too late, and it is indeed God's will that I should be called to my account."

I looked out through the casement, along the winding hedge-bordered lane, and saw the placid fields steeped in the afternoon sunshine, and the apple-burdened orchard, and the cows grazing in the meadow, and the pigeons wheeling round and round, but nosign of horse or man.

"God have pity on us," I cried. "I see no one."

A resounding crash from below made me cry out with fear.

"The door holds," said Cromwell quietly, but it will give way ere long. I doubt not they have brought in some great log or beam, and are using it as a battering ram. Neither oak nor iron can resist it."

I looked out again. How still and peaceful everything seemed on that quiet summer's afternoon. I could hear a skylark singing away up in the blue, and, strange as it may seem at such a moment, I tried to distinguish the tiny, dark speck from which that flood of melody was raining.

Another crash from below made me dropmy eyes, and as I did so I started violently and almost thrust my head through the narrow casement. Could I have been mistaken? Beyond the orchard, above the tall hedge that bordered the lane, I was sure the sun had flashed upon a steel helmet or the blade of a sword. Yes, there it was again. And now I could hear, in spite of the shouts and the trampling of feet, and the crash of the heavy log against the door, the murmurous thud of horses' hoofs.

"They are coming," I cried, "There is a gap in the hedge. I can see them riding past at full gallop with drawn swords."

"They will come too late," said Cromwell calmly. "The door is giving way. I hear the splintering of the wood. Thrust out your kerchief and wave to them."

They were coming up the broad lane like-hounds slipped from the leash, large grim-faced men, with the long, straight swords in their hands that had flashed in the thickest of the battle at Dunbar and Worcester. They made a brave show these veteran Ironsides, and yet I scarce noticed them. My eyes were fixed on a slim figure mounted on a black horse galloping in front. Tears of joy sprang to my eyes, for it was Guy. I thrust

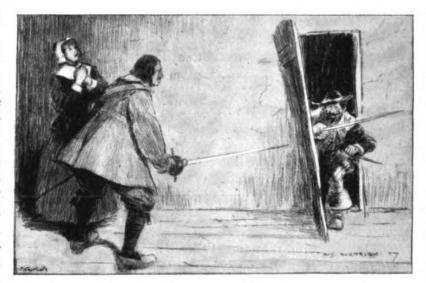
out my arm and waved my kerchief. When I glanced forth again he had taken off his feathered hat, and was waving it above his head, his long, fair curls rippling behind him in the breeze.

"They see us," I cried. "Thank God your Highness is saved! They see us."

"The door is down," said Cromwell, and he moved a step forward. I know now how he must have looked when he led his Ironsides to the charge, for, though aging and in failing health, he prepared to face his enemies, now howling like a pack of wolves in sight of their quarry, as fearlessly and calmly as though a regiment were at his back.

I heard them stumbling and cursing up the

narrow stairs, the clink of their swords, the jingling of their spurs. I caught a glimpse the face of one I took be to foreigner -a Spaniard or Italian — an evil face. with bloodshot eyes and gleaming teeth, and a livid scar



I caught a glimpse of an evil face.

across the cheek. I heard the grinding of his sword against Cromwell's as they exchanged a few swift passes, and I shrieked again and again, believing that all was over. Suddenly there was a loud shout from outside, a babel of sound from the staircase and the room beneath, and the fellow who had been lunging viciously at the Protector fled with an oath.

Cromwell lowered the point of his sword, and turned with a smile to where I leant faint and dizzy with terror and excitement against the wall.

"Take courage, Mistress Dorothy," he said kindly; "the danger is past, and I have that to tell your father that will bring back the roses to your cheek. In faith, child, had it not Digitized by

been for that quaint device of yours—which has moreover proved the integrity of a worthy and honourable gentleman—Oliver Cromwell would be but a name in the mouths of friend or foe."

An hour later Cromwell stood beside his horse, the troopers riding slowly forward. Some of the conspirators had been cut down, some captured, and several, including Sexby, had escaped. My father, Guy, and I stood near. Luke, so crushed with shame that I found it in my heart to pity him, was within the house. Cromwell had previously taken my father aside and conversed with him, and I knew by the kindly smiles with which they glanced at us that all was well.

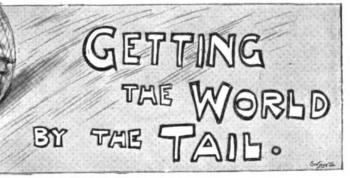
"The State hath need of honourable and able men," he said to Guy, "and in choosing m e n t o serve it takes no notice of their opinions. If they be willing faithfully to serve it that satisfies. Should you ever desire

to do so hesitate not to command my interest."

Guy's lips moved, but no answer came. He hung his head, and a flush mounted slowly to his brow. I thought there was a touch of sadness in Cromwell's keen eyes.

"I understand your silence," he said, "and I meddle with no man's conscience. I would be your friend, but if that may not be, may God ever give me such enemies. Fare you well." He swung into his saddle and rode away, and once he glanced up at the wheeling pigeons and then back with twinkling eyes at me.

When Guy and I were wedded, a month or two later, I received as a present from his Highness a brooch in the form of a golden dove, as a memento of the day when—so he was pleased to say—the had preserved his life.



"To get the world by the tail on the downhill pull" is a Yankee ambition. It is also my particular ambition at this moment, and not by any means easy to accomplish. I have a scheme, the interests of which I have had at heart for five years now, and which, thanks to the sympathetic support of my readers, has been very largely successful. It is called The Fresh Air Fund, and I venture to say that it is the cheapest and most deserving charity extant. This year I am particularly anxious that everything should go well. We are celebrating in June the record reign of the greatest of Queens, and one of the best mothers that the world has ever seen, not only to her own children, but to her subjects. And to no one would it give greater pleasure than to her to be told that during 1897 there was not a single child so poor or so neglected that it was not given the benefit of a day's outing from the slums of our big cities to the country.

That is why I want to get the public by the tail. It will involve upon them no trouble at all. Our organisation and our methods for searching out the most deserving children are very complete, and every expense connected with the management is subscribed for by ourselves and the Ragged School Union, whose co-operation is a great mainstay. All the public are required to provide is the actual outlay necessary to be expended on the children themselves.

Even if I succeed in getting them by the tail, I do not intend to wring from them any big donations. We received last year money enough to give over 100,000 children a holiday, and it came in chiefly in shillings, sixpences, and even pennies. More extraordinary, it was subscribed, not only by the inhabitants of the big cities themselves, but by people living in all parts of the world; by soldiers and sailors, by foreigners as well as Englishmen.

The chief attraction of this fund, as it always seems to me, is that the result is a certainty. Bad weather may throw a gloom over some of the days, but will not by any means make a failure of them. An excursion is always an immense happiness to a child, and when that child is unused to kindness, when it is unaccustomed to good food, when the country itself is a revelation, one's heart fails one at the thought of what such pleasure must mean to it.

We find the children not only in London, although the larger number come from the Metropolis, but also in every big town of the United Kingdom with a population of over 200,000. In many cases we organise the holidays ourselves; in others it is left to the discretion of local authorities, who receive the necessary funds from our readers through us.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that there is no question of religious denomination. Our object is to reach the dregs, as it were, little waifs and strays of humanity who have slipped through the fingers of charity, and are in reality forgotten. We ask no questions of them. Their poverty, their little pallid faces, their hollow eyes, their dreadful pangs of hunger silence all inquiry.

And so they are taken into the freedom of the country to fill their little lungs with pure air, to get brown in the sun, and to gain happiness from everything.

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It is good to cherish childish susceptibilities to the beauties of Nature. It widens the little minds, enlarges their horizon; it makes the children stronger and happier, and, since physical and moral changes follow

close in one another's footsteps, it also, we may hope, makes them better.

Life in the slums is an awful punishment for a child. How it must yearn for liberty, for room to move and breathe, to escape the horror of ten or twelve living in one bare room, of having nowhere to play but the dreary streets, of being shut in, imprisoned like a poor caged bird.

The children of the slums are a tribe by themselves. Their faces, like their clothes, are much too old for them. They have a language of their own and amusements of their own. Have you ever watched a game of cricket in the heart of Whitechapel? A pile of ragged little coats makes the wicket. They have found a ball, nobody knows where, and the top of a wooden box makes a bat. Costers drive roughshod over their pitch, people on the pavements get in the way, but the little fellows with their serious faces are enjoying themselves in spite of everything.

Poverty there must always be unfortunately. But what we cannot cure we can at all events make it possible to forget. We can let these little cricketers have one game at least in a big shady meadow, with proper stumps and a real bat.

I certainly think it is worth ninepence to anyone to give this pleasure. But one ninepence alone is not enough for my purpose. It is necessary that I should get the whole world by the tail on the down hill pull, so that they shall not have a word to say against my demands, and everyone give something.

From generalisations we come down to dry particulars. While ninepence pays for one child, £8 2s. covers the expenses of a complete party of 200, including railway fare and food for the voluntary superintendents. Cheques for this or for smaller amounts should be crossed "Bank of England," and, as with subscriptions of every kind, down to the elusive postage stamp, should be addressed to Pearson's Magazine, Henrietta Street,

London, W.C. Since this is a monthly periodical, and must necessarily be in the hands of the printers a long while in advance the acknowledgment of any donations will be made in *Pearson's Weekly*.



Glimpses of paradise.

There are two ways in which the public can do these poor little miserables a good turn. The first method is by direct donations; the second, and this is one which I recommend especially to children, is by making a collection on behalf of the F.A.F., among relatives and friends, bothering no one, but enlisting the sympathies of every one; not picking their pockets, but getting them all the same by their coat tails.

Collecting forms we shall be delighted to forward to anyone who will send us their names and addresses. It is hard work sometimes the collecting, but it becomes light as a labour of love to those whose hearts are ready to go out to these tiny victims of poverty, who are already asking one another "Are we to have a holiday?"



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By H. G. Wells.

## SUMMARY.

THERE fall near Woking certain flaming stars, which prove to be huge cylinders from Mars containing Martians. The cylinders open and the Martians come forth. Friendly advances are made to them, but they display a hostile disposition. At first they appear to be heavy, sluggish, soft-bodied creatures with tentacles. The story is told by an inhabitant of Weking.

## IX.—THE FIGHTING BEGINS.

Saturday lives in my memory as a day of suspense. It was a day of lassitude, too, hot and close, with, I am told, a rapidly fluctuating barometer. I had slept but little, though my wife had succeeded in sleeping, and I rose early. I went into my garden before breakfast and stood listening, but towards the Common there was nothing stirring but a lark.

The milkman came as usual. I heard the rattle of his chariot, and I went round to the side gate to ask the latest news. He told me that during the night the Martians had been surrounded by troops, and that guns were expected. Then—a reassuring note—I heard a train running towards Woking. "They aren't to be killed," said the milkman, "if that can possibly be avoided."

I saw my neighbour gardening, chatted with him for a time, and then strolled in to breakfast. It was a most unexceptional morning. My neighbour was of opinion that the troops would be able to capture or to

destroy the Martians during the day. "It's a pity they make themselves so unapproachable," he said. "It would be curious to learn how they live on another planet. We might learn a thing or two."

He came up to the fence and extended a handful of strawberries—for his gardening was as generous as it was enthusiastic. At the same time, he told me of the burning of the pine woods about the Byfleet Golf Links. "They say," said he, "that there's another of these blessed things fallen there-number two. But one's enough-surely. This lot 'll cost the insurance people a pretty penny, before everything's settled." He laughed with an air of the greatest good humour, as he said this. The woods, he said, were still burning, and pointed out a haze of smoke to me. "They will be hot underfoot on account of the thick soil of pine needles and turf, for days," he said, and then grew serious over "Poor Ogilvy."

After breakfast, instead of working, I decided to walk down towards the Common. Under the railway bridge I found a group of soldiers, sappers I think, men in small round caps, dirty red jackets unbuttoned and showing their blue shirts, dark trousers and boots coming to the calf. They told me no one was allowed over the canal, and, looking along the road towards the bridge, I saw one of the Cardigan men, standing sentinel there. I

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talked with these soldiers for a time; I told them of my sight of the Martians on the previous evening. None of them had seen the Martians, and they had but the vaguest ideas of them, so that they plied me with questions. They said that they did not know who had authorised the movements of the troops; their idea was that a dispute had arisen at the Horse Guards. The ordinary sapper is a great deal better educated than the common soldier, and they discussed the peculiar conditions of the possible fight with some acuteness. I described the heat-ray to them, and they began to argue among them-

"Crawl up under cover and rush 'em, say I," said one.

"Get aht!" said another. "Wot's cover against this 'ere 'eat? Sticks to cook yer! What we got to do is to go as near as the ground'll let us and then drive a trench."

"Blow yer trenches! You always want trenches. You ought to ha' been born a rabbit, Snippy."

"Ain't they got any necks, then?" said a third, abruptly—a little, contemplative, dark man, smoking a pipe.

I repeated my description.

"Octupuses," said he; "that's what I calls 'em. Talk about fishers of men!—fighters of fish it is this time."

"It ain't no murder killin' beasts like that," said the first speaker.

"Why not shell the darned things strite off and finish 'em?" said the little dark man. "You carn tell what they might do."

"Where's your shells?" said the first speaker. "There ain't no time. Do it in a rush—that's my tip. And do it at once."

So they discussed it. After a while I left them and went on to the railway station to get as many morning papers as I could. But I will not weary the reader with a discussion of that long morning, and of the longer afternoon. I did not succeed in getting a glimpse of the Common, for even Horseil and Chobham church towers were in the hands of the military authorities. The soldiers I addressed didn't know anything; the officers were mysterious as well as busy. I found people in the town quite secure again in the presence of the military, and I heard for the first time

from Marshall, the tobacconist, that his son was among the dead on the Common. The soldiers had made the people on the outskirts of Horsell lock up and leave their houses.

I got back to lunch about two, very tired, for as I have said, the day was extremely hot and dull, and, in order to refresh myself, I took a cold bath in the afternoon. About half past four I went up to the railway station to get an evening paper, for the morning papers had contained only a very inaccurate description of the killing of Stent, Henderson, Ogilvy and the others. But there was little I didn't know. The Martians did not show an inch of themselves. They seemed busy in their pit, and there was a sound now of digging, as well as hammering, and an almost continuous streamer of smoke. Apparently they were busy getting ready for "Fresh attempts have been a struggle. made to signal, but without success," was the stereotyped formula of the papers. A sapper told me it was done by a man in a ditch, with a flag on a long pole. The Martians took as much notice of such advances as we should of a lowing cow.

I must confess the sight of all this armament, all this preparation, greatly excited me. My imagination became belligerent, and defeated the invaders in a dozen striking ways; something of my schoolboy dreams of battle and heroism came back to me. They seemed so helpless in this pit of theirs.

About three o'clock there began the thud of a gun at measured intervals from Chertsey or Addlestone. I learnt that the smouldering pine wood into which the second cylinder had fallen was being shelled, in the hope of destroying that object before it opened. It was only about five, however, that a field gun reached Chobham for use against the first body of Martians.

About six in the evening, as I sat at tea with my wife in the summer house, talking vigorously about the battle that was lowering upon us, I heard a muffled detonation from the common, and immediately after a gust of firing. Close on the heels of that came a violent, rattling crash, quite close to us, that shook the ground; and, starting out upon the lawn, I saw the tops of the trees about the Oriental College burst into smoky red flame,

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and the tower of the little church beside it slide down into ruin. The pinnacle of the mosque had vanished, and the roof line of the college itself looked as if a hundred-ton gun had been at work upon it. One of our chimneys cracked as though a shot had hit it,

flew, and the piece of it came clattering down the tiles, and made a heap of broken red fragments upon the flower-bed by my study window.

I and my wife stood amazed. A moment before, peace, and then this earthquake and fire smiting out of the invisible, and black smoke streaming up all about us. Then I realised that the crest of Maybury Hill must be within range of the Martians' heatray, now that the college was cleared out of the way.

As soon as astonishmy ment would let me I gripped my wife's arm and ran her out into the road. Then I fetched out the servant, telling her I would go upstairs myself for the box was clamouring for. "We can't possibly here," I said, and as I spoke,

the firing re-opened for a moment upon the common.

"But where are we to go?" said my wife in terror.

I thought perplexed. Then I remembered her cousins at Leatherhead.

"Leatherhead!" I shouted above the

sudden noise. She looked away from me downhill. The people were coming out of their houses astonished.

"How am I to get to Leatherhead?" she said.

Down the hill I saw a bevy of hussars ride under the railway bridge. Three galloped through the open gates of the Oriental College; two others dismounted, and began

running from house to house. The sun, shining through the smoke that drove up from the tops of the trees, seemed blood red, and threw an unfamiliar lurid light upon everything.

"Stop here,"

said I. "You are safe here," and I started off at once for the "Spotted Dog," for I knew the landlord had a horse and dog-cart. I ran, for I perceived that in a moment everyone upon is side of the hill would be oving. I found him in his

this side of the hill would be moving. I found him in his bar, quite unaware of what was going on behind his house. A man stood with his back to me, talking to him.

"I must have a pound," said the landlord, "and I've no one to drive it."

"I'll give you two," said I, over the stranger's shoulder.

"What for?"

"And I'll bring it back by midnight," I

"Lord!" said the landlord, "what's the hurry? I'm selling my bit of a pig. Two pounds and you bring it back! What's going on now?"

I explained hastily that I had to leave my
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Signalling with a flag on a long pole.

home, and so secured the dog-cart. At the time it did not seem to me nearly so urgent that the landlord should leave his. I took care to have it there and then, drove it off down the road, and, leaving it in charge of my wife and servant, rushed into my house and packed a few valuables, such plate as we had, and so forth. The beech trees below the house were burning while I did this, and the palings up the hill glowed red. While I was occupied in this way, one of the dismounted hussars came running up. He was going from house to house, warning people to leave. He was going on as I came out of my front door, lugging my treasures done up in a I shouted after him: "What table-cloth. news?"

He turned, stared, bawled something about "crawling out in a thing like a dish cover," and ran on to the gate of the house at the A sudden whirl of black smoke driving across the road, hid him for a moment. I ran to my neighbour's door, and rapped, to satisfy myself, what I already knew, that his wife had gone to London with him, and had locked up their house. I went in again for my servant's box, according to my promise, lugged it out, clapped it beside her on the tail of the dog-cart, and then caught the reins and jumped up into the driver's seat beside my wife. In another moment we were clear of the smoke and noise, and spanking down the opposite slope of Maybury Hill towards Old Woking.

In front was a quiet sunny landscape, a wheat field ahead on either side of the road, and the "Maybury Inn," with its swinging At the bottom of the hill I turned my head to look at the hillside I was leaving. Thick streamers of black smoke shot with threads of red fire were driving up into the still air, and throwing dark shadows upon the green tree tops eastward. The smoke already extended far away to the east and west, to the Byfleet pine woods eastward, and to Woking on the west. And very faint now, but very distinct through the hot quiet air, one heard the whirr of a machine gum, that was presently stilled, and an intermittent cracking of rifles.

Apparently the Martians were setting fire to everything within range of their heat ray.

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I am an inexpert driver, and I had immediately to turn my head to the horse again. But that strange sight of the swift confusion and destruction of war, the first real glimpse of warfare that had ever come into my life, was photographed in an instant upon my memory. When I looked back again the second hill had hidden the black smoke. I slashed the horse with the whip, and gave him a loose rein until Woking and Send lay between us and that quivering tumult.

## X.—IN THE STORM.

LEATHERHEAD is about twelve miles from Maybury Hill. We got there without misadventure about nine o'clock, and the horse had an hour's rest while I took supper with my cousins, and commended my wife to their care. The evening had been a pleasant one, a little hot and close perhaps at first, but the rapid drive had made an artificial breeze for us. The scent of hay was in the air through the lush meadows beyond Pyrford, and the hedges on either side were sweet and gay with multitudes of dog roses. The heavy firing that had broken out while we were driving down Maybury Hill ceased as abruptly as it began, leaving the evening very peaceful and still.

My wife was curiously silent throughout the drive, and seemed oppressed with forebodings of evil. I talked to her reassuringly, pointing out that the Martians were tied to the pit by sheer heaviness, and, at the utmost, could but crawl a little out of it, but she answered only in monosyllables. Had it not been for my promise to the innkeeper she would, I think, have urged me to stay in Leatherhead. Her face, I remember, was very white as we parted. For my own part I had been feverishly excited all day. Something very like the war-fever, that occasionally runs through a civilised community, had got into my blood, and in my heart I was not so very sorry that I had to return to Maybury that night. I was even afraid that last fusillade I had heard might mean the extermination of our invaders from Mars. I wanted to be in at the death.

It was nearly eleven when I started to return. The night was unexpectedly dark; to me, walking out of the lighted passage of

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my cousin's house, it seemed indeed black, and it was as hot and close as the day. Overhead the clouds were driving fast, albeit not a breath stirred the shrubs about us. My cousin's man lit both lamps. Happily I knew the road intimately. My wife stood in the light of the doorway and watched me until I jumped up into the dog-cart. Then abruptly she turned and went in, leaving my cousins side by side wishing me good hap.

I was a little depressed at first with the contagion of my wife's fears, but very soon my thoughts reverted to the Martians. At that time I was absolutely in the dark as to the course of the evening's fighting. I did not know even the circumstances that had precipitated the conflict. As I came through Ockham (for that was the way I returned, and not through Send and Old Woking), I saw along the western horizon a blood-red glow, which, as I drew nearer, crept slowly up the sky. The driving clouds of the gathering thunderstorm mingled there with masses of black and red smoke.

Ripley Street was deserted, and except for a lighted window or so the village showed not a sign of life, but I narrowly escaped an accident at the corner of the road to Pyrford, where a knot of people stood with their backs to me.

They said nothing to me as I passed. I do not know what they knew of the things happening beyond the hill, nor do I know if the silent houses I passed on my way were sleeping securely, or deserted and empty, or harrassed and watching against the terror of the night. Until I came through Pyrford, I was in the valley of the Wey, and the red glare was hidden from me. As I ascended the little hill beyond Pyrford church, the glare came into view again, and the trees about me shivered with the first intimation of the storm that was upon me. Then I heard midnight pealing out from Pyrford church behind me, and then came the clear sight of Maybury Hill with its treetops and roofs black and sharp against the red.

Even as I beheld this a lurid green glare lit the road about me, and showed the distant woods towards Addlestone. I felt a tug at the reins. I saw, only with half an eye, that the driving clouds had been pierced

as it were by a thread of green fire, suddenly lighting their confusion, and falling into the fields to my left. It was the Third Falling Star. Close on its apparition, and blindingly violet by contrast, danced out the first lightning of the gathering storm, and the thunder burst like a rocket overhead.

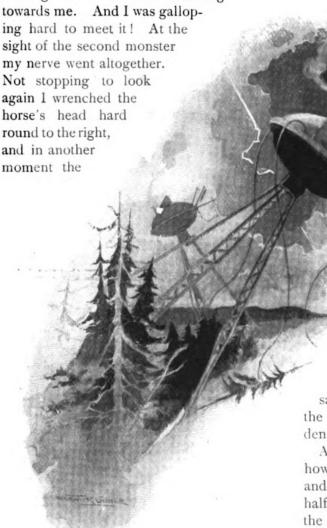
The horse took the bit between his teeth and bolted. I gripped the reins, and we went whirling along between the hedges, and emerged in a minute or so upon the open common. A moderate incline runs down towards the foot of Maybury Hill, and down Once the lightning had this we clattered. begun it went on in as rapid a succession of flashes as I have ever seen. The thunder claps, treading one on the heels of another, and with a strange crackling accompaniment, sounded more like the working of a gigantic electric machine than the usual detonating The flickering light was reverberations. blinding and confusing, and a thin hail smote in gusts at my face as I drove down the slope.

At first I regarded little but the road before me, and then abruptly my attention was arrested by something that was moving rapidly down the opposite slope of Maybury Hill. At first I took it for the wet roof of a house, but one flash following another showed it to be in swift rolling movement. It was an elusive vision; a moment bewildering darkness, and then a flash like daylight, the red masses of the Orphanage, near the crest of the hill, and the green tops of the pine trees coming out clear and sharp and bright.

And this Thing! How can I describe it? A monstrous tripod, higher than many houses, striding over the young pine trees, and smashing them aside in its wallowing career; a walking engine of glittering metal, reeling now across the heather; articulate ropes of steel dangling from it, and the clattering tumult of its passage mingling with the riot of the thunder. A flash, and it came out vividly, heeling over one way with two feet in the air, to vanish and reappear almost instantly as it seemed, with the next flash, a hundred yards nearer. Can you imagine a milking stool tilted and bowled violently along the ground? But instead of a milking

stool, imagine it a great thing of metal, like the body of a colossal steam engine on a tripod stand.

Then suddenly the trees in the pine wood ahead of me were parted, as brittle reeds are parted by a man thrusting through them; they were snapped off and driven headlong, and a second huge tripod appeared, rushing as it seemed headlong



Suddenly the trees in the pinewood were parted.

dog-cart had heeled over upon the horse; the shafts smashed noisily, and I was flung sideways and fell heavily into a shallow pool of water.

I crawled out almost immediately and crouched, my feet still in the water, under a clump of furze. The horse lay motionless (his neck was broken, poor brute!) and by the lightning flashes I saw the black bulk of

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the over-turned dog-cart, and the silhouette of the wheel still spinning slowly. In another moment the colossal mechanism went striding by me, and passed uphill towards Pyrford.

Seen nearer, the Thing was incredibly strange. For it was no mere insensate machine driving on its way. Machine it was,

> with a ringing metallic pace, and long flexible glittering tentacles (one of which gripped a young pine tree) swinging and rattling about its strange body. It picked its road as it went striding along, and the brazen hood that surmounted it moved to and fro with the inevitable suggestion of a head looking about it.

In this was the Martian. Behind the body was a huge thing of white metal, like a gigantic fisherman's basket, and puffs of green smoke squirted out from the joints of the limbs as the monster swept by me. So much I saw then, all vaguely for the flickering of the lightning, in blinding high lights and dense black shadow.

As it passed, it set up an exultant deafening howl, that drowned the thunder, "aloo, aloo," and in another minute it was with the other, half a mile away, stooping over something in the fields. I made no doubt this thing in the field, was the third of the ten cylinders they had fired at us from Mars.

For some minutes I lay there simply stupefied, watching, by the intermittent light, these monstrous beings of metal moving about in the distance over the hedge tops. A thin hail was now beginning, and as it came and went, their figures grew misty and then flashed into clearness again. Now and then came a gap in the lightning, and the night swallowed them up. I was soaked with hail above and puddle water below. It was some time before my blank astonishment would let me struggle

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up the bank to a drier position, or think at all of my imminent peril.

Not far from me, was a little one-roomed squatter's hut of wood, surrounded by a patch of potato garden. I struggled to my feet at last, and, crouching and making use of every chance of cover, I made a run for this. I hammered at the door, but I could not make the people hear (if there were any people inside), and after a time I desisted, and, availing myself of a ditch for the greater part of the way, succeeded in crawling, unobserved by these monstrous machines, into the pine wood towards Maybury.

Under cover of this I pushed on, wet and shivering now, towards my own house. I walked among the trees trying to find the footpath. It was very dark indeed in the wood, for the lightning was now becoming infrequent, and the hail, which was pouring down in a torrent, fell in columns through the gaps in the heavy foliage. The steaming air was full of a hot resinous smell.

If I had fully realised the meaning of all the things I had seen I should have immediately worked my way round through Byfleet to Street Chobham and so gone back to rejoin my wife at Leatherhead. But that night the strangeness of things about me and my physical wretchedness prevented me, for I was bruised, weary, and wet to the skin, deafened and blinded by the storm. I had a vague idea of going on to my own house, and that was as much motive as I had. I staggered through the trees, fell into a ditch and bruised my knees against a plank, and finally splashed out into the lane that ran down from the "College Arms." I say splashed, for the storm water was sweeping the sand down the hill in a muddy torrent. There in the darkness, a man blundered into me and sent me reeling back.

He gave a cry of terror, sprung sideways, and rushed on before I could gather my wits together sufficiently to speak to him. So heavy was the stress of the storm just at this place, that I had the hardest task to win my way up the hill. I went close up to the fence on the left, and worked my way along its palings.

Near the top, I stumbled upon something soft, and, by a flash of lightning, saw between

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my feet a heap of black broadcloth and a pair of boots. Before I could distinguish clearly how the man lay, the flicker of light had passed. I stood over him waiting for the next flash. When it came, I saw that he was a sturdy man, cheaply but not shabbily dressed; his head was bent under his body, and he lay crumpled up close to the fence, as though he had been flung violently against it.

Overcoming the repugnance natural to one who had never before touched a dead body, I stooped and turned him over to feel for his heart. He was quite dead. Apparently his neck had been broken. The lightning flashed for a third time, and his face leapt upon me. I sprang to my feet. It was the landlord of the "Spotted Dog," whose conveyance I had taken.

I stepped over him gingerly and pushed on up the hill. I made my way by the police station and the "College Arms" towards my own house. Nothing was burning on the hillside, though from the common there still came a red glare and a rolling tumult of ruddy smoke beating up against the drenching hail. So far as I could see by the two or three distant flashes, the houses about me were mostly uninjured. By the "College Arms" a dark heap lay in the road, but I did not care to examine it.

Down the road towards Maybury Bridge there were voices and the sound of feet, but I had not the courage to shout or to go to them. I saw nothing unusual in my garden that night, though the gate was off its hinges, and the shrubs seemed trampled. I let myself in with my latchkey, closed, locked, and bolted the door, staggered to the foot of the staircase, and sat down. My strength and courage seemed absolutely exhausted. A great horror of this darkness and desolation about me came upon me. My imagination was full of those striding metallic monsters, and of the dead body smashed against the I felt like a rat in a corner. crouched at the foot of the staircase, with my back to the wall, shivering violently.

#### XI.—AT THE WINDOW.

I have said already that my storms of emotion have a trick of exhausting themselves. I seem to remember noting that I



Huge, black shapes moved busily to and fro. Shapes. Or could not see w

nor the clear form of them, nor recognise the black objects they were busied upon. Neither could I see the nearer fire, though the reflections of it danced on the wall and ceiling of the study. A sharp resinous twang of burning was in the air.

I closed the door noiselessly and crept towards the window. As I did so the view opened out until on the one hand it reached to the houses about Woking station, and on the other to the charred and blackened pine woods of Byfleet. There was a light down below the hill, on the railway near the arch. and several of the houses along the Maybury road, and the streets near the station were glowing ruins. The light upon the railway puzzled me at first; there was a black heap and a vivid glare, and to the right of that a row of yellow oblongs. Then I perceived this was a wrecked train, the forepart smashed and on fire, the hinder carriages still upon the rails.

Between these three main centres of light, the houses, the train, and the burning country towards Chobham, stretched irregular patches of dark country, broken here and there by intervals of dimly glowing and smoking ground. It was the strangest spectacle, that black expanse set with fire. It reminded me, more than anything else, of the potteries seen at night. People, at first I could distinguish none, though I peered intently for them. Later I saw, against the light of Woking station, a number of black figures hurrying one after the other across the line.

And this was the little world in which I had been living securely for years, this fierv chaos! What had happened in the last seven hours, I still did not know, nor did I know, though I was beginning to guess, the relation between these mechanical Colossi and the sluggish lumps I had seen disgorged from the cylinder. With a queer feeling of impersonal interest, I turned my desk chair to the window, sat down, and stared at the blackened country, and particularly at the three gigantic black things that were going to and fro in the glare about the sand pits. They seemed amazingly busy. I began to ask myself what they could be. Were they intelligent mechanisms? Was such a thing Digitized by GOOGIC

possible? Or did a Martian sit within each, ruling, directing, using, much as a man's brain sits and rules in his body?

Later I was to learn that this was the case. That with incredible rapidity these bodiless brains, these limbless intelligences, had built up these monstrous structures since their arrival, and, no longer sluggish and inert, were now able to go to and fro, destroying and irresistible.

The storm had left the sky clear, and over the smoke of the burning land the little fading pin point of Mars was dropping into the west, when the soldier came into my garden. I heard a slight scraping at the fence, and rousing myself from the lethargy that had fallen upon me, and looking down, I saw him dimly, clambering over the palings. I was so delighted at the sight of another human being, that my torpor passed, and I leant out of the window eagerly.

"Hist!" said I in a whisper.

He stopped, astride of the fence, in doubt. Then he came over and across the lawn to the corner of the house. He bent down and stepped softly.

- "Who's there?" he said (also whispering), standing under the window and peering up.
  - "Where are you going?" I asked.
  - "God knows."
  - "Are you trying to hide?"
  - "That's it."
  - "Come into the house," I said.

I went down, unfastened the door, and let him in, and locked the door again. I could not see his face. He was hatless, and his coat was unbuttoned.

- "My God!" he said as I drew him in.
- "What has happened?" I asked.
- "What hasn't?" In the obscurity I could see he made a gesture of despair. "They wiped us out: simply wiped us out," he repeated again and again. He followed me almost mechanically into the dining room.

"Take some whisky," I said, pouring out a stiff dose. He drank it. Then abruptly he sat down before the table, put his head on his arms, and began to sob and weep like a little boy, in a perfect passion of emotion, while I, with a curious forgetfulness of my own recent despair, stood beside him wondering.

It was a long time before he could steady



Digitized by GOOGLE Titan built itself up ont of the pit on INDIANA UNIVERSITY

about exactly like the head of a cowled human being. A kind of arm carried a thing like a huge photographic camera, and out of the eye of this there smote the Heat Ray.

In a few minutes there was, so far as the soldier could see, not a living thing left upon the common, and every bush and tree upon it that was not already a blackened skeleton was burning. The Hussars had been on the

road beyond the curvature of the ground and he saw nothing of them. He heard the Maxims rattle for a time and then become still. The giant saved Woking Station and its cluster of houses until last. Then in a moment the Heat Ray was brought to bear and the town became a heap of fiery ruins. Then the thing shut off the Heat Ray and, turning its back upon the artilleryman, began to waddle away towards the smouldering pinewoods that sheltered the second cylinder. As it did so a second glittering Titan built itself up out of the pit.

The second monster followed the first, and at that the artilleryman began to crawl very cautiously across the hot heather ash towards Horsell. He managed to get alive into the ditch along by the side of the road, and so escaped to Woking. There his story became ejaculatory. The place was impassable. It seems there were a few people alive there, frantic for the most part. He was turned aside by the fire, and hid among some almost scorching heaps of broken wall, as one of the Martian giants returned. He saw this one pursue a man, catch him up in one of its steely tentacles and knock his head against the trunk of a pine tree. At last, after night-



He saw this one pursue a man and catch him up in one of its steely tentacles.

fall, the artilleryman made a rush for it, and got over the railway embankment.

Since then he had been skulking along towards Maybury, in the hope of getting out of danger Londonward. People were hiding in trenches and cellars, and many of the survivors had made off towards Woking village and Send. He had been consumed

with thirst until h e found one of the water mains near the railway arch smashed, and the water bubbling out like a spring upon the road.

That was the story I won from him bit by bit. He grew calmer telling me, and trying to make me see the things he had seen. He had eaten no food since midday he told me early in his narrative, and I found some mutton and bread in the pantry and brought it into the room. We

had rushed across the lawn. I began to see his face, blackened and haggard, as no doubt mine was also.

When we had finished eating we went softly upstairs to my study, and I looked again out of the open window.

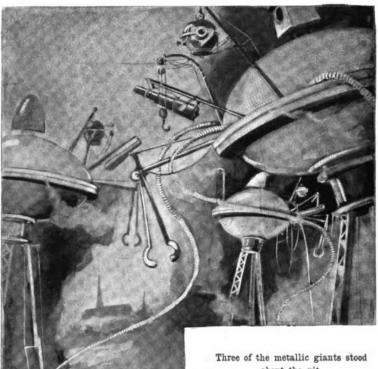
In one night the valley had become a valley of ashes. The fires had dwindled now. Where

flames had been there were now streamers of smoke, but the countless ruins of shattered and gutted houses and blasted blackand ened trees that the night had hidden stood out now, gaunt and terrible, in the pitiless light of dawn. Yet here and there some object had

Three of the metallic giants stood about the pit. had the luck to escape-a white railway signal here, the end of a greenhouse there, white and fresh amidst the wreckage. Never before in the history of warfare had destruction been so indiscriminate and so universal. And, shining with the growing light of the east, three of the metallic giants stood about the pit, their cowls rotating as though they were surveying the desolation they had made.

It seemed to me that the pit had been enlarged, and ever and again puffs of vivid green vapour streamed up out of it towards the brightening dawn-streamed up, coiled, whirled, broke, and vanished. Beyond them were the pillars of fire about Chobham. They became pillars of bloodshot smoke at the first touch of day.

(To be continued Olingone Sulva Vumber). INDIANA UNIVERSITY



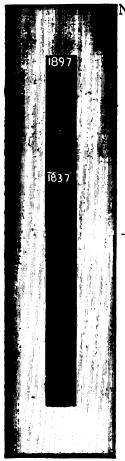
lit no lamp for fear of attracting the Martians, and ever and again our hands would touch upon bread or meat. As he talked, things about us came darkly out of the darkness, and the trampled bushes and broken rosetrees outside the window grew distinct. It would seem that a number of men or animals Digitized by GOOGIC

### THE LION'S SHARE.

### Written and Illustrated by J. Holt Schooling,

Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.

["It is far greater now than it was in the eighteenth century; it was far greater in the eighteenth century than in the seventeenth, far greater in the seventeenth than in the sixteenth. The prodigious greatness to which it has attained makes the question of its future infinitely important, and, at the same time, most anxious, because it is evident that the great colonial extension of our State exposes it to new dangers, from which, in its ancient insular insignificance, it was free."—Sir J. R. Seeley, in The Expansion of England.]



1. The Lion's Share in 1837 was only two-thirds of his share in 1897.

N looking at facts about the British Empire, as regards its size and its international importance as a piece of the Earth, one is quite clearly impressed by a result which soon becomes evident—that we as an Empire now have the Lion's Share of this planet.

We all know, probably, that the area of the British Empire, with its colonies and dependencies, is, in round numbers, eleven millions of square miles. That is, nearly three times as large as Europe, almost as big as Africa, and more than one-fifth part of the land-surface of the earth. Our population is not far short of 400 millions, or, more precisely, one person in every four who crawl, walk, or ride on the surface of this planet is under the rule of

which I have before promised I will perform and keep. So help me God." And then the Queen signed her name on the long Coronation roll. (See No. 2.) But, great as that heritage was, it has increased by just one-half of its size since Victoria became Queen.

We may look at No. 1, and see there that the total height of the black column from its base to the top (where "1897" is written in white) is just one and a half times as high as that part of the black column from the base to the white line marked "1837." In other words, for every 100 square miles of British land in 1837 there are now 150 square miles under the Queen's rule.

We will go back for five times sixty years, to 300 years ago, when, in the year 1597, Elizabeth was Queen. Look at No. 3. The difference between the Lion's Share then and his share now is, curiously enough, as plainly marked as is the difference between the signatures of the two great Queens. Elizabeth's rule extended over an area of less than one-eightieth part of the size of the area now ruled by Victoria, so that for every 100 square miles of British land in 1897 there were in 1597 only 1½ square miles (nearly) for the Tudor Queen.

But clearly, Elizabeth did not minimise

Victoria, the greatest monarch in ancient or modern

history.

Victoria had a noble heritage when, nearly sixty years ago, in reply to the Archbishop of Canterbury's solemn challenge, she swore this oath:—
"The things



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her importance, for this signature, which is much smaller than the original, but which, although reduced, still preserves its sizerelation to the signature of Queen Victoria, shows very plainly the altogether exaggerated importance attached by Elizabeth to her acts

and to herself. There is no other signature by an English Sovereign which can be compared with Elizabeth's on the score of this self-inflation and importance, but the signature of the German Emperor shows these two qualities strongly marked.

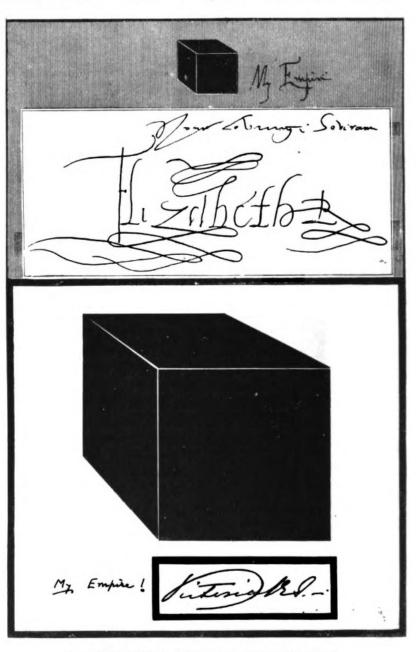
The signature "Victoria R.I." in No. 3 is a recent one, and it compares very favourably with that of Elizabeth as regards important features—notably in the absence of the self-inflation which disfigures Elizabeth's—although the huge Empire above the signature is so immensely larger than the great Tudor's little Empire.

With No. 4 we come back to the present year, and here we see the Land of the World spread out flat, and British Land marked in solid black. The lines which are seen to connect the home country with the other parts of the Lion's Share are so numerous that I have left out a lot of small oceanic islands, etc., because I did not like to cover the countries adjacent to the United Kingdom by running our lines across them, to a

greater extent than is already shown in No. 4. As it is, we owe an apology to France, Germany, and Austria for nearly obliterating these countries with the lines of connection with our colonies and dependencies.

London forms a natural centre for the Digitized by

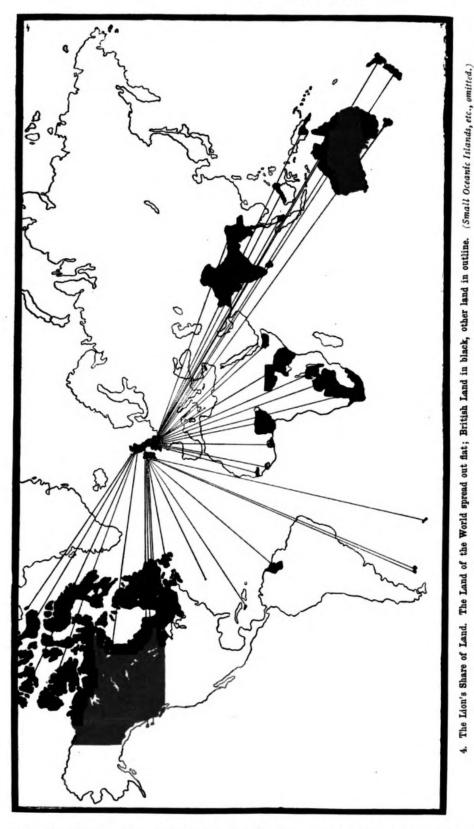
land of the Earth, and the centre of London proper is, almost exactly, the centre of the dome of Saint Paul's Cathedral, so that the Diamond Jubilee thanksgiving takes place, practically, in the very centre of the land of this planet. This city is known to



3. The Rival Queens. A Drama in two Acts and four Words.

(An interval of three hundred years occurs between Act I. and Act II.)

have existed as a town, at the least as early as the reign of the Emperor Nero (A.D. 54 to A.D. 68), but the early settlers in it were certainly ignorant of the fact that London is the centre of the Land-Hemisphere of the Earth, which Hemisphere (as distinguished



shall, perhaps, obtain a more definite idea of its extent when we look at the diagram No. 5. The six "pips" of this "Six of Diamonds" each contain one hundred square miles of land, and they relate to the five great land divisions of the World and to the whole combined. Here is the statement which our Jubilee Diamond card expresses graphically :-

Of every 100 square miles of land in

Europe 3 sq. miles.
Asia 10 ,, ,,
Africa 19 ,, ,,
America 24 ,, ,,
Australasia 60 ,, ,,
The World 21 ,, ,,

These facts are certainly remark-There are able. many great nations on the earth besides ours. There are five great Powers in Europe, to say nothing about those nations who, from being great in the past, have become small in the present-such as Spain and Hol-

land, whose interest is now, for the most part, historical or romantic, rather than of practical effect in the conduct of the world's affairs. There are in Asia, huge China, Persia, small Japan, Japan the England

from the Water-Hemisphere of the Earth), contains six-sevenths of all the land-surface of this planet.

We get a comprehensive view of the Empire by glancing over No. 4, but we Vol. III.—95.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY of the East, the United States in North America, and hosts of minor nations on this earth.

We have named ten only (including the United Kingdom, and excluding Spain and Holland), and yet the British Empire takes as its share of land more than one-fourth part of all the land there is to take. An extraordinary thing to be the result, primarily, of activities that have come out of two small islands of insignificant size

which many vears ago formed a tiny part of the great Plainof Europe, but which have since those early days, found themselves placed between North Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea.

Raise the bed of the North Sea only a paltry 100 yards above its present level, and Great Britain would again form part of the continent of Europe! But those 100 yards of salt water have meant to us the existence of our vast Empire. Turn

regards area and population respectively, being-

AREA. The British Empire has LAND, per 100 square miles of	POPULATION. The British Empire has POPULATION per 100 of population in	
Australasia, 60 per 100	Australasia, 40 per 100	
America, 24 ,,	Asia, 35 "	
Africa, 19 ,,	Africa, 18 "	
Asia, 10 ,,	Europe, 11 ,,	
Europe, 3 ,,	America, 6 "	
The World, 21 ,,	The World, 25 ,,	

The black

part of the disc

for Africa in

No. 6 is pro-

bably too small,

for the know-

ledge as to our

population in

Africa is some-

what uncertain,

and I have pre-

ferred to under-

state the facts rather than

to overstate

them. In Asia,

we take a big

slice of Asia's

population.

Our population

in this old

continent alone

is very nearly

equal to three-

fourths of the

immense popu-

lation of the Chinese Em-

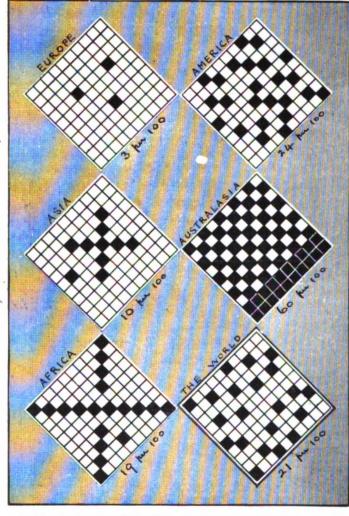
pire. We fill a

large part of the

disc for Aus-

and

tralasia,



5. The Jubilee Six of Diamonds. Showing the Lion's Share of every 100 square miles of Land in each of the five Great Divisions of the World, and in the five combined.

population. Diagram No. 6 shows to us the Lion's Share in the population of the and in each of its five great world, parts. Here the order of precedence differs from that of No. 5, which relates to area in square miles. differences in the order of importance as

here again, I have, perhaps, somewhat understated the Lion's Share. Coming to the last disc in No. 6, that of the World's Population, we take, at a moderate estimate, one-quarter of the whole!

Here a rather interesting question crops up. How many of the population in the British

> Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

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6. The Lion's Share of Population. The black part of these six discs shows the Number of British Subjects in every 100 of Population in each of the five Great Divisions of the World, and in the five combined.

wide of the mark, as they have been derived from the Census Returns.

Colonies, Dependencies, etc., are natives of the United Kingdom? I have investigated this point, and the net result is shown in No. 7, viz.: that in the population of British Colonies, etc., throughout the world, there lives native of the United Kingdom to 191 other persons who were not born in the mother country. Looking at the results for each part of the world separately, we find that :-

> In British Colonies, etc. Native of the Juited Kingdom. Persons not born in the

In Asia,
there lives I to 2547
In Africa,
there lives I to 522
In America,
there lives I to I3
In Australasia,
there lives I to 3

These interesting results, whose net conclusion is shown in No. 7, include, where possible, the soldiers and sailors in each colony, and, with the exception of Africa [for which the data are defective], our results, as shown above, are probably not very have been derived

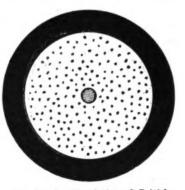
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Let us now deal with the big question-How does the Lion's Share of the Land of the Earth compare with that of other Empires? This question is illustrated by No. 8. The heights of the white columns in this diagram are in proportion to the number of square miles held by each of the seven great Powers named, and we see that the British Empire easily tops the lot. These seven "Empires" (two or three of the Powers are not, strictly speaking, Empires), taken as a whole, occupy 54 per cent. of the land-area of the world; and, taking each of them separately, with the Austrian-Hungarian Empire as the unit of measurement, we obtain the following results:

Name of "Empire."	The unit of measure ment is the size of th Austrian - Hungaria Empire.		the size of the n - Hungarian
Austrian	equals		1.0
Italian	,,		1.2
German	,,		4.7
French	,,		10.3
United States	,,		13.5
Russian	,,		32.8
British	,,		42.9

These striking results have been based upon the most recent information. Startling

as it is to say that the British Empire is fortythree times as big as that of Austria-Hungary, the statement is a fact. As to Germany, we stand in the ratio of 42'9 to 4.7, i.e., we are more than nine times the size of the German Empire. The Lion's



7. In the Population of British Colonies, Dependencies, etc., throughout the World (white disc), there lives one Native of the United Kingdom (shaded dot) to 191 other versons not Natives of the United Kingdom (small black dots).

Share is more than four times that of France, it is more than three times as great as that of the United States, and even Russia, vast as she is, has an empire only three-fourths the size of ours.

Could we have a stronger argument than this diagram No. 8, or one that impresses us more than the numerical statements it illustrates, with the imperative need for the whole

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY policy of our Government to be, first and foremost, the maintainance of unity among our many and widely spread parts? By the light of facts such as those just

shown, dissension, or anything short of thorough fidelity and shoulder-to-shoulder work, becomes sheer folly and treasonand yet there are men prominent in affairs who will yet harass those whose whole energies are given to the fine work of binding our Empire closer. We will now compare the Six Great Powers of Europe, as regards size-proportion of Colonies to Home-country. Diagram No. 9 illustrates this feature of the Lion's Share, and it shows, hanging from each of the six home countries named, a solid black

British. Russian. U. States. French. German. Italian. Austrian.

8. A Comparison, as regards size in square miles, of the seven Great Empires or Effective Powers of the Earth. The heights of the white columns are in true proportion to the respective sizes of the Powers named.

cube whose size is in proportion to the number of times that the area of each homecountry is contained in the area of each set of colonies or dependencies.

The "note" at the bottom of No. 9 states
Digitized by

that since this diagram was made the loss to Italy as an Italian protectorate of Abyssinia and Shoa lessens the size of Italy's black cube, and places Italy in the fifth place instead of in the third place. But this is a minor detail, for the chief feature of No. 9 is the overwhelming size, as compared with those of the other Powers, of the colonies and dependencies which hang to the United Kingdom. Here are the actual facts (which include the alterations as regards Italy):—

- From the United Kingdom
   is hung in colonies, etc. 92'6 times its own area.
   From France is hung in
   colonies, etc. 12'3 " " "
   From Germany is hung in
- colonies, etc. 4'9 " " "

  4. From Russia is hung in colonies, etc. 3'6 " " "

  5. From Italy is hung in
- colonies, etc. 2.5 ,, ,,
  6. From Austria-Hungary is hung in colonies, etc. 0.1 ,, ,,

These colonisation facts are as startling as the Empire facts just mentioned in connection with diagram No. 8. The United Kingdom has, up to the year 1897, added to itself as colonies, etc., more than ninety-two times its own area, the black cube and the shaded cube "I" in No. 9, thus forming the British Empire. The black cubes of the five other Powers are relatively trifling when compared with the enormous mass that hangs from the United Kingdom at the left of diagram No. 9.

This great lump of added British territory invites further examination as to the quantity of land which has been added to the Lion's Share during the sixty years—1837-1897. I have investigated this matter, and some rather good results have come out.

For example, the United Kingdom has added to the British Empire during these sixty years only, an area of square miles of the land of the earth equal to thirty-one times its own area! This means that, on the average, in every two years of the Queen's reign, the British Empire has in-

creased to the extent of the area of another United Kingdom. Half-a-United-Kingdom added *per annum*, is not bad work.

Again, in every hour of the day or night of INDIANA UNIVERSITY the Queen's long reign more than seven square miles of land have been added to the British Empire, *i.e.*, one square mile has been added every eight minutes or so.

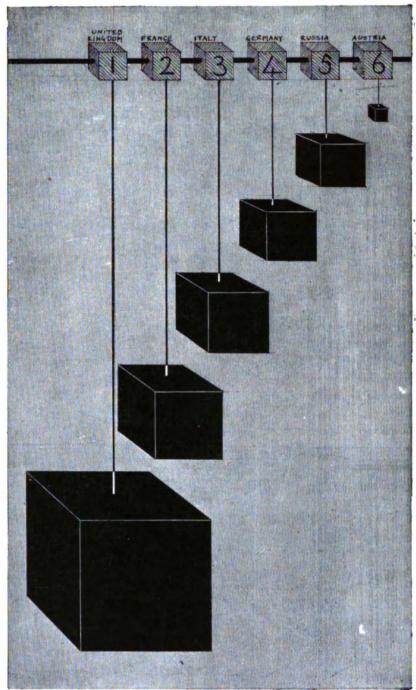
If we take the weight in tons of the land added to British territory during the Queen's reign we find that its weight is about exactly equal to one and a half times the weight of the Moon! This is not a bad record, and the more exact figure is 1.48 times the weight of the Moon.

Even if we use as a unit of weight, the vast weight of the planet Earth, including all its Seas, we then find that the weight of the land added to the British Empire during 1837-1897 is no less than  $\frac{1}{52}$  part of the weight of the Earth.

Incidentally, I may say that the weight in tons of the British Empire is now equal to \frac{1}{17} part of the weight of the earth, the weight of the earth including, of course, all its seas, and all the solid or other matter that lies under the seas.

I do not like to use big figures, and rarely do, because they are usually not expressive of any meaning to anybody, but I do ask permission to say that in

every second of the Queen's reign there has been added to the British Empire a weight of land more than equal to 60,000,000,000 tons! This is in words sixty thousand millions of tons, and this trifle has, on the average, been added to the British Empire in every second of the sixty years, 1837-1897! You simply



9. The Six Great Powers of Europe with their respective Colonies or Dependencies, etc., hanging to them. In each instance the size of the hanging cube (representing colonies or dependencies) is in proportion to the size of the "home" country to which the black cube is attached. The sizes of the black cubes vary from that of the United Kingdom, which is 93 times as big as the shaded tube (1) to the size of the little black cube which is only one-tenth of the size of the shaded cube (6) Austria-Hungary.

NOTE.—Since this diagram was made, the most recent information regarding Italy, including the unreserved recognition, of the independence of Abyssinia and Shoa, lessens the size of Italy's black cube, and places Italy in the fifth place instead of in the third place.

don't believe it. Very well. Here is the calculation:—

British Empire in 1897 ... Square Miles, ... 11,334,391 ... 7,562,955

Square miles added during 1837-1897 3,771,436
Weight of the Earth = 6,069 plus 18 o's in tons.
Surface , Original F0197,310,000 square miles.

Weight of the Earth divided by Surface of the Earth gives a weight of (nearly) 30,759,000,000,000 tons for each square mile of surface, from the surface to the centre of the earth.

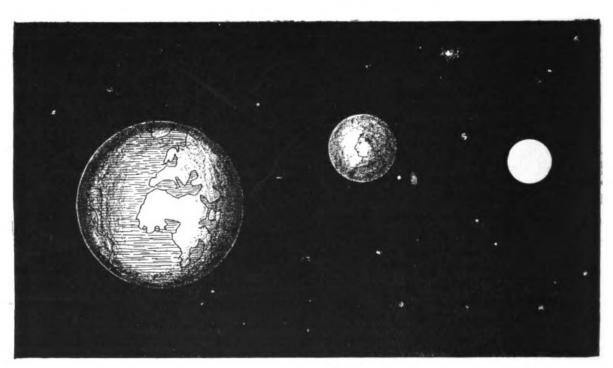
The square miles added to the British Empire during 1837-1897 are, say, 3,771,000. Multiply by the weight, just stated, of one square mile of surface, and you get (nearly) 116 plus 18 o's as the weight in tons of the additions to the British Empire during 1837-1897. In sixty years there are, in round numbers, nearly 1,893,500,000 seconds. Finally, divide 116 plus 18 o's (tons) by 1,893,500,000 (seconds), and you get more than 61,000,000,000 tons per second, which is even a higher result than my "round figures" of sixty thousand millions of tons added to the British Empire during each second of the past sixty years!

With results such as these at which we have

been looking, can we wonder if jealousy of the British Empire be indeed "one of the great motive forces of European politics"? But, whatever our foreign friends—or should we say, "our friends the enemies"?—may think of us, we may rightly believe that no part of the Earth's surface which has been added to the Lion's Share has, as a net result, shown injury by the extension to it of British influence.

However, if we should at any future time be too much annoyed by foreign critics of our actions, what is more simple than to secede from the Earth and to start a new planet—the planet *Victoria*—on our own account! We should make quite a respectable show in the Heavens—see No. 10, which is drawn to true scale—and some day, perhaps, the astronomers in Mars will have to note the appearance of the new planet shown in my last diagram

Vivat Victoria!



The Earth.
(British Empire missing.)

The Planet Victoria.

The Moon

10. Discovery of the Planet Victoria. The British Empire secedes from the World and takes a place between the reduced Earth and the Moon.

(These three Planets are here shown in their respective sizes.)





When his pipe was well alight, he cleared a space of gravel with his bony hand, and transferred himself to a more comfortable seat.

"Time will tell, sonny," he remarked after a long interval; "and I dunno as ever any good came of argument. But what I asks is, do they know the river and the ways of it?"

"I reckon A. O. studies on it considerable," said Pete. For the men called the big contractor Andy or A. O., according to their moods. When he was the great boss he was A. O., and when they related what he said he was simply "Andy."

"I reckon A. O. has studied on it considerable," repeated Pete, "and he ain't a man to be fooled by a river, not even one like this, which is awkward, I allow."

Griff shrugged his shoulders.

"How long have you bin about this cañon, Pete?"

"Since the road started, old man."

"Of course you have, and how long have I bin here?"

And Pete did not answer because he knew that Griffiths would answer it himself.

"For nigh on to twenty years," said Griffiths gloomily, "and I'm as rich now as I was then. But I know this river. You've never seen it rise, Pete, but I have. It can go higher than we are here. And it's a blind roaring hells o' waters then. Oh, yes, I know as A. O. don't propose to run his boat then, but what I'd like to know is where he'll tie her up to wait for no more than a common everyday sort of current. Can you

But Pete shook his head.

name any place?"

"And any time you can't trust the Fraser?" said Griff. "Have you watched her day in and day out? There ain't no reckoning and figuring as will put a man equal to a river in a cañon like this yer cañon, that's narrow and black. This river's like a man in a tight place. may know a man for years when things goes easy, and you can prophesy straight as to what he'll do. Just so to speak, he's a river as runs in a broad

place, and ain't squeezed nor crushed nor put about. Why, you know as well as you know your own knife or your own gun as he'll work so long and then have a bit of a jamboree, and go back to work again. But if he's a mossback with a heavy mortgage on him, and his wife's a cultus lot and his boys cultus too, as won't work, and a bad season comes and his house is burnt up—why, can you prophesy on him then?"

"Um," said Pete, who was considering in a sort of brown study the dreadful position of the imaginary farmer.

"Of course you can't," cried Griff in a sort of melancholy triumph. "And that's

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the river here, crushed up in this cañon. It runs here at ten miles an hour and there at fifteen, and at times all the current is below the surface, and then there's whirly pools. Oh, I tell you it's awful; and I says as Andy Onderdonk won't pull this off for all he's a clever man, and, for that matter, a good sort in his way. His derned new stcamer ain't going to run more'n one trip here, and I'm sorry for the widows as is wives now."

And he rose up, knocked his pipe out on the heel of his boot, and walked to his old shanty.

But meanwhile on a long, low island in the

river many men were working at the object of all Griffiths' melancholy forebodings. Carriage just there was very expensive, and Andy Onderdonk had hit on the notion of a steamer to run from Boston Bar to Lytton and back, to save haulage. So he sent to Victoria and they brought him a small, swift steamer in numbered pieces, with men to put her together. She came in the train as far as Yale, and then by waggon to just below Lytton. She was guaranteed to run fifteen knots an hour.

"And that will get

her over the worst riffles," said Andy. But the river knew better than that, and so did the men who put the *Onderdonk* together.

They discussed the matter over their riveting, over their grub, and before falling asleep. Even before Andy they were not running full of hope. They sometimes almost asked him to discount disaster.

"You can't tell that a boat will run up to her contract time just at first, sir," said the foreman. "And this boat must or——"

"If she doesn't," said Andy, "why, it can't be helped."

"But do you know the river, sir?" asked the foreman, "It looks a chancy sort of a



place. I own I wouldn't like to be on her trial trip."

"Oh, she'll do it," said Andy. For he was a big, strong, hopeful man, full of red blood and the love of natural conquest. It is such men who dominate the big world and elude what cannot be struck down or fought with.

And now was the day when the Onderdonk was eased sideways into the stream, on the very edge of which she had been put together. They fitted the last of the stern-wheel as she lay in the water, being held with two big hawsers from the island and the high opposing bank. Then the two engineers got up steam. She was easy to fire, and the furnace worked like a charm.

The pressure rose over a hundred, and crawled up to a hundred and eighty. Then the men's nerves got on edge, for the time was coming, and Andy was on deck with one-armed King and his brother Bill, the two best pilots of the lower river—men of nerve and

knowledge, and ready skill in moments of danger.

"But this is all experiment, Mr. Onderdonk," said King, "and it all depends on what she can do. And even then——"

"Oh, dry up," said Andy, rather fretfully. And King winked at his brother. They were the only two calm men there.

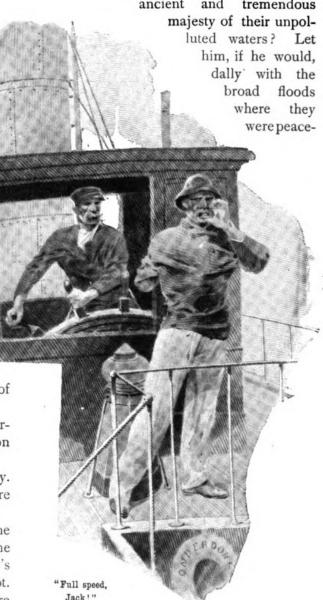
On the opposing bank stood, now, the whole population of Lytton, who had come down stream for a mile to see if Andy's experiment was going to be a success or not. The very hotel bars in the little town were deserted—even the stolid Indians came to look on. They brought their Klootchmen, and the Klootchmen brought their papooses.

And on the island stood the workmen, the engineers and fitters who had fixed the boat up for her struggle with the river.

Perhaps the Fraser's upper waters in the far and frozen north chuckled as they rolled turbidly to the river's junction. The blue Thompson, north and south fork, laughed,

and the big lakes were stirred as they poured out their crystal waters through the smaller canons in the Dry Belt of alkali land. And where the Thompson lost its name, and the married streams rushed as one for the great canon, they seemed bitter and sulky and black.

Who was this insect man to play with the ancient and tremendous



ful and serene, where they rested from their labours in the loftier hills, but they bade him stand aside when they clove asunder the big, black range that barred them from the Pacific and the great deep.

And now the sternwheel began to move, and, as it dashed the water into foam, the strain slacked on the hawsers.

"Stand by to cast them off when I sing

out," roared King, as he stood by his brother, who held the wheel. "Full speed, Jack!"

And the engineer opened her out. The hawsers ceased singing and dipped into the waters, which caught them and pulled. The starboard hawser was in the main stream, and, as the boat began to move swiftly in the shelter of the island, it lay out in a long curve, marking the sullen flood with a line of

breaking waves. But now it pulled heavily, and sheered the boat's bows perceptibly into stream.

"Let go," roared King; but, even as he shouted, Andy seized an axe and cut the hawser with two clean blows. The other one was cast off. and the first . voyage of the little Onderdonk, Andy's darling, daring child, was begun.

For a minute, even for two, she shot swiftly and more swiftly vet past the

island, and to those who did not understand the river it seemed as though victory was assured.

"Look," cried Pete, "look!" "Aye, look, and look again," said

Griffiths. "Wait till she's in the

Fraser, man. For, by God! she's got to face it all. Oh, ho! face the big music, Andy! This ain't no easy Mississippi; you cayn't dodge her by crawling close in shore. She equal from bank to bank in the open. Aye, look, look!" he shouted.

"Give it her, give it

her," said King.

And, as he called, an odd sound ran out of the crowd, and it seemed as if a mist obscured the sun.

For, as the steamer shot up past the island, she met the Fraser full, and stopped almost dead. To those on board it seemed

as if she had run on a soft bank and lay

"Give it her, give it her," said King to the engineer, who had his head out in the open.

"She's got every pound, and more," cried the engineer.

And for one long, one incredibly long,

minute the boat hung in the stream, making inch by inch. She was alive ture overpowered by brutal very deck heaved and bent like thin ice as a daring skater speeds over it. the foam stood up against her bows, and the two deck hands forward stood paralysed.

not known the river; they

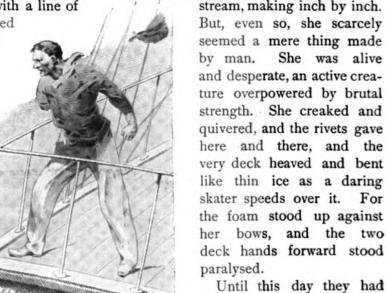
had only watched it from the banks. Now they were in the hollow of the hand of something mightier and more awful than the open sea, and, for all the power of steam and the strength of proved steel, they were

like ants on a chip in a mountain torrent. They whitened visibly, and their under-lips hung down.

Even Andy weakened.

"Can she do it?" he cried.

And, even as King looked over him with set jaws and the ghost of a smile on his face, the vessel moved to starboard in spite of the helm. Over the hiss of the waters came the groan of the crowd, and the very voices of separate men were distinct. He heard Pete cry out, and he saw old Griff throw up his arms almost with joy. INDIANA UNIVERSITY



For the old man was on the side of the river.

"She's done, she's done," said he. And he ran down stream, knowing that in a minute or two the steamer would yield utterly.

And as he ran King gave way and jammed the helm hard over to port to let her go, to save her from the rocks on the other side to which her nose pointed. He yelled to the engineer: "Stop her!"

Then she was a chip on the waters. But, after one breathless and helpless minute, which took them almost to the lower end of the island from which they had started, King called again the engineer:

"Full speed ahead!"

And, though the men below were bidding good-bye to the things of the upper air, they opened her up again. As he got a little steerage way on her, King put the helm hard over again and stranded her in the only spot sheltered from the stream. A cheer went up from the running crowd. For the victory of the river was not complete.

"I did my best," said King.

"I guess you did," said Andy. "Tie her up."

And he went ashore by a plank thrust out from the bows. As his feet crunched on the gravel he felt as though he had not known the solid earth for strange, long years, so extreme in concentrated expectation of imminent disaster had been the last few minutes. He sat down on a rock and considered his namesake stranded on the rocks.

- "King," he called presently.
- "Sir," answered King from the little pilot house.
  - "This isn't put through."
  - "How?" said King.
- "We mucked it," said Andy, whose pure United States dialect was sometimes oddly fouled by extraneous slang. For among his men were the cream and the scum of all ends of the earth.
- "We did," said King brightly, spitting into
  - "Any good trying again?"
  - "Make her a twenty-knot boat and I'll try."
- "It can't be done at the price," said Andy; but this trip isn't through."
- "How?" said King again. And his brother Bill came on deck.

- "What shall I do, mit?" said Andy in familiar shorthand.
- "Tote her in wagons up to the lakes," said Bill.

"I'll not touch a rivet," said Andy. "And I'll have her on the lower river. What'll you take her there for, King?"

Neither of the brothers spoke, but both turned and looked down the long canon. And what they saw with their eyes was nothing. In their minds they beheld the worst of the tortured stream below the bar. Could it be done at all?

- "It spells out in dollars, Mr. Onderdonk," said King.
- "I never reckoned it in cents," replied Andy, as he threw a bit of drift quartz into the river.

The brothers spoke together for a moment.

- "It could be done with three men," said King presently; "but they must be hired."
  - "That's so," said Andy.
- "There's me and Bill here. And the engineer."
  - "There ain't the engineer," said Bill.
  - "No?" asked Andy. "Won't he?"
- "Not if I know him. It took trouble to get him this morning. But we'll find a man."
- "I'll give two thousand dollars to have her safe at Yale," said Andy.
  - "We'll take three," answered King.
  - "Say two and a half."
  - "And three to our widows if---"
  - "If I lose the boat?" said Andy.
- "That's so, Mr. Onderdonk. And fair enough."

And Andy considered.

"Done," he said. "And you find the engineer?"

King nodded.

- "But you will have her ready, with her nose down stream, and properly fixed, Mr. Onderdonk?"
- "Of course. How long will you be getting to Yale?"
- "It's fifty miles," said King. "Or say fortyfive. The stream runs over fifteen; we can do fifteen. An hour and three-quarters, say two hours, Mr. Onderdonk. We shall be there."
- "But bring the steamer," said Andy with a smile. "I'd come with you, but I've too many people depending on me."

And he walked ashore from the little island by a high plank bridge.

"I believe he would," said King. And Bill nodded.

Tracey's Hotel at Lytton was mighty full that night, and, for the matter of that, some of the men were fuller. And one of them was the engineer whose nerve had not been quite equal to the strain. He lay under a side

table with his head on a stray gripsack. Pete and old Griffiths were sitting hard by and were not drunk, though Pete was not quite sober.

"What did I tell you?" asked Griff for the twentieth time since Andy's hope had gone on the rocks.

"Oh, don't rub it in," said Pete, a little sulkily, "I ain't a Chinaman. If I was off it, so was Andy, and he's a dern sight smarter than most betwixt the Cascades and the Rockies. And he had the sand to go on her."

"You mean that for me?" said Griffiths pathetically, as he pulled at the knots in his ragged grey beard.

"You could have had the job. Now, couldn't he?" cried Pete, appealing to the crowd at the bar, which included the two Kings.

"What job?"

"Engineer on Andy's boat."
Old Griff got up.

"And what for should I take the position, when I knowed she couldn't face the river, not longer than a man swimmin'?"

"Would you take it to go down stream in her?" asked one-armed King. And all the crowd laughed. It seemed so impossible.

"Well, I don't know as I mightn't be hired to do that," said Griff, with his head on one side and his eyes on the floor. He looked like a ragged and humorous but melancholy vulture. "For there's a big difference, the biggest sort of difference, between the two things. Figuring on the flow of this yer

river, I, as have know'd it for years, know'd it couldn't be done. But to go down might be done. It's only dangerous; but not impossible. That's where the difference is."

That raised a subtle metaphysical argument. For one man argued that where a very great number of dangers existed which "no man couldn't avoid," why, that was just the same as impossible.

"You don't see it, don't you?" sneered

Griffiths. "Well, and if you don't, who looked for you to? But there's just the difference between jumping up to the top of a big fir tree and jumping off the top of the same. You haven't no logic, no real logic. That's always your fault, Simmons. Now, I remember——"

"No wauwau," said Tracey.

"Keep your bearings cool."

And the crowd laughed. But King called Griffiths over.

"Would you really take the engineer's job if Andy wanted to send her down to Yale, now?"

"I would," said Griffiths stubbornly.

"Then you can have the job," said King. "For we're going in the morning."

Griffiths looked rather as if he had been trapped, but he said nothing. Bill King called for drinks.

"Step up, boys, and drink to Andy and the boat and me

and my brother and Griffiths here. For we are going to take her to Yale in the morning."

"You don't mean it, Mr. King?" said Tracey.

But the crowd was silent for a moment, and then a buzz came, and then silence again as of awe. For in their minds they saw the little steamer in the narrow terror of the stream, and then they saw these living men of that hour drifting in the big pool above Yale. A buzz rose again, and deepened to a subdued roar. Original from



"Great Scot! it's murder of Andy to do it.'

"What's he giving us, taffy?"

"No, no; two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand five hundred."

"And three to the widders."

King laughed.

"But there won't be none, boys. Say, what's your drink?"

Tracey intervened.

"This is mine," he said. paying for this. And when you come up again, Mr. King-why, it's yours."

And King nodded. In the midst of the talk he and his brother slipped into the dining-room, which, if as dirty as the bar, was at any rate quieter. And

there they wrote letters home. Then they called Griffiths.

"Why, no," said he, " I ain't got none to write. Pete is my only partner. And if I goes under-why, I goes. But we haven't fixed the price."

"Three hundred," said King.

"Five," said Griffiths. "And two hundred down for Pete if we don't come out."

And the brothers looked at each other and nodded.

"I'll make it right with Andy," said the elder. "And now turn in, Griff. At least, don't drink. You'll want your nerve in the

"I don't drink so much," said Griff. "If I did, me and Pete would have tough times." For Pete did drink.

He was weeping in their shack when Griff came in. And as Griff fell asleep he heard his partner blubber and repeat again and again: "Poor old Griff will be drowned; he'll be drowned." But when he woke up, Pete

was getting breakfast ready as though hewere preparing some dreadful sacrament.

"I haven't been a good partner to you, Griff," said Pete; "but when-you come back, I'll knock off drink-

ing."

"Good old man," said Griff.

> Byteno'clock. in the morning the Onderdonk was in position, with the bight of a hawser holding her by the

> > stern, and twowarps from her bows. She was not. making any water tospeak of, for she had taken the ground very easily.

population of Lytton was strung out alongthe bank for five miles below the boat. For each man took up his position according to his notion as to wherethe necessary catastrophewould happen. It would befine to see the last of her going triumphantly through

danger; but suppose she never got a mile? The fear of it crowded most near the starting-The further they went the morehopeful they were in Andy's star.

A. O. himself was on the beach from dawn, directing operations, and only at ninedid the Kings and Griffiths come down. Petecame with them to say good-bye.

"Your word is sufficient about the money, sir," said the one-armed King, as he went aboard after shaking hands with the "But Griffiths' partner is tocontractor. have two hundred dollars if we don't get through."

"Right," said Andy, looking at Pete with some disfavour, for he did not like such

"Cut, Pete," said the pilot. All the

Digitized by GOOGIC INDIANA UNIVERSITY casual workers as Pete was. "Are you ready?"

"Are you, Griffiths?" asked King.

And Griffiths put his head out of the stokehold and engine-room in one. He nodded. "Good-bye, Pete!"

"Good-bye be blowed! I'm coming," said Pete. And, scrambling on board, he

dropped down below. But he was really wanted.

"Stand by to let go, Pete," said the elder King.

For Bill took the wheel.

"If you are here you can do that. Let go the starboard head rope."

And Pete slacked it off a bollard, and threw the end overboard. The warp from the port bow was made fast to a tree a good bit down stream on the left bank.

"Take the axe, Pete, and cut the port head rope when I say so. Go ahead half speed with the engines, Griff."

And the stern-



The bridge in the Canon.

wheel thrashed the waters into foam till the steamer strained the sternfast into rigid bars.

"Now, boys," said King, "I'm going to cut the hawser aft. And when I cut she starts."

He took the axe in his one hand, and with two blows severed the middled hawser. The next moment the boat was in the current; the crowd sobbed with indrawn breath, and moaned strangely. They heard it on board like the wail of wind in brush.

"Cut, Pete," said the pilot. And, even as Pete's axe fell, they were running down stream, with the current, at twenty-three or twenty-four miles an hour, and the black banks slid eastward like a vision in a night-mare.

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"Keep her in the middle, Bill, and watch my hand."

And the pilot stood on the bows alone, for Pete was below helping Griff to fire. He passed the heavy wood in utter silence. But the two partners had shaken hands.

The news of the strange venture of these men had run down stream even in the night. For one passed it to another, and Boston Bar knew it and Spuzzum was awake to it, and all dwellers in the canon knew. The trains running to Yale knew, and those who travelled looked out from the cars, expecting the sudden advent of a disabled steamer drifting even to Hope—below the last bad riffle.

The men building the bridge in the cañon could do no work. They took their half day off and spoke low as they sat on the unfinished cantilever and called to each other over the swift, black stream. The odd Chinamen, grubbing in the cracks of the rocks for the dusty drift of scanty gold, felt it, and asked stray white men what was coming. For they thought it might be that the Upper Fraser was in flood. They crawled to the higher banks and watched.

But the time of the watchers was long, and men galloping down the road and climbing Jackass Mountain, where the road climbs, found the way long; while to those on board it was one swift and very awful moment in which the strained mind sometimes almost went to sleep.

"She hasn't any too good steerage way on her, Hank," said Bill.

"Give her a bit more," cried the pilot to his engineer without turning round. How could he lift his set eyes from the terrible stream over which he ran now? They glanced through space and came round the great circle of the man-worried Boston Bar which had held so much gold, and now the first half was done. But here the waters narrowed and the stream boiled, and treacherous mad eddies struck the rudder and nearly wrenched out Bill's strong muscles from their hold.

He sweated in streams; he seemed dizzy; he prayed for keen sight, and bent his shaggy brows for shelter from the dripping sweat. He wondered if he could last out the next half-hour which would save or end them-

And what of the Hell Gate, where the straitest pass was?

His brother at the bows stood like a carved man. He never spoke, nor looked from the stream whose secrets he had tried to win. But a thousand years on the waters below could teach him nothing of the river here. Old Griff had been right and strangely true when he compared the tortured river to a tortured man. Who could prophesy?

But they passed, they passed, and yet one peril brought another, and the river seemed alive—a python, something real, something subtly, devilishly intellectual, capable of foresight, of traps laid and led up to, of odd calm before passionate storm. He knew he was playing a game, and the stakes were life; if he won, he won money, but something far more than money to a real man whose ambitions were not the vile distortions of a town.

He would win a big and desperate struggle with Nature; he would win a memory, and stand up with that fair pride which so adorns those who have looked in the very eyes of fate, and by good endow-

ment have come out of the godlike struggle laid on true men since the world began. Oh, better to die so than to elude the task and perish at ease by slow and rusting failure of unused faculties.

He knew all this, and yet he did not know it. But in such men's faces this knowledge is written, and written plain, and is read even by the little fat kind who claim to judge them from easy chairs.

And now even those below knew that the crisis was at hand. They had heard the cheer of men at the Bar; they had heard it rise and culminate and fade as they swept past. They had peered out and seen the cañon close in, but now they felt the swell and surge beneath as though they rode upon the top of a bubbling curve. Thrice and yet again Pete fell as he lifted a piece of wood; his face was bleeding, and in his hands were sharp splinters. Old Griff stood blackly with his

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hand on the lever, and his ears straining for the signal. It came at last.

"Full speed!"

For, even though they were now almost up with Hell Gate, the currents were so many, and so strangely mixed, that the boat did not steer as she had done. More than once she only missed a submerged rock by a hair's breadth because she hung stubbornly against the rudder and seemed sulky. For the boat itself was now a living, breathing, and fearful thing to those she carried. They drove her as one drives a mad horse when escap-

ing from a fire upon the prairie.

"We're nigh on to Hell Gate," said Pete.

"Get on deck," said his partner. "No."

His brother at

the bows stood like a

carved man.

"Get on deck," said Griff.

And Pete went up and stood where he could look down on his partner. He stared forward, and saw King at the bows. Beyond him was the close gap of the Gate. Then he saw King come aft. He smiled at Pete, and spoke to his brother.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY "Don't look at me, Bill. If you can keep her straight, do. I'm sorry I've not two arms, or I'd give you a spell."

He walked back again to his station. He had left it as he knew that just there nothing depended on his sight. And doing it might encourage his brother, whom he could not help otherwise. Besides, he wanted to look at him once more in case——

And he thought of his wife down at Yale. Did she know? Would they tell her? No, of course not; they were not such fools as that. Surely not. But if they did not get through! Ah—here is the Gate, the jaws of Hell!

And somehow the boat appeared to hang

and stick, and the huge rocks on each side only crawled towards him. Were they in? Yes, he said, and then for the first time the boat seemed to rise and dip and the waters stood up over Next moment he him. found himself flat on the deck with his one arm round a stanchion, and, looking up, he saw his brother whirl the wheel He rose and round. staggered and got to his place again. Yes, they were through the Gate. And the pace seemed to increase even yet, and the last few minutes passed like a flash. He motioned "port" or "starboard" with his hand, and then he heard

men shouting overhead. He did not look up, and was quite unconscious of the bridge builders, whose hazardous work was so strangely without danger compared with this mad trip of unnumbered centuries.

Then, as he stood wondering if these ranked years would ever drift by, he heard Bill call to him.

"Hank, Hank!"

And as he turned he did not know they were sliding down the last rapid into the big pool above Yale, which meant safety. But



Bill fell and struck his head.

he saw Bill stagger, and he got up to him in time, and only in time, to catch the wheel in his one hand and whirl it back. Bill fell and struck his head and he saw the blood run on the deck. And yet he did not mind. For here was the pool. And a black crowd stood on the rails and came running through one of the tunnels, and he heard them cheer madly. He even fancied he saw his wife sitting on a rock. And then the crowd ran back towards home as he crossed the pool and came round in sight of Yale.

He sighed oddly and felt unsteady, but there was a wonderful feeling of most infinite solacement about him. He was at peace

with the whole worldAnd he ran the steamer
on the sloping beach
below the little town.
For Pete without orders
told Griff to slow her
down. A crowd on the
beach made the boat fast
and rushed on board.
They tried to shake hands
with Hank, but he waved
them aside and said:

"Look after Bill."

And when he walked ashore he sat down, and the solid earth whirled about him. He came to in the arms of his wife.

"It wasn't right, Hank," she sobbed.

"Cheer up, old girl," said he. "I know it wasn't. But I've done the cañon."

And Pete and Griffiths

came by in the midst of a wild crowd. One solitary journalist who sent news to Victoria buzzed outside the circle. For King's wife drove him away.

"A. O. will be glad," said King.

"He ought to be lynched," said his wife.

But King didn't think so. That afternoon he went on foot to the pool, and looked up the canon with a strange expression on his face.

"By the Lord, but I always wanted to:"
he said Original from



By M. DINORBEN GRIFFITH.

THE work of the magazine writer oftentimes sends him on strange quests, in order to gratify that demand for some new thing which is as much a characteristic of the reading public of to-day as it was of the Athenians of old.

Although my experience has been tolerably varied, I must confess to feeling considerably startled at receiving a commission to inquire into the mysteries of skeleton manufacture; but as an Editor's orders, like those of a general, must be implicitly obeyed, the work had to be taken in hand.

Where, and how to start, was a question difficult of answer. The subject seemed simple enough. I was fairly familiar with skeletons generally, having

met them in books, museums, anthropological and medical schools and also in the *ateliers* of artists and sculptors, where I have often seen them used as hat stands; but where they came from, or how or by whom they were prepared, I had never dreamed of inquiring. As we naturally seek abroad for most of our necessaries and

nearly all our luxuries—although I felt doubtful as to which of these two classes skeletons could be said to belong—I determined to start my search on the Continent, where I found that the all-embracing term of "Made in Germany," strangely enough did not apply to skeletons. Yet I had heard that most of the skeletons in England were brought from abroad, where the regulations were not so stringent.

After many fruitless inquiries and strange adventures, I at last visited Paris, where I accidentally struck upon a faint clue—so faint and so elusive, indeed, that I almost despaired of ultimate success.

One day I saw a funeral cortège leave La Roquette (the Newgate of Paris). I followed it to the cemetery of Les Champs des Navets, Ivry, and found that it was that of an Anarchist who had just paid the last penalty for his misdeeds. The rude coffin and few attendant officials reached the place of burial; the priest read the service for the dead beside the open grave, which was quickly filled in, but only the coffin was buried, for, as I afterwards learnt, the body was sent to the schools for dissection.

It is the merciful custom in France to deliver up the bodies of criminals to their relatives and friends, but when unclaimed they are sent to the dissecting pavilions for the use of medical students after a mock funeral such as I had witnessed.

Ultimately the skeletons find a place in the Anthropological Museum, where they are Vol. III.—96.

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duly classed and labelled, so that the public, or rather the student, can study the peculiarities of criminal anatomy.

Once I had obtained a clue, I quickly discovered the beginning and the end of skeletons; but the intermediate stages in which a body is stripped of flesh, muscles, nerves, and tissues, and becomes transformed into a mere primal osteological structure, was still a mystery.

Medical men, students, hospital officials, and curators of museums, were, I found, profoundly ignorant when questioned on the subject of the preparation of skeletons, but one and all unanimously repudiated the existence of a skeleton factory.

It was useless to suggest that there must be a place where, by some process the flesh was removed, the bones whitened and properly put together by skilled hands, as we see them in museums and studios.

That this was done they admitted, with a shrug of the shoulders, but the where and the how no one would reveal.

At last, however, I found the place I wanted, and after many repulses, succeeded in getting



From the Hospital to the Skeleton Factory.

the information required, and also in obtaining permission for an artist to make some sketches.

I learnt that dissection in the hospitals is not allowed. All bodies unclaimed after a certain time are sent to the dissecting pavilions of the medical schools for the use and instruction of the students, and when finished with there, they are conveyed to a

place, the name and locality of which I am not at liberty to divulge.

Here the head, trunk, and limbs are cleared entirely of flesh, the bones bleached and afterwards treated to a course of preservatives, and finally put together by skilled anatomists. These various processes take twelve months.

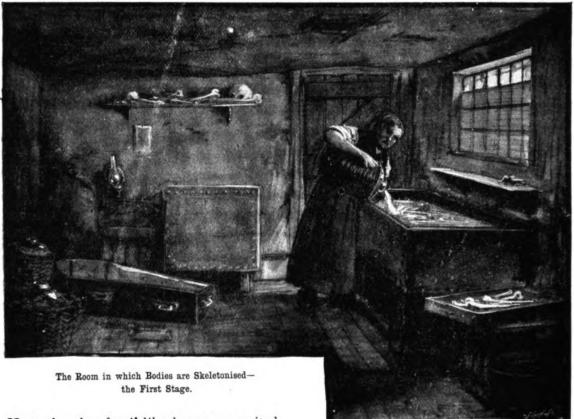
The factory is under Government supervision. The proprietor is a rich man, the business being his sole monopoly. In addition to his place in Paris, he has two branches in London and one in New York, and a separate department for stuffing and skeletonising animals and birds.

The bodies of criminals are sent from the dissecting schools to the factory, and also many specimen bodies of different races sent home by travellers—decomposition having been first arrested by chemical preparations and injections—are received and here prepared for the anthropological museums in different parts of the world.

As soon as the bodies, heads, or limbs, as the case may be, reach the factory, they are placed in tanks filled with water and phenic acid, which is continually changed. They are afterwards boiled in strong soda-water, and again immersed in the tanks. This first stage occupies several months, and the details are far too gruesome to describe. The chemicals used in this process, and also for whitening and preserving the bones, are trade secrets.

Let us visit the stockrooms. Here are shelves full of skulls of all sizes, shapes, and races, some, which by accident, or in the interests of science, have been broken into pieces and neatly put together again with brass wires; drawers full of minute bones, and vast heaps of ribs and larger bones, mysteriously lettered and numbered.

In the next room workmen are engaged in piercing the bones and preparing them for the wirers. We will pass through the laboratory and the warehouse—where we see stacks of wire of various thicknesses, springs of all kinds and sizes, stands for mounting the skeletons, and all the tools employed in putting them together—to the workrooms where the finer part of the worklass done.



Here the dry, fossil-like bones are united to their component parts. Some workmen are engaged in putting together hands, others feet, while several are employed in repairing skulls or fastening springs to various parts to render them movable or otherwise, according to the purpose for which they are intended and ordered.

The completed limbs and skulls are then carried into an adjoining apartment, where the whole skeleton is put together, and finally mounted on a stand or attached to an iron rod, while others have a ring inserted into the skull, by which they may be suspended.

From this department they are sent to the packing-room, and carefully boxed and dispatched to their destination, while others are placed in stock for selection by intending purchasers.

The showroom is very large and light, and lined with glass cases containing specimen skeletons of giants, dwarfs, negroes, and strange races discovered by travellers in foreign lands; criminals, with their name, date of execution, and a record of their crimes on attached labels; skeletons of males and females of all ages; shelves of baby skeletons, huge of head, and small of body;

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composition skeletons, made up of odd bones—are all to be seen here.

On the top of large counters, well fitted with drawers, and occupying the centre of the showroom, are displayed skulls of every age and kind.

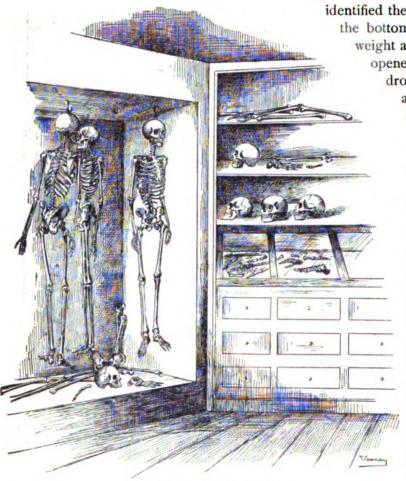
The drawers are filled with ready wired hands and feet, and in the cupboards are piles of bones, the labels of which are yellow with age, and coated with dust that must be the accumulation of years.

I did not wish to linger in this commercial catacomb, where, as I looked around me, the skeletons swung slowly to and fro on the hooks from which they were suspended, their empty sockets seeming to have caught and retained the expression of the eyes that formerly filled them. I felt I could read hate, envy, greed, remorse, and sadness in those dark cavities, and in the end should not have been much surprised if all the skeletons had stepped down and joined in a wild dance of death.

I wondered how the workmen could handle their ghastly subjects so calmly, or become accustomed to their company.

> Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

While collecting material for this article, I came in contact with all sorts and conditions of men and students of all nationalities—and wild were the stories related to me as to the means sometimes resorted to in order to



A Corner of one of the Stockrooms.

obtain "subjects" to enable them to pass their examinations, for occasionally the demand is far greater than the supply. I cannot vouch for the truth of these statements, but I give them to my readers as they were related to me.

When a patient dies in the hospital the friends are notified, and attend to take the body away, the coffin having been previously sent to the mortuary. The relatives identify the body, and the lid is fastened down in their presence, and the coffin and its contents are removed for burial. Such is the usual course; but on occasions when no bodies were obtainable by lawful means, the following device was resorted to.

What looked like an ordinary coffin was

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constructed, the bottom of which was leaded and made to open with a spring when the lid was screwed down. This rested on another coffin a little larger, the lid of which was made on the same principle as the bottom of the other. After the body was

identified the lid was screwed down, when
the bottom opening downwards, by its
weight acted on the lid below it, and
opened that also. The body
dropped into the lower coffin,

and the two apertures closed again noiselessly and automatically, and then the upper leaded coffin was carried away and buried.

Another story told me was of a fine young fellow who had only been married a few months when he met with an accident and was taken into a hospital. His leg had to be amputated, and, in addition, he had sustained severe internal injuries which made his case hopeless. On being informed that he was dying, he begged of the doctors to give him £10 and they could have his body to dispose of as they liked; and to this they agreed, providing that his wife raised no objection.

He sent for her and handed her the money, stating that it was his dying wish that she should at once set out for Brittany, where her mother lived, as he could not die happy knowing she was alone in Paris, and that the doctors had promised to see him respectably buried. The wife, after much persuasion, consented, and, after a most affecting parting with her dying husband, left the hospital, and with the price of his body in her hand!

Instances are known of people disposing of their bodies for their own profit. A man named Salis, and a relative of the founder of the historic *Chat Noir*, well known in the Quartier Latin of Paris as Bibi-la-Purée, sold his body in a drunken fit some six years ago.

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY He still lives, and every afternoon between the hours of five and six, he may be seen walking down the Boulevard St. Michel. He wears a different suit every day—gifts from students, for whom he executes all kinds of commissions. He is also a sort of police spy, but at the same time he warns his clients of any movements to their detriment on the part of the police.

He always carries about two brushes, and outside cafés frequented by his customers, he will sit on the ground and polish their boots, while they enjoy their liqueur; for this he receives a few sous, or what he likes better, a glass of absinthe, his consumption of this

Composite Sheleton of a Male Adult made at the I

pick-me-up surpassing that of the champion, Verlain.

The £20 he received for his body has long since been spent, but he still lives on, tall, thin, and gaunt, even in life a walking skeleton.

In answer to my question "Are bodies ever obtained from the Morgue?" I was told, that it had been done, but that much greater precautions were taken of late years, and that it would be difficult, if not

impossible, to obtain bodies from there now.

One naturally wonders what means are taken to prevent those who have met with a

violent death being disposed of by their murderers at these factories, and also whether-if the demand for skeletons was very great-any questions would be asked if bodies were offered for sale. Since the passing of the Anatomy Acts of 1832 and 1871, the supply of bodies of persons dving unclaimed at workhouses and hospitals, etc., in England, is stated to have proved sufficient for the wants of the profession. The average number of bodies supplied to the London schools annually, is six hundred.

Skeleton factories exist in our metropolis also. The business is carried on with great secrecy, and the existence of any such places denied. To all inquiries the reply is: "We get our bones from abroad."



Composite Skeleton of a Baby made at the Factory.

But all the same there is not the slightest doubt that bones can be obtained in England, and furthermore, there is actually an agent of the Paris Skeleton Factory who purchases bodies in this country and sends them to France. This applies more particularly to bodies with some peculiarities or deformities which make them valuable.

For these the price paid is a very large one, and how they are procured matters but little; the agent pays the price and asks no questions. The body is put on board a fishing-boat in the Thames, and is conveyed to Brittany, where it is secretly landed in some quiet spot, and from there it is dispatched with all speed to the factory in Paris.

The Composition skeleton is oftentimes made, as I before mentioned, of odd bones; that is, limbs, skulls, or parts of bodies purchased from medical students, who are occasionally allowed to take a limb away from the dissecting pavilion for the purpose of home study and practice. There are many also who manage to secure their share without permission, but one and all ultimately arrive at the skeleton factory, and help to swell the multifarious collection of odd bones, which, after their cleansing and bleaching process, are selected to complete the composition skeleton.

The skeleton factory in Paris has been in existence for over a hundred years; I have been unable to find out where skeletons were made previous to that time. The workmen, or at least all those engaged in the special departments of the factory, I was informed, had served five years in the dissecting schools.

I owe many thanks to the head of this firm for giving information on the subject of his business, for, as he said, "the subject has never before been written about, and it is not to my interest that a description of the skeleton factory should be published."

# DEDICATORY STANZAS.

From the Fly-leaf of an Unpublished Volume of Poems.



Since Homer swept his mighty lyre,
And Maro's measures rang;
Since Sappho set fond hearts on fire,
And festive Horace sang—
Down even until now, I ween,
Wherever songster laughs or moans,
The waiting world hath never seen
A poet of the name of Jones.

Yet why should thus a simple name,
Of five small letters, bar
The soaring soul's career to fame,
Or quench a rising star?
Why—in the name of all that lends
To earthly harps celestial tones—
Should not men hail the day that sends
A poet of the name of Jones?

What other name—save Smith, of course—
Wakes echoes in so many breasts
Of rapture wild or deep remorse,
Or vanished Pleasure's sweet bequests,
As this, which silent thousands wear,
And many an unknown genius owns?
Why, then, not crown with laurels rare
A poet of the name of Jones?

O namesakes mine, in every clime!

'Tis yours to give this wreath to me,
And crown me in the Halls of Time
Among the kings of minstrelsie!

Just buy this book—and lo! I rise,
Like Tennyson, on stepping-stones
Of boundless sales, to scale the skies—
First poet of the name of Jones!



BY WALTER J. WOOLLEY.

No athletic sport has a longer or nobler pedigree than wrestling. From the earliest Biblical reference to this form of physical contention, frequent mention is made, in various writings, of wrestling contests. We may gather from Homer that the ungentle art of laying a man on his back was studied in the far-away time when Greek fought Trojan—Ulysses, the crafty, being a great exponent.

To primitive weaponless man a good "back-heel" was a very obvious way of overcoming an adversary; and, no doubt, a hard wrestling bout was a popular form of athletic contest with the ancient Briton.

To give instruction in wrestling is, of course, beyond the province of this article, which only aims at interesting the casual

reader in a splendid old English sport, now sadly fallen from its ancient estate. Once on a time no rural games were without their wrestling competitions, and many hard falls have helped to level our village greens.

There probably exists no treatise on wrestling which could not be largely added to by men who have long practised the sport in one style or other. No doubt a foundation for the making of a wrestler may be obtained from a careful practical study of some of the books on the art; but the hints and wrinkles to be

learned from an adept in a few lessons are bound to save a beginner much time and many a fall; while practice is, after all, the only really effective teacher.

Several styles of wrestling are now in greater or less vogue in England—Cornish and Devon, Cumberland and Westmoreland, Lancashire and Catch-as-catch-can. The last is sometimes called, more simply, the "Catch-hold" style.

In catch-as-catch-can wrestling no special preliminary hold is taken, each man starting without prejudice to put the other on his back or side, or to make him sit down as quickly as possible. It is obvious that in early times this was the style that would be adopted. We cannot suppose that our forefathers would appreciate the refinements of

some modern systems of wrestling. But they certainly did wrestle.

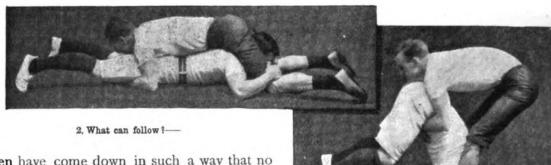
Many throws are still to be seen, which, for primitive originality, would take a lot of beating. Illustration No. 1 is an example of a rather mixed position, but a very satisfactory fall came of it. The reader shall be allowed to discover the winner.

One of the drawbacks of catch-as-catch-can wrestling is, that a good deal of struggling on the mat is sometimes allowed, unless judges are very firm. It is occasionally difficult to decide when two

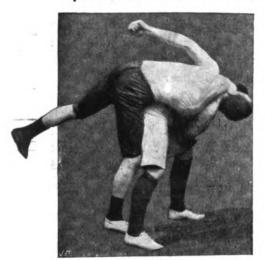


1. Rather mixed.

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men have come down in such a way that no advantage is likely to be gained by one or other of them within a reasonable time; but it is better, on the whole, to "break," or separate, contestants a little too soon rather

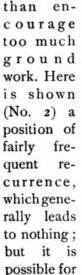


4. The buttock.

possible for

it to result as in No. 3, in a very neat fall-The quick changes of position necessary in catch-as-catch-can wrestling, involving complete turns of the body and bounds of a

couple of yards, give to some of the most ordinary "chips" a complicated look which is due entirely to the rapidity with which the movements are made. No. 4 shows a good example - the "buttock" - in process, so to say. The uppermost of the men is destined to reach the mat right quickly. He will be placed firmly on his back, with the victor's shoulder hard on his chest; and the judge will cry "down," the onlookers will applaud, what time the vanquished recovers his wind, and evolves something wonderful in the way of offensive defence, to use when

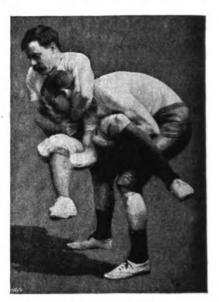


3. -This.

his slippery opponent sets before him the same dish for a second taste. Something

like No. 5 will, perhaps, be the result.

In America there is much wrestling under rules similar to those governing our catchas-catchcan competitions, but the athletes



5. A double for the buttock.

of that country appear to be of sterner mould than ours. allow no seizing of the flesh in the clenched hand, no twisting of the arms; in fact, any procedure with the object of forcing an opponent into a weak position by directly causing him pain would be at once stopped by our judges.

The sixth illustration is from a standard American book on the The business about the neck is appropriately called the "full strangle"; and a judicious



6. The full strangle.

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Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

(Mr. Owen

finest catch - as - catch - can

wrestlers who ever stepped

Percy, of the Orion Gymna-

sium, who is well depicted in

No. 1), devotes himself, how-

ever, to that very well-known

chip, the "buttock"; and the

mat

on a

mixture of strangles" and "shoulder twists" is certainly calculated to leave a man at one's mercy. It is explained that " strangles " are reserved for the delectation of professionals, and one would imagine that the rush from the amateur ranks is not very pronounced on the other side. The sport as carried on in this country is not for weaklings, but it is

7. A great effort-

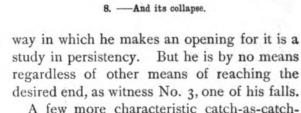
seldom that any wrestler comes to much hurt.

I know a wrestler, a great gymnast, who

has a wonderfully effective trick of bounding at an opponent, click-

opponent, clicking him behind the knee, and trusting to weight and impetus to overcome all resistance. Many men have little ways of their own, generally suggested by special physical adaptability.

One of the



A few more characteristic catch-as-catchcan positions are given in Nos. 7 to 10.

No. 7 is very frequently arrived at. Though apt to be a little uncomfortable for the man with his head "in Chancery," he is safe against a throw, unless his adversary be very much stronger. But let that adversary advance his leg to get a better purchase for a supreme

effort, and lo! No. 8.

In No. 9 one man is apparently treating another to a very simple turn over. A sudden twist of the body and a hook of the ankle, however, and he who reared himself so proudly is now sitting as in No. 10—generally with more surprise in his face than the camera has been able to convey.

Lancashire wrestling is practically the same as catch-as-catch-can; but whereas it is customary for judges, in competitions under catch-hold rules, to prevent much wrestling on all fours, no limitation in this respect is imposed on INDIANA UNIVERSITY

9 and 10. A simple turnover—and a surprise.



11. Half-Nelson and neck lock.

contestants in the Lancashire style. A typical position is that in No. 11. The "half-Nelson" is shown in the forefront of this; but nothing is likely to come of it, the lock over the uppermost man's neck preventing him rolling his opponent over without first describing



Hammer lock and Nelson on the ground.
 From Photo by Gregory, Strand, W.C.

a "cartwheel" through the air and coming down himself.

Other characteristic positions are given in the twelfth and thirteenth illustrations.

These neck holds bring to mind a style (if it may be honoured by the designation) in vogue in many pit districts in the north. It is generally called a "wrustle," but may be nearly as often heard of as a "cock fight," or "toeing the line."

Two votaries of this elegant pastime face each other, toeing lines a yard or

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so apart, and each endeavours to seize his opponent by the scruff of the neck, and to drag him forward over the line (see No. 14). Short hair is fashionable among these men; but it is rarely that two of them can "toe the line" without one, at least, being half scalped. The horny hand of a pitman falling on the back of the neck and fastening there like an iron clamp, is a sore thing to bide for the sake of empty honour and a full pint mug.

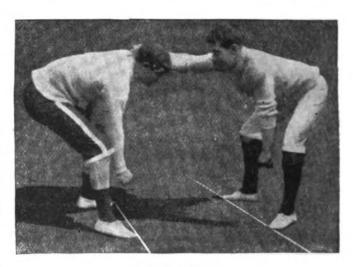


13. A fall with a half-Nelson.

From Photo by Gregory, Strand, W.C.

Now, let two readers, who think there is absolutely nothing to learn in this crude business of "toeing the line," chalk for themselves marks on the floor and set to. Observe how the head can be made to dodge that sweeping hand, and how, when the hand has descended, an artful wriggle of the back and neck will set the victim free once more.

In Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling a preliminary hold is taken, right arm under and left arm over the opposite arms of an opponent, and the hands are locked. A man is thrown if he touch the ground with



Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

any part of him but his feet, or if his hold, once taken, become unloosed.

This style is widely practised in the counties from which it takes its name, and it has been developed into a highly scientific form of



15. The Cumberland hank.

wrestling. the nature of things, men so restricted in position are bound to attempt only certain attacks, and each of these has a well recognised defence. The peculiar and original twists and turns of catch-as-catchcan adepts are not to be looked for, and a Cumberland bout is. as a rule, decidedly slower to watch than a catch-hold struggle.

In the former

there is generally much twitching and throwing about of the arms to obtain as good a purchase as possible before the hand-grip is taken; but when the men are in position, and the judge has called "hold," events sometimes develop very prettily. In No. 15 is illustrated the "hank," the hanker being about to give the gentleman who now appears so firm on his feet a rather heavy fall a little to the left and rear. Weight and strength tell for much more in Cumberland than in catch-ascatch-can wrestling.

By Cornish and Devonian wrestlers a strong jacket is requisitioned to give a good hold for the very heavy throws in which they indulge. Nearly all the Cornish throws are practised by catch-as-catch-can wrestlers, though they are necessarily modified by the rule that in the latter style no holding of the clothes is allowed. No. 16 shows a typical Cornish hold, the "double-lock."

Cornish wrestling, with its use of the jacket,

suggests a new outlet for the quarrelsome energies of the street-corner Briton. A rough and tumble bout in a quiet spot, all in, any hold, would doubtless prove a very agreeable change from the common spar, and would, to say the least, be equally effective in deciding which of two was the better man. Wrestling is as ready of resort as boxing, but, alas for its chances of popularity in this direction, it is even harder work.

As an exercise for developing the strength and endurance of the human frame, wrestling has perhaps no equal. Not a single muscle escapes its share of exertion; and if an opponent fairly equal in weight and strength be selected for practice, the exertion need not be over severe, while accidents entailing the slightest injuries are extremely unlikely.

Again, the wrestler can take up other branches of athletics with the very best chances of rapidly achieving excellence in

them. He has already trained his eye and hand to quickness in many a feint and attack, and his frame to strength and endurance, in many a long bout. It is a thousand pities that followers of the various styles of English wrestling cannot agree upon a common basis for all competi-With a tions. universal code of rules throughout the country, it is not improbable



16. The Cornish double-lock.

that there would shortly be a great revival in this manly sport; a sport most useful for improving the physique, and most fascinating by reason of its endless possibilities of attack and defence. Original from



BY MAX PEMBERTON.

## No. VI.—THE DEVIL'S BOWL AND THE STRANGE AFFAIR AT FONTENAY.

(A Complete Story.)

CORINNE DE MONTESSON leant back in her coach and sighed. Paris seemed so far off; the woods of Fontenay were so dark and gloomy that she began to think the sun would never shine for her again.

"Antonio," she said, speaking to the old physician who sat opposite to her, and asking him a question which she had asked ten times since they drove through the deserted street of Noisy le Grand—"Antonio, what time is it?"

Antonio, who was making what use he could of the passing daylight to complete a calculation which engrossed him, put down his book and began to observe the surrounding woods very closely.

"Mademoiselle," said he presently, "it is the hour of sunset on the third day of April in the year 1760."

Corinne laughed when she heard this very precise statement; then she nestled her ruddy cheeks against the cushion of the coach, and fell to watching Antonio, who dipped his pen regularly into an ink-horn slung at his waist, and held his book close to the window that the last rays of the sinking sun might fall upon it. When she had watched him a little while, and, after that, had counted the trees

which flashed by as the coach rolled down the hill to Fontenay until she had numbered three hundred, she spoke again.

"Antonio, you know where we are?"

The old physician stopped in the middle of shaping an 8 and put his head out of the window.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "we are the half of a league from the town of Fontenay at the spot known as the Gorge of the Three Gibbets, reminding us that very lately his Majesty has caused three rogues to be hanged in this place."

Corinne laughed again.

"My dear Antonio," she said, "what a guide you would make."

Antonio picked up his pen.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "unless we observe the signposts as we go, life will show us a heavy road. For my part, I forget nothing when I am assured that it is worth remembering."

"You would say that of Fontenay, Antonio?"

"Certainly, mademoiselle, I would say that of Fontenay. Strange, indeed, if I forgot the place where they robbed and killed my poor friend the Count of Charny."

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Corinne shuddered. She remembered that dreadful story well. The darkening woods around her, the silence of the gloomy plantations, the phantom-like shape of tree and bush, compelled her to realise very forcibly in what a dangerous place she was, and how pleased she would be to see the lights of Paris again.

"Oh," she said, "you are a poor comforter, Antonio—to speak of that affair now, when Bénôit remains at Gros Bois and we ride alone."

Antonio closed his book with a snap, for the light no longer permitted him to read.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "do not say that you ride alone when I am with you."

"Not at all, my dear Antonio, I said that we ride alone—and lack any protector save the good will which some of these men bear to me. What a poor thing is that to rely upon. I am sure that I was very foolish to leave Bénôit behind. The sword is with thieves a better weapon than a thief's charity, mon ami. And was there ever such a swordsman as Bénôit?"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders.

"All that you claim for our kinsman, that I will admit," said he; "yet when you would praise the sword as a weapon, Mademoiselle, then you speak as one who knows nothing of the greater mysteries. I, who am a child with the rapier in my hand, can become the equal of armies when I turn to those allies which exist neither in matter nor in the schools—but here, in thought, in conception, in, if you will, my dreams. To-night you ask for your kinsman and his strong arm, yet, believe me, my daughter, should misfortune overtake us, I, who have no weapon but my book, no ally but my visions, will prove the better friend. Not that I anticipate any such necessity. Another hour will see us at the barrier; we shall pass Fontenay itself before the clock strikes again. courage, then, Mademoiselle, and forget that the sun no longer shines, and that night is in the woods."

Corinne, who never ceased to enjoy the pompous self-assurance and the egotistical pronouncements of old Antonio, laughed merrily. Then she buried her head in the cushions, and suffered stoically the terrible

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lurchings and rollings of the rut-tossed coach. After all, she thought, her name was a great name amongst the robbers about Paris, and he would be a daring fellow who would venture to stop her carriage. She recalled again how she had won a pardon for the notorious Coq le Roi, who had narrated the deed in a hundred taverns since then, and had made of her, all unwillingly, a very déesse among patrons.

Should anyone attack her, she believed it would be sufficient for her lacqueys to mention her name. Nor did she rely at all upon the mysterious boasts and promises of the old physician, who had forgotten them already, and slept soundly with his half-open book lying neglected at his feet.

The coach rolled on deeper and deeper into the hollow of the night. By here and there the trees were so thick that the lantern—which a lacquey had kindled—scarce saved them from the ditch. At other times you could see a little way into the clearings of the thickets, or espy dark and noxious pools suggesting solitude and terrible deeds and the gloomy mystery of woodland life.

Corinne needed all her courage to banish the thoughts suggested by the scenes, but she had a mind powerful in obedience; and when her first alarms had passed, she compelled herself to think of the gaiety and life of Paris, and of all she would do during her long summer there. Indeed, she had made some very pretty plans for herself, and was, in fancy, dancing a minuet with the King, when a loud report of a musket, followed by a great clamour of question and answer, and the sudden stopping of the coach, awoke her from the dream; and all her little castles came tumbling on the ground.

"Antonio, Antonio," she cried, "do you not hear it—they have stopped the coach, Antonio—make haste to tell them who I am, Oh, if I had not left Bénôit at Gros Bois."

Antonio, who woke with a start, stopped a moment to pick up his book; then he put his head out of the window; but drew it back upon the instant.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "there are three men, and they are tying your lacqueys to the trees"

Corinne, ashamed of her first alarms,

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY attempted to laugh; but the laugh had a quaver of fear in it.

"My dear Antonio," she exclaimed, "pray make haste to tell the gentlemen whose coach it is."

Antonio, thus commanded, put his head



He doffed his cap and bowed with the dignity of a courtier.

out of the window for the second time, and began to address the robbers.

"Sirs," said he, "I beg a word with you. This is the coach of Mademoiselle Corinne de Montesson, whose name, I make sure, is very well known to you."

To the physician's surprise the three men made him no answer at all, but continued quietly to bind the hands of the lacqueys and then to tie them to the nearest trees. When they had done their work, the tallest of the three, who was dressed in black and silver and wore a mask upon his face, came up to the door of the coach and opened it. At the same time he doffed his cap and bowed with the dignity of a courtier.

"Mademoiselle," said he, addressing Corinne, "a thousand pardons for the liberty we have taken. Be assured that I know your

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name well and that it is held in great reverence here. But I have laid a wager of a thousand crowns that you shall sup with me to-night at the house of the Silver Birch, and that I shall kiss you on both cheeks afterwards. Accord me, I beg of you, a favour so

> trifling, and earn the lasting gratitude of Claude Brissac."

> He stood up, a fine figure even in the sombre flare of the two torches which his companions had kindled, and now held aloft that Corinne might see to alight. Very bright eyes shone humorously beneath the velvet mask; diamonds sparkled upon the ample ruffles of lace at his wrist and throat.

Corinne had heard his name often. It was that of one of the most gallant and successful highwaymen upon the Eastern roads to Paris. "La Force" they called him, for his unquenchable energy and his unfailing boldness. Corinne knew that such a man would allow nothing to turn him from his pur-

pose, and she trembled a little when she answered him.

"Monsieur," she said in her own pretty way, "I cannot think that you would compel me against my will. I would eat of your supper very gladly did you choose other opportunity to invite me. But I must be in Paris to-night, and I rely upon you to hasten my journey thither. Indeed, I am sure that you will do so."

"St. Denis!" replied the man, "and gladly would I help you. But, Mademoiselle, if you will reflect a little, you will see how reasonable is my request. It must be plain to you, since your lacqueys are now keeping company with yonder trees, while your coachman is shedding tears in the ditch, that you cannot arrive in Paris before dawn at any rate. What more pleasant occupation, then, than

a little supper—where, be assured, the homage due to so great a name shall be fully paid. Let this old man hasten to get out of the coach, that I may have the pleasure of feeling your pretty hand upon my arm."

He held his plumed hat still in his fingers, and his manner was in all things the manner of Trianon. Corinne did not fail to see that no words of hers would avail anything; but old Antonio was by no means so willing to surrender readily.

"Sir," cried he, "you are a very impertinent fellow; if you do not have a care, all Paris will come presently to see you hang at your own door."

"St. John!" said the robber grimly, "if that day come, old man, surely I will ask for the halter which thou hast worn. Get down, lest I hasten thy steps with my boot."

Then, turning to Corinne, he continued:

"Mademoiselle, our supper is getting cold while we wait. Bid this old man be silent, I implore you, lest injury befal him. You have heard of me, I doubt not, and will know how little I am disposed to take 'no' for my answer when I have set my mind upon a 'yes.' 'La Force' they call me, Mademoiselle, as I shall call you my friend presently."

He bowed again, and seeing that Antonio still hesitated, he put his hand roughly upon the physician's collar and dragged him from the coach. Corinne, on her part, convinced that further resistance was useless, stepped lightly from the carriage and took the robber's arm.

"Monsieur," she said, "I am trusting to you as to one of my own kinsmen. But, I warn you that you will find me a dangerous guest."

The robber laughed.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "my own daughter shall not win greater respect. You have but to command and I obey."

"In that case," said she, "I beg you permit my lacqueys to accompany me and to bring the coach to your house so that when we have supped I can continue my journey."

He answered her very gallantly.

"Your lacqueys are even now following us—and look, your coachman is again upon his box. If they no longer carry pistols,

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Mademoiselle, it is that they may not shoot themselves. Take my word for it, they will never shoot anyone else."

He laughed gaily, and gave the pretty white arm which rested upon his own the suspicion of a squeeze. Had Corinne been certain that the adventure would have begun and ended with the supper at the house of the Silver Birch, her alarm would have been less. As it was, she had a great dread of her company and of the very dark wood which the highwayman now entered.

As for old Antonio, he stumbled along behind her, muttering to himself like a man demented. But he still carried his book, his pen, and his ink-horn; and now and then, had there been light whereby to observe it, a meaning smile might have been seen playing upon his usually placid face. The lacqueys, on the other hand, were in the last stages of fear; and while the coachman cried out that his coach would surely be found in the ditch, the others behind clung to their straps desperately and rolled against each other as men drunk with wine. It was five minutes before this strange cavalcade reached the house of the Silver Birch.

The robber's house lay snug in the thicket as a nest in the hedge. Save for a small clearing near the door, where a stagnant pool gleamed as with the face of a blackened mirror, the copse put walls of bramble and of bracken about the simple châlet, and so sheltered it that only the eye of a woodlander might detect a habitation in the vicinity.

Nor did there seem to be anyone to guard a retreat so remarkable. Not a light shone from the windows when the guests arrived; not a dog barked nor a sound made itself heard. Corinne, who was shivering with the rasping air of the night and the noxious and humid miasma of the swamp, began at last to be alarmed seriously. Her coach, perforce, had been left in the more open glade a hundred yards from the robber's home.

"La Force" was accompanied now by one only of the torch bearers. He had left the other heavily armed to watch the terrified lacqueys. Old Antonio, in his turn, had become green with anger and cold and impatience. He mumbled no longer, even to himself. The highwayman alone remained

self-possessed and talkative; indeed, he assumed a more plausible politeness with every step he took.

"Mademoiselle," he said, producing a great key from his pocket, and bidding his fellow hold the flambeau nearer to the door, "why do you tremble? Am I not here to protect you? In half-an-hour you shall have eaten a good supper, and be on your way to Paris again. Judge me not harshly since my honour is at stake."

Corinne stamped her foot.

"Your honour, Monsieur!" she cried; "if that be at stake, then surely the wager is trifling."

"Saint John! Madame, it is no trifle, since my honour intrusts to me so precious a charge."

He spoke with exceeding deference, and stood bare-headed, despite the raw cold of the night, while he threw open the door for her to enter, and bade the torchbearer hold up the light. None the less did Corinne continue to tremble when she passed into the house and found herself at once in the chief room of it. She asked only that the adventure might draw quickly to its end, for she felt very helpless, and thought how different it would have been had Bénôit accompanied her from Gros Bois. As for her old physician, who had been so ready with his boasts and his talk of mysteries, she could have laughed aloud at his undisguised distress. The shadow of death seemed already upon him. He started at every sound.

The robber entered the house, and, quickly divesting himself of his heavy cloak and his mask, he lighted candles in a heavy silver candelabrum. Directly the pale yellow light flooded the room, Corinne uttered a little word of surprise, for she had never thought that so poor a house could offer such a feast to the eye as this room now presented. Though the Châlet itself was rough hewn of wood from the surrounding thickets, its internal ornament was worthy of the Louvre. Rare tapestries hid its bare walls; dainty cabinets filled with fine china, chairs and tables reflecting the delicate taste of the period, a fine copy of the Apollo and Marsyas of Raphael, a genuine sketch by Jean de Paris, another by Rigaud, added to the wealth of its decoration.

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Corinne felt her feet sinking into soft white skins the moment she had passed the door of the house. A blazing fire of faggots spangled with golden stars the polished woodwork of the ingle nook, and the whole place was redolent with the air of dishes steaming and of good things made ready.

"Come," said "La Force," when he had indicated the seat of honour and had placed Corinne therein, "you will forgive me that I have no lacqueys as you have, Mademoiselle. I am a lover of solitude, and my secrets are not well worn in company. But you will find my supper none the less excellent, believe me. As for our friend here, let there be no hot blood between us. I have not forgotten the service he did to Coq le Roi. Saint John! it is I who should fear with such a wizard for my guest."

The bloodless eyes of the old physician twinkled when the compliment was paid. He, for the first time, appeared to forget the pass to which things had come, and to observe the supper now being served by the comrade of their host. When at length he sat down, a smile of satisfaction played upon his face, and he hastened to admit so much to the robber.

"Monsieur," said he, "it is to my mistress that your friend Coq le Roi owes thanks. My own share in that business is not worthy of mention."

"Ciel!" cried the robber, helping Corinne to a goblet of Chianti, "you are modest, Monsieur le Medecin; did you not, as the story goes, tell the lieutenant of police everything that Coq le Roi was about to do during the next four-and-twenty hours. Holy Mother of God, I would have given a hundred crowns had I been there to hear the jest."

Antonio looked up from his plate.

"My friend," said he, "it was a jest I grant; yet had it been my intention, I could have told the future of Coq le Roi not for one day but for a year."

"La Force" roared with laughter; the wine had warmed him and his wager was nearly won.

"Name of the devil," cried he, "you are a true magician, old man; have a care lest you provoke me to ask a like experiment."

"Indeed," intervened Corinne, who had



"La Force" roared with laughter.

exchanged a quick glance with the doctor, "you do Antonio an injustice. A very little provocation, Monsieur Brissac, will induce him to grant your request. He has been absorbed in some calculation ever since we left Gros Bois."

"La Force" drained a goblet to the dregs.

"Saint Denis!" said he, "we will put him to the proof upon the spot. Did not Coq le Roi tell me that he drew little lines upon a piece of paper? Very well, then, your physician has paper, Mademoiselle, and I see an ink-horn at his waist. Let him tell me what I shall be doing this time to-morrow night. If he can do that, I will conduct you to your coach before the clock strikes again."

Corinne looked at Antonio inquiringly, but the doctor shook his head.

"It is true," said he, "that I told Coq le Roi's fate, and traced the orbit of his day; but that, I would ask you to remember, was a jest. To-night we leave the jester's mask behind us, and neither pen nor paper will serve our purpose. Command, I pray you, Monsieur, that your servant bring me yon silver bowl full to the brim with boiling water."

"Pah!" exclaimed the robber, "you think that I am a child."

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"I think nothing, Monsieur—I wait to act. But if you do not choose?"

"La Force" shrugged his shoulders; the wine had quickened his more brutal instincts.

"Oh," replied he, "as for that—I choose; but I tell you plainly, mon ami, if this be another of your jests, you shall drain the bowl to the dregs."

Had the robber been sober enough to detect it, he would have observed that old Antonio's eyes were lighted for a moment by a look which boded no good to him. But he was too busy with the flagons of wine, and the excellent supper his fellow rogue had cooked, to observe it, and the look passed upon the instant, to leave the physician unmoved and apparently unconcerned. Even a close observer would not have foretold anything of the comedy then about to be played in the house of the Silver Birch.

None the less, Corinne foretold it. A subtle instinct warned her from the first that her old friend had not forgotten altogether his boasts in the coach. She knew not what plan he had contrived nor what weapon he sought; but she began to take heart, hoping that she might, after all, be revenged on this insolent fellow who had subjected her to such an insult. In truth her pride was sore hurt;

and, although she hid her feelings very prettily, nevertheless she told herself that the highwayman known as "La Force" should find her, as she had declared, a dangerous guest.

All this passed through her mind when the lesser rogue, who aped the rôle of lacquey, brought the silver bowl from the kitchen, and the steam from the boiling water began to moisten the air of the supper room. Antonio had now tucked up the sleeves of his heavy gown, and was prepared, apparently, to fulfil his promise to the ultimate letter.

"Monsieur Brissac, you have asked me to tell you upon what employment you will be engaged at this hour to-morrow night. When the steam from that bowl shall have cleared, away, I will ask you to look at the surface of the water, and to read your own fate therein."

The robber laughed scornfully.

"At your pleasure, friend," said he, "though if you fail me, I warrant you I will keep my word."

Antonio bowed, but said nothing. Corinne felt her heart beating quickly, while the blood surged up into her head and made her dizzy. She began to fear that Antonio had embarked upon some very dangerous enterprise in which failure might leave her alone with this ruffian who had stopped her coach. She was tempted almost to beg her friend to desist; but he refused steadfastly to exchange a glance with her, and she, by a great effort of will, held her peace.

A minute passed, perhaps, before the steam floated away from the circle of the bowl. When it was quite clear, Antonio rose from his chair and began to peer into the water very diligently.

"Monsieur," said he with great dignity, come near and tell me if the water of life have any message for you."

The robber bent over the bowl, and examined its contents very narrowly. "Bah!" he answered, "you mock me; there is nothing there."

Antonio looked again.

"My son," said he, speaking now with the air of a doctor, "fate is not the child of man, that he shall say to her, do this, and she will do it. Seek rather to approach these mysteries with awe, for they are mysteries to

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which God alone holds the key. Let there be obedience in your heart and humility in your mind, since the hour of your death is about to be made known to you."

"Monsieur," said the robber, "for the third time I tell you, beware how you jest with me."

In spite of his braggadocio, "La Force" trembled. His hand shook a little when he bent over the table; the colour rushed from his face and his lips were bloodless.

"Speak not of jests, I say," cried the old physician solemnly, "speak not of jests, for the book of God is about to be opened before your eyes. Nay, my son, let there be a prayer upon your lips, and fear of God in your mind. Behold, the picture shapes itself."

Swiftly and deftly he took a phial from his pocket and cast the contents upon the face of the water. The robber, wound up to a surpassing dread and curiosity, bent over the bowl until his eyes almost touched the water. At the same moment the white powder from the phial began to mix with the liquid and to set up a great effervescence with a noxious odour which filled the whole room: a seething, choking vapour which hurt the lungs of those who breathed it. "La Force," who all unwillingly inhaled the vapour as he bent over the water, uttered a loud cry and made to draw back from the table; but old Antonio had gripped him by the neck now, and was strong with the strength of ten men.

"Behold, my son, behold, and read the book of life," he cried, with a ferocity which was almost devilish, while he forced the robber's head down until his brow touched the silver rim, "did I not tell you that the hour of your death was written there—look well then, for the hour is come."

During a terrible instant, the struggle was a doubtful one. The bowl tilted and spilt the water upon the table; glasses fell and were crunched under the elbows of the men; the robber, about whose throat the bony fingers of the physician were twined, fought like a wild beast. But the first fumes of the drug had robbed him of breath, almost of sense; his lungs were scorched as by burning needles; his eyes were blinded and smarting;

it seemed as though a hand of iron had been put upon his heart to still it.

Presently, sense began to leave him; and after a moment of suffering, when he thought that he was sinking down, down into a vast abyss of darkness, the idea began to recur in

his mind that he was lapping the water of the bowl; and this quickened and quickened as . ideas will in the brains of those who are on the point of losing sensibility, until he sank as one dead upon the floor and silence fell upon the room again.

Silence fell upon the room, but half of a minute was not marked on the clock before it was broken. The robber's comrade, awakened to curiosity by the hush of voices, appeared suddenly at the door of the supper room, and stood half choked by the vapours.

Corinne herself was upon the point of fainting, when the old physician unbarred the shutters of the little window, and let the night breeze come blowing in like a gift of life.

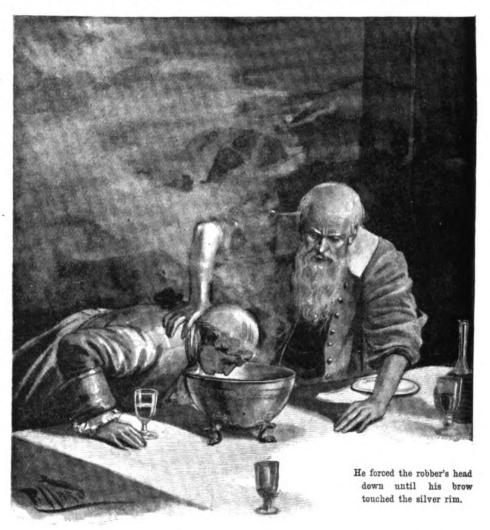
"Mademoiselle," said he, "stand here at the window, and your faintness will pass; I am going to deal with this fellow as I have dealt with his master."

The second of the robbers gave a great cry, for he saw the body of "La Force" huddled upon the floor, and did not neglect to observe the broken glasses and the disordered table.

"Holy God!" exclaimed he, "'La Force' is dead." Digitized by Google

"As you say, my friend," answered Antonio, "'La Force' is dead. Let me conjure you to leave this house quickly, lest my art strike you as it has struck him."

The man answered him by levelling a pistol at his head; but, when he pulled the

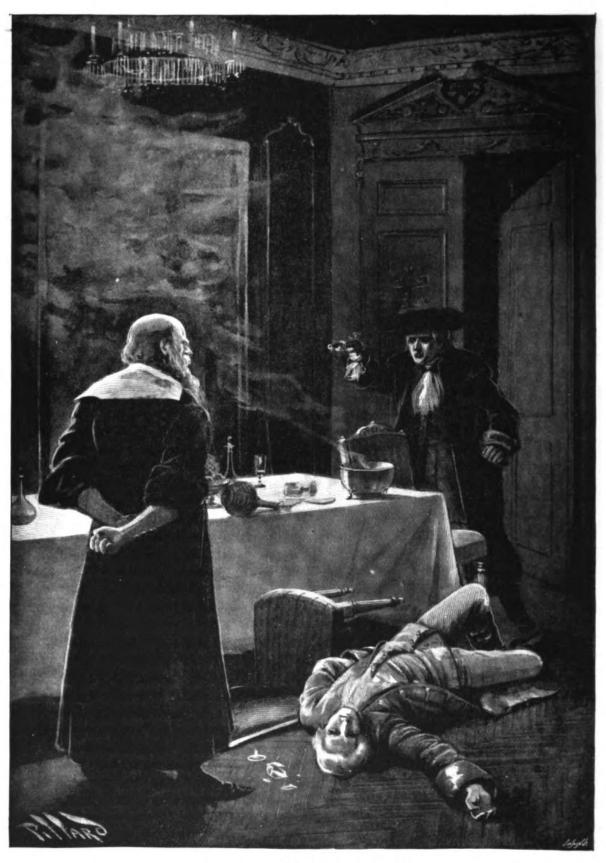


trigger, the powder did not even flash in the

"You see," continued Antonio, "that pistol is my servant also. Begone, then, lest you lie there with your master."

He pointed impatiently to the door, whereto the man slunk in awe, muttering: "'La Force ' is dead, 'La Force ' is dead." They heard him a moment later galloping wildly through the woods with the same cry upon his lips.

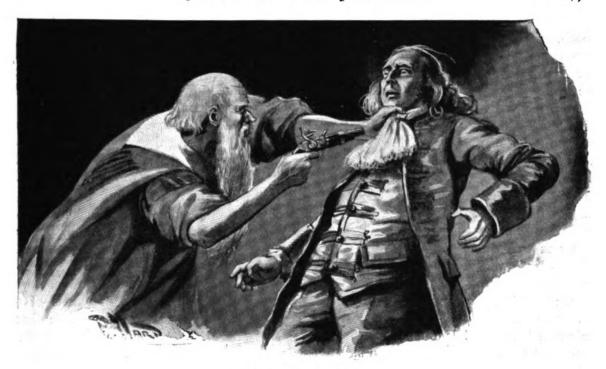
"Mademoiselle," said Antonio very quietly. "It is fortunate that I took the opportunity to spill my wine upon the pan of yon fellow's pistol while we sat at supper, or, assuredly, he



The man answered him by levelling a pistol at his head.

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"Rascal," cried Antonio.

would have blown my brains out. Now, if it be agreeable to you, we will bind up this rogue in his own table-cloth and carry him to Paris with us as a souvenir of this evening."

"To Paris," cried Corinne in amazement, "and what shall we do with him in Paris, my dear Antonio?"

"We shall punish him for his audacity in stopping the coach of Corinne de Montesson. Did I not tell you that my mysteries were more powerful than the sword of your kinsman, Bénôit? Have patience a little while and you shall doubt my word no more."

Corinne could not repress a word of fear.

"You carry your jest far—it seems to me that the man is dead."

"Indeed, there is very little the matter with him, Mademoiselle—so little that I fear to hear him tell us so if we delay. Run back to the coach, then, and bid one of the men attend me. If the third knave should desire to know what we have done to his master, ask him to come to the house and I will show him."

She did not answer him, but drawing her cloak about her head, ran off swiftly through the thicket.

When the lacqueys and the third of the robbers arrived at the Châlet presently, they found "La Force" already bound hand and

foot with the white cloth from his own table.

A physician alone could have told that he lived; and when the remaining highwayman saw the body he reeled back as though a pistol had been fired in his face.

"Rascal," cried Antonio, taking advantage of the situation to grip him by the throat and to clap a pistol to his head—one of the pistols he had snatched from the belt of "La Force"—"rascal, I have killed your master as you see, and am taking his body back to Paris as a warning to those who do not respect the name of my mistress. Choose, then, whether you will throw down your arms and have your liberty, or be taken to Paris to die upon the gibbet?"

The man writhed and gasped under the powerful hand—but impotently—for the lacqueys had taken heart now and had made haste to seize him by the arms. When he spoke, it was to beseech the old physician to give him his liberty.

"By the God above me, we have trapped the devil this night," said he. "Show me but the back of a horse and you shall see my face no more, Monsieur."

Two minutes later he also was galloping through the woods, crying like one demented: "'La Force is dead." But the body of his

master lay secure upon the top of Corinne's coach, where, rolling and jolting like a log, it rested until the barrier was passed and the horses were driven through the gateway of the Hôtel Beautreillis. Dark as the night proved, many stopped in the narrow streets of the great city to point the finger at a burden so curious; many cried: "they carry a dead man, what a thing to see." But others only crossed themselves and lifted their hats. "She jests with the dead," they said, and hurried on afraid.

It was one o'clock in the morning when "La Force," who had been conscious of a restless and troubled sleep, and of strange happenings in his dreams, wholly recovered his senses and sat up in the bed upon which unknown hands had laid him. He thought at the instant of waking that he had slept out in the woods by Gros Bois again; but when he rubbed his eyes and looked around him, some of the events of the night began to shape themselves again in his brain, and to be acted anew, until he remembered all things—even to the silver bowl and the horrible draught of vapour he had drunk therefrom.

"Mort Dieu!" said he, springing from his bed angrily, "it was the devil's bowl I drank from—a curse upon them. And now—and now—?"

He began to examine the room with questioning eyes, but his curiosity was soon satisfied. It was a small apartment with walls of stone; in shape, a horseshoe; having for furniture a stool and a table, in addition to the plain wooden bed whereon he had slept. Its only ornament was a crucifix hung high upon the crown of the apse.

"La Force" saw that the door was sheathed with iron and monstrous thick, like the door of a dungeon. A little window, heavily barred, permitted him, when he stood upon the tips of his toes, to see the world without. At the moment, however, such a privilege was worth little, for the night was moonless, and his keen eyes could detect nothing beyond a great black shape, which had no meaning to him. None the less did he begin to be haunted by the thought that he was in a prison; and when he had reflected

a little while, he said it would be the prison of the Conciergerie.

This thought was slow to be accepted, slow to force itself upon his mind. He found himself laughing at the idea as at a worthless folly; but he could pause in his laughter to feel the damp sweat upon his brow and to sink upon the bed shivering with fear. Well he knew that, if his surmise were true, he might ask nothing more of the world. They would send him to the galleys-possibly to death. He remembered the dashing life of the road, the women he had kissed, the gay company he had enjoyed, the debauches which had been kept in the house of the Silver Birch; and these pleasant memories helped him to stave off the dreadful omens of the cell. "God," he said, "it cannot be that I shall never see the woods again."

It needed a great effort to banish a sense of peril such as this; but he refused to hear the damning voices which haunted him; and anon, he got into bed again and tried to sleep. He was very weak after the trial of the night; and when he lay down and pulled the heavy covering over his head to shut out the light of the lantern which illumined the apartment, he found that he was hot as one in a fever, and that there was a new pain in his lungs which forbade him to rest.

Do what he would, recall as he might the most pleasant scenes of his past, a phantom figure ever at his side seemed to whisper: "You are come to the judgment." For a while he battled bravely with the spectre, but when a clock without struck two, he was able to endure the vision no longer, and he sprang from his bed in an agony of fear and of foreboding.

"Holy Moses!" he said, "it is my dream; that which I see is a thing of sleep. The sun will shine in my eyes presently, and I shall behold the forest again. My horse will come to me, and we will——"

A shadow falling across the floor cut short his pleasant promises. It was a dreadful shadow, magnified by the lantern's feeble light until it represented nothing human, being a horrid shape, eyeless, with masked face, and a head upon which a cap like a fool's cap was placed. "La Force" staggered against the bed when he beheld it, and covered his eyes with his hand.

- "Mother of God," he sobbed, "what do I see?"
- "Monsieur," was the answer in a low and gentle voice, "fear nothing from me. I come to warn you."

"La Force" turned his head and looked. A figure dressed in the rough black robe of a monk, but having the head and face covered with a pointed black hood, like the hood of the Misereri in Rome, stood motionless at his side. For a moment the highwayman succumbed to an overwhelming panic. He shrieked aloud at the terrible aspect of the phantom, believing that the devil stood with him in the cell.

- "Oh, for pity's sake," he wailed, "tell me what this means."
- "My son," said the monk, "it means that you have stopped the coach of Mademoiselle de Montesson; for which crime you now find yourself a prisoner in her house, where——"

He paused as though he did not wish to finish the sentence; but the robber, being assured now that the apparition was no ghostly one, could not suppress his curiosity.

- "Yes-yes," he asked eagerly, "where-?"
- "Where you are to die at dawn," said the monk.
- "La Force" wiped the sweat from his brow and laughed like an hysterical woman.
  - "Bah," he cried, "she will not kill me."
- "My son," said the monk very earnestly, "she will think no more of killing you than of crushing an insect in her path. Do you hear those blows? They are the blows of the axes which hew a scaffold for you. If you doubt me, look from yon window and you shall see—"

"La Force" ran to the window, and, standing upon the tips of his toes, looked into the court. Where darkness had prevailed ten minutes before, light—the light of fifty torches — now mastered the night. The highwayman saw that these torches were held by men gowned as his mysterious visitor, all in deep black, with hoods covering their faces, and holes for their eyes which gave them an ogreish aspect terrible to behold.

But that which interested him more than all was the great structure they were helping to build—a structure of wood heavily draped with black. Very familiar to him was that

warning shape—the great cross-beam, the heavy side supports, the platform for the victim. He could even see a coil of rope curled like a snake upon the black carpet.

- "Jesus!" he said, dropping upon his feet again, "they build a scaffold."
- "Exactly," said the monk, "and at dawn they will have finished their work."
- "La Force" felt his heart beating quickly, but he nerved himself to look out of the window again.
- "Holy God, have pity upon me, I see a coffin!" he exclaimed, reeling back from the casement and falling, terror-struck, upon the bed. "Oh, Monsieur, of your charity beseech a little mercy for me. I cannot die—I have sin upon my soul."

The monk watched his agony unmoved.

- "My son," said he, "of that which we sow, assuredly we must reap. Forget not that your harvest is death. At dawn you will garner the fruit you have fostered so well. Remember that the sun will shine down tomorrow, not upon your eyes glad to behold the day again, but upon the earth which lies heavy upon a spiritless body. Think of that, and be warned, for here mercy is unknown."
- "La Force" answered him with a great oath and a threat, lifting his clenched hand to strike the speaker; but the monk seized the upraised arm at the wrist and threw the robber to the ground with such force that he lay there many minutes stunned and bruised. When he looked up again the monk had left the cell.

He heard a clock strike three at this time; but the sound of hammering still continued in the court without; and although he dared not to look again, he made sure that the scaffold must be now near its completion.

Had it been given him to die upon the high road in some affair where swords clashed and pistols made merry music, he would have shown a bold face enough; but to be killed like a rat in a trap, to swing like a common thief, simply because he had compelled a woman to sup with him against her will, was a punishment not to be borne.

There were moments when he raved like a madman, beating with his fists against the cold stone wall, or casting himself in rabid fits of fury at the iron-sheathed door. At

other moments he lay upon his bed in a stupor, scarcely seeming to breathe; trying in his mind to imagine that the end was passed, and that he lay in his coffin, still and voiceless, beneath a heavy weight of earth. When, at length, a glimmer of day struck the dark court without, and came with timid step even into his cell, he had no longer the mind either to fear A dull or hope. and merciful insensibility to thought prevailed.

He beheld a towering scaffold with a masked executioner upon the steps of it.

the door of his cell was k, accompanied by three ed, re-entered the prison

It was half-past

five precisely when the door of his cell was opened, and the monk, accompanied by three others similarly habited, re-entered the prison and bade "La Force" arise.

"Monsieur," said the monk, "the hour has come. Have courage, then, and drink a cup of wine. Remember what a reputation you bear, and do not let them speak of you as other than the brave man I know you to be."

"La Force" opened his eyes, for he was half asleep.

"Christ!" said he, "I dreamed that I was in the woods again."

He was like a man walking in a deep sleep; and he drank of the wine they offered him, protesting that he was ready to die; but no sooner were the words spoken, than he fell to an uncontrollable fit of sobbing, and, throwing himself upon his knees, he craved mercy of them. The four hooded men gave no sign that they heard him; but stood like messengers of death, silent and unmoved. Nor did they speak when they led him from the cell presently, and, coming out into the court, he beheld a towering scaffold with a masked executioner upon the steps of it, and

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other hooded men ready to assist in the last great act.

"La Force" had never thought that death could wear a shape so awful. The cold light of dawn, the silent-hooded figures, the gaunt black scaffold, struck his heart with a deadly and overwhelming fear. He gave one long-drawn cry of agony, and then fell fainting upon the stone floor.

But at the moment when he fell, a great shout of laughter went up in the court, and one of the monks, pulling aside his hood, exclaimed: "Haste to drive him to Gros Bois. The drug that was in the wine acts for three hours. Let him be quite alone when he awakes."

"La Force" awoke when the church bells in the village of Gros Bois were proclaiming the Angelus. They had laid him in the heart

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of a solitary thicket, wherefrom, through a bower of the trees, he could espy a little pond shining like a silver mirror in the generous sunshine.

But he was very weak when the spell of the drug passed, and he lay for long minutes content to feel the sweet morning air blowing upon his face, and to gaze up at the cloudless heaven above him.

"Holy Virgin!" he said, "can it be that I live—that I have dreamed the things of the night? Is it I, 'La Force,' who speaks, or do I hear voices in the grave? Oh, heaven pity me, for I have suffered."

Slowly and with painful effort he dragged himself to the pond. A horse whinnied in a neighbouring brake as he went, and he knew that it was his own horse calling to him.

"Oh," he said, "how good it is to live-

how good. Last night I died ten deaths, but to-day—to-day—"

He tried to collect his thoughts and to knit the story of his night together; but confused images played on the mirror of his brain, and he could recall nothing. Once or twice the old fear came back to him. His heart quickened when he remembered the masked men and the heavy blows of those who had hewn out his scaffold.

But this mood soon passed, and at length he crawled to the pond and began to lap up the water.

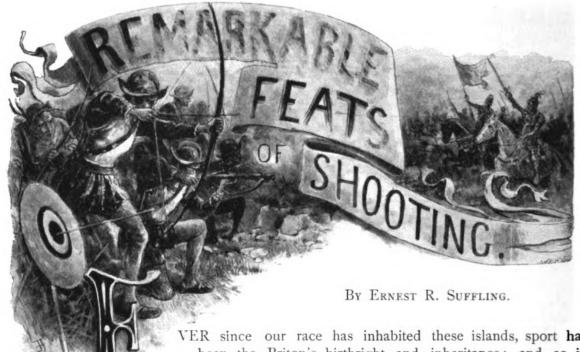
A tree shaded the place where he lay, and the water being clear and without a ripple, he beheld his own image reflected in it; and at this he started back from the bank, and his trembling hands clutched the grass convulsively.

"God!" he said, "she was right—she is a dangerous guest."



"Holy Virgin," he said, "can it be that I live?"





VER since our race has inhabited these islands, sport has been the Briton's birthright and inheritance; and as in ancient times our lands were well stocked with game, so every man naturally learnt to slay it either for food or sport.

The short bow of the aborigine was followed by the celebrated long bow, with which our forefathers not only

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enjoyed good sport among the deer of the forest, but bound the victor's wreath of laurel around the head of Mother England by winning the fields of Agincourt, Crecy, Poictiers, and a dozen others.

In those days the sinewy arms of the archer could draw the clothyard arrow to the head, and send it crashing with irresistible force through the steel cuirass of a knight in full panoply, or pick off the lighter clothed man-at-arms at twelve score yards.

The doughty deeds wrought with the longbow and the crossbow would fill a volume, but unfortunately those weapons have been so long laid aside that many of the prodigious feats performed with them are entirely forgotten or cannot be fully substantiated.

The glory of the bow has departed, and a more modern, though heavier and perhaps more cumbersome, weapon has taken its place; but what the modern weapon—the gun —loses comparatively in weight and portability, is more than compensated for by its greater range, precision, and penetrating power.

The descriptions of shooting feats which follow, will show the reader that, for quickness of handling, balance and accuracy, the gun has now practically reached perfection. When an expert misses his object, he may be pretty well certain that it is his own eyes and nerves which are to blame, and not the beautiful weapon which he is handling.

The bow was affected by damp-it was liable to snap in frosty weather-the cord shortened in the rain—but the gun is not affected by the climate in any appreciable degree.

Although much has been said to the contrary, it is probable that the guns of half a century ago were very little inferior to those of the present day. The skill of the marksman has unquestionably improved; but that splendid weapons were manufactured in our grandfathers' time, the following wonderful scores of the celebrated Captain Horatio Ross will amply prove. His weapon was a muzzle-loader.

Shooting for the Red House Cup in 1828 or 1829, he fired at eighty pigeons at thirtyfive yards, from five traps, and scored no fewer than seventy-six kills; three more struck the palings and fell dead within them, but having touched wood did not count; and the igitized by GOC

other, although hit with the left barrel, got over the paling. In this instance the right barrel missed fire. Here is a record of seventynine birds out of eighty, with a percussion cap gun, at the unusual distance of thirty-five yards! Could a modern choke-bore give a better record?

As the Captain was probably the finest shot of his day, I may be pardoned for recounting two of his greatest feats with the pistol.

A Spanish gentleman, who was a very noted shot, having challenged him to a trial of skill with pistols, for

£50 a side, the wager was accepted; the match

taking place at the Red House Inclo-

sure, the great locale for such events during

the first thirty years of this century. The distance was twelve

yards, the number of shots fifty, and the target a com-

mon playing card with a bull's-eye exactly the

size of a sixpence marked on the back.

With the last twenty-five shots Ross hit the diminutive bull's-eye no fewer than twentythree times, and, it goes without saying, won the wager.

Gronow immediately put a

bullet through it.

At moving objects the Captain was equally proficient, and on one occasion made a wager for £100 with Mr. George Foljambe, that, with a pistol firing a single ball, he would kill ten brace of swallows on the wing in a day. The shooting took place at his own mansion, Rossie Castle, and was won before breakfast! This performance is probably unique.

Capt. Ross had a friend, Capt. Gronow,

who was also a remarkable pistol shot. While in Paris, he had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of a notorious French duellist, who quickly sent him a challenge. meeting took place in the Bois de Boulogne. Upon arriving on the field of honour, the Frenchman drew off his glove, and, hanging it upon the branch of a tree, asked the Englishman which finger he would like to see shot off.

No reply being vouchsafed, the swaggering challenger fired, and a finger fell to the ground, the duellist remarking at the same time: "I will serve you in the same way."

> Capt. Hesse (Gronow's second) said to his principal: "You must do something to shake this fellow's nerves." So he threw his hat in the air, and Gronow immediately put a bullet through it. Bowing to the Frenchman, he exclaimed:

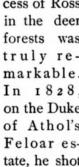
> > "Monsieur, voilà votre destinée !"

> > > On taking their places and firing, Frenchman fell mortally wounded.

> > > > The success of Ross in the deer forests was truly remarkable. In 1828, on the Duke of Athol's Feloar estate, he shot eighty-seven

deer in one season; but this he eclipsed by killing 118 in the Mar Forest during the season of 1851. His record for a single day was thirteen deer (seven stags), and he only used fourteen shots to accomplish the feat.

In country places, when birds are scarce, it is no unusual thing for small wagers to be made as to skill in hitting a penny piece thrown in the air, a feat requiring some little knack and quickness to accomplish. At this peculiar form of sport, Mr. John Tharp, of Chippenham Park, Newmarket, was an adept. On one occasion he undertook for a wager of



£100 to hit ninety pennies out of one hundred flung in the air, and won his wager by "grassing" ninety-seven.

Another feat which requires much greater skill and judgment in timing, is to hit a cricket ball during its flight between the wickets, when bowled by a fast bowler. This feat has been accomplished three times out of four; but although I know I have an account of its performance somewhere in my library, I cannot lay my hand upon it, although I have searched diligently.

Now for a glance at the performances of some of the modern experts, who have

while Brewer scored ninety-nine. On the second day Fulford killed ninety-nine to Brewer's ninety-eight; and on the third day they tied, each with ninety-four. On shooting off the tie Brewer killed twenty-five birds consecutively, while Fulford missed his twenty-fifth!

The marvellous point in this match was that Fulford's ninety-fifth bird on the second day fell dead outside the bounds, thus giving him actually 200 consecutive "kills," although his score for the two days was only 199.

This is the record for the world; the next best, perhaps, being ninety-nine cut of one



established a string of records which will take a good deal of beating.

It may be premised, that among really firstclass pigeon shots, an average of seventy-five "kills," per hundred birds shot at, is considered excellent form.

Dr. Carver, Captain A. H. Bogardus, Messrs. Fulford, Brewer, and Elliot all hold records of various kinds in this branch of sport.

Undoubtedly the most marvellous pigeon shooting match of modern times was that between Captain Brewer and Mr. E. D. Fulford. It took place five years since, in New York. The match was shot on three separate days; one hundred birds each day, at thirty yards rise. On the first day Fulford killed *all* his birds,

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hundred, by Captain H. Bogardus, in July, 1880, his forty-seventh falling dead out of bounds—a piece of very hard luck.

Non-shooting readers may gather some idea of the skill and timing required by a marksman when aiming at a fast flying pigeon crossing the range, when it is pointed out that from the time of first seeing the pigeon the gun has to be raised and aimed, the trigger pulled, the charge ignited, and the shot to fly, say, thirty yards. All this by an expert can be accomplished in a quarter of a second! But, during even this short period of time a bird travelling at forty miles an hour will have traversed more than ten feet, consequently great and instantaneous judgment

must guide the shooter as to how far he shall aim in front of the bird to be sure of bringing it down.

Naturally the scores made at inanimate targets are very much higher than at live

objects; hence at clay pigeon shooting a dozen persons hold a record of 100 broken without a miss; indeed, Dr. Carver in his great match with Capt. Bogardus, twice made runs of 100 "kills" in a score of 2227 out of 2500 shots.

At glass ball shooting even less skill is required, and in this particular branch Mr. W. Scott holds a record of 700 consecutive "breaks"!

Dr. Carver and Mr. Scott once shot a tremendously long match at glass balls, and so skilful were they, and evenly matched, that when each man had fired 9950 shots the score of the former was 9737, and of the latter 9735! Out of the last 950 Dr. Carver missed only two, and Mr. Scott but three. With such men glass ball shooting simply becomes a species of mechanical skill.

In such a match strength and endurance play a very prominent part, for if we multiply the weight of the loaded repeater (about 9lb.) by the number of times it is raised to the shoulder, we shall have a result expressed in tons during such an unusually long match!

Just one more record of endurance and quickness. Capt. H. Bogardus, in December, 1879, undertook for a wager to break 5500 glass balls in less than eight hours. He accomplished the feat in 5855 shots (having to change the heated gunbarrels no fewer than fifty-five times) in the space of seven hours and twenty minutes. No one without excep-

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tional physical training could have successfully carried such a remarkable feat through.

Among the wildfowl the punters of Maldon, in Essex, have accomplished some very remarkable feats, a few of which I will



Wildfowl shooting.

enumerate, simply premising the records with the remark that probably at no other place in England can such vast flocks of wildfowl be seen as on the Blackwater estuary, a fact which may account for the following performances.

Charles Hipsey, some years since, killed and secured 75 widgeon at a shot, while quite a dozen others floated away and were picked up by other punters.

The same person, with a charge of eight ounces of AA shot, once brought down 320 knots at a single discharge, a number about equal to the number of pellets fired.

Girton, of Tollesbury, once killed 50 coots at one shot—a remarkable feat, but only second to a feat mentioned by Mr. E. F. Sheppard, of Wrabness, who saw a gunner fire into a flock of coots, over which a great gull hovered, and kill 63.

Among Blackwater shooters, the goose is the bird which lays the golden egg, and when these birds are plentiful, several pounds may be earned in a single shot.

At the mouth of Thurslet Creek, on the Blackwater, William Stubbins once killed 50 at a shot, "a cartload," as he puts it, and sold his haul straight away for £5. On another occasion Wm. Handley had remarkable luck with three consecutive shots, bringing down no fewer than 120 geese, and finishing a record week by securing 360 more!

Earl de Grey has a record at once pheno-



Walter Winans, champion revolver shot.

menal and unique, his score from 1867 to 1895 being 316,699 head of game killed. His best year was 1893, when he totalled 19,135. It may be interesting to particularise his gross total, which is made up thus: Pheasants, 113,190; partridges, 89,401; grouse, 47,468; rabbits, 26,747; hares, 24,417; snipe, 2735; woodcock, 2077; wild duck, 1393; red deer, 381; other deer, 186; pigs, 97; black game, 94; capercailzie, 45; sambur, 19; buffaloes, 12; tigers, 11; rhinoceros, 2; various, 8424.

As an instance of cool but futile shooting in a moment of great danger, the following feat is a very remarkable one:

During the last rising of the Sioux Indians in their Reservation near the Rocky Mountains, Lieutenant X——, who was champion revolver shot of his regiment, was cut off

during a skirmish and surrounded by the redskins. He was afterwards found lying dead with five Indians in a semicircle around him. His aim was unerring as each of the foe was shot through the heart!

United States cavalry revolvers are always 6-chambered, but those who use them make a practice of keeping one of the chambers empty. Into this the hammer is lowered

when the revolver is placed in the holster, as a safeguard against accident in case of a falling horse or other misadventure.

As a pistol and revolver shot, Mr. Walter Winans stands at the present day without an equal. At the great meetings at Wimbledon and Bisley his phenomenal scoring has enabled him to carry off the chief prizes year after year.

The illustration given on the next page shows his record at sixteen yards (made at the Brighton Rifle Gallery), and gives the position of thirty-

three consecutive shots fired from a revolver with a light-pulling trigger. To look at this bull's-eye a few inches distant does not convey an idea of anything very wonderful; but let the reader open the magazine at this page and place it against some object sixteen yards away, and the remarkable nature of the feat at once becomes apparent.

Some of Mr. Winans' fancy shots are well worthy of record. Six visiting cards were placed *edgewise* before him, at a distance of fifteen feet, and he actually severed five of them in six shots.

At a fête at Bagshot, in 1895, he amused the visitors at intervals by shooting at the spot in the centre of the ace of hearts. He did not miss it once in the course of the afternoon. This performance the avaried by breaking a

glass ball placed on the glass of his watch as it lay face upward upon a table.

He is also a splendid rifle shot, and has a wonderful reputation as a deer-stalker, being the holder of the British record. He killed 103 stags in one season, and during a single stalk killed twelve, a feat never before equalled in this country. In fifteen years he has accounted for upwards of 1000 stags.

In comparing the records of Ross with Winans, I must point out that the former's record was made up of stags and hinds, whereas the latter's refers exclusively to stags.

The record of killing twelve stags in a single stalk was performed by crawling up to a herd of fifteen and killing a dozen before they could get out of range!

Louis Winans, the above sportsman's brother, undoubtedly holds the record for a single day, as on one occasion he laid no fewer than twenty stags low, without a single miss!—a feat the more remarkable when it is added that most of them were running shots.

Mr. Winans considered the late Chevalier Ira Paine a most wonderful revolver shot. He once saw him kill a bluebottle fly, which had settled on the white part

tant. The weapon used was a light one, with a small gallery charge and a hair trigger.

of a target twenty yards dis-

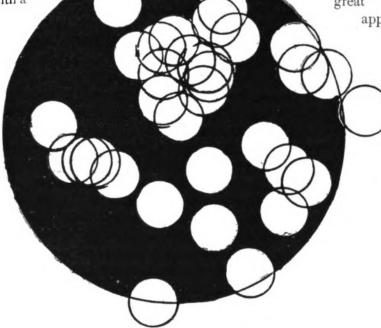
Music-hall and theatre shooting must not be taken too seriously, as trickery frequently enters largely into these apparently difficult performances. Shooting glass balls off the head is sometimes compassed by means of a system of levers, which break the balls when required. Small shot in certain feats take the place of a bullet, and seemingly marvellous results are made easy by a little "bunkum." I do not wish to give the professional away, but, in conclusion, will perform one marvellous shot for my readers' edification.

Upon a board, twenty feet distant, I place two glass balls nine or ten inches apart. With a revolver in each hand, I take careful aim, and break both balls simultaneously. "Marvellous!" you exclaim, "a grand double shot."

Stay a little. See me do it again. Instead of placing a ball cartridge in each weapon, I put a shot cartridge in the right-hand pistol, and a blank cartridge in the left. Now I aim between the two balls with the shot loaded weapon, and, paying no particular heed to the

left, fire both at the same moment.

The shot spread, and both glass balls are smashed. I "bag a brace," and receive, with great modesty, the applause of those not in the secret.



33 consecutive shots at a 3-inch bull's-eye at 16 yards.



By J. Brand.

OF course, the patriotic readers of Pearson's Magazine have named the best women in the world almost before they have read the title of this article, and my conscience is not quite easy in dispelling so amiable an illusion. But—they are not Englishwomen.

Few who saw the quaint little Burmese girls at the Indian exhibition suspected that they could teach us a great deal regarding the status and duties of women. Yet so it is. No nation under the sun has granted its women such splendid freedom, such absolute control of their lives and property as have the Burmese.

From her childhood up the Burmese woman is free. She is in every way on an absolute equality with men—she shares equally with men in all inheritance; no trustees intervene between her and her property; and when she marries she retains the control of it as firmly as a man does in other countries.

The Burmese lover does not woo his mistress as if she were immeasurably superior to ordinary mortals, and then treat her as a household drudge or chattel. She is esteemed for what she is, and has freedom to win her own place in the world unfettered by such conventions and rules as hamper a western woman.

She has none of the strident, aggressive characteristics of the "new woman," and all that is lovable and desirable in women is hers. You may say she is not beautiful. But beauty is a matter of convention and personal taste.

I admit that the Burmese woman does not conform to the tailormade canons of beauty—she has a fair-sized waist, a small bust, and she wears a loose jacket. Bond Street would sneer at her. But who that has lived among them will deny their beauty, the charm of their large, restful eyes, their soft, sweet voices, their quiet, selfrestrained manners?

They have no "parlour tricks"—they do not play any instrument, and if they dance or sing it is the expression of their cheerful nature, and not the result of artificial training. But, although they have no accomplishments, they can manage a household with skill, they can weave and cook and embroider, and they are most successful women of business, conducting not merely retail trades, but large wholesale concerns.

There is no leisured class in Burma, and in every household the daughter has her appointed work. In each house you will find a loom where the girls weave their dresses and those of their parents, and in all but the richer merchants' houses it is the daughter's duty to fetch water from the well morning and evening.

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Then there is the husking of the rice, and the making of cheroots. Of course, the rich folk will keep servants for such work, but even then the daughter of the house will probably do the weaving or otherwise occupy herself about domestic matters.

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty girls are usually married, but the choice of time and partner is in the girls' own hands.

Marriage is not with them a religious ceremony, but there are, of course, certain forms to go through.

The woman does not bear her husband's name, nor does she use any prefix to denote her status as a married woman. Marriage, in fact, does not alter her status in any way. She retains and manages

her own property, and any property she acquires subsequently is equally under her control. Property acquired with her husband is held jointly, and both names are used in business and legal proceedings relating to it.

Frequently husband and wife have totally different pursuits—one may be a farmer, the other a silk dealer or keep a stall in the bazaar; or the husband may be a professional man while the wife owns brick-

kilns. The wife's name does not appear in public affairs, but she takes a keen and intelligent interest in them, and her influence in politics is considerable.

Although the Burmese women are free to turn their hands to any occupation for which they may consider themselves fitted, without fear of public opinion, they naturally turn to those which, from experience, they find best suited to them,

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and in which they can best compete with men.

But these occupations are not such as we in the West should expect them to follow. The sewing, for instance, is usually done by the men, and although weaving is largely done by women, the finest silks are woven by their husbands. Rice-husking and the planting of rice in the fields is always women's

work, but their chief occupation is petty trading.

Nearly all the retail trade is small, and practically

> the whole of it is in the hands of women and girls, the majority of whom are trading on their own account.

The trade is almost exclusively done in the bazaars, and as the

> bazaar lasts only three hours, a woman has ample time for her home duties when the daily visit to the bazaar There is over. is for her none of the dreary drudgery in shops and factories to which the working woman o f Europe must submit.

This wholesome activity has undoubtedly contributed largely to making the Burmese

woman what she is. It gives breadth to her outlook, teaches her things not to be learned in the limited sphere of the domesticities, and it gives her that tolerance and understanding which so forcibly strike those who have the good fortune to know her.

She learns to know herself, her strength, and her weakness, and how to make the best of each, and it saves her from that arid pessimism which is the bane of womanhood in other lands.

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A Burmese Woman.

## Adventures of Capt Kettle

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

## No. III.—THE WAR-STEAMER OF DONNA CLOTILDE.

(A Complete Story.)

I THINK it may be taken as one of the most remarkable attributes of Captain Owen Kettle that, whatever circumstances might betide, he was always neat and trim in his personal appearance. Even in most affluent hours he had never been able to afford an expensive tailor; indeed, it is much to be doubted if, during all his life, he ever bought a scrap of raiment anywhere except at a ready-made establishment; but, in spite of this, his clothes were always conspicuously well-fitting, carried the creases in exactly the right place, and seemed to the critical onlooker to be capable of improvement in no one point whatsoever. He looked spruce even in oilskins and thigh boots.

Of course, being a sailor, he was handy with his needle. I have seen him take a white drill jacket, torn to ribands in a rough and tumble with mutinous members of his crew, and fine-draw the rents so wonderfully that all traces of the disaster were completely lost. I believe, too, he was capable of taking a roll of material and cutting it out with his knife upon the deck-planks, and fabricating garments *ab initio*; and though I never actually saw him do this with my own eyes, I did hear that the clothes he appeared in at Valparaiso were so made, and I marvelled at their neatness.

It was just after his disastrous adventure in Cuba; he trod the streets in a state of utter pecuniary destitution; his cheeks were sunk and his eyes were haggard; but the red torpedo beard was as trim as ever; his cap was spic and span; the white drill clothes with their brass buttons were the usual miracle of perfection; and even his tiny canvas shoes had not so much as a smudge upon their pipe-clay. Indeed, in the first instance I think it must have been this spruceness, and nothing else, which made him find favour in the eyes of so fastidious a person as Clotilde La Touche.

But be this as it may, it is a fact that Donna Clotilde just saw the man from her carriage as he walked along the Paseo de Colon, promptly asked his name, and, getting no immediate reply, dispatched one of her admirers there and then to make his acquaintance. The envoy was instructed to find out who he was, and contrive that Donna Clotilde should meet the little sailor at dinner in the Café of the Lion d'Or that very evening.

The dinner was given in the patio of the café, where palm-fronds filtered the moonbeams, and fire-flies competed with the electric lights; and at a moderate computation the cost of the viands would have kept Captain Kettle supplied with his average rations for ten months or a year. He was quite aware of this, and appreciated the entertainment none the worse in consequence. Even the champagne, highly sweetened to suit the South American palate, came most pleasantly to him. He liked champagne according to its lack of dryness, and this was the sweetest wine that had ever passed his lips.

The conversation during that curious meal ran in phases. With the hors d'œuvres came a course of ordinary civilities; then for a space there rolled out an autobiographical account of some of Kettle's exploits, skilfully and painlessly extracted by Donna Clotilde's naïve questions; and then, with the cognac and cigarettes, a spasm of politics shook the diners like an ague.

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Of a sudden one of the men recollected himself, looked to this side and that with a scared face, and rapped the table with his knuckles.

"Ladies," he said imploringly, "and Señores, the heat is great. It may be dangerous."

"Pah!" said Donna Clotilde, "we are talking in English."

"Which other people besides ourselves understand, even in Valparaiso."

"Let them listen," said Captain Kettle. "I hold the same opinions on politics as Miss La Touche here, since she has explained to me how things really are, and I don't care who knows that I think the present Government, and the whole system, rotten. I am not in the habit of putting my opinions in words, Mr. Silva, and being frightened of people hearing them."

"You," said the cautious man drily, "have little to lose here, Captain. Donna Clotilde has much. I should be very sorry to read in my morning paper that she had died from apoplexy—the arsenical variety—during the course of the preceding night."

"Pooh," said Kettle, "they could never do that."

"As a resident in Chili," returned Silva, "let me venture to disagree with you, Captain. It is a disease to which the opponents of President Quijarra are singularly addicted whenever they show any marked political activity. The palm trees in this patio have a reputation, too, for being phenomenally long eared. So, if it pleases you all, suppose we go out on the roof? The moon will afford us a fine prospect—and—the air up there is reputed healthy."

He picked up Donna Clotilde's fan and mantilla. The other two ladies rose to their feet; Donna Clotilde, with a slight frown of reluctance, did the same; and they all moved off towards the stairway. Silva laid detaining fingers upon Captain Kettle's arm.

"Captain," he said, "if I may give you a friendly hint, slip away now and go to your quarters."

"I fancy, sir," said Captain Kettle, "that Miss La Touche has employment to offer me."

"If she has," retorted Silva, "which I

doubt, it will not be employment you will care about."

"I am what they call here 'on the beach,'" said Kettle, "and I cannot afford to miss chances. I am a married man, Mr. Silva, with children to think about."

"Ah!" the Chilian murmured thoughtfully. "I wonder if she knows he's married? Well, Captain, if you will go up, come along, and I'm sure I wish you luck."

The flat roof of the Café of the Lion d'Or is set out as a garden, with orange trees growing against the parapets, and elephants' ears and other tropical foliage plants stood here and there in round green tubs. Around it are the other roofs of the city, which, with the streets between, look like some white rocky plain cut up by steep canons. A glow comes from these depths below, and with it the blurred hum of people. But nothing articulate gets up to the Lion d'Or, and in the very mistiness of the noise there is something indescribably fascinating.

Moreover, it is a place where the fireflies of Valparaiso most do congregate. Saving for the lamps of heaven, they have no other lighting on that roof. The owners (who are Israelites) pride themselves on this: it gives the garden an air of mystery; it has made it the natural birthplace of plots above numbering; and it has brought them profit almost beyond belief. Your true plotter, when his ecstasy comes upon him, is not the man to be niggardly with the purse. He is alive and glowing then, he may very possibly be dead to-morrow; and in the meanwhile money is useless, and the things that money can buy and the very best of their sort—are most desirable.

One whispered hint did Mr. Silva give to Captain Kettle as they made their way together up the white stone steps.

"Do you know who and what our hostess is?" he asked.

"A very nice young lady," replied the mariner promptly, "with a fine taste in suppers."

"She is all that," said Silva; "but she also happens to be the richest woman in Chili. Her father owned mines innumerable, and when he came by his end in our last revolution, her left every dollar he had at

Donna Clotilde's entire disposal. By some unfortunate oversight, personal fear has been left out of her composition, and she seems anxious to add it to the list of her acquirements."

Captain Kettle puckered his brows. "I don't seem to understand you," he said.

"I say this," Silva murmured, "because there seems no other way to explain the keenness with which she hunts after personal danger. At present she is intriguing against President Quijarra's Government. Well, we all know that Quijarra is a brigand, just as his predecessor was before him. The man who succeeds him in the Presidency of Chili will be a brigand also. It is the custom of my country. But interfering with brigandage is a ticklish operation, and Quijarra is always scrupulous to wring the necks of anyone whom he thinks at all likely to interfere with his peculiar methods."

"I should say that from his point of view," said Kettle, "he was acting quite rightly, sir."

"I thought you'd look at it sensibly," said Silva. "Well, Captain, here we are at the top of the stair. Don't you think you had better change your mind, and slip away now, and go back to your quarters?"

"Why, no, sir," said Captain Kettle. "From what you tell me, it seems possible that Miss La Touche may shortly be seeing trouble, and it would give me pleasure to be near and ready to bear a hand. She is a lady for whom I have got considerable regard. That supper, sir, which we have just eaten, and the wine, are things which will live in my memory."

He stepped out on to the roof, and Donna Clotilde came to meet him. She linked her fingers upon his arm, and led him apart from the rest. At the further angle of the gardens they leant their elbows upon the parapet, and talked, whilst the glow from the street below faintly lit their faces, and the fireflies winked behind their backs.

"I thank you, Captain, for your offer," she said at length, "and I accept it as freely as it was given. I have had proposals of similar service before, but they came from the wrong sort. I wanted a man, and I found out that you were that before you had been at the dinner table five minutes."

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Captain Kettle bowed to the compliment. "But," said he, "if I am that, I have all of a man's failings."

"I like them better," said the lady, "than a half-man's virtues. And as a proof I offer you command of my navy."

"Your navy, Miss?"

"It has yet to be formed," said Donna Clotilde, "and you must form it. But, once we make the nucleus, other ships of the existing force will desert to us, and with those we must fight and beat the rest. Once we have the navy, we can bombard the ports into submission till the country thrusts out President Quijarra of its own accord, and sets me up in his place."

"Oh," said Kettle, "I didn't understand. Then you want to be Queen of Chili?"

" President."

"But a president is a man, isn't he?"

"Why? Answer me that."

"Because—well, because they always have been, Miss."

"Because men up to now have always taken the best things to themselves. Well, Captain, all that is changing; the world is moving on; and women are forcing their way in, and taking their proper place. You say that no State has yet had a woman-president. You are quite right. I shall be the first."

Captain Kettle frowned a little, and looked thoughtfully down into the lighted street beneath. But presently he made up his mind, and spoke again.

"I'll accept your offer, Miss, to command the navy, and I'll do the work well. You may rely on that. Although I say it myself, you'd find it hard to get a better man. I know the kind of brutes one has to ship as seamen along this South American coast, and I'm the sort of brute to handle them. By James, yes, and you shall see me make them do most things, short of miracles.

"But there's one other thing, Miss, I ought to say, and I must apologise for mentioning it, seeing that you're not a business person. I must have my twelve pound a month, and all found. I know it's a lot, and I know you'll tell me wages are down just now. But I couldn't do it for less, Miss. Commanding a navy's a strong order, and, besides, there's considerable risk to be counted in as well."

Donna Clotilde took his hand in both hers.
"I thank you, Captain," she said, "for your offer, and I begin to see success ahead from this moment. You need have no fear on the question of remuneration."

"I hope you didn't mind my mentioning it," said Kettle nervously. "I know it's not a thing generally spoken of to ladies. But you see, Miss, I'm a poor man, and feel the need of money sometimes. Of course, twelve pound a month is high, but——"

"My dear Captain," the lady broke in,

"what you ask is moderation itself; and, believe me, I respect you for it, and will not for-Knowing get. who I am, no other man in Chili would have hesitated to ask" —she had on her tongue to say "a hundred times as much," but suppressed that and said - "more. But in the meantime," said she, "will you accept this hundredpound note for any current expenses which may occur to you?"

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Donna Clotilde took his hand in both hers.

A little old green-painted barque lay hove-to under sail, disseminating the scent of guano through the sweet tropical day. Under her square counter the name *El Almirante Cochrane* appeared in clean, white lettering. The long South Pacific swells lifted her lazily from hill to valley of the blue water, to the accompaniment of squealing gear and a certain groaning of fabric. The Chilian coast lay afar off, as a white feathery line against one fragment of the sea-rim.

The green-painted barque was old. For many a weary year had she carried guano

from rainless Chilian islands to the ports of Europe; and though none of that unsavoury cargo at present festered beneath her hatches, though, indeed, she was in shingle ballast and had her holds scrubbed down and fitted with bunks for men, the aroma of it had entered into the very soul of her fabric, and not all the washings of the sea could remove it.

A white whaleboat lay astern, riding to a grass-rope painter, and Señor Carlos Silva, whom the whaleboat had brought off from

> the Chilian beach, sat in the barque's deckhouse talking to Captain Kettle.

"The Señorita will be very disappointed," said Silva.

"I can imagine her disappointment," returned the sailor. can measure it by my own. can tell you, sir, when I saw this filthy, stinking. old wind-jammer waiting for me in Callao, I could have sat down right where I was and cried. got my men together, and I guess I'd talked

big about El Almirante Cochrane, the fine new armoured cruiser we were to do wonders in. The only thing I knew about her was her name, but Miss La Touche had promised me the finest ship that could be got, and I only described what I thought a really fine ship would be. And, then, when the agent stuck out his finger and pointed out this foul old violet-bed, I tell you it was a bit of a let down."

"There's been some desperate robbery somewhere," said Silva.

"It didn't take me long to guess that,"



"I fingered him enough in three minutes to stop his dancing for another month."

said Kettle, "and I concluded the agent was the thief, and started in to take it out of him without further talk. He hadn't a pistol, so I only used my hands to him, but I guess I fingered him enough in three minutes to stop his dancing for another month. He swore by all the saints he was innocent, and that he was only the tool of other men; and, perhaps, that was so. But he deserved what he got for being in such shady employment."

"Still, that didn't procure you another ship?"

"Hammering the agent couldn't make him do an impossibility, sir. There wasn't such a vessel as I wanted in all the ports of Peru. So I just took this nosegay that was offered, lured my crew aboard, and put out past San Lorenzo island, and got to sea.

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It's a bit of a come down, sir, for a steamersailor like me," the little man added with a sigh, "to put an old wind-jammer

through her gymnastics again. I thought I'd done with 'main-sail haul' and raw hide chafing gear, and all the white wings nonsense for good and always."

"But, Captain, what did you come out for? What earthly good can you do with an old wreck like this?"

"Why, sir, I shall carry out what was arranged with Miss La Touche. I shall come up with one of President Quijarra's Government vessels, capture her, and then start in to collar the rest. There's no alteration in the programme. It's only made more difficult, that's all."

"I rowed out here to the rendezvous to tell you the Cancelario is at moorings in Tampique Bay, and that the Señorita would like to see you make your beginning upon her. But what's the good of that

news, now? The Cancelario is a fine new warship of 3000 tons. She's fitted with everything modern in guns and machinery, she's three dred men of a crew and she lays always

hundred men of a crew, and she lays always with steam up and an armed watch set. To go near her in this clumsy little barque would be to make yourself a laughing-stock. Why your English Cochrane wouldn't have done it."

"I know nothing about Lord Cochrane, Mr. Silva. He was dead before my time. But whatever people may have done to him, I can tell anyone who cares to hear, that the man who's talking to you now is a bit of an awkward handful to laugh at. No, sir, I expect there'll be trouble over it, but you may tell Miss La Touche we shall have the Cancelario, if she'll stay in Tampique Bay till I can drive this old lavender box up to her."

For a minute Silva stared in silent wonder.

"Then, Captain, "frsaid he, "all I can think
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is, you must have enormous trust in your crew."

Captain Kettle bit the end from a fresh cigar. "You should go and look at them for yourself," said he, "and hear their talk, and then you'd know. The beasts are fit to eat me already."

"How did you get them on board?"

"Well, you see, sir, I collected them by promises—fine pay, fine ship, fine cruise, fine chances, and so on; and, when I'd only this smelling bottle here to show them, they hung back a bit. If there'd been only twenty of them, I don't say but what I could have hustled them on board with a gun and some ugly words. But sixty were too many to tackle; so I just said to them that El Almirante Cochrane was only a ferry to take us across to a fine war steamer that was lying out of sight elsewhere; and they swallowed the yarn, and stepped in over the side.

"I can't say they've behaved like lambs since. The grub's not been to their fancy, and I must say the biscuit was crawling; and it seems that as a bedroom, the hold hurt their delicate noses; and, between one thing and another, I've had to shoot six of them before they understood I was skipper here. You see, sir, they were most of them living in Callao before they shipped, because there's no extradition there; and so they're rather a toughish crowd to handle."

"What a horrible time you must have had!"

"There has been no kid-glove work for me, sir, since I got to sea with this rose garden; and I must say it would have knocked the poetry right out of most men. But, personally, I can't say it has done that to me. You'd hardly believe it, sir, but once or twice, when the whole lot of the brutes have been raging against me, I've been very nearly happy. And afterwards, when I've got a spell of rest, I've picked up pen and paper, and knocked off one or two of the prettiest sonnets a man could wish to see in print. If you like, sir, I'll read you a couple before you go back to your whaleboat."

"I thank you, skipper, but not now. Time is on the move, and Donna Clotilde is waiting for me. What am I to tell her?"

"Say, of course, that her orders are being carried out, and her pay being earned."

"My poor fellow," said Silva, with a sudden gush of remorse, "you are only sacrificing yourself uselessly. What can you, in a small sailing vessel like this, do with your rifles against a splendidly armed vessel like the Cancelario?"

"Not much in the shooting line, that's certain," said Kettle cheerfully. "That beautiful agent sold us even over the ammunition. There were kegs put on board marked 'cartridges,' but when I came to break one or two so as to serve out a little ammunition, for practice, be hanged if the kegs weren't full of powder. And it wasn't the stuff for guns even; it was blasting powder, same as they use in the mines. Oh, sir, that agent was the holiest kind of fraud."

Silva wrung his hands. "Captain," he cried, "you must not go on with this mad cruise. It would be sheer suicide for you to find the *Cancelario*."

"You shall give me news of it again after I've met her," said Captain Kettle. "For the present, sir, I follow out Miss La Touche's orders, and earn my £12 a month. But if you're my friend, Mr. Silva, and want to do me a good turn, you might hint that if things go well, I could do with a rise to £14 a month when I'm sailing the Cancelario for her."

The outline of Tampique Bay stood out clearly in bright moonshine, and the sea down the path of the moon's rays showed a canal of silver, cut through rolling fields of purple. The green-painted barque was heading into the bay on the port tack; and at moorings, before the town, in the curve of the shore, the grotesque spars of a modern warship showed in black silhouette against the moonbeams. A slate-coloured naphthalaunch was sliding out over the swells towards the barque.

Captain Kettle came up from below, and watched the naphtha-launch with throbbing interest. He had hatched a scheme for capturing the *Cancelario*, and had made his preparations; and here was an interruption coming which might very well upset anything most ruinously. Nor was he alone in

his regard. The barque's topgallant rail was lined with faces; all her complement were wondering who these folk might be who were so confidently coming out to meet them.

A Jacob's ladder was thrown over the side; the slate-coloured launch swept up, and emitted—a woman. Captain Kettle started, and went down into the waist to meet her. A minute later he was wondering whether he dreamed, or whether he was really walking his quarterdeck in company with Donna Clotilde La Touche. But meanwhile the barque held steadily along her course.

The talk between them was not for long.

"I must be seech you, Miss, to go back from where you came," said Kettle. "You must trust me to carry out this business without your supervision."

"Is your method very dangerous?" she asked.

"I couldn't recommend it to an Insurance Company," said Kettle thoughtfully.

"Tell me your scheme."

Kettle did so in some forty words. He was pithy, and Donna Clotilde was cool. She heard him without change of colour.

"Ah," she said, "I think you will do it."

"You will know one way or another within an hour from now, Miss. But I must ask you to take your launch to a distance. As I tell you, I have made all my own boats so that they won't swim; but, if your little craft was handy, my crew would jump overboard and risk the sharks, and try to reach her in spite of all I could do to stop them. They won't be anxious to fight that *Cancelario* when the time comes, if there's any way of wriggling out of it."

"You are quite right, Captain; the launch must go; only I do not. I must be your guest here till you can put me on the Cancelario."

Captain Kettle frowned. "What's coming is no job for a woman to be in at, Miss."

"You must leave me to my own opinion about that. You see, we differ upon what a woman should do, Captain. You say a woman should not be president of a republic; you think a woman should not be sharer in a fight: I am going to show you how a woman can be both." She leant her shoulders

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over the rail, and hailed the naphtha-launch with a sharp command. A man in the bows cast off the line with which it towed; the man aft put over his tiller, and set the engines a-going; and, like a slim, grey ghost, the launch slid quietly away into the gloom. "You see," she said, "I'm bound to stay with you now." And she looked upon him with a burning glance.

But Kettle replied coldly. "You are my owner, Miss," he said, "and can do as you wish. It is not for me now to say that you are foolish. Do I understand you still wish me to carry out my original plan?"

"Yes," she said curtly.

"Very well, Miss, then we shall be aboard of that war-steamer in less than fifteen minutes." He bade this second mate call aft the crew; but instead of remaining to meet them, he took a keen glance at the barque's canvas, another at her wake, another at the moored cruiser ahead, and then, after peering thoughtfully at the clouds which sailed in the sky, he went to the companion-way and dived below. The crew trooped aft and stood at the break of the quarterdeck waiting for him. And in the meanwhile they feasted their eyes with many different thoughts on Donna Clotilde La Touche.

Presently Captain Kettle returned to deck, aggressive and cheerful, and faced the men with hands in his jacket pockets. Each pocket bulged with something heavy, and the men, who by this time had come to understand Captain Kettle's ways, began to grow quiet and nervous. He came to the point without any showy oratory.

"Now, my lads," said he, "I told you when you shipped aboard this lavender-box in Callao, that she was merely a ferry to carry you to a fine war-steamer which was lying elsewhere. Well, there's the steamer, just off the starboard bow yonder. Her name's the Cancelario, and at present she seems to belong to President Quijarra's Government. But Miss La Touche here (who is employing both me and you, just for the present) intends to set up a Government of her own; and, as a preliminary, she wants that ship. We've to grab it for her."

Captain Kettle broke off, and for a full minute there was silence. Then someone

amongst the men laughed, and a dozen others joined in.

"That's right," said Kettle. "Cackle away, you scum. You'd be singing a different tune if you knew what was beneath you."

A voice from the gloom—an educated voice—answered him: "Don't be foolish, skipper. We're not going to ram our heads against a brick wall like that. We set some value on our lives."

"Do you?" said Kettle. "Then pray that this breeze doesn't drop (as it seems likely to do), or you'll lose them. Shall I tell you what I was up to below just now? You remember those kegs of blasting powder? Well, they're in the lazaret, where some of you stowed them; but they're all of them unheaded, and one of them carries the end of a fuse. That fuse is cut to burn just twenty minutes, and the end's lighted.

"Wait a bit. It's no use going to try and douse it. There's a pistol fixed to the lazaret hatch, and if you try to lift it that pistol will shoot into the powder, and we'll all go up together without further palaver. Steady, now, there, and hear me out. You can't lower away boats, and get clear that way. The boat's bottoms will tumble away so soon as you try to hoist them off the skids. I saw to that last night. And you can't require any telling to know there are far too many sharks about to make a swim healthy exercise."

The men began to rustle and talk.

"Now, don't spoil your only chance," said Kettle, "by singing out. If on the cruiser yonder, they think there's anything wrong, they'll run out a gun or two, and blow us out of the water before we can come near them. I've got no arms to give you; but you have your knives, and I guess you shouldn't want more. Get in the shadow of the rail there, and keep hid till you hear her bump. Then jump on board, knock everybody you see over the side, and keep the rest below."

"They'll see us coming," whimpered a voice. "They'll never let us board."

"They'll hear us," the Captain retorted, "if you gallows-ornaments bellow like that, and then all we'll have to do will be to sit tight where we are till that powder blows us

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like a thin kind of spray up against the stars. Now, get to cover with you, all hands, and not another sound. It's your only chance."

The men crept away, shaking, and Captain Kettle himself took the wheel, and appeared to drowse over it. He gave her half a spoke at a time, and by invisible degrees the barque fell off till she headed dead on for the cruiser.



Captain Kettle faced the men with hands in his jacket pockets.

Save for the faint creaking of her gear, no sound came from her, and she slunk on through the night like some patched and tattered phantom. Far down in her lazaret the glowing end of the fuse crept nearer to the powder barrels, and in imagination every mind on board was following its race.

Nearer and nearer she drew to the *Cancelario*, and ever nearer. The waiting men felt as though the hearts of them would leap from their breasts. Two of them fainted. Then came a hail from the cruiser: "Barque, ahoy, are you all asleep there?"

Captain Kettle drowsed on over the wheel. Donna Clotilden from the shadow of the

house, could see him nodding like a man in deep sleep.

"Carrajo! you barque, there! Put down your helm. You'll be aboard of us in a minute."

Kettle made no reply: his hands sawed automatically at the spokes, and the glow from the pinnacle fell upon close, shut eyes. It was a fine bit of acting.

The Chilians shouted, but they could not prevent the collision, and when it came, there broke out a yell as though the gates of the Pit had been suddenly unlocked.

The barque's crew of human refuse, mad with terror, rose up in a flock from behind the bulwarks. As one man they clambered over the cruiser's side and spread about her decks.

Ill provided with weapons though they might be, the Chilians were scarcely better armed. A sentry squibbed off his rifle, but that was the only shot fired. Knives did the greater part of the work, knives and belaying pins, and whatever else came to hand. Those of the watch on deck who did not run below were cleared into the sea; the berth deck was stormed; and the waking men surrendered to the pistol nose.

A couple of desperate fellows went below, and cowed the firemen and engineer on watch. The mooring was slipped, steam was given to the engines, and whilst her former crew were being drafted down into an empty hold, the Cancelario was standing out at a sixteen-knot speed towards the open sea under full command of the raiders. Then from behind them came the roar of an explosion and a spurt of dazzling light, and the men shuddered to think of what they had so narrowly And as it was some smelling missed. fragments of the old guano barque lit upon the after deck as they fell headlong from the dark sky above.

Donna Clotilde went on to the upper bridge, and took Captain Kettle by the hand.

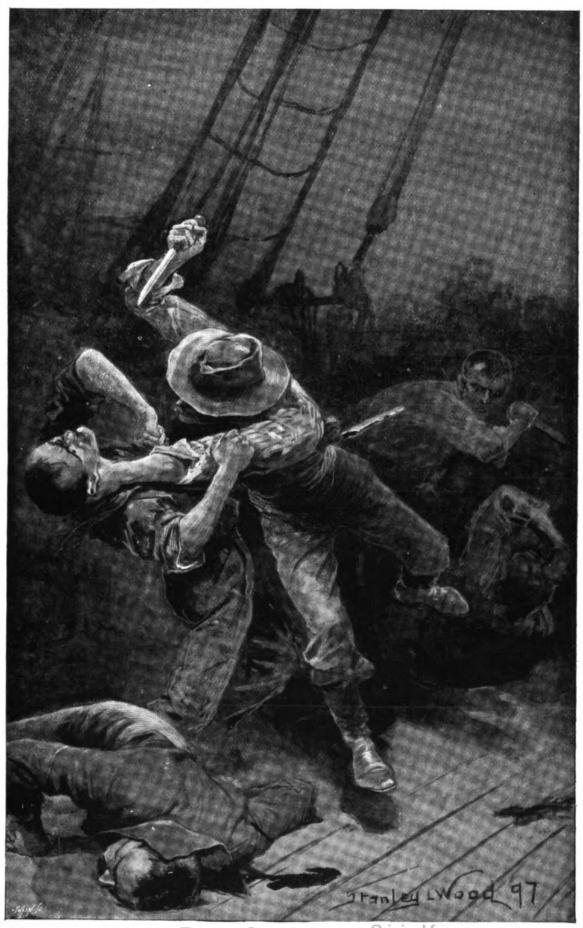
- "My friend," she said, "I shall never forget this." And she looked at him with eyes that spoke of more than admiration for his success.
  - "I am earning my pay," said Kettle.
- "Pah!" she said, "don't let money come between us. I cannot bear to think of you

in connection with sordid things like that. I put you on a higher plane. Captain," she said, and turned her head away, "I shall choose a man like you for husband."

- "Heaven mend your taste, Miss," said Kettle; "but—there may be others like me."
  - "There are not."
- "Then you must be content with the nearest you can get."

Donna Clotilde stamped her foot upon the planking of the bridge.

- "You are dull," she cried.
- "No," he said, "I have got clear sight, Miss. Won't you go below now and get a spell of sleep? Or will you give me your orders first?"
- "No," she answered, "I will not. We must settle this matter first. You have a wife in England, I know, but that is nothing. Divorce is simple here. I have influence with the Church; you could be set free in a day. Am I not the woman you would choose?"
  - "Miss la Touche, you are my employer."
  - "Answer my question."
- "Then, Miss, if you will have it, you are not."
- "But why? Why? Give me your reasons? You are brave. Surely I have shown courage too? Surely you must admire that?"
  - "I like men for men's work, Miss."
- "But that is an exploded notion. Women have got to take their place. They must show themselves the equals of men in everything."
- "But you see, Miss," said Kettle, "I prefer to be linked to a lady who is my superior—as I am linked at present. If it pleases you, we had better end this talk."
- "No," said Donna Clotilde, "it has got to be settled one way or the other. You know what I want. Marry me as soon as you are set free, and there shall be no end of your power. I will make you rich; I will make you famous. Chili shall be at our feet; the world shall bow to us."
  - "It could be done," said Kettle with a sigh.
  - "Then marry me."
- "With due respect, I will not," said the little man.
- "You know you are speaking to a woman who is not accustomed to be thwarted?"



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Captain Kettle bowed.

"Then you will either do as I wish, or leave this ship. I give you an hour to consider it in."

"You will find my second mate the best navigating officer left," said Kettle, and Donna Clotilde, without further words, left the bridge.

The little ship-master waited for a decent interval, and then sighed, and gave orders. The men on deck obeyed him with quickness. A pair of boat davits were swung out-board, and the boat plentifully victualled and its water-beakers filled. The Cancelario's engines were stopped, and the tackles screamed as the boat was lowered to the water, and rode there at the end of its painter. Captain Kettle left the bridge in charge of his first officer, and went below. He found the lady sitting in the commander's cabin, with head pillowed upon her arms.

"You still wish me to go, Miss?" he said.

"If you will not accept what is offered."

"I am sorry," said the little sailor, "very sorry. If I'd met you, Miss, before I saw Mrs. Kettle, and if you'd been a bit different, I believe I could have liked you. But as it is——"

She leapt to her feet, with eyes that blazed.

"Go!" she cried. "Go, or I will call upon some of those fellows to shoot you."

"They will do it cheerfully, if you ask them," said Kettle, and did not budge.

She sank down on the sofa again with a wail.

"Oh, go," she cried. "If you are a man, go, and never let me see you again."

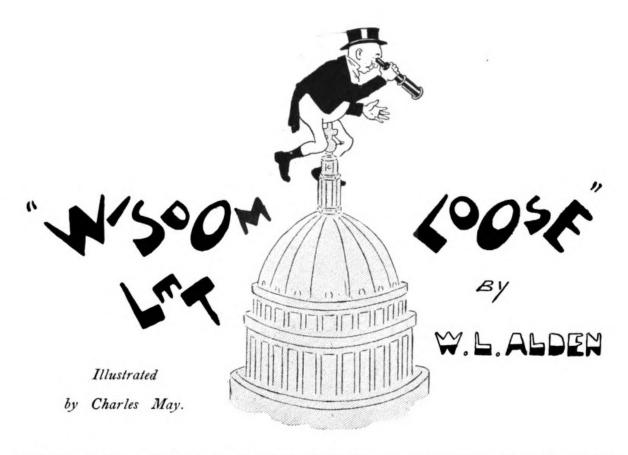
Captain Kettle bowed, and went on deck.

A little later he was alone in the quarterboat. The *Cancelario* was drawing fast away from him into the night, and the boat danced in the cream of her wake.

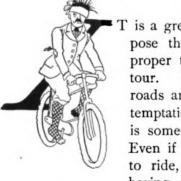
"Ah, well," he said to himself, "there's another good chance gone for good and always. What a cantankerous beggar I am." And then for a moment his thoughts went elsewhere, and he got out paper and a stump of pencil, and busily scribbled an elegy to some poppies in a cornfield. The lines had just flitted gracefully across his mind, and they seemed far too comely to be allowed a chance of escape. It was a movement characteristic of his queerly ordered brain. After the more ugly moments of his life, Captain Owen Kettle always turned to the making of verse as an instinctive relief.



'Go!" she cried.



HOW TO ENJOY A BICYCLE TOUR—THE PLEASURES OF PRETENDERS—PROBLEMS ABOUT MILKMEN AND BUTCHER'S BOYS—THE TIME-TABLE AS A CAUSE OF INSANITY—THE INFLUENCE OF SHORT BEDSTEADS—A WAY TO IDENTIFY DOGS THAT BITE.



It is a great mistake to suppose that summer is the proper time for a bicycle tour. In summer the roads are smooth, and the temptation to ride a bicycle is sometimes very strong. Even if one does not want to ride, the mere fact of having a bicycle in one's

possession makes it almost necessary to ride in order to preserve the respect of the public.

But in winter, when the roads are impassable, touring with a bicycle can be practised without the slightest inconvenience. All you have to do is to select a pleasant route, to buy your railway or steamer ticket, and to put your bicycle on the train or the steamer. A Continental trip is in many respects the most advantageous that the cycling tourist can select. It costs only a penny to transport a bicycle for any distance on a French railway train, and if it is injured

while in the hands of the railway men, damages can be recovered.

If you make a prolonged stop at any Continental town, you can leave the bicycle at the railway station, where excellent care will be taken of it until you are ready to resume your journey. I have made several delightful trips in France and Italy with my bicycle in winter, and have never once had the least occasion to mount it.

Of course the same system of cycle touring can be pursued in summer as well as in winter, but there is always the possibility that the smooth, shady, summer roads may tempt you to take your bicycle out of the hands of the railway company, and to undergo the pains and penalties of riding it, in which case you will lose half the benefit, and nearly all the comfort of your tour.

I know quite a number of enthusiastic cyclists who make cycling tours of the character just mentioned, and when they return home their friends unanimously agree that there is nothing like a cycling tour for

building up the health. A nice cycling tour can be made from London to Naples and back by the Australian and Indian liners, for they class bicycles as passengers' luggage,



and carry them free. Some of these days I hope to make a cycling tour to Samoa, by way of Australia and Fiji, and I have no doubt that the exercise will do me an immense amount of good.

As for those benighted people who actually ride bicycles hundreds of

miles, and then think that they know what a cycling tour ought to be, I have nothing but pity for them. They are like those fanatics who think that a canoe cruise should be made in a canoe, whereas the intelligent canoeist knows that the only pleasant way of canoe cruising is to put the canoe in

the guard's van, and take a first-class ticket.



HE only Royal personages who are really to be envied are the Pretenders. To be a King or an Emperor is to be shot at by assassins, but no one regards a Pretender as worth shooting. No reigning monarch dares

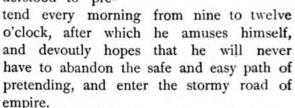
to express his views on any subject of consequence for fear of offending either his own people or some other monarch, but the Pretender can issue proclamations from morning to night, and no one dreams of taking offence at them.

He has his faithful adherents who treat him with as much respect as if he were a reigning monarch, but he never undergoes the trouble of changing Chancellors or of conciliating Parliaments. The Pretender, in short, has all the fun of playing at being a King, and none of the dangers and inconveniences which a real King undergoes.

Don Carlos in his splendid Venetian palace, where everybody addresses him as "Your Majesty," and into which no anarchist dreams of throwing bombs, is infinitely better off than he would be were he on the throne at Madrid. The Duke of Orleans is evidently supremely happy as a Pretender, for he can constantly issue proclamations, and whenever there is a Cabinet crisis in France he can run down to Dover and stop at the Lord Warden to receive imaginary, and entirely inexpensive, deputations from France, bringing the French crown to him neatly tied up in a bandbox. Whereas, if France were mad enough to ask the Duke to rule over her, he

would infallibly be hustled out of the Tuilleries by a popular insurrection long before he had had any fair opportunity to prove how incredibly incapable of ruling he really is.

Prince Victor leads a happy life at Brussels with no one to molest him. He is understood to pre-



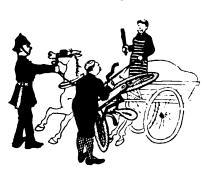
Contrast the lot of these happy Pretenders with that of the Tsar, who cannot move out of his palace without fear of being blown up; or of the Kaiser, who cannot send an impulsive and youthful telegram without finding out that he has brought Germany to the brink of war; or of the Prince of Bulgaria, who, when he gets up in the morning, has to telegraph to the Tsar for permission to eat his breakfast; or of the King of Servia, who never knows what moment his father, the late King Milan, may enter his palace, and remark: "Now run away, my son. I'm going to be King again!" The more one considers the position of a Pretender, the more delightful it seems to be. Of all professions that of pretending is the easiest and safest VFRSITY

PHY do milk carts and butchers' carts drive so much faster than the ordinary South-Eastern railway train? This is a mystery which science has so far found insoluble. Isaac Newton Sir thought he had solved it by the theory that the

speed of a milk cart is to the amount of milk which it contains, as the milkman himself is to the reason of the speed with which Reducing this to an equation, he drives. we find that the reason for the speed is equal to the milkman multiplied by his milk, and divided by the speed at which he drives. If this satisfied Sir Isaac, it certainly will not satisfy any man who is not an habitual and confirmed mathematician.

A long series of observations has convinced me that the reason why a milkman drives at such an excessive speed is because he wishes to avoid questions as to the quality of his This is also the reason why he yells. His idea is to strike terror into his customers by his fiendish war whoop; to leave his milk and water with the terrified maid who opens the door; and then to transport himself a mile or two away before she can recover sufficiently to exclaim that a milkman who does not add at least a gill of milk to a quart of water is little better than a gas company.

A similar consciousness of guilt impels the butcher's boy to drive at a breakneck speed. The knowledge that he always leaves the

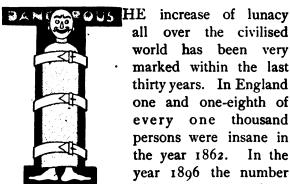


wrong joint at the wrong house urges him to seek safety in flight. If the housewife, who has ordered six pounds of leg of mutton, finds that the

butcher's boy has left her nine pounds of pork, her natural impulse is to run to the door, and tell the boy that she will not have pork, and that she insists upon mutton. But, long before she can reach the door, the butcher's boy is half-a-mile away, having run over two cyclists and a dog in his mad flight.

I am satisfied of the truth of this explanation of the ways of milkmen and butcher's boys, but I confess that it does not explain why the butcher's boy invariably drives on the wrong side of the road, especially when he The milkman is not is turning a corner. addicted to this latter habit, possibly because he does not wish to be upset and to have all his milk spilled at a distance from any available pump or hydrant.

Of course, the butcher's boy hopes to run over cyclists by driving round a corner on the wrong side, but it cannot be denied that he had this habit long before cycles were in-There is a mystery here which I am unable to solve, and I might as well confess it frankly.



all over the civilised world has been very marked within the last thirty years. In England one and one-eighth of every one thousand persons were insane in the year 1862. In the year 1896 the number of lunatics in a thou-

sand had increased to two and a-ninth. Whether an eighth of a person is only oneeighth as crazy as a full and integral lunatic, I do not know. Neither do I know whether the one-ninth of a lunatic mentioned in the statistics for 1896 means that lunacy is increasing among tailors. Details such as these have nothing to do with the main fact that in thirty, or rather thirty-five, years the proportion of lunatics in the United Kingdom has nearly doubled.

Various causes may be assigned for this increase. There is no law against assigning as many causes as you please, but I have yet to see one mentioned in print which is in the least degree satisfactory. It has been suggested that, inasmuch as the increase of lunacy has kept pace with the growth of railways, lunacy is induced by railway travelling. I cannot, however, see why travelling by rail

should drive a man mad, though it is undoubtedly true that to travel on certain lines presupposes lunacy on the part of the traveller.

A much more probable theory is that the increase of lunacy is due to efforts on the part of the public to understand the railway timetables. As railways increase in number, and

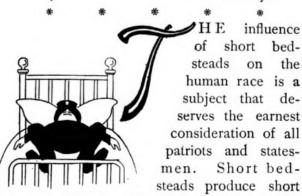


trains become more frequent, the difficulties of understanding the time-tables grow greater.

I should like very much to know if there has been any especial increase of lunacy in the regions served by the

South-Western Company, for if there has been such an increase my theory would be established to my own satisfaction. To understand the South-Western time-tables requires a giant intellect, and there is probably not a single railway man employed at Waterloo Station who has ever grasped the meaning of those wonderful time-tables. A weak-minded man who should make the attempt, and persevere therein, would soon find that his intellect was reeling.

If the time-tables are actually the cause of the rapid increase in the number of lunatics in every civilised country, the reason why this increase has accompanied the growth of railways is at once clear. And it is certainly a remarkable fact that the Italian railway time-tables are the most intricate of their kind, and that insanity has made tremendous strides in Italy since the introduction of railways.



nen. This is evident from the fact that in

every country where long bedsteads are used, the men and women are at least of a respectable height; while in countries where short beds are universal the men and women are undersized. Look at Holland. The Hollander uses a bedstead which is about a foot too short for an Englishman, and the consequence is that he is at least a foot shorter than he otherwise might be.

Put any young man, who has not yet attained his growth, in a Holland bedstead, and he will find that he cannot stretch himself without bringing both his head and his feet in contact with the extremities of the bedstead. Having thus no room in which to grow tall, he expands in a horizontal direction, and becomes as short and globular as every native-born Hollander.

Look again at the Frenchman. He sleeps in a bedstead so preposterously short, that in

order to find room in it he is obliged to twist himself into a sort of knot. The result is that he is even shorter than the Hollander, and his whole moral nature becomes warped by the constrained position in which he spends the hours of sleep. In all



other European countries comparatively long bedsteads are used, and, of course, the people are tall in comparison with Hollanders and Frenchmen.

If the French really wish to have an army of the average height of the German army they must split up their wretched little wooden bedsteads for firewood, and supply themselves with bedsteads not less than 8ft. in length. In the course of a few generations they would gradually lengthen until they could bear comparison with the average Indeed, in time, the French soldier might even grow to the stature of the English lifeguardsman. If, however, France sticks to her short bedsteads, she is doomed to become even more insignificant than Holland, for the Hollander's bedstead has permitted him to expand daterally, while the Frenchman's INDIANA UNIVERSITY

bedstead cramps him in all directions, both in body and soul.

Of course there will be superficial thinkers who will say that Frenchmen and Hollanders use short bedsteads because Nature has made them short men. In other words, such unthinking persons will put the result before the cause, and thus argue backward. The fact that it is the bedstead that makes the man is conclusively demonstrated by the case of an Englishman who lived forty-three years in France, and during that time shrunk from the height of 5ft. 11in. to 5ft. 2in. No more conclusive proof of the effect of French bedsteads could be asked.

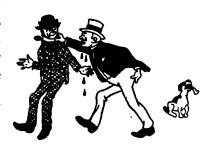
HE County Council meant well when it decreed that every dog should wear a collar bearing the name and address of his owner, but the regulation will be of little use as an aid to the identification of ill-conducted dogs. The theory of the Council seems

to be that when a man is bitten by a mad dog, or worried by an ill-tempered one (this will happen sometimes even when the muzzling order is inforced), he will request the offender to stand still while the legend on his collar is deciphered.

This is precisely what the dog will refuse to do. When a dog has bitten a man he has far too much sense to give his name and address to his enemy. Like the offending cyclist, who has just run down a pedestrian, the dog bolts as soon as he has slaked his thirst for calves and trousers, and his victim might as well attempt to measure the length of the dog's teeth as to try to read the name on his collar.

What the County Council should have done would have been to order every dog-owner to wear a collar engraved with the names and addresses of both dog and owner. As a rule, a dog seldom goes forth to bite except in company with his owner. If, when you are quietly walking in the city street, or the country lane, a dog rushes up and bites you, the chances are ninety-nine to one that his owner is within sight. Naturally he will decline to give himself away by calling the dog,

or doing anything else to prove that he is responsible for him, and hence you have really no means of knowing who is the dog's owner,



unless the dog voluntarily hands you his card, or in other words, asks you to look at his collar.

But if dog-owners were compelled to wear collars, nothing would be simpler than for you to seize the nearest man and to read his name and address on his collar, provided, of course, that he wore one. If the name on the collar corresponded to the appearance and character of the offending dog, you would know who to hold responsible for the offence. If, on the other hand, you decided that the man had no ownership in the dog, you would seize upon some other man, and thus, sooner or later, you would find the real owner of the dog.

This simple plan for facilitating the detection of the owners of wicked dogs does not seem to have occurred to the Council; but then such bodies never hit upon a simple plan when an intricate and difficult one can be devised.





From Photo by Hana, Strand.

Valli Valli.

#### BABY ACTORS.

By MARCUS TINDAL.

In times gone by, as those who know their Dickens well realise, it might be taken for granted that where a child was found performing before the public, there also would be found harshness, cruelty, and tears.

In these days, however, the man in the

stall will allow himself to be heartily amused by little bits of humanity no longer than his arm with never a criticism of the guardians at whose hands they have received their training.

One has, in fact, merely to observe the child of the stage performing with merry face and graceful movement to realise that acting is nothing more than a delightful amusement.

The number of these small actors may almost be counted on the fingers; there are but a select few, and theatre managers are their very humble servants. The majority are of the variety

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entertainment class, smart little dancers and singers. Genuine actors, capable of acting any part, are more rare.

Foremost among them one hears the softsounding names of the sisters Lulu and Valli Valli; two of the cleverest girls who have

ever delighted an audience.

These young ladies openly avow the fact that their ages are nearer eight than ten, and that they commenced their musical education - Lulu at six, and Valli at four. In training children so young no attempt is made, of course, to force or even produce the voice; they are merely taught to recite music with the speaking voice; l'art de dire, as the phrase goes.

Little Valli was formally brought out at a West End drawing-room. She made her début at four years of age, standing on the top of a grand piane.



Lulu Valli and Stewart Dawson. age, standing on the From Photo by Hana, Strand. Original fro top of a grand piano.

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The delight of the great Madame Patti, who happened to be present, knew no bounds. "Oh, you darling," she cried, when the little song was finished, and the little songster had descended, triumphant, from her lofty position, "come here, and let me kiss you!"

Since that time the public have never lost sight of these remarkable children; at concerts at at-homes, at after dinner entertainments, at theatres, even at the opera, where every syllable of the seven-year-old Valli's song, and every note that she played in accompaniment, was distinctly heard throughout the great auditorium, they have received admiration and praise such as have never before been bestowed on childen of their age.

Their little stage lover, young Stewart Dawson, who appears in the photograph with one of the Vallis, in spite of his ten years, has already made himself famous in theatrical circles.

The youthful actor had the honour of appearing before the Royal Family at Sandringham, in the costume in which he is presented in these pages; a little figure that looks for all the world as though it had stepped out of a Reynold's picture. A New Year's card, among his most treasured possessions, was sent to



Geraldine Somerset.
From Photo by Hana, Strand.



Sybil Arundale.

From Photo by Hana, Strand.

recognition of his talent, which, though not forgotten, is no longer preserved.

Miss Geraldine Somerset, having acted in three pantomimes in London, first as a fly in Santa Claus, afterwards as the Spirit of Adventure in Robinson Crusoe, and during last season as the Little Genius of the Ring in Aladdinat Drury Lane, is becoming tired of her virtuous fairy life, and is now longing to play a really wicked part.

Those who know her, however, will regret the chance that may tempt her from these fairy heights into more ordinary characters, for a prettier dancer, or a more spiritlike singer, is seldom to be seen on the stage. The attraction that acting has for her is remarkable when it is considered that she has not yet seen, if one may be allowed to say so, her thirteenth year. In spite of the unlimited success that has been bestowed upon her fairy interpretations, the little lady's head has



Empsie Bowman.

From Photo by Alfred Ellis, Baker Street, N.W.

not been turned in the least. Next to acting, her dogs and her dolls are her chief joys in life.

After the rehearsal of a play in which she is to appear, she will return home to her favourites, and put them through the entire business of the piece, as a showman manipulates his marionettes. So frequently was she occupied in this way during the run of the pantomime last season, that she came to learn the whole play by heart, from the part of the leading lady to parts that boasted but one line.

The Little Highlander, dancing the sword dance in her own peculiar, charming way, is a popular favourite with every theatre that she brightens with her cheery laugh. This precocious young lady, Sybil Arundale by name, age thirteen, has made herself famous at all the principal music halls, where her cheerful presence is well known. Dolls, and cricketing, and cycling, and three or four collie dogs, are her

favourite amusements after the stage; and the fun of acting is all that appeals to her. Into this she throws herself with incomparable zeal, invariably evoking laughter and cheers from the gallery; a part of the theatre whose opinions she declares she holds in the highest respect.

The fascination that dogs for pets, and cycling for amusement, seems to hold for our stage children, is quite a notable feature. Another illustrious example is little Empsie Bowman, the hatless and ragged waif seeking shelter at a street door: than whom, however, in real life there are few more fortunate children.

At-homes, receptions, bazaars, and similar entertainments, are dull enough in the ordinary way, but of late it has been the custom to enliven them with acting and musical sketches, in the performance of which our stage babies are rapidly making themselves favourites. Mothers who do not care for their children to appear in theatres find, in these directions, great scope for their talents. The two Pierrots of Miss Righton's



Origin The Two Pierrots.

From Photo by Alfred Ellis Baker Street, N.W.



From Photo by Alfred Ellis, Baker Street, N.W.

This has happened to more than one little prodigy—Harry Rignold, whose photograph appears here, as an example—and the public hears not of them again until such time as they may be able to come forward to take a man's part; in which, perhaps, they will never regain the name they possessed ten years earlier.

Master Sydney Carlyle, who is aged six, and is as clever as many of his contemporaries of sixty, recognised all these things—or had them recognised for him—and determined that nothing should oust him from his chosen walk in life. Accordingly, he began to act in New York when he was four years

old. At his first appearance he succeeded in fairly electrifying the audience, who were held spell-bound during his baby utterances, and afterwards applauded, as only Americans can.

Dancing, however, is this little fellow's speciality. The most difficult and eccentric figures seem to come to him naturally. He can perform the "split." for instance, which consists of dropping to the floor with legs troupe of child actors, presented herewith, and the small mimicing artist, "Little Ruby," who sings coon songs in the sweetest of baby voices, make these semi-public entertainments their particular forte, and excel in them beyond all others. A child's acting talents cannot be presented to the public in a more favourable way.

It is a curious fact that for every boy who can make himself famous in theatrical circles there are twenty girls to rival him. It must be owned, however, that the boy does not have a fair chance, for any girl may take a boy's part, while he is usually unable to retaliate. This is the legitimate arrangement, and so the boys are relegated to

> the background. If, however, they do succeed in making headway in the profession, the time will come when they will be sent away to school, and their sisters will find the field clear.



Harry Rignold.
From Photo by Alfred Ellis, Baker Street, N.W.



Sydney Carlyle.

From Photo by Hana, Strand.

spread out, with an ease and grace that is incomparable in one so young, and unequalled by the majority of trained acrobats who have spent many years in the profession.

There is indeed one baby girl who might claim to be a rival, but on her Sydney Carlyle would look with scorn, as is the manner of boys. The stage name of this little wonder is La Petite Mignonne, and she possesses this peculiarity—she can perform the tricks of an acrobat, and the gyrations of a dancer, without any physical effort, and without special training.

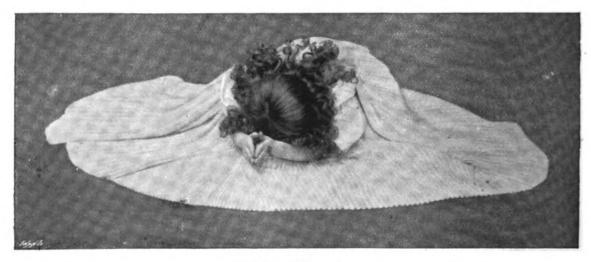
The child, for instance, can fall backwards on her hands, and rest her head on the floor without the slightest strain; for her own amusement she performs such feats as these, although sternly disencouraged.

There is no prettier baby in London than La Petite Mignonne. It is little wonder that the men of Whitechapel lost their hearts to her when she made her *début* there.

Now a Whitechapel audience is not as other audiences, even in the best theatres east of Temple Bar. It is an audience, however, that quickly appreciates genius, while none is more forward with applause.

Even a well-tried artist finds it very nervous work to face the line upon line of grimy, but withal, good-natured faces, of the costers and factory girls, from whom the audience is mainly made up. Perhaps a baby of seven knows not the meaning of stage-fright; certain it is that Mignonne caused a sensation at her first appearance, which those who witnessed will not easily forget. Suffice it is to say that the managers proposed on the spot a three years' engagement.

The art of high-kicking has not received much encouragement in this country, and it comes as a surprise to find a young lady of Bessie Munroe's age who can attain such heights as portrayed in the photograph.



La Petite Mignonne.

From Photo by Hana, Strand.Original from
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That she has succeeded, however, in making her way into the foremost ranks of dancers may be judged from the fact that during the last nine months she has performed in all the principal towns of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, while she is now so deep in engagements that she will not clear off those already arranged until well into the twentieth century.

Amongst other places, she is engaged to perform in one of the principal Parisian halls, where she will doubtless surprise even the high-kicking French folk.

The most advanced lady actress whose portrait appears on these pages, although it is stated on the best authority that she has not yet attained the dignity of seventeen, is Miss Dora Barton, renowned alike for the charm of her personality and for the cleverness of her acting. Although she has had considerably more experience than many little actresses, she is undoubtedly the most child-like of children who has ever appeared on the stage.

To her visitors she will show with no little pride her book of press-cuttings, scrawled over in her childish writing, and ornamented with paintings from her remarkably skilful

brush. These are kept as mementoes of the various and their name are kept as mementoes places she has visited: is legion.



Bessie Munroe. From Photo by Hana, Strand.

This interesting book is brimful of the kindest comments on her acting by the first critics of the day. Few children are born to receive so much praise as Dora Barton.



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## DARK

# DIGNUM

BERNARD CAPES.

"I'D not go nigher, sir," said my landlady's father.

I made out his warning through the shrill piping of the wind, and stopped and took in the plunging seascape from where I stood. The boom of the waves came up from a vast distance beneath; sky and the horizon of running water seemed hurrying upon us over the lip of the rearing cliff.

"It crumbles," he cried. "It crumbles near the edge like as frosted mortar. I've seen a noble sheep, sir, eighty pound of mutton, browsin' here one moment, and seen it go down the next in a puff of white dust."

He began punching with his staff at one of a number of little green mounds that lay about us.

"I could tell you a story of these," he said. "Do you

know where we stand?"

"On the site of the old churchyard?"

"Aye, sir; though it still bore the name of the new yard in my first memory of it."

"Is that so? And what is the story?"

He dwelt a minute, dense with introspection. Suddenly he sat himself down upon a mossy bulge in the turf, and waved me to a place beside him.

- "The old order changeth," he said. "The only lastin' foundations of men's works shall be godliness and law-abidin'. Long ago they builded a new church—here, high up on the cliffs, where the waters could not reach; and, lo! the waters wrought beneath, and sapped the foundations, and the church fell into the sea."
  - "So I understand," I said.
- "The godless are fools," he chattered knowingly. "Look here at these bents—thirty of 'em, maybe. Tombstones, sir; perished, like man, his works, and the decayed stumps of them coated with salt grass."

He pointed to the ragged edge of the cliff a score of paces away.

"They raised it out there," he said; "and further, a temple of bonded stone. They

thought to bribe the Lord to a partnership in their corruption, and He answered by castin' down the fair mansion into the waves."

I said: "Who-who, my friend?"

"They that builded the church," he answered.

"Well," said I, "it seems a certain foolishness to set the edifice so close to the edge."

Again he chuckled.

- "It was close—close, as you say; yet none so close as you might think nowadays. Time hath gnawed here like a rat on a cheese. But the foolishness appeared in settin the brave mansion between the winds and its own graveyard. Let the dead lie seawards, one had thought; and the church inland where we stand."
- "Certainly to have done so would show the better providence."
- "Sir, I said the foolishness appeared. But, I tell you, there was foresight in the disposition—in neighbourin' the buildin' to the cliff path. For so they could the easier enter unobserved, and store their kegs of Nantes brandy in the belly of the organ."
  - "They? Who were they?"
- "Why, who—but two-thirds of all Dun-burgh?"
  - "Smugglers?"
- "It was a nest of 'em—traffickers in the eternal fire o' week days, and on the Sabbath, who so sanctimonious? But honesty comes not from the washin', like a clean shirt; nor can the piety of one day purge the evil of six. They built their church anigh the margin, forasmuch as it was handy. and that they thought: 'Surely the Lord will not undermine His own.' A rare community o' blasphemers, fro' the parson that took his reg'lar toll of the organ-loft, to him that sounded the keys and pulled out the joyous stops as if they was so many spigots to what lay behind."
  - "Of when do you speak?"
- "I speak of nigh a century and a half ago. I speak o' the Seven Years' War, and of Exciseman Jones, that, twenty year after he were buried, took his revenge on the cliff side of the man that done him to death."
  - "And who was that?"
- "They called him Dark Dignum, sir—a wild, reckless smuggler, and as wicked as he was bold."

- "Is your story about him?"
- "Aye, it is; and of my grandfather, that were a boy when they laid, and was glad to lay, the exciseman deep as they could dig, for the sight of his sooty face in his coffin was worse than a bad dream."

"Why was that?"

The old man edged closer to me, and spoke in a sibilant voice.

"He were murdered, sir — foully and horribly—for all they could never bring it home to the culprit."

"Will you tell me about it?"

He was nothing loth. The wind; the place of perished tombs; the very wild blown locks of this "withered apple-john" were eerie accompaniments to the tale he piped in my ear.

- "When my grandfather were a boy," he said, "there lighted in Dunburgh Exciseman Jones. P'raps the village had gained an ill reputation. P'raps Exciseman Jones's predecessor had failed to secure the confidence o' the exekitive. At any rate the new man was little to the fancy of the village. He was a grim, sour-looking, brass-bound galloot, and incorruptible—which was the worst. The keg o' brandy left on his door-step o' New Year's Eve had been better unspiled and run into the gutter; for it led him somehow to the identification of the innocent that done it, and he had him by the heels in a twinklin'.
- "The squire snorted at the man, and the parson looked askance; but Dark Dignum he swore he'd be even with him if he swung for it.
- "At that time Dark Dignum was a young man, with a reputation above his years for profaneness and audacity. Ugly things there were said about him; and amongst many wicked he was feared for his wickedness. Exciseman Jones had his eye on him, and that was bad for Exciseman Jones.
- "Now one murk December night, Exciseman Jones staggered home with a long bloody slice down his scalp, and the red drip from it spottin' the cobble-stones.
- "'Summut fell on him from a winder,' said Dark Dignum a little later, as he were drinkin' hisself hoarse in the 'Black Boy.' 'Summut fell on him retributive, as you might call it. For, would you believe it, the

man had at the moment been threatenin' me? He did; he said: 'I know about you, Dignum, and for all your blessed ingenuity, I'll bring you with a crack to the ground yet.'

"What had happened? Nobody knew, sir. But Exciseman Jones was in his bed for a fortnight; and when he got on his legs again, it was pretty evident there was a hate between the two men that only blood-spillin' could satisfy.

"So far as is known, they never spoke to one another again. They played their game of death in silence—the lawful, cold and unfathomable; the unlawful, swaggerin' and cruel—and twenty year separated the first move and the last.

"This were the first, sir—as Dark Dignum leaked it out long after in his cups. This were the first; and it brought Exciseman Jones to his grave on the cliff here.

"It were a deep, soft, summer night, and the young smuggler sat by hisself in the long room of the 'Black Boy.' Now, I tell you, he were a fox-ship intriguer—grand, I should call him, in the aloneness of his villainy. He would play his dark games out of his own hand; and sure of all his wickedness this game must have seemed the sum.

"I say he sat by hisself; and I hear the listenin' ghost of him call me a liar. For there were another body present, though invisible to mortal eye; and that second party were Exciseman Jones, who was hidden up the chimney.

"How had he inveigled him there? Ah! they've met and worried that point out since. No other will ever know the truth this side the grave. But reports come to be whispered; and report said as how Dignum had made an appintment with a bodiless master of a smack as never floated, to meet him in the 'Black Boy,' and arrange for to run a cargo as would never be shipped; and that somehow he managed to acquent Exciseman Jones of this dissemblin' appintment, and to secure his presence in hidin' to witness it.

"That's conjecture; for Dignum never let on so far. But what is known for certain is that Exciseman Jones—who were as daring and determined as his enemy, p'r'aps more so—for some reason was in the chimney, on to a grating on which he had managed to lower hisself from the roof; and that he could, if given time, have scrambled up agen with difficulty, but was debarred from going lower. And, further, this is known—that, as Dignum sat on, pretendin' to yawn, and huggin' his black intent, a little sut plopped down the chimney, and scattered on the coals of the laid fire beneath.

"At that—'Curse this waitin,' said he.
'The room's as chill as a belfry,' and he got to his feet, with a secret grin, and strolled to the hearthstone.

"'I wonder,' said he, 'will the landlord object if I ventur' upon a glint of fire for comfort's sake?' and he pulled out his flint and steel, struck a spark, and, with no more feelin' than he'd express in lightin' a pipe, set the flame to the sticks.

"The trapped rat above never stirred or give tongue. My God! What a man! Sich a nature could afford to bide and bide—aye, for twenty year, if need be.

"Dignum would have enjoyed the sound of a cry; but he never got it. He listened with the grin fixed on his face; and, of a sudden, he heard a scramblin' struggle, like as a dog with the colic jumpin' at a wall; and, presently, as the sticks blazed and the smoke rose denser, a thick coughin', as of a consumptive man under the bed-clothes. Still no cry, nor any appeal for mercy—no, not from the time he lit the fire till a horrible rattle come down, which was the last twitches of somethin' that choked and died on the sooty gratin' above.

"When all was quiet, Dignum he knocks with his foot on the floor, and sits hisself down before the hearth, with a face like a pillow for innocence.

"'I were chilled, and lit it,' says he to the landlord. 'You don't mind?'

"Mind! Who would have ventured to cross Dark Dignum's fancies?

"He give a boisterous laugh, and ordered in a double noggin of hummin' stuff.

"'Here,' he says, when it comes, 'is to the health of Exciseman Jones, that swore to bring me to the ground.'

"'To the ground,' mutters a thick voice from the chimney.

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"'My God!' says the landlord, 'there's something up there.'

"Somethin' there was, and terrible to look upon when they brought it to light. The creature's struggles had ground the sut into

its face, and its nails were black below the quick.

"Were those words the last of its death throe, or an echo from beyond? Ah! We may question; but they were heard by two men.

"Dignum went free. What could they prove agen him? Not that he knew there was aught in the chimney when he lit the fire. The other would scarcely have acquent him of his plans. And Exciseman Jones was hurried into his grave alongside the church up here.

"And therein he lay for twenty year, despite that, not a twelvemonth after his coming, the sacriligeous house itself sunk roarin' into the waters. For the Lord would have none of it, and bidin' His time, struck through a fortnight of deluge, and hurled church and cliff into ruin. But the yard remained, and, nighest the seaward edge of it, Exciseman Jones slept in his fearful windin' sheet, and bided his time.

"It came when my grandfather were a young man of thirty, and mighty close and confidential with Dark Dignum. God forgive him! Doubtless he were led away by the older smuggler, that had a grace of villainy about him. 'tis said, and used Lord Chesterfield's printed letters for waddin' to his bullets.

"Now, sir, I must tell you that all these years the cliff edge agen the graveyard, where it was broke off, was scabbin' into the sea below in a slow, reg'lar process of decay.

But still they used this way of ascent for their ungodly traffic.

"It was a cloudy night in March, with scud and a fitful moon; and there was a sloop in the offin, and under the shore a loaded boat,



"'My God!' says the landlord, 'there's something up there'"

that had just pulled in with muffled rowlocks. Out of this Dark Dignum was the first to sling hisself a brace of rundlets; and my grandfather followed with two more. They made softly for the cliff path—began the ascent—were half way up.

"Whizz! A stone of chalk went by them, and slapped into the rubble below.

"'Some more of St. Dunstan's gravel!' cried Dignum, pantin' out a reckless laugh under his load. And on they went agen.

"Hwish! Or Airbigger Tump came like a INDIANA UNIVERSITY

"My God!



thunderbolt, and the wind of it took the smuggler's hat, and sent it swoopin' into the darkness like a bird.

"'Thunder!' said Dignum, the cliff's breaking away."

"The words was hardly out of his mouth, when there flew such a volley of chalk stones as made my grandfather, though none had touched him, fall upon the path where he stood, and begin to gabble out what he could call to mind of the prayers for the dyin'. He was in the midst of it when he heard a scream come from his companion as froze the very marrow in his bones. He looked up, thinkin' his hour had

"Stickin' out of the cliff side, was half the body of Exciseman Jones."

moon had shone out of a sudden, and the light of it struck down on Dignum's face, and that was the colour of dirty parchment. And he looked higher, and give a sort of sob.

"For there, stickin' out of the cliff side, was half the body of Exciseman Jones, with its arms stretched abroad, and it was clawin' out lumps of chalk, and hurlin' them down at Dignum!

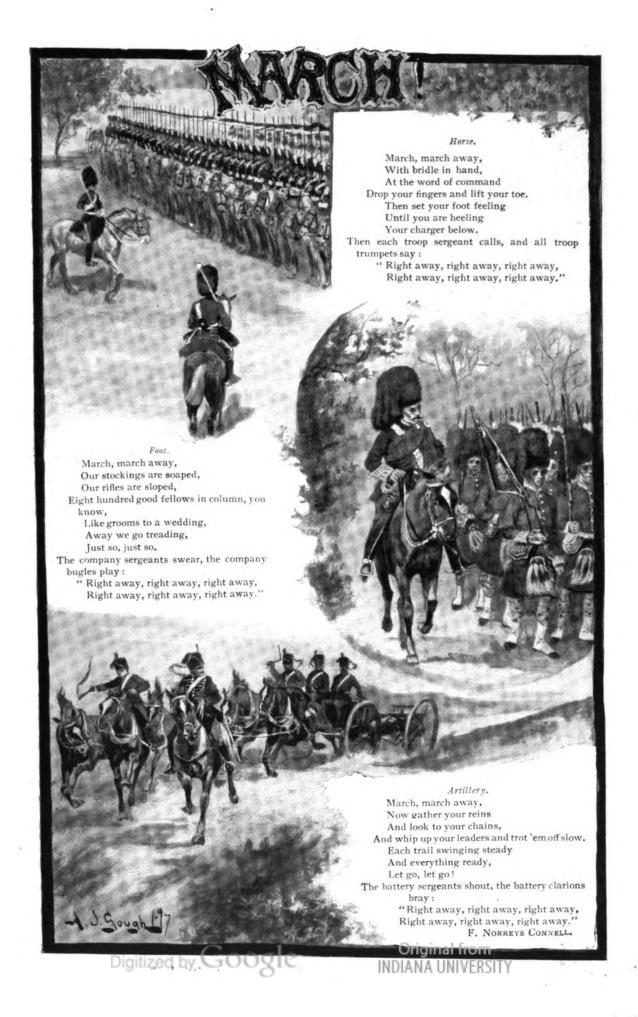
"And even as he took this in through his terror, a great ball of white came hurtlin', and went full on to the man's face with a splash—and he were spun down into the deep night below, a nameless thing."

The old creature came to a stop, his eyes glinting with a febrile excitement.

"And what became of your grandfather?"

"My grandfather? There were somethin' happened made him renounce the devil. He died one of the elect. His youth were heedless and unregenerate; but, 'tis said, after he were turned thirty he never smiled agen."







Corean Musicians.

#### MUSIC IN THE FAR EAST.

By A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

I MUST confess that, in spite of several voyages to Japan, Corea, and China, and of a rather long sojourn there, I am still absolutely unable to understand the music of those countries, or to find any beauty in it; nay, it does not even seem melodious. A man must have been there for years, I am told, before he can possibly appreciate it; and even among the old residents of Tokyo, Seoul, or Pekin, I have found but very few claiming to understand or like it. One of them, a high foreign official, assured me that he could find in the Chinese music beauties unknown in ours.

"You see," he said, "the Chinese have a much older civilisation than we have, and their music, too, is much older than ours, and. I can safely say, much finer; but little by little we are coming to it. Wagner's music is the first step in this direction. Wait a few years more, and you will see that European and American music will resemble the Chinese music more and more."

These remarks startled me; yet the man who spoke them had such a great reputation as a very clever man, a scholar, a diplomat, his abilities were so highly praised, that I was inclined to believe him. I changed my mind, however, after he had told me that the right Digitized by

way to treat women is to keep them in the awful state of ignorance, and almost slavery, in which they now are in Corea. The truth is, a man who has spent many years in Corea is no more able to judge of music than he is to discuss the condition of women in a civilised country.

Most of the musicians in Japan are women, and this explains the answer I received once from a writer of whom I had asked what he thought of Japanese music.

"Oh," he said, "extremely interesting when the girl is pretty; boring to death when she is plain!"

There is much truth in this.

Japanese music as at present known, with its lutes, flutes, drums, and fiddles, came there from China, with many other good and bad things, in the train of Buddhism. The two most popular instruments are the *koto*, a sort of lyre, and the *samisen*, or banjo, the favourite instruments of Japanese dancing-girls.

One of the curious ceremonies performed by the court musicians is called a silent concert. Both stringed and wind instruments are used; but it is held that the sanctity of the occasion would be profaned were any sound to fall on unworthy ears, so all the motions of playing are gone through, but no

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strains are absolutely emitted. This is but one among the many strange vagaries of Japanese musical art.

Professor Chamberlain, in his "Things

Japanese," states that "the chanting of the Buddhist liturgy at certain temple services is considered classical." This chanting has been held by some to resemble the Ambrosian and Gregorian tones, but local colouring is sufficiently provided for, inasmuch as performer each utters the strains in the key that best suits his own voice.

For all this "classical" music there exists a notation which is extremely complicated. It

may seem odd that so fundamental a question as the nature of the Japanese scale should still



A Chinese Plute Player. Digitized by Google

be a matter of debate, yet so it is. But be the scale what it may, the effect of Japanese music is not to soothe, but to exasperate, beyond all endurance, the European breast.



A Koto Player.

Miss Bacon, in her charming book entitled "Japanese Girls and Women," demurely remarks: "It seems to me quite fortunate that the musical art is not more generally practised." That is what everyone thinks, though most foreigners of the stronger sex would use considerably more forcible expressions to show their feelings in the matter.

Japanese music employs only common time. Harmony it has none. It knows nothing of our distinctness of modes, and therefore, as a master on the subject has pointed out, it lacks alike the vigour and majesty of the major mode, the plaintive tenderness of the minor, and the marvellous effects of light and shade which arise from the alternations of the two.

Perhaps this is the reason why the Japanese themselves are so indifferent to the subject. One never hears a party of Japanese talking seriously about music; musical questions are never discussed in the newspapers; and to ask the name of the composer of any tune

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Chinese Musicians,

the girls are singing is a thing never thought of.

Since progress and civilisation have entered Japan, however, some attention has been given by the Japanese to foreign arts, and quite a number of young women have been taught to play on the piano. Furthermore, young men were sent abroad, especially to France, to study music, with the idea of organising military bands. A number of them have done very well indeed; as, for instance, the leader of the Second Army Band, who graduated from the Paris Conservatory of Music. The Imperial Band, also, plays remarkably well.

These bands, of course, use the same instruments as are used in this country, and their *répertoire* is composed of European and other music, with the addition of a few airs composed in Japan, including the Imperial Hymn.

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I shall not venture to say that the Corean music is very much like the Japanese, for the friend already mentioned would probably laugh at my ignorance; but, truly, to me they sound very much alike, and very similar to the Chinese music. I may state, however, that in cities like Shanghai and Tientsin, where the foreign population is large, I have heard bands, composed entirely of Chinese musicians (but led by a foreigner), playing very well indeed.

I was told, but it is hard to believe it, that these men are no musicians at all, that they were taught to play certain things and repeat them, like a phonograph, without understanding them at all. Be that as it may, the result is good.

I had in Tientsin a rather strange experience with my secretary, a Japanese named A. Kiyama. He was very intelligent indeed, well educated, and could speak English very

Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY thankly. One afternoon I was confined to my

I by illness, and the band began to play in the park just opposite my windows. The first thing they rendered was "La Marseillaise."

"Well!" I remarked, "here they are playing the French National Hymn!"

A. Kiyama looked at me with amazement, shook his head several times, and then asked:

" How do you know?"

"Because," I answered, rather embarrassed, "because I know. I have heard it before."

The answer did not seem to satisfy him.

A few minutes after, the band struck up something from "Faust."

"This," I said, "is from a well-known opera."

A. Kiyama looked more amazed than ever, and, shaking his head, asked again:

"How do you know?"

"Because, of course, I know the opera."

"Oh!" said he, in a very incredulous manner.

At last the band played "Home, Sweet Home."

"And now, said I, feeling very happy, "this is the music of a very popular English song."

"But, how can you tell?" exclaimed A. Kiyama.

"Because, I already told you, I know the music."

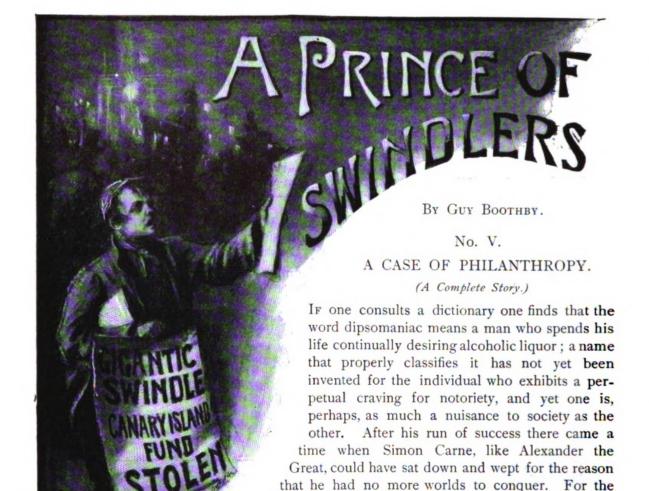
"Well," he remarked, "it all sounds alike to me!"

"What!" I exclaimed, "all sounds alike? Don't you notice the difference between 'La Marseillaise,' 'Faust,' and 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

"No, sir, no difference at all; it all sounds alike."

Strange as this may seem at first, the explanation will be found in the fact that the ears of these people have not been trained to appreciate our music, any more than ours have to understand theirs. It is all a question of training. Nothing more, nothing less.





He had won the Derby, under peculiar circumstances, as narrated elsewhere; he had rendered a signal, though an unostentatious, service to the State; he had stolen, under enormous

plainly, every species of artistic villainy.

moment it seemed as if he had exhausted, to put it

difficulty, the most famous family jewels in Europe; and he had relieved the most fashionable bride and bridegroom of the season of the valuable presents that their friends and relations had lavished on them.

Having accomplished so much, it would seem as if he had done all that mortal man could do to create a record for himself, but, like the dipsomaniac above mentioned, he was by no means satisfied, he craved for more. It delighted him beyond all measure to hear the comments of his friends upon each daring crime as it became known to the world. What he wanted now was something before which all the rest would sink into insignificance. Day after day he had puzzled his brains, but without success. All he wanted was a hint. When he got it he could be trusted to follow it up for himself. At present, however, even that was wanting.

On a morning following a banquet at the Mansion House, at which he had been a welcome, as well as a conspicuous guest, he was sitting alone in his study smoking a meditative cigar. Though the world would scarcely have thought it, a fashionable life did not suit him, and he was beginning to wonder whether he was not, after all, a little tired of England. He was hungering for the warmth and colour of the East, and, perhaps, if the truth must be told, for something of the rest he had known in the Maharajah of Kadir's lake palace, where he had been domiciled when he had first made the acquaintance of the man who had been his sponsor in English society, the Earl of Amberley.

It was a strange coincidence that, while he was thinking of that nobleman, and of the Digitized Copyright, 1897, by Guy Boothby, in the United States of America, FRSITY

events which had followed the introduction just referred to, his quick ears should have caught the sound of a bell that was destined eventually to lead him up to one of the most sensational adventures of all his sensational career. A moment later his butler entered to inform him that Lady Caroline Weltershall and the Earl of Amberley had called, and would like to see him. Tossing his cigar into the grate, he passed through the door Ram Gafur held open for him, and, having crossed the hall, entered the drawing-room.

As he went he wondered what it was that had brought them to see him at such an early hour. Both were among his more intimate acquaintances, and both occupied distinguished positions in the social life of the world's great metropolis. While her friends and relations spent their time in search of amusement, and a seemingly eternal round of gaities, which involved a waste of both health and money, Lady Caroline, who was the ugly duckling of an otherwise singularly handsome family, put her life to a different use.

Philanthropy was her hobby, and scarcely a day passed in which she did not speak at some meeting, preside over some committee, or endeavour in some way, as she somewhat grandiloquently put it: "To better the lives and ameliorate the conditions of our less fortunate fellow creatures." In appearance she was a short, fair woman, of about forty-five years of age, with a not unhandsome face, the effect of which, however, was completely spoilt by two large and protruding teeth.

"My dear Lady Caroline, this is indeed kind of you," said Carne, as he shook hands with her, "and also of you, Lord Amberley. To what happy circumstance may I attribute the pleasure of this visit?"

"I fear it is dreadfully early for us to come to see you." replied her ladyship, "but Lord Amberley assured me that as our business is so pressing you would forgive us."

"Pray do not apologise," returned Carne.

"It gives me the greatest possible pleasure to see you. As for the hour, I am ashamed to confess that, while the morning is no longer young, I have only just finished breakfast. But won't you sit down?"

They seated themselves once more, and when they had done so, Lady Caroline unfolded her tale.

"As you are perhaps aware, my friends say that I never come to see them unless it is to attempt to extort money from them for some charitable purpose," she said. "No, you need not prepare to button up your pockets, Mr. Carne. I am not going to ask you for anything to-day. What I do want, however, is to endeavour to persuade you to help us in a movement we are inaugurating to raise money with which to relieve the great distress in the Canary Islands, brought about by the late disastrous earthquake. My cousin, the Marquis of Laverstock, has kindly promised to act as president, and, although we started it but yesterday, ten thousand pounds have already been subscribed. As you are aware, however, if we are to attract public attention and support, the funds raised must be representative of all classes. Our intention, therefore, is to hold a drawing-room meeting at my house to-morrow afternoon, when a number of the most prominent people of the day will be invited to give us their views upon the subject.

"I feel sure, if you will only consent to throw in your lot with us, and to assist in carrying out what we have in view, we shall be able to raise a sum of at least one hundred thousand pounds for the benefit of the Our kind friend here, Lord sufferers. Amberley, has promised to act as Secretary, and his efforts will be invaluable to us. Royalty has signified its gracious approval, and it is expected will head the list with a handsome donation. Every class will be appealed to. Ministers of religion, of all known denominations, will be invited to co-operate, and if you will only consent to allow your name to appear upon the personnel of the committee, and will allow us to advertise your name as a speaker at to-morrow's meeting, I feel sure there is nothing we shall not be able to achieve."

"I shall be delighted to help you in any way I can," Carne replied. "If my name is likely to be of any assistance to you, I beg you will make use of it. In the meantime, if you will permit me, I will forward you a cheque for one thousand pounds, being my

contribution to the fund you have so charitably started."

Her ladyship beamed with delight, and even Lord Amberley smiled gracious approval.

"You are generous, indeed," said Lady Caroline. "I only wish others would imitate your example."

She did not say that, wealthy though she herself was, she had only contributed ten pounds to the fund. It is well known that

while she inaugurated large works of charity, she seldom contributed very largely to them. As a wit once remarked: "Philanthropy was her virtue, and meanness was her vice."

"Egad," said Amberley, "if you're going to open your purse strings like that, Carne, I shall feel called upon to do the same."

"Then let me have the pleasure of booking both amounts at once," cried her ladyship, at the same time whipping out her notebook and pencil with flattering alacrity.

"I shall be delighted," said Carne with a smile of eagerness.

"I also," replied Amberley, and in a trice both amounts were written down. Having gained her point, her ladyship rose to say good-bye. Lord Amberley immediately imitated her example.

"You will not forget, will you, Mr. Carne?" she, said. "I am to have the pleasure of seeing you at my house to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock. We shall look forward to hearing your speech, and I need not remind you that every word you utter will be listened to with the closest attention."

"At three to-morrow afternoon," said Carne, "I shall be at your house. You need have no fear that I shall forget. And now, since you think you must be going, good-bye, and many thanks to you for asking me."

He escorted them to the carriage which was waiting outside, and when he had watched it drive away, returned to his study to write the cheque he had promised her. Having done so, he did not rise from his chair, but

continued to sit at his writingtable, biting the feather of his quill pen and staring at the blotting pad before him. A great and glorious notion had suddenly come into his head, and the majesty of it was for the moment holding him spellbound.

"If only it could be worked," he said to himself, "what a glorious coup it would be. The question for my consideration is, can it be done? To invite the people of England to subscribe its pounds, shill-

ings, and pence, for my benefit, would be a glorious notion, and just the sort of thing I should enjoy. Besides which I have to remember that I am a thousand pounds to the bad already, and that must come back from somewhere. For the present, however, I'll put the matter aside. After the meeting to-morrow I shall have something tangible to go upon, and then, if I still feel in the same mind, it will be strange if I can't find some way of doing what I want. In the meantime I shall have to think out my speech; upon



"Then let me have the pleasure of booking both amounts at once," cried her ladyship.

that will depend a good deal of my success. It is a strange world in which it is ordained that so much should depend upon so little!"

At five minutes to three o'clock on the following afternoon Simon Carne might have been observed—that, I believe, is the correct expression-strolling across from Apsley House to Gloucester Place. Reaching Lord Weltershall's residence, he discovered a long row of carriages lining the pavement, and setting down their occupants at his lordship's door. Carne followed the stream into the house, and was carried by it up the stairs towards the large drawing-room where the meeting was to be held. Already about a hundred persons were present, and it was evident that, if they continued to arrived at the same rate, it would not be long before the room would be filled to overflowing. Seeing Lady Caroline bidding her friends welcome near the door, Carne hastened to shake hands with her.

"It is so very good of you to come," she said, as she took his hand. "Remember we are looking to you for a rousing speech this afternoon. We want one that will inflame all England, and touch the heart-strings of every man and woman in the land."

"To touch their purse strings would, perhaps, be more to the point," said Carne, with one of his quiet smiles.

"Let us hope we shall touch them, too," she replied. "Now would you mind going to the dais at the other end of the room? You will find Lord Laverstock there, talking to my husband, I think."

Carne bowed, and went forward as he had been directed.

So soon as it was known that the celebrities had arrived the meeting was declared open and the speechmaking commenced. Clever as some of them were it could not be doubted that Carne's address was the event of the afternoon. He was a born speaker, and what was more, despite the short notice he had received, had made himself thoroughly conversant with his subject. His handsome face was on fire with excitement, and his sonorous voice rang through the large room like a When he sat down it was trumpet call. amidst a burst of applause. Lord Laverstock leant forward and shook hands with him. Digitized by Google

"Your speech will be read all over England to-morrow morning," he said. "It should make a difference of thousands of pounds to the fund. I congratulate you most heartily upon it."

Simon Carne felt that if it was really going to make that difference he might, in the light of future events, heartily congratulate him-He, however, accepted the praise showered upon him with becoming modesty, and, during the next speaker's exhibition of halting elocution, amused himself watching the faces before him and speculating as to what they would say when the surprise he was going to spring upon them became known. Half-an-hour later, when the committee had been elected and the meeting had broken up, he bade his friends good-bye and set off on his return home. That evening he was dining at home, intending to call at his club afterwards, and to drop in at a reception and two dances between ten and midnight. After dinner, however, he changed his mind, and having instructed Ram Gafur to deny him to all callers, and countermanding his order for his carriage, went to his study, where he locked himself in and sat down to smoke and think.

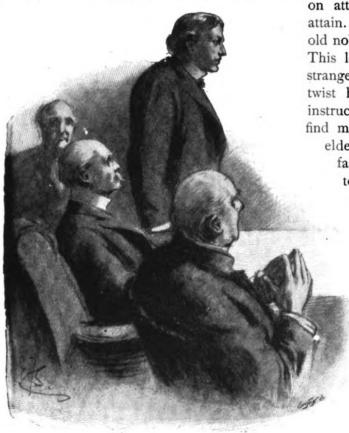
He had set himself a puzzle which would have taxed the brain of that arch schemer Machiavelli himself. He was not, however, going to be beaten by it. There must be some way, he told himself, in which the fraud could be worked, and if there was he was going to find it. Numberless were the plans he formed, only to discover a few moments later that some little difficulty rendered each impracticable.

Suddenly, throwing down the pencil with which he had been writing, he sprang to his feet and began eagerly to pace the room. It was evident, from the expression upon his face, that he had touched upon a train of thought that was at last likely to prove productive. Reaching the fireplace for about the thirtieth time, he paused and gazed into the fireless grate. After standing there for a few moments he turned, and, with his hands in his pockets, said solemnly to himself: "Yes! I think it can be done!"

Whatever the train of thought may have been that led him to make this declaration

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it was plain that it afforded him no small amount of satisfaction. He did not, however, commit himself at once to a decision, but continued to think over the scheme he had hit upon until he had completely mastered it. It was nearly midnight before he was thoroughly satisfied. Then he followed his invariable practice on such occasions and rang for the inimitable Belton. When he



Carne's address was the event of the afternoon.

had admitted him to the room he bade him close and lock the door behind him.

By the time this had been done he had lit a fresh cigar, and had once more taken up his position on the hearthrug.

"I sent for you to say that I have just made up my mind to try a little scheme, compared with which all I have done so far will sink into insignificance."

"What is it, sir?" asked Belton.

"I will tell you, but you must not look so terrified. Put in a few words, it is neither more nor less than to attempt to divert the enormous sum of money which the prodigal English public is taking out of its pocket in order to assist the people of the Canary

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Islands, who have lost so severely by the recent terrible earthquake, into my own."

Belton's face expressed his astonishment.

"But, my dear sir," he said, "that's a fund of which the Marquis of Laverstock is president, and of whose committee you are one of the principal members."

"Exactly," answered Carne. "It is to those two happy circumstances I shall later on attribute the success I now mean to attain. Lord Laverstock is merely a pompous old nobleman, whose hobby is philanthropy. This lesson will do him good. It will be strange if, before I am a week older, I cannot twist him round my finger. Now for my instructions. In the first place you must find me a moderate-sized house, fit for an

elderly lady, and situated in a fairly fashionable quarter, say South Kensington. Furnish it on the hire system from one of the big firms, and engage three

> servants who can be relied upon todo their work, and, what is more important, who can hold their tongues.

"Next find me an old lady to impersonate the mistress of the house. She must be very frail and delicate-looking, and you will arrange with some livery stable people in the neighbourhood to supply her with a carriage in which she will go for an airing every afternoon, in order that the neighbourhood may become familiar with her personality. Both she and

the servants must be made to thoroughly understand that their only chance of obtaining anything from me depends upon their carrying out my instructions to the letter. Also, while they are in the house, they must keep themselves to themselves. My identity, of course, must not transpire.

"As soon as I give the signal, the old lady must keep to the house, and the neighbour-hood must be allowed to understand that she is seriously ill. The day following she will be worse, and the next she will be dead. You will then make arrangements for the funeral, order a coffin, and arrange for the conveyance of the body to Southampton, en route for the Channel Islands, where she is to

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be buried. At Southampton a yacht, which I will arrange for myself, will be in readiness to carry us out to sea. Do you think you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," Belton replied, "but I wish I could persuade you to give up the attempt. You will excuse my saying so, sir, I hope, but it does seem to me a pity, when you have done so much, to risk losing it all over such a dangerous bit of business as this. It surely can't succeed, sir."

"Belton," said Carne very seriously, "you strike me as being in a strange humour tonight, and I cannot say that I like it. Were it not that I have the most implicit confidence in you I should begin to think you were turning honest. In that case our connection would be likely to be a very short one."

"I hope, sir," Belton answered in alarm, "that you still believe I am as devoted as ever to your interests."

"I do believe it," Carne replied. "Let the manner in which you carry out the various instructions I have just given you, confirm me in that belief. This is Wednesday. I shall expect you to come to me on Saturday with a report that the house has been taken and furnished and that the servants are installed and the delicate old lady in residence."

"You may rely upon my doing my best, sir."

"I feel sure of that," said Carne, "and now that all is arranged I think that I will go to bed."

A week later a committee of the Canary Islands Relief Fund was able to announce to the world, through the columns of the Daily Press, that the generous public of England had subscribed no less a sum than one hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the sufferers by the late earthquake. The same day Carne attended a committee meeting in Gloucester Place. A proposition advanced by Lady Weltershall and seconded by Simon Carne was carried unanimously. It was to the effect that in a week's time such members of the Relief Committee as could get away should start for the scene of the calamity in the chairman's yacht, which had been placed at their disposal, taking with them, for distribution among the impoverished inhabitants of the Islands, the sum already subscribed,

namely, one hundred thousand pounds in English gold. They would then be able, with the assistance of the English Consul, to personally superintend the distribution of their money, and also be in a position to report to the subscribers, when they returned to England, the manner in which the money had been utilised.

"In that case," said Carne, who had not only seconded the motion, but had put the notion into Lady Weltershall's head, "it might be as well if our chairman would interview the authorities of the bank and arrange that the amount in question shall be packed, ready for delivery to the messengers he may select to call for it before the date in question."

"I will make it my business to call at the bank to-morrow morning," replied the chairman, "and perhaps you, Mr. Carne, would have no objection to accompany me."

"If it will facilitate the business of this committee I shall be only too pleased to do so," said Carne, and so it was settled.

On a Tuesday afternoon, six days later, and two days before the date upon which it had been arranged that the Committee should sail, the Marquis of Laverstock received a letter. Lady Caroline Weltershall, the Earl of Amberley, and Simon Carne were with him when he opened it. He read it through, and then read it again, after which he turned to his guests.

"This is really a very extraordinary communication," he said, "and as it affects the matter we have most at heart, perhaps I had better read it to you:

> 154, Great Chesterton Street, Tuesday Evening.

To the Most Noble the Marquis of Laverstock, K.G. Berkeley Square.

My Lord—As one who has been permitted to enjoy a long and peaceful life in a country where such visitations are happily unknown, I take the liberty of writing to your Lordship to say how very much I should like to subscribe to the fund so nobly started by you and your friends to assist the poor people who have lost so much by the earthquake in the Canary Islands. Being a lonely old woman, blessed by Providence with some small share of worldly wealth, I feel it my duty to make some small sacrifice to help others who have not been so blessed.

Unfortunately, I do not enjoy very good health, but if your Lordship could spare a moment to call

upon me, I would like to thank you in the name of Womanhood for all you have done, and, in proof of my gratitude, would willingly give you my cheque for the sum of ten thousand pounds to add to the amount already subscribed. I am permitted by my doctors to see visitors between the hours of eleven and twelve in the morning, and five and six in the afternoon. I should then be both honoured and pleased to see your Lordship.

Trusting you will concede me this small favour, I have the honour to be,

Yours very sincerely, [ANET O'HALLORAN.

There was a momentary pause after his lordship had finished reading the letter.

"What will you do?" inquired Lady Caroline.

"It is a noble offering," put in Simon Carne.

"I think there cannot be two opinions as to what is my duty," replied the Chairman. "I shall accede to her request, though why she wants to see me is more than I can tell."

"As she hints in the letter, she wishes to congratulate you personally on what you have done," continued the Earl of Amberley; "and as it will be the handsomest donation we have yet received it will, perhaps, be as well to humour her."

"In that case I will do as I say, and make it my business to call there this afternoon between five and six. And now it is my duty to report to you that Mr. Simon Carne and I waited upon the authorities at the Bank this morning, and have arranged that the sum of one hundred thousand pounds in gold shall be ready for our messengers when they call for it, either to-morrow morning or to-morrow afternoon at latest."

"It is a large sum to take with us," said Lady Caroline. "I trust it will not prove a temptation to thieves!"

"You need have no fear on that score," replied his lordship. "As I have explained to the manager, my own trusted servants will effect the removal of the money, accompanied by two private detectives, who will remain on board my yacht until we weigh anchor. We have left nothing to chance. To make the matter doubly sure, I have also arranged that the money shall not be handed over except to a person who shall present my cheque, and at the same time show this signet ring which I now wear upon my finger."

The other members of the committee expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, and when certain other business had been transacted the meeting broke up.

As soon as he left Berkeley Square Carne returned with all haste to Porchester House. Reaching his study he ordered that Belton should be at once sent to him.

"Now, Belton," he said, when the latter stood before him, "there is not a moment to lose. Lord Laverstock will be at Great Chesterton Street in about two hours. a messenger to Waterloo to inquire if they can let us have a special train at seven o'clock to take a funeral party to Southampton. Use the name of Merryburn, and you may say that the amount of the charge, whatever it may be, will be paid before the train starts. As soon as you obtain a reply, bring it to 154, Great Chesterton Street. In the meantime I shall disguise myself and go on to await you there. On the way I shall wire to the captain of the yacht at Southampton to be prepared for us. Do you understand what you have to do?"

"Perfectly, sir," Belton replied. "But I must confess that I am very nervous."

"There is no need to be. Mark my words, everything will go like clockwork. Now I am going to change my things and prepare for the excursion."

He would have been a sharp man who would have recognised in the dignifiedlooking clergyman who drove up in a hansom to 154, Great Chesterton Street, half-anhour later, Simon Carne, who had attended the committee meeting of the Canary Island Relief Fund that afternoon. As he alighted he looked up, and saw that all the blinds were drawn down, and that there were evident signs that Death had laid his finger on the house. Having dismissed his cab he rang the bell, and when the door was opened entered the house. The butler who admitted him had been prepared for his coming. He bowed respectfully, and conducted him to the drawing-room. There he found an intensely respectable old lady, attired in black silk, seated beside the window.

"Go upstairs," he said peremptorily, and remain in the room above this until you

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are told to come down. Be careful not to let yourself be seen. As soon as it gets dark to-night you can leave the house, but not before. Before you go the money promised you will be paid. Now be off upstairs, and make sure that none of the neighbours catch sight of you."

Ten minutes later a man, who might have been a retired military officer, and who was dressed in deepest black, drove up, and was admitted to the house. Though no one would have recognised him, Carne addressed him at once as "Belton."

"What have you arranged about the train?" he asked, as soon as they were in the drawing - room together.

"I have settled that it shall be ready to start for Southampton punctually at seven o'clock," the other answered.

"And what about the hearse?"

"It will be here at a quarter to seven, without fail."

"Very good; we will have the corpse ready meanwhile. Now, before you do anything else, have the two lower blinds in the front drawn up. If he thinks there is trouble in the house he may take fright, and we must not scare our bird away after all the bother we have had to lure him here."

For the next hour they were busily engaged perfecting their arrangements. These were scarcely completed before a gorgeous landau drove up at the house, and Belton reported



Swinging round he discovered a revolver barrel pointed at his head.

that the footman had alighted and was ascending the steps.

"Let his lordship be shown into the drawing-room," said Simon Carne, "and as soon as he is there do you, Belton, wait at the door. I'll call you when I want you."

Carne went into the drawing-room and set the door ajar. As he did so he heard the footman inquire whether Mrs. O'Halloran was at home, and whether she would see his master. The butler answered in the affirmative, and a few moments later the Marquis ascended the steps.

"Will you be pleased to step this way, my

lord," said the servant. "My mistress is expecting you, and will see you at once."

When he entered the drawing-room he discovered the same portly dignified clergy-man whom the neighbours had seen enter the house an hour or so before, standing before the fireplace.

"Good afternoon, my lord," said this individual, as the door closed behind the butler. "If you will be good enough to take a seat, Mrs. O'Halloran will be down in a few moments."

His lordship did as he was requested, and while doing so commented on the weather, and allowed his eyes to wander round the room. He took in the grand piano, the easy chairs on either side of the book-case, and the flower-stand in the window. He could see that there was plain evidence of wealth in these things. What his next thought would have been can only be conjectured, for he was suddenly roused from his reverie by hearing the man say in a gruff voice: "It's all up, my lord. If you move or attempt to cry out, you're a dead man!"

Swinging round he discovered a revolver barrel pointed at his head. He uttered an involuntary cry of alarm, and made as if he would rise.

"Sit down, sir," said the clergyman authoritatively. "Are you mad that you disobey me? You do not know with whom you are trifling."

"What do you mean?" cried the astonished peer, his eyes almost starting from his head, "I demand to be told what this behaviour means. Are you aware who I am?"

"Perfectly," the other replied. "As to your other question, you will know nothing more than I choose to tell you. What's more I should advise you to hold your tongue unless you desire to be gagged. That would be unpleasant for all parties."

Then, turning to the door, he cried: "Come in, Dick!"

A moment later the military individual, who had been to Waterloo to arrange about the train, entered the room to find the Most Noble the Marquis of Laverstock seated in an easy chair, almost beside himself with terror, with the venerable clergyman standing over him revolver in hand.

"Dick, my lad," said the latter quietly. "His lordship has been wise enough to hear reason. No, sir, thank you, your hands behind your back, as arranged, if you please. If you don't obey me I shall blow your brains out, and it would be a thousand pities to spoil this nice Turkey carpet. That's right. Now Dick, my lad, I want his lordship's pocket-book from his coat and those sheets of note paper and envelopes we brought with us. I carry a stylographic pen myself, so there is no need of ink."

These articles having been obtained they were placed on a table beside him and Carne took possession of the pocket-book. He leisurely opened it, and from it took the cheque for one hundred thousand pounds, signed by the chairman and committee of the Canary Island Relief Fund, which had been drawn that afternoon.

"Now take the pen," he said, "and begin to write. Endeavour to remember that I am in a hurry, and have no time to waste. Let the first letter be to the bank authorities. Request them, in your capacity of Chairman of the Relief Fund, to hand to the bearers the amount of the cheque in gold."

"I will do no such thing," cried the old fellow sturdily. "Nothing shall induce me to assist you in perpetrating such a fraud."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Carne sweetly, "for I am afraid in that case we shall be compelled to make you submit to a rather unpleasant alternative. Come, sir, I will give you three minutes in which to write that letter. If at the end of that time you have not done so, I shall proceed to drastic measures."

So saying he thrust the poker into the fire in a highly suggestive manner. Needless to say within the time specified the letter had been written, placed in its envelope, and directed.

"Now I shall have to trouble you to fill in this telegraph form to your wife, to tell her that you have been called out of town, and do not expect to be able to return until to-morrow."

The other wrote as directed, and when he had done so Carne placed this paper also in his pocket.

"Now I want that signet ring upon your finger, if you please."

The old gentleman handed it over to his persecutor with a heavy sigh. He had realised that it was useless to refuse.

"Now that wine-glass on the sideboard, Dick," said the clergyman, "also that carafe of water. When you have given them to me, go and see that the other things I spoke to you about are ready."

Having placed the articles in question upon the table Belton left the room. Carne immediately filled the glass, into which he

poured about a tablespoonful of some dark liquid from a bottle which he took from his pocket, and which he had brought with him for that purpose.

"I'll have to trouble you to drink this, my lord," he said, as he stirred the contents of the glass with an ivory paper knife taken from the table. "You need have no fear. It is perfectly harmless, and will not hurt you."

"I will not touch it," replied the other. "Nothing you can do or say will induce me to drink a drop of it."

Carne examined his watch ostentatiously.

"Time flies, I regret to say," he answered impressively, "and I cannot stay to argue the question with you. I will give you three minutes to do as I have ordered you. If you have not drunk it by that time we shall be compelled to repeat the little persuasion we tried with such success a few moments since."

"You wish to kill me," cried the other, "I will not drink it. I will not be murdered. You are a fiend to attempt such a thing."

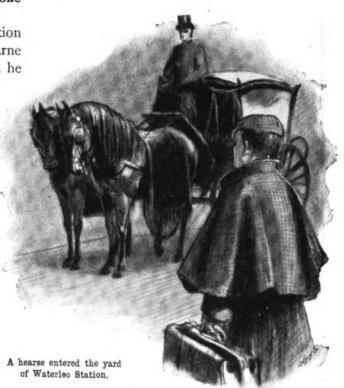
"I regret to say you are wasting time," replied his companion. "I assure you if you drink it you will not be hurt. It is merely an opiate intended to put you to sleep until we have time to get away in safety. Come, that delightful poker is getting hot again, and if you do not do what I tell you, trouble will ensue. Think well before you refuse."

There was another pause, during which the unfortunate nobleman gazed first at the poker, which had been thrust between the bars of the grate, and then at the relentless being who stood before him, revolver in hand.

Never had a member of the House of Lords been placed in a more awkward and unenviable position.

"One minute," said Carne quietly.

There was another pause, during which the Marquis groaned in a heartrending



manner. Carne remembered with a smile that the family title had been bestowed upon one of the Marquis' ancestors for bravery on the field of battle.

"Two minutes!"

As he spoke he stooped and gave the poker a little twist.

"Three minutes!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Lord Laverstock threw up his hands.

"You are a heartless being to make me, but I will drink," he cried, and with an ashened face he immediately swallowed the contents of the glass.

"Thank you," said Carne politely.

The effect produced by the drug was almost instantaneous. A man could scarcely have counted a hundred before the old gentleman, who had evidently resigned himself to his fate, laid himself back in his chair and was fast asleep.

"He has succumbed even quicker than I



He set to work to dress with feverish energy.

expected," said Carne to himself as he bent over the prostrate figure and listened to his even breathing. "It is, perhaps, just as well that this drug is not known in England. At any rate, on this occasion it has answered my purpose most admirably."

At five minutes before seven o'clock a hearse containing the mortal remains of Mrs. O'Halloran, of Great Chesterton Street, South Kensington, entered the yard of Waterloo Station, accompanied by a hansom cab. A special train was in waiting to convey the party, which consisted of the deceased's brother, a retired Indian Officer, and her cousin, the vicar of a Somersetshire parish, to Southampton, where a steam yacht would transport them to Guernsey, in which place the remains were to be interred beside those of her late husband.

"I think we may congratulate ourselves, Belton, on having carried it out most successfully," said Carne when the coffin had been carried on board the yacht and placed in the saloon. "As soon as we are under weigh we'll have this lid off and get the poor old gentleman out. He has had a good spell of it in there, but he may congratulate himself that the ventilating arrangements of his temporary home were so perfectly attended to. Otherwise I should have trembled for the result."

A few hours later, having helped his guest to recover consciousness, and having seen him safely locked up in a cabin on board, the yacht put in at a little seaport town some thirty or forty miles from Southampton Water, and landed two men in time to catch the midnight express to London. The following afternoon they rejoined the yacht a hundred miles or so further down the coast. When they were once more out at sea Carne called the skipper to his cabin.

"How has your prisoner conducted himself during our absence?" he asked. "Has he given any trouble?"

"Not a bit," replied the man. "The poor old buffer's been too sick to make a row. He sent away his breakfast and his lunch untouched. The only thing he seems to care about is champagne, and that he drinks by the bottle full. I never saw a better man at his bottle in all my life."

"A little sickness will do him no harm; he'll have a better appetite when he gets on dry land again," said Carne. "His time is pretty well up now, and as soon as it is dark to-night we'll put him ashore. Let me know when you sight the place."

"Very good, sir," replied the skipper, and immediately he returned to the deck again.

It was well after ten o'clock that evening when Simon Carne, still attired as a respectable Church of England clergyman, unlocked the door and entered his prisoner's cabin.

"You will be glad to hear, my lord," he said, "that your term of imprisonment has at last come to an end. You had better get up and dress, for a boat will be alongside in twenty minutes to take you ashore."

The unfortunate gentleman needed no second bidding. Ill as he had hitherto been, he seemed to derive new life from the other's words. At any rate, he sprang out

of his bunk, and set to work to dress with feverish energy. All the time Carne sat and watched him with an amused smile upon his face. So soon as he was ready, and the captain had knocked at the door, he was conducted to the deck and ordered to descend into a shore boat which had come off in

answer to a signal, and was now lying alongside in readiness.

Carne and Belton leant over the bulwarks to watch him depart.

" Good - bye, my lord," cried the former, as the boat moved "It has away. been a sincere pleasure to me to entertain you, and I only hope that, in return, you have enjoyed your little excursion. You might give my respectful compliments to the members of the Canary Island Relief Fund, and tell them that there is at least one person on board this yacht who appreciates their kindly efforts."

Then his lordship stood

up, and shook his fist at the yacht until it had faded away, and could no longer be seen owing to the darkness. Presently Carne turned to Belton.

"So much for the Most Noble the Marquis of Laverstock," he said, "and the Canary Island Relief Fund. Now, let us be off to town. To-morrow I must be Simon Carne once more."

Next morning Simon Carne rose from his couch, in his luxurious bedroom, a little later than usual. He knew he should be tired, and had instructed Belton not to come in until he rang his bell. When the latter appeared he bade him bring in the morning papers. He found what he wanted in the first he

opened, on the middle page, headed with three lines of large type:

#### GIGANTIC SWINDLE.

The Marquis of Laverstock Abducted.

THE CANARY
ISLAND RELIEF
FUND STOLEN...

"This looks. quite interesting," said Carne,. as he folded the paper in order to be able the better to read the account. "As I know something of the case I shall be interested tosee what they have to say about it. Let me see. The newspaper version ran as. follows:

"Of all the series of extraordinary crimes which it has been our unfortunate duty to chronicle during

this year of great rejoicing, it is doubtful whether a more impudent robbery has been perpetrated than that which we have to place before our readers this morning. As everyone is well aware, a large fund has been collected from all classes for the relief of the sufferers by the recent Canary Island earthquake. On the day before the robbery took place this Fund amounted to no less a sum than one hundred thousand pounds and to morrow it was the intention of the committee, under the presidency of the Most.



His lordship shook his fist at the yacht until it had faded away.

Noble the Marquis of Laverstock, to proceed to the seat of the disaster, taking with them the entire amount of the sum raised, in English gold. Unfortunately for the success of this scheme, his lordship was the recipient, two days ago, of a letter from a person purporting to reside in Great Chesterton Street, South Kensington. She signed herself Janet O'Halloran, and offered to add a sum of ten thousand pounds to the amount already collected, provided the Marquis would call and collect her cheque personally. The excuse given for this extraordinary stipulation was that she wished to convey to him her thanks for the trouble he had taken.

"Accordingly feeling that he had no right to allow such a chance to slip, his lordship visited the house. He was received in the drawing-room by a man dressed in the garb of a clergyman, who, assisted by a military-looking individual, presently clapped a revolver to his head and demanded, under the threat of all sorts of penalties, that he should give up to him the cheque drawn upon the Bank, and which it was the Marquis's intention to have cashed the following morning. Not satisfied with this assurance, he was also made to write an order to the Banking Authorities authorising them to pay -over the money to the bearer, who was a trusted agent, while at the same time he was to supply them with his signet ring, which, as had already been arranged, would prove that the messengers were genuine and what they pretended to be. Next he was ordered to drink a powerful opiate, and after that his lordship remembers nothing more until he woke to find himself on board a small yacht in midchannel. Despite the agony he was suffering, he was detained on board this piratical craft until late last night when he was set ashore at a small village -within a few miles of Plymouth. Such is his lordship's ctory. The sequel to the picture is as follows.

"Soon after the Bank was opened yesterday, a respectable-looking individual, accompanied by three others, who were introduced to the Manager as private detectives, put in an appearance and presented the Relief Fund's cheque at the counter. In reply to inquiries the letter written by the Marquis was produced, and the signet ring shown. Never for a moment doubting that these were the messengers the Bank had all along been told to expect, the money was handed over and placed in a handsome private omnibus which was waiting outside. It was not until late last night, when a telegram was received from the Marquis of Laverstock from Plymouth, that the nature of the gigantic

fraud which had been perpetrated was discovered. The police authorities were immediately communicated with and the matter placed in their hands. Unfortunately, however, so many hours had been allowed to elapse that it was extremely difficult to obtain any clue that might ultimately lead to the identification of the parties concerned in the fraud. So far the case bids fair to rank with those other mysterious robberies which, during the last few months, have shocked and puzzled all England."

"I regard that as a remarkably able exposition of the case," said Carne to himself with a smile as he laid the paper down, "but what an account the man would be able to write if only he could know what is in my safe upstairs."

That afternoon he attended a committee meeting of the fund at Weltershall House. The unfortunate nobleman whose unpleasant experience has founded the subject of this story was present. Carne was among the first to offer him an expression of sympathy.

"I don't know that I ever heard of a more outrageous case," he said. "I only hope that the scoundrels may be soon brought to justice."

"In the meantime what about the poor people we intended to help?" asked Lady Weltershall.

"They shall not lose," replied Lord Laverstock. "I shall refund the entire amount myself."

"No, no, my lord; that would be manifestly unfair," said Simon Carne. "We are al trustees of the fund, and what happened is as much our fault as yours. If nine other people will do the same I am prepared to contribute a sum of ten thousand pounds towards the fund."

"I will follow your example," said the Marquis.

"I also," continued Lord Amberley.

By nightfall seven other gentlemen had done the same, and, as Simon Carne said as he totalled the amounts: "By this means the Canary Islanders will not be losers after all."





THE imagination will be found a weak point with a singularly large number of persons. A traveller standing on the summit of some western mountain at a time, perhaps, when the entire landscape lies embedded deeply in snow, when each pine tree has become a pyramid of white, when every branch is turned to dazzling plumage, and countless snow gems vie with a filigree of icicles in flashing prismatic kisses to the blue dome of the sky; a traveller, standing amid this scene of fairy splendour, eye-riveted, intoxicated by its largeness and its peace, is powerless to imagine that perhaps a few feet beneath him, miners with barely room to stand upright, are at work in narrow tunnels that admit no daylight, that are filled with noise and dust, the moist roof dripping dismally until the floor is in places ankle-deep in muddy water.

The contrast between the two scenes, between the limitless stretches of snow glistening in the sun and the awful subterranean passages, is so great that the mind refuses to consider the two simultaneously.

If we are not in the habit of endangering our own pleasures by constantly recalling the misery of others (there are many people who are perennially miserable), it may be due to this cause. Certain it is that when, for instance, we join the general rush in the hot weather from our big towns to the country, we are not in the habit of thinking much of the thousands of people, of men and women, and, worse, children, who are unable to enjoy the same privilege. Just as the mountaineer forgets the miner, so we forget these other minors, that big mountain of children, of miserable gamins, who, though they live close upon us, are more often than not destined to remain unthought of.

The laws of this country compel those children to work for the improvement of their minds; they have, from time to time, their stated holidays. But hundreds of them never get beyond the horrible alleys in which they dwell—streets of one smell, of one colour, of one settled misery. There is no official fund to enable them to have even the advantage, a mental as well as a physical gain, of one day's outing in the fresh country air. And because of this, that these children might not be totally unremembered, that they should have a real holiday, besides having compulsory work, there sprang into existence the Fresh Air Fund.

For five years this fund has been supported by the readers of the various papers published from the same office as this magazine; last summer over 100,000 children were given a holiday, being brought up, as it were, from the mines to luxuriate in the sweet air above. The children were not all Londoners; their number was made up from all the towns in the United Kingdom with a population exceeding 200,000, for Manchester, and our other monstrous provincial cities, have slums as bad, and children as neglected, as even the East End of London.

One is overwhelmed by the discovery of the numberless little boys and girls who have never seen the country; to whom freedom, the most cherished blessing of childhood, is an unintelligible joy.

And so these little miners are brought up from their airless and squalid surroundings to breathe the fresh air, to be shown the wonders of Nature—to learn, perhaps, for the first time that the world is beautiful. Ah! and how beautiful it seems to them.

It makes one's throat grow hot and one's eves turn moist to see their pleasure. little boys in coats much too big for them, perhaps without a sleeve or without a side, and in trousers much too short, bare footed most of them, and the little girls in their ragged skirts that once belonged to their mothers, in boots with only a tiny scrap of lace to hold them together, and the toes bursting out as if to resent this feeble attempt at confinement. When the promised day comes at last—and how dreadfully long it is in coming—they are almost mad with pent-up excitement. Even the railway journey is a delight: the tent in which the meals are spread seems a magical palace, and, above all, the country, the bright sunshine, the laughing trees with their cool shadows thrown on the sweet smelling grass, the butterflies which hover about to be chased, the birds with their song of greeting, the grasshoppers with their mysterious hurdygurdies, even the flaccid frogs, all are the source of such happiness as only children can feel, and best of all children such as these!

The tired miners trooping out into the open daylight taking long breaths of the mountain breeze, dazzled by the sunshine, do not have such a change as this.

I have been into the slums of a great many large cities, but in many ways those of our own country are the most dismal. From the horrible courts and crowded tenements of Whitechapel to some spot where the wild flowers grow on their mossy banks, where heather and bracken scent the air, where the children can roll on the bed-like turf, is such a transition that one can hardly believe so small a sum as ninepence is the only magician's wand that is needed to provide it.

To see the first flush of health come into some pallid cheek, to see the sunken eyes of the children illumined with delight, to hear the childish laughter, so long held back, breaking out at the sight of some bubbling stream which tempts the dusty little feet to paddle, is the sweetest, nay the grandest, spectacle that anyone can buy the right to watch and hear.

And now we come to the actual arrangement of the Fresh Air Fund. While ninepence pays the railway fares and two satisfying meals for one child, £8 2s. covers the expenses of a complete party of 200, including the fares and food for the voluntary superintendents. Cheques for this or for smaller amounts should be crossed "Bank of England," and, as with subscriptions of every kind, down to the elusive postage stamp, should be addressed to Pearson's Magazine, Henrietta Street. London, W.C. Since this is a monthly periodical, and must necessarily be in the hands of the printers a long while in advance the acknowledgment of any donations will be made in Pearson's Weekly.

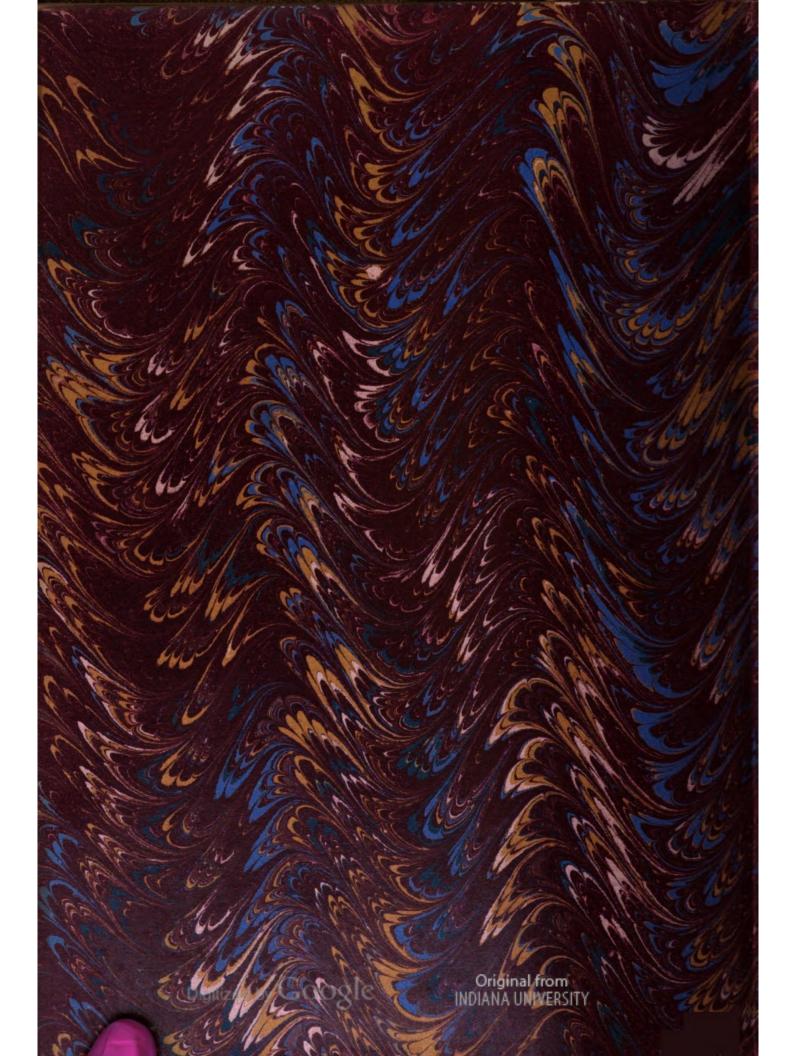
There are two ways in which the public can do these poor little miserables a good turn. The first method is by direct donations; the second, and this is one which I recommend especially to children, is by making a collection on behalf of the F.A.F., among relatives and friends, bothering no one, but enlisting the sympathies of every one; not picking their pockets, but getting them all the same by their coat tails.

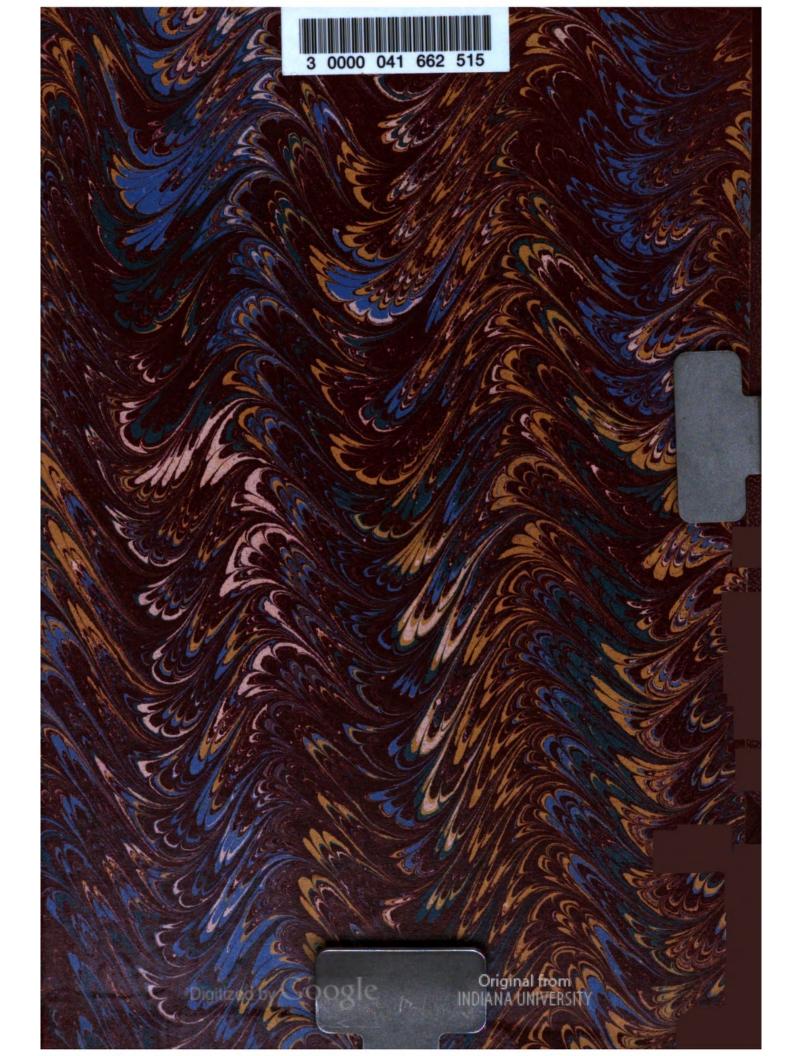
Collecting forms we shall be delighted to forward to anyone who will send us their names and addresses. It is hard work sometimes the collecting, but it becomes light as a labour of love to those whose hearts are ready to go out to these tiny victims of poverty, who are already asking one another "Are we to have a holiday?"

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